

Bulma soon proves herself to be an extremely devious lover. As she begins to pay attention to your hard shaft using her lips and tongue, she spreads her legs aside and pushes out her ass, making sure that you get to enjoy looking at as much of her body as possible. Her blowjob skills have clearly been practised to some extent, as none of your other partners sans Venelana have dared try something like that just yet. Her tongue is dexterous and immediately begins seeking out the most sensitive spots around your head.

Bulma is enthusiastic. She quickly moves to escalate things by accepting more of your shaft into her mouth and throat. There's little concern for Bulma in preserving a dignified appearance. She makes sure that a healthy amount of saliva is coating your prick, something that will make the actual sex a lot easier.

"That feels amazing, Bulma," you groan; leaning back against the shower wall and letting her do her thing.

She pops it free for a second to respond, "How would you feel about me waking you up like this every morning?" She doesn't wait for your response before diving back in, taking so much of your length in one go that her throat bulges outwards.

"I'd say... you make a very good argument."

Bulma rewards you with more tongue play. Her other hand reaches down and dips three of her fingers into her dripping honeypot. The size of your cock was enough to make Bulma very excited. She couldn't wait to feel it inside of her. She had already spent several hours using her brilliant mind today, now she wanted to kick back and release her stress with a very sexy guy. Bulma's head bobs back and forth at a quickening pace. She doesn't relent or flinch back no matter how deep you go.

And she really means every word of that offer. She wouldn't mind. Bulma knows a good man when she sees one. You push all of her buttons in just the right way. Unbeknownst to her – it's something more than just blind lust. Bulma had been summoned specifically because she would fall deeply in love with you, but as a sexually active woman, the first step was to make you feel good. That sense of denial would wear away with time, but for now Bulma was looking forward to a purely sexual experience with you.

And what an experience it is. Bulma is giving Venelana a run for her money in who can give the best head. "I'm close," you warn. Bulma doesn't slow down for your benefit. A loud slurping noise begins to overpower the running water as she really goes for it in the last spurt. You run your hands through her hair and try to control her rapid pace, to little success. You feel your balls clench – and moments later a power blast of your cum slips down her gullet. Bulma's eyes widen at the size of your load. She pulls back until the tip rests against her tongue, happily accepting the dense seed that fills her mouth.

You close your eyes and try to focus on the sensation. Bulma's tongue continues to wriggle against the bottom of your shaft even as your orgasm continues. It's heavy and thick; Bulma's brain is already running calculations on how virile you must be. When it finally comes to an end, Bulma pulls back and opens her maw wide – revealing a pool of semen that she has yet to swallow. She slams it shut and gulps as loudly as she can, when it opens, there's nothing left.

"I didn't expect you to swallow all of that..."

"Your little friend seemed to enjoy it."

The way your cock stays hard through all of it is all the argument Bulma needs. Daylight's burning, and she wants to get onto the main event. You give her a helping hand and pull her back up onto her feet. Bulma twirls around so that her back faces you and braces herself against the opposite wall. She wiggles her butt enticingly, "I hope you aren't done just yet, handsome."

Bulma is a tight package. Her body is perfectly proportioned and fat-free. Her breasts are just large enough to be seen from behind, and would fit perfectly into your palms. Seeing the curvature of her back and down to her ass is something special. Her dripping folds are rather prominent, with a lot of area being visible from the outside. Bulma is intent on letting you see every detail on her rear holes – pulling apart her own cheeks and giving you a clear view.

How can you say no to a sight like this?

Bulma smiles as you step up behind her and press the tip of your cock against her pussy. You're still coated in a dense layer of her saliva and your own cum, so there's no worry about lubrication going in. Not to mention that Bulma herself is absolutely soaked! You had previously clocked it as water that had trailed down the front of her body, but the stickier composition makes it obvious that Bulma has been gushing since the start of her blowjob.

"You're very wet, Bulma."

Bulma shudders, "Hmm. Not every man is capable of making me this excited." But that's not really what you mean. All of your other lovers take a lot more to get this wet, you haven't even put it in yet. You apply a gentle pressure and find yourself sliding almost all of the way inside of her tunnel. Bulma releases another wild moan of pleasure as she feels her core being filled by the perfect erection. All of her anticipation wasn't for nothing. It feels even better than she expected.

You reach out to her chest and plant both hands on her breasts, full, perky and very fun to squeeze as you find your rhythm and begin pounding her from behind. Each thrust elicits a pleasing jiggle of flesh that travels up from her ass. Bulma holds on for dear life as your cock pierces her most sensitive spots repeatedly. The shower continues to spray you with warm water, dulling your awareness of the world outside of the stall. At the moment the only thing you can focus on is how good Bulma's cunt feels.

You have no regrets about choosing to summon her. She's so sexy that you can't even think straight. You try to channel that appreciation through your movements, pressing into her even harder and possessively positioning yourself over her body. Her head arches back and begs for a kiss. You oblige and slip your tongue into her mouth. Wanting to heighten the fun a little more, you think up some lines you believe Bulma will like to hear.

Breaking the kiss, you lean into her ear and growl; "You're going to be my woman Bulma, along with all of the others that I've claimed."

Bulma is enjoying herself; "Ah! Yes! Mmmpgh, fuck me harder! You're so big!"

"Sleeping with me and the other girls, you're gonna' wake me up every morning with a blowjob, and you'll let me fuck you whenever I ask!"

"I promise, I willllll!"

"And I'll give you all of the rough sex you can ever want. No other man is ever going to lay a finger on you, because you don't need them. You're mine!"

Bulma eggs you on, demanding that you go even harder and leave marks on her body. You initially interpret that to mean that she wants something on her back and neck, so you use your lips to leave several small marks on her neck and shoulders. When that isn't enough, she instead demands that you "spank her good." Your first strike isn't hard enough. Bulma makes her needs clear, "Harder! Really leave your handprint down there, it's your property!"

A loud crack rings out across the shower room as you really come down with your left hand. The jiggling flesh is immediately reddened with a clear outline of your palm and fingers. Bulma's pussy clenches even tighter as the pain runs through her system. You did not expect her to be this kinky when you agreed to shower with her. The other cheek soon receives a matching mark to go with it.

Bulma is already close to climax. The sex is feral and intense. Your hips start to complain as you blindly thrust into her from behind – with little consideration for the consequences, you grind the combined refuse from your lovemaking deeper into her womb. Kissing, groping, slapping. Bulma's body is starting to show all of the war wounds. The slapping of flesh meeting flesh fills your ears. The running water and sterile tile means that all of the smell and leftovers will be washed away easily enough.

"Oh! Ah! I'm going to cum, you're going to make me cum!" Bulma cries. You reach out and pull her back onto your chest, angling yourself even deeper and hitting a spot that makes her cry out in ecstasy. You ruthlessly pound it with jackhammer-like thrusts, overloading her system and almost making her vision turn white in the process. Bulma can feel the best orgasm of her life building inside of her. She knows that at any moment the floodgates will open and her heart will really be yours and yours alone...

You're close too. Your breath runs ragged as the exertion of everything starts to sink in, your movements become more intermittent and less rehearsed. It's a long, painful slog to the finish as your body sullies forth another batch of semen. Bulma closes her eyes and squeals as she feels the first steaming shot entering her pussy. That's all it takes to make her cum too. Her entire body convulses in your arms – she has nowhere to go, so she can only throw her head back and cry as she squirts all over the wall in front of you.

Her head falls back onto your shoulder, but you aren't finished just yet. More and more of your cum seeps through her cervix and settles into her womb – threatening to impregnate her at any moment. Everything was so intense that you totally forgot you're meant to be keeping yourself out of trouble for Rias.

You can worry about that later. Bulma breathes a sigh of relief as you pull her back up and under the spray. She looks down at her own slit with a quirked brow and instantly locks onto the issue at hand, "You might just have given me a baby with that one."

"R-Really?" Your face must betray how panicked that makes you feel, because Bulma is quick to clarify that it was all just a joke.

"I'm just kidding! It should be fine, it's a safe day. But you know, I wouldn't even be angry about it if an accident did happen..." Bulma shocked herself with how flippant it was. Even if it was true, how could she admit to such a commitment after one round of sex? It was the best sex she ever had – but there was more to a relationship than that.

"But Rias would."

Bulma sets about cleaning the seed out of her pussy using the detachable head, "Who's Rias?"

“She’s my ‘first’ fiancé, and the heir to a hereditary family. The whole thing about having kids is that she needs to give birth first – because they’d become the new heir to the family. If I’m going to get married to her all of my children with other women would earn a claim too. The first child has a lot of authority, allegedly. So Rias has been pretty tough about enforcing a ‘baby ban’ until that happens.”

“I didn’t realise you were engaged to such an important person.”

“I’m engaged to a few important people, but you don’t really need to worry about that.”

The next ten minutes are spent getting clean for real with Bulma doing everything in her power to goad you into doing more. She relents eventually, allowing you to enjoy some much more tender time together. You get clean, make sure that you didn’t actually hurt her, and finally help her put her dress back on.

“So... what does this make us?” Bulma asks as you sit down on the wooden bench by the door.

“That’s up to you. We can be friends, lovers, or maybe you want to propose on the spot like Rias did.”

Bulma rolls her eyes, “Marriage is a big commitment. I’m not going to jump at that blindly without getting to know you first.”

“Sure. Let’s just say lovers.”

“Fine by me.”