

Nicole—His to Command

Jaycee Knight

Published by *Bloomin' Faeries!* at Smash words

Copyright 2013 Jaycee Knight

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Nicole sighed and rested her head in her hands. It had been a long day. She was thankful for her penchant for unisex t-shirts, otherwise she wouldn't have had anything to wear to work that didn't make her look like a tramp. As it was, the shirt stretched taut across her swollen breasts. She didn't think they'd gotten any bigger, thank goodness. That was some small measure of relief. The whole day had been torturous though. The soft fabric brushed and rubbed against her nipples constantly, keeping them in a state of semi erect. She'd changed panties once at lunch.

By some miracle, she had not masturbated all day. Well, except that morning before leaving home. She had kept her composure during work though and now she just wanted it to be over. Countless times she had caught herself eyeing some of her programmers, employees from other teams. Hell, she'd even caught herself thinking about the maintenance man who had come around to work on the air conditioning in the building. Now *he'd* been attractive. If he was still around, maybe she could slip her number into his pocket.

Shaking her head, Nicole groaned. At this point she would have been grateful to return to having rock hard, sensitive nipples if it meant her breasts went back down to their normal size. She was tired of having these jugs dangling off her chest. After just two days, her back ached. She felt top heavy and off balance, not at all graceful.

Like a cow.

She pushed the thought away, standing up at the same time. The company wouldn't go under if she left fifteen minutes early. It took her a minute to find her car in the parking lot. It was a rental while her own was in the shop, the puzzled mechanics trying

to figure out what was wrong. She missed her jeep. It was better than the bus though, so she hadn't complained. Not much anyway.

She looked forward to getting home as she navigated the streets through the rush hour traffic. What she intended to do when she got there was really no mystery. She just wanted to rip off her clothes and masturbate until she passed out. Maybe shower at some point. Or masturbate in the shower. Nicole moaned softly at the thought. Pulling up to a red light, she slipped one hand off the wheel and pressed down on the crotch of her pants. Her hips bucked and twisted, trying to grind herself against the pressure. The friction took her breath away. She could feel the moisture soaking through her pants, her panties already slick with it.

A honk behind her made her eyes snap open. She hadn't even realized she had closed them! She sheepishly pulled through the green light. What had she been thinking, it was dangerous not to pay attention when she was driving. She grumbled under her breath. Of course. She hadn't been thinking and that was the problem. The only reprieve she ever got these days from lust and desire was when she was fucking someone's brains out. While she liked sex, she wished she could have a little relief to just sit down and read a book or something. A break doing something she enjoyed that didn't have anything to do with sex. It seemed the last few days had been all about that and nothing else.

She made it the rest of the way home without incident though it took all of her concentration. In her head she was already naked and ready, groping her boobs and crotch, her breathing getting heavier with each passing moment. She somehow managed to fumble her keys out of her pocket and into the lock. She kicked the door closed behind her and locked it, then dropped her keys on the table in the foyer. Her hand was already wandering down to the button on her pants when a polite cough made her freeze.

Slowly, her gaze moved along the floor until it encountered shined black dress shoes peeking out from beneath perfectly hemmed slacks. She gradually moved her eyes upwards along the long lines of his legs and over the familiar spread of his muscular chest, showcased in a pale blue shirt, no tie. The sleeves were rolled up around his elbows. That damnable smirk was still firmly in place and Nicole decided right then that she wanted to punch him.

She took one stride towards him when a subtle movement drew her eyes to his hand and the grey remote resting there. Panic set in immediately. She whirled and lunged for the door, but she was too slow. She heard the subtle 'click' behind her and knew she was doomed.

Nicole barely registered collapsing to the floor, writhing uncontrollably. Her pants had fallen around her knees, restricting her thrashing to a degree. It did nothing to stop the violent gushes of fluid that spurted from between her legs, soaking her panties and dripping down her thighs. She screamed at the pleasure that washed over her, burying her mind like an avalanche of animal instinct impossible to resist. Her hips thrust

mindlessly, humping the ground, her body begging for the rutting it so desperately wanted.

Her hands grappled at her clothing, tugging and ripping at her shirt. Though soft, the sturdy fabric refused to budge. As she strained, a seam somewhere popped, not enough to give her the freedom she wanted. Lightning flashed across her vision. Her chest heaved, breath panting in-between screams and moans. She rolled onto her back, rough fingers digging into her needy breasts.

Waves of pleasure crashed over her in rapid succession. Reduced to mindless animal lust, she rode the never-ending climax. Her over sensitive body writhed at the lightest touch and yet her hands weren't gentle, brutally twisting and pulling her own nipples. She desperately tried to drive herself to greater heights, drawing out the insane orgasmic rush.

Just as quickly as it began, the pleasure ended. She went limp. She was only vaguely aware of the pool of fluid slowly spreading out around her hips and thighs. How could she have gushed so much juice? That had never happened before. All she could do was stare at the ceiling and pant, trying to drag her scattered wits back together in her lazy, post-orgasmic haze.

"Do I have your attention now?"

Viktor's throaty voice made her body shudder and tighten, still eager. It was as if a male presence—even one she hated as much as Viktor—was enough to arouse her. She pulled her hands away from her breasts. Her pale skin was flushed red, partly from shame and partly from the lust that still lingered inside her. Nicole pushed herself to her feet, scowling as she nearly slipped in the puddle of her juices. She noticed some of it had even gotten on the wall.

Meeting Viktor's eyes was hard. Knowing he could lay her low so easily was a blow to her wounded pride, which had only recently been bolstered by her fleeting success with identity theft.

"Fuck you," she spat, her voice sounding hoarse in her own ears. She immediately regretted those words, realizing he could literally make that happen with that remote, if he wanted.

But Viktor didn't take the bait. He just gestured towards the living room.

"Come, sit." His smirk grew. "Though I supposed I could just say 'sit' now." The joke made her ears burn. Humiliated, she stalked into the living room and sank onto the couch, curling her knees to her chest.

"What do you want?" she demanded, resting her chin on her knees. The musky scent of sex and desire filled her nose as it rose from the fluid that still dampened her lower body. She couldn't look at him.

"I just want to talk," he said. "You've been a very naughty girl the last few days."

She rolled her eyes. His tone was grating on her nerves, so condescending and smug, as if he were speaking to a child.

“Still,” he continued, “it was clever to steal my identity. I’ll admit that I wasn’t expecting it.”

He sank onto the other end of the couch, propping his feet up on the edge of the coffee table. He knocked off one of her game controllers as he did so and Nicole felt her scowl deepen. It was inconsequential, she knew, but it felt like a personal affront.

“Really, it’s just things. Money. Unimportant.” He waved a flippant hand. “If I really wanted, I could make you give me everything you have. As it is, I don’t.” He smiled gently, as though he were bestowing on her some great favor.

“Go to Hell,” she snapped. Her pride, she found, was still her greatest defense in this game. Pride and anger. She’d never beg or grovel for him.

His smile turned almost bitter, she thought. He sighed gently and glanced at his left shoulder. “I think it’s time I introduced you to somebody. It will explain a lot about what’s going on.”

Nicole’s brows knit together in confusion as he pointed towards his shoulder. She followed the line of his finger and what she saw what he meant. Her eyes widened in shock.

Perched on Viktor’s shoulder, a miniature woman barely eight inches tall stared back at her, gently fanning her wings. Wings just like the butterfly she’d noticed on his shoulder twice before. For her height, her breasts were almost comically huge. Either by nature or because of the gold bustier that hugged her wasp waist, they were pushed high and perky. Tight white shorts barely covered her rounded buttocks and left her long legs bare down to the high heeled gladiator sandals that wrapped her calves. She looked like some over-developed eighteen year-old ready to go to a club with her friends, get smashed, and dance with all the wrong men. At first Nicole suspected it must be a doll or some kind of illusion. Then the faerie smiled at her and raised a hand, twiddling her fingers playfully.

“Hey girl,” she purred, voice playfully seductive despite the high pitch.

“What... what is that?” Nicole stammered. Always a secular woman and a skeptic of the highest degree, she hadn’t ever put stock in superstitions. She scoffed at the idea of werewolves and vampires, laughed at the concept of witches and warlocks. And yet, a few days ago she’d been convinced magic didn’t exist either. Now, she wasn’t so sure.

“Nicole, this is Fantasia. She’s a faerie. She’s the one who’s been making all of this happen.” He gestured to her, indicating the state she was in. Nicole, suddenly self-conscious, tried to brush her sweat matted hair back. She knew her body still smelled of sweat and sex. The smell filled her nose. She knew what he meant of course. Her breasts, her libido—all the things that were happening to her were because of this faerie. Her hands fisted.

That *bitch*.

Viktor pulled his feet off the coffee table and sat forward towards her, one arm along the back of the couch. It put the hand holding the remote within arm’s reach of Nicole.

Her mind kicked into overdrive. She knocked the remote out of his hand and it hit the wall with a sharp crack. It fell to the floor in pieces. She bolted for the door. She could call the police for him breaking it her house or go somewhere. Anywhere to get away from him and the crazy he seemed to drag along with him.

She didn't hear footsteps behind her, no attempt to chase her. Instead, she heard Fantasia's tiny voice. It was surprisingly clear and definitely petulant.

"Oh don't go so soon!" The faerie wrinkled her nose. Nicole's body froze. She fought against it, reminded suddenly of the slow motion effect of the remote. She shuddered inwardly and tried to fight against the restraints. Only her legs and arms seemed to be held, so she took a deep breath.

"HEEELP!" She screamed at the top of her lungs, rage fueling her voice louder than she'd ever screamed before. Her body slowly turned until she was facing them. Fantasia clamped her hands down over her long, delicately pointed ears while Nicole continued to scream. When she stopped for breath, the faerie whipped one hand towards her. Suddenly, her mouth was frozen shut. She couldn't make a sound.

Furious at being made helpless yet again, Nicole tried to thrash against the restraints. The paralysis seemed to have crept through her body though. She couldn't move anything except her eyes!

"Ah good, silence," Fantasia purred.

Viktor stood in front of Nicole, hands shoved in his pockets. Oddly enough, his typical smirk seemed to have leaked away, showing a more serious face beneath. She wondered if that seriousness had been more common in his bookworm state.

"Faeries don't like loud noises Nicole, from people or things." He sighed. "This is your own fault." He glanced at Fantasia, and then turned his gaze back to her. "And now she's given control of your hands, legs, and mouth to me."

"This is going to be so much fun," Fantasia cooed, clapping and practically bouncing up and down in excitement. At the very least her breasts bounced, rising nearly high enough to cover her face. Nicole hoped she would hit herself in the face, but the faerie seemed to know exactly what to do with her own huge jugs.

"You teach her Viktor!"

There was no mistaking the maliciously giddy tone in her sugary sweet voice. He nodded, but there was a pause before he did anything. Probably just thinking of exactly how he wanted to humiliate her, she thought. There was something off, though, a slight hesitation he hadn't really shown before. It passed as quickly as it came. He pointed her towards the living room.

"Why don't you have a seat, Nicole."

She wanted to object, but her body began to move on its own, walking towards the living room. Nicole fought in her mind, trying to regain control, all in vain.

"Oh come on, shake that butt." Fantasia rolled her eyes, tugging on Viktor's ear. Nicole immediately felt her walk become more seductive, her hips swaying side to side

as she sashayed into the living room and sank back down onto the couch where she'd been sitting a few moments before.

Alright, so Viktor was an ass, but she already knew that. She desperately tried to stay calm, but knew her heaving chest gave away the rising panic. She couldn't let them see that. She didn't think Viktor was a criminal. He wouldn't actually do anything to her, right? She tried to force herself calm, but she honestly wasn't sure if she was making any headway against the rising tide of panic in her gut. Viktor walked over and she stared up at him in a mute plea to be released. She thought she saw a flash of... something in his eyes. His lips twitched, and there was something almost apologetic about his expression.

"Take off your shirt, Nicole," he commanded.

Her hands moved automatically, stripping the t-shirt off. Her breasts swung once free of the constraining fabric, her nipples already hardening from the cool breeze in the room.

"Those are some nice breasts, Nicole," he commented off handedly. "Or maybe we should call them *tits*. I don't remember them being so big. Way to slut it up."

Nicole was helpless to answer. Inwardly she shivered. Fear fought anger as she glared at him, standing in front of her and watching her. She could feel the blood slowly rising to her cheeks. He always seemed to know just how to humiliate her.

To her disgust, her breasts throbbed for stimulus, the gentle air at the same time almost too much and not nearly enough.

"Why don't you caress them?" Viktor suggested. "But do it gently. Tease them."

Her hands rose on their own accord to caress the round, over-sized mounds. The touch was gentle and light, not at all what she wanted. She gritted her teeth, but couldn't make a sound, couldn't even try and press her chest into the touch. It was strange really, so gentle and sensual that she wasn't really sure what to think. Her frustration and confusion fueled her anger at being manipulated, but she couldn't block out the pleasure entirely.

From where she was sitting, Nicole had a very good view of the fact that Viktor was enjoying himself. She forced her eyes up above his belt line and glared. If looks could kill, he'd have been dead so many times over. If only. Her gaze drifted briefly to Fantasia as she tried to ignore the gentle brush of her own hands. The faerie's legs were splayed wide as she sat on Viktor's shoulder. Nicole quickly looked away. Those little white shorts were definitely not long enough to sit like that in. And she wasn't wearing any panties. Briefly, Nicole wondered where she even found clothes that fit. Barbie dolls, maybe?

"Boooring," the busty faerie sighed. "It's more fun when they talk, isn't it, Viktor? Make her talk! Make her say anything you want—things she doesn't want to say. You want to hear how she can't help herself, don't you Viktor?"

There was something devilish in her voice, as though she relished every nasty word and the way it made the human woman squirm. Nicole shuddered. Faeries in legends were supposed to be kind, helpful creatures. This one was something far more sinister.

“Nicole, I know you’re resisting this,” he began. “It’s useless, you can’t help yourself, but I want you to talk as if you might be able to. Talk like you’re fighting this.”

His voice was quiet, almost hesitant. There was a thread of yearning in it, though, that gave lie to his dark desires. Nicole knew the faerie was right. He wanted this. She felt her body jerk in a response that had nothing to do with the constant pleasuring of her hands. It confused her, but the next moment she was panting out words that would have made her flush scarlet had desire not already reddened her skin.

“Oooh,” she moaned, finally able to express some release. Her voice sounded husky and raw with need. “God this feels good... but I mustn’t... Cant’ do this... in front of you... But... Aaaaah... my tits feel so good. Oh, you bastard, I can’t stop it...”

Nicole was startled—she sounded like a porn star! She willed her mouth to stop talking, but the faerie’s magic proved stronger. “Oh fuck, my nips are burning hot! Must stop... Have to fight it... Can’t lose control...”

But she knew she was losing the battle. The pressure on her breasts increased, her hands kneading the soft, sensitive flesh with more intensity. She heard herself moaning. She struggled to keep her head clear as her mouth hung open, hardly silent for a moment. Moans and mewls and eager grunts escaped her unwilling lips, sprinkled with admissions of helplessness. She knew she should have been furious, but feeling this vulnerable and admitting it was turning her on. Nicole knew it was wrong, but she became acutely aware of the heat building between her thighs. Her traitorous lips wasted no time in revealing that fact, too.

“My pussy... Getting so wet. God, you know I can’t help myself, don’t you, you bastard! Oooh, no... Oh, this feels so good... so good... Aaah...”

Viktor crouched before her and gently pushed her knees outward. She stared down at herself, her hands still massaging her breasts, her legs wide open before him. He locked eyes with her. She felt her body jerk in a response that had nothing to do with the constant pleasuring of her hands. It confused her, but the next moment she was panting out more words that would have made her flush scarlet had desire not already reddened her skin.

“I... ah... can’t close my legs,” she whimpered, her knees trembling as she worked her breasts, pressing them together as though offering them up. “I need to touch myself so badly, but I... Aaah... not while you’re watching. I can’t do it while you’re watching... Oh, feels so good... I look like a slut... but I can’t stop my hands! Aaaaaaaah YES!” Her voice rose in a desperate plea as her body tensed, rising so close to the edge of orgasm while she was hardly touching herself. Anger was beginning to be beaten down by overwhelming sensations that weren’t necessarily physical.

“Oh, she’s definitely enjoying this.” Fantasia dropped off Viktor’s shoulder, wings fluttering as she hovered in the air, drifting a little closer as if she wanted a better look.

“Drive her wild, Viktor. I mean really, really wild.” She looked back at him and he gave a slight nod.

Nicole felt herself shift backwards on the couch until she was leaning into the comfortable upholstery embrace, her legs splayed out lewdly. One of her hands left her breasts, stroking down her stomach to slip under the waistband of her open pants. “You can play with your pussy now, Nicole. I want you to bring yourself almost to orgasm, but stop before you get there.”

He was relishing this, she could tell. Her right hand immediately left her boobs and slid down inside her pants. She looked at him wide eyed even as she felt her fingers dipping down into her wet, hot slit. Yet when she caught his eyes he looked away, as though he couldn't meet her gaze. Perhaps she hadn't been wrong when she thought he looked guilty.

She pinched and pulled one of her sensitive nipples until she was practically screaming in pleasure. Her other hand plunged two fingers as deep as she could reach into her needy tunnel, her hips bucking. She heard herself protest, but her hand ignored it and continued its dirty work. The heel of her hand bumped and ground against her clitoris. Shockwaves of pleasure shook her body, her vocalizations reduced to animalistic grunts and groans. Her head fell back and she closed her eyes as her body suddenly seemed to fling itself towards orgasm.

“Damn girl, you've soaked right through your pants! I've never seen a human female get so wet. Aren't you ashamed?!” Fantasia's gleeful mocking made Nicole's ears burn with embarrassment. The pleasure was too great for her to fight though, drowning out her pride and anger with lust and desperation.

Then it stopped. She cried out in frustration and need as her hands pulled back, returning to light, teasing caresses. Her body stalled before she reached release. Gradually, the pleasure began to recede like the tide. Just as her mind began to clear and she tried to make a grab for coherent thought, her fingers plunged in again and sent her screaming back up to that plateau. Always she brought herself right to that edge before backing down, leaving her whimpering and needy. All she wanted, no needed, was release.

The ringing of a phone hardly registered in her ears, drowned out by her own whimpers and cries and the pounding of her heart. Viktor stepped back from her, adjusting his prominent erection before he answered his phone.

“Hello? Oh good, that was fast.” He glanced towards Nicole. “No, this isn't a bad time. I'll be right there. You'll get your reward, don't worry.” He paused and then flashed a brilliant smile, his voice edged with laughter when he replied.

“You're very naughty, you know that?” He hung up and dropped the phone in his pocket.

Viktor walked back over to Nicole, kneeling in front of her and resting one hand on her knee. “Look at me, Nicole.” Her head lifted and her eyes focused on him. She

panted, wondering fleetingly what he was going to make her do next. Her mind petitioned for the ability to find release, but none of the words made it to her lips.

“You’re not the only talented programmer in the world, you know. Before I go, here’s what’s going to happen.” Fantasia oohed softly and fluttered closer, bending at the waist as if she were leaning in to hear some great secret. Her breasts nearly popped out of her bustier and Nicole found herself staring at them before Viktor’s voice commanded her attention again. “You’re going to get your hands back for one minute after I walk through that door. Just long enough to make one phone call. Whoever picks up you’re going to ask—no, beg—for that person to come here and fuck you. If you get their voicemail, leave a message. Then your hands are going to go right back to keeping your hot little pussy warmed up for sex. When your friend gets here, you’ll have full control back.”

He stood and rolled his sleeves down, taking his time to fix the cuffs. Then he grabbed his suit jacket where it had been hung unnoticed on the coat rack that Nicole never used. She could hear his footsteps going down the hall, then the door creaking open. Fantasia lingered in the entry to the living room.

“And remember, no orgasms until your friend gets here!” She giggled and darted out of the room. The front door thudded shut.

Nicole fumbled her phone out of her pocket, fingers leaving sticky smears of fluid across its surface as she pulled up her contacts list, mindlessly picking the one person she thought could help her who wasn’t an ex-boyfriend. She just hoped he wasn’t performing tonight. The phone seemed to ring forever. Then Kevin’s friendly voice came on the line. “Hey beautiful, what’s up?”

“I’m so horny right now Kevin.” She wasn’t sure what she had meant to say, but that certainly wasn’t it. Her voice had that same seductive, throaty quality she’d never heard in herself before. Her free hand drifted back down towards her pussy, gently stroking the slick outer lips. God she was so wet! She’d never been this wet before. “I’ve needed you all day. I need your hot cock in me. I want you to bend me over every piece of furniture in my house and rut me like a beast until we’re both so sore and exhausted.” Nicole moaned, eyes closing involuntarily. For a second she only heard his breathing on the other end of the line. Her free hand kept stroking. So wet...

“Sounds like a good time, when do you want me to come over?”

“Now, as soon as you can,” she purred, arching her back to press her groin against her hand. “The door’s unlocked, I’ll be waiting.” Then she disconnected the phone. A wild-eyed glance at the time showed that her minute was up and relentlessly her hand returned to her breasts, driving her again towards that peak she wasn’t allowed to quite reach.

Her eyes were locked on the clock as she worked herself up and kept herself riding that fine line of agony and pleasure, so close to exploding and yet restrained. Minutes ticked by like hours. After a near painful thirty minutes, she heard the door open.

“Nicole, it’s me,” Kevin called from the hallway. All at once Nicole felt a pressure she hadn’t really realized was there lift as she regained control of her limbs. She let herself go limp, panting. She brushed her sweat matted hair back from her face, wondering when it had fallen out of its pony tail. “Oh my god, are you alright?”

She looked up to see Kevin standing in the doorway to the living room. She ran the tip of her tongue over her lips in anticipation. Some part of her groped for composure—another realized that she was sitting there with one hand still down her pants, shirtless, and reeking of sex. He walked closer and she pushed herself off the couch, crossing the distance between them in a few strides.

Nicole wrapped herself around him, pressing her lips to his in a hungry, desperate kiss. He stiffened at first, then his muscular arms curled around her and jerked her hard against his body. The press of his clothing against her breasts startled a moan from her. Her hands slid down to the waistband of his pants, undoing the fly and catching her fingertips underneath the edge of the boxers, shoving them down. She went down with them, sinking to her knees as his hands stroked up her body. He was already partially erect.

Her hands stroked and caressed his balls. She felt his hands fist in her hair as her tongue swirled around the head of his cock, feeling it swell as she drew it between her lips. Her hands shifted to grab his thighs as she sank his cock into her mouth. She kept going even as his cock butted up to the entrance to her throat, enveloping him in the tight warmth. All the while she felt him hardening, heard his breath quicken above her.

“Nicole, I’m not... I won’t be able to...” He stuttered and stammered under the sudden onslaught of sensations. She drew back slowly, leaving his shaft slick with saliva. Nicole grabbed his shirt and pulled him down to the floor with her, wriggling her pants down just enough that his haft could slide between her thighs. With one hard thrust that bowed her back, he sank completely inside of her ready cunt.

She dug her nails into his back, thrusting her hips up to meet him. Stars burst in front of her eyes as he slammed into her, stroking all those sensitive places that begged to be touched. His muscles rippled rhythmically under her hands. He gasped against her neck as she dug her nails harder into his skin. His hands wormed their way under her and in one breathless moment he rolled them both so she was on top. His wicked grin brought a smile from her in return before she kicked her pants the rest of the way off so she could properly straddle him. She sank down with renewed vigor, crying out at the new depth that the change in angle brought.

It didn’t take long to push her over the peak. She was terrified as she felt her body tighten, worried that she’d be robbed of this orgasm too. It made her hesitate. Then Kevin’s fingers dug into her hips and he bucked his hips into her. Her body spasmed as she finally reached her explosive release. She sprayed her lust all over his stomach and chest. He wasn’t done yet, though. He kept thrusting into her and despite the sensitivity she relished the waves of pleasure that continued to wash over her until she

caught her breath and again began to push back. It hadn't been enough. She'd gone too long without.

Some small part of her brain pointed out that it hadn't been that long. The rest of her promptly disregarded that. Anything was too long at this point to her lust-addled brain. Then his lips closed on her nipple and she stopped thinking at all.

At some point Kevin lost the rest of his clothes. Neither of them watched the clock as Nicole rode him hard. Whenever he started to flag, she begged, coaxed, and demanded. Finally she collapsed against his chest, slick with multiple sprays of her own fluids. His chest heaved under her as he tried to catch his breath, head lolling back against the floor and eyes closed. She let her own eyes drift closed as her breathing slowly returned to normal.

His heartbeat slowed and his breathing moved into the shallow, steady rhythm of sleep. Gradually it lulled her exhausted mind and body into a doze, drifting in post-coital bliss. Her mind eventually slipped into sleep, as gradually as sinking into deep water.

In her dreams, busty faeries pressed close to each other. They rubbed their massive bare breasts together, mouths hanging open in lewd O's as they moaned, reaching between each other to finger slick pink slits. The smell of sex was everywhere.

Still sleeping, Nicole came one last time.

###

About the author:

Jaycee Knight is the creator of the Bloomin' Faeries! universe, a world where whimsical creatures (faeries!) cause sexual mayhem in the lives of humans they encounter. You can find out more about them by visiting the website:

<http://www.bloomingfaeries.com>

Send your feedback to:

jayceeknight@bloomingfaeries.com