

Something felt off. *Very* off.

Normally, Jesse awoke at the crack of dawn to the call of distant roosters, refreshed and ready to face the day. Or at least as ready as she could be after her father's passing. And while it was definitely daybreak, the whole 'refreshed' part was overshadowed.

For there was a great, unfamiliar *need* burning through her, one emanating from her loins and blooming outwards in a heated mass. Blinking her eyes open, Jesse pulled her curly red hair off of her freckled face. And stared. *What the...?*

Lying on her side beneath her quilted blanket, Jesse immediately noticed the new shape sharing the bed with her. It wasn't one of her flings; she'd fallen asleep alone. She slowly traced the long, limbless shape up and out with her eyes, where it breached the sheets and kept going, jutting into the open air. Jesse jolted in shock.

It was a penis. A positively *enormous* penis, so massive that she nearly didn't recognize it as such. Veins crisscrossed its turgid surface, wider than her fingers, and its deep pink glans was bigger than her head. As it was, said glans nearly touched the painted, wooden wall of her room despite the diagonal angle it rested in, since the shaft of the monster shlong was longer than Jesse was tall, extending at least six feet. While narrow at the base, it was thicker than her thighs everywhere else.

And it was a part of her. Her surprised motion just then had made that clear, when the feeling of the sheets caressing its length sent a burst of alien pleasure dancing up her spine. Compared to the rest of her figure, that of a decidedly average woman, perhaps with the exception of a bit more muscle, it stood out wildly.

"How the hell—" Jesse stuttered, shock warring with arousal as she remained frozen. In the light streaming in through the windows, she couldn't look away.

Part of her was trying to rationalize this. Had she been cursed? Drugged with a potion? Was a mischievous fae making her hallucinate? The other part only had a single urge, brand new yet instinctively understood: *touch it. Stroke it. Get release.*

In her confusion, Jesse's hands moved on their own, tentatively reaching towards her mammoth new cock. When they made contact, gripping both sides tightly, she couldn't contain a wet moan of ecstasy, tightening her thin, calloused fingers around the hot, throbbing mass.

The sensations were so wrong, and yet so *right*. It felt just as good as being fucked, but, like, in the opposite way? Jesse didn't really have the vocabulary to describe how sublime it was. But as her ministrations accelerated, her toes curling beneath the covers as her mighty cockhead pulsed in front of her, she definitely *experienced* it.

"Oh *gods*..." Jesse groaned, her grip tightening, motions lengthening and accelerating as her man-sized dick hardened even further. With each pass, her control slipped further away, surrendering to the will of her mighty meatstick. She had to *cum*.

She didn't even need to fantasize about anything in particular, the overwhelming sight and sheer *presence* of her dick as carnal hunger blazed through her was enough by itself to drive Jesse wild. Her hands stretched as far as they could reach in long strokes, her hips bucking on their own atop the mattress.

And she wasn't far off, as a new feeling of brewing *pressure* grew in her core, building and building and *building*, until—

Jesse uttered a garbled scream as her cock fucking *erupted*, her whole body shaking with uncontrollable spasms as thick seed blasted out of her penis like a dam had burst. Lights danced in her eyes as her jaw dropped, the first rope alone having more semen than the average man could make in a *year*.

And it saw no signs of slowing down. Gallons of sticky jizz coated the wall of her room as Jesse came and *came*. As her cock happily pumped and pulsed, she quickly righted herself to get a better angle. "*Yeesssss*."

Swinging her immensely heavy aching member up and around, Jesse painted her ceiling, too, in dense, sticky cum. In just the few seconds it took for her to flip onto her knees, half of it had gone from brown to white, strings slowly oozing back down to fall onto the bed around her in globs the size of melons.

But Jesse barely noticed, for she was still too busy riding out the most intense orgasm of her life. Her eyes unfocused, rolled halfway back into her head, she clenched her teeth as she tore her messy bedsheets free and slid them across her cock. It made the attention of her hands seem like nothing in comparison, and with a wordless cry, her climax redoubled in volume, ultra-dense spoooge blasting forth in a violent torrent as her arms shook and her stomach clenched. It rained down onto her dresser, coating every exposed surface of the piece of furniture in a thick layer of musky ejaculate.

Jesse was a complete slave to her penis in that endless moment, her reason totally absent until her orgasm ran its course. It simply felt too damn *amazing*. Squirming and moaning, over a hundred pounds of dickmeat between her hands, Jesse's release stretched on for what seemed like an eternity, though in reality it was 'only' about three whole minutes. As it did, she instinctively shifted positions a few times to maximize the riotous bliss crashing through her veins.

By the time it was finally over, Jesse had practically melted into a blissful puddle, lying on her stomach and panting heavily as she practically drowned in the smell of her own pungent jizz.

Slowly, her wits returned. Carefully, she sat back up, and as she did, Jesse was both deeply impressed and deeply terrified by what she beheld. "Oh fuck me," she said to herself between breaths.

Her entire room was buried in cum! Not a single inch of space was untouched, from the now-blocked windows to her own bed. A sea of semen coated everything, and strings of the stuff dripped slowly from above. The pool below her was over two feet deep, and had even forced her door open, oozing out into the next room as she stared. Even her own body wasn't spared, Jesse's own hair and nightdress being pasted to her skin by a viscous, sticky layer of spunk.

Then Jesse noticed her cock. Even after all that, it was *still hard*.

The woozy warmth of her afterglow was almost instantly replaced by dread. She was fine for now, but who knew how long it would be until her lascivious urges returned in force and she descended into a masturbatory frenzy again?

Her heart still racing, though now for completely separate reasons, Jesse knew she needed to go outside and get help. This was clearly not natural, and she needed the best magical assistance she could get, *immediately*.

Jesse forced herself to move, pressing through the fruits her own make with great effort, one step at a time. It was like trudging through a muddy swamp that went past her knees. A woman in less shape might not have been able to get through at all! Her only consolation was that she didn't also have a set of balls to drag around, too, as Jesse could feel her old, familiar equipment was still present beneath her huge cock.

Once she made it out into the hall and out of her mess, Jesse *ran*, not caring that she was tracking her cum all over the place, as the extra small messes were practically nothing. Her penis, still tangled in her bedsheets, bobbed in front of her as she did, bouncing up and down off of the floor as its sheer weight warred with its will to erect.

Bursting out the front door, still oozing from all over, Jesse booked it barefoot across her farmstead and down the path between the sad-looking fields of half-dead crops, straight towards her nearest neighbor Hubert's house.

He raised hogs on his family's own farm, and said hogs began squealing in confusion as she neared. "Hubert, I need help, big time!" she exclaimed at the top of her lungs.

After tripping and falling twice - thanks to how slippery her feet were and her vastly altered balance - Jesse reached his place, now covered in spoooge AND dirt. At about the same time, Hubert flew outside with concern on his face, stubble unshaven and brown hair tousled. "Jesse? What's—"

All words on his lips died as he saw, and probably also smelled, the state she was in. Embarrassment was the farthest thing from Jesse's mind at this point, but even so, Hubert was a childhood friend turned friend-with-benefits, so he'd seen her in compromising positions before.

"G-Get the wizard!" she insisted, catching her breath as she rested her cock against a fencepost.

Their little hamlet was too small to warrant having a mage of any notable repute in residence, with only a few people Jesse knew able to cast basic cantrips. However, the large town of Streamburg a few hours north of them had a bonafide wizard named Byron keeping shop. And he could be reached via sending scroll in case of emergencies requiring magical expertise.

It took a bit for her words to register and for Hubert to pick his jaw up off the ground. Given that her problem was obvious, he just nodded, said “Alright, got it,” and ran off in the direction of the postmaster without asking questions.

* * *

By the time Bryon arrived using some sort of advanced spell (he just *appeared* in a flash of light!), Jesse had managed to clean herself off using a *lot* of soap and water. Hubert was still at his place, keeping his curious parents and younger sister at bay to preserve her modesty.

She kindof *had* to let Byron look, though, given he was analyzing her very large problem. Currently, they were on her farmhouse’s front porch, Jesse sitting in a chair, her fresh tunic and trousers doing nothing to hide it as it jutted insistently into the air. Byron, meanwhile, looked the part of an old wizard, wearing blue robes lined with silver thread. He had no hat, but did carry a crystal-topped staff.

As he lowered his free hand, the circle of runes floating in front of his face faded away. “I quite understand why you summoned me; I’ve never seen anything like this before.”

“But can you *fix* it?” Jesse pleaded. As fun as cumming that much had been, there was no way she could get any work done carrying around a six-foot cock all the time! Especially when it continued to be so *insistent*...

Jesse’s distress grew when Byron sighed and scratched his bearded chin. “If it was regular spellwork, sure, but this penile predicament of yours is actually the result of *divine* magic. You’d need a cleric, and even then most of the gods aren’t apt to undo their work. Did you pray for anything at a temple recently?”

At this, she blinked, bewildered. “Umm, yes, actually. But I can’t see how this is related,” Jesse answered, past grief returning as she twisted her head to gaze out across the fields. “My father died last year fighting off that giant death ant colony with the militiamen. It’s just me taking care of the crops now; my grandmother does some of the chores but is far too weak to till the soil. And I don’t have the knack for it that he did.”

“So,” she continued, “while I never put much stock in the gods before, I decided just yesterday to go pray at Helena’s shrine for aid. I beseeched her to help me properly seed the land, and that my yields would be fruitful.”

Byron hummed in thought, pausing for a moment. “Helena, you say?”

“Yes?” Jesse questioned, one brow raised. “Why wouldn’t I pray to the goddess of the harvest for a bountiful harvest?”

“Because— Wait a moment, I have a theory,” went the wizard, cutting himself off. Then, raising his staff, he conjured an illusion of floating circles in the space between them. “What do you see here?”

Jesse glanced between him and the spell, uncomprehending. “It’s just a bunch of circles all clumped together. How does this matter?”

When Byron actually began chuckling to himself, Jesse frowned at him. “This is serious!”

“I know, I know,” he said, taking a deep breath. “It’s just, the root of your problem seems to be a rather comical misunderstanding. Jesse, my girl, you’re *colorblind*. At least in part.”

“Huh?” She was still baffled. “Colorblind?”

As his illusion faded, Byron met her eyes. “It’s not akin to regular blindness, you just don’t see some colors, like red and green, the same way other people do. Normally one’s daily life wouldn’t be affected by this, but in this case it very much has.”

She couldn't see the same colors as other people? That was a *thing*? Jesse stared, waiting for Byron to finish explaining himself.

And he did, clearing his throat. "You are aware of Helena's tales, yes? And of the fact she has a twin sister in the pantheon, Felana?"

"Yeah?" Jesse tentatively replied. "She's the goddess of—"

The bottom of Jesse's stomach fell out, and she felt herself go pale. As the stories went, Helena's domains were the harvest and peace, while Felana's were fertility and mischief.

Byron clearly noticed. Nodding, he shot her a pitying look. "I believe you went to Felana by mistake. The pair look nearly identical in paintings and carvings, and most people tell them apart by the colors of their adornments. Helena wears green, Felana red."

Oh. Shit. This whole time Jesse thought Helena just had *two shrines* because she was so important, and that Felana just wasn't worshiped much around here!

Her mind racing, Jesse soon put the pieces together. "So, when I thought I was praying to Helena for help 'seeding the land', I was actually praying to Felana, and..."

"Felana thought it would be funny to answer your prayers and grant you a huge penis," Byron finished.

Her cheeks heating up, Jesse buried her face in her hands and uttered a muffled groan of shame. In this context, that actually *was* pretty funny. But *she* was the butt of the joke!

She stayed like that for a minute, and Byron didn't bother trying to give her any words of comfort. Which was fair, but a bit annoying. His king-given job was to deal with magic problems, not emotional ones.

And Jesse still had her needy, throbbing issue to deal with. "Ok. Ok. So what am I supposed to do now?" she asked him, gesturing to her penis. "I can't work like this!"

She had enough trouble as it was with her own clumsiness.

“I’m sorry, but again, I can’t undo divine blessings. You might be better off finding something else to do with your life. The priesthood of Felana would almost certainly take care of you now,” Byron suggested.

But that wasn’t what she wanted. Jesse grew up on this farm, she had to take care of it, continue her late father’s legacy! Stomping her foot in annoyance, she rose out of her chair, massive dick bobbing and twitching distractingly in front of her as she stepped onto the grass. “You really can’t do *anything* about this? Not even made it a bit smaller?”

Byron shook his head, lips curling down into a frown. “No. I’m a wizard, not a miracle worker.”

Hands on her temples, Jesse tilted her head back to face the sky, growling in frustration. “Well fuck me, I guess! Who the hell would want a penis this gargantuan and virile?”

When she looked back down, gazing around her cock, Byron was frozen. He had his staff raised, perhaps about to leave Jesse alone with her predicament, but apparently had stopped instead, sudden inspiration in his eyes. “Actually, that gives me a wonderful idea, dear girl. I believe this will help us both! One moment, please.”

Now both excited and confused, Jesse watched patiently as Byron chanted some strange incantation before the crystal on his staff flared with power, a large magic circle appearing on the ground next to him.

A crack like lightning sounded, and it was replaced by...

Jesse choked in surprise, covering her mouth. Because standing there was some sort of *monster woman*. A monster woman wearing the most scandalous outfit she’d ever seen. Breasts large enough to overflow a man’s hands, barely covered by a top little more than strips of black cloth. Her bottoms matched, covering equally wide hips, and she also wore elbow-length gloves and high-heeled shoes.

With all of that drawing the eyes, her more demonic traits almost escaped Jesse's notice. Two horns curled up from her head, a pair of bat wings emerged from the small of her back, and a thin, pointed tail swished behind her. On top of all that, she had a swirling, heart-shaped tattoo over her womb.

The demoness blinked and shook her head in bewilderment as she reoriented herself. "Huh? Why did you—"

She cut herself off when she saw Jesse, more specifically her penis. Instantly, she was enraptured, unable to look away and licking her lips ravenously.

"Jesse, meet Manomin. Manomin, meet Jesse," introduced Byron, who now looked very proud of himself. Turning to Jesse, he elaborated. "Manomin here is a succubus."

"Holy shit you're hung, is that for me?" Manomin asked, taking a tentative, awed step closer to Jesse.

For her part, Jesse didn't quite know how to feel about this. She wasn't exactly into other women, or inhuman creatures for that matter, but the way she was so blatantly *thirsting* for her nonetheless made her heart pound a little faster.

"This isn't a *reward* for you, Manomin. Jesse just needs someone with your skills to assist her moving forward," Byron said.

"Uh, how, exactly?" Jesse asked, still rather concerned. "She won't, like, drain my blood or anything?"

Byron chuckled again. "You're thinking of vampires. *Succubi* only consume semen. And while they certainly cause problems, they pose no threat to your health, at least. Long story short, I've been supervising Manomin's probation, making sure she doesn't use hypnosis to force men to bed her anymore."

"Call me Minnie," she insisted, dropping to her knees in front of Jesse and staring up at her with pleading eyes. "And please, please, *please* let me service you! I've been so *hungry* these days, and you smell so *potent*."

She shuffled closer, panting with need as she put her face mere inches from the underside of Jesse's turgid meatstick.

Jesse shuddered, cock involuntarily pulsing in anticipation. She felt so pent up already, even after the flood she'd made this morning. And if Minnie fucking begged her like that...

She met Minnie's smoldering gaze. "I mean, you can try, but I don't think I'll *fit*. And you'd probably fly off the second I came, given how much it cums."

"Oh, don't threaten me with a good time," she quipped. "No need to worry about me, you just relax and *enjoy~*" Minnie purred.

Jesse squeaked as Minnie reached up with both hands to stroke her cock. Jesse's arms went rigid at her sides as the soft hands of the succubus started firmly let languidly stroking up and down her length. Needy heat rapidly built, and she bucked her hips forward with a moan as Minnie worked.

"My goodness, you're adorable," Minnie said, her eyes practically sparkling with joy and desire. "I don't think I can hold back much longer!"

When Minnie started *licking* her, the soft moisture of her tongue caressing Jesse's length, her legs locked up. The look of sheer *hunger* on her face as she tasted as much as she could reach, lapping at her sensitive skin in foot-long sections from below... "Gods!" Jesse cried out. "Don't tease me like tha-a-at!"

"Alright, I believe my work here is done," Byron declared. Evidently, he either wasn't enjoying the show, or was just very professional about it. "Jesse, be sure to keep feeding her so she doesn't hassle anyone else. Manomin, keep Jesse from flooding the town."

"T-Thank you!" Jesse exclaimed sincerely. At this point she wouldn't have minded if he stayed to watch, so long as Minnie kept up what she was doing. Every little motion the succubus made was electric, coaxing her lust to a boiling point as her dick stiffened even more with every breath.

Meanwhile, Minnie's wings stiffened in awe the instant he mentioned flooding. Her pussy was positively *dripping* wet, lines of moisture escaping to run down her

voluptuous thighs. She moaned into Jesse's hyper-thick rod, her tits rising and falling with heavy, deep breaths.

"No problem, take care!" Byron replied before disappearing once more to return to his tower, or manse, or whatever. Jesse couldn't care less at this point; she was too busy being enveloped in the cascading sensations Minnie was sending through her.

The succubus, for her part, continued to lick and suck at Jesse's monster like it was divine ambrosia. Under such a blissful onslaught, Jesse could do nothing but stand there and enjoy the ride. And it wouldn't be much longer until she *exploded* again, she could feel it.

However, Minnie soon pulled away. "*Fuck*, I can't wait any longer," she uttered, her dulcet voice a symphony of pure arousal. "I need you inside me. I need your *cum*."

"Take it!" Jesse exclaimed, wanting nothing more. "*Please*." She was slave to her new desires, her dick a dowsing rod aiming straight for her partner's flesh, to mark her, *claim* her.

Minnie wasted no time. With swift, practiced motions, she grabbed hold of Jesse's fuckstick tightly, angling its huge tip towards her face. Luscious lips stretched wide, and she plunged her head down.

Jesse choked out an indescribable noise. It shouldn't have fit inside her mouth. Her cock was simply too big. Yet it did, somehow. And it was *glorious*. Were a succubus' holes magic?

She was unable to wonder, because another immense load was building, building, *building*. Jesse's knees shook, a garbled cry escaping. "Crap crap crap I'm gonna *burst*. I hope you can take it because I can feel there's a *toooooon*."

Rather than pulling out, Minnie doubled down, wedging her feet against the grass and forcing herself deeper and deeper onto Jesse's length. A full foot of cock went down her throat, then another, and *another*.

It was so *tight*, sending a whole magnitude more ecstasy fluttering through Jesse. And the way Minnie fucking *undulated* around her, all while looking up at her with tearful, begging eyes, her tail lashing behind her in mad desire—

Jesse came on the spot. *Hard*.

Screaming with uncontrollable pleasure, Jesse instinctively reached over and grabbed Minnie's horns, yanking her even further towards her hips as Jesse released everything inside, heedless of the succubus' safety.

Though it seemed she could handle it. Untold gallons of cream filled Minnie as rope after ceaseless rope rocketed through Jesse. Minnie's stomach visibly bloated after each shot before shrinking back down as the succubus rapidly digested her feast. She was clearly cumming herself, her eyes having rolled back into her head from their debauched, fruitful union.

With bestial fervor, Jesse bit her lip as her mighty ejaculation carried on and on, her arms pulling Minnie's head closer and closer to her all the while. "Yes! Take it! Take me! *Take it all!*"

The tight, warm confines of Minnie's insides made Jesse see stars as her climax extended once more beyond all reasonable limits. Minnie's torso was suspended in front of her at an angle, held up by the strength of her cock, her limbs twitching and thrashing uncontrollably as Jesse stuffed her with an ungodly quantity of baby batter.

It felt incredible. Jesse didn't want it to end. And for a bit, it almost seemed like it wouldn't, as her monumental cumshot extended to ridiculous lengths, going strong for like twice as long as her previous, room-drenching deluge. Jesse had lost track of how many times Minnie came through their degenerate coupling.

But, eventually, her orgasm did end, leaving Jesse a panting, blissful mess as contentment suffused her. Minnie dangled limply off her penis, the occasional involuntary spasm shaking her body. Jesse could feel each one through it. Which, again, was *still hard*. Maybe her dick just... *never* went down.

“That was... wow,” Jesse exhaled, more than impressed with her new partner. Once her breathing stabilized and her sanity returned, she sat down cross-legged on the grass and gently tapped Minnie’s cheek. “You okay, girl? I gotta say, you sure can take cock way better than I could.”

Gurgling in reply, the succubus slowly planted her palms against Jesse’s inner thighs and started to push herself free. But her arms were too short, so Jesse helped a bit.

Once her spit-slicked, glistening penis was free again, Minnie flopped back onto her ass with a contented moan, staring at Jesse in wonder. “You’re fucking *delicious*. And I’ve never been this full.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet,” Jesse agreed, giggling. “Felt great for me, too.”

“Like, seriously.” Minnie continued. “I think you just pumped more jizz into me in one round than all the other loads I’ve taken in my entire life, *combined*.”

Jesse’s brows rose. “Really?”

Minnie let out a breathy sigh. “Seriously. I have so much power coursing through me, I feel like I could do almost anything with my body and still have enough left over to live for centuries.”

The idea that her sexual prowess was *that* mighty excited Jesse. “Even compared to, like, a minotaur?”

“A whole *herd* of minotaurs,” Minnie said. Leaving forward, she got onto her hands and knees, arching her back, breasts bouncing between her elbows. “Will you use me as your cumdump for the rest of your life? I’ll do whatever you ask!”

Jesse gulped. Having such a beautiful woman pledging herself for eternal service like that was both weird and pretty exciting at the same time. There were so many positions she could—

She slapped her cheeks, hard, the pain clearing Jesse’s head. “Well, that sounds wonderful, Minnie. But I can’t be fucking you all day, okay? I have work.”

After a second, she groaned. “Oh damn it I forgot to ask Byron to clean my room. You don’t mind swallowing cum that’s been on the floor, do you?”

“If there’s as much as I’m guessing, definitely not,” Minnie confirmed, happily rising to her feet with a cute and sexy little bounce.

Jesse stood as well, her legs protesting the weight of her cock. Actually, Minnie had been the comparatively lighter burden when she was hilted on her.

Huh. That gave Jesse another idea. It probably wouldn’t work, but it couldn’t hurt to ask, right?

Still, not wanting to delay Minnie (Jesse’s spunk would get harder to clean up as it dried), she waited until her devilish new partner was finished to bring it up, getting some chores done in the meantime. Her sheets needed to be washed, and her mattress thrown away to be replaced later.

Once all that was done, Jesse marched back upstairs to her bedroom, peering around her penis to survey the damage. She was impressed. Minnie was mostly finished by now, the huge pool of ejaculate having been slurped up into her bottomless stomach, replaced by moist stains on the floor. She suspected the stench would never go away completely.

Presently the succubus was currently gorging herself on the last remaining section of cum-dripping wall, gulping down fist sized mouthfuls of dick milk at a time. She was so entranced by her meal that she didn’t even notice Jesse come in.

She cleared her throat. “Minnie?”

Swallowing with a lewd gulp, Minnie gleefully spun to face her. Her whole head was caked with spooage, and she didn’t seem to mind. “Hi, Jesse! I’m almost done cleaning up your mess~ And what a *yummy* mess it is.”

“I can see that,” Jesse replied, blushing. “I thought for sure it’d never be clean in here again; I really appreciate this.”

“Honey, no need to thank me,” Minnie insisted. “Did you need something? Are you horny again? Because I could *totally* go for another fucking from you right now.”

“Not yet, but... soon,” she answered, her unparalleled fuckstick throbbing openly. A thick bead of pre had formed at the tip. Jesse was getting used to disregarding the ever-present impulses from her cock by now, but the longer she went without, the greater they grew. “I actually wanted to talk about how we’d be doing that from now on.”

“Oh?” Minnie intoned, her mouth quirking into a smirk as she licked the semen off her lips. Her stance turned seductive, hips out to one side, arms crossed beneath her ample breasts. “Is there a particular desire you want fulfilled? Does mommy want to put me in my place? I have a paddle you can use.”

Jesse’s blush deepened. “N-No, nothing like that!”

Minnie’s face fell. “Shit, normally I’m way better at intuiting kinks, sorry. What is it?” she asked, now in a more concerned tone.

“I was wondering if it would be possible for you to shrink, or something?” Jesse proposed. “When you were, um, deepthroating me earlier, I noticed the weight of my dick seemed to vanish. My legs are already getting pretty tired, so I was thinking it’d be easier to fuck if you were smaller.”

At this, Minnie’s eyes lit up, her tail perking too. “Wait wait *wait*. Girl. That’s so good. But why stop there?”

“Huh?” Where was she going with this?

Without saying another word, Minnie’s eyes flared with power, pink flames burning free. The flames quickly spread across the rest of her body, temporarily blinding Jesse with their intensity.

Before she had the chance to worry about the fire spreading, they’d already faded. And in their place was a Minnie drastically changed.

She was indeed much smaller, the succubus now collapsed on the floor amidst a haphazard pile of her now oversized clothes, but that wasn't what stood out. Minnie's arms and legs had *completely disappeared*, leaving only more smooth, enticing curves where they would have met her torso. Her head and torso together were barely a foot long.

Jesse whimpered as something inside her unlocked, new lusts rushing through her mind like wildfire. Her hips tensed.

"What do you think?" Minnie purred, blinking coquettishly up at her. "This way, I'm completely at your mercy, nothing but a vessel to be filled by your *incredible, juicy cock*."

Closing the distance between them, Jesse brushed Minnie's now loose top aside, revealing her fully naked form. Her pussy was invitingly bright and baby smooth beneath her tattoo, while her clit and nipples were equally hard, demanding attention.

She had literally *remade* herself for Jesse, changed her body into one only useful for sex. And despite being a fraction the size of her dick, she knew Minnie would be glad to take it all inside, without question.

Her blood burning for a third round, Jesse reached down. The limbless bombshell was so compact that she could pick her up with a single hand around her waist. It was like a dream, or a sweltering, humid haze had rolled in.

Minnie moaned as she was manhandled, clearly appreciating the smoldering expression Jesse was probably now sporting. "That's it, no need for foreplay, just jam me right on there~ Then you never have to take me off of your cock *ever again*. You can just stay hilted deep in my cunt all day, *constantly*."

And *Gods*, did Jesse want to in that moment, more than anything. Her breathing shallow and fast, she wordlessly extended her arms, stretched them all the way, but... Minnie was only about halfway to her glans.

“*Shit*,” Jesse cursed, mood dying a smidge. “My dick is too huge. I think you’re gonna have to go back to normal first, let me slam it inside you, and then transform again.”

The sound of something splatting messily onto wood prompted Jesse look. She added “Also I should probably wait until you finish swallowing the rest of my first load.”

“*Boo*.” Minnie replied with a pout. “But okay. You’ll start using me right after, though?”

“Of course,” Jesse confirmed.

She had a feeling this was going to be the start of their very pleasurable life together.

- 2 Weeks Later -

Slowly, the fog of drowsiness cleared from Jesse’s mind as she roused to wakefulness with a yawn. The first two thoughts to form in her head were that her butt itched a little, and, more importantly, she had achingly hard morning wood again. Same as every morning now.

There was nothing stopping her from taking care of it, so she did.

Shifting under the covers, she grabbed Minnie with her right hand, the succubus turned sex toy reacting to her grip by tensing under her fingertips, soft skin yielding.

She moaned at Jesse, the sound muffled. “Mornin’.”

“Morning,” Jesse mumbled in reply, too absorbed in getting off to muster more words at this point.

Instead, she focused on the *sensations*, her toes curling. As always, Minnie’s pussy was tight, hot, and wet, enveloping every foot of her cock in bliss. Of course, the truly mind-breaking stuff didn’t get going until Jesse actually gave in and moved her.

With a groan, Jesse's stroking picking up speed. What began as small, lazy flicks of her wrist gradually transitioned into huge, mighty pistoning movements of Jesse's whole arm.

As Minnie let out all manner of cute gasps and squeaks, the tense pressure in Jesse's core grew and grew, heightening her instincts to mercilessly breed the helpless slut in her possession.

Her strokes now nearly two feet back and forth, Jesse's breathing went erratic as she pushed Minnie hard against her hips over and over, the slapping sound of flesh on flesh a symphony that only stoked the fires of Jesse's insatiable hunger for release.

Each time she hilted inside her plaything, she felt the tip of her dick press against Minnie's cervix, prompting a tremor of pleasure to cascade through her legs and up her spine. Whatever demonic power kept her cunt wet at all times also made Minnie always the perfect size to meet her needs, even though her outward appearance was so delightfully compact.

Of course, Minnie was still out of sight beneath her sheets, but Jesse was so fucking *pent up* whenever she woke that it didn't take much time at all before she blew.

With a long, low groan, Jesse came, her cock pulsing and throbbing as liquid heat rushed through her, up and out into Minnie's ever-accommodating womb. As the glorious ecstasy of orgasm washed over her, her muscles locking up, Jesse idly wondered again if she would actually ever *stop*. Because in the flaring passion of it all, the reservoir of thick, boiling cum being drained out of her felt practically bottomless.

"Ah, yeah, just keep taking it," Jesse mumbled, shutting her eyes again as Minnie shook in her grip.

Minnie was in the throes of a strong climax herself by now. Even if she hadn't been screaming in joy with the lewdest voice imaginable, Jesse would have been able to tell by the shift in how Minnie's pussy coiled and clung to her length. "Don't stop! I'll swallow it all!" Minnie exclaimed, egging her on.

Obliging by switching her grip to Minnie's head, Jesse kept her pressed all the way down on her cock as both their climaxes ran their course. With short breaths, Jesse gushed rope after rope, gallon after gallon of potent seed into her ravenous little pet until, at last, she came down from her vast plateau.

"Fuck, what a way to start the day," Jesse sighed, a pleasant light buoying her spirits.

"Yep!" Minnie echoed.

Jesse took a moment to regain her wits, then flipped off the covers. Rolling out of bed, she stood, then stretched her limbs, a luxury Minnie had abandoned for the very ecstasy they'd just shared.

Scratching that itch on her butt through her pajamas, Jesse blinked down at Minnie, who remained inescapably hilted on her dick, to admire her. The succubus' hair was a mess, bangs covering her eyes, but her proportionally huge tits and ass were as perky and shapely as ever.

With a hand, she brushed the hair out of Minnie's face for her, then playfully flicked at Minnie's nipples a few times while she unfurled her tiny wings.

Giggling, Minnie bent forwards to kiss her fingers. She looked groggier than Jesse felt. "Thanks for breakfast~" she said. "I was already plenty full, but I'll never say no to delicious seconds. Or thirds, or fourths."

"How many was it this time?" Jesse asked.

"Just two," Minnie answered, wagging her tail. "But I'm not complaining."

Two being the number of wet dreams Jesse'd had overnight. While she never really remembered them, Minnie was inevitably awakened for a bit. Jesse figured she wouldn't be able to stay sleeping either if she was suddenly stuffed with multiple bathtubs worth of semen. Also, Minnie had the luxury of being able to nap whenever she wanted, so Jesse didn't feel guilty about it.

Plus, getting a count of her virility was hot.

"Of course not," Jesse quipped, getting a kink out of her neck with a crack.

From there, she started her morning routine. First, she walked over to her dresser and started taking off her pajamas. Her cock bobbed from side to side as she moved, and Minnie with it, prompting the occasional needy purr. Jesse did her best to ignore her. She couldn't imagine how the succubus felt, riding her erection all the time, nor could she give in to her every impulse as it arose.

Once she was in her underwear, Jesse pulled out a tan shirt and her new overalls. "Okay, get in here," she said before pressing a hand to Minnie's back and pulling her in for a hug.

"I always love this part," Minnie sighed, her head pressed against Jesse's ribcage below her breasts. Minnie's own boobs tickled Jesse's stomach. "It's so *intimate*."

Jesse could only hum and nod in agreement as she pulled the shirt partway down over her head with her free hand, the garment covering both herself and Minnie. Once the cotton was keeping Minnie connected with her skin, Jesse let go with her other arm and tugged the shirt down the rest of the way.

After that, getting the overalls on was easy. The end result was that Minnie was now only visible as an oddly-shaped bulge within her clothes, surrounded by darkness and only able to breathe Jesse's scent.

Again, *hot*.

But before that thought could take root, Jesse picked up her hairbrush and started untangling her bed-mussed locks. She didn't have a mirror – silver was expensive – but her typical style was so plain she didn't need one.

As she was doing that, her stomach rumbled softly. But in Minnie's ears, it must have been far louder, and she startled, tensing against Jesse, before giggling. Her voice was muffled by the two layers of clothing. "Somebody's hungry. Gotta refuel after cumming that hard, I guess."

"I guess," Jesse echoed with a grin, continuing to brush.

Once she was presentable, Jesse went downstairs to the common room. There, her grandma was already fussing over the crackling hearth, ladle in hand as she stirred

a small iron pot of her famous porridge. “Hello, dear,” she said, her warbling voice a familiar comfort. “Breakfast is almost ready.”

“Thanks, ‘ma,” Jesse replied, walking over to the shelf where they kept their wooden bowls and spoons and beginning to set the table. Grandma had already folded the cloth napkins, so she set the spoons on them.

“How’s the wife?” Grandma asked matter-of-factly.

Jesse groaned as she set down the bowls. In some ways, her grandmother was surprisingly progressive, but in others, not so much. “As I said yesterday, ‘ma, Minnie and I *aren’t married*.”

“Though I wouldn’t mind if you proposed, wink wink~” Minnie said, the wide smile obvious from her tone.

Sprinkling a few shakes of salt into the pot, Grandma side-eyed her. “You’re livin’ together and sleepin’ together on the daily. That makes you wives in my book.”

“We’re not really in love though,” Jesse explained, now reaching for the mugs and dipping the first into their water basin. “We just use eachother for sex.”

“Ok yeah for real though, I’m not really wife material,” added Minnie. Jesse could feel her horns as she twisted her head to better project her voice. “At this point I’m basically your grandkid’s fucksleeve.”

“Well, yes, but that’s what my girl needs most in her life now, innit? What with her huge, Felana-given gift an’ all. And that’s what wives do, cater to their spouse’s needs,” Grandma declared, nodding sagely.

Jesse supposed she had a point there. She grinned. “All right, all right, you can call her my wife. But we’re still not getting married.”

“Yeah, can you picture a wedding in town with us?” Minnie posed. “It’d be *super* awkward for any prudes on the guest list.”

“Porridge’s done,” Grandma said, dousing the cookfire and stepping away. She shuffled over to her chair and slowly sat, her brow creased in thought.

Jesse went over and served them both a hearty portion before joining her. Minnie obviously didn't need any. "Actually, Minnie, how would that even work?" Blowing away steam, she took a bite before continuing. "Would you go back to normal for the ceremony, or stay limbless?"

"Manomin would walk down the aisle with her father, as is tradition," Grandma declared, nodding as she went for another spoonful.

Minnie snorted. "A: my father still has a bounty on his head in this country from when he drowned that one fortress in hellfire like 400 years ago. And B: you'd really want Jesse's dick to be out for everyone to see the whole time?"

"Why not? It's a handsome one. Makes it clear she's the husband, too."

"G-Grandma!" Jesse choked out, embarrassed.

Minnie just laughed. "It *is* handsome! Also, I don't think they make flower dresses in my current size."

Jesse could only groan.

* * *

It was a hot day, the sunlight beating down on Jesse from above as she set about tilling the soil and planting vegetables for the autumn harvest. Even with Minnie pressed against her stomach, the rhythm of the work had been long drummed into her muscle memory, and adapting had not been that difficult.

Pull back, slam the hoe into the dirt, tug, lift, step back, repeat. Jesse cleared her mind, lost in the exertion of her muscles, the pace of her breath. It was a different sort of pleasure, the burn of her toil sending her limbs and back ringing.

It would have been better if it wasn't also so *humid* out, though. Sweat covered her skin in a dripping sheen, and her blood pooled in her ears. Panting, Jesse kept up her practiced motions even as a certain *other* area also filled with hot blood. It had been a while since her big ejaculation that morning, and her dick was getting so hard now it was almost painful to ignore it.

Inside her clothes, Jesse could feel Minnie's breasts pressing against her with each labored breath. "It's – *ha* – getting pretty moist and stuffy in here," she chimed in, her tiny body shaking. "And I can tell how stupidly pent up you are. Gods, you feel like a *rock*. Why not take a break?"

Panting with effort, Jesse wiped the sweat from her brow with a back of a hand, her hoe planted in the earth. "I'm almost done with this plot. Then we'll do a quickie before I go back and start planting the squash."

"Oh thank you," Minnie sighed. "I don't know what I would've done if you'd said you wanted to water the fields again."

Resuming her tilling – tug, lift, step back – Jesse didn't have the energy for full lecture mode. "Can't you feel how humid it still is from the downpour two days ago? Don't need that today."

Jesse had tried it for the first time last week, though. It had been a while since the last rains had fallen, so she'd *cum* up with a solution. Minnie had reluctantly spent the whole day helping her jack off into the fields, painting the vast swaths of golden wheat white. It was kind of embarrassing, especially once Hubert had come to watch, but at least it had kept the grain from drying out.

It had been the first time she'd come that many times in a row, and the smell had also been something. But the actual rain had washed away Jesse's. Minnie had shown remarkable restraint in not eating any of it, and Jesse had made it up to her the next day with a marathon session.

As she was reminiscing, Jesse's body moved on autopilot, and in short order she'd reached the end of the final row. Taking deep breaths, she set down her hoe beside the freshly overturned loam and pulled out her waterskin.

As she rehydrated, Minnie started begging for *her* fluids. "I'm not feeling you moving! Are you finished? Can I *please* get my cummies now?"

At her words, Jesse's cock twitched and throbbed like a demon had possessed it. Which, given it was currently inside Minnie's snatch, wasn't far off.

Jesse sighed as she closed the waterskin. Now that she wasn't preoccupied, it was readily apparent how *dangerously horny* she was. Her mega meatstick demanded release like nothing else.

"Yeah, I don't think I would've been able to contain my load much longer regardless," she said, biting her lip.

Jesse didn't even take the time to remove any of her clothes. She just found Minnie's horns through the denim, grabbed hold, and started bucking her hips where she stood.

At first, her motions were measured. But as Minnie's cunt coiled around her shaft in response, Jesse couldn't hold back. Moaning, her thrusting grew feverish, drops of sweat flying from her arms as Minnie dutifully licked up the beads flowing down through her cleavage. The sensation of the succubus' tender tongue on her skin was wonderful.

"Shit, I, *mmm*, think I'm already gonna pop," Jesse uttered, her knees beginning to wobble. Even though each stroke only moved her six-foot bitchbreaker a couple of inches each way, Minnie was so fucking tight and she was so *desperate* that it didn't matter.

"Don't be shy," Minnie urged, her fevered breaths tickling Jesse's flesh. "Just let it *allll* out."

That did it. Screaming, Jesse unleashed herself, thick, liquid ropes of baby batter erupting through her cock like a dam had burst. Her whole body spasmed as her dick stiffened tremendously and pulsed like mad. Eyes rolling back into her skull, Jesse felt like she had to be cumming enough to flood the whole farm again, but Minnie accepted it all with a bottomless thirst.

"Yes, yes, *yes~ This* nut is better than any you could harvest!" Minnie cried.

In the eye of the storm, Jesse was unable to think, only *feel*. And as always, busting inside of her succubus felt *incredible*. Each fierce clench, each sexy moan from Minnie extended Jesse's release, her body becoming a vessel of boundless ecstasy unrivaled by any but Felana herself.

Part of her couldn't fathom it would *end*, that this would be the creampie of all creepies. But, eventually, her swirling high began to fade, and Jesse fell to her knees, spent. For now.

Mouth hanging open, panting hard, Jesse could do nothing but kneel there in the dirt as Minnie sighed in contentment. "Delicious as always," Minnie purred. "Your cock is like an all-you-can-eat buffet."

"T-Thanks," Jesse managed after a moment. "You're always great too."

"I should hope so," Minnie joked. "If succubi didn't have the best cunts around, we'd starve."

"True," Jesse chuckled, picking herself up as the afterglow faded. She managed to resist the sudden impulse to go for another round immediately, even as her needy penis continued to throb angrily.

From there, Jesse picked up where she left off, planting the squash seeds evenly spaced in the rows she just tilled. Jesse's back protested somewhat from her continued hunch, but Minnie got to lie back and relax, using the inside of her clothes like a hammock.

Jesse honestly got envious of her easygoing life as a sex toy sometimes, but she preferred being in control more.

Once she'd finished, Jesse made a quick stop at the outhouse, spinning Minnie around on her dick to face away so the process was less awkward. Washing her hands by the pump afterwards only made it more apparent just how icky the rest of her was with sweat, loam, and a day's worth of musk.

Time for a nice bath.

Since Jesse normally took her daily soak after getting back in from the fields, Grandma already had the tub ready for her when she got back. While not large – Jesse had to pull her knees in a bit to fit – their porcelain bathtub was actually the most expensive thing in the house.

Even without that new-fangled ‘indoor plumbing’, it was still heavenly every time, so long as they drew and heated the water beforehand. Stripping back down until she was just as naked as Minnie, Jesse admired the sight of the succubus’s helpless figure from the back as she bobbed in front of her. Her hair was cute all mussed up.

“You want to pull out and have me take care of you?” Minnie asked, peering over her shoulder. “You deserve to be pampered.”

“No,” said Jesse, frowning. “And stop asking. I still don’t trust that you can clean me without losing control and winding up jacking me off. We both know you’ll do it.”

“Aww,” went Minnie. “You know me too well.”

Jesse smirked and rolled her eyes, patting her on the head. “My penis is inside you all day; it’s the only part of my body that *doesn’t* get dirty. In the literal sense, at least.”

Before Minnie could reply, Jesse slipped into the tub, sighing in contentment as the hot water rolled over her. She fully relaxed, arms at her sides, head tilted back onto the rim of the tub. “That’s *niice*,” she sighed.

“Yeah. Now I’m warm on the outside, too,” Minnie agreed. Kept from sinking by the stiffness of Jesse’s erection, only her face remained above water, her hair floating about.

For a minute or so, they just savored the hot water. Jesse focused on her breathing and the ache in her muscles being soothed away even as her cock occasionally twitched.

She had to actually wash off at some point though, so Jesse quickly dunked her head into the water before grabbing the shampoo and carefully cleaning her hair. Before dunking again to rinse, she also got Minnie’s hair for her. The succubus hummed appreciatively. It was a bit annoying working around her horns, but her head was so small it never took long.

“I still want to return the favor someday, you know,” Minnie said.

“Someday, sure. Just not right now; maybe later once we’re at the lake,” Jesse mused.

Continuing, Jesse took the soap bar and a washcloth, working up a lather. Starting with her face, she wiped off the sweat there, then gradually moved down, repositioning in the tub as needed. Shoulders, arms, breasts (perhaps taking a *bit* longer there than was strictly necessary), stomach, back.

When she reached her hips, her dick throbbed from the attention, and Jesse only barely managed to will her hand away from the now-clean base as she moved the washcloth around to her butt. Jesse sped up a bit as she reapplied the suds, then got her legs and feet, pulling them out of the water one at a time.

That just left Minnie. She moaned in a different sort of satisfaction from her usual as Jesse ran the washcloth up and down her limbless cocksleeve of a body. She made sure to be extra delicate with Minnie’s wings and tail. Even though Minnie was far more durable than she looked, Jesse would still felt bad if she hurt her even a little bit by accident. She wasn’t a sadist.

However, she *was* horny again. It was inevitable every time they bathed like this. Being naked and warm together like this just naturally shot Jesse’s libido skywards. And whenever the rest of her wasn’t occupied, her penis was more and more difficult to say no to.

So, after quickly submerging for a moment to rinse off, Jesse laid back again and casually started moving Minnie up and down with her hand. No warning, jumping right in. She didn’t mind one bit, sighing and clenching around Jesse as she kept stroking.

“That’s the stuff...” Jesse uttered, shutting her eyes to better absorb the sensations, her hips lifting automatically from the bottom of the tub.

She ejaculated almost instantly, her nigh limitless reserves pouring into Minnie freely. It wasn’t an orgasm, not really, but it still felt super nice. More like Jesse’s body was offloading excess pressure in her state of supreme contentment.

Minnie, though, was getting a full climax from the abundant stuffing. She cried and tensed in Jesse's hand, dunking her head underwater as her back arched and her wings locked up, perky little titties splashing.

"Good girl," Jesse sighed as her release dragged on and on. "Just keep taking me..."

Even as Jesse hilted Minnie onto herself and let go, allowing her arms to dangle, she didn't bother trying to rein in her dick at all. Her member continued gushing semen heedlessly even as the rest of her relaxed back into the tub, Jesse shutting her eyes for a moment with a sigh.

In contrast, she could feel that Minnie was still shaking with bliss. Unable to escape her ongoing stuffing, she squeezed and thrashed around Jesse like mad, tail brushing into her.

Eventually, though, Jesse's ejaculation ceased. "Ah," she exhaled, "I really needed that."

"D-Don't mention it," she replied, her miniscule frame still being stretched out.

Jesse smiled. Even Minnie could get flustered sometimes, especially if she spurted a big one inside her without warning like that. It was cute.

Well, she'd lingered in the bath long enough. Jesse rose and stepped out of the tub, grabbing her towel and beginning to dry them both off. After the tremendous nut she'd just busted, it was easy to keep things chaste as she did.

Once both she and Minnie were dry, Jesse drained the bathtub, the soiled water travelling through a short pipe into the grass next to the farmhouse.

Now it was time to make herself presentable. She had a friendly date with Hubert in a few hours, Jesse's first since Felana had bedicked her.

For as much as taking care of her masculine urges now defined her day-to-day, Jesse was still a *woman*. She didn't have balls; her pussy still rested between her legs. And it, too, had needs.

Jesse knew she could continue to count on Hubert to fulfill those needs for her, but between the additions of Minnie as a presence in her life and her cock, she just hoped they could continue to make it work.

* * *

“Hi, Hubert!” Jesse greeted with a wave as she approached him.

“Hi, Jesse, and good evening,” he echoed with a grin, looking fine in one of his nicer outfits. Which, admittedly, was just a basic tunic and trousers, but they were dyed a rich brown that brought out his eyes.

Jesse herself was wearing a long-sleeved, two-toned canvas dress. Minnie was strapped in against her stomach with cloth so the shape didn’t deform as much. The straps also covered Minnie’s mouth so she couldn’t intrude until things reached the appropriate point.

“I didn’t keep you waiting too long, did I?” Jesse asked.

“No, you’re fine,” Hubert insisted. “I was listening to the birds.”

There were, in fact, myriad birdcalls in the air. The lake naturally attracted all kinds of ordinary waterbirds. And Jesse didn’t blame them; it was unarguably the most scenic part of town. In the late sun, its surface shimmered, and lily pads cluttered its surface near the shoreline here.

It was just large enough that she could barely make out the buildings lining the opposite shore, and a few rowboats were out in the middle distance, fisherman going for their catch as the fish active at night started to surface.

This side of the lake, though, was wooded, and Hubert had laid down their picnic blanket in a small, secret clearing they’d discovered as children, fenced in by willow trees. The atmosphere was unarguably romantic. “Still pulling out all the stops, I see,” Jesse joked as she joined him on the blanket.

“Don’t say that!” Hubert protested. “I can’t help that the best date spot we know is like this. Besides, the food is normal.” Here, he gestured to the contents of the

basket. It was just a couple of cheap meat pies – the handheld kind – from that stall vendor Jesse liked, plus some apples.

“Normal but tasty,” she confirmed, reaching for one of the pies while it was still hot.

Taking a bite, her smile widened as she chewed. Hubert reached for his own meat pie and followed suit, humming in satisfaction. For all the idyllic scenery, Hubert was the most captivatingly handsome thing in view.

For a bit, they simply watched each other eat, Jesse savoring the simple pleasure of his company. But eventually, Hubert could contain his curiosity no longer. “So, uh, how’s the whole... Felana situation going?”

Jesse chuckled, meeting his gaze. “You don’t have to tiptoe around the words; we’ve slept together enough times for that barrier to be crossed.” After another bite, she continued. “I’ve gotten used to my giant penis by now. It’s fun, honestly. Despite starting as a mistake, everything’s pretty much working out.”

The embarrassment vanished from his expression, and Hubert visibly relaxed. “That’s great news. Guess the goddess’ joke wasn’t at your expense.”

“Honestly, the weirder part is knowing I don’t see the world in the same way as everyone else,” Jesse said. Her lips falling into a line, she looked out over the lake.

Hubert followed it, twisting his head. “I guess that would be shocking, yeah. But does it really matter if your colors are different? You’re still in the same world, doing the same things, sharing the same experiences.” For emphasis, he lifted his half-eaten pie, chewing some more.

“That’s true,” Jesse noted, her grin returning as they locked eyes again. Then it became a mischievous smirk as she lidded her eyes. “Though your cumshots are a *fraction* as copious as mine are.”

Hubert nearly choked, banging a hand on his chest as she laughed.

“Don’t just wound my pride like that!” he protested half-heartedly. “Besides, you never complained *before*.”

Jesse held up her hands. “I wasn’t trying to! Yours is the right size for me. Mine doesn’t even fit inside anybody not named Minnie.”

“No kidding,” he said, glancing at where she rested inside Jesse’s dress. “Is she going to be joining us?”

As Jesse thought, he reached for an apple, Jesse following suit. She mulled it over as she chewed. “I don’t mind if you don’t,” she said, looking over the lake again as the sun started to set. Lowering her voice, she added “If you want to help me with my cock after, neither of us would mind.”

“Well, I won’t say no to that,” Hubert declared.

All this talk of the debauchery to come was really getting Jesse in the mood. Her femininity was beginning to burn, a familiar itch deep inside demanding to be scratched. Wetness built in her undergarments in anticipation.

She scooped over on the blanket, leaning against Hubert’s side as she continued munching on her apple. He pulled her in close, wrapping a strong arm around her. His sturdy warmth made her heart flutter and her core ache. Jesse placed a roving hand on his thigh.

Though as much as she wanted to dive into him, Jesse would finish her fruit first. She knew how much work went into growing things; wasting food was a must-not, and Hubert felt the same.

So, for a few more minutes, they cuddled in the evening light, munching their apples. Jesse draped her arm over Hubert’s shoulder. And he moved his to coil possessively around her waist, fingertips setting her skin alight even through her dress. The look of passion in his eyes made her heart flutter.

By the time she’d cored her apple, Jesse was practically panting with desire, her pussy desperate to be filled with Hubert, *taken* by him. She wanted to be touched, to be loved, to be pounded senseless. And she would have it all.

They chucked their apple cores into the bushes at the same time before immediately falling over each other in a tangle of limbs. Jesse leaned into Hubert as

he grabbed her cheeks and pulled her in for a kiss, lips and tongues dancing as they exchanged breath, inhaled each other's scents.

Moaning, Jesse clasped her hands around his back as they made out, Hubert quickly abandoning restraint as his hands roved lower, shamelessly fondling her ass. She didn't resist, letting him explore her as she raked her fingers through his hair. He also began grinding against her, and Jesse discovered the novel sensation of his erection pressing against the base of hers.

But that wasn't where she needed Hubert.

When Jesse pulled away to catch her breath, she tugged at his shirt, hungry for skinship and the main event both. "I can't wait any longer," she insisted. In the low light, his desire-filled gaze looked a match for Jesse's own lustful emotions.

"Me neither." Hubert lifted his arms and his shirt flew free, revealing his defined, tasty musculature and fuzzy body hair. "*Gods*, you are so fucking sexy it hurts. I want to make you scream my name."

"Then do it," Jesse dared him. "Take me, *claim* me, make me yours all over again."

With a rumbling snarl of desire that made her swoon, Hubert practically tore off Jesse's dress, leaving her exposed. As he stood, removing his pants, Jesse unhooked her bra and slipped out of her soaking panties, leaving her in nothing but her shoes and socks. Well, apart from Minnie, still strapped against her, but the succubus was the last thing on her mind right now.

She only had eyes for Hubert's dick as he cast aside his own underwear, penis bobbing free. His balls were pulled tight against him as he throbbed for her. Jesse's nipples stiffening in the breeze, she rolled onto her back. Then she spread her legs, holding her knees by her head in a wordless invitation. The roiling sea of passion churning in her womb was ripe for conquest. And Hubert was the only man she wanted exploring those frontiers.

He responded to her unspoken desires with gusto, lining himself up. But instead of penetrating her eager entrance immediately, Hubert started teasing her. Gripping her ankles in his hands, he poked his glans against her clit.

Jesse squealed and trembled as the most sensitive part of her was stimulated unexpectedly. Boxing her in from atop her, Hubert watched her react with an almost sadistic excitement, his pupils darting between her face and her breasts, which shook with each little movement he drew out of her.

“H-Hey!” she weakly protested. “Quit that and put it *iiinnn*.”

“But you’re so cute though,” he countered, his dick stiffening even more as he delicately brushed it against her, grinning coyly.

It was *amazing*, but it was also *torturous*. His soft tip alone on her clit was only driving her anticipation up the wall without any promise of follow-through. Jesse bucked her hips to force more of a connection, to no avail, whimpering in need as she dripped. Felana be damned, it was like getting a single lick of sauce when she was hungry for a whole meal.

Thankfully, Hubert didn’t want to abstain any longer either, and surprised Jesse with a sudden, balls-deep *thrust*.

Stars fluttered in her vision as the deepest parts of Jesse’s being were set alight by Hubert’s hard, hot presence. Instantly, the sensations were all she could fathom, the last remnants of her self-control falling away.

Lewd cries escaping from her lungs, her hair a mess on the blanket, Jesse could only savor and react as Hubert ravished her in earnest, unable to even raise her hands to touch him. Each pass of his cock scraped her delicate walls with its delectable heat and girth, and her body rocked in rhythm with his.

She could tell Hubert had needed this too, as the look on his face was strung taught with focused intensity, brokering no question.

However, despite all of this, the sex wasn’t *quite* as good as their last time, for one reason: Minnie was in between them. And Jesse craved skinship with her proper partner.

“I wanna, *mmm*, change positions,” Jesse said, bottling her passionate, involuntary noises. “Feel more of you...”

“Kay,” he grunted, leaning back a bit and slowly tapering off his heaving motions before pulling out with a wet pop. “Is it Manomin?”

“Yeah,” Jesse confirmed, breathless. Already feeling supremely empty, she quickly flipped over onto her knees and elbows, raising her ass towards him.

“For me, it’s more that I’m having trouble ignoring she’s there,” he explained, once again aligning his turgid length. “Do we, like, have her join us?”

Before Jesse could answer, a pulse of lightning danced up her spine as he reentered her, thoroughly derailing her thoughts with a deluge of ecstasy. Her toes curled, and her whole body practically vibrated with tension as Hubert ratcheted her bliss higher and higher with every stroke.

When Hubert fucked her from behind like this, she lost out on a couple of the things, like getting to watch him, and his cock occasionally hitting that one really good spot inside. But tonight? The weight of him on her back, and the glorious contact between her clit and his balls whenever they were fully connected made up for it in spades.

In fact, she could feel an orgasm fast approaching, the hot tension in her abdomen reaching a feverish breaking point. “Fuck, Hubert, I’m so close...”

“Me too,” he groaned, his motions against her turning erratic as they mated like animals. His voice was like honey seeping into Jesse’s ears. “Gonna mark you.”

“Do it,” Jesse urged, voice high, her body positively aching for it with instinctive desperation. Her skin sang wherever they were connected, the harmony formed by their bodies reaching a glorious crescendo.

This was enough. With a snort of breath against her neck, Hubert bucked into her, his cock tensing within her as he locked up, spasming with a sigh of relief. The vibrations being sent through her tipped Jesse over the edge as well, and she fucking melted into a puddle of carnal satisfaction as he poured his manly essence inside her.

Her arms giving out, she collapsed to the blanket, all sorts of embarrassing, delirious noises escaping unbidden as dancing sunlight bloomed in her stomach. Jesse lost all sense of time, flowing into a maddening state of swirling ecstasy, fully joined with Hubert. Would she get pregnant this time? She had no clue, uncaring either way. All that mattered was them, together, and Jesse's pure bliss in the moment.

Eventually, though, her episode among the clouds came to an end, leaving Jesse a heaving jumble of goo. A different sort of clarity settled into her bones as she laid there, panting, sandwiched beneath Hubert's protective bulk above and Minnie's soft willfulness below. She could feel him softening slowly as they rested, but he was in no rush to separate.

Before she could speak, Hubert beat her to it. "Gods, you're always incredible, Jesse," he whispered, kissing her ear. "I really needed this."

"Me, Me too," she stammered, still feeling as if her spirit wasn't fully reintegrated with her flesh. Jesse clumsily reached back to run her fingers through his hair. "You wanna go again? Try something new?"

"Sounds fun, sure," he breathed. With some reluctance, Hubert hauled himself off her. "Want me to guess?"

"No," Jesse replied, following suit. Still dizzy, she rolled up into a sitting position, he having done the same.

Then, she looked down, reaching for where Minnie was still strapped to her. Fumbling for the knot on her side, she pulled the loops free, releasing Minnie's gags and exposing her inhuman physique. Given how attractive she was, Jesse didn't mind much when Hubert stared.

"Damn, Jesse, she's something. And you get to fuck her all the time, whenever you want? If I didn't have you, I'd be jealous," he admitted.

"Nice meeting you, too," Minnie grinned, shaking whipping her head a bit to fluff her hair back into shape. "Jesse's told me a lot about you. Also, it was *really hard*

keeping quiet the whole time, but I promised Jesse I'd let you go one round without getting needy."

Hubert laughed as Jesse poked Minnie's stomach playfully. "Yeah, yeah, like your life is *so difficult*," Jesse teased.

"Well, how are you feeling?" Hubert asked, his eyes shifting up and down between them in the dim light of the sunset. "Because I could go for another round," he added, gesturing to his renewed erection, now slick and dripping and super hot.

"I, um, think I'm good on the vagina front at the moment," Jesse said, willing herself not to move yet. "But all that really got my *other* urges revved up like crazy."

Her own cock, as hard as it had ever been, pulsed hungrily inside Minnie. Biting her lip, Jesse gripped her thighs tightly. She didn't want to masturbate with Minnie again, not while he was here.

"I want to see it again," Hubert declared, shuffling closer. "For real, this time."

It was the only part of her he hadn't touched. The idea was electric. Jesse nodded fervently. She spread her legs, Minnie bobbing in front of her. "You can do the honors," Jesse said.

"I certainly don't mind being touched~" cooed Minnie up at Hubert before tilting her head upwards. "But I'm gonna feel so *empty* without you inside me, Jesse..."

"It won't be for long," she insisted. Jesse then looked pleadingly at Hubert. Gods, her cock was so, *so* ready.

Hubert, for his part, looked just as horny as she felt. He reached down to grab Minnie, taking a moment to make the succubus squirm in delight by running his calloused hands all over her helpless little body.

But she wasn't the main event. Now gripping her tightly, he carefully dragged Minnie up and up along Jesse's dick with agonizing slowness. Jesse and Minnie whimpered in unison as their intimates parted, thick veiny cockflesh long

concealed now exposed and slick with juices. She could feel the edge of her glans catching on the little hubs on Minnie's inner walls.

Hubert boggled as he continued to pull Minnie, clearly wondering how the demoness could have held within her such a *true* monster. Two feet, three feet. Minnie was feeling it, too, her tail lashing in pleasure as she moaned, though he only had eyes for Jesse as her cock revealed itself to him. He literally had to stand up to yank her the rest of the way off of Jesse's monumental member.

"Holy shit, Jesse," Hubert uttered as he finally finished, her tip escaping Minnie with a squelch and a cry from the succubus.

Jesse, meanwhile, smirked. "Not feeling inadequate, are you?"

Her penis proudly jutted diagonally upwards, longer than Hubert was tall. It rested on his shoulder, heedlessly oozing an amount of pre dozens of times more copious than his own ejaculation. Hubert ogled her meatstick with unabashed awe, lust, and affection as he dropped Minnie onto the blanket.

"Honestly, a little bit," he admitted, eliciting a moan from Jesse as he gripped it in his hands. "I didn't wanna say this when I first saw it, because you were obviously freaking out, but *wow*."

"I know, right?" echoed Minnie, who rolled onto her side.

"It's so warm, and thick," he said. Then, he started to stroke it, watching intently as Jesse's body reacted, twisting and bucking at his touch. "Let me help you. Guessing you need to cum pretty badly, right?"

"Uh-huh," went Jesse, unable to keep her own hands off her length. While Hubert tended to her upper half, Jesse feverishly started stroking her lower, the only section she could reach.

Then Hubert did something that really make Jesse lose her shit. He took a step back, angled her glans towards his face, and *licked* it, even as he continued to clumsily stroke her.

Jesse's hips left the ground. "*Fuck*," she groaned, already feeling a positively colossal load building up inside her. Having Hubert finally tending to her dick was driving her crazy. "Can't hold back! I'm already gonna, *gonna*..."

Eyes widening with alarm, Hubert quickly shifted, stepping to the side and hugging Jesse's firm cock to his equally firm chest tightly. The resistance, even greater than Minnie's cunt, was just what Jesse needed.

Her gut churned, her pupils dilated, and she fucking *came*.

The first dense white rope arced a hundred feet through the air before hitting the lake with a mighty splash, and the second erupted from Jesse so quickly afterwards that it was hard to tell where one ended and the next began. "*Hubert!*" she screamed, her mind going blank as she was utterly consumed by the glorious sensations roaring through her.

Hubert looked on, absorbing every facet of the scene she was making with a darting gaze, his own cock ragingly erect, inhaling her scent. Minnie whistled in appreciation.

And Jesse just kept cumming, her dense loads raining down into the water, seemingly without end. The impacts of her seed touching down sounded like a stampede. She didn't care who saw, or how much damage she caused, so long as it kept feeling so good, so long as Hubert kept watching her writhing with joy. She simply kept moving her hands.

But evidently, Hubert himself cared, since as her ejaculation continued and continued and fucking *continued*, he started to grow concerned. "Hell. Okay, this is probably the hottest thing I've ever seen, but I saw your fields the other day. Should probably put a lid on this before you turn the whole lake into a jizz pit."

Letting go of her dick, which now bounced up and down wildly as Jesse continued to gush semen uncontrollably, Hubert picked Minnie back up. His words had only made her cum *harder* – holy shit this felt so good – so it took a few seconds for him to finagle everyone into position.

Minnie didn't have time to voice a seductive line before Hubert deftly shoved Jesse's cock inside her between ropes. And after, she wasn't able to, for the succubus' throat was now stuffed to bulging with still-cumming cock. Upon being fed so much, Minnie came on the spot, her eyes rolling back as her torso-self thrashed, honey cascading from her slit.

"There, your orgasm isn't a natural disaster anymore," said Hubert. "Now it's just *sexy*, seeing you like this."

Jesse moaned and continued to ride out her climax, legs shaking against the blanket as she gripped the base of her shaft with an iron strength. Her thoughts arrived slowly, beset by bliss as she was. "Why don't you – *ough* – shove Minnie to the base? Then we can – *mmgph* – fuck her together."

Evidently, Hubert thought this was a fantastic idea, as he wordlessly moved to do just that, forcing the still-cumming Minnie to swallow more and more of Jesse's huge cock as he shoved her by the ass. Once she was about halfway, Jesse woozily stood, still overwhelmed by her nigh-endless cumshot.

Then, Hubert, unable to wait any longer, lined up his own dick with Minnie's pussy and slipped inside. His eyes widened. "Damn, she's tight. This is what you get to feel all the time now, huh?"

"Y-Yeah, Minnie's awesome," Jesse agreed. This whole situation wouldn't be sustainable without her, and she was immensely grateful. Though Jesse didn't really have the mental capacity to articulate all that at the moment, given she was still preoccupied pumping a lake's worth of molten seed down Minnie's gullet.

Instead, she watched with excitement as Hubert, now face-to-face with her, put on a show. He grabbed hold of her dick again, eliciting another liquid groan from Jesse, as he started pounding himself into Minnie.

"Shit that's good," Hubert intoned as his thrusting accelerated, the impact filtering through Minnie and reaching Jesse. This dragged more pressure out of her, more relief. She didn't even need her arms anymore, and they now fell limply to her sides as her strength started to wane along with the backlog of semen rocketing out of her.

Delirious, Jesse stared as Hubert pounded Minnie insensate. The succubus' eyes were zoned out, head tilted back and jaw practically dislocated from Jesse's girth. Locked into submission, her tiny wings flapped uncontrollably in time with Hubert's passionate motions.

He himself was totally into it too, diving into his bestial instincts as he rode the surely swoon-inducing sight of Jesse and the hellishly perfect sensations of Minnie. His face contorted into a hungry grimace.

"You gonn-*ahhn* cum too?" Jesse managed. "Hehe, go ahead, let's fill her up from both ends."

At this, Hubert groaned, his pounding turning erratic. "F-Fuck, Jesse."

He couldn't find any more words after that, as his own climax struck. For a long moment, there were no voices, only the huffs of their frantic, mirrored breathing and the wet noises of Minnie's body as all three of them let go, spasming.

Jesse's titanic spurts finally tapered off at about the same time Hubert's did, leaving a shared afterglow to wash gently over all three of them. Jesse and Hubert just stood there, breathing deeply, taking in the sights of each other's naked forms as their highs subsided.

"That was..." Hubert began.

"Great," Jesse finished, supremely content.

"Great, yes," Hubert said, smiling.

Minnie made a 'glck' noise that sounded vaguely affirmative.

Jesse's own grin widened. "We're totally doing this again soon, right?"

"For sure. Though I'm not sure what this means about us," Hubert admitted, pulling his flaccid cock out of Minnie's cunt and stepping closer. Without him holding it, Jesse's ever-erection angled upwards again.

In Jesse's mind, it was obvious. "We stay friends with benefits. Unless you want to move out...?"

“No. Tempting as the new you is, I still have the pigs to take care of. At least until my family starts pulling more weight.” Hubert leaned in to peck her on the cheek before starting to collect his clothes. “Plus you’re kindof already married to Minnie, I heard?”

Jesse sighed good-naturedly. “Don’t listen to Grandma’s gossip! We’re not close to being official,” she explained, turning to the demon girl in question. Jesse didn’t bother trying to flip her back around, instead just sliding Minnie down her cock facefirst until her lips hit her groin, whereupon she moaned against her.

“Ah, okay, okay,” Hubert said.

“But yeah, thanks for dinner and the sex,” Jesse added, gathering up her own garments as she started tying Minnie back into place, though she was still looking at Hubert while she did. “Super fun.”

“Definitely,” Hubert nodded, pulling his pants back on. “Maybe next time we can go someplace farther out. I wanna try fucking your pussy and stroking your dick at the same time, see how much you can *really* cum.”

Jesse felt herself go red. “Don’t say that! You’ll make me wanna keep going.”

Hubert laughed. “Fine, fine, I’ll hold back if you are. Still won’t stop me from imagining it, though.”

Now *that*, Jesse was down for. “Go for it, big boy,” she said, her bra once more covering her breasts as she fastened it. “If it’s you, feel free to picture me doing whatever you like.”

~ *fin* ~

