# The Coven's Plaything
# Chapter 1: Hot Date, Goth Dick
# By Thalaxian

I keep staring at the profile on my phone, from time to time. It brightens the day, at the very least, to consider the match. I'd not dare let on to my colleagues that the cause of my smile is a woman fifteen years my senior, who almost certainly made some accident in swiping right on me, or is possibly a scammer or similar fake account.

To be twenty-two, and a virgin, and alone, is…awkward. I don't blame anyone else for the situation I find myself in – I fucked up those few attempts at relationships with people who liked me back at school without needing any external explanation for it – but my friends are all in couples and going out with them reminds me of that sullen state of loneliness that takes hold of me only on those few nights of the year that are so semantically linked with concepts of partnership and romance.

I used to think it was my height, given that I'm only five-foot-nothing, but I've seen shorter guys – few that they are – with beautiful girlfriends, much taller than they are. In reality, it was always how I perceived myself. Those few unlucky girls who tried their hardest to be with me in my teenage years found, time and again, that I was living as a different person than they outwardly perceived. I'd be ever so paranoid about their affection, constantly dreading any lapse in communication, and it would always inevitably come back to my own perception of my height and its importance.

The issue is that, now that I'm done with uni and in the world of work, I've found myself unable to meet people in an organic fashion. A few of my friends work at places where the average employee is around our age, a little younger or older, but the architect firm at which I work is pretty much entirely people in their late thirties and up. Which, honestly, wouldn't by itself be a problem, but they all treat me like I'm a kid, and the one woman here I've got a bit of a crush on – Barbara, who is thirty-eight – laughed at my advances.

"You're basically a child, Georgie." She *had* to use that twisting of my name, as well, to really drive the knife in. It's *George*. "I just can't be with someone so young." She made sure to eye one of the investors, at the Christmas party, who must've been in his sixties almost! "I'm looking for…real men."

The memory is still burned into place, stinging when I recall it, but Eliza's face thaws its power and leaves me smiling again. She's thirty-seven, apparently five-foot-ten, and a *goth*. A fucking *goth*! Black hair, blue eyes, pale skin. Every picture of her has the makeup on-point, shifting between various styles suggestive of Egyptian eyeliner, Celtic patterns across her eyelids, that kind of thing. I…am not super well-versed in the exact words to use, honestly, but I am more than happy to learn.

Somewhat guiltily, as well, I've ogled her pictures more than I should. She's happy to show off her whole body, putting especial emphasis on her breasts, which are…very large, to say the least. Her outfits suit her style, involving satanic-looking jewellery and clothes with lots of straps and buckles, all of it working wonders to frame her voluptuous body. Long dresses, all kind of witchy in their general vibe, all of it black and moody but suiting her excellently.

At the back of my head there's a creeping negativity, a discomforting notion that perhaps I'm getting too excited over this – I mean, she's *only* matched with me – but I don't want to be so gloomy. This feels different, than the other times. In the past it's always been people around my age, people who are so clearly out of my league – not that Eliza isn't, but she's *alternative*, and her profile is written very differently than the boring stuff the tan blondes and gym bunnies jot down in theirs.

I've not messaged yet, because I had no time this morning and…well, it seemed weird to message her super early. I figured it best to leave it until the evening, to not seem like some no-lifer who has nothing better to do than pine after a relationship. Busy, busy, busy is the way. Though the office is pretty dead right now and the only technical work I have to be getting on with is waiting on quite a few revisions from my direct boss, so…the temptation is great and terrible.

It's a little after three in the afternoon, with two hours of the day left to go, when my phone buzzes. It's done so several times today, though all have been irrelevant things, news articles, weather updates. Each time I've responded frantically, of course, with diminishing enthusiasm in accordance with the likelihood of the vibration being anything at all related to the older goth woman, such that this latest one is considered with a disinterested air right up until I see her name.

'You're pretty cute,' Eliza messages.

It's all she says, the simplest and arguably one of the most generic of all possible messages – better than "Hey" or some variation, admittedly – and yet it has my heart racing, my eagerness spiking. Do I message back straight away, or do I wait a little while, or–

'I don't really want to spend forever going back and forth on this thing, because it never really seems to give a good idea of the person I'm dealing with. I was going to see this local band play at a pub in town, if you'd like to meet me there? It's at nine tonight. Let me know?'

Any of the little warning signs that ring out in my head are thankfully brushed aside by the public nature of the suggested place, and ultimately what's the worst that can happen? I'm infinitely better in person, that's for sure, so what's there to lose? Although, in the back of my head, I'm still caught up with those fleeting foolish notions around being over-eager, or seeming like I don't have a job, or…fuck it. Fuck it!

'I'd love to,' I reply, trying to be cool, simple, straightforward. 'What's the address?'

'The Fox's Castle,' comes Eliza's response, almost immediately. She clearly doesn't give a shit about anything like social perceptions of eagerness – juvenile as they probably are, but seemingly important at the same time. 'I'll see you tonight!'

She ends the message with a few kisses, and I'm left with the revivifying feeling of being *wanted*. It's practically a stimulant, leaving me with a potent high that carries me through the last few hours of the day. I *don't* dare respond, that stupid sense of keenness feeling threatening at this point, but it takes some strength of will to avoid doing so. The important thing is that I have a date tonight. A date with a gorgeous goth woman, fifteen years my senior. Yay!

The day, in turn, is framed around that event. It makes time go slower, makes the car journey home seem hazier, turns the boiling of the kettle when I get in into something epochal in nature. Yet the hours do indeed drift by, and before long I'm getting myself dressed in my best clothes – well, best smart-casual – and fighting tooth and nail not to completely lose my head.

I drive over to the Fox's Castle, a kind of indie pub, the type of place that stocks strong craft beers and always has people putting on performances every night of the week, music or comedy or whatever else. Only now does the eagerness side win out, the need not to be late, and so I get there ten minutes before the agreed-upon time. Inside, I get myself a water – the beer is all far too strong for me to feel comfortable driving after having one – and I manage to navigate the bustling place to find a seat that's exposed enough for Eliza to spot me yet far enough from the band that we'll be able to hear one another. Everywhere I look, these people seem alternative, goths and punks and styles that I can't quite place. Some vibrant, others dark and deep, but the unifying factor is that I really don't fit in here.

'You must be George,' a woman says, her voice possessing a kind of gravelly sweetness to it. I turn to the right, towards the garden entrance, and somehow manage to keep my eyeballs

from bursting out of their sockets. The tall, tantalising woman smirks at me as she approaches, a pint of something cloudy and dark in hand. ‘Is this seat taken?’

The woman is taller than five-foot-ten, but that makes sense given the height of those boots, a pair of big black leathery things with two-inch soles that run up to her ankles. She’s got a tight-fitting skirt on that covers the pale fullness of her thighs down to just above her knees, its curve-hugging nature highlighting the width of her hips and the plushness of her legs, which are themselves clad in a pair of garter stockings – the straps visible, exposed I’m sure for good reason – running into those aforementioned boots.

Her upper body is draped in a half-jacket, something that barely covers her shoulders, while her top is long enough to meet the bulky metal-clad belt that rings her waist. It seems to be a mixture of materials, dark fabric becoming dark leather with straps that crisscross over her chest, the lines doing little to hide the pale perfection of her truly enormous breasts. Honestly, it looks as if it’s chosen to *flaunt* them, if anything.

She’s got long black hair, straight and neat, and it seems to run about halfway down her back. No tattoos, none that I can see, but thick beautiful eyeliner and noticeably long lashes pairing with metallic black eyeshadow to contrast with the pale blues of her eyes. Black lipstick, of course, upon those full and curvaceous lips. Some kind of Egyptian religious symbols dangling from her ears, I think they’re called ankhs? But otherwise, all is precise, all is *gorgeous*. If this is the lady, then…

‘Eliza?’

The beautiful woman winks at me, and pulls out the chair. ‘That’s me.’ She puts down her beer and sits herself down on the other side of the small rounded table, and I do my best not to stare at her immense and impressive cleavage. ‘You’re even cuter in person. I didn’t think that’d be possible.’

My cheeks grow awkwardly hot, burning, doubtless red. She’s effortlessly appealing, the kind of woman I never imagined would be here sitting with me, and definitely not the type to be tossing around compliments so readily.

‘Thanks? I was kind of aiming for handsome, but cute isn’t bad. I think?’

‘It’s even less bad when you’re flustered,’ Eliza says, her voice a teasing, tempting thing. She uses it like a weapon, every word spoken in the finest, most cock-tingling fashion. Is this woman even real? ‘I adore guys like you the most. You’re such choice morsels, the sweetest things. Such a rarity among boys your age, and yet it’s boys your age I find most striking. By the time the years soften their attitudes, they lose something along the way.’

I’m verging on erect, as she finishes speaking, lifting the beer glass to her lips. One of those handled ones, tall and cylindrical, not a typical pint glass by any means. She uses her mouth against the rim as if even something as simple as enjoying a drink is a sexual act, and I’m dimly aware that she almost feels *predatory*, in the best and most fantastic of ways. Honestly, to be prey would be a fine thing, given my perpetual dry spell. I’m under no delusions about that part of the appeal, in an older woman: they’re certain to know exactly what they want, and won’t delay a moment in getting it.

I watch her sip the beer for a few moments, and she proceeds to lick her lips in similarly sensual fashion. It’s a bothersome fact that I’m now erect beneath the table, straining at my boxer shorts, doubtless making a tent in my trousers. Her gaze is gorgeous, intimidatingly exact, but thankfully the band’s singer starts talking and her attention – for a much-needed moment of recuperation – flits towards the stage in the corner of the main room.

It’s completely insane, to think that now my new problem is that I’m completely out of my depth. I find myself smiling awkwardly, cheeks red as sin, following her beautiful blue eyes towards the band. The drummer starts up, setting a rhythm, and then the guitarists join in, creating the beginnings of the song. Heavy metal, not really my thing, but the nicer sort at least. Well, assuming that the vocalist’s voice is as sweet in singing as it was when she spoke.

‘Am I scaring you a little?’ Eliza says, speaking comfortably over the din. I picked the right seat, clearly. Or…the wrong one. ‘Too forward for you, sweetling?’

I glance back to her, and my cheeks become all the hotter. ‘It’s, um, not quite that? It’s just…I didn’t expect this. Any of it.’

‘Lots of boring girls your age, is that it?’

I shrug, and find myself envying her beer. It’d certainly dampen the edges of this. Water at most quenches, but my thirst is of a different sort. ‘Not many who speak as pleasantly as you do, and who, um, show such an interest in me. It seems like you came here knowing you’d want me without us having met.’

Eliza sips at her beer again, flexing her eyebrows in some subtle show of cheekiness. When she completes the peculiarly sultry motion, and the beer comes to rest on the table anew, the gorgeous gothic woman says, ‘I know what I want, and how to get it. Most of all, I’d quite like to orgasm tonight. Preferably several times, but once would suffice. Think you can handle that, cutie-pie?’

Am I staring at her? God, I hope not. It’s a little deafening, the world around us. A little too much to contend with. I’m quite sure I just imagined that she’s gone and propositioned me for sex, and we’ve barely been sat here ten minutes. Eliza adjusts her posture, tightening her arms around the sides of her torso, pushing up those enormous breasts to highlight the wonderful pale curves. I shouldn’t look, shouldn’t ogle, but she’s practically serving them up on a plate!

‘You can’t be serious.’

‘I can, and am,’ she says. Eliza softens the squeezing of her tits, but the way they squished together has left a burned-on imprint in my thoughts. ‘My place is within walking distance, if you’d rather we get straight to the action. This is nice and all, but these guys are more than a little out of tune and I’m not really sure they know what they’re doing.’ She rolls her eyes, glancing back towards the band.

‘I…um. I was kind of hoping to go on dates and things? To have a relationship?’

‘Sweetling, sex is the *foundation* of any relationship I want to have. If you pass the test, we’ll date again, won’t we? Simple as that. But if you think you can’t hack it…’

She trails off on purpose, pulls a malicious – if playful – face. Wets her lips again, and goes for another slow sip of that thick dark beer. I can smell the alcohol from here, but it doesn’t seem to be reddening her cheeks, or fazing her whatsoever. Eliza drinks it with ease, always making the entire effort deeply lustful in appearance, if not nature.

‘I’m, uh…I’m a virgin. I don’t think I’ll be able to impress, I’m sorry.’

Something in her gaze shifts, becomes almost alive. Frightening, faintly. That predatory mien that she began things with is now bolder, running free in her thoughts. It has a deeply attractive quality to it, but it’s somewhat scary all the same.

‘I have a cure for that,’ she says. ‘Virginity is no obstacle to giving me pleasure, I assure you. If you’re not attached to that silly label, then my offer still stands. It’s only a short walk.’

‘Could I, uh, get a sip of that beer?’

Eliza winks at me, and chuckles. ‘Of course, sweetling. Get yourself a little touch of courage, by all means.’

She slides the drink over and I pick it up without hesitation, gulping a solid mouthful of the black liquid. Rich, faintly sweet, a little hint of chocolate and bitterness at the edges, plenty of maltiness. Definitely very strong. It goes down easy, and it’s good thing it’s so potent, because it gives me just the oomph I need to down my water.

‘All right. I’m ready.’

She rolls her eyes, and taps the table. ‘Let me finish, eager one. There’s plenty of time for you to get between my legs.’

I almost choke on the candidness of her comment, the way it provokes a fat bundle of nervousness in the back of my throat. The gothic woman softly kicks at my shoes with one of her feet, watching me as she drinks some more of the beer. I find myself completely captivated, waiting on the descending liquid level, more ravenously aroused than I've ever been before.

We talk idly for a little while, but it's mostly silence. Silence, and the band in the background. A lot of unspoken words, given through gesture, through the touching of my hand, the playing of her booted feet against mine. My heart is racing now, my cock requiring a slight adjustment so that it doesn't seem quite so obvious when I eventually stand.

When at last Eliza finishes her beer, seemingly unaffected by it, she clicks her tongue at me and rises in a smooth motion. 'Come on, cutie. Time to blow a load or three.'

Again, the forwardness with which she speaks gets me all the more enthralled, her willingness to talk about me fucking her, cumming in her, is extremely attractive. I've never met any girl like Eliza, none so overtly sexual, and she's all the more charming for it.

'Happily. Lead the way.'

She gives me a wink, a thing of vulgar importance, possessing about it something I don't quite grasp. A cheeky naughtiness, an element of surprise. The tall gothic woman gets to her feet and beckons to me, drawing me close as we go to leave the pub. I pull a couple of attentive gazes from patrons, unhappy or wary-looking things. Jealous people! Man, I've never had *anyone* be jealous of me!

The night air is cool against my skin, and Eliza's touch is hot against my hip. She keeps me pressed against her side as we head south along the road, my car thankfully in an all-night spot. I'll just have to collect it in the morning.

It doesn't quite register, how important that thought is. A whole night with this gorgeous woman, finally enjoying something that I've always wanted and never had the chance to get. I smile up at her, finding her watching me intently, smirking sweetly. Her scents are fruity, clean, and deeply sexual. Gingerly, I get my hand up around her waist, bravely running my fingers against her backside along the way.

'Feel free to squeeze it,' Eliza says, prodding her fingertips into my side. 'I'll be a bit rough once we're in motion, so it's more likely going to be the other way around then. Make the most of my butt, cutie. Go for my tits if you want, I don't give a fuck.'

Her comment hinting at the pace of our approaching sex doesn't concern me half so much as the possibility of being so exhibitionist about things. 'R-eally? In public?'

Not that there's many people just out on the street right now, besides us, but it's still an incredibly bold suggestion. Eliza licks at her lips, and grinds her side against me, thigh and hip feeling plush, profoundly womanly. Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit.

'I literally couldn't care less, George. Everyone who catches you doing it is just another person who'd be doing it themselves, if they could. So go ahead, but keep moving.'

We're walking in front of a block of flats, so many lights on. Someone might see, but the temptation is too great. Eliza's breasts could be mosquito-bite things and I'd still jump at the chance, because I've never touched titty before. And, as it so happens, the tall woman is the poster-girl for "big titty goth GFs" so…

…up my free hand goes, and the way it instinctively clings to her left breast is almost magnetic in nature. Super glue couldn't make a better bond. I push gently, palm down against her top, against that vastly more-than-a-handful melon, and smile from ear to ear like a complete buffoon.

'Mhm. You can be rougher than that.'

'I…it's so big.'

Eliza glances down at me, all predatory again, all fantastically fearsome. 'You really are a virgin, aren't you? Completely?'

I lose myself in her beautiful blue eyes, faintly squeezing at the squishy left boob, its heat impressive and its size monumental. ‘Y-eah. I’ve…not even had my first kiss.’

If I weren’t so enraptured by her, I might find something a little bit frightening about the face she pulls. There’s a hunger to it I feel some symmetry with, the kind of hunger that seems almost insatiable – like I so often feel, craving sex as I do, wanting to know the touch of another so badly – but Eliza’s is almost bestial. Like all this is some act, like she’s a ravenous beast and not a beautiful woman.

But I’m *enthralled*, and it’s impossible to worry for more than the most fleeting of moments. With every step, every beating of my heart, I know that it won’t be long until we’re at her place. Won’t be long until I’m tasting her titties, her mouth, her pussy, and then fucking out of all of this pent-up neediness into the low hours of the morning. Work tomorrow be damned!

‘I’m going to eat you up,’ Eliza says, leaning her head to the side, making use of her height. She rests her chin atop my scalp and brings her hand up my side, pressing it against the flank of my face, pushing me into left breast. It smells divine, possesses such warmth, would make a pillow fit for an emperor. ‘Fuck. The girls aren’t going to believe my luck…’

I don’t really register the comment, mesmerised by the mammary pressed against my face. We turn a corner and cross a road, then turn again onto an unassuming street. The houses here are surprisingly fancy, much bigger than the house-share I’ve got going on.

‘You live in one of these?’ I say, the goth becoming all the more impressive.

‘With some friends,’ Eliza says, nodding towards the further houses. As the road continues it becomes darker, the homes stretching out into suburbia. ‘They’re all out tonight. It’s just you and me. The whole house to ourselves.’

I smile wide, relishing the comfort of her body, marvelling at the house we seem to be heading towards. A mansion, by English standards. A big detached house with three floors, great black iron fencing surrounding it, the grounds small on this side but the garden seeming large and dark beyond the side of the house.

Eliza releases me as we come up to the foot gate, quickly pushing in the code on the little electronic lock. ‘After you, sweetling,’ she says, gesturing me forwards.

I go through into the courtyard in front of the house, eagerly drinking in the sight of it. Gloomy right now, the slights off but for the one beside the front door, all of it having a faintly – hah – *gothic* feel to it. The driveway is empty, but the garage has several doors.

Eliza pulls out her key as we move up to the big front door, black lacquered wood with a little window at the top. She lets me in first, again, and then shuts it behind us. For a moment there’s sheer darkness, and the clicking of the lock, but then she hits the lights and I find myself in a narrow hallway leading towards the back of the house, a switchback staircase on the left side. The light of the hall hints at the various side rooms, furnished in a dark and clearly purposeful fashion. A style that suits Eliza, and the house exterior.

‘Woah. This place is…crazy.’

‘What’s really crazy is how badly I’m going to rock your world,’ Eliza says, pushing up behind me, jamming her breasts against the back of my head. ‘Shoes off. Up the stairs. Let’s go to my room.’

I do as bidden, wordless, heart racing, appetite for the arousing growing more intense by the moment. The stairs are small, a little creaky, and I cling to the handrail as I rise into the darkness. Eliza hits another switch for the middle landing, and a third and final one as we go up to the top floor. This last landing is beset on both sides by two sets of room, and the light above dimly reveals some kind of lounge on the far end of the corridor, overlooking the back of the house.

‘Here,’ Eliza says, pulling open her door. She brightens the room, and presses herself back against the doorframe. I’d gawp at the immenseness of her chest, in profile seeming all the grander, but it won’t be long until I see those puppies in the nude! ‘In you go, George.’

I move quickly, frantically, and find myself inside an expansive bedroom with rich furnishings. Not the kind of room I expected from a woman of Eliza’s age, with the music posters – a load of metal bands – and the little gaming corner with a variety of old consoles, but the record player and vinyl collection are ornate enough. In my amazement, and the subsurface salaciousness for a moment pushed down in favour of appreciating the scene around me, I don’t pay any notice to the clicking of her bedroom lock. It doesn’t even register, in an otherwise empty house.

It’s only when Eliza comes up behind me again, and takes sudden hold of my hands, that I find myself a touch concerned. And even then, it doesn’t *fully* register, not until there’s a slight pain as she angles my wrists upwards and hurriedly binds them together with something soft yet extremely constricting.

‘Wait, what are you doing?’ I say, still somewhat thinking it might be some kink thing. ‘Untie me, Eliza.’

But she simply laughs, lustful, *predatory*. ‘Why the fuck would I do that? You haven’t given me any reason at all to think you’ll do what I tell you, so for the moment, the bindings stay in place. You can earn their removal once I know you’ll obey.’

Something about the way she says it makes it certain that she’s not joking around. I pull away from her and almost stumble, turning back towards the gothic woman, straining at the bond around my forearms. It’s not metal, but it might as well be, given how ridiculously sturdy it seems.

‘Do what you say? What do you–’

I stop myself mid-sentence, eyes dropping to the movement of her skirt. She pulls free that heavy belt, clad in so many buckles, and lazily tosses it aside. But it’s when the skirt falls, and she steps out of it onto the carpet, that I realise the depth of my mistake.

‘My heart leapt when you said you hadn’t even had your first kiss,’ Eliza says, taking hold of *her cock*. ‘You’re going to kiss this, sweetling. You’re going to kiss this until I defile that lovely little virgin mouth, and then I’m going to bust a few loads in your bum.’

Her…her *cock*. Eliza said this, taking hold of her *cock*. What? How is…

‘You’ve got a dick?’ I say, staring at the thing. No, not a dick. Not any old dick. I have a dick, but Eliza has a *monster*. ‘How…how do you have a dick?’

The thing is absurd, fully erect already, and I didn’t notice it. Her skirt, the distraction of her breasts, her words, her smells. But the gorgeous goth holds the thing with lascivious intent, cupping it with her right hand just beyond its base. A thick veiny length of pale prick, almost as wide as my wrist, with a large rounded tip exposed to the elements, its foreskin loose and easily-retracting. Her cockhead is fat and pink, almost a pretty colour, if not for how chunky and…not-*girly* it is.

Beneath it sag a pair of very heavy balls, the sack silky and hairless, but the contents utterly mammoth. I didn’t know balls could be so big, honestly, but at the same time, I didn’t know that girls could have cocks. Not cocks like this. I thought the hormone treatments fiddled with the hardness, or the size, or–

‘You can ask stupid questions, or you can drop to your knees and start *kissing*, Georgie.’ Eliza smiles, ear to ear, vicious and vivacious. Her mouth is too pretty to utter such cruel things, to mock me using that childish twisting of my name. Not that it prevents it from doing so, of course. ‘I can hardly think of anything more perfect than your first kiss coming from the tip of my cock. You’re going to taste my sperm before you taste a woman’s lips.’ As she says it, her member noticeably twitches, visibly throbs. ‘Fuck, I turn myself on too much.’

The tall gothic woman advances, and I step backwards, retreating but not having any hope of escaping. Her grin grows increasingly unpleasant, beautiful all the while but making certain facts fit into place. “There’s plenty of time for you to get between my legs,” she said. “Time to blow a load or three,” she said. And it seemed such fittingly flirty language, but it didn’t relate to my cock at all.

‘Please don’t do this,’ I say, backing up, backing up, backing right into the frame of the rounded window beside her bed. ‘I…I don’t want to do this. I don’t like dick. I don’t do this stuff. I…you tricked me. You lied!’

‘Cutie, don’t you think that’s why I did it?’ She sniggers, mean and lustful, the sound sensual yet awful. In the course of a few moments, I’ve lost all attraction towards her. Physically resplendent, yes, but awful, awful, awful. ‘Willing boys…they just don’t scratch that itch. I like turning sweetlings like you out. A bunch of cowards you all turn out to be, but there’s no finer rush than seeing that rejection turn into rejoicing.’

Eliza steps closer and closer, moving at a leisurely pace, giving me plenty of time for the full horror of the scene to sink in. Her dick must be a foot in length, honestly. Those balls are the size of truly fat oranges, weirdly suiting her member but otherwise seeming the sort of things belonging to some mythical beast like a satyr, and not a human woman.

The lamps on the walls are ornate, framed in brass, and in the irregular light they cast the gothic woman seems almost vampiric, no longer mortal. Where before that predatory look to her was alluring, now it’s frightening.

‘Please. Please, if you liked me at all–’

‘You think I don’t like you?’ She cocks her head to the side, and tastes her lower lip. ‘Georgie, I think you’re perfect. It’s just, your reaction was predictable. Cute boys like you don’t jump at the chance to please hung girls like me, so I’m simply taking the choice aspect out of the equation. It’s happened before, and it’ll happen again. It’s just one of those facts of life.’

Less than a metre separates us now, and as she inches closer, I find myself passingly measuring the gap in multiples of her cock. Three dick lengths. Two. One and a half…

All of that sweetness which accompanied her is now replaced by a feral muskiness, a potent, pseudo-masculine odour that suggests voraciousness and animalistic lust, no hint of girliness. That organ between her legs is no girl’s cock, but the penis of some monster. Obviously the magic failed, because the mask hasn’t come away, and somehow the rest of her is still every bit as gorgeous as it was when we met.

‘On your knees,’ Eliza says, soft as silk. ‘Make out with me, and this will go a lot smoother.’

‘I don’t want to suck dick.’ One and…a quarter dick lengths. ‘Please, Eliza.’

The intimidating woman lifts her member slightly, the throbbing mass of veins and thickness reaching up to my chest through the combination of her height and its lengthiness. Facing me, the swollen tip of the beast is like some cycloptic nightmare, the hole in the middle of the pinkness wide and oozing glistening stuff, its flared-back rounded curves broader than the shaft which leads up to it.

‘I can be gentle, or I can be rough. Your choice, Georgie.’ She steps closer, and presses her juicy helmet against my shirt, the abundance of fluids soaking through the fabric in an instant. The smell is thicker, stronger, extremely sexual and potent. ‘Just kiss it. Kiss it like all those girls you never kissed, but wanted to so badly. Make out with it, and let me pump half a billion sperm into your mouth, and then I’ll use your arse for the rest of the evening. Otherwise, I’m going to fuck your face all night. Seems like an easy choice, right?’

The prospect of tasting a raw dick, of experiencing the doubtlessly enormous ejaculation that one such as this will release, is deeply troublesome. It makes my frantic heart race all the more, has me pressing against the window frame so fiercely that the wood is starting to dig

painfully into my back. I shift my hands about, hoping to catch the wrist bindings on something, to escape this terrible fate, but my brain keeps running the odds and it seems like there's no way out. No way to be free of Eliza.

'I…I can't do that. I don't do these things, and I don't like dick. Please, please, please let me go!'

'Disobedient little shit.' Eliza snarls, and presses a hand atop my head. Her strength is frightening, her size domineering even without those tall heels. The gothic woman plunges me down onto my knees with ease, the carpet thankfully plush and absorbing all of the impact that her vigour doesn't manage. 'One. Last. Chance.'

I go almost cross-eyed, as the gothic Amazonian brings her swollen pink glans right before my lips. It's drooling all the more now, as if my resistance, my reluctance, only empowers her sense of arousal.

'Kiss it,' she says. 'Make out with it.'

I want to protest again, to fight back, to resist, but what good will it really do? And if she's not lying, if she'll just fuck my face anyway, then…maybe this is better? It's all awful, all ghoulish, but I've got no better fix.

'I…please just don't, um, shoot your cum in my mouth. Promise that, and I'll suck.'

Eliza sniggers, and shakes her head. 'No dice. Deal is what I said, no changes. You'll be swallowing a lot more, *tasting* a lot more, if you refuse.'

She keeps her hand firmly on my head while I decide, facing a terribly filthy fate. It's not that her cock smells or looks unclean, despite its potent muskiness. I'm simply…I like girls! Girls without dicks! It's not wrong to have preferences, is it? Though the bigger problem here, by far, is that this is *rape*.

*Mwah*. It doesn't prevent me from acting, however. *Smooch*. Doesn't stop me from reluctantly applying my lips to her swollen, sticky, gooey glans. *Smack.*

I try to push the actual sensations out of mind, try to act on sheer autopilot, but it's too novel, too intimate, for my brain to escape the dirty details. The heat of her bell-end, the lustrousness of that spongy plump tissue, the overt level of leaking lewdness that coats the proud perverse organ.

'That's it,' Eliza says, a touch breathy. 'Kiss it, Georgie. Kiss the closest thing you've ever had to a real girlfriend.'

Her words provoke a chill down my back, the whole situation becoming more and more confusing as I proceed. It should be…should be the worst thing in the world, but her penis is strangely…no. No, it isn't. It can't be.

*Mwah, smack, mwah, smooch.*

Every kiss I deliver it leaves my lips soaked in stickiness, the filthiest thing I've ever had on my mouth. I'm surprised I'm not crying, but I've never been one to do that, to show my emotions so openly. It'd only give her satisfaction anyway, I'm sure of it.

'Look at me. Look at my eyes while you kiss me.'

I'm not sure why, but I do it. The overwhelming ego in them, the oozing smugness, has a twisting effect on me. It knots my stomach but doesn't stop me, if anything seems to…embolden me. Before I know it, I'm licking my lips, tasting her dirty flavours. Salty, mostly. Salty, ever so faintly tangy. Not…not how it should be. Not awful. Maybe even…no. No, no, no.

'Use your tongue,' Eliza says. '*Make out* with me. Or did you only ever daydream of pecks on the cheek, sweetling?'

I don't fall for her mockery, but it's only logical to do as she says. To not resist, now that I can't. To get this over with as quickly as can be done.

*Mwah, schlep, mlep, smooch, mwah, schlup, mlap.*

The sound of my tongue moving, in harmony with my lips, is the single most vulgar noise my ears have ever had to contend with. A deeply dirty noise, sloppy and lurid, and made all the more depraved for the fact that I understand the source implicitly.

I roll my tastebuds around her bloated bell-end, in the process scooping up ever so much of those salty sticky juices. I'm forced to swallow, for there's too much, and I dread to think of how my breath is going to smell after she's done with my mouth. But at least she will be done with it, in the end. At least this will have an endpoint, so long as I get through it.

'Mhm. Ugh. That's it, Georgie. That's wonderful.'

Her praise is bittersweet, wretched, unwanted. But it puts the hairs on the back of my neck on end, and makes my balls shiver, and my cock twitch. My cheeks are aflame now, as I continue to slurp and smooch, pressing my mouth against her giant spongy helmet and flicking out my tongue, time after time, to coax pleasure out of her.

I didn't imagine a dick could be so big. I didn't imagine it could produce something so…weird. Peculiar. Why isn't it awful? That's the worst thing about this. It's not awful, I can't hate it, and so I can't make sense of the situation. If I could hate it, all would be well. If only I could despise this, all would be well. But the more I apply my mouth to her dick, the more she shudders and moans, the more disturbing praise she showers upon me, the harder it is to escape into my thoughts because my mind deeply craves the present moment.

*Slurp, schlep, mwah, smack, schlup, schlurp.*

I don't even notice her hand shift, and the guidance it offers without a word on her part. Before I realise it, I've got her helmet halfway into my mouth, still applying my tongue to the front of it, but squeezing my lips around the middle of the fat thing.

'Good little cocksucker,' Eliza says, grinning down at me. The meanness simply darkens the colour of my cheeks, and leaves me further quaking and quivering. 'Work for that cum, you naughty boy. Ugh. Making me work so hard to–mhmf–get you here.'

Her eyes are captivating, and I readily lose myself in them. The mind behind them is dark and dirty, dominant without trying, terrifying and yet ever so tempting. I can't believe I'm here, can't believe I'm doing this, my first sexual encounter being the defilement of my mouth by this gorgeous gothic woman's massive cock. It's a vulgarity beyond words, a nastiness that I can't begin to contend with.

And yet it feels so fucking *good*, somehow. I'm not even being pleasured, but her penis is…it's amazing, in my mouth. Heavy, hot, throbbing. The flavours it exudes, the smells it fills my nose with, the sheer presence of the meaty massive thing. I squirm and shudder on my knees, a pathetic mess of myself, a shadow of who I feel I should be, but Eliza is in control and my warped mind can't seem to view her as the evil that she is.

*Schlup, slurp, schlep, slurp, schlurp.*

'Ughn. Good boy. Good little–guh–cocksucker.'

Her voice is beautiful, but her words are mean as can be. She slips her hand down behind my head, between my ears, and slowly but surely guides me to take her deeper, to take her huge helmet into the warmth and privacy of my mouth.

I've never felt so degraded as I do right now, existing as nothing more than an outlet for this woman's needs. She doesn't give a fuck about what I want, what I care for, and is completely happy to use me. The way she watches me is absolutely terrifying, a view to conquer, a view to control. And I'm so fucking twisted, so lonely, so horny, that somehow it doesn't provoke the reaction it should.

It comes so disgustingly naturally, to suck in my cheeks, to flick my tongue against her orally-captive bell-end. The fat lustrous lump rewards me with dirty juices, squirting the stuff all over my tastebuds, salty and perversely moreish. She's properly in my mouth, now, and I'm properly giving her a *blowjob*.

'Suck that dick,' Eliza says. 'Mhm. Taste that cock, sweetling.'

Her words make it worse, prevent me from escaping. The lurid lollipop pulsates and throbs, angry and fierce, demanding and dominating. It's so easy, so not-bad. My cheeks are aflame and my world is spinning, but as disgusting as this should be, all I can think about is how weirdly tasty her juices are and how strangely pleasant her penis feels inside my mouth.

*Schlup, slurp, schlup, slurp.*

I'm actually *sucking*, actually *sucking her dick*. Cheeks drawn in, creating a tight space, though they can't go in far before pressing around the bulky sides of that hugely heavy pink prominence. Eliza's body trembles and shifts, beyond the obvious throbbing of her dick. Each and every inhalation of breath seems to be some kind of warning, some threat that this ends in a very, very dirty way.

I don't want to think about it, just want to get it done, but I can't ignore the fact that her balls are big and fat, and that she's so much older than I am, and so clearly virile. I've tasted my cum before – what man hasn't? – and it was mild, a little salty, worst of all being the texture. Plus, the concept of tasting anything that was made inside of someone else's body, let alone their *balls*, is a pretty grim notion.

But the sight of the gorgeous goth, her appearance still absurdly appealing, despite her deviancy and this nastiness she's forced upon me, fills some perverse part of my head with a curious and vulgar hope.

What if it's not bad?

It makes me shiver, the thought. The possibility that it might not be awful, just as this hasn't been awful, but isn't that so much worse? At least if it's terrible, I come away from this without any shame. But…none of my friends ever speak highly of their girlfriends' interest in tasting their cum. What the hell would it make me, if Eliza's load isn't the worst thing in the world? Simply enough, I can't win, one way or another.

'Love how that mind is ticking over,' she says, chewing lasciviously, sensually, on her bottom lip. 'Thinking about–ughn–how this works. What you're doing. Bet it turns you on, to be sucking a real dick. Guh.' She shuts her eyes and sighs, smiles. 'Boys are always thinking about cock. Theirs, someone else's. Golden fucking opportunity for you.'

I shut my eyes, try to push her out of the picture, but it only strengths the sensation of having my mouth occupied by this living, hot, pulsating mass. Swollen as it is, throbbing as it is, I can't seem to be free of its invasive presence.

*Schlup, schlep, schlurp, schlup, slurp.*

'No use, Georgie. I'm gonna–ugh–baptise that mouth. Like I said, you'll taste *sperm* before you kiss a girl's lips.'

She chuckles, practically cackles, though her voice is too sexy to sound like some grim folkloric witch. My idiot body responds by shivering in appreciation, seeming to love her meanness, seeming to practically live for it. Even without having my dick touched, this is the most intense sexual experience of my life, far beyond any attempt I've made to pleasure myself. The spiral of mismatched interests, this vulgar appreciation I find in me for her dick, her dominance, is going to leave an indelible mark.

*Schluck-schlup, slurp-schluck, schleck-schlurp.*

'Ooh. Pussy mouth.'

My eyes go wide as she suddenly pushes me backwards, begins to thrust. Eliza puts her other hand down atop my head, and begins swinging her hips, not driving her cockhead into my throat but making good use of my tongue, my lips, my cheeks. Her swollen bell-end strains at its surroundings, releasing constant stickiness, the flavour growing thicker and dirtier by the moment.

'Mhmf. Mumph.'

I let out an undesired moan, muffled by her cock, of course. She stares down with intent, captivated by the sight of my young mouth taken by her older adult dick, only the tip within

my lips, those big sagging balls wobbling freely about. With my head back against the edge of the window frame, Eliza seems to lean forwards a little, to fuck my face, to use it as she describes: a *pussy mouth*.

'Ughn. That's so good. Such a nice little cum-eating hole.' Her eyelids flutter, and I'm dimly aware in a shift in her throbbing. 'Fuck. I've not blown all d-ay. Mhmf. Hope you're–ugh–keen on salty cream.'

There's this terrible, tantalising moment, where she bites down on her bottom lip and seems to be consumed by a whole-body shiver. The beautiful busty gothic woman continues to thrust, of course, but her helmet strains and swells beyond even its previous stupid size. It pushes down my tongue, stretches my lips, and throbs with a violent intensity that makes my stomach twist into a pretzel.

'Mhmf! Mumph!'

My muffled protests are, of course, useless.

'Guh. F-uck.'

Eliza grins evilly, and watches my eyes with such vulgar interest. Something shoots out, spurts out, something hot and foreign and gruesome. So fucking thick, like mayonnaise-level thick, and it doesn't travel far. Explodes onto my tongue, more like. My poor, captive, tastebud-carrying tongue.

*Schluck, schleck, schluck, schluck-schlurp.*

'Ooh. K-eep sucking. Suck out the–mhmf–cream.'

I protest, reject, but as her load's flavours sink into my tongue, some instinctual part of my head commands my mouth to do as she says. The stuff is foreign, weird, innately disgusting, but it's…weirdly *good*. Those same bothersome qualities, the saltiness and gooey thickness, seem to trigger a part of me that's not in the least bit bothered by them. That might, in actuality, *like* those aspects.

'Mhmf.'

A gruesomely guilty little moan escapes, as her helmet continues to strain and swell, continues to spurt and spit. My tongue is completely covered, baptised in her jism, and the musky potency of the stuff is practically there in my nostrils. It tastes better than it smells, though the worst aspect of that mouth-received scent is its sheer primal potency more than anything else. It doesn't smell off, simply…*virile*.

'Thought you'd–mhm–like it. Most guys ogle girls all the time but can't really taste them.' She chuckles, and musses up my hair. 'That's practically my recipe, sweetling. Swimming about on your–ughn–tongue.'

I shudder perversely, swirling the stuff about, possessed of some illicit instinct to taste her, to…agree with her comment. I'm only doing this because I might as well, I tell myself. Only doing this because it'll make her happier, keep her on-side, prevent her from being unnecessarily rough or mean, or deciding to fuck my face all night.

So I tell myself, at least.

It's a minor relief when no more of her load comes out, and my mouth is full to the brim of what in some ways is akin to warm salty tangy yoghurt. Eliza suddenly pulls back, and the surprise of the broken seal causes some of the excess to dribble out of my lips, down my chin, giving me a more direct sense of the musky potency of her spooge. I tremble at the sight of her proud pink helmet ahead of me, its eyelet shivering softly, leaking a final string of glistening white gooiness.

'Swallow for me,' Eliza says. 'Swallow my pride, Georgie.'

Every logical voice screams no, but every lustful one screams yes. Obey her, do as she wants, make her happy. Gulp down her sperm. I glance up at her, fearful yet deeply aroused. Something in her gorgeous features, something in those terribly domineering eyes, makes my

throat bob. My Adam's apple rises and falls, behind it swimming a sea of little white tadpoles, down into my belly.

'Mumph.'

'Good boy.' She pats my head, patronising as can be. 'You've done a fine job. Seemed you liked it, too.'

With my mouth clear, still tasting strongly of her semen, I shake my head. 'N-o. I just…I just did…did what I had to do.'

'Really? I feed you a perfect cock, better than any cock any mere *man* has, and you didn't like it? The taste, the mouthfeel, the heat, the smells?'

I'm dimly aware, as I look up into her enchanting eyes, that I won't be able to lie convincingly. Not if I look at those beautiful pale blues, at least. Turning away sharply, I say, breathy and shuddery, 'No. No, I hated it all.'

Eliza sniggers. 'Sure, sweetling. Whatever helps.' She gets a rough handful of my hair, and tugs softly. Not with enough force to hurt or properly pull, but enough to suggest that I'm meant to be moving. 'Up on the bed, now. You've earned this.'

I glance at her cock again before moving, noting that it's no smaller than it was a moment ago. That little bit of lingering sperm is still drooling, gradually leaking out of that strangely exciting hole in the front of her bell-end, but otherwise the mammoth member is completely undiminished.

'H-ow are you still hard?'

'I'm a *futanari*,' Eliza says, as if it's something I should already know. As if it's the answer *everyone* should know. 'I'm built for fucking. It's what I do best. Especially tight little holes like yours, Georgie. It's your fault, honestly. You were asking for this.'

'F-ucking rapist.'

The goth tugs softly. 'What's that make you? Cum-swallowing cocksucker? Because you *did*. I couldn't have stopped you spitting.'

That she's right is the worst thing of the night. 'I…I just…'

'You wanted my sperm, sweetling. You wanted it inside you. Just like you want my dick in your arse now, taking care of all that pent-up lust in you. No more virginity, Georgie. Not after tonight. I'm going to show you what all the fuss is about.'

She drops her hand down from my head, cupping my jaw and guiding me forwards. I go, caught in thought, lost in the lustful maze of my mind. What she says about me is terrible, but I can't fight it. What other explanation is there, for doing what I did? My dick being hard is a natural autonomic response to bodily arousal, but my mouth *isn't* a sex organ. I didn't have to use my tongue, my cheeks, my lips. I *definitely* didn't need to swallow, just because she told me to. I could've spit.

I could've *spit*.

'On the bed,' Eliza says, drawing me back to reality. I didn't even notice myself getting upright, onto my feet, but with a light push I fall prone onto the sheets, with my hands still tied tightly together behind my back. 'Good boy.'

The gorgeous goth shows surprising strength, suiting her Amazonian stature I suppose, in pushing me onto the duvet and making sure that my whole body is splayed across her sheets. She immediately tugs at my trousers, testing them for looseness before reaching around the front and fiddling with my belt buckle.

'You…that thing won't f-it in my butt,' I say, squirming but at the same time, *wondering*. 'You're too big, Eliza. Please. Please don't hurt me.'

'Georgie, I want to cum several times more, and you've got a cute arse,' she says, chuckling warmly. 'I know what I'm doing. I'll use lube. But you're going home with a whole lot of my jism in you, sweetling. That digestive tract is going to be overflowing on both ends.'

She laughs again, as if it's the funniest fucking joke, when the prospect of taking that enormous erection into my tight virgin butthole is absolutely terrifying. Okay, there's a prostate back there, it's meant to feel good, but…not like this. Not with something so absolutely absurdly big.

I fumble for a protest, for some plea, but my head ticks over to no avail. What the hell can I say to someone like her, someone who clearly just doesn't care? The next best thing is to simply stop thinking about the situation, to push the world away for a time, for however long it takes, but every sound she makes draws me back to the reality of things.

Bed springs, adjusting as she climbs off onto the floor. The opening and shutting of a drawer, then another one, and a bit of rummaging, the knocking about of various items against the wooden sides of the container. Her sound of discovery, a cheerful little noise, and then the bed springs again. The cracking of plastic, the opening of a bottle, and then my own shivering shuddering moan as something cool and slippery drools down into my crack.

'Ugh. Fuck.'

Eliza chuckles, less cruel now, some aspect of her nastier nature seemingly sated. 'It'll be warmer in a moment. Let me just get into the right position.'

I don't want to look at her, but I can't prevent myself from glancing back at the unfolding ugliness. The gorgeous goth chucks aside the bottle of lube and winks at me, shuffling forwards on her knees to close the minuscule gap between our bodies. Part of me badly wants to flee, to worm forwards and run, but the escape effort doesn't materialise. Eliza presses one hand down on my coccyx and then lifts herself over my legs, pressed together to make access hard for her, but if anything it has the opposite effect.

'Right,' she says, bringing to bear her heavy cock with her other hand. It still drools a little, though the thickness of the white stuff has diminished. 'Time to introduce that virgin hole of yours to the joys of intercourse.'

I go to speak but she smacks her helmet down on my left cheek, and then my right. *Schmack, schmack.* The wet sticky hot weight of that bulky bell-end fucks with the speech centres of my head, clearly, leaving me a staring fool who can't seem to cease marvelling at this thing he wants nothing at all to do with. Her penis should be grotesque, she should disgust me for her evil nature, but my rotten mind can't help but wonder what it's going to be like. With my arse raised towards her, I can just about spot the glistening sheen of the lube she's applied to my crack, and I strangely feel even more threatened than I did when she was planning to fuck my face.

'Is it…will it hurt?'

Eliza slowly shakes her head. 'It shouldn't, but even if it does, it'll get good pretty quickly. You've got a prostate, and *this*' – she brings her cock down again with a *schmack* of lewd wetness, right in the middle of my butt crack – 'is very good at what it does to prostates. I've fucked plenty of guys before, Georgie. You'll be creaming your undies in no time, harder than you ever would in some basic bitch's pussy.'

Words fail me now, the mismatch between the fear of discomfort and the interest in the promise of pleasure leaving my head a mess. I simply stare, caught between both extremes, as the tall gothic woman gently lowers her member between my cheeks and softly thrusts, gliding her thick length back and forth between my lube-smeared buns. I wince as that final squirt of semen dribbles out, landing warmly just above the top of my crack, a reminder of the dirtiness that's gone on already.

*Schfup, schfup, schfup.*

The sound of our bodies interacting in such an illicit fashion is faint, dirty, but it makes my ears twitch, makes my back arch. With each successive movement Eliza draws a little backwards, until her giant glans is hovering right over my hole, with only an inch or so of

cushioning backside separating the two. She takes hold of my hips, one in each hand, and grins viciously at me.

'Time to turn you into a cock-lover, sweetling. You definitely wouldn't be the first.'

I grit my teeth and shut my eyes, anticipating the worst. Her cockhead is so fucking fat, very hot, an angry throbbing thing. She effortlessly dips it down between my cheeks and it has no issue finding my precious ring, my virginal entrance. The sticky heat of meeting is almost like a kiss, a dirty and disgusting kiss, but a dirty disgusting kiss that makes me…shiver.

Eliza chuckles softly and begins to push, to press her huge helmet against that hole, and I immediately squirm. The tightness of the opening and the massiveness of her member provokes something that at first seems painful, and then…weirdly good. A kind of fieriness, a stretching sensation, but her bell-end is pearly-smooth, and its gooey coating is perversely pleasant.

'Oh, so fucking tight,' she says. 'I do so love virgins!'

There's this final moment of resistance, this last bit of resilience from that ring, and then suddenly it gives way. More than gives way, it seems to actively welcome her dickhead into my innards, to swallow the fat thing completely with its sudden tightness.

*Schplup-plup, schplup-plup, schplup-plup, schplup-plup.*

Eliza wastes no time, moving straight into a well-practised rhythm. The gorgeous goth pushes down on my hips and half-buries me with the clinging covers of the bed, creating a George-shaped indent in her mattress. It gives her enough lift that she can readily begin fucking, lifting and lowering herself, driving that huge dick halfway into me at any given moment.

'Gruh. Ughn.'

The sounds escape immediately, the worst noises my mouth has ever elicited. I shut my eyes tighter, denying the world, pretending that I didn't make a sound. The huge and heavy and hot lump that caps her profoundly plump shaft can be felt with every single movement of this awful thing, this amazingly awful thing. It seems to stir me up, to strain my sticky insides, to burn its perverse presence into my head without me needing to see it.

'That's it, sweetling,' Eliza says. 'Moan for me. Scream to your little slutty heart's content.'

She laughs, the sound lurid and victorious, ever so faintly flush with intensity as she delivers a constant quantity of cock into my rear. I bite down on my bottom lip, strain as much as I can, but the need to moan is almost instinctive.

'Mhm. Ugh.'

It can't be happening. This can't be happening.

*Schplup-plup, schplup-plup, schplup-plup, schplup-plup.*

Her *penis* is so, so good. Oh God, it's good. It's wrong, it's awful, it shouldn't be anything to do with my backside, but it's really, really *right* there. A length of thickness that plugs the hole expertly, as if it's built for that entrance. A length of thickness that throbs mightily into its surroundings, sending out ripples of impressive intensity into the surrounding sticky tight heat of my arsehole.

It's not a hole made for dick, and yet it seems to be as much designed for her prodigious prick as her mammoth member is for my sphincter and the risqué realm beyond it. In meeting, one pushes out the squeezing innateness of the other, and the other clamps down around the rebellious rigidity of the one.

The result is something I've never felt before, something stupidly pleasant. All those times masturbating, and never once was there anything like this sensation, this sensation of such perverse power that rushes out from the invasive intrusion of her cock.

'How's that, Georgie? How's–mhm–that dick?'

I shudder, and try my hardest to keep my trap shut. My brain wants to sing her praises, to worship her with words, but it can't, it mustn't. This is *wrong*. She's *raping* me. I didn't ask this, didn't want this, and yet with every thrust my body seems to pray to the hung goddess that is Eliza.

Her helmet, swollen and meaty, leads the charge. It widens my interior to accommodate the sturdy, veiny shaft that follows in its wake, but my body instinctively sucks down on the mainstay of her cock regardless. The lurid lump oozes constantly, and I'm surprised by the sensitivity back there, the capacity to feel the foreign warmth and stickiness drooling out of her bulky bell-end.

'Mhmf. Ughn.'

The sounds slip out, no matter how tightly I force my jaws shut. Each one elicits a titter from the gorgeous goth, seeming to make her day. She noticeably pulsates all the more proudly, as if part of the game is to make me a fool of myself. As if part of the game is to make mockery of me, and that it's not as simple as fucking my hole until she blows her load.

'Good boy,' Eliza says, softer than she was before. 'Cum on my cock. Cum as much as you like.'

She strokes my lower back, above my tied-together wrists, pressing her fingertips against the ditch of my spine. Slowly sliding, up and down, at times even resting that questing hand down upon my own, as if trying to get us to lace our fingers together. Naturally, the bothersome beauty chuckles when I ball my hands into fists, to escape and avoid her.

*Schplup-plup, schplup-plup, schplup-plup, schplup-plup.*

It doesn't slow her pace or stop her. Eliza thrusts in that same steady, rhythmic fashion regardless of the effect she has on me. Her cock is completely in control of things, eking out a cacophony of minor noises from my lips, forcing me to whine and wriggle upon her sheets. Bit by bit, it seems to be invoking something, casting some spell on my cock, my balls. A kind of forceful fire burning and bubbling away within me, not dissimilar to the increasing pressure when I masturbate, when I'm almost ready to cum, though this seems almost volcanic by comparison.

'It's so…so strong,' I say, unthinking, resting my head side-on against the bed. 'I m-ean–'

'It's natural, to enjoy this.' Eliza pushes those lovely hands down on my cheeks, digging her fingers in, squeezing them as she plunges her prick into the shuddering hole between. 'It's where your G-spot is, sweetling. Say all that you want to say. We both know I did you a favour, tonight.'

'F-uck.'

She suddenly pushes down on me with more of her weight, applying those palms against my cheeks in a more possessive, aggressive fashion. I go briefly bug-eyed, struggling beneath her strength, her force, and the sudden increase in intensity.

*Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup.*

Eliza doesn't change her rhythm, nor her pacing, but she thrusts deeper into me and makes use of the full and fearsome length of her superhuman dick. Inches untold bore into my body, pushing against the sensitive interior, and before I know it there's this meaty slapping of some pair of heavy things against me, accompanied by the silky heat of a presence where what must be her *balls* begin slapping against my butt.

'How's that feel?' Eliza says, capitalising on the shift. 'How do those fucking nuts feel, Georgie?'

It should be repulsive, but it's not. Theme of the day, isn't it? The weighty orbs lift and lower, brought along by the momentum of her movements, smacking against me with this strangely enjoyable warmth and heaviness. They bounce and swing, seeming to be so full, so fat, so stuffed to the very limits with a substance that doesn't bare thinking of. A substance I have, all the same, tasted.

‘Ugh. S-top. It’s s-o…’

‘Not bad, is it? You fucking *like it*, I bet, you dirty boy.’ Eliza chuckles, and digs her fingertips into my cheeks, giving them a proper squeezing. Some faint imitation of the way my sphincter and the tunnel beyond it so furiously crush around her cock. ‘You should be–aah–thanking me, sweetling. Goodbye virginity. Goodbye sexlessness.’

‘N-o. No I’d–ughn.’

My body, of course, betrays me.

I let out a practically ear-splitting moan, right as the first climax hits me. The *first*, because I can’t see this ending at one. My eyes go wide as saucers and Eliza cackles in that witchy, sultry, husky loveliness. She continues to thrust, undeterred by the intensity with which I squeeze around her. My traitorous fucking butthole can’t seem to get enough of her, and I hate that I understand why.

‘Jesus fucking Christ.’

Eliza chuckles, gropes my buns. ‘Not my first choice of deity, but you do you, Georgie. Mhm. Good, isn’t it?’

‘F-uck. Y-ou. Gruh.’

This is…this is unreasonable. Nothing like touching myself, so much more than touching myself. All those times spent, lonely and horny, stroking myself to one thing or other, searching for some video that might make the orgasm sweeter, or some toy in which to blow my loads, but nothing compares to this.

It’s like her bell-end, her thick shaft, her bulging cum vein, are all conspiring with my sensitive insides to ruin me. My dick has been commandeered, worked around, no longer in control of shooting its loads. There are apparently buttons within me that are far more effective at pulling out cum, which must be soaking her sheets, which must be shooting out in constant gooey strings.

I toss and turn beneath her alluring laughter, wanting to be free of this now, to run as far as I can. The rest was bad, sure. Sucking dick and not hating it, tasting cum and not hating it, swallowing because fuck my dignity, clearly. But this? This is bad because I *love* it. I do. I fucking do.

‘Oh. F-uck. N-o. St-op.’

‘You’re just scared of owning your true nature,’ Eliza says, thrusting away. ‘You’re just scared that you might keep–ugh–coming back.’

*Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup.*

Every wallop of her nuts against my backside, every complete piston motion of her cock from tip to base, is some microcosm of heaven. A shard of paradise. I am so, so full of her. Wrapped completely around her, beholden to her, succumbing to her. The woman is a succubus, clearly. She uses her cock like it was made for my insides, built to do this to me, as if fate had always intended things to play out this way.

Her words are incandescent things, burning in the front of my mind. She’s right. She’s awful, and she’s right, and I need to escape, need to be free, need to–

‘Ughn. God, tight little bitch.’

Something thick, fat, dense, squirts out into me. I’d forgotten about that. I glance back, drooling, messy, and find the goth chewing on her bottom lip, slowing her pace but continuing to power on, whole body a shivering beauty of a thing.

‘No. Not in m-e.’

But I love *that*, too. The feeling of her big powerful prick exploding into me, shooting such fat ropes of jism, all hot and foreign and thick, is remarkably wonderful. It seems to cling to the walls of me, become spread around by her ever-moving shape. It’s such a weird, perverse, yet lovely feeling. Every smack of her balls against me sends my brain spiralling through thoughts about her virility, her sexual excellence.

‘We’re–ugh–*one*, Georgie,’ Eliza says. ‘Your body wants mine. Wants to–mhm–tend to mine. Don’t deny it. You’re such a dirty little slut.’

Every throb that courses down her cock culminates in a powerful pulse around the fatness of her head, and a healthy release of spooge. Claiming my walls, marking me, filling me with genes that aren’t my own. I wet my lips, clench around her, forgetting my own ongoing orgasm for a moment to focus on the content of hers, and the words that accompany it.

*One*, she said. How can…how can she see this as some romantic thing, when she’s raped me? Taken this by force, and not earned it lovingly.

But…my mind can’t leave that unanswered, knowing that I don’t have the guts to press her on the topic. Knowing that, right now, I don’t have the capacity to say much of anything beyond stuttered protestations that invariably fall short of the mark.

*Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup.*

‘Ughn. Guh. J-esus.’

He won’t save me, couldn’t possibly do it, because this is *primal*. Animalistic. My head races with the vulgar realisation that this is some natural order, that she’s taken me by force and shown my true nature to me. Just considering it makes a rope of cum launch out of my cock, squirming through my shaft, enhancing the sensitivity of that male G-spot between my cheeks.

It doesn’t need love to be good. Doesn’t need love, for her to have earned this. She looks so fucking *happy*, so relaxed, so at ease. Thrusting and withdrawing, draining her nuts into me, using me like some receptacle for her cum. My unlucky arsehole, aflame with the heat of her presence, burning as well with the gooey grandeur of the immense quantity of seed she’s released into me.

‘Become my–aah–property, Georgie,’ Eliza says. ‘Let me own this hole. I promise I’ll–mhm–only share it with my girls. Only them. This body is built for tending to futanaris, sweetling. It needs to accept its–ooh–place.’

Her mind is raw filth, that she can speak like this, after all she’s done. But it’s telling, isn’t it, that I’m not really all that curious about the contents and workings of her brain. Glancing back, trying to suck back some of the excess spit that keeps leaking from my lips, I stare at the point of penetration.

‘H-ow are you still going?’

Eliza grins up one side of her mouth. ‘Going to keep this up until I get–ugh–tired, Georgie. Going to pump a whole load of love into my new favourite hole.’

*Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup.*

I grit my teeth and whimper, aware that with each thrust she’s simply pushing her load deeper into the depths of me. She’s not cumming now, nuts doubtless building another load – somehow! – but it doesn’t matter. Her cock is ridiculously hard, throbbing away, living up to her words. Making use of my body, whether I like it or not.

Her load seems to merge with my insides, so deep in me. The alien warmth, the gooiness, the foreign thickness. Smearing my innards, far more noticeable than that in my belly. To think I’ve tasted such a lurid substance is a simple raw fact of my existence, but somehow it possesses a deal more illicitness and intimacy now that it’s been shot into my arse. The hole seems so…important, somehow. The combination of tightness, of being my only real sexual orifice – as a man – and some kind of inescapable association between submission, weakness, and being taken in this fashion.

Her cum is the salty icing on that perverse cake, the final mark of my collapse and capitulation. To think about how primally powerful it seems makes my loins want to squirt and my abdomen to cramp with pleasure, but I can’t escape it. It’s not like my belly, where the quantity of cum – large as it was – seems to have faded. The unwelcome and invasive heat of her creamy release is constant, inescapable, in my guts.

‘That’s it, Georgie. Love that–ugh–feeling. Get used to being a slutty bottom bitch-boy.’

*Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup.*

Still, her cock is raging with hardness, used so forcibly. Eliza continues to fuck with such passion, such dominant eagerness. Her helmet swells and strains at my insides, as if it’s not so recently shot a big load into me. The veiny thickness of her shaft pulsates and throbs, but there’s no hint of softness. She might, even, somehow, be harder than she was before.

‘Why’s it s-o–gruh–g-ood?’

It just slips out, but I’m beyond caring now. Amazed, more than anything. In awe of this gorgeous yet evil woman, this rapist, who I should despise and hate but can’t seem to view through any other lens than that of disgusting interest.

‘Because some of us are–aah–built to fuck, and some of us are built to *be* fucked,’ Eliza says, lifting and lowering her hips, pumping away into me. ‘You’re simply–mhm–learning your true nature, Georgie. You’re a *hole*, and I’ve got a cock to f-ill it. You’re a hole, and you should be–ughn–grateful that I’m giving you the honour of serving my d-ick.’

She flares her nostrils and grunts, groans, moans. I stare back at her, lost in her eyes, gruesomely adoring her viciousness. I move my lips to protest, but only whimpers escape. What the hell do I say to that? What can I possibly say, when I’m squealing like a little bitch, wedged full of dick, still leaking cum onto her sheets?

‘Ugh. Mhmf.’

Every thrust makes shockwaves through my abdomen, pushes out more and more of my prostate-produced load. It seems to come in fits and starts, highs and lows, abating for moments and then becoming so strong that all I can think about is the heat of her prick and the heaviness of her balls and the sheer pleasure that rushes through me as my dick leaks and oozes and drools. Thin cum, now, a shadow of its initial stickiness, as Eliza continues to utterly drain me.

When she cums again, I throw my head back, the second dose – the third, overall, somehow – being no smaller than the first. A veritable volcano of jism, shot forth in such stringy gluey ropes, utterly painting the walls of my arse with its heat and viscosity. I’m viciously aware of every swell and spurt of her bulky bell-end, the way it pushes against my insides, the way it dispenses such tremendously voluminous gooiness.

*Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup.*

But still, she powers on. Still, she fucks, and fucks, and fucks.

I’m not sure how much time passes, but I’m dimly aware, bit by bit, that I’m losing my mind. Becoming tired, and yet unable to rest, because Eliza doesn’t seem to have a limit. My arse is thoroughly loaded with her spooge, and yet she continues to fuck, to thrust, to plough into me right to the point of a *third* climax. I’m too hazy, by this point, to pay much attention to anything beyond the overwhelming heaviness of the load, as if it’s somehow larger than the other two.

‘Take all of my fucking–guh–cum, you slutty hole!’

*Schplup-plup-THWAP! Schplup-plup-THWUP!*

This time she hilts herself, thrusting two final and fantastical times, smashing her enormous testicles against my butt, and then stays balls-deep inside of me as her enormous member pulsates and pumps, shooting forth such remarkable warmth, stickiness, perverse *pleasantness*. Those virile orbs weigh down heavily against my skin, seeming to shudder and shiver, to rise and fall, as she releases this third and most filling of loads.

Eliza pushes her hands down on my shoulders and dips forwards, going so far as to kiss the back of my head. *Mwah*. ‘Good boy,’ she says. ‘Good hole. Ugh. You’ve…served your purpose.’

I can only drool, broken, my crotch a mess of drying jism and my insides absolutely pumped full of her seed. I’m only dimly aware of the passing of time, her lingering within

me, and the eventual act of retreating a little bit. Pulling out, sliding backwards, until her cock's fat head somehow manages to escape the stretched tightness of my sphincter.

The last thing I see of that meeting of bodies is the way her dick, *finally* softening, is connected to my hole by a last lurid string of the thickest, creamiest whiteness. Her member twitches and as she pulls away from me, getting upright, the lingering load slips out of her with a little coaxing from a hand and lands upon my left arse cheek.

'F-uck. Shit.'

I try to wipe my drool from my cheek, remembering my bound hands, favouring a clumsy rub of my face against the duvet instead. It's rather soaked, from all the rest. Watching Eliza with fluttering eyes, on the cusp of collapse, I seem to process the world slowly. As if I've rather literally had my brains fucked out.

The gorgeous goth climbs off the bed and stretches, yawning. 'Time to send you home, sweetling.' She fishes out a pair of scissors from her bedside table, and promptly cuts the fabric binding me. 'Off you go, now. Quickly. My girls will be back soon, and if they've not found prey of their own, you are going to be seriously *sore* in the morning.'

Somehow I have a final little bit of survival instinct in me, and heed her warning. Eliza chucks me my trousers and even helps me into them, though the moment I get upright I realise that I'm leaking from my arse, smearing the inside of my boxers with gooey semen that leaks between my cheeks and down the back of my legs.

The flight instinct, waning now, at least spurs me to worry about that later. To escape this dangerous predator, this rapist, this villain. Eliza handles the doors at least, helping me vacate. I almost fall down the stairs from weakness in the knees, and she catches me.

'Easy, hole,' she says, meanly, dirtily. 'Don't want you breaking anything. Be a waste of a good fuck-toy.'

For the rest of the descent, she holds me from behind, clings to an arm, eases me down the final steps and helps me into my boots. I almost *thank her*, for the luxury of not being treated with complete disdain, and the smile on her horribly lovely lips is a thing of abject enjoyment. Loving every moment of this, adoring how broken she's left me.

Eliza's "caretaking" ends the moment I'm out the front gate, her jism making a wet mess down the back of my trousers. I stumble across the road, the cool air helping my faculties, the need to escape her furious in the back of my head.

'Don't be a stranger,' she says, laughing to herself. 'You've got potential, Georgie. You know where I am. Holes are dicks are made for each other, don't you forget."

I clench my fists and gulp the nocturnal air, and manage to push into a stumbling, shaky sprint. With that awful house to my back, I dread the slow return of my thoughts.

The slow return of my thoughts, and with them, the realisations that might follow.