

## The Mask

“How about this one?” Ari asked, his Boston accent echoing in the glossy, plastic, Scooby mask.

“You rant to rag me Raggy?”

“Oh my god, STOP!” Amoreena had to put a hand over her mouth to stop from busting a gut. She practically slapped the mask off her husband as she stifled her laughter, revealing Ari’s tawny skin and goofy grin.

“Oh come on, you could be Velma,” Ari chuckled. “I think you’d be really cute wearing a skirt.” Ari bit his lip and bounced his eyebrows at his girl

“I bet you would like that,” she rolled her eyes, sticking her hands into her jacket. “Maybe for your birthday.”

“You promise?” Ari came up behind his girl and slinked his hands into her jacket pockets, finding her hands and tenderly brushing them with his thumbs. He had to bend over a little to do so, but then his crotch was right in line with his girl’s denim clad, sculpted ass.

“I swear, Halloween brings out the horn dog in you,” Amoreena chuckled, as she scanned the wall of adult sized costumes.

“What can I say,” Ari smiled, kissing the crown of his girl’s head, the smell of her citrus and floral shampoo filling his senses. “Imagining you in all these costumes really does turn me on.”

“I mean, I’m all for letting your freak flag fly, but I can’t imagine wearing half of these,” Amoreena pulled her hands free from her pockets to pick up a costume pack for a slutty nurse. “I mean, wouldn’t your abuela skin you alive on two fronts for having me wear this. One, because I’d be showing

my white devil skin, and two, because she could stitch something up faster for a quarter the cost and out of higher quality material?"

"Well, that'd be hard for her to do from beyond the grave, but I feel her glaring down at me right now just for thinking about it." Ari huffed, pulling his hands out of his girl's hoody and standing up, his broad shoulders squaring back. "But I see your point."

"Yeah, I mean, this much for a costume you wear *maybe* twice a year?"

"Yeah," Ari had a sly smirk, grabbing a costume from above Amoreena's head. "But how can you put a price on looking this good."

"Ho boy," Amoreena took the costume. It was a fairy costume with a bubblegum pink wig, a tight fitting top with a tutu that covered nothing and a magic wand. "You really angling for easy access this year huh? How would we make this a couple's costume?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Ari smirked, grabbing another package. It was a costume for a massive, bulky tooth. "Tooth fairy! I finally get to see you in pink, and I'll have a cavity we get to fill."

"Oh really?" Amoreena spun on her sneakers to wrap her arms around Ari's neck and look up into his eyes. "So, because you're the one with the hole to fill and I'm the one with the wand, would I be allowed to break out the strap on?"

"Oh," Ari raised a brow before snatching her costume. "Trade ya!" he emphasized the image of him in a tutu by popping his foot up behind him and giving a sly smile.

"Oh my god! You're such a fool!" Amoreena couldn't help but chortle, bending over to grip her abs to try and stem her laughing.

"Only for you, babe," Ari's pulled his hands around her abdomen and lifted her up.

“Ari!” Amoreena gave a little squeal. Normally her husband wasn’t so handsy, but his favorite holiday did bring out the goof in him.

“What?” Ari chuckled and kissed her cheek before setting his woman down.

“Okay, for real though,” Amoreena giggled and cleared her throat. “We got to settle on a costume.” She glanced over the wall and found a duo of costumes she pulled off a rack and threw one to Ari.

“A corndog?” Ari cocked a brow.

“Yeah, and I’ll be a taco!” Amoreena put the massive hard shell up against her body.

“There’s my girl!” Ari smirked and hung up the costume and Amoreena did the same. “Half the fun of costume shopping is joking about the crap ones.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Amoreena smiled as she scanned some of the pieces. “Still, let’s get serious and find a costume we can both like.”

“Well, how about this one?” Ari pulled a costume off the shelf for Amoreena. “A female gun slinger and I can be...” Ari glanced around before snagging something off the top shelf. It was a horse mask. “And I can be your stallion.”

“Hmm...” Amoreena was focusing on the cowgirl costume. It wasn’t super slutty, and it actually came with pants. The amount of fringe was cringe worthy, but she lived for the cringe on Halloween. “I don’t think it’s a bad idea.”

“Yeah, I think we have a winner here,” Ari’s voice was muffled as he put the horse mask on. It was black as ink and looked like it was made of latex, but Ari could put it on just fine. “Little tight, but I think it’ll work out.”

“You got a big melon,” Amoreena shrugged before blinking. “What kind of fucking horse is that?”

“I think it’s from that new movie with the spider guy or something,” Ari stood up and did a double bicep pose, the horse mask on full display. The eyes were pure white and vicious looking, like they were nothing but sclera. Dark veins encroached on those eyes as though they were pulsing. The mane was a series of tendrils, snaking into each other and slinking down the back of a muscular neck.

“Oh yeah,” Amoreena nodded, remembering the previews. “Doesn’t look half bad on ya, and this costume would look pretty bad ass with it. Why not.”

“Hells yeah!” Ari punched his fist in the air before taking it to rip the mask off. He tugged...but the mask was stuck. “Uh...I think I fucked up.”

“What do you mean?” Amoreena cocked a brow before sighing. “Did you get it stuck?”

“No...” Ari gripped on the mask and tugged again, pain prickling his skull as he got a fistful of hair. “Just...a little...um...unstuck-challenged.”

“My god,” Amoreena crossed her arms and snickered. “You need help.”

“No, I’ve...unf!” Ari tugged at the mask one more time before dropping his hands defeated. “Maybe...”

“Okay, bend over big guy,” Amoreena set her costume down and went to help her man with the mask, her fingers running along the glossy plastic before finding the hem. She almost missed it. It fit so well with his face it was like it vanished against his skin. She gripped the hem of the mask and started peeling back, the latex gripping him the entire time.

“Damn babe,” Amoreena huffed. “You grab a kid’s mask or something?”

“No...I don’t know,” Ari was feeling a little panicked. “Do we need to cut it off?”

“No...well maybe,” Amoreena kept trying to peel it back, but it would curl back down and stick to his skin. “Well, give me one more sec. I’m going to pull on three, okay?”

“Okay,” Ari got ready.

“One,” Amoreena yanked with all her strength, the mask peeling back and shucking off her man’s face.

“Shit! That felt like you were waxing my face!” Ari groaned.

“Damn, maybe we shouldn’t get this one,” Amoreena shrugged. “Too bad, the idea of me being your rodeo ring leader sounded kind of hot.”

“Hold up,” Ari smirked, taking the mask. “We don’t need to give up just yet. I could just use some baby powder for the mask and it’ll be all good?”

“You sure about that?” Amoreena cocked a brow.

“Like you said, we’re only going to wear them once, maybe twice, and if we end up cutting it off, well, that’s on me.” Ari then leaned in. “Besides, you cracking some reigns and telling your stallion to go faster sounds hella hot.”

“You dork,” Amoreena punched her husband in the shoulder. Her strongman didn’t even flinch. “Fine, but don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“No, I’ll just blame you for not talking me out of it.”

“What can I say,” Amoreena leaned in and gripped Ari’s shirt collar. “I like holding the reigns.”

Ari huffed through his lips like a horse would, eliciting a little scoff from his girl.

“Come on, Seabiscuit,” Amoreena chuckled. “Let’s blow this pop stand.”

“You got it,” Ari stomped his foot like a horse getting ready to take off. Amoreena just rolled her eyes and pulled him along by his hoodie’s drawstrings.

The two got in line at the register with their costumes and Ari paused. Looking outside, the windows were spackled with a sprinkling of rain. The golden leaves falling from the tree outside were smacking against the pane and sticking because of the moisture.

“Hey, you pay for the stuff and I’ll bring the car around,” Ari gently smacked his girl on the shoulder with the back of his hand.

“Gunna go pull the chariot around, Seabiscuit?” Amoreena joked.

“Anything for you babe,” Ari let the joke slide off him as he pulled his hood up to go out in the dreary weather. As Ari left, a gust of cold wind brushed by Amoreena’s ankles and kissed her exposed knees from her ripped jeans. Amoreena wasn’t ever really bothered by the cold, but something about the chill in the air had her feeling a bit uneasy. She got to the counter and frowned at the mask.

“Hey, do you have any horse masks that aren’t so creepy?” She asked.

“Um...I think I have one in the back. Can you wait?” The herding dog behind the counter proposed.

Amoreena paused. Something about the mask made her feel like something was off, but then she shook her head, pulling her beanie out of her sweater pocket and putting it on.

“Nah, forget it, just pack up the mask with the overpriced polyester,” she proceeded to pull her card out of her purse as the clerk rang her up. They both complained about how expensive the costumes had gotten, Amoreena cracking a joke about how the less fabric the more expensive they got.

Though, beneath the counter, in the bright orange plastic that held their price gouging slips of fabric, something moved, gently rustling in the bag. The clerk may have noticed if he were paid enough to care, but he just wrote it off as the rustling of the wind, handing the bag and receipt to the hot tomboy behind the desk and bidding her a splendid spooky season.

Amoreena quickly tossed the clothes in the trunk as she ducked into the car to avoid the icy drizzle, that bag rustling and writhing in the dark.

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“Hey babe!” Ari called down from the bedroom. “Where’s the horse mask?”

“It’s in the bag,” Amoreena shouted back.

“Huh,” Ari looked in the bright orange bag, moving the cowgirl costume around and only find the receipt. He looked over the slip of paper and confirmed that the mask was purchased. “It’s not in the bag!”

“Seriously?” Amoreena came up the stairs, her flannel shirt swaying around her hips. “It should be right there.” She searched it before dumping it out on the bed and only the cowgirl costume plopped out. “Ugh, do you think the clerk forgot to put it in the bag?”

“Well, before we go on another customer service crusade, let’s check the car first.” Ari smiled at his girl and she rolled her eyes.

“Come on, I can go full blown Karen if I need to. Just because I was wrong that one time doesn’t mean it’s the end of the world.”

“No, but you made me apologize for you,” Ari kissed his wife on the forehead. “Now, put your Karen energy into looking before you put it into your anger. Okay?”

“Fine!” Amoreena joked. “I’ll do the responsible thing and check for the mask before biting someone’s head off.”

“Thank you,” Ari smiled. “And you know I love the strong, independent woman you can be when they get my order wrong.”

“I know my big strong man likes his burgers without pickles,” she shrugged. “It was in our wedding vows for me to help you out in those situations. I ain’t going to stop now.”

Amoreena left the room and went down stairs, first going to the closet to see if it fell out of the bag when she was hanging her jacket up. She puckered her lips into a sour frown when she couldn’t find it and slipped her feet into her flip flops to check the garage. She normally wouldn’t care so much and just go bare foot, but Ari had just paid to get her a pedicure and she knew how much of a freak her big strong man was for her toes.

She slipped out through the mudroom, and slapped the garage lights on. The exposed walls of the garage showed the wiring and the shelves had their yard equipment all stacked up. Sleds in the little loft at the front of the garage and some of Ari’s father’s hunting decoys he let him keep here. Several dead eyes looked back as she scanned around. A shallow puddle lined the skirt of the garage door, the rain having picked up into a howling storm that whistled through the space between the garage door and the framework.

Amoreena’s flip flops slapped against the floor, the storm outside eerily subdued in the garage. She slipped by the car and went for the trunk to see if the mask fell out on their way home. It was black so it could blend with the upholstery. She opened the trunk, the brake lights glowing red. All she found were some jumpers, a tire iron, and some emergency sweaters. She tossed the clothes around to be



sure the mask wasn't lost amongst them before she gave up, slammed the trunk closed, and turned to make her way back into the home to continue her search.

Then she stepped on something. Her flip flop twisting a bit on the uneven surface. Amoreena blinked and looked down, the mask was slightly under the car as though it had fallen when they took the bag out, only it was on the opposite side from where they came from. She frowned and bent down and picked it up.

"How the hell..." she scowled at the mask. She didn't remember its muzzle having such a vicious smile, but then again she wasn't paying that much attention to it before. Something about it made her want to look away, like she was staring down a predator.

"God, you are one ugly SOB," she remarked as she twisted the mask in her hand to look at a few more of its angles, but then something occurred to her. A devious grin split her lips as she lifted the mask and pulled it over her face. She slinked behind the car and crouched down, knowing Ari would eventually come check on her and she could get the drop on him.

Amoreena had to stifle a giggle as she hid behind the car, biting her cheek to keep her giddy self under control. She looked through the car windows to see the door to the mudroom, waiting for her man to come check on her. She knew she'd have to wait for a bit before Ari would show, but she knew how to commit to a bit.

So she sat there, crouched down, listening to the slow whistles of the wind and the pelting of rain on their siding, the occasional slapping of leaves against the short and stout garage windows. Every moment she did, she could feel her breath getting hotter, the mouth hole of the mask not really ventilating well enough. She could feel her sweat building up along the mask, the way it trickled over her

brow and neck. How the hell would Ari be able to stand being in this thing. She was sure he would wimp out and take it off after ten minutes. Hell, she might after just a few minutes of waiting for this bit.

She pursed her lips, sighing, the discomfort of the mask making it all that more unnerving. She thought about giving it up and just going back inside, but her parent's didn't raise a quitter.

Instead she suffered, letting her sweat build up, the mask clinging more and more to her face. She felt a bead roll down her neck and she went to go itch it. She felt the bead of sweat, but something was off. She felt up and down her neck and a sudden panic rolled through her heart.

There was no edge to the mask.

Her eyes went wide as she looked into the reflection of the car's tinted windows. The mask's grin grew wider, the eyes staring back at her. She was going to scream when the muzzle of that mask collapsed and cut her off. She couldn't scream, she couldn't breathe! She clawed at the mask, the living latex thrashing about and sinking deep into her. She felt it slither down her throat, fill her ears, squeeze into the corners of her eyes. She could feel it in her veins like a cold sweat dripping through her, wriggling and writhing in her bones.

Amoreena thrashed and collapsed, trying to make any kind of sound, only for that latex to lash out from her face and grip her arms to her chest. Her head was pounding, her throat felt heavy and thick, her lungs burned for air, but as that latex slipped into her lungs, the cooling drip coated her ribcage and extinguished the flames in her chest. Suddenly, she didn't need air, she didn't need to breathe.

"Shhhh..." a voice slithered in her ear like a tongue licking her eardrum. "We want to help you."

Amoreena wanted to scream, but her mouth wouldn't obey her, not to mention it was clogged with black ichor. Her veins popped all over her body, going from their reds and blues to inky blacks. Her pale skin was crisscrossed in a web work of black spider webs.

"You're much too fragile for what we need," that voice rumbled in both her ears, those tongues making her spine tingle in the worst way. "We need you stronger..."

Amoreena felt pain rip through her spine as it elongated, the pain immediately bleeding away as her other bones cracked and bled with that cool liquid inside of her. Her body shuddered, her hands creeping out of her sleeves, her wrists being exposed, her toes extending, the strap on her flip-flops digging into her foot as it grew wider. Her thighs flexed, the powerful muscles that were already accented by her ripped jeans writhed then flexed out bigger, her calves doing the same. Her shoulder's broadened as her body continued to expand.

She felt as though her heart shouldn't be beating, but it was, it was pumping that liquid through her, changing her on a fundamental level. Already, the adrenaline in her blood was subdued by a sudden calm, a strange understanding that this wasn't a bad thing. Amoreena gave a little gasp, her mouth finally released, her tongue lulling out as a long slithering appendage as her teeth cracked and sharpened. Her nose cracked forward and extended out into the mask. The world became clearer, the mask's eyes folding over hers like a pair of lenses that made everything so sharp and crisp, even in the dark.

Amoreena gave a little hissing moan, her back arching as her chest expanded, her powerful arms flexing hard and tearing open her sleeves, black tendrils of that ichor were beading up over her skin like sweat before encasing her flexing corded muscles. Her hands flexed, her nails growing dark and extending out into vicious claws. Her feet cracked, the strap of her flip flops snapping one at a time as her toes expanded, her feet swelling and her perfect pedicure going black as ink. Her torn jeans ripped

further exposing her expanding thighs and powerful calves. She gave a lustful hiss as the black latex wrapped around her form, bleeding over it like some ink that spilled onto her porcelain skin, only to dry and become glossy as it writhed and cracked with her metamorphosis.

Her face elongated, her brow becoming more angled, her nose blunt as her vicious teeth writhed in her mouth, grinding together like some chainsaw ready to rip through wood. She gave a gasp, the sound deeper, stronger, as her face lurched forward, cracking and rearranging back into the shape of the horse mask.

“Fuck,” she snarled, long tendrils of her mane writhing out behind her like boiling snakes. She felt control come back over her body, oddly calm as she stood up. She looked at her flannel, the thing reduced to a crop top, the buttons barely holding together as the top few popped off. The ink black mare had a wicked grin as she gripped the shirt and tore it open, her chest lurching forward with its new found freedom. A pair of lovely breasts shot out, glossy and perky before extending out further, the nips hard and a darker shade of black. They glistened above her flat, strong, abdominal wall. Her powerful hips were threatening her jeans already, so she let her torn flannel fall to the ground and gripped the hem of her pants.

She tore them slower, her claws and powerful arms flexing as she peeled them off, the denim unwinding like she were merely tearing perforated tissues. Amoreena’s panties were stretched to their limit, her thick, muscular ass cheeks eating them up, her camel toe soaking them wither need, making the blue a darker shade.

Amoreena murred, rubbing her fingers over her mound, her pussy lips practically consuming her now too small panties. Her claws lightly ran over it, the fabric slicing away as though she were sheering wrapping paper. With a final, lust shuddering, flick, the panties fluttered down to meet her other discarded clothing.

“That’s better,” she murred, her voice like several people were talking, only for a gasp to part her lips, the beast of a mare giving a light groan as her body extended upward, stronger, her muscles more defined, her abdominal wall still flat, but showing faint abs whenever she flexed. Her breasts lunged forward, her hands coming to cup them. She had never had big tits before, but now each overflowed her hands, the massive melons defying gravity with their heft and perkiness.

Despite the permanent dark grin on her muzzle, it grew even more sinister as her loins quivered. She knew what the mask wanted, and it was a desire rooted deep in survival. A primal need.

A need to breed.

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“Hey babe! You find it?” Ari was checking the bedroom to be sure it hadn’t fallen out of the bag and got kicked somewhere. When he didn’t get a response he straightened up like a meerkat on the lookout. “Babe?!”

Ari went downstairs and looked around for his wife, only to silence and empty space in response. That was, until he heard something from the garage. He looked down and noticed Amroena’s flip flops were gone. He sighed in relief and went to the door.

“Babe? Did you find...” He paused as the beast before him tore her shirt off, her massive breasts bouncing forward like a duo of perfect love pillows, only for them to jostle larger. He glanced up, the horse mask...or a much larger version of it was on top of the beastly woman before him.

“That’s better,” she murred. He swore that was Amoreena’s voice, but it was deeper and echoed with multiple other voices at once. He had one of the most surreal experiences where he was frozen in fear and abject hornyness. On one hand, there was a massive mare beast in his garage. On the other, she was tearing her clothes off and showing her massive tits off.

Then their eyes met and that dark grin grew wider on her muzzle.

“Ari,” it rumbled, a growling hiss bubbling in her throat.

“Nope,” Ari turned and slammed the door closed. Apparently in a game of smash or dash, he would rather dash than risk his life.

As soon as he closed the door, he tried to lock it, but the door was ripped off its hinges as that mare beast came rushing through. It gripped Ari and pulled him close. He was screaming, only to be muffled by those massive breasts. Well, if he was going to die, it might as well be suffocated by a duo of massive love pillows.

“Ari, it’s me,” the beast rumbled, her hand gently stroking Ari’s back.

Ari’s muffled cries were unearthed as he was pushed up to meet her face to face, or muzzle to face really.

“Wh-Who?” Ari was shaking, but those hands on him were helping soothe his nerves.

“Who do you think fool?” Amoreena smirked.

“Babe?” Ari cocked a brow.

“Yeah,” she smiled and pressed her lips against his. Ari was confused and still more than a little terrified, but as those lips pressed against his, he felt a sudden cold trickling fill his veins. It was like he was being injected with Novocain, only he wasn’t getting numb, but rather...relaxed?

“There it is,” Amoreena’s words echoed with various voices. “Let’s help you too...”

“Help?” Ari was about to protest, nothing really adding up, before he realized that black latex was running over his lips. He freaked out, screaming, only for tendrils of the stuff to shoot down his mouth and deep into him.

“That’s it,” The nine foot giantess murred, her mane scraping the ceiling. “It’ll be quick. I promise.”

Now that the man was surrounded by the black ichor it consumed him quickly. Dark tendrils lashing atop each other to cover Ari, squirming into his veins and writhing into his mouth and ears.

Ari felt like he was being cocooned, every one of his senses were pulled away from him as his skin grew black as night, bleeding out from his veins like the cracks in a desert drinking in rain water. His body was encased, the maw of a horse bubbling up from his form and consuming his face as his body started to change. His form expanded, his back arching, his feet extending outward. He lurched up, his shoulders bulging out one at a time. His hands broke free, only to be vicious claws, his hands flexing, extending, growing thicker and wider as his forearms and biceps followed suit. His hands came down to rest on Amoreena’s breasts, gently gripping them as his hands expanded, his body cracking upward and further. Her strong man’s thick belly melted away, crunching into a wall of powerful abdominals, a pair of pecs that rivaled his woman’s tits punched forward, his ass blew out the back of his jeans, his thick thighs ripping the denim further as his calves tore down the seam.

Ari’s snarled, his vicious teeth filing in and breaking out to create a vicious maw of teeth. His mane was thick and tied back into various knots to keep it out of his face as his head hit the ceiling. He snarled, his feet slamming down on either side of his wife, his feet massive, almost disproportionate to his body with how big they were. And you know what they say bout big feet.

Ari's dick flopped forward, smacking his woman's belly, and reeling upward. Angry veins pulsed along its length, a powerful median ring throbbing into reality as the mushroom head pulsed to a flared tip the size of a dinner plate. It throbbed, growing thicker, sliding up between her massive breasts as he had to slam his hands down on either side of his wife to keep himself up as he continued to expand. The ceiling cracked, deep gouges forming as his shoulders widened, his granite like back pushing further against the ceiling. He had to be thirteen feet tall and not done growing.

Finally, Ari's eyes slipped open, the pure white eyes focusing in on his wife. He gave a sly grin.

"You naughty girl," Ari rumbled, his lips coming to his wife's as they made out, their long demon tongues lulling around each other's as they noisily made out, the wet crunching of bones growing and muscle expanding fading as Ari became a fifteen foot beast. Ari felt his concern for his wife fade away, as a matter of fact, he knew he could punch her as hard in the gut at this point and not make a dent. She was as invincible as the Valkyries, and he was going to show his dark, fallen Valkyrie how a real man makes his woman's thighs quiver.

"You know it," she murred, her lips pulled into a sinister grin as she pulsed larger, her body adjusting to be the perfect match for her man. "Now, how about we give this mask what it wants."

"What's that?" Ari cocked a brow like he didn't already know. Amoreena's response was to lift a foot and loosely dangle it by her husband's head. "Ah, so we're playing that game, huh?"

"Mh hmmm," she murred as Ari lifted his hand, crumbling tile and grout falling from it as he gently gripped his woman's ankle and kissed it and moved to the crook of her perfect foot, his lips dragging over the sole. It was so different, strong, angular, claws instead of nails, but somehow that only made it that much sexier. He kissed each toe, his lips parting just enough on each kiss to dampen them.



The smell of her vanilla lotion was still on them, the sweet aroma of the tender care she gave her feet for Ari's pleasure.

He gave a deep rumble, his cock lurching forward, that horse cock starting to sway back and forth before slapping around like a tentacle. Despite being harder than he ever had been in his life, that cock bent and shifted, impatient as it was. It curled down, the fat head latching around his girls clit and gently slurping it, a constant stream of dark pre dribbling from that head as it mixed with his woman's slick.

"Oh fuck," Ari rumbled, his tongue lulling over his woman's foot from heel to big toe, flicking over that razer claw, the thing slicing his tongue so it was forked before it split into two tongues and gently worked its way over those toes, slurping as his cock worked her clit over like an expert maw. Tendrils extended off that flared head, flicking over her sensitive folds and clit as it realigned itself with her winking entrance. Her petals were already puffy with arousal, her mare cunt quivering and winking with heat.

"Oh fuck Ari! That's so good," Amoreena rumbled.

"You aint' seen shit yet babe," Ari had a cocky grin on his muzzle. He rolled his hips, his cock sinking into her pussy, parting the lips while the tendrils stayed on the outside to play with her sensitive folds. That cock sank deep before kissing that cervix and filling out to flare against it. The tendrils became his pubic fur, each one working over her snatch, the petals expertly played with, her clit being circled and gently tugged by those tentacles.

Amoreena arched her back and pushed her foot into Ari's face. He simply smiled, his tongue fusing back together as he licked over her sole again.

“That’s my girl, taking my cock so good,” Ari rumbled, his entire body vibrating and sending shivers up into his woman’s cunt, his cock completely surrounded by slurping and gripping walls. She gasped, her perky tits growing hard as she was filled to the brim with thick stallion dick. Ari’s thick muscled cheeks flexed as he pulled back, those tendrils slipping away from her sopping pussy, only to slam back in.

Both of them snarled and hissed like gators. Their bodies shuddering as Ari continued at a steady pace.

“Oh fuck Ari! Fuck me!”

“That’s my good girl,” Ari hissed, his maw extending outward as his tongue lulled out far, slinking down his entire body to lick a tendon on his woman’s neck, causing goosebumps to ripple over her glossy flesh. He smiled darkly as his tongue lulled around her neck, synching tight just enough to get her light headed before he bit down. His tongue turned black as night as it solidified into a collar and leash, the other end slinking down and wrapping around Ari’s free hand as he plunged into his woman’s sopping depths.

“So you wanted to be a bad girl and try and get the jump on me huh?” Ari rumbled, his hips smacking his wife’s as he picked up the pace, yanking on the leash to have her pull down on his inward thrusts. “Glad to see that you’re on your back like a good girl for me now.”

Ari’s stallion nuts surged with testosterone, his dominance soaring, his confidence breaching off into near arrogant levels as he plowed his woman. He hooked the leash back behind his elbow so he could lean in and grip her breast while still keeping her nice and close.

“Fuck yeah Ari! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!”

“It’s the only way we’re going to do it from now on,” Ari snarled like a demented lizard. “I’m going to break you into my broodmare. How does that sound babe? To be plowed by this fucking stallion day and night? Whenever, and wherever the fuck I want?”

“Oh FUCK Yes Ari! Fuck me full! Make me your broodmare!”

“That’s a good girl,” he rumbled as he messaged her breast, milk dribbling out of her tit, already prepping for motherhood. “Ah, that’s a good girl. Getting nice and ready for my brood.” Ari gave a dark grin as he leaned in and slurped from that tit, his tongue circling around the base and gripping it almost painfully and shooting a stream into his open maw. He gulped it down and murred, his tongue’s base playing with her tit and flicking it tenderly.

“Oh fuck Ari! I...I don’t know...How much longer I can hold back!”

“Mmm,” Ari smacked off that tit, his tongue enthusiastically licking his chops so much it ran over his eyes. “Fuck yeah babe, cum for me. Every one of your orgasms are mine now, every time you pop your pussy, every time I pop that cork, every time I strike oil, that’s mine to take. You’re all mine now. So cum, give me your cum. Give me your fucking pleasure, and I’ll fucking fill you with a never ending swarm of my brood!”

“Oh FUCK!” Amoreena screeched, her pussy clenching on that dick before squirting her fem cum over her man, the pheromones laced in it would keep him hard for days. It coated his chest as he fucked her hard and deep. As she came, her breasts lurched forward, but also the abs beneath them grew soft before multiple other tits sprung forward, each row a little smaller than the ones above, but yet still enough to put any other woman to shame. Her tits swelled with her orgasm, each one growing hard before squirting and dribbling food for her brood, sloshing with each hard slap of Ari’s hips.

“Fuck yeah! That’s right! It’s mine! Every one of your orgasms! Every twitch of your fucking pussy lips, is fucking MINE!” Ari buried his muzzle in Amoreena’s twitching toes as he slammed home, his balls drew up and his cock lurched. His cum pipe distended with the sheer volume of it.

Ari came, and he came hard.

The first jet of cum could be seen pushing at the inside of Amoreena’s belly, swelling it out before the next shot crashed into it. Thick gargling and wet churning could be heard as thick, cum sludge filled her womb. Ari never pulled out, making sure every drop was deposited nice and deep. When it overflowed, black tar like cum bubbled out before forming tendrils and going to town on her pussy. Each one worked tirelessly to please her, to pleasure her into dropping more eggs. The black gunk worked deep inside, bullying her ova into dropping more eggs. Her womb a fortress to be raided, and only her husband’s cum strong enough to break in and force it to drop more and more of those ova. Ova that were bullied into clouds of alpha sperm that would strangle them and then force their way in, inseminating over and over while the beta sperm worked tirelessly in their new home to please and provide.

Ari snarled, his cock never going soft, actually, his taint felt tight as a second cock lurched forward and slapped against Amoreena’s asshole. He gave a dark grin and thrust forward, his woman’s toes flexing on his face as she screamed in ecstasy.

The night was young, and Ari wasn’t going to stop raiding his wife’s womb until she was a bloated broodmare, a queen of fertility. Amoreena wanted nothing more, and she let her stallion husband work her deeper.

“Still think I’m a fool?” Ari smiled.

“Of course,” Amoreena huffed, their tongues lulling around each other.

“A fool for you babe,” Ari snarled, humping forward. “Only for you.”