

Josephine Carpenter Commission – The Visitor

The moonlight shone down on McKenzie and Kylie as the pair double checked everything for the summoning ritual. Wanting to impress Dominic's ancient witch friend led them to track down another arcane tome, and in turn McKenzie wanted to prove she could do something truly impressive.

“Look, uh, this should work, but if it doesn't, don't be disappointed, alright?” Kylie said.

McKenzie furrowed her brow, giving her a look.

“What? I'm just trying to be supportive and stuff. I'll eat you out when we get home as a treat if you pull it off!” Kylie said, giving an exaggerated wink.

“You want to just go home and fool around, don't you?” McKenzie rolled her eyes.

“I mean... yes, I'm horny, but I'm a good friend. You know I'm always gonna have your back. Or front, or—”

“Yeah, yeah, I get it. Let me focus.” McKenzie channeled the ambient energies of the beach, drawing the arcane sigil in the ground. It glowed gold, and she whipped it up, the symbol flowing like a ribbon and trailing her fingers, and she flicked it into the ocean. The glow dissipated, and the pair watched, but nothing happened. The waves kept cresting the shore quietly, the soft sound of the ocean like a lullaby.

“Well. Uh... was it supposed to do something else?” Kylie asked, scratching her chin.

“Yeah. Guess it didn't work.” McKenzie sighed, and moved to draw another.

A *plink* noise, as if something dropped into the water, caused both girls to turn and look at the sea. A few feet into the deep, bubbling waters began to roil, a whirlpool frothing and foaming as it shaped into a proper vortex. A thin-fingered hand of a size far beyond what either girl expected emerged, gripping the edge of the whirlpool. Raising itself out of the briny deep,

the summoned entity lay before them.

Taller than the humans by nearly twice over, the colossal entity's body seemed thin, lanky, but with a bust which nearly dwarfed their own entire bodies. A mass of tentacles as hair, multiple with eyes, wriggled as it wrested itself free of the seawater, and turned its face to them. Featureless and smooth other than six sets of eyes, some obscured by a tentacle acting not unlike bangs, stared balefully out at them.

Did you summon me? The voice seemed... quiet. Calm. Inside their heads. Inexplicable. McKenzie felt paralyzed, as if the hand of a god gripped her spine, wrapped around it. She could feel sensations along her skin, as if something slid along her body, exploring, testing her. She looked to Kylie, the bodily sensations fading as she broke eye contact with the summoned entity. Kylie seemed far less concerned with the situation, a dreamy look on her face.

McKenzie hesitated. Should she say anything? Try and connect with Kylie? This was uncharted territory. She opened her mouth to speak, and felt something enter it, warm and wet. Her eyes widened, but as she looked, nothing lay before her. Whatever it was, it was invisible. The sensation of one of those tentacles, exploring her mouth, filled her mind. She relaxed – though why, she couldn't understand. No need to bite down. Explore the new experience... her thoughts seemed to flutter away as she began sucking on the invisible tentacle.

Kylie began undressing, and the entity before them turned its attention to her, focusing all its eyes upon her. It strode forward, out of the whirlpool as if the water simply were a staircase. Titanic! Easily ten feet tall, its sheer height made McKenzie... *wet?* Its breasts seemed the largest part of its anatomy, colossal and naturally resting against its chest, still subject to gravity despite the eldritch nature of it. McKenzie urgently wished she could push a hand between her legs and touch herself, but whatever rooted her in place disallowed such. Cruelty incarnate. And yet,

despite it, she found herself drawn in even more, sucking harder on the tentacle, running her tongue over the soft, delicate suckers. It dawned on her it tasted like nothing at all, perhaps owing to its immaterial nature.

She watched as Kylie unlaced the front of her top, letting her breasts lay exposed in the cool evening air. While McKenzie fooled around with Kylie before, and thus knew the shape, heft, and weight of those beautiful breasts, it surprised her to see the other girl's nipples stiff enough to cut glass. Kylie pulled down her leggings and panties in one shot, and as she bent over, McKenzie got to gaze upon the full, thick buttocks of her friend – and caught the sight of a glittering plug inserted into her ass. The feeling between McKenzie's legs intensified.

This place is soft and sweet. I do not dislike it, came the voice in their heads again. The tentacled being began padding forward on the beach, its step lithe and delicate. Standing almost twice Kylie's full height, McKenzie could only marvel at the size difference. The entity seemed to inspect Kylie, paying special attention to her bust, and slid a hand around the girl's body, stroking it. Forming from an unknowable blackness between the summoned being's legs, a penis emerged, thick and with a seemingly ribbed bottom. The sides of the shaft held what appeared to be some kind of gill or skin flap she couldn't identify, but as McKenzie stared, the shaft expanded to be thicker. She realized the entire purpose of the design was to allow for significant engorgement. As it was, the entire shaft, eye to eye with Kylie, reached below the girl's navel. She doubted either of them would be able to handle something so enormous.

Tentacles from the entity's hair snaked out, wrapping Kylie's arms and legs, and raising her in the air. The gothy girl whined, and when she was raised a sufficient amount, the head of the penis just below her pussy, the two tentacles holding her arms slipped free. Kylie immediately latched onto the tangled mess of 'hair', sliding her hands through to loop them

around the huge shoulders in front of her. She laid her head submissively on the pillowy softness of the breasts which each seemed the size of her torso. A tentacle reached down, sliding along the firm, plump buttocks of her friend, and on finding the plug, tugged it out of her gently and laid it aside.

McKenzie could feel herself so wet she'd be dripping if naked, and closed her eyes to slurp the invisible tentacle in her mouth noisily. It seemed to respond positively, gliding into her throat, massaging the inside to prevent her from gagging while occupying it fully. Before her, the being about to fuck Kylie paused, looking over at McKenzie, and waved its hand as if dismissing something. Both the sensation of the tentacle and her own paralysis faded, and McKenzie wasted no time. She didn't care anymore if this was a public beach (even if the night meant no one was here). She didn't care if this was a summoned being. She needed it. Bad.

Stripping out of her own clothes, McKenzie threw them aside and approached her friend, who seemed utterly lost in a starved, lustful state. Kylie didn't even seem to notice McKenzie, grinding her lower lips against the tip of the huge penis between the entity's legs, wetting it with her juices.

"I didn't mean for this when I summoned you," McKenzie said. "But... I don't mind. Kylie doesn't mind," she said. The words didn't seem to come from her conscious mind, but she knew them to be true. McKenzie paused. "What can we call you?"

A rainbow of laughter echoed into their minds. *You cannot speak my name, for it would drive you to madness. You may call me "Coral" if it please you – such is what others know to call me, in another world.* Coral extended a hand to her, as if to invite her to give herself to the tentacles. To the impending sexual deviancy. Without hesitation she took it, and drew it toward her crotch. The hand cupped her like a thong, fingers sliding between her cheeks and thumb on

her womb. McKenzie fantasized about the heat from that digit searing her insides with pleasure, and she purred.

Kylie let out a little yelp, and McKenzie turned to see the thick girth of the cock between Coral's legs pushing up into Kylie's unprotected pussy. The tentacle curled partway around Kylie's ass seemed to change its tip, shapeshifting into a more penis-like form. It pressed insistently against the tight hole at Kylie's rear, and with a little noise slipped inside. No doubt Kylie's plug made it easier to penetrate. McKenzie watched her friend's eyes roll back in pleasure, glazed over.

McKenzie turned bright red as her body took over; she spread her legs wider to give Coral easier access, and opened her mouth wide, tongue out. Coral wasted no time, forming another penis out of her tentacled hair and rubbing it along McKenzie's tongue. It felt heavier, more substantial, than the invisible one before, and she gratefully swallowed it down, feeling her neck bulge with its girth. Despite it feeling as if it should hurt, she felt no pain. Her mind felt airy, as if no thoughts fluttered through it, and she swallowed as much as she could. She wanted Coral cumming in her in every hole.

She made eye contact with the six eyes on Coral's face, trying to will her into fucking her as well. The edges of those eyes crinkled as if with a smile on the mouthless face, and two tentacles formed and drove themselves both into McKenzie's pussy. The unexpected penetration made her grunt with exertion, but she loved it – both of them winding inside her, spreading her apart, exploring and driving deeper. Coral drew her closer, retrieving the appendage lodged in McKenzie's throat. Gasping, the woman's eyes seemed to glaze over much like with Kylie.

The two women looked at one another, Coral pulling them closer still. Now, both Kylie and McKenzie's eyes met, and the two linked their lips in a lurid, sensuous kiss. McKenzie

relished exploring Kylie's mouth once more – the last time they fooled around seemed so long ago now. Coral inserted one of her penile tentacles between their lips, and the two of them lavished it with attention. Both slathered the length of it with saliva, planting soft, lusty kisses along it while maintaining eye contact with one another. So whole... so full, what with Coral continually feeling around their insides. Pressing on their inner walls, alternating and undulating, the tentacles kept scraping to find each little nook and cranny of their love canals.

Orgasm came swiftly for both women – explosive at first, pleasure radiating outward, as if Coral gripped their wombs and squeezed to force out the pleasure. But as it warmed their entire bodies, they could only feel a soft submergence beneath the sensations. Like being swallowed by a cozy, inviting ocean, wrapped and swaddled in a blanket made of smooth skin. Both their bodies quivered in delight, and Coral herself let out a rainbow echo of a sigh in their minds. The eldritch entity orgasmed as well, flooding their holes simultaneously each with loads which scalded their insides, their minds melting from sheer pleasure.

Whimpering with pleasure, the two human women leaned in to kiss more, and Coral joined them this time, her inexplicable lack of mouth managing nonetheless to send immaterial tendrils down their throats to explore more.

“Oh, for crying out loud. I come all this way only to find a visitor from another world fucking my would-be new witch and... some goth girl?” a voice came from the beach approach. The three wrapped in coitus paused, turning to face the newcomer.

The ancient witch Dominic mentioned stood before them, and rolled her eyes. “Go on, finish up. I'll send this one back to her world when you're done, and then I'm going to give you a stern talking to about summoning.”