

Dead Daughter

Part 3

EMMA

Katrina lunges for her costume, but the shadowy figure is too fast for her. He cuts off the room, blocking her path. “Get away from me!” she screams, running backward toward the only exit. “I’ll fucking kill you, man! I’m not fucking around!” She jams on the button that slides the sleek metal door, but it isn’t working. The intruder must have disabled her room electronics before he slipped inside, unnoticed.

The masked man continues to move forward, unabated by Katrina’s threats.

Left with no choice, Katrina closes her eyes and concentrates. She calls on the months of training she’s received at the Facility to focus her incredible powers exactly the way she wants them. Her mascara begins to run as her body heats up, but instead of dripping, it spiderwebs away from her eyes like some kind of bizarre tattoos. As she concentrates harder, drawing on all of the pain, all of the embarrassment, all of the tragedy experienced in her short life, sharp bone-like spikes penetrate her skin from the inside, creating a V shape on her forehead. More spikes emerge along her cheeks and chin.

Her emotions continue to roil, mix with her fear, and cause her long brown hair to take on a life of its own. It whips up into a writhing beehive.

“STOP!” she screams at her assailant. “One touch. One fucking poke from me and you will drop dead. Don’t think about raping me. You’ll be a filthy rotting corpse before you hit the floor.”

The masked man is not deterred in the least. He pushes her bed aside as though it’s weightless. In seconds he stands right in front of the naked woman. He lifts his shirt away from his stomach. His

hard cock bobs up and down in time with his heart beat.

Katrina can't help herself. Even though she's jammed up against her locked door, fury burning through her body, poison death literally dripping from her fingers, she looks down at the throbbing member in front of her. It was still a problem. No matter how many focus exercises the teachers at the Facility taught her, she hadn't yet figured out how to control her hyper libido. Seeing the rock hard dick makes her mouth water and she immediately wonders if she'd be able to take all nine or ten inches of it down her throat without choking.

She's somehow finding it difficult to stay angry at the dude. *Fucking typical*, she says to herself. *You'd let the dude with the pretty dick kill you as long he let you suck it first.*

Snapping out of her dick-trance she opens her mouth and sprays a thick mist of the same concentrated rot that drips from her fingers, engulfing the masked intruder.

He doesn't flinch. Instead he closes the remaining distance between them.

Katrina stutters and strikes out with her razor sharp death-nails. They easily penetrate the perpetrator's shirt, ripping into his skin. Unbelievably the poison has no effect. Not that it needed to, the throat mist was a sure killer. Katrina was so proud when she'd learned it. She'd reduced an entire tree line to fertilizer the first time she belched hell breath.

Now the masked man's cock presses up against her naked stomach and Katrina finds herself more interested in dropping to her knees to get a better look at its veiny, circumcised girth than defending herself from its owners advances. She'd never met a mutant immune to her powers.

“H-how? No one can touch me. Not if they want to keep their cocks attached.”

“Magic.” When the man peels the mask away, revealing his true identity, it turns out to be the last person Katrina would expect to be sexually assaulting her in her own dorm room.

Making friends at the Facility was easy for Katrina. Word spread rather quickly that she was untouchable. But as usual, being a pretty chick trumped any danger to guys if they touched her. She liked the boys in the Facility. Something about being around fellow “gifteds” allowed her to relax in a way she'd never been able to in high school or college. Even before she'd developed the powers of pestilence incarnate, she knew she didn't belong around normals.

It only took her a few days to find herself a group of friends by way of a couple of nerdy girls named Emma and Kylee.

Both girls were on the shy side, dressed rather conservatively and kept to themselves. That's what drew Katrina to them. They didn't give a shit about popularity or the cliques that inevitably form when people are kept in close quarters and forced to be around each other on a predictable daily basis. In the midst of all of that nonsense, these two chicks sat in the back of the room and made fun of the drama instead of participating in it.

With her patented direct approach, Katrina plopped down at their table in the commons area of their wing of the Facility and asked, “So do you chicks like to suck dicks or what?”

Emma had almost choked on her vapor cigarette, but Kylee vibed with her right away, laughing and responding, “Fuck yes. Who doesn't?”

The three were fast friends, soon bunking over in each other's rooms on the weekends and causing a general ruckus in the classes they had together, shouting out random perverted words and phrases that made the instructors mad and their fellow students giggle. It was almost like they were in high school all over again, and Katrina loved every second of it.

It didn't take long before they were swapping gruesome stories about the first time their powers manifested. Emma, the poor girl, was gifted with the ability to turn invisible. Only she'd never quite gotten the hang of it all the way. Even at that point, more than two years into her residency at the Facility, she'd only managed to vanish her body down to the vein layer, which never failed to freak out everyone in the room. Seeing a disembodied network of thousands of tiny veins, floating eyeballs and

pulsing brain tended to do that to people.

Her first experience though, trumped anything she did at the school. She wasn't a virgin when the change took her, like Katrina (who was still, somehow, agonizingly unsullied.) Far from it. She'd been a real slut in high school, but settled into a relationship once she hit college with a depraved guy named Cliff who happened to be five years her elder.

For all of their bold adventures, which included Cliff ejaculating on nearly every conceivable part of Emma's body; borderline heavy bondage; monumental six hour long fuck sessions on sex drugs; Emma letting her friends suck his dick; and as fair play, Cliff letting Emma fuck and suck his friends (and strangers she met at the bar), the one perverted act she refused to let him defile her with was anal.

She liked to watch anal porn, had no problem licking asshole, and even let Cliff cornhole one of her girlfriends in a disastrous drug fueled orgy that left Cliff in the shower scrubbing shit off his cock while the wasted chick cried outside the door about how sorry she was that she pooped on his dick. But butt stuff involving her own asshole was just not something that turned her on. Or so she thought.

It was on Cliff's birthday, while the two sat on the couch in their bedroom smoking joints that it happened.

"I have something to show you," she squawked through lungs full of smoke. She got up and hooked her video camera to her television, then turned and gave Cliff a mischievous grin. A video started playing on the screen. It was Emma, on her knees in her bedroom. A voice behind the camera said, "Are you sure?" It was a male voice. "Yeah, fuck yeah, I'm sure!" she said in her whimsical voice. She giggled and licked her lips.

"What is this?" Cliff asked, shifting on the couch, clearly stoned and clearly confused.

"Just watch," Emma said, cuddling back up next to him. "You're gonna love it."

On the tape, Emma reaches out and unbutton's the cameraman's pants, yanking them down. She fishes around in his boxers for a second, and pulls out his already erect penis.

"Cliff is gonna be so pissed," the cameraman says.

“I know that voice. That's Tom. You blew Tom!”

“Yup,” Emma said, laughing while taking the joint out of Cliff's hand. He stared shocked at the screen, not even noticing the drugs had been taken away from him.

Video Emma takes Tom's dick in her mouth and sucks on it for a minute or two while he moans, but surprisingly holds the camera steady. Without warning he grunts and starts to cum. Emma expertly pulls his cock out of her mouth and jacks him off, making sure the majority of his load covers her lips and nose. She licks the thick cream off her lips and blows a kiss at the camera. “Love you, Cliff!”

Cliff looked at her, astonished.

“Keep watchin', babe. It gets better.”

The video cuts to blue, indicating it had been shut off after Tom blew his load, then comes back on without the quaint set up of the previous video. In this shot, Emma is already sucking on a dick much bigger than Tom's. She's sweaty and moaning around the fat cock. Her eyes are glassy and unfocused. She's clearly drunk. After a moment, she lays her head against the same arm of the couch Cliff is leaning up against. The nameless cock takes over and face fucks Emma violently, the thump, thump, thump of the couch as it rocks up off its feet with every thrust the only sound track.

Another minute passes and the big cock pulls out, its owner jacking it off, furiously. Emma raises her head off the couch and looks directly into the camera. “Fucking drench me.”

As if on cue, the dick spits out rope after arcing rope of jizz, each one long enough to hit her on the chin, and travel all the way up to her hairline. She looks like she's just been glazed by a doughnut.

Then the camera turns around and faces the owner of the cock, “Sup Cliff!” he says, flipping off the camera.

“That was Byron! You let Byron come over and fuck your face?! Where the fuck was I?”

“At work. Watch the next one,” she said, giggling silently to herself.

The next video starts even more abruptly than the last. Emma is already completely naked. She's fingering herself, covered in sweat. Loud metal music plays in the background. The cameraman

steps forward and slaps his cock off her cheek, causing her to moan loudly. A second dick comes into frame, eagerly ramming its way into her mouth. Unbelievably a third rock hard penis comes into view, resting itself on her forehead. Emma's eyes cross as she tries to look at it while her mouth is fucked.

Cliff closed his eyes and shook his head. "You blew three of my friends at the same time?"

"Those aren't your friends, they're my friends!" Emma said, fast forwarding the video to the very end.

All three cocks jack off above her face and she goes around in a semi circle licking their balls. One by one the dicks go off, absolutely drowning her in thick, splattery gobs of cockjuice. As each one shakes the remainder of their cum onto the sloppy soup, Emma looks directly into the camera and says, "Happy birthday, Cliff!" the headless dicks laugh and say the same, and then the video cuts to blue again.

Cliff lets out a huge sigh. "You really did that? You really let a bunch of dudes come over her and bust their nuts all over you? And you video taped it? And just showed it to me for my birthday?"

"I did," Emma said, beaming with pride.

Cliff just looked at her, dumbfounded.

"That's the coolest thing anybody's ever done for me!" he shouted, and grabbed Emma around the head, kissing her deeply with more passion than he'd ever kissed her before. He didn't stop there. Emma felt his hardon through his pants, pressing up against her belly. Cliff was always on the aggressive side, and that's exactly how Emma liked it. But this was different. He yanked her shirt off, nearly ripping the delicate material and nearly choked her pulling off her bra without unfastening it. She tried to get her pants unbuttoned but he was on top of her, yanking them down and off before she could get a hold of them. She went from clothed to naked in about five seconds.

Cliff pushed her onto her back on the couch. He was on top of her, hand around her throat as he moved his fingers down to her pussy.

She needed little prompting before she was practically gushing. This overly forceful attitude

was exactly the kind of thing that made her cum the hardest. But after only a few minutes of fingering, Cliff's hand moved further south.

She tried to push him away, "Stop, you know I don't like that."

Cliff grabbed her by the cheeks, pulling her face closer to his. "It's my birthday, and I'm going to fuck you in the ass tonight. I don't want to hear another word from you unless it's 'fuck me harder', got it?"

If she'd been turned on before, her pussy was practically singing now. She nodded, and let him push her legs up over her head, giving him full access to her asshole. He buried his tongue inside, and silently, Emma thanked the gods she'd decided to shower before Cliff got home from work. With as exited as he was, though, she didn't think he'd have noticed either way.

He replaced his tongue with the middle finger of his left hand as his mouth moved up and busied itself eating her pussy, while he used his left had to squeeze her tits, back and forth.

Emma loved it when Cliff played with her tits while they fucked around. She liked to close her eyes and imagine strangers or guys she'd put in the friend zone growing a pair and feeling her up while cliff did work on her.

She lost herself in one of those fantasies now to take her mind off the pressure inside her ass as Cliff finger fucked it while he licked her pussy.

She thought about Paul, a short, chubby guy with glasses who hung out at the same Karaoke bar she did. Cliff hated bars, so Emma would usually go by herself. That's where she'd met the three friends she brought home for Cliff's cum video. That's also where she'd met Paul. Only Paul was much too shy for anything like that. He was a wiz at trivia nights, especially if the questions pertained to metal music or Buffy the Vampire Slayer.

Paul wore his dirty blonde hair back in a pony tail and kept it long. He very much looked like one of the dwarven warriors out of one of the video games he always played. And that's where the fantasy started for Emma...

You imagine Yourself getting frustrated with one of Cliff's zombie games while he's at work. You pick up the phone and hurriedly text Paul, knowing he'll always answer. He's a loser with nothing else to do. With your fingers moving faster than your brain, you type out: I'LL SUCK THE COCK OF THE FIRST GUY TO GET ME PAST THIS FUCKING LEVEL!!!! and hit send before you realize what you've done.

A second later, you get a reply: UH, OK?

You start to type that you were only joking, but a devious thought enters your mind. Paul always watches you shake your ass when you dance at the bar. Always has a miserable look on his face when you decide to go home with a complete stranger you only met an hour or less before.

You know Paul wants you. He's just never had the courage to make a move. Even when you've invited him over to yours and Cliff's place to play video games when Cliff was gone or passed out drunk, Paul always acted like a perfect gentleman.

You decide you're going push him to his limits and see if you can get the boy to grow a pair. Or a hard on. A hard on to shove right in your mouth.

“You with me, baby?” Cliff asked, snapping Emma out of her Paul fantasy.

She nodded, wishing he'd just shut up and keep eating her out so she could get off to thoughts of her pussy friend zoned guy fucking her face.

“You're all relaxed, baby. I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna put it in your ass, OK?”

Emma just closed her eyes and took a deep breath. The most consent she was going to give the bastard was lack of protest. If he had to fuck her asshole, he was going to have to just do it.

And he did.

Emma gasped, her eyes shot open and she clenched the sides of the couch. Cliff was right, she was relaxed so his cock entering her ass didn't hurt as much as it was just, filling. Filling in a way she didn't like to think about. But she'd already evacuated her bowels that day and was thoroughly washed,

so there would be no accidents. She hoped.

After several seconds of holding still, Cliff began to move, slowly at first, just tiny back and forth motions. They felt like a goddamn battering ram to Emma. But somehow, after Cliff picked up the pace and started butt fucking her at the rate he normally would her pussy, Emma calmed down.

Anal wasn't so bad, she decided. In fact, she could probably learn to enjoy it. Not that she'd let Cliff know that. Part of his fun was the chase and catch. The forbidden entrance. Yes, Emma could get used to getting fucked in the ass. But not this time, she decided. This time she had a fantasy fuck to tend to. And so she closed her eyes and drifted back to friend zoned Paul and her zombie video game.

When he shows up at the door, you're wearing nothing but a tiny black tanktop that does a terrible job hiding your tits, and pair of green shorts that look like they belong to a 1980s camp counselor in one of those sex comedies. Appropriate for the shenanigans you're trying to get started.

In typical Paul fashion, he averts his gaze even though your left nipple is only barely concealed by the thin strap of the tanktop. Pink aureola is peaking out on both sides.

"I can NOT get through this level and it's pissing me off so bad!" you say, leading him down to the basement where the game room is. You flop yourself on the bed you and Cliff have down there for the nights when you have friends over to party and fuck. But Paul doesn't know anything about that. Or if he does, he's always acted ignorant to yours and Cliff's kinky ways.

You power on the game console and hand the controller over to Paul, who sits nervously on the bed as far away from you as he can get. When he reaches to grab it, his eyes fall on your tits, which from that angle, are completely hanging out of the tank top. There's no way he doesn't see them.

He quickly looks away and licks his lips which are completely dry from nervousness.

You're loving it. You rolls over onto your back as he starts to play, which leaves your right breast completely exposed. You take your time readjusting your shirt, causing Paul's breathing to shallow.

"You remember what I said about finishing this level for me?" You ask playfully, not

seductively. You don't think seductive would work on someone as meek as Paul. It would be too much for him. He'd probably either make an excuse to leave, or cum right in his pants before you got to have any fun. So you're talking to him like You'd talk to your own brother, if you had one.

“You were just fucking around. It's cool. I'll help you anyway.” Paul says, but his voice is cracking. He knows there's a real possibility he might get his dick sucked.

You lay there getting wetter by the second at how awkward you're making the situation. You wonders if Paul's ever had a blowjob in his life. You decide that's a perfectly fair question to ask.

“Has anybody ever sucked your cock, Paul?”

“What?” he yelps, as a zombie bites into his game character's face, killing him. “Yeah, sure. Lots of times.”

You aren't convinced.

“You're not gonna tell anybody if I do it, right? I don't want anybody thinking I'm a slut.” You can barely conceal a giggle.

“W-what about Cliff?”

“What he doesn't know can't hurt him, right buddy?”

You're being totally full of shit. Cliff loves to watch you suck dick. Sometimes too much. Sometimes you wished he was more into girl on girl action. Not that you mind cock in your mouth in the least bit, but you're not always in the mood for an audience. And if he just HAS to watch, sometimes you wish he liked to watch you get eaten out by hot chicks as much as he likes you sucking his friend's dicks.

Right then, he was fucking her in the ass so hard, while thumbing her clit and twisting her nipple, that she totally lost her fantasy. She was going to cum any time. Unbelievable. Who got off the first time they took one up the butt? She could tell Cliff was close to cumming, too. She needed a change of pace or she was going to lose out on her gamer boy fantasy before it even had a chance to get going.

So she pushed Cliff off her and flipped herself around on the couch, resting her face and tits against the cushion, presenting Cliff her ass from behind. He took the bait, of course, and slid his cock right back into her slippery asshole. As least this way he kept his hands off her pussy and tits.

Now where was she....

Paul finishes the level. You hadn't really had any trouble with it. You'd beaten the game so many times you could play it in your sleep. You just picked a random saved game and told him you were stuck.

“Do you want me to do another for you?”

“Sure, after I suck your dick.”

“Uh.. what?” His face gets red and he turns toward you.

You can see his pants bunching up in the front He's got a boner! He might just man up and whip his cock out yet!

“A deal's a deal, right?” You use the controller to turn off the game without bothering to save Paul's progress. “Now I have to give you a blowjob.”

“No. Nah, I uh, I uh...”

You just smile at him. Even though you don't want to scare him off, you have no intention of making things easy on him. He's going to have to quit being a bitch boy and shove his cock down your throat, or he's going to leave with a serious case of blue balls.

“Where do you want me? On my knees?”

Paul swallows hard and wipes the sweat off his forehead.

“I- I think there's fine.”

“Ok. But you're gonna get a leg cramp,” you say, resting your cheeks in her hands and your elbows on the bed. You cross your feet behind you, waiting for him to make a move. “What are you waiting for?”

“Do you... really want to do this?” He asks, scooting closer on his knees.

Instead of answering you just close your eyes and open your mouth. If you were anyone else, you'd have shut the pathetic dude down ten minutes before. But you're having so much fun with the thrill of taunting the poor guy. You give him every opportunity to puss out on his own and leave.

Surprisingly, he doesn't . He scoots right up to you, hands trembling, and unbuckles his belt, then unbuttons his pants. His dick is pulsing just below his jeans.

You can't tell how big it is yet. That's all part of the fun, and honestly, it doesn't matter to you anyway. You suck big dicks, small dicks, fat dicks, skinny dicks. As long as they stay hard and cum, all dicks make you happy.

You open your eyes and stick your tongue out at him, giggling.

He takes a deep breath and yanks down his pants and underwear. His cock bobs out. It's average in length and girth but it's got a big head on it. Those are your favorite. You love the way they make your lips feel when the cock glides past and then pops back out. It always makes a sound like pulling a lollipop out of your mouth too fast.

It was getting hard to concentrate again. Cliff had worked up a steady rhythm and Emma's asshole was being more than cooperative. Worse, from this position, his big balls were slapping off her sopping wet pussy giving both holes enough stimulation to climax, if she'd just relax and let it happen.

Pushing up off the couch, she guided Cliff into a sitting position without losing a single stroke. Her back was facing him, and his cock was still buried in her ass, but this way, she could control the pace. She slowed things way down, bringing her feet up to rest on Cliff's knees.

She planted her hands on the cushions on either side of Cliff's stomach and gave herself the maximum amount of leverage. From here she could lift herself all the way up off his cock if she wanted to, and then all the way down as far as gravity allowed. Balls deep up her ass.

Suddenly, as she increased the rhythm bit by bit, she wasn't so sure she wanted to get back to ole Paul and his scared wiener. Cliff pawed at her tits from underneath and she felt her mood shifting toward submission. She started to think about Cliff's orgasm and how much she wanted it. But she

couldn't leave poor Paul blue balled in fantasy land. That would just be rude.

Paul is frozen in that spot, cock in hand, right in front of your mouth. You smile up at him and playfully flick your tongue out, licking the underside of his big cock head. The quick movement makes the apple shaped head bob up and down. Paul sucks in a breath and leans forward. His purple dick head mashes against your lips. For a moment you just leave it there, a warm, damp thing smooshed on your face. You savor the moment. Paul's mouth hangs open as he looks on still not entirely convinced you're really going to suck him off. He's waiting for you to get mad and kick him out.

But you're a slut, not a cunt. You open your mouth and guide the big purple head past your lips with your tongue. It pushes against the roof of your mouth and lodges into the back of your throat as your lips close around his considerably skinner shaft.

Paul closes his eyes and you brace yourself for him to nut like a one pump chump, but instead he pushes his hips back and pulls his dick back out of your mouth. You wait for it.

PLOP!

Just like a lollipop.

Paul exhales and holds his cock in front of you again.

“It's gonna take more than that to finish the job, don't you think, bud?” You say, smirking at him.

He leans forward again, but his cock misses your mouth, instead sliding up the side of your cheek, leaving a trail of your own saliva. You laugh as he pulls back, sucking in air. He thrusts forward again, much more aggressively this time. His purple knob jabs the back of your throat, but you don't choke. You've sucked far too many dicks to choke from something like that.

Quickly you and Paul fall into a lovely rhythm. You open your mouth. He thrusts deep, you close your lips and suck as he pulls back out. Repeat. This goes on till sweat is running down his face onto his dragon t-shirt, and your pussy is wet enough to make a damp spot on the bed sheet. Then he groans and you're sure he's going to cum this time, but instead he reaches back and grabs his leg.

He's got a cramp.

“Told you!” you say, lazily licking at his yummy purple cockhead.

That's when Paul finally surprises you.

As he hops off the bed to stretch his leg out from being in such an awkward position while getting his dick sucked, he grabs you by the hair without a word and drags you down to the floor.

Of course you comply. You love it when dudes take control. You like to dominate when you're fucking girls, but you love it when guys toss you around and put you exactly where they want you. It makes it that much hotter when they're getting you exactly how they want you. But you sure as fuck didn't expect this kind of behavior from Paul.

Your pussy is soaking wet when he pulls your hair up in his hands behind your head and starts to fuck your face.

Your eyes bulge and you squeak in surprise as he starts to grunt, thrusting deep into your mouth, not giving you any room to breathe. You try to sneak some breath in through your nose when he rocks his hips back but you'd rather pass out than fuck up the rhythm now. Shit's getting intense as your eyeliner rolls down your face and you make gagging noises every time he bangs against your tonsils.

Paul yanks your head back and snarls in your face, “You like that, slut? You like when I fuck your cunt mouth?”

You don't know what a cunt mouth is, but you're into it so you just gasp as much air as he'll let you and spit a big mouthful of saliva onto your own tits before he drills your mouth again.

“Take it you fucking whore. I'm gonna fucking bust all over your glasses and make you eat it off.”

“Ok!” you yelp, unable to process this kind of dirty talk coming from dungeon master Paul. You only wear your glasses when you're driving or playing video games. The eye strain gives you headaches. But, truth be told, you'd secretly hoped he'd nut all over them when he came.

He gets both hands behind your head and just goes to work on your mouth like it's the last

mouth he's ever going to fuck. And knowing Paul, that might just be accurate.

You finally put a hand up to work his shaft, but also to keep him from making you deep throat every single thrust. You are gagging now, with full tears and even snot running down your face while saliva pools all over your tits at stomach. You're a complete mess and without even realizing it, you've started rubbing your clit with your free hand.

You can't believe how lucky you got calling the big oaf over. If the other girls at the bar knew how hard Paul went, he'd get laid every night! He's humping your face with ten times the passion Cliff ever puts into a gag fuck.

Cliff, ugh. You can't think about that big dick pounding your asshole right now. You have to stay in the fantasy or you're going to cum all over the place and lose it just when it's getting good.

Which is exactly what Paul has in mind after you start twisting your hand along his shaft, jacking him off inadvertently while he slams his hips back and forth in front of your face.

But back in the real world, Cliff somehow has those huge balls of his slapping off your pussy again. He's rocking up off the couch really getting the most out of your first butt fuck.

You can't distinguish reality from fantasy now as Paul fucks your brains out and Cliff blows your asshole out.

You plunge two fingers into your pussy. You can't tell if it's your real pussy or your fantasy pussy but at this point it doesn't matter. You're only thirty seconds away from busting your own nut and if Paul doesn't hurry up and cum, he's not going to get the chance.

Cliff's hands curl around your throat from behind and he starts choking you. The bastard. He knows that's exactly how to make you cum. You feel it building deep inside your pussy, which confuses you since he's so far up your ass, but you don't argue with biology. You let the orgasm blossom through your pussy, lighting your clit on fire before it rides up through your belly, then you try to hold it there. You want the boys to cum first. You're considerate like that.

You look up at Paul hoping to make eye contact with him to send him over the edge. But much

to your delight, he's already there. His eyes are only half open and completely glazed over. Drool is building on his bottom lip.

He's gonna cum.

But so is Cliff.

The fuckers are gonna blow loads at the same time.

Paul goes first. He's vocal. You like vocal. He grunts and moans, pulling out of your mouth, pulling your hair back so your face is pointed directly up at him. He uses his other hand to jack himself off but it only takes two or three strokes before his hand freezes. His legs shake as he lets out a loud moan and dumps the first thick load on your right lens and forehead. Pushing your face to the side he gives his cock another two strokes and then hits the other lens and the left side of your cheek before centering your face again and letting the rest of his cum ooze out onto your nose. He barely has time to plunge his still throbbing meat back into your mouth to make you taste the residual spunk still dripping out of his cock head before Cliff starts cumming behind you...

He's not vocal. He barely even breathes heavy. Emma couldn't even remember how many times he'd busted nuts in her mouth, catching her completely off guard. She'd choked on so many of his loads, she started making him give her warning because she was tired of losing his cum onto the bed or floor when she coughed it up on accident.

Eventually, like professional dance partners, she'd learned to read his body language as a form of communication on its own. She knew he was cumming when his leg muscles tightened and his dick grew harder. When she felt it swell and his legs lock, she had about ten seconds to prepare for his orgasm, five if he was really horny. Less if he hadn't cum in a few days.

Just then, he wrapped his hand tighter around her hair till her scalp burned from the pressure and grabbed tightly onto her tit with his free hand. His cock swelled up and Emma braced herself for him to buck like a wild horse when he came.

Still imagining Paul's load all over her face, she let go at the exact same time Cliff did, releasing

the building orgasm as it flooded up through her nipples into her face and mouth, then back down building force as it sped, smashing into her pussy with more force than any orgasm she'd ever had before. Things were exacerbated by Cliff's pulsating dick shooting a gigantic load up her ass. Something about taking his cum up her ass left her pussy room to squeeze and cum even harder.

To say she was an anal convert was an understatement. If that was how it felt to cum with a dick in your ass, Emma planned to take every dick she could find up there. Fucking christ.

But as she came to her senses as the orgasm faded, Emma realized something was wrong.

“What the fuck...” Cliff whispered. “What the fuck...” he said again.

Suddenly Emma thought she'd shit on him and all the enthusiasm for anal drained out of her as she turned around. But what she found when she looked back made her scream.

Cliff was frozen in place. His eyes bulged. His breath was caught in his throat, and rightfully so. He was looking at his own still pulsing cock pushing out the last of its spunk toward a big blob of cum a little higher up, hanging in mid-air, floating. Only his dick was still up Emma's ass and she still straddled him on the couch.

All that remained of Emma was a chaotic labyrinth of veins and organs.

Now Emma joined him with a loud, “WHAT THE FUCK!?”

But it was when she turned toward the mirror on the wall next to the couch that she liked to use to watch Cliff fuck her that she let out a scream so loud she scratched up her throat, unable to talk properly for a week.

What she saw was a brain floating there with two eyeball stalks and a tongue that descended into a translucent esophagus that then led down to a stomach with her half digested lunch still sitting inside.

Emma bolted off Cliff and ran, hysterical, through the house, still screaming the whole way.

He found her, still nothing but a tangle of organs and an intestine full of cum, hiding in the shower.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH ME!” She screamed.

Cliff threw up in the toilet and then sat down with his back to her. Even her boyfriend couldn't look at her in such a state.

He'd called 911, but instead of Paramedics, a pair of men in black suits had showed up and insisted they talk to Emma alone.

Ole Mr. Bill and Mr. Scott, the same two goofy goons who'd shown up to Katrina's psych ward...

When the three of them came out of the bedroom, Emma looked normal again and was fully clothed carrying a duffel bag, crying quietly to herself. Cliff tried to talk to her, but she shrugged his hand off her shoulder and left, climbing into a car with the two strangers.

She'd entered the Facility that very night.

She never saw Cliff, Paul, or any of her other friends again.