

Flash Fiction Fuckin's

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*Summary: A collection of short flash fiction requested through my tumblr. I'm going to do a flash fiction day at least once every month, and keep all the results here organized by date! If you wanna join in on next month's fun, come follow me on tumblr! *Chapter 1*: March 1st, 2016*

The prompt: Filthy Fling Suggestion... Ryuko & Satsuki from Kill la Kill, incest, girl on girl, only kissing/tongue play

The story: “I can’t...I can’t believe that this is actually happening.” From Satsuki’s voice, it was hard to tell if her words were from a shameful desperation, or a joyful celebration. After all, it was difficult to concentrate with her sister’s mouth across her slit. The older girl’s body stretched out a little more, her long legs sweeping to both edges of the bed and almost shyly exposing more of herself. With a deep blush lining her features she gazed down at the mop of black and red hair nestled in between her thighs, the source of nearly every conflicting sensation going through her in that instant. “Y...You’re a madwoman.”

“Big words from someone that’s enjoying herself so much.” Ryuko replied, though her voice was muffled by the taste of Ryuko’s entrance. With a wicked gleam in her eyes she gazed up at her, and when she saw the almost timid tremor through her sister’s face Ryuko couldn’t help but draw forth more of it. It was with a wicked smile that she pulled her mouth from Satsuki’s slit, her lips still marked with her sister’s nectar. As she drew forward to the older girl her hand finally lowered, giving a slow, sweet pet to Satsuki’s folds just as she drew her mouth dangerously close. Though she had been servicing her for the past few minutes they hadn’t yet kissed, and now Satsuki was faced with the final taboo as her sister’s mouth inched closer and closer to her own.

When Ryuko spoke, her lips were close enough to Satsuki’s own that she could feel a drop of nectar strike her; a bit of delight cleaned from her folds. The intimacy sent shock waves through her, and a shameful blush to cross her features as she heard Ryuko’s words beckon in an irresistible tone.

“Kiss me.” She purred, before leaning forward and stealing from Satsuki the chance to say no.

The prompt: Ooooh I would love anything Borderlands for that Fling Fiction thing you got goin' on. Maya in particular. ;) Great prompt idea to get the writing juices flowing!

The story: So that was the power of a Siren. Athena never would've guessed it, but as she laid there on the hood of her Catch-A-Ride she couldn't deny the weight of what had just happened. Her offer to help Lilith's growing rebellion had turned passionate when Maya was assigned to keep an eye on her; a task that had almost immediately turned intimate when the blue-haired woman pulled someplace secluded and revealed to Athena her secret.

A large member marked with intricate tattoos; each one glowing the same bright blue as her powers. The often stern warrior wasn't able to resist what had happened afterwards, from sloppily sucking Maya off in the front seat of the Catch-A-Ride, to bending herself over across the hood and begging to be fucked. When Maya's tattooed cock slid inside of her the warrior's body coiled in delight, and the two women gave a full workout to the Catch-A-Ride's shocks as she was fucked harshly against the frame. Loud, wet delight had carried over the wastes of Pandora so loud that it had even attracted Skags, but to two experienced Vault Hunters they were little more than a nuisance.

A flex of Siren powers and a quick whip of Athena's shield and the interlopers fell, without Maya even once needing to pull out. When she finished her work and left Athena's tight slit filled with her warm and wonderful cream, she gave a confident smile and slapped Athena once on her toned rear.

"Janey won't mind, will she?" She asked with a confident smirk, as she started to tuck her cock back into her pants. Athena couldn't help but shiver, feeling the warm white leak down the insides of her thighs as she struggled to pull her armor back up.

"...she'll understand." She offered, her voice returning to the same stoic, stern tone. The type of voice that would never do anything quite so reckless as to fuck a fellow Vault Hunter on a mission. Certainly not. "At least, she'll understand when you come home with me tonight."

The prompt: Flash Fics, hm? How about Chun Li being bent over a table while Juri takes full advantage of her very easily pushed aside new dress from SF5, giving her a little tongue action from, behind.

The story: “Oh, I bet you just hate this, don’t you?” Juri’s voice was like a venom, and it made Chun-Li’s head spin. The girl’s cocky tone was only half of the problem; the other half being that each word came in between slow, languid licks of her tongue. “You just can’t handle how good I’m making you feel.”

“S...Shut your...c...criminal mouth...” Chun-Li was clenching her teeth tight, but she couldn’t deny that Juri was right. The officer wasn’t in any position to resist; her hands locked tight together with a pair of handcuffs that Juri had stolen straight from her possession. A quick snap of them had left Chun-Li bent desperately over a table, and now that sultry Chinese dress she had worn for her undercover mission was now working against her. The wicked villain, seemingly coming from nowhere, now delighted in every goosebump that echoed across her thighs.

“It’s so nice of you to dress up for me.” Juri grinned, and darted her tongue forward once more, tracing a circle across Chun-Li’s rear. It was enough to make the police officer rise forward on her toes, giving a sudden, sharp gasp as another rush of delight went through her. Juri just laughed a bit, and her hand moved up to smooth her fingers down the flowing black silk of the lovely dress. “I can’t wait to tear it to shreds...and use the pieces to tie you up.”

“All.” Lick. “Night.” Lick. “Long.”

Chun-Li whimpered pathetically, and dropped her forehead to the table. Cammy and Guile were right, the undercover mission had been a very, very bad idea. Now, she’d be paying the price of her mistake in sweat and shame.

The prompt: maybe Futa!Toph getting it on with Katara?

The story: “Y’know, Sugar Queen, I really oughtta visit you here more often!” Toph beamed, resting back in her chair. One of her hands dropped to the locks of dark brown hair in her lap, and she helped Katara’s mouth race across her throbbing length. “It’s tough work training all those new officers. And my kids? Whoo, you think you got it bad? I gotta keep an eye on them like they’re still kids! Not that me keepin’ an eye on anything actually helps. Eh? Eh? Get it?”

“Mmphh.” Katara’s voice was muffled and short, since her voice was otherwise occupied. They were older now; each with kids of their own getting into trouble of their own, but some things hadn’t changed. Toph still called her Sugar Queen. She still bullied her in that playfully fond fashion. And she still never passed up an opportunity to feed the water bender her cock.

Katara’s mouth pulled down all the way, nestling her nose against Toph’s lap. The blind girl gave a sweet and happy groan, before her hands moved down to close around the sides of Katara’s head. With a mischievous grin Toph rolled her hips from side to side, allowing her shaft to batter back and forth against Katara’s hungry, wet mouth.

“That’s my pal, always eager to help a friend out!” Toph laughed triumphantly, as she felt her climax starting to build. Her thighs tightened and she started to push forward, pressing her cock in deep as her peak started to roll through her. “Oh, did I mention? I can make it to Kya’s eighteenth birthday after all!”

As Katara swallowed the rushing warmth that came to her, load after load of the Blind Bandit’s cum, she simply gave a quiet whimper. Kya’s upcoming birthday was bound to be memorable, and as a loving mother Katara couldn’t possibly stand in the way of it.

The prompt: Hm..howabout a futa!Marian Hawke/Bethany Hawke ficlet?

Bethany has always had a huge crush on her older sister, and Marian has never been shy about stuffing her big prick into any attractive woman who catches her eye, be that a gorgeous pirate queen, a pretty little elven blood mage, or her sweet little sister.

The story: The Hero of Kirkwall was used to getting whatever she wanted, and that was never more true than when she slid inside of her beloved sister. Bethany was left speechless with her cheeks flushed a vibrant red, her fingers practically locked around the edge of the blanket she held across her chest. With a cocky smirk pressed against her features Hawke moved a hand down swiftly, grabbing the blanket and tossing it aside so she could fully expose Bethany underneath her.

“Don’t hide those tits!” She laughed with a grin, and her hands spread forward to wrap around each. “After all, they belong to me, now.” She gave a long, low squeeze that sent Bethany’s cheeks even darker, and a slow forceful thrust that allowed her sister to feel every last inch of her cock. Though Bethany had protested at first the past few minutes had done a lot to change her mind, and now the noises that fell from her lips were that of a timid yet desperate pleasure. As Hawke so possessively clutched her breasts she soon took to a steady thrusting, and before long the bed in her mansion ached underneath the weight of the two.

Bethany’s head was spinning as she was claimed, each thrust driving deeper and deeper into her and leaving her with hints of more wicked shame crossing her features. This was her sister! One of the most famous people in the city! And here she was laying underneath her like just another desperate slut eager to be claimed. And worst of all...

“H...Hawke, do they really have to watch?” She murmured, and pointed across the room. There a devilishly attractive pirate woman sat with a sweet little elf in her lap, a hand down the front of her laced panties. She looked indignant at the question, her brow raising as she drove her digits into Merrill’s slit a little deeper.

“That’s a bold thing for you to ask, Beth!” Isabela gasped, feigning shock. “Whose idea do you think this night was, anyway?!”

The prompt: Nice idea that filthy fling thing :) How about some Zelda/Midna? / A royally hung Zelda fucks a royally pregnant Midna on her throne while they discuss the (hopefully) large family they will have.

The story: It was a good thing Midna had finally recovered her true form, otherwise it would've been hard to stand up. She had been showing her pregnancy for months now, and this far in the weight of it made nearly every motion difficult. Getting up in the morning had become a minor chore, and sets of stairs had become her new greatest enemy.

Zelda never afforded her any sympathy, though. Midna was still forced to be on top as the two shared a bedroom, made to straddle the other woman's lap as she rode the same cock that made her pregnant to begin with. The blue-skinned Twili woman's knees ached and her joints surged with every motion, and yet she continued to bounce up and down on that thick, piercing member that hit her down to her very core. As she rode she allowed her hands to curve underneath her pregnant belly, holding it up while Zelda's hands groped lewdly at the full, swollen breasts that had made an appearance since the change began.

"You're so much heavier than you used to be." Zelda purred, looking graceful even as she was pinned under a pregnant woman on the bed. "Do you think it's twins? Triplets, perhaps?"

"I don't...hahhh...don't know..." Midna hissed, biting down on her bottom lip as she bounced faster and faster upon that thick, heavy length. "Maybe...?"

"Well, if not, that's all right." Zelda grinned, and gave a dominant thrust deep into Midna, making her cry out with a piercing holler. The Twili woman's body trembled and her pregnant belly shook from side to side, set to bouncing from the fierce thrust. "We'll just keep at it until you give me all the ones I want!"

The prompt: In the kitchen, Korra fingers Senna from behind to orgasm right before her father comes in.

The story: “Shh, don’t want Dad to hear us, do we?” Korra whispered against the edge of her mother’s ear, a wicked smile on her face. In that very instant her hand was down the front of her mother’s panties; cupping along the older woman’s folds and slowly stroking along her wet, warm sex. Two of her fingers were pressed inside and wiggling gently back and forth, hooking against her walls and teasing her entrance with well-practiced motions. Senna, left more or less speechless by the attention, held onto the handles of her cooking pot a little tighter.

“K...Korra...s...stop it...” She whimpered, though her desire for Korra to stop wasn’t so great that she actively pulled away. Her head was lowered and her cheeks were dark, and as the seconds passed more and more pleasure rolled through her body. Just what had that Sato girl been teaching her daughter in Republic City?!

It didn’t take long from when Korra started for Senna to reach her climax. The taboo heat of the moment pushed her easily over the edge, and if it wasn’t for Korra’s free hand circling around from behind her mother and sealing over her mouth, she likely would’ve cried out in that moment. As it was, she stood there frozen and blushing, trembling as her pussy milked against her own daughter’s fingers.

Movement from down the hall alerted the two women, and by the time Tonraq stepped inside the kitchen Korra was seated once more at the table. She was licking her fingers, a surefire sign that his strong young daughter had already snuck a bite of dinner before they were all gathered to eat.

“They don’t teach you manners in Republic City?” He asked his daughter, slowly moving to sit across from her. “Couldn’t wait for the whole family?”

“Sorry, Dad.” Korra beamed, her mother’s juice against her tongue. “Saw something by the stew I couldn’t resist getting a hand on.”

The prompt: Opal gives Futa!Lin her sweet ass

The story: “Aunt Lin...you’re...you’re being too rough!” Opal winced as she felt the older woman crash into her, driving deep her cock until she could feel the younger woman tighten fiercely about her. It was the main reason that the Chief of police at Republic City kept a bottle of lubricant in her desk at work; visits from her niece. Every time Opal dropped by she’d end up bent over the older woman’s desk, and every time she’d end up feeling Lin pierce her down to the very core of her ass. Despite her protests, Lin just smirked...she knew that for Opal, there was no “too rough.”

The desk creaked underneath them, each slam from the chief drawing forth another cry from her niece. She leaned in close to squeeze her chests against the back of Opal’s shoulders, and as she did so her mouth drew forward, dipping at the edge of her ear as she whispered to her in a deep, aroused tone.

“Official regulations won’t let me use the handcuffs for anything but business when I’m on the clock.” She smirked, her member thick and stretching the wonderful rear pucker of the girl. “But if you swing by my apartment tonight, I think we can have a little more fun before you go back to Zaofu.”

“Y-Yes, Aunt Lin...” Opal whined a little, her toes curling and her rear clenching about that thick, penetrating member. She braced herself as the older woman picked up her pace, knowing that before too long she’d once again feel the hot, familiar rush of Lin’s cream flooding her rear. “...j-just don’t tell Mom...”

The prompt: What about Futa!Sonata Dusk on Aria? Because "Adagio says we have to make more Sirens"

The story: "Hehehe, that's great, Aria!" Sonata giggled excitedly, swaying her hips back and forth. She was seated in an empty chair in the school music room, long after hours with all the teachers long since home again. The blue-skinned beauty trembled a bit as her member plunged deep past Aria's lips, and she could just barely feel the tip of her cock tickling at the back of her throat. Aria's purple and turquoise hair was a disheveled mess in the other woman's lap, and Sonata delighted in running her fingers through the locks to make an even bigger mess. "You're so much nicer to me when you can't say anything!"

Aria grunted a bit, and were she able to talk she likely would've. Instead she could do little more than drag her tongue in sloppy strikes back and forth against Sonata's shaft, drawing in the taste and letting the silly girl throb and grow within her mouth. The purple-fleshed member of the Sirens resented what she had to do that afternoon, and the fact that Sonata was enjoying it so much certainly didn't make things any better.

"J...Just get this over with, you brat!" She hissed as she pulled her mouth off of Sonata's cock, leaving it wet, throbbing and aching for a place to fit. She turned around and pulled down her skirt, showcasing the slender curve of her purple rear and just underneath, the lightly-glazed slope of her slit. "I still can't believe I have to be the one to do this..."

"Oh, don't be silly, Aria!" Sonata beamed as she stepped forward, moving her hands out and locking them around her friend's waist. While Aria tensed and tried to resist Sonata pushed forward with a blissful expression on her face; the sort of joy-overridden look that usually only came to her features when something wonderful was being served in the cafeteria. "Adagio said we need more Sirens, and you're the only one with a...y'know...taco!"

She said that, though the feel of Aria's tight, wet, and struggling slit across her cock was better than Taco Tuesday, Sloppy Joe Thursday, and Pizza Friday all combined into one.

The prompt: How about Blackfire takes Starfire to a party which devolves into a big old orgy? :P

The story: “Sister! Oh, Sister, there are so many cocks!” Starfire’s eyes were shining as she literally floated through the crowd, looking at everything that was there for her to enjoy. Granted, some of them were stuffed inside the holes of various girls at the party, but that didn’t mean there wasn’t plenty left for Star and her sister! In fact, Blackfire had already begun to enjoy herself and was bent over from the waist, effectively spitroasted between two young men as music blasted through the crowded room. Starfire simply giggled in delight, and almost rushed over to join her sister until she felt a pair of hands lock around her ankles.

Someone pulled the floating girl right out of the air, and in her stunned state Starfire was helpless to stop it as she felt a hand move into her long red hair, guiding her face towards a slender blonde pussy. She was licking and slurping with a smile on her face even before she looked up to see who it was, and when her eyes finally opened her smile grew tenfold.

“Terra! I am glad to see that you are back from being the stone statue!” She didn’t get to talk much more as Terra yanked her face in once more, feeding her that wet, blonde pussy anew. As Starfire slurped she soon realized that Terra had already been on the receiving end on any one of the dozens of cocks in the room; a warm treat flooding across her tongue which she drank with a content noise from the back of her throat.

As Starfire worked on her knees it didn’t take long for others to take notice; one man she didn’t know nor would she ever know sliding behind her and lifting her up by her hips. He eased his cock inside of the alien’s pussy with ease, and as Starfire continued to drink cum from Terra’s hole she shuddered in wicked delight. Across the room her sister was getting double penetrated now; and it looked like there was a line of boys ready to join in the fun. Though the party had already been filled with teenaged girls ready to fuck and suck their way through the crowd it was the two exotic sisters that would be stealing the scene, and Starfire thrilled at the attention.

She’d have to accept Blackfire’s invitations to play more often.

The prompt: Here's a interesting one, at least I think so XD Riyo Chuchi being pounded by Barriss in her senatorial bedroom while trying desperately to finish a important speech. (:

The story: Blue cheeks were blushing fiercely as Riyo struggled to focus, her pen scratching off of the paper and across the finish of the expensive desk. She looked back over her shoulder and clenched her teeth as she continued to be thrust back and forth from behind, and when she spoke her voice trembled with worried hesitation that somehow managed to creep through the almost overwhelming arousal.

“Barriss, I need to finish this!” Riyo whined, though the harsh slap that came from a green hand onto the side of her firm blue rear was enough to draw her quiet once more. From behind her the Jedi woman was completely stripped down; standing naked as she continued to rush forward into Riyo with a series of hard, fast strikes. When Riyo complained Barriss let her hand draw forward, pushing it to the back of Riyo’s head and forcing her gaze forward again.

“Then you’d better get to work!” She ordered with a confident and dominant smirk, the thick, artificial length spreading those pretty blue folds. “Make sure you talk about how much the Jedi help you on a day to day basis!”

“Well...that’s just...” Riyo whimpered, standing on her toes as Barriss fucked her particularly hard and deep. One hand moved to clutch the edge of the desk as the other reclaimed her pen, drawing it back to the paper with a whimper. “...that’s just...blatantly false.”

Sure, Barriss and Ahsoka protected her, but her everyday duties had gotten much, much harder since she had become the plaything of the two.

The prompt: School Counselor Ms Harshwhinny(Futa) giving Octavia extra credit for her cello lessons.

The story: Ms. Harshwhinny's office lights had been turned off, and the door had been locked and shut. To outward observers it might look like the school counselor had already gone home for the day, but in reality she was taking time from her busy schedule in order to spent some one-on-one time with a student.

Octavia was a wonderfully talented girl in so many ways, but there was great pressure on her shoulders. Between school and her music she had gone to Ms. Harshwhinny's office one day seeking assistance with the stress, and her diligent teacher had been more than happy to oblige. There in the darkened room, on the same couch that the counselor helped so many of her young students, Octavia delighted in riding her cock.

Both girls were still mostly dressed; Octavia's skirt pulled up around her lap and Harshwhinny's cock pulled free from the front of her slacks. They had to stay dressed just in case anyone came knocking at the door. Unfortunately there was nothing they could do about the scent of sex that had permeated the air, filling every breath they took with the laced aroma of their passions. Octavia was riding harder and harder upon her teacher, each thrust pressing the woman's thick, stiff length down to her very depths, and she moved her hands forward to brace them on Harshwhinny's shoulders as her peak drew closer and closer.

"That's it...almost..." Harshwhinny whispered, her voice soft and pressed against Octavia's ear. Her hands took tight fistfuls of young, pale ass as she locked herself into place, thrusting up and down with a few more fierce pumps to drive herself the rest of the way there. When she felt Octavia tremble and felt the girl press down, biting against her counselor's shoulder to prevent from screaming, Harshwhinny could no longer hold back her own peak. The two came together in the dark of her office, her cock pumping a few heavy, thick loads right into the young woman's slit as her panties rested against the side of her shaft.

For a long moment afterwards Octavia clung to her counselor; the stern woman that so few other students ever sought out. She had an undeserved reputation for being unwilling to help her students, but as Octavia had learned Ms. Harshwhinny was never too busy to help a young woman in need.

The prompt:Korra and Asami are only partially naked when the cactus juice kicks in.

The story:

“Here we go, Korra, I’m startin’ to feel it!” Asami’s eyes went wide, her pupils large and round as she gave her lover a huge grin. It was a fun idea; take a few shots of cactus juice and, as Korra had put it, “bring balance to the bedroom.” Already Asami was starting to rethink things; not so much the idea itself, but the order in how they were doing it. Her pants and panties were off and laying on the floor but she was struggling with her shirt, her breasts exposed but her arms helplessly tangled up in the fabric as she failed to figure out how to get it up and over her head. “Why did I buy a cursed shirt?! Korra why did I buy a cursed shirt?!”

Korra, meanwhile, sat topless in a pair of thick leather pants. Her back resting to the headboard, her eyes glazed and one hand holding the empty glass she had just taken her second drought from. She looked over at the entity beside her, the slender girl panicking against a fabric monster, and with a grunt her eyes opened in starting revelation.

“I’ll save you, Asami and her boobs!” The Avatar suddenly roared, throwing her glass to the floor before tackling Asami to the bed. The still-trapped Sato girl was sent into a wild fit of gasping and laughing as she felt the Avatar’s hands move over her, squeezing her modest bust as she buried her face against the girl’s belly. Licks and kisses and full-blown slurps left heated wet streaks against Asami’s tummy, and before long that eager mouth found its way to her slit. Though Asami struggled still with the shirt and the effect of the hazy cactus juice, she couldn’t help but laugh in wild glee as Korra’s tongue starting working at her sex.

“I’M GONNA LEAVE YOU A NOTE FOR THE MORNIN’!” Korra literally shouted into Asami’s slit, before sticking her tongue out and drawing in wet, messy lines across Asami’s folds. Lines that, needless to say, would make for one hell of a difficult read.

A-S-A-M-I

I

L-O-V-E

Y-O-U

L-O-T-S

A-N-D

W-E

A-R-E

O-U-T

O-F

J-A-S-M-I-N-E

T-E-A

Asami came long before Korra asked her to pick more up at the market tomorrow.

The prompt: Equalist!Futa!Asami punishes Korra.

The story: Korra winced, her eyes shutting tight as she felt the wicked, dark haired woman slide herself inside. As soon as her eyes closed she felt the sting of a leather-gloved hand crack hard on the side of her rear, enough to force her to give a sharp cry around her ball gag. As the thick member stirred inside of her, Korra was forced to listen to the other woman's harsh words ringing with authority and anger.

“Open your eyes, whore.” Asami hissed out, waiting until Korra did just that.

Before her sat the mirror she had been forced in front of, forced to watch herself on hands and knees, gagged and fucked from behind by her enemy. Asami simply smirked as she rolled her hips from side to side, thrilling at the warm, tight entrance she had forced herself inside. “You need to get used to the sight of yourself like that. Now that you don't have your bending anymore, there aren't many other useful things you can do...”

The words she offered added further insult, and Korra forced her gaze ahead as the slender woman continued to claim her. For such a dainty rich girl Asami was well endowed, and each press of her hips pushed that thick, violating member deep into Korra's folds. Every squeeze forward forced the Avatar to grunt against her ball gag, and before long she watched as threads of spit dangled from the sides, landing against the cold concrete underneath her. Claimed and fucked by the Equalist woman, drained of her bending, Korra gave a pathetic sigh as she stared at her reflection. The reflection of a woman that was broken down to a base, singular purpose.

It wasn't...so bad, and it seemed like she'd have plenty of time to get used to it.

The prompt: Harley Quinn rides a handcuffed Deadpool.

The story: “Ha! It might not be much to look at, but it sure does the job all right!” Harley giggled wildly, her body crashing up and down in the mercenary’s lap. The gaze on Deadpool’s mask reflected exactly what was going through his body, a firm o_O expression locked upon the otherwise static leather. As Harley’s skirt bounced around his lap her pussy gripped tight along the merc’s length, tugging and pulling and slathering it in her rich, delicious nectar.

“It’s easily in the top five best looking parts of me!” Deadpool persisted, grunting as he tugged at the handcuffs holding him back. With each and every one of Harley’s thrusts the chair squeaked underneath them, and he couldn’t help but watch as her exposed, full breasts bounced in a hypnotic pattern. With a grunt tried his best to resist, to resist the pleasure of Harley’s perfect little slit wrapped around his less-than-perfect length. Sure, the size was good, but it looked like a footlong hot dog that was mauled by a hungry cat.

But still. Footlong.

Harley just giggled wildly as she rode, her boots pressed hard to the floor below as she continued. Every time she fell into Wade’s lap a sweet sound filled the room, the noise of her wet, tight slit crashing around his length and drawing him closer and closer to his peak. As the seconds passed and Harley’s giggling grew more and more playful, Deadpool’s peak drew closer and closer. With a grunt he simply couldn’t take it anymore, the girl’s laughing finally forcing his gaze to snap forward.

“What’s so funny?!” He blurted out, voice surprisingly clear and articulate through an otherwise mouthless mask. “There’s a lot going on right now, but none of it’s making me laugh!”

“It’s ‘cause this is just a flash fiction!” Harley beamed, patting Wade’s head as she gave him a few hard, fast thrusts. Almost there, so very close...achingly close to letting him release inside of Harleen Quinzel. “It’ll be over before you cum!”

o_O once again.

“SON OF A BIT-”

The prompt: Marvel vs Capcom sounds fun, how about Morrigan wears out Shuma-Gorath and his ineffable appendages? She should of course be decidedly unimpressed.

The story: “That’s really it, then? I thought you were supposed to be some sort of demon. Lord of your own little verse!” Morrigan rolled her eyes, and gaze down at one of her arms. It was dripping with cum like most of her was, her costume having long since been torn asunder to leave her bare save for her kneehigh boots. Curled into a pile at her feet was the multi-tentacled green mass that was Shuma Gorath, looking a lot less like a divine entity of chaos and more like a deflated children’s punching bag.

“So...tired...witch...” Gurgling came from seemingly nowhere, considering the thing was all tentacles with a single glaring eye. “How...so...powerf-grk!” Morrigan simply rolled her eyes as she stretched one foot, pressing her boot against the thing’s mouth...or at least, where she suspected a mouth would be.

“We only barely got started!” Came the succubus’ irritated reply, rolling her wrist and watching as cream dripped from it. Her words were contrary to what almost anyone would’ve suspected considering the scene; her green hair almost painted entirely white and copious amounts of chaotic cum dripping from her slit and rear. It even painted her lips, and she absently licked some of it free before blinking away the sticky glaze across her lashes. “You promised me an endless torrent of cocks and tentacles! Don’t think I’ll be leaving you off the hook so easy!”

With that, the succubus leaned down, grabbed the nearest tentacle, and started dragging Shuma along in a fashion similar to a soggy green sled. As she marched towards the nearest alley the thing flailed with its remaining strength, whimpering and gasping as it left a trail of panicked cream.

“No! Noooo! We’ve been going for seventy-five yeaaaaaaars!”

“I know, right?” Morrigan clucked her tongue, and shook her head dismissively. “That’s barely foreplay where I’m from!”

The prompt: How about some Futa Poison Ivy on Pregnant Harley Quinn, for Flash Fiction Friday? :)

The story: Ivy grinned, watching as Harley's full, round breasts pounced atop her recently enlarged belly. As she continued to thrust her hips forward she allowed her green hands to slink out, caressing along Harley's pregnant tummy in an appreciative caress. The two shared a fond smile, though Harley was hardly in a position to offer much more than the series of steady gasps and whimpers her lover was fucking out of her. That thick green length that spread the jester's folds was coated in her arousal, and each time Ivy shoved herself forward a slick, wet noise filled the air between them.

Underneath Ivy's patient and steady gaze Harley could do little more than whimper, her ankles locking behind the woman's back to keep her legs firmly wrapped around her.

"G-Gee Red..." Harley struggled to find the strength to talk, a moan erupting from her throat halfway through her words. Ivy was relentless and steady in her thrusting, her enchanting gaze focused upon the blonde girl underneath her. "S-Sure am glad you don't mind if a gal puts on a little weight!"

"How could I mind, dear?" Ivy cooed, drawing in close to tease her lips across her lover's mouth. She let them dance across Harley's with a feather-soft touch, almost allowing them to kiss before robbing her of it once more. "It's not as if I haven't played my part..." At the thrilling reminder that it was Ivy that put Harley in such a state, the jester gave a desperate grunt and threw her arms around her lover's shoulders. She held Ivy tight, pulling her down to a wet, hungry kiss and allowing their tongues to wickedly dance. Holding Ivy's flat tummy against her own stretched one, Harley tightened her legs and rode back against her lover with more intensity, the heat rising within her as she felt her moment coming.

It didn't matter how far along she was, or how many times Ivy wanted to breed her. The sweet little jester was always hungry, eager, and desperate for her favorite plant's nectar.

The prompt: Would love a Smash brothers Samus x Fox "heat of the battle" kind of situation, where mutual respect for the opponent grows into some quick and dirty fun, if you're down for it.

The story: “Ears! Careful with the ears!” Fox winced a bit, his teeth clenching as Samus drug her hands away from his furred ears with a smirk. The blonde bounty hunter allowed her fingers to drift down into the fur of the other pilot’s shoulders, gripping him hard as she gave a fierce buck of her hips. It brought her naked, bare slit to wrap around his throbbing red length, sending the Arwing to bounce on its shocks. Samus simply gave a huge, lewd grin before drawing one hand back up, wrapping her fingers around the fox’s muzzle as she let her voice fill the otherwise one-man cockpit with her heated, hungry voice.

“Don’t get soft on me now, flyboy.” The woman purred, sloooooowly rolling her hips as she gripped his throbbing length. “You don’t look like the type that can’t handle a little rough riding.” Over the past twenty minutes he had proven that he could handle her, and she’d be damned if she’d let him falter now that things were finally getting interesting. From laser blasts to heated thrusts of their nethers against one another, the two had exchanged more than physical blows since they had met. Now Fox’s cockpit filled with the heated scent of a growing lust, and Samus’ pit was merely filled with his cock.

Fox gave a growl through his muffled muzzle, and with a twist of his head he managed to snap it free before lunging upward into Samus. While the bounty hunter laughed in delight he snatched his hands against her rear, squeezing tightly as he began to thrust up hard against her. His robotic feet magnetized to the floor of his Arwing to give him better leverage, and soon the blonde could feel that throbbing foxcock pounding against her walls, filling the cockpit with the sound of her delight. The moment spun forward hotter and hotter, until a sudden, shrieking voice echoed over the Arwing’s comm.

“FOX! GET THIS GUY OFF OF M-”

“GODDAMNIT SLIPPY NOT NOW SAVE YOUR OWN ASS.”

The prompt: On the train home after a night out clubbing, a slightly drunk Haruka Tenoh (Sailor Uranus) is dared by her girlfriend Michiru to suck off a salaryman in their carriage while Michiru and Setsuna (Neptune and Pluto) gleefully film it all with their smartphones.

The story: As if it wasn't embarrassing enough that her friends would be telling stories about her poorly sung karaoke, they'd definitely be exchanging stories about what they were watching now. The thin blonde was crouched down with an impatient pose; one hand resting against the side of the seat with the other wrapped around a stranger's cock. Her cheeks were burning red as she gazed up at his face, her tongue lashing back and forth underneath the tip as she continued to tease him. She had barely said a word to the man before dropping down to her knees and offering her services, and from the sounds of it he seemed to like the favor of a beautiful young tomboy so ready to please.

From behind her she could still hear the snickers of Michiru and Setsuna, each of them whispering to each other while Michiru held her phone out. It wasn't the first time she managed to dare her girlfriend into debasing herself in public, or to fuck or suck some random stranger, but it was always a thrill whenever she went through with it. As Haruka's lips pursed along the length offered to her and pushed down until her nose struck against his lap, she could hear her girlfriend's voice rising up with a soft, sweet tease to her tone.

"Better make sure you swallow it all, love." She coyly offered, keeping her phone trained on the image before her. "I'm not going to kiss you if you've still got cum in your mouth." It was enough to make Setsuna burst into laughter as Haruka's cheeks burned in embarrassment, and she had the impulse to take the cum that would soon be hers and spit it straight into Michiru's mouth. She resisted though, and kept focusing on her work, slurping and sucking on the stranger's length. She knew from experience by now that if she dared doing something quite so defiant and bold, the next time she went out drinking with the other two girls she'd end up in a far more compromising position.

The prompt: Suyin walks in on Futa!Lin and Opal.

The story: It was just like when they were growing up together. Lin holding the hips of a pretty young woman, fucking her from behind with the thick length she had been born with. She was holding a tight fistful of the girl's hair as she claimed her hard with a steady series of fierce thrusts, and from the tint on the pretty young thing's cheeks it was clear she was relishing the attention. Twenty years ago it was Suyin in that position, but as she witnessed now it was her own daughter that had taken that place.

The tea service that Suyin had brought for her sister now laid on the ground, clattered and spilled after she had dropped it in shock. It had been too long since she had seen her sister's naked body and smelled the thick scent of heated bliss that filled the air in the midst of her fury. Even though it was her own pretty, dark-haired daughter that now gripped the sheets and whimpered in a lewd passion, Suyin couldn't help but force herself to swallow a bit of jealousy. Jealousy that Lin could easily read across her sister's face.

"Don't worry, I haven't forgotten how tight you are." She practically growled, and pressed a swift, hard slap against Opal's rear, sending the girl into an aroused squeak. She started to roll her hips back and forth, eagerly fucking herself against that thick member spreading her pretty young folds. Lin just beamed, watching with utter confidence as Suyin's own daughter fucked herself in front of her. "Want me to show your little girl what a slut her mother used to be?"

Suyin stepped over the dropped tea service, one hand moving back to close the door behind her. As she approached her older sister and her beautiful daughter right there in the center of the guest bedroom, she had a nervous but aroused lump in her throat. All those years apart, and it looked like they were going to take things up right where they left off.

The prompt: Femshep gets surprised by Liara and Tali when during their threeway the alien hotties try to enter the same hole at the same time.

The story: Spitroasting the captain was a common activity by now; almost every night Liara and Tali would slip into Shepard's room to fuck her. It was one such night while the two women both knelt on the bed, Liara claiming the commander from behind while Tali kept Shepard's mouth wrapped firmly around her cock. Slow rolling of each woman's hips always made sure the commander was stuffed with at least one of them, at least until Tali pulled at Shepard's red hair and gazed up to the blue skinned woman across from her.

"I've had enough of the slut's mouth, Liara." Her sweet, slight accent carrying across her voice. "Perhaps you could lay back and I'll fuck her ass?" The blush that crossed Liara's face matched that of Shepard's, and the Asari gave a large grin at the thought. A moment later and Shepard was mounting the blue woman, steadying herself with a grunt as Liara grabbed her shaft and started to guide herself inside.

"I'm Liara T'soni and this is my favorite hole on Commander Shepard." Liara beamed, easing herself into Shepard's warm, wet slit. There was a moment that Shepard shuddered against her length, settling her weight atop that thick blue member before she gazed back over her shoulder. A slow nod to Tali told the girl she was ready for her, and the eager Quarian slipped forth to join.

Shepard braced herself, but when she finally felt Tali's cock squeeze against her, she realized the girl got the wrong hole too late. Instead of the familiar pinch of Tali stuffing her ass she soon felt her sex spread around a pair of thick members, one from each woman working into her slit. She gave a sudden cry and a buck of her hips as she leaned forward, clutching the blanket and groaning as the other two women exchanged glances with a smile.

"Oh. Seems like we shop at the same place, Liara." Tali offered sweetly, and the two shared wicked glances. "Well...since I'm already here." The sound of Commander Shepard's moans quickly filled her quarters, joined in harmony by the grunting noises of her two most loyal crew members

The prompt: Futa!Korra decides to secretly add her own milk to Asami's morning coffee.

The story: It took a lot of motivation for the Avatar to wake up early, but with Asami having a big day ahead of her she had forced herself to rise so she could make her lover lunch. In a few hours Asami would be stuck in boring but important meetings, and Korra was determined to see her lover off for the day in a proper fashion. As the sound of the shower a few doors down the hall continued, Korra was grunting steadily as she stood at the kitchen counter, making Asami's morning coffee.

Well...the coffee had already been made, but adding the cream was the time consuming part. The woman had the front of her shorts pulled down as she rapidly stroked her spit-covered length, pumping her cock in desperate fashion as she guided her tip to point at the top of Asami's mug. The steam of the coffee teased the underside of her tip, and as she drew closer and closer Korra's senses burned with delight. Nervously she glanced over her shoulder to make sure Asami hadn't come out of the shower unexpected, and before long she gave a sudden gasp as her moment struck.

Spurts of thick, white cream danced from her tip and landed against the mug, some of it smearing to the edges but a healthy dollop of it landing squarely in the center. The otherwise black coffee splashed as Korra squirted burst after burst inside of it, swirling a bit of white throughout its otherwise dark waters. No sooner did Korra finally cum did she hear the shower turn off and the door finally open, tucking herself back inside at the last minute as she spun on a heel.

"Hey, sweetheart. Made you coffee!" Korra beamed, holding the mug up and swiping one finger across the lip of it, trying to hide the line of cum that clung to it. Asami, wearing a bath towel and giving Korra a seductive look, grabbed the mug and took a lingering sip as she greeted her.

"Always so thoughtful." Asami beamed, licking her lips of the taste. The Sato girl wasn't an idiot; the cum covering the rest of the countertop and the bulge in Korra's shorts was all she needed to see to know that Korra had added her usual special ingredient. But she had never balked at drinking her lover's special coffee in the past, and wasn't about to start now. "Think you could prepare a thermos for me before I left?" With a smirk she turned on a heel, glancing over her shoulder and giving her lover a teasing wink. "This time, leave the coffee out."

****Chapter 28*: Fallout 4 - Creampied for the first time again....***

With Nate gone and Shaun missing, there was only so much she could take before finally snapping. Before certain urges needed fulfilled, and certain desires needed to be quenched. Thankfully the Commonwealth was a place where desperation and desire went hand in hand, and it was in a tiny room in Diamond City that Nora got something she intensely desired.

She didn't know who it was on the other side of the wall, but she didn't care. The stiff cock that had appeared there for her to service was now lodged deep inside of her pussy, shoved straight through the glory hole and lodged into her cunt. She was positioned awkwardly but with utmost dedication as she braced one knee up against the far wall, shoving her ass back against the hole to ensure her pussy was raw for the taking. The tricky positioning made it so that she couldn't do much of the motion, but given the circumstances she was grateful for that. After all she had been through, she deserved the chance to simply bend over in a box and have her cunt claimed through a hole by an anonymous cock. As the man on the outside of the room thrust again and again into her, she could soon tell that his moment was arriving. When he shoved in deep with one last push his member twitched and started to squirt inside of her, the first creampie she had received since the day Shaun was conceived. Hell, the first creampie she had enjoyed in two hundred years.

She moaned against the wall of the glory hole room, shuddering as her thighs twitched and her own heated climax rushed through her. It was great to feel that warmth rushing within her once more, flooding her pussy with every squirt and rushing into her with a delightful white. In that moment she put everything else aside; the search for her son, the loss of her husband, the dangers that this new world laid out for her...everything but the joy of being filled up with cum once again. A good creampie was better than a Nuka Cola in terms of reminding her of the old days. A taste of a Fancy Lad snack cake might make her remember the days she was a little girl sitting at the dinner table...but a pussy full of warm, wet spunk brought to mind memories of her much more enjoyable teenage years.

As the cock pulled out of her and the cum dribbled from her hole to the Vault 111 jumpsuit laying at her feet, she shivered with delight as another thought entered her mind. A small smile spread over her lips, and she shook once more with an orgasmic delight as her mind spun to a whole new possibility.

This world...it was her second chance. A second chance to return to the days of her slutty teenaged youth. A second chance to be fucked, filled, and enjoyed.

Who the fuck cared about finding Shaun anyway?