

~~Natasha~~

“Bye,” Samantha said, waving as she stepped out of the apartment, Daniel beside her. “Bye!” And back to the tower she went, sheriff in tow.

Natasha and Jessy waved from the couch. So did her boys, and Eric, and Beatrice and Jennifer and Athalia and Sándor. The others were in the kitchen, having an argument about how to cook steaks. Well, the boys were and Eric were, and Athalia. Sándor said nothing, while the two vampires witches provided witty commentary as they examined the raw steaks.

Jessy and Tash, on the other hand, stayed on the couch, the one along the wall across from the kitchen, so they could see the kitchen, the others, and the door as Sam and the sheriff left. Which was a good spot to be sitting, because the video playing on Tash’s phone, was utterly carnal. If Sam saw it, she’d implode.

It’d taken a second to figure out what was happening in the video, but after a few disorienting camera pans, they’d pieced together the puzzle. And they watched it again.

It was Jack’s bedroom in his fancy mansion; well, one of his bedrooms. Antoinette’s ghoul Ashley had the phone, and she was having fun with it, aiming it at her own naked body before turning it to face the crowd on the bed. And it was a crowd. Antoinette was on her back with Julee snuggled into her left side, hugging and kissing the woman’s absolutely enormous left breast. Jack’s three thralls were kneeling on Antoinette’s right, and each of them were also kissing the Prince’s body, burying her right breast and big pink nipple in kisses. Antoinette looked pleased.

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Jack was straddling her stomach, and with his three thralls on Antoinette’s right, each of them pushing their face into her right breast, the breast was sitting more in the center of her torso. Ashley brought the camera in nice and close, so it showed Jack’s penis rubbing on the huge breast, his dripping wet glans leaving trails of juices along her areola. His thralls kissed it away, and either kissed the engorged nipple, suckling on it, or they kissed Jack’s penis. Or each other, often with Jack’s penis, or Antoinette’s nipple between them.

A hand stroked the base of his length. At first Tash thought it was his own hand, but Jack's hands were out of the way, behind him, as if he didn't want his arms to get in the way of the camera. It was Elaine's hand. She was also straddling Antoinette, sitting behind Jack and reaching around him so she could work his shaft with one, and sometimes both of her hands.

Jack let out a small groan, and Ashley zoomed in so all the camera could see, was Antoinette's breast, the faces of three thralls kissing and licking and suckling, and Jack's cock with Elaine's hand, milking him as he gushed cum onto his lover's nipple. The thralls let out quiet moans as they buried his cock in kisses, again half kissing each other, half kissing Antoinette's nipple, and covering it all in more strands of white as the young man gushed cum. A lot of cum. Jack was taking advantage of his Kindred body and indulging in his orgasm, prolonging it and making sure to absolutely coat Antoinette's breast until it looked like avant-garde art.

Judging from the quiet, satisfied moans from the Prince, she wasn't just enjoying it. She was cumming, too. Tash knew her boss had very sensitive nipples, but, wow.

With an ecstatic giggle, Ashley handed the camera to one of the thralls. They took it as Ashley cuddled into Antoinette's left side along with Julee, and the position was repeated. Ashley and Julee pushed their master's giant left breast up onto her torso, and buried it in kisses as Elaine guided Jack's cock onto it. The young man's great grandsire worked his length in slow, deep strokes, and made sure to run his dripping glans around her friend's areola in circles, before settling it on the center of her nipple so the two ghouls could kiss it and their mistress at the same time. And each other.

It wasn't long before Jack came again, and drenched the Prince's other breast in white.

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Jessy and Tash both gulped as they leaned back into Tash's couch.

"Jesus fucking christ," Jessy said. "That kid is just living in a fantasy world."

"You have four g-ghouls who—"

"Yeah yeah I know. But I haven't fucked them since Eric. This kid though, has got two ancient elder vamps pampering the shit out of him, and five sex slaves he's pumping his cum into on the reg."

"I'm sorry, what?" Athalia asked as she walked over. Apparently a lull in the argument about steaks allowed her to hear the ever-too-loud Jessy.

Jessy snatched Tash's phone and tossed it to her.

"H-Hey!"

"Oh come on. If Ashley sent it to you, she's gonna send it to me, too. And Fiona. Athalia would see it eventually anyway."

"Jesus," Athalia said, staring at the phone. "I... Jesus."

"I know, right?" Jessy said, chuckling and gesturing to the phone. "Christ, I'm jealous."

"Envious," Tash said.

"Whatever!"

Her raised voice drew the others, and soon everyone was standing around Athalia and looking at the phone.

"Holy shit," Matthew and Art said together.

Jen and Triss stared. Sándor looked, face its usual unreadable, stern self, but he did do a double take before eventually sitting on the other couch.

"You vampires are ridiculous," Athalia said, and she gestured to the phone as she held it a little closer to Triss and Jen. "That... boy, has seven women in his bed!"

"That he fucking does," Triss said, and she took the phone. "My fucking god the tits on that woman."

"Indeed," Jen said, and she leaned in close to admire the video. "Though, I think it's worth noting that Jack is quite the sexy little morsel. Julias trained him well."

"Fuck yeah he did," Triss said. "Kid's got abs for days."

Nodding, Jen licked her lips as she glanced Sándor's way. "And quite an exquisite looking cock. Look how Elaine holds it."

Poor Sándor. The man looked up at Jennifer, eyebrow raised, and Jen giggled as she leaned over the sitting man and gave him a quick kiss. The girl loved to tease. How she wasn't Daeva, Tash would never know.

Matt, Art, and Eric all looked clearly troubled. They liked what they saw, but the camera was focused on Jack's penis, a man they knew. Men got awkward about that sorta thing.

Athalia looked just as troubled, at least she did for a moment, before she took the phone back, sat beside Tash on the end of the couch, and made the motion like she was about to return the phone... but

didn't. She slowly drew it back and stared at it as she leaned into the couch's arm. The video didn't stop. It just kept going and going, showing stuff Tash hadn't seen yet. Seeing the young man pin Ashley down by her throat against Antoinette's sternum, the Prince's huge breasts resting on her ghoul's shoulders, while Jack fingered the lithe, skinny girl into a plethora of orgasms, was particularly hypnotizing.

Jessy laughed. "I'm picking up on a few clues, Athalia."

With a snort, Athalia quickly gave Tash back the phone. "I don't know what you mean."

"Ha, yeah you do. Skinny girl getting choked and fingered into a coma? Bet that scratches a fantasy."

Athalia groaned. The only thing hiding the blush in her cheeks was her dark complexion.

"Don't be absurd. Not every girl walking around Dolareido is looking to wind up in an orgy."

Jessy leaned in over Tash toward Athalia, and her grin would have made the Devil envious.

"I didn't say orgy." She licked her lips. "I bet a lot of your sex with the sheriff plays out like this: you, him, sitting around on a couch, having some pretty fulfilling but boring-as-fuck conversation about real life shit. You get up, maybe to get a bite to eat, but you make sure to put just a little hip sway into it, or toss your hair a bit. You play innocent. Suddenly Daniel, the big tall scary-as-all-hell sheriff is there, silent as an assassin, and you turn around, pretending to be shocked. He adjusts his glasses as he looks at you, gaze steady, like some sort of anime villain, and—"

"Anime?" Jennifer asked as she sat beside Sándor on the other couch. "You watch cartoons?"

"Shut up, let me finish. Then he reaches down, takes both your hands, and pins them up over your head against a wall. He uses his other, slips them into your pants, and—"

"Fine, fine!" Athalia squirmed a few times. Poor woman. Vampires had a good nose for blood, and they could tell hers were flowing faster.

"Sounds awesome to me," Triss said, sitting on Sándor's other side. "I mean, getting pinned against a wall and fingered and shit. I'm not really into Daniel. Dude scares me and not in the sexy way."

"He's not scary..." After a moment of silence from the room, Athalia groaned and shook her head. "He's not! Not... usually... He's just quiet."

"Quiet like Sándor?" Jennifer asked, before shaking her head. "No, it's not the same. Sándor is quiet because that's who he is. Daniel is quiet because he's plotting a thousand ways to kill you every

time he looks at you, and because he knows showing any kind of expression would be a tactical disadvantage.”

That did sum up Tash’s sire pretty well. There was always something going on his head, probably dozens of somethings. He never stopped thinking, planning, plotting. It was why he made a good Mekhet, and a good sheriff.

A tiny mewl erupted from Tash’s phone. The video was still playing, and despite the volume being set super low, a woman had made a loud enough noise everyone in the room heard it. Before Tash could stop the video, Jessy snatched the phone, and groaned.

“Wow, that girl has got a kink.” And because she had to, Jessy held up the phone in a slow pan for everyone to see. Jack was fucking Julee, very hard, while the girl was on her knees between Antoinette’s legs, hands pressing on her mistress’s hips. The Prince had both her hands around her ghoul’s throat, and was clearly choking the girl while Jack pounded her from behind. And to make matters worse for the poor brunette ghoul, Elaine knelt beside her, and was routinely giving the ballerina’s butt a rather harsh slap.

Julee always had a super innocent look to her, and kinda behaved like Tash sometimes. Which made the new twist the video had taken all the more problematic, because everyone knew the sort of kinks Tash enjoyed, considering the videos she’d shared. The grin from Matt and Art confirmed, they were picturing her getting the same treatment.

“That reminds me,” Triss said. “Anyone find a guy for Sam, yet?”

“Is that something we’re doing?” Jessy asked, looking to Athalia. “I mean, Jacob hasn’t even been dead a month. Moving on kinda fast.”

At this point, everyone knew Athalia and Samantha had become close friends, even if it was Beatrice who spoke on her behalf. It made sense. Triss would always be more comfortable with the group than Athalia.

“It is something we’re doing,” Athalia said. “Maybe not throw her into a situation right now, but Sam is not the sort of woman who should be alone. She’s her happiest when she has someone.”

Tash tapped her chin. That, was true. Samantha was simply not the sort of woman who did well on her own, which, kinda irked Tash. Her, Jessy, Jen and Triss, and obviously Athalia, all prided themselves on their autonomy. It felt weird suggesting that the woman was actually better off with someone in her life, and yet, it was true. Some people simply did better when they weren’t alone. Some people needed other people.

There wasn't anything wrong with that, but it did mean the lot of them weren't well equipped to understand her. And they all knew it, each of them throwing some guilty glances at each other.

"I'm sure the Prince is helping her," Sándor said.

Triss nodded. "Yeah, but, there's gonna be a bit of awkwardness there. And, uh, I'd ask Othello, 'cause that dude absolutely loves hanging out with Madison and other people every moment of every night. But with his history with Sam, that'd get weird."

"How about Fiona?" Jessy asked, looking back to Athalia. "She's got that kinda personality."

"Yes," Athalia said, "but she's just a kid. And sure, her Horror has memories of her own, and plenty of wisdom to share, but none of that would help in this situation."

"This," Matthew said with a powerful hand gesture, aimed to the sky, "is a challenge for the likes of the pack!"

"No it isn't," Jessy said, shaking her head.

"No, it isn't," Eric said, shaking his head.

"Yes it is!" With a confident nod, Matt spun around once in the center of the living room, before he grabbed one of the kitchen stools and sat on it. "You lot may not have noticed, but I generally don't like being alone. Art and I hang out twenty-four-seven. Others in the pack go all day every day with someone else in the pack nearby. We know a thing about social types."

That was also true. The Uratha were a pack, and they did talk to each other and other people all the time. They mingled with the kine, and vampires too, made friends, and got the 'lay of the land' the old fashioned way: lots of talking. Eric was the oddity.

"Gonna sleep with her?" Jessy asked Matt, raising a hand. "'Cause, I mean, if you two and Tash bag Sam, I want that video. Or can I just, like, come watch?" Eric sat on the arm of the couch beside Jessy, and gave his girlfriend a firm, loving pat on the shoulder. Which quickly evolved into a forceful squeeze that earned a squint of pain from her. "I give I give! Jesus!"

They all laughed. It was a nice sound.

Tash raised a hand. "That d-does bring up a good point, though."

"Wait, it does?" Jessy asked.

"Yes." And she gave her friend a pat on the leg, much gentler than Eric's. "Do we w-want Sam to find someone else to love, or just a friend? And, I s-suppose, maybe someone else to fuck as well?"

“That is a good point,” Triss said. “I’d just assumed we were gonna play matchmaker, but Sam doesn’t necessarily need someone to replace James and Jacob. At least, not yet. She definitely needs romance in her life, but in the meantime, yeah maybe a friend?”

“I’m her friend,” Athalia said.

“Yeah I know, you’re a closer friend to her than I am, and I’m glad. But Sam’s gotta have some man energy in her life. And some dick. So a friend with benefits.”

Jennifer nodded. “Agreed. She’s just that kind of woman. If this was a eighty years ago, she’d be a stay-at-home mom raising six children, and loving every moment of that life. She’d happily cook supper for everyone, and when her husband came home from a hard day at work, she’d happily give his tired body a massage and quick blowjob in the privacy of the bathroom before serving supper to him and the kids.”

Tash raised a brow as she looked at Jen. They all did. But the Ventrue just shrugged like what she’d said was perfectly reasonable.

“I read a lot,” she said, as if that explained everything. “Though, in retrospect, she’d do all that, but she’d also be one of the first people to help the resistance if it was World War II.” And the last detail gave it away. She was reading about some romance story set during World War II. From the look on her face, she’d found the fantasy of being a loving house wife back then strangely appealing. Or at least novel.

“Okay,” Triss said, laughing. “I uh, wasn’t picturing that. But yeah, Sam likes being a mom and wife and sitting around with a bunch of other wives, drinking wine and talking about their kids and the latest books they’ve read and the latest shit crime or medical drama they’re watching.”

Jessy, Athalia, and Tash all cringed.

“Exactly,” Matt said. “So, the Uratha can help her out. Carter—”

Oh no. Matt cut himself off as he looked down, and took a deep breath as he gulped down something in his throat. He’d forgotten. Much as Tash hadn’t known Carter, he had seemed like an interesting, older man.

“Carter,” Art said, stepping in closer to his best friend, “might have been an interesting match for Sam. Old fart, bitter on the surface, but a heart of gold.”

They all smiled. That did sound like it could have worked.

“So we’re sure it needs to be a man?” Jessy asked.

They all looked to Triss and Jen.

“Uh...” Triss scratched her head a few times and looked to Jen for help. Jen shrugged and gestured back to her. “Uh, well, I mean, probably? I think Sam is her happiest when she’s opposite some masculine energy, you know? But, um, sexually, she’s... willing to explore.”

Jessy leaned in. “Gimme. Details.”

“I don’t—”

Jen leaned in toward Jessy. “Her, riding Jacob, but facing Othello. Othello, fucking Madison’s ass until she’s a mewling mess and clutching Sam for dear life. Sam, kissing and suckling on Madison’s breasts as the gorgeous creature cums her brains out.”

“Fuuuuck.” Jessy squirmed a few times as she looked up and let her imagination wander.

“Jen,” Sándor said, “I think maybe Sam would prefer you didn’t tell everyone about her sexual past.”

Jennifer grumbled as she sat back and folded her arms across her chest. She knew Sándor was right, and it was terribly cute seeing her take his advice. Something about the way the man talked was soothing, even when he was more-or-less berating Jen for being rude. You couldn’t be mad at Sándor, and you couldn’t help but consider his words when he felt the need to say something. Part of that was how rarely he did say something. Part of that was his calm, direct, mentor-like way of talking. No wonder Azamel asked him to take over for her.

“Either way,” Triss said, “she needs a man in her life.”

“Agreed,” Athalia said. “I guess we should all keep an eye open. And... as much as it pains me to even think of it, Samantha probably wouldn’t mind us trying to help her more overtly. She is a social creature. As long as we respect her, we can do this like... like...”

“Like normal people would?” Art said, laughing. “You know, hanging out, talking, having a good time, getting drunk and introducing people?”

“I do that!” Jessy said. “Minus the drunk part.”

Arturo shook his head. “You’re on the hunt when you do that. Either for blood or sex, but you’re always on the hunt, Gangrel. And it comes through in your actions. Even the humans see a predator when you’re on your best behavior.”

With a playful, fake scoff, Jessy put her fingers on her sternum, as if Art had just wounded her with his words.



“You wound me, sir!” There it was. “I’m not... always hunting.”

“Yes you are,” Triss and Jen and Eric said in unison.

Jessy slumped her shoulders and leaned against Eric’s hip, him sitting on the couch arm.

“You’re out of your depth,” Art said. “Antoinette would do better.”

“P-Probably,” Tash said, “but it would be awkward. I know I can b-barely talk normally when my sire is around.”

Jessy lifted a finger. “Same.”

“Then I think,” Art said, “it’s time Sam made some new friends in the Uratha. I bet Brianna or Clara could help her quite a bit. Though you should probably come too, Athalia.”

“Sure, I’ll be there.” Nodding, Athalia got up, and headed for the door. “If you’ll excuse me, I think I’m going to head home.”

“Let me know how it goes,” Jessy said, grinning at Athalia like a devil.

After a heavy, exaggerated groan, Athalia grinned slightly, and went.

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“Why not!?”

“B-Because...” Tash squirmed on her couch, suppressed her embarrassment, and glared at Jessy on her laptop screen. “Because!”

Jessy rolled her eyes. She was on her side, in bed, and Eric was behind her. It wasn’t the first time Jessy had called her during the middle of sex with her boyfriend, and it wasn’t the first time Tash hadn’t hung up immediately when she’d realized.

“Tash, I’m telling you, and Eric’s confirmed. Whatever Luna did to the city, it’s made it safe for Uratha to transform. Well, I mean, safer. As long as you don’t try and kill them, I’m sure Matt and Art can fuck you senseless, no worries!”

Tash frowned and folded her arms across her chest. How Jessy managed to have a conversation with Eric spooning and fucking her, Tash didn’t know. The Gangrel was clearly enjoying herself, with nipples blatantly hard, and little shivers occasionally working through her. Her laptop’s camera was

pointed at her upper body, and Jessy had her head propped up on a palm, elbow against the mattress so her other hand could work the laptop.

Eric peeked over her shoulder long enough to give Tash an affirming nod, and kiss Jessy's neck, before he sank back behind her. His arm sneaked up around Jessy and half hugged her before he cupped her lower breast, and casually teased and caressed it, while he maintained a slow fucking rhythm. Jessy had completely corrupted him.

"Matt and Art are huge! And I'm t-t-tiny!"

Jessy outright moaned, and it wasn't because of Eric.

"Sounds perfect to me."

"Well, unlike you, my v-vagina isn't the size of a—"

Jessy laughed and pointed a finger at the camera.

"We've seen you getting double stuffed by those two boys, Tash. You can't fool me. I saw the look in your eyes when you looked and saw yourself getting split open. You were wondering what it'd be like if they were giant, fucking glorious wolf monsters, forcing huge cocks into you."

Groaning, Tash squirmed a little more. Why was Jessy her best friend? The woman was brazen and rude and hedonistic and... and absolutely concerned with Tash. She wanted Tash to be happy, which in Jessy's mind, meant the best sex possible.

"I... don't know. I mean, they'd be so huge!"

"Just get them to go slow."

"W-Would they listen?"

Eric poked his head up again. "Yeah, they would. Don't worry, Tash. Luna made it pretty clear. Dolareido is a blessed city."

"Or c-cursed," Tash said, gesturing at nothing, but obviously implying all the things that'd happened recently.

"Yeah, true, but Luna has a vested interest in the city. She wants Uratha to stay here. And considering it's Dolareido, she figured out a way to do that." Eric kissed Jessy's shoulder, and disappeared behind her again.

Jessy grinned evilly. "It's working pretty damn well, from what I've heard. Mason's fucked that Tilly girl while transformed. Even Brianna's fucked her two boys while transformed."

Both girls looked up, wondering. How would that work? Big powerful werewolf woman with two normal-sized vampire men?

Big movement on the camera drew Tash's eyes. Something gigantic moved in, black and gray and white and blurry, until the camera focused and revealed a cat's fur. An American Shorthair.

"Kat, you bitch." Giggling, Jessy reached out and dragged Kat off the laptop's keyboard, and into a snug hug and a big kiss on her head. The fact Kat interrupted a bout of sex didn't bother Jessy at all, or Kat apparently. This was probably a common occurrence.

After a few pets and kisses, and deep scratches into the cat's head fur, Jessy lifted Kat up and set her beside the laptop with only her tail in view. Judging from the tail, Kat settled down, and probably chose the laptop's exhaust as a warm place to nap.

"You're gonna do it sooner or later," Jessy said. "You know you will."

"I w-won't."

"You will. And then you're gonna describe it to me in intimate details."

Tash scrunched up her nose. "I won't!"

Jessy laughed like an evil queen. "Yes you will. I'd say you'd eventually film it too, but fucking hell no matter what we try we can't get cameras to work when Eric changes. Fucking werewolf Luna curse or some shit. Buuuut, you will tell me about it, 'cause you'll be dying to share details, you little nerd."

Groaning, Tash looked away, but some more movement drew her eyes back. Eric was fucking Jessy faster, fast enough her big breasts rippled against her chest, and Jessy groaned quietly as she reached around and set her free hand on Eric's hip, off camera.

"N-Not if you're gonna be mean about it."

"I'm not being mean!" She chuckled a few times, a few groans sneaking in between them. "It's just killing me waiting. I want it to happen so we can talk about it! Big, juicy details."

"You have a problem. Big meanie."

Jessy rolled her eyes. "Imagine it, Tash. A giant, sexy-as-all-fuck werewolf with a huge hand wrapped around your waist, slowly pushing your tiny pussy onto his huge dick until he's stretching you deep, deep, and deep. And when you think you're about to burst, that super thick bottom part sinks in, and you can feel him so deep inside you it's like he's just... wearing you on his cock like a toy." She

groaned, louder, her own dirty story driving her crazy with arousal, and she half closed her eyes as she turned her torso into the blankets.

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Eric took it as a sign. He got up, got behind Jessy off camera, rolled her onto her hands and knees so the girl's ass was high up, also off camera. The camera was focused on Jessy's upper half, so Tash could only see her friend's big boobs smushed against the blankets, and her back curve deeply. Jessy grinned at Tash, reached out, and turned the laptop just enough so the camera was now looking down from near Jessy's shoulder and over the rest of her body. It put Eric in view as the naked, very handsome dark-skinned man grabbed Jessy's hips, and thrust into her hard enough the Gangrel's big ass rippled with the impact.

Apparently the conversation had driven Jessy to the edge, because it wasn't long before she was cumming, her groans turning into moans. She made no effort to suppress them. And as much as Tash enjoyed watching Eric's hard body pound away at his girlfriend, arms and abs flexing with each thrust, Jessy's noises had Tash looking at her. Why was the Gangrel so damn hot? The short pixie cut blonde hair, the muscular but feminine body, the large breasts squashed, one sticking out from under her chest where the camera could see. It was absolutely unfair.

Then again, Jessy thought the same thing about Tash and her tiny, skinny little body. The grass was always greener.

Eric and Jessy finished, and Eric sat back, leaving Jessy's big butt to take up most of the screen, laptop still by her shoulder. Tash expected the call to end, but nope, Eric flipped Jessy over, earning a very girlish squeal from her, and he slipped his knees under her legs. There was more than a few spots of white cum on Jessy's body around her thighs and pelvis.

"M-Missionary?" Tash asked him. With Jessy on her back and legs spread, now it was Eric's amazing body on display, camera pointed directly at him between Jessy's knees.

He shrugged. "What's wrong with missionary?" The tiny, but very real cocky grin on his face was frustratingly pleasing and hard to look away from. He knew he was handsome. And he knew he could put on a good show, and play for a crowd. Spending his younger days as a professional fighter had definitely given him a bit of that arrogance Jessy loved. She probably spent every day trying to draw more of it out of him.

Jessy laughed, and slid the camera a bit so it was more beside Jessy, but a bit further away, so it could see all of both her and Eric.

“Ain’t no girl ever cum from missionary, Eric,” Jessy said.

“You have.”

“Well, yeah, when I’m full of blood and I’ve already cum five times. Kiss my fucking ear and I’d cum when I’m like that.”

Tash smiled. These two were so strangely perfect for each other, it was a joy to watch. It was also great porn, and the next time Tash saw the boys, she was going to funnel all this bundled up sexual energy right into them; and show them the recorded footage at Jessy’s request. But, it was also heartwarming to see Jessy so happy. And Eric, too.

“Eric,” Jessy said, “let Tash pick the position, ya?”

Oh no.

Eric stopped thrusting, rolled his eyes as he smiled at Jessy, and looked to the laptop.

“Hit me,” he said, waiting.

Oh no oh no. They’d never done this.

“I... I um...”

“Come on, Tash,” Jessy said. “I know you’ve got lots of ideas. You got that horny nerd mind running all the time, picturing scenarios. How you wanna see me get fucked?”

Tash wriggled and squirmed on her couch, looked away, looked back, looked away again, before slowly looking back, eyes sliding along Jessy’s naked body, big breasts flattened against her chest, down her hard stomach, and then up Eric’s harder abs and thicker arms and shoulders.

There really was no point in being embarrassed anymore. Habits died hard, but, she did know what she wanted to see.

“Y-Your ankles... over his shoulders...”

“Ah yeah.” Nodding, Jessy grabbed a thick pillow and put it under her butt, before lifting her hips up. Eric gave each of her ankles a quick kiss before setting them on his shoulders, before the man took her hips into his hands again, with her legs between his arms so they wouldn’t slide off.

Tash loved directing her own porn films. It scratched some weird itch inside her that loved being in control, despite very much losing control when her two boyfriends fucked her. But, telling other people how to have sex? She hadn't thought of that.

The two of them fell into a very comfortable rhythm. They'd done this before, and had slept with each other so many times, they knew exactly how to make the other happy. Jessy made sure to lift her arms up out of the way, and grinned at Tash several times, as Eric's thrusting made her large breasts flow back and forth along her chest. And Eric flexed his hard abs and arms probably a little more than the position required. They looked amazing.

Jessy came first, and she arched her back as she did, smiling at the laptop camera for a second before melting into her pleasure. Eric slowed down, but sped up a moment later. A quiet grunt from him told Tash he was about to cum.

"W-Wait, Eric, don't. Can you... climb onto Jessy, and... um, cum on her breasts?"

Eric blinked at Tash, before another tiny, handsome grin hit his lips. He spread the trembling Jessy's legs aside, and crawled up onto her stomach and straddled her. His long, dark cock dripped with Jessy's juices.

Eric leaned in toward the camera, and smiled at Tash, making her freeze and blink, before the man brought the laptop in close. Much much closer. Once it was directly beside Jessy, the camera lens at the top of the screen allowing it to look down over her chest, Eric grabbed his cock in one hand, and slowly stroked the drenched length as he aimed it down toward Jessy.

Jessy recovered quickly, and with a still lightly trembling body, took her breasts into her hands, and pushed them up onto her chest. Eric had no trouble pressing his cock's swollen glans against one of her nipples, and he masturbated onto it.

They knew what she wanted. She wanted to see them do what Jack had done in the video, or at least as close as they could mirror it.

From so close, the camera could only see Jessy's lips, jaw, neck, breasts, and Eric's cock, one of his big muscular arms, and his flexing abs. And soon, all Tash could see, was the gush of white squirting out of his cock, and onto Jessy's body. Thick, heavy strands of white, each leaving huge trails along Jessy's breasts and over her nipple, and then down in the valley between her breasts, and onto her other nipple. Eric came, a lot, just like Matt and Art did, a ridiculous amount of cum that soon had Jessy's chest absolutely drenched in white, until a couple lines of it trickled down her ribs near the camera.

All the while, as Tash stared at the glorious display, she couldn't quite ignore the words in her head, yelling at her that this would look so much better through the lens of proper professional cameras, under controlled lighting. She'd make Eric's abs glisten and pop, and Jessy's breasts look divine.

"Um..." Tash bit her bottom lip. "Can w-we try another?"

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She had to wait a whole night before she got to meet up with the boys again. Now that Black Blood had been dealt with, she didn't have the contract she used to have to keep them under her thumb. They didn't have to go where she told them to, and instead had to do what Avery told them to do, which meant hunting that final azlu.

It made perfect sense, and Tash wouldn't have stopped them, but damn it, she was out of her mind horny! How could she not be? Eric and Jessy had done everything she'd asked, and that'd gotten increasingly kinky as the night went on. It'd scratched an itch inside Tash she didn't even know she had.

Every night, Tash felt a little more of Jessy's evil corrupting ways devour her.

A knock on the door. Finally. The boys stepped into her apartment. Jeans, t-shirts, the usual. They took off their boots as they looked around, and Tash stepped into view.

"Tash," Art said. "I—whoa."

"Whoa," Matt said, staring at her.

Tash stood there in absolutely nothing but some sky blue thigh high socks, and a bottle of lubricant in hand they knew well. And as they stared at her, she Blushed Life.

It was beyond embarrassing how quickly her body lit up like kindling. Right in front of them, her skin fleshed out and gained a bit of color, as much as a tiny pale girl's could, but her nipples also hardened and swelled, and she could feel her vulva doing the same. She knew it'd changed a few shades of pink, no need to look down and check.

"Um... something happen?" Art asked, smile turning into a hungry grin as he pulled off his t-shirt, revealing tan skin and delicious muscles.

Matt didn't bother asking. He smiled bright and stripped out of his clothes with all the grace of an ox.

Art was a little bit bigger than Eric, and Matt was a bit bigger than Art, and Tash licked her lips as she looked them up and down, imagining their huge bodies squashing her tiny one between them. Maybe Jessy had a point.

"J-Just, um, a very... sexual vid call with Jessy. I recorded it for you. B-But, later! Now, I am..." Dying. She was absolutely dying. "Come on."

They followed, stripping off more clothes and tossing them on the floor as they did. She didn't care. The only thing on her mind was getting her two boyfriends inside her, now.

She hopped up onto her bed, on a big towel, and popped the top of the lubricant.

"No camera?" Matt asked, stepping in and standing beside her, near the bed.

"No. No camera. Just sex. We're going to f-f-fuck, all night."

"Well damn," Art said, standing beside Matt, "you even need us here? You look—"

"Shut up!" She glared up at him as she spread her legs, poured a giant glob of lube onto her palm, and got to work spreading it on her ass. She tried to keep up the angry glare, but it melted away as the lube softened her skin more and more, until she slipped a finger past the ring of muscle, and another finger, and made sure to absolutely drench it with enough lubricant to drown someone. Nothing would interrupt them tonight.

Satisfied, she slid the towel and herself to the edge of the bed, reached out, and grabbed both men's cocks. They were already half erect, and a couple strokes was enough to bring both large phalluses to fullness, thick and hard, hot and lined with interesting patterns of veins. She bit her lip as she looked up at them and their massive bodies, and gave them her best doe eyes before she leaned in, and kissed the tips of their lengths.

The smell of testosterone, life, flesh and sexual desire, it came off the boys in spades. It had her dripping. She switched from man to man, working both their lengths with her hands, a tight grip at the base of each long cock massaging the firm, almost spongy but hard texture of their girths. All the while, she slipped the head of one cock into her mouth, buried it in suckling kisses until her lips slid back and forth along the base edge of the bulbous tip, before switching to the other man. They both groaned quietly, and she gave them her doe eyes again, knowing full well it'd drive them crazy, and make them throw her onto the bed, pin her, penetrate her together, choke her, squeeze and hug her and bury her, until she—



She squeaked, sat back, and set her palms down against the towel around her, as she stared up at the giant men. Gianter men. They grew larger, and larger, and larger. Thicker. Heavier. Where there was skin, short dark fur emerged, short enough that it didn't hide their insane musculature. Their cocks changed, thickening, and turning into shades of red from end to end, with a big thick round base above two enormous testicles; just like Eric's had been, that one night Tash saw him fuck Jessy as a werewolf.

Werewolves. Massive, towering behemoths of muscle, with thick necks and longer fur, practically manes. Hunched forward slightly, like hunting animals usually did, the two monsters rumbled deeply, quietly, in their throat as they looked down at her, and their animal eyes devoured her.

She could hear their new hearts, enormous, thumping heavy and hard in their gigantic chests. She could hear their huge lungs taking slow, deep, hungry breaths. She could feel the heat radiate from them, like living furnaces.

“Um... uh...” Oh shit. “I... I d-didn't... uh...”

Arturo, fur slightly darker, body slightly smaller — still almost nine feet tall! — lowered himself down toward her, and set both hands on the blankets around her. Oh god he was huge.

“Jessy told us to, last night.”

“Jessy!” Oh that bitch. That manipulative, scheming, overstepping bi—Tash squeaked, and stared down at Arturo, as the colossal creature lowered himself down and down, until the titan was inches from her face.

He slowly ran his long tongue along her cheek.

“You'll like,” he said, voice so deep and rumbly she felt the vibration through the floor and bed. “Promise.”

She shivered as Matt came down, and did the same, opposite cheek. And his rumbling purr was so deep, she felt it buzz inside her. She almost didn't notice, eyes locked onto the size of his shoulders. She could curl up into a ball and fit inside his torso, with room to spare.

“I... I mean, I... I d-don't know if... um...”

Arturo got down onto his knees, leaned in between her legs, and ran his long tongue up her tiny, smooth, swollen and drenched slit.

She squealed, reached out, and grabbed the giant beast by the fur his neck. Soft fur, warm, inviting. She blinked as she stared down at him, and he looked up at her with wolf eyes as he nudged

his huge, teeth-filled snout between her thighs, and again licked her pussy. And again, she squealed, but at least no so loudly this time.

Matt pushed in beside Arturo, one hand pressing on Art's back so he could lean over him, and not jam their giant shoulders together. And as Arturo experimented with his massive tongue along her slit, Matthew pressed his tongue against her slit as well. Tash had no choice but to put one hand on Matt's head, and sink her fingers into his mane to hold on, as she stared down at what was happening.

Two terrifying beasts, two strangely handsome, towering juggernauts, creatures of violence and legend, were licking her pussy. At the same time. They didn't care if their tongues touched the other's. They buried her small slit with broad strokes of their tongues that fought for space on her body, and she froze, legs spread wide, her hands on their necks near the backs of their heads, her eyes locked on the strange sight.

Werewolves were terrifying. Absolutely, utterly terrifying. And the two biggest ones she'd ever seen were burying her clit and tiny lips in so much warm, wet friction, she was shuddering in minutes. She came, and she forced herself to keep her eyes open as she dug her fingers into their fur, let out a defeated mewl, and watched them relent. But they kept their tongues pressed against her, not moving, not licking, but still burying her pussy in wet heat as her clit fired sharp jolts of pleasure into her thighs and insides.

They really were terrifying. And... thrilling.

They both stood back up, mostly, crouched low enough their huge bodies loomed over her, and they rumbled desire. Their cocks were pointed straight at her. Enormous, pinkish redish things, each thicker than her wrist, with knots at the bottom even more swollen than before. Jessy took one of those things, all the way inside her, regularly. Tash didn't know how.

Possessed by some evil, vile demon of lust, Tash's hands reached up, and did the same as before, wrapping each giant cock in her grip. She squeezed them gently, experimenting, and both wolves purred; she almost melted at the sensation of the vibration flowing through her. Gulping, she squeezed again, testing the firmness and unique texture of something she'd never thought she'd touch. So warm. Not as hard as she'd thought they might have been, but considering how big they were, that was a good thing.

Again, completely not of her own volition, she leaned in, and set a kiss on the tip of Matt's enormous cock. The heavy, bass-filled, rolling purr she pulled from him had her thighs quivering. She did the same for Art, getting the same purr, and a little more as she tried to fit more of his cock into her mouth. The tip was slightly more pointy than a human penis, but quickly grew thicker than anything

like one. She could only manage the tip no matter how wide she opened her mouth, and she couldn't even get her fingers all the way around it. But from how Art's rumbling purrs continued and grew, that was enough.

She worked her hand back and forth along it, and when large drops of precum rose to the surface, she spread those with her fingers along his cock, and resumed. A hot, gentle prod against her cheek drew her attention to Matt as the beast poked her with his length, then slipped one of his titanic hands behind her hand, and gave her a gentle pull in his direction. Matt would normally wait his turn. This Matt had a little more aggression in him. The animal desire in his eyes pulsed through her until she was rubbing her thighs together.

She fit as much of the titan in her mouth as she could, and ran her hands down his thick length until they hit the strange new shape at the base. His knot, a super thick part of his cock, hot and firm, and when she cupped it and teased fingers along it, experimenting, the biggest werewolf in the city rumbled deep in his throat, and loudly.

She blinked up at him, and outright squeaked when the beast used his giant hand, and gently pulled her toward the corner of the bed.

"W-What are you doing? Matt? I—" She sucked in a quick breath as the titan gently pushed her onto her back, and with her butt on the corner of the bed, her legs dangled limply over the bed's side and bottom. Art stepped aside, and watched.

Matt reached down, took her legs, and brought them up. One of his palms was as wide as her shin was long. She stared at the size of his grip, not able to compute what she was seeing, as the colossal beast brought those tiny shins toward her shoulders, until they pressed against them, her back rounded and ass pushing up into the air. He'd bent her in half.

The werewolf's cock rested against her pussy, and she stared at it, at how long it was, how wide it was, and how Matt picked a position Tash knew would let him ram himself into her. Her fake heartbeat skyrocketed, and she whimpered quietly as she tore her eyes away from the gigantic cock, and up toward the beast looming over her.

Matt leaned in, and gave her a gentle lick on the cheek again.

"Will be gentle," he said between deep rumbles.

Her heartrate slowed. A little. He was in control.

She nodded slowly, her whole body shaking like a leaf as Matt stood up a bit straighter, and used his left hand to pin both her ankles to her shoulders, burying her upper chest under his palm and long

fingers. His right hand took his giant cock, and pressed the slightly pointed tip against her clenching pussy.

He eased in the first two inches, and already she was spread wider than ever before. She stared down her bent body, at her tiny slit, and watched in a strange mix of fear and awe, as the huge red length spread her apart. It wasn't like she wasn't already dripping wet and ready, but the thing was so gigantic, she couldn't help but bite her bottom lip as she stared.

He eased in a couple more inches, and she mewled. He eased in a couple more, and she whimpered between growing pants. There was a distension on her lower abdomen, showing a subtle outline of the thickness of his cock, how much he was stretching her wide, and now pushed against her deepest places. As the titan gently forced in another inch into her clenching pussy, she moaned. Any other time, it might have been too deep already and maybe a bit painful. But she knew she was drenched, her insides aching and swollen, and begging to get penetrated and stretched deep.

He still had many inches to go, and she reached up between her pinned legs up to his giant body looming over her, and gently pressed on his abs and lower chest, the only things she could reach. The titan kept going, his wide, giant chest and torso coming in closer until she disappeared in shadow, and he sank another inch into her stretched insides. And another. The pulsing waves of sensation as his cock forced her deepspot deeper into her body had her legs trembling under his pinning hand, and she managed a few more weak whimpers as Matt pushed deeper.

He let go of his cock, and her legs. He placed both his hands against the bed around her shoulders, and again, Tash whimpered as she realized she couldn't lower her legs. They stopped at his arms, half hooking over his elbows, trapped and unable to go lower. She was trapped under a mating press.

She meeped like a squeak toy as Matt lowered himself down onto her until his giant chest and abs were only inches from her face, and his thick cock's knot pressed against her already stretched lips.

“W-Wait! Wait, p-p-please...”

With a heavy, deep purr, Matt held still. He stayed where he was, giant body of short fur and muscles covering her, her ass held up because her knees were locked toward her shoulders by his arms. But he did listen, and stopped, leaving just enough room between them for her to look down at her small belly, and the bulge pushing out against her abs.

“Oh... god...” Whenever Matt and Art were both inside her, her short stature, tiny frame, itty bitty waist and flat stomach meant she could see a subtle distension along her body, showing how deep they penetrated her. This time, it was just one of the boys, and the bulge was bigger. And deeper. Her

head was swimming, hints of pain from being stretched so deep disappearing under waves of tingling bliss that flowed down through her legs and back up into her chest.

Matt gently shifted his pelvis back and forth a little, just enough to gently pull his thick cock back out of her a couple inches. She mewled as her clenching insides came out with him, the grip of her flesh almost sucking on his cock, before he gently sank himself back down onto her, until again his knot pressed against her lips. Slowly, gently, the giant beast again fucked her just a couple inches, stretching her so deep she thought she might burst.

She relaxed back against the blankets, reached up between her raised legs again, and ran quivering hands against Matt's abs. With him hunching over her, normally she'd look up to see his neck and chest over her head. But now he was a werewolf, and she gulped as she stared up at his sternum and upper abs over her head. She was so small compared to him. So very, very small.

The giant creature rumbled, a heavy purr that vibrated out through his body into hers, and she let out the tiniest mewl as it sent tingles into her toes.

He picked up speed, and she let out a little whimper with each gentle thrust the giant made into her. Each time, her insides clenched tight, and she peeked down to watch her stretched pussy squeeze around him, and to watch the bulge push up along her belly. She'd had no idea she could stretch so much. Each inch he worked was delicious friction on her squeezing insides, rubbing against every inch of her, while the terrifying beast forced her aching depths deeper into her.

She came again. Her head fell back, and she stared up at the werewolf as tingling bliss worked through her, flowing up and down in waves that started deep inside her pelvis. She managed another quick peek down at her pussy, only to groan as the sight of her juices leaking out of her, coating the giant red cock filling her, and soaking the knot pressing against her lips.

Matt slowed down for only a few moments before he resumed, not giving her nearly enough time to recover. A few more squeaks worked out of her, and she again pressed up against the giant chest and abs directly overhead, a pathetic weak attempt slow the werewolf down. He wasn't going fast, but with everything stretched taut, each inch was friction and pressure filling her up until she could only pant. If she'd been human, she'd have started seeing stars from not breathing.

As the giant beast got a little faster, Tash managed to turn her head. She couldn't see much, with her legs and their thigh high blue socks nearly pinned to her shoulders, still hooked around Matt's arms, but she could see another werewolf. He stood nearby, waiting, not touching himself at all despite how hard his cock was, with several thick drops of precum leaking from the tip. Art was waiting his turn, and she knew what he was going to do to her when it was.

Then he disappeared, as the hulking beast already over her lowered himself more, and suddenly she was pinned under Matt's chest and stomach, unable to see a thing. His body pressed down on her, literally, pinning her whole body to the bed while he bent in her half, her legs sticking out from around his arms, while he pushed his cock down against her. He stopped thrusting, and instead ground himself down into her, and he pushed harder.

"M-Matt!" She managed to pull enough air in to say his name, but nothing else. She tried to say things like 'wait' and 'stop' and 'no please I'm going to break', but they all disappeared under her panting mewls as the werewolf pushed. Again, she pressed up against his chest, but even that was hilariously weak. She could have pushed harder, gotten his attention, she knew that. But some part of her was locked in place, head swimming, as the beast ground his cock's thick knot against her soaked slit.

Slowly, the giant creature forced a sliver of his cock's base into her, and a bit more, and a bit more, each bit making her body tremble and her insides clench. He was stretching her, deeper, and wider, and all she could do was whimper as he buried her with his body against the bed. Her juices flowed down her from their connection, soaking her, and she whimpered into Matt's chest as her squeezing muscles milked on his length. He didn't stop.

The knot slid in. What little air she had left came out as a tiny squeak, and she pressed up on Matt's chest hard enough to finally get his attention. He lifted his chest and head up, and looked down at her and her body with hungry eyes, and thank god he'd stopped moving. Any movement would have been too much. She couldn't stretch anymore! She was going to burst. Absolutely, utterly, was going to burst, and she whimpered as she looked down at the long bulge reaching across the whole length of her belly. The bulge near her pussy, just above her pubic bone and below her navel, was huge, showing where the beast's giant knot was stretching her to the limit. Only its soft flesh texture, and the fact she was dripping soaked, made it possible.

And the beast was so deep, she swore she could feel him in her stomach.

"Slow!" Finally, she found some air again. "Slow! P-Please... Oh... oh god, I can... Oh god."

With a deep, purring rumble, the beast lowered himself down onto her again, and she mewled openly as she was again pinned by his body. For a second, she was terrified he'd get aggressive and fuck her hard; way too big and too deep for that, way way too deep. But the deadly, gorgeous monster gently flattened her against the blankets, so again only her legs could be seen sticking out from under him, hooked around his forearms, as he slowly fucked her.

He gently pulled himself back an inch, but her clenching pussy kept the knot buried in her, refusing to let it go. Then he pushed back down onto her, and she whimpered openly as the tip of his cock stretched her as deep as she thought her body could possibly go. He stayed there, balls deep, and ground into her in a gentle humping rhythm, sometimes working his body in slow side-to-side motions, and sometimes back and forth. There wasn't much friction anymore since he couldn't pull himself out of her, but there was pressure, so much pressure on her insides she could barely have moved even if he hadn't pinned her.

She came again. The unending bliss of being so full, of having so much thick, hot pressure filling and stretching her in every possible direction, was too much. She melted into the blankets, and her arms went limp as the giant beast continued to gently grind on her, working his cock around and around so the pressure drifted in different directions, but forever against her deepest places, while his knot pressed relentlessly on her squashed g-spot. The pain of being penetrated so deep was quickly lost under waves of more tingling electric shocks that worked down her legs until her toes curled, and up into her chest until she was a trembling mess.

A loud rumble announced the beast's orgasm, and Tash let out a squeak as Matt at last gave her an actual thrust. Not hard, not hard at all, but she had no room left inside her, and he literally forced the squeak out of her. Again, and again, gentle thrusts that filled her to her limits, and she squeaked with each one like a squeak toy, as the titan pumped thick waves of warm cum into her. More and more, unending waves of white she felt overflow her insides instantly, and gush out of her, literally splashing against her thighs before flowing down onto her stomach and ass. More, and more, until she felt her insides stretch a little, parts of her deepest places filling with his warmth she couldn't have expected, until she could feel her swelling belly pressing against the beast's body.

At last, Matthew stood up, and growled like a possessive wolf as he looked down and licked his chops. Her belly wasn't just bulging with the ridiculous amount of flesh he'd forced into her anymore. It was bulging with cum.

"Oh... g-god," she said, staring down at herself.

After a few satisfied, rumbling purrs, Matthew stepped back, and pushed against her thighs to keep her on the blankets as he removed his knot from her body. It took some effort, and her clenching insides didn't make it any easier. She couldn't stop her body from trembling with orgasm aftershocks, and the sheer pressure of his knot against her g-spot. But he managed, and Tash forced herself up onto her elbows to stare at the sight.

His cum gushed out of her like a momentary waterfall, and within moments, her belly was back to its tiny, flat shape.

“I... I... I d-didn't kno—Art!” She managed another squeak, one of many tonight, as Art came around and picked her up. He'd been waiting a while, and she could see animal lust in his eyes. He was ready to cum then and there.

She mewled as she stared up at him, biting her lip as the giant beast held her in his huge hands like a toy, and inspected her, considering his options. Pin her on the bed, like Matt? On her back, or on her belly? Maybe on her side? Maybe—

She trembled as the beast turned her over so she was facing the ground, and he held her horizontal in the air. With one giant hand holding her tiny waist, his other half wrapped around her left shoulder and half wrapped around her neck, he guided her ass toward his cock, and pressed its dripping wet tip against her entrance.

“Art, slow down! Slow...down...” Her voice melted away as the beast pushed against her. He did go slow thank god, and she managed to relax a little. Just a little. Two giant hands with claws held her like she was a doll, and every time she glanced back and up, she could see the hungry eyes of the wolf staring down at her body, hunched posture meaning his chest and head were over her, like he was ready to pounce and eat her.

Her ass was still soaked in lubricant, and Matt's ridiculous amount of cum. Art didn't care. He rumbled as he slipped the tip of his huge length into her asshole, and paused long enough for her clenching muscles to stretch. He didn't wait long. The beast pulled her further toward him, and she whimpered and managed to lift her head again to look down her back and over his hands, to see her tiny ass spread apart around the massive, thick red cock. Thick, and thicker, until the pressure stretching her apart had her eyes rolling up.

She let her head dangle, and her arms and legs go limp. Her long blue socks and toes gently swayed back and forth below her as Art sank her onto his length, occasionally lifting her off an inch, only to sink her down two. She peeked past the giant claws around her breasts and stomach, and whimpered at the sight of his thickness creating a subtle bulge along her belly. As Matt's cum, and hers, dripped down her thighs and soaked her thigh highs, Art pushed deeper, and deeper, until the heat of his cock reached places he never had. Slowly, gently, he pushed the knot of his cock against her ass checks, forcing them apart, and she shivered as the pressure along her insides buried her pussy through the wall of flesh.

When the knot finally reached her entrance, he kept pushing.



“Art... sl... ow... d-d...” She couldn’t stop panting and whimpering. Dangling in his grip, limbs hanging loosely, she closed her eyes. It wasn’t uncommon for the boys to lift her up and do things to her, using the fact she was tiny and light to put her in helpless positions. And it wasn’t uncommon for her to beg for them to stop, despite absolutely loving it; it’d become a frequent, exciting, and erotic part of their love making. But this was new. This was extreme. Tonight, she was nothing more than a tiny toy in the grips of monsters, and she trembled as more of the gorgeous creature’s huge cock forced its way past her clenching, soaked muscles, and into her tender insides.

He pushed harder, and her asshole slowly spread around the thick knot.

“St...” Her eyes rolled up, and she shivered as the sensation of the boiling heat of his thickness spreading her sensitive skin wide and wider had her whole body tingling. And every inch he sank into her was pressure against her pussy, burying it completely and pushing it toward her belly.

He kept going, pushing deeper, and deeper, and the tingling waves built up more. Everything inside her was aching and swollen, and no matter how she tried to relax her muscles, Art’s thickness kept burying everything.

And then her ass’s muscles slipped past the apex of his cock’s knot. The last couple inches pushed into her suddenly, and she let out a squeak as her ass hit his hard pelvis. His heavy testicles lightly slapped her pussy’s lips and clit, and sent a shock up into her pelvis. With her toes dangling more than a foot above the floor, her legs quivered blatantly, swaying with the sudden penetration, and her insides squeezed in milking spasms as the beast’s knot buried her g-spot in pressure. She came hard, and found enough strength to look down underneath her body to her belly, and the bulge that pushed out from it, almost as big as Matt’s despite him using a different hole. A few beads of juices leaked out of her, directly onto the short fur of the testicles resting against her pussy, before falling to the floor. More, and more, until she couldn’t watch anymore, and she let her eyes close, head and neck going limp as she shook like a leaf.

Art fucked her. He didn’t pull the giant base of his cock out of her, instead leaving it inside her like a plug. But that didn’t stop him from pushing her away from him a few inches, only to pull her back, her ass’s ring of muscle squeezing hard around the knot to make sure he couldn’t slip out. And each thrust filled her to the limit. The length of her pussy, her deepspot, all of it pulsed tingling waves through her from how his cock pressed against them through her ass, but the sheer size of his knot pushed on her g-spot relentlessly. And each thrust caused his huge, soaked testicles to slap her dripping pussy, until she felt the splashes against the bulge on her belly.

It wasn’t long before she came again, and her toes curled hard as the splashing only got worse.

Art rumbled pleasure, and slowed. Slowly, tenderly, he fucked her, and the vibration of his purrs rippled through her as he flooded her insides with cum. Waves of white flowed out of her hard enough she felt it splash up over her ass and Art's abs before gushing down over her legs and his testicles. But a lot of it went into her, and she whimpered as heat filled her, thick and heavy and flowing, until she knew the bulge on her belly had grown.

"Art," she whispered, and the beast gently pulled her up until her back was pressed to his abs, and he placed both of his palms against her chest and swollen belly, pinning her against his stomach. "So full... I—"

Matthew stepped up to her, took her dangling legs by the thighs, lifted them until his hands slid up to her calves, and he crouched down enough to press the tip of his cock against her pussy.

"Matt! W-Wait! I can't... I can't fit..." She gulped as she stared down at the bulge the angle created. With her back against Art's chest, his cock pointed straight into her abs, and she panted between her tiny whimpers with how it pressed on her insides. Her belly really was even more distended than before, filled with his cum. Oh god.

Matt came in closer, and forced the first few inches of his long, dripping cock into her pussy.

"Matt!" She found enough strength to lift her arms and press against his chest, and she stared down at the distension. Not subtle anymore, not with another werewolf already penetrating her. She could clearly see the bulge his cock created on her body, pushed out by Arturo's cock, and it only got worse as he pushed in another inch.

She was full. She was so full she was going to pop. Her mouth hung open, and she stared at her body and the encroaching titan in front of her, his muscles and short fur and rumbling purrs, as he pushed more cock into her. A few weak pushes and slaps of her hands against his chest did nothing, her mind unable to do anything but drown in the sensation of being so completely full. Each inch Matt sank into her was insanity, her tiny pussy lips squeezing and milking desperately. With Art filling her already, knot pushing constantly against her g-spot, it made Matt's cock bury each inch of her now stretched pussy in pressure and friction. She stopped breathing. She simply sat there, legs held apart by Matt's grip, but otherwise gravity doing most of the work to keep her pinned on Art's cock, as Matt forced more meat into her.

Two standing werewolves, her trapped between them, filled with cum and meat, and shivering from head to toe. She let her arms go limp, and stared dumbly down at her belly as she came again, her body now on a hair trigger. The giant's cock dripped with a new coating of her juices.

Matt finally pressed his knot against her stretched lips, and stopped. Not because he stopped pushing. He ground into her, fucked her gently but determinedly, and pushed her back into Art's body as he tried to force his knot into her. There was simply no more room left inside her. She managed to summon a quick mewl, and even set her hands against the giant's upper abs, hoping he got the picture. She couldn't take anymore, literally. She was full.

He did get the picture. He rumbled, maybe a little unhappy, but it passed quickly and became a deep purr, as he pulled back several inches, and sank them back into her. Again, he pushed against her pussy, knot rubbing against her taut lips, but instead of trying to ram it into her, he pulled back again, and fucked her.

Tash was hypnotized. She stared down at herself, arms going limp again as she watched the distension move back and forth along her skin. God, how had he managed to stretch her so much? Each time the beast sank his cock into her, and pressed the boiling hot knot against her lips, the bulge pushed an inch past her navel. And he'd been deeper than that, moments before. He was trying to get deeper now, gruitlessly grinding his knot against her pussy lips, drowning his cock in her juices and pushing her insides directly into Art's cock.

A tiny whimper worked through her, and she managed to tear her eyes away from her pussy, up to the behemoth in front of her holding her legs apart. His tongue hung out from between giant, sharp teeth, and his eyes stared down at her with more of that animal hunger that had her whole body tingling. She tried to lift her arms again, maybe just to touch him and feel his body, his heat, the short fur that did nothing to hide his muscles, or maybe just to feel his heart beat; she could definitely hear it. Thump thump. Thump thump. But she couldn't. Her arms hung limp, and her eyes slowly slid down Matt's body down again to the giant cock trying to force its way into her, gently but persistently grinding the thicker part of its base against her slit.

Art rumbled, deeper and louder than before, and she mewled, barely audible underneath the heavy bass flowing through her. He fucked her again, faster than Matt but still slow enough he didn't hurt her much. But every time she felt a little pain spark from being stretched so deep and wide, her body betrayed her, and drowned it in waves of tingling electricity that flowed out from her core where the two cocks fought for space. Down into her toes, up into her nipples, she shivered as the orgasm worked through her again, and again she stared down at the bulge and its evolving shape shift and morph along her once tiny, flat belly, as the two werewolves fucked her.

"Lie down?" Art asked in that harsh, barky kinda sound.

"Yes," Matt said, and he took a step back as he crouched down.

Art crouched down with him as Matt sat on the bed's edge, and slowly Matt lay back on the blankets. It creaked with the weight of him, but he kept his legs planted on the floor, while Art squatted over him and Tash, all of his weight still on the floor. Half of Matt was nearly enough to have her bed breaking, and anymore would have cracked it in half.

Art let go of her, and she collapsed onto Matt's stomach. The hardness of his abs was offset by the soft fur, and she rubbed her cheek against it, only half aware of what was happening, as Matthew held onto both of her thighs. He was so thick, her knees only grazed the blankets, and none of her weight reached them.

Art put one hand on her back, and pushed down, earning a squeak from her as he pinned her to Matt's body. His other hand grabbed her waist, and with him squatting low behind her, she was free to lay on Matt's body, as Art fucked her again. He wasn't so gentle this time.

She lifted her head long enough to see the towering beast gazing down at her body, and how her small, firm ass smacked against his pelvis as he thrust into her. Matt kept her pinned in his cock, forever threatening to force the knot into her, as Art's faster pace had her shifting back and forth on Matt's body. His cock stayed inside her, her ass still locked around the giant knot, squeezing around the base of it to keep it locked inside her.

She almost didn't notice when Matthew came. With her ear pressed against his sternum, her body trapped and pinned, she drowned in the vibration of the beast as he rumbled pleasure. More cum gushed into her, but without his knot to block it off, and it squirted out of her like a fountain. Hot, thick cum poured around their legs, and Tash whimpered as her quivering muscles basked in the heat of it drenching her thighs, and her stomach where it rested on Matt's.

A moment later, Arturo's pinning hand wrapped around her throat, and pulled her up to straddling. Her weight pressed her straight down onto Matt's knot, and she mewled as the wolf, holding her thighs, shifted her back and forth to milk more of his cum out of her, rubbing her squashed lips against the huge base of his length. Art held her snug to him as he fucked her ass, and it wasn't long before he was cumming again, too. Another wave of heat poured into her guts, and another. She couldn't see it with Art pinning her head against his upper abs, but she felt her belly stretch more. And more. He was filling her up, and the cum had nowhere to go.

Art let go of her neck, hand taking her shoulder instead, and her head lulled forward so she could look down. Her belly was bigger.

She thought maybe they'd stop. They didn't. Somewhere, deep inside her mind, a little voice told her if she could just stop cumming for two seconds, she could punch Matt hard enough to at least get his

attention, and let her have a break. But it was a tiny voice, lost in an ocean of pleasure. Of heat, and fake sweat, and rumbling purrs and tingling waves that had her nipples so hard they hurt. She couldn't see her pussy anymore, not with her distended belly in the way, but she could feel her juices leaking out of her, soaking the giant's knot until her cum was probably trickling off his testicles.

She'd never made such a mess, and she'd made a lot of messes before.

Art pinned her down again. She turned her head, cheek to Matt's body, and she looked up to see Art staring at her ass. Again, he fucked her, hypnotized by how it devoured every inch of his length. It was his first time having sex in this form, and he was reveling in it. He picked up speed again, hunched position ensuring his cock pressed straight down against Matt's with every thrust, squashing her pussy until again, she came. And then again, he came. All she could do was lie there on Matt's chest and stomach, arms spread apart over him, as Art pumped her full of cum for the third time. With her stomach pressed to Matt's, she could feel it bulge, feel it squash against his abs, feel their cocks press it down into him, and feel the new waves of thick cum flow deeper into her guts, stretching her belly more and more.

With a heavy, satisfied rumble, Art pulled back on his cock, and kept pulling. Slowly, steadily, he managed to slip the knot from of her body, and Tash moaned into Matt's chest as the pressure inside her poured away. How much cum was flowing out of her ass and onto her bed right now? She couldn't see it, but she could feel it as her belly shrank.

Matt pushed down, hard, and forced a squeak out of Tash as he forced his knot into her. She didn't move. Didn't squirm or wriggle or even try and push on his chest. She lay there, arms limp, legs trapped in his grip, as the beast thrust up into her, again stretching her pussy deep up into her body, and burying her poor g-spot in the massive thickness of his knot. Clenching muscles drowned him in her juices, renewed by her vampire body; no human could have kept going this long.

He stayed inside her, balls deep, knot secure and abusing her g-spot until her clenching muscles demanded she cum again. Tired, aching insides, engorged and pulsing with way too much stimulus, tingled with another wave of pleasure, and she shivered ever so slightly on Matt's body as he fucked her. Always a couple inches, never letting the knot slip out of her, but still fucking her hard enough to pull tiny squeaks out of her.

It didn't take long before he slowed down, and she melted onto him as her clenching insides milked him. Most of his cum poured out of her. Some didn't, reaching places even his cock couldn't, and making her belly press against his abs just a little more. She was absolutely exhausted, and her

body refused to listen, but she did her best to squeeze on the giant thing stretching her pussy to bursting, and she smiled at the rumbling purr she pulled out of the giant, terrifying werewolf between her legs.

She half expected Art to come back in and fuck her some more. Perhaps he wanted to, given the quiet rumbling growl he made. But she glanced back at him, and sighed relief as the man transformed back into a human. She held onto Matt for a little longer, and milked the last few drops out of him, before he transformed back as well.

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She handed Matt the bucket, Art the mop, and pointed to the giant mess they'd made of her bedroom.

"I expect the blankets washed twice, and the m-mattress to be replaced!" One towel had not saved it from the pool of fluids those two had made.

The two boys frowned as they looked down, looked at the tools, then at each other. Everyone had showered, and the boys were in their boxers, ready to clean up a giant, smelly mess that defied reason. They didn't look happy about it.

"You didn't enjoy yourself?" Art asked, wearing his perfect, cocky, handsome, infuriating grin.

"I nearly d-d-died!"

Matt waved a hand, dismissing her. "You didn't nearly die. You loved it."

"I could have split open!"

Art also waved a dismissing hand. "That was some of the best sex we've ever had and you know it. I've never seen you go completely coma like that. Well, I mean, I have, but not like that that."

She glared daggers into the two boys. Yes, when they had sex, they had a habit of getting a bit rough with her, and she had a habit of really, really liking it. But that was no excuse for nearly popping her like an overinflated balloon. Or, soaking her bedroom in buckets of werewolf cum. Hot in the moment, not hot after. And unlike a vampire's fluids, it didn't fade away.

She wore her bathrobe, and she tightened it around herself as she squirmed a bit under Art's knowing gaze.

"It was g-good," she said eventually. "But if I wasn't a vampire, my insides would be b-b-bruised for weeks, you know."

"But you are a vampire," Art said, and he chuckled as he dipped the mop into Matt's bucket, and got to scrubbing.

Matt sighed as he picked up the soaked blankets and bundled them together, ready for washing.

"This is the price for being so good at what we do," the Canadian giant said, and he sighed a little louder.

"Next time!" she said. "Next t-time... we can... do it somewhere easier to clean."

"Next time?" Matt asked, perking up and beaming a big smile.

She scrunched up her nose at him, got her laptop, walked back to her living room, and called Jessy. She had some yelling to do.