

## **Nicole—The Pink Pleasure**

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### **Author's Note**

All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Wearing nothing but his boxers and socks, Viktor felt dizzy as he climbed the stairs from the library's archives. Everything was dark around him and he hugged a bundle of clothes while his toes carefully searched for each next step. He had just had the wildest sex of his life and couldn't shake the feeling of shame and confusion that now lingered.

His mind kept returning to his sexual encounter with Sarah in the old archives. The poor, timid librarian had turned into this depraved sexual animal, courtesy of that malicious faerie. She had wantonly surrendered all her treasures while he had been helpless to resist his baser instincts. She was still back there, lying unconscious and mostly naked on the floor after an interminable series of explosives orgasms—he certainly hadn't kept count. Once the faerie had laid her magic upon him, he had lost all control and sense. Nothing had counted but fucking her hard. He had taken her like a beast, stuffing her pussy from behind with his thick cock, yanking her hair and roaring with victory like he was some kind of alpha male celebrating his conquest.

Except Viktor wasn't an alpha male. He was a geek, the off-the-shelf kind: smart, shy, overweight, and completely inept when it came to girls.

Why was it so dark? It was mid-afternoon when he had entered the library. Could it be that he had been in the archives so long that the building had closed and he hadn't noticed? He glanced at the diminutive creature flying next to his ear. The faerie could easily pass for a toy doll were it not for the gossamer wings buzzing behind her or the

impressively large breasts jutting from her chest. Boobs like these didn't belong on a toy. Nor did, for that matter, the strapless mini-dress she was wearing. Apparently made with too little fabric, it seemed on the verge to slide off her boobs or ride above her crotch line.

"This can't be real," Viktor whispered half to her, half to himself. "This isn't happening. That didn't happen!"

The faerie's laughter held equal measures of delight and cruelty.

"Oh, it did happen! You totally fucked that innocent little librarian. You know you did. You know she loved it. You gave her the fuck of her life. She'll walk bow legged tomorrow for sure! And you know what the best part is? You totally loved it too!"

Viktor didn't want to talk about that. He would have covered his ears and ignored her, but that would have meant dropping his clothes. He didn't want to give her the satisfaction of being right, so he simply stayed silent. He reached the top of the stairs and saw the entire library was dark.

The faerie landed on his shoulder and held onto his ear with tiny fingers.

"Oooh, so dark!" she exclaimed with unnecessary drama. "This place is creepy." She turned to him suddenly, suppressing a smile. "It's creepy, right?"

Viktor kept silent, not wanting to say accidentally anger the little creature. With any luck, if he gave her no cause for grief, she might get bored with him and go away.

"Hey!" she exclaimed, "you've gone all soft down there! That's no good, right?"

Without waiting for an answer, she flew in a broad arc and stopped inches from his crotch. As she twisted her wrists and wriggled her fingers in his direction, Viktor instinctively lowered the bundle of clothes he was carrying in front of his groin, as if it would provide protection. It was, of course, futile. The stream of magic went right through and hit his cock dead center. Heat and blood surged within his dick, which immediately stood to rigid—and almost vertical—attention. The sudden erection caught Viktor by surprise and he dropped his clothes. He'd never been this hard in his life! His cock felt like stone and his balls stretched with torrents of come ready to erupt at the merest touch.

"Ow!" he shouted. "What the hell--?" He glared at the faerie.

She laughed again, then flew up to hover in front of his nose.

"No need to thank me, all part of the service!"

"Not the kind of service I need," he muttered, then shut his mouth before he said any more. It wouldn't help if he made the faerie mad.

He looked around the library. All the lights were off—the place was closed. How long had he been down there with Sarah? Had it really been hours? From the looks of the sky outside the windows, it had to be 9PM or even later. That was insane, he thought. Had he really been able to make love to Sarah for that long? He corrected himself. It hadn't been lovemaking, it had been a fuck. A raw, carnal fuck. No tenderness. His hard cock twitched in remembrance, as if suggesting "hey, let's go back for another round!"

He groaned at the thought. He had to get out of this place and get rid of this foul creature.

Over in the distance, he noticed a glowing red EXIT sign. Perfect! He headed in that direction. As he neared the sign, however, he noticed that a small work cubicle was still dimly lit not far ahead. There was someone there, head bowed while working or reading some book. It was directly on his path towards the exit and if someone was in there, he couldn't pass unnoticed.

"Oh look!" the faerie said. "Someone's still here. Whatever is going to happen now?"

As if to answer her own question, the malicious creature vigorously thrust her hips back and forth in a fucking motion, grunting in what was obviously an imitation of his mating noises. She laughed again and weaved in the air to perch on his shoulder.

"I don't think so," Viktor said, veering away to take detour. He knew the library inside out and it wouldn't be hard to find a way around the lit desk and its occupant. But somehow he got lost or turned around, and he couldn't find a path around that desk. A third attempt yielded no better results. On the fourth attempt, he saw the figure rise from the desk and walk about. Worried he'd be discovered, he backed away prudently. Fantasia looked at him with glee, her small fists shaking excitedly in front of her large chest.

"Oh, hey there!" came a voice behind him.

Viktor spun around, his raging hard cock swinging in a wide arc, and, to his horror, he saw Nicole—his Nicole—one foot precariously on a shelf, reaching for a big book that was too high for her. He couldn't read the title, but he knew what it was: a large album of highly erotic photography. How did he know that? Not sure, but he had more pressing concerns.

Viktor shook his head and tried to focus on the present situation. What was she doing there? How did she get there? His mind was reeling and it didn't seem to matter anymore why she was there, just that she was there. He noticed wasn't dressed in her usual t-shirt and cargo pants, but in something sexier. Her black tube top hugged her small breasts and her mini-skirt revealed more of her creamy legs than Viktor had ever seen.

Then he realized that he was standing there in his socks and boxers, his paunch hanging over his underwear, his rigid dick making an embarrassing teepee pointed in her direction. It was dark enough, so perhaps she hadn't noticed...

"I'm sorry," Nicole said, still looking up at her book. "Could you help me get this--"

She turned to look at him and gasped in surprise. His engorged cock twitched as her eyes fixed on it. Part of him wanted to crawl under a rock; the other part, buried deeper inside him, secretly wished she'd get turned on and have wild sex with him. Wait, what? What was wrong with him?! How could he even entertain such thoughts? And why did this all feel so... familiar? Had something like this happened recently? He couldn't remember. His mind felt odd, disconnected, like he was living the situation and observing it at the same time.

Realizing Nicole was still staring at his erection, he covered his crotch with his hands, accidentally bumping the tip of his cock and quivering with the resulting jolt of pleasure. He wasn't able to completely repress a moan.

Nicole gave him an understanding smile and gently tapped his arm.

"Don't worry," she said. "I get it. Happens to me all the time."

"I doubt that," Viktor grumbled.

"No," she insisted, "seriously, I mean it. When I get horny, I..."

She stopped and bit her lower lip.

"Oh no!" she blurted, suddenly shivering. Her breathing was quickening.

Viktor look at her, concerned.

"What's wrong?"

"It... it's happening now," she whispered between gasps. "I'm... I'm... Oooh... It's... it's your cock... J-just looking at it, it makes me so... Oh God!"

Viktor recognized the same symptoms he had observed on Sarah before and while he fucked her in the archives down below. She was becoming unnaturally aroused. Nicole's cheeks had become rosy and she was staring at him through half-lidded eyes. She was hugging her chest, squirming and shivering with increased excitement. Viktor couldn't help but notice how her arms framed her breasts and squeezed them forward. It made them look bigger. He licked his lips, thinking what it would be like to suck on Nicole's breasts, to tease her nipples with his tongue.

"D-don't look at me like that," she whispered. She sounded breathless, her chest heaving as she drew air. "It's making me more excited... It's... Oh! My tits! My tits!"

Something was wrong. Moments ago, she seemed like a different person, mature and understanding; now she was all shy and reluctant, like in his erotic fantasies. Then it started and Viktor's focus shifted again. For a second, he thought he was imagining it, but her breasts did look bigger than before. With every breath, they seemed to rise, but didn't drop when she exhaled. They were growing! Expanding! They had already passed B-cup and were on their way to C. Viktor's dick twitched as he wondered which letter of the alphabet they would reach. He turned to glare at Fantasia.

"Is this your doing?" he asked the faerie.

Hands behind her back, Fantasia shuffled her feet and batted her eyes innocently.

"Ah!" Nicole yelped as her tits surged forward once more. Her tube top was slowly stretching horizontally, revealing more cleavage and rising to her ribcage.

"Are you... okay?" Viktor asked. "Can I help?"

His mind was torn between providing genuine help and taking advantage of her. He knew it was wrong, but there she was, burning with lust... How could he not think about it? How would her pussy feel around his hard cock?

"God!" Nicole blurted out. "This... feels so good! I... have to..."

Her fingers twitched hesitantly. She looked into his eyes with an expression he couldn't decipher. More cleavage and stomach appeared, and even some underboob. He couldn't stop staring at her growing breasts. Nicole looked like a porn star now.

"Please turn around... This is so embarrassing! I... don't want you to see me like... this." A moan caught in her throat. "I look like... look like a slut... Oh God, I feel like a slut!"

A small part of Viktor's brain wanted to do what she said, but his cock was in charge now. He couldn't stop watching. All he could see was her breasts. Nicole's eyes dropped to stare at his rigid cock. It twitched as if in salute. She bit her lower lip and moaned.

"Oh no..." she said, her voice a mix of despair and lust. "I have to... have to..."

Her fingers gently climbed the steep and smooth curves of her tits, reached her erect nipples, and gently caressed them through the thinning fabric of her top. Her body jerked in response and she cried out softly, like a woman who hadn't had sex in months. Yes, Viktor thought, that's what it is. She hasn't had sex in months!

"Turn around! Turn around, please!" she tried once more. Viktor didn't budge, frozen by rising lust and perverse curiosity. Her top had stretched as far as it could, now, trying to hold two massive tits that bulged over the distorted fabric. Viktor could clearly see the underside of her breasts and knew he wanted to see all of them now.

Nicole groaned a deep guttural sound. With a swift gesture, she ripped her top. Her constrained chest bounded forward. Holy hooters! Those weren't breasts, they were mountains of flesh, and those rosy peaks beckoned Viktor. Nicole seemed lost in self-pleasure, massaging these massive mounds, her short fingers seeming woefully inadequate for the task. She grabbed her tits vigorously then tweaked the turgid tips, occasionally licking them with her tongue before resuming her caresses.

Fantasia hovered next to Viktor again, whispering in his ear.

"She's so horny! Look at her! She's going to come just from playing with her tits!"

Viktor looked at Nicole, his mouth dry. She did look like she was about to come.

"Wouldn't you prefer she comes from you sticking your cock in her instead?"

He had to admit that sounded great right now. A girl shouldn't have to make herself come when he was there. He bet he could give her multiple orgasms if he just stuck his penis inside her. His big, hard, throbbing penis, the very one that felt as big and hard as his right forearm.

The faerie looked at him and laughed. The next moment, he was flat on his back and Nicole was straddling his hips, his cock buried in her hot and wet snatch. Boobs overflowing from her hands, she cried in surprise.

"What-- Ooooh, YES!"

She came hard at once, her hips rocking around his shaft, her hands still groping and fondling her breasts. Then she came again, then another time. Viktor knew these weren't fake porn star orgasms, they were the real thing. Her body was jerking and spasming, and she was screaming like a banshee. Yeah, Viktor thought, that's right! Keep cumming! Every orgasm is gonna make you a slave to my cock!

For a brief moment of moral clarity, Viktor knew this was wrong, that he shouldn't even be thinking this, but the sight of the girl of his dreams coming helplessly around his cock was more than he could take, and he too started to come.

And then he woke up in mid-orgasm.

Back arched, his rigid cock erupted as he came, shooting thick streams of white cum in the air and across his chest. He grunted with every thrust and came for an unusually long time, his dick still feeling the warmth and wetness of Nicole's pussy. When it was all done, he fell on his back and shut his eyes for a few moments, trying to catch his breath. The memory of big-breasted Nicole having multiple orgasms lingered in his mind.

When he opened his eyes again, he saw the faerie had landed in his chest and was poking an index in his semen. He watched her with disgusted fascination as she brought the cum-coated finger to her lips and licked it clean.

"Meh," she said, shrugging with indifference. "I've had better."

He looked around trying to recognize his surroundings. It was his bedroom, his bed. That's right! He'd returned home immediately after the library incident and had collapsed in his bed, trying to forget his shame and the creature that caused it.

Viktor reached for his underwear, which had somehow slid down around his knees while he slept, and pulled them up. Shoving his cock back into place seemed more challenging than usual. Even though he had just had a mind-blowing climax, it was still suspiciously big and erect.

"Is this your doing?" he asked.

The faerie pointed innocent fingers at her ample chest, head turned, feigning innocence.

"Moi? Why, I would never!" She chuckled and dropped the act. "Oh, all right, I confess! You know me so well already, it's uncanny!"

"What have you done too me?" Viktor asked.

"You mean your big cock?"

Viktor suddenly dreaded the answer. She didn't wait for his response.

"It's a spell called Dream Cock," she said. "It makes your cock bigger and when you come, it's like a fire hose!" She mimicked a fireman resisting the recoil of a fire hose, then laughed at her own antics. "Plus, it also gives you super erotic dreams."

That explained it, Viktor thought. It didn't sound too bad. He didn't mind having a bigger dick that came hard and gushed like a geyser, and wet dreams didn't seem like a bad deal either. When you had as little sex as he did, hot dream sex was a bonus.

"There's just one catch," the faerie said, leaning in with a conspiratorial smile. "Now that I've tasted your cum, I have full control over it."

She flew over and landed on his penis, at once magically producing a tiny flag and striking the pose of a triumphant explorer finally reaching a remote mountaintop. She cleared her throat, thumped her chest with a small fist, and spoke with exaggerated pomp.

"I claim this cock in the name of..." She stopped, thought about what she wanted to say for a moment, then pouted.

"Darn it, I can't very well use my true name with you, now can I?" She looked around Viktor's room for inspiration until her eyes fell on a DVD of an old Disney animated movie.

"Yes!" she snapped. She resumed her dramatic pose. "I claim this cock in the name of Fantasia!" She kept her pose for a few moments, her eyes darting toward Viktor to gauge his reaction. "You're supposed to cheer and clap," she said from the corner of her mouth.

But Viktor was not in a cheerful mood. He was angry and frightened and confused. He also needed to empty his bladder and clean up.

"Look, ah, Fantasia," he said, "I really need to get up and go to the bathroom. You don't mind if I do that, do you?"

Fantasia flew in an upward spiral and hovered above him, glaring.

"Fine! You don't wanna play along? See if I care!"

Viktor suspected she cared very much, but he had to handle his business first. He rolled out of bed and headed for the bathroom. She followed him, denying him his privacy. Oh well, he thought, this couldn't be any more embarrassing than the rest of it, so he might as well get about his business.

"So what do we do now?" Fantasia asked.

"What do you mean?"

She rolled her eyes. "What do we do with you now?"

Viktor didn't know how to answer that so he just started at the stream of urine striking the water. The faerie looked exasperated.

"A hot body? Good looks? A way with girls? I can make it so you can bang any chick you want, any time you want. Even that girl Nicole!" She noticed how his body stiffened at the mention of her name. "Especially that girl Nicole," she added.

Viktor was done and flushed the toilet.

"No," he said flatly. "I don't want any of it."

"Why not?" she asked, surprised.

"It's wrong," Viktor said, "just plain morally wrong. I don't want to get women by cheating or using coercive magic. I want them to like me because of who I am."

Fantasia absentmindedly pulled her top back up—it seemed to have this tendency to slip and uncover her cleavage all the time—and looked Viktor over.

"I think who you are needs a bit of help and your body needs a LOT of work. But that's why I'm here, to make your life better. And just so we're clear, I'm not asking for your permission or your collaboration."

The implied threat did not escape Viktor. Before he could formulate a retort, Fantasia waved a hand in his direction. His body was instantly flooded with blazing erotic heat. His throbbing cock sprang erect and, as it had done mere minutes earlier, gushed rivers of white hot semen. Viktor dropped to his knees, clutching his penis through his

underwear. He groaned loudly, and with every spasm it seemed as if his body was exchanging pounds of fat for muscles. His shoulders broadened, his waist narrowed, and his ass firmed up. The transformation took almost a minute and when it was done, he was left panting on the ground, trembling and sweaty, his legs too weak for him to stand.

Fantasia flew near his face and clapped her hand twice with authority.

"All right! No dawdling, we have things to do. Girls to fuck. Get up and let's check you out."

Almost miraculously, Viktor stood up on his legs. He didn't think he had the strength to do it, but the moment she issued her command, her body stood up on its own. Fantasia looked around, spotted a tall mirror on his wall, and pointed a finger at it.

"Go stand up over there," she ordered. Viktor wanted to resist and ask her questions, but it wasn't happening. By some kind of sorcery, she was controlling his movements. Viktor walked to the mirror with cat-like grace and surveyed himself.

It was still him, but about a hundred pounds lighter. He had broad shoulders, bulging pecs, muscular arms and a set of washboard abs that would make any girl swoon, or so he thought. Instead of the double-chin, his jaw was chiseled and sported a manly stubble. His cock no longer stood erect, but was still several respectable inches above the norm.

Fantasia flew broad circles around Viktor, inspecting him from every angle. Once she was satisfied, she landed and sat on a nearby bookshelf.

"Not bad, not bad. I might have outdone myself, I think. What do you think?"

Viktor's lips wouldn't move, not that his answer would have mattered. The foul little creature didn't seem to care one bit about what he wanted.

"Time to dress you up!"

From her perch, she tossed some magic in his direction and an outfit materialized around him: short-sleeved gray shirt over white t-shirt with beige pants and shoes. Casual and chic. Fantasia completed the set with a pair of sunglasses propped up on his head.

Viktor knew a douchebag when he saw one, and he was looking at one right now. He looked like all of these guys with self-confidence who were successful with girls and made him feel inadequate throughout high school. To the extent that he had no control over what was happening, he was disgusted with his new image, no matter how handsome he might be.

From her shelf, Fantasia seemed to be saying something, but no sound came out. Instead, it was Viktor who spoke, much to his surprise.

"Well, look at that handsome fellow," he said, grinning and pointing a pistol hand at his image. "Time to go get me some pussy."

Viktor's heart sank. Not only was Fantasia able to make him do anything she wanted, but she could make him say anything. He was a mere puppet to her!

She flashed him a cruel smile, took flight and gestured for him to follow her.



"First stop," Fantasia said with a laugh, "lingerie shopping! I saw this salesgirl the other day, total frigid hottie! Perfect for your first trial run. What do you think?"

She silently whispered his next words, which he repeated with apparent conviction.

"Great plan," he said with a cocky smile. Then he pointed at his groin. "Time for frigid to meet rigid."

Viktor had become a douchebag all right.

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The Pink Pleasure boutique was open for business, but this early in the morning, few customers were in the mood to shop for sexy lingerie.

Madison wanted nothing more than to gouge her customer's eyes out, but she managed to keep her cool. This old lady, well into her forties, couldn't seem to decide between two sets of identical negligees, one red, one white. When she saw the man enter, Madison jumped at the opportunity to ditch her indecisive client for a more lucrative one—she always did better with male customers, no doubt because of her huge tits. A few deep breaths and they'd buy anything she suggested. With a short apology to her customer, she quickly headed for the man.

"How can I help you sir?" she asked with rehearsed enthusiasm.

From up close, she could immediately he was a player. He was in his mid-twenties, well dressed, wearing casual but quality clothes. He was ruggedly handsome and smelled good, but exuded the kind of arrogance that made her bristle with animosity. It was one thing to be confident, but it was quite another to be cocky. She took an immediate dislike to him and decided she'd get him to rack up a hefty bill. About \$500 sounded like a good target number.

"Looks like I just saved you from that lady over there," he said, nodding in the direction of the indecisive customer.

"Yeah," Madison said with a groan, her professional shell cracking for a brief moment." She's having a hard time making up her mind. But you look like a man who knows what he wants." Madison discreetly squared her shoulders and put her hands on her hips. She knew she had a striking figure and this made her boobs even more impressive. "So what are you in the mood for today?"

The young man glanced at the name tag pinned above her breast.

"Madison, right? Lovely name. I'm Viktor." He grabbed her hand and shook it with just the right balance of strength and gentleness. "I'm looking for lingerie for my girl. Her birthday is coming up and I'd like to surprise her with something really nice."

Madison maintained a pleasant smile, though there was something about the way he said my girl that grated on her nerves.

"Wonderful. I'm sure she'll love it! Speaking from personal experience, I get a special thrill when my boyfriend surprises me with lingerie, if you get my meaning."

She gave Viktor a wink and motioned for him to follow her. She brought him in the expensive section of the store and showed him the available selection with a sweeping gesture.

"This is the good stuff. I can promise you, you bring her any of these outfits, she'll thank you for it."

Viktor laughed softly. It was a pleasant sound to hear, if nothing else.

"Thank me, you say? And how do you thank your boyfriend when he brings you something from this section?"

Madison feigned a blush. She was guiding him in the right direction. He was probably already answering that question in his own mind by picturing what she looked like in one of those outfits. Maybe he was going a bit further, imagining her getting it on with him. She decided to switch it up a bit and prey on what she knew was a hot male fantasy.

"Actually," she said with an artful blush, "if I'm being honest, I don't exactly have a boyfriend, it's actually more like a girlfriend."

"Oh, you're a lezzie." He shrugged with casual indifference. "That's cool. My ex-girlfriend was a lesbian before we met. She needed some education on how to please a guy, but by the end of it, she turned out pretty good."

Madison fought the urge to slap him or scratch his face. That smug smile! She wasn't even a real lesbian, but something about the way he had just spoken rubbed her the wrong way. She still managed a coy smile and a sincere-looking playful wink.

"You look like a good teacher to me. I'm sure she loved learning from you."

Madison was finding this flirting tedious and hoped the payoff would be worth it. Then, without warning, she felt a wave of dizziness and stumbled forward, catching herself against Viktor's chest. He wrapped his arms around her and she felt an erotic thrill course through her. What was that?! She stifled a whimper and pushed herself away from him.

"Sorry," she said, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Low blood sugar, I guess."

"No worries," he said. He stared into her eyes and something about the way he held her gaze sent waves of molten heat inside her pussy and nipples. What was happening to her? Moments ago, she wanted to slap his grin off his face, now she was getting moist just being near him. Her clit felt alive and alert, like a predator ready to pounce on its prey. She fought for control and focused on the sale.

"So," she said with a glint of mischief in her eyes, "how big did you say your girlfriend was again?"

Her eyes dropped to her boobs and rose to meet his again. It was a blatant invitation to check out her tits, but he didn't take the bait. How could he not ogle her?! They were fantastic tits, everyone knew it!

"I didn't say, now did I?" he said, his gaze even. "But I don't know exactly. More than a handful, I suppose."

The sound of his voice—and his complete lack of interest in her breasts—was driving her crazy. Her nipples, which were normally soft and numb, now tingled with excitement. She could feel them hardening beneath her shirt. This guy was a challenge.

Time to step it up, she decided. She flattened her shirt and hefted her boobs as if to offer them to him. It didn't seem like something inappropriate to do, even though they were both plainly visible in the back of the shop.

"As big as these, maybe?" she said with a playful giggle. Her nipples, now very visible through the fabric, seemed to itch for his attention. She felt wetness gather between her thighs. She loved how he resisted her. It turned her on! Finally, he looked down at her considerable assets and in that very instant, her nipples—which had merely itched and tingled so far—flared up with desire and tightened into rock-hard nubs pointed straight at Viktor. Her knees nearly collapsed under her, but she quickly recovered.

"Yeah," he said matter-of-factly before looking into her eyes again. His eyes had a hypnotic quality that seemed to talk directly to her now-throbbing clit. Maybe that's what he was—a clit whisperer. Oh, how she wanted him to tender to her clit! It was sensitive and engorged as if she'd gone through a half-hour of masterful foreplay. She was so wet now, she was ready to do anything to have him inside her.

Madison licked her lips and looked around frantically. The indecisive lady was still over there, carefully considering her two options. The salesgirl glanced back at Viktor and released her tits, which bounced back heavily into their original position.

"I... I've got the perfect thing for you," she said, her breathing far quicker than she'd like. Her wet pussy was broadcasting jolts of needy desire directly into her brain and she didn't know how long she had before she stopped caring about proper behavior. "I'll be right back," she told Viktor, and headed to the female customer.

"M-ma'am?"

"Hm... yes?"

Madison's cunt throbbed with constant need and she struggled with her words. God she needed a good fuck! She had to get rid of that customer right away.

"I think you should take both," she said quickly. "In fact, why don't you do that? Take them both, they're on the house."

The client looked at her with confusion.

"Are... are you sure? Are you all right? You look a bit flushed."

Madison was more than flushed—she knew she was horny as hell and it showed. The customer could not ignore those puffy nipples advertising her lust to the world.

"I'm... all right," Madison said, ushering the female customer toward the exit with as much self-control as she could muster. "But we have to... ah... to close for a bit... Please take these negligees free of charge with our apologies, and please visit our store again."

Madison locked the door behind the lady and flipped the Open sign to Closed. No one would disturb them now. She quickly returned to Viktor on trembling legs. Why wouldn't her snatch quiet down for a second? She could barely think.

"Where were we?" Viktor asked.

Madison's pussy gushed a little at the mere sound of his voice. Just being this close to him, she couldn't bear it anymore. Her wet slit flowed steadily now and clouded her

brain with erotic images of her and this hot male in pornographic positions. She couldn't wait to try all of them.

"I... have the perfect thing for you," she said in a low, predatory voice. It was almost hard to talk, now—her cunt was in control and drowning all other thoughts. She was running on pure instincts. All that mattered was pleasure, and she needed it now. With both hands, she tore the front of her blouse and her breasts spilled out. She was wearing a perfectly fitted lacy half-cup bra that did nothing to hide her puffy aureolas and erect nipples. She grabbed Viktor's hands and guided them to her tits. He had big hands, but still not big enough to fit over them completely. She was pleased at her rack, hoping it would turn him on.

"How... ah... how about this? Would... w-would this... hmmm... please your girlfriend?"

Viktor drew his hands back.

"What would please me would be to see you take these clothes off."

Madison wanted to please him so badly! She unhooked her bra, letting her breasts bounce freely, then wriggled out of her tight jeans. All that was left was a white thong made transparent by the copious juices oozing from her drenched pussy. Viktor could see all her goods! She wondered why she'd decided to wear a thong this morning—she never word that at work. It had a tendency to wedge itself in her slit, which was distracting during when talking to customers.

"That too," Viktor said, pointing at the flimsy undergarment.

Madison whimpered, her face red with humiliation, her pussy white hot with unbearable desire. A tiny voice in the back of her mind was telling her to resist, but it was lost in the roaring lust in her cunt. Her hands did not hesitate one moment and yanked on the thong. The tiny string got caught between her pussy lips and gave her clit a squeeze. With a yelp, she closed her thighs and pushed her fingers against her groin.

"Oh, that's good," Viktor said, the vibrations of her voice settling in her throbbing clit. "You gave yourself a wedgie—good on you! Why don't you pull that string back and forth for a while?"

Madison felt her humiliation give more color to her cheeks. She knew it was wrong to do this, especially in her work place and in front of a total stranger, but her hands complied before she could stop herself. One hand in front and one in the back, she slid the string as instructed, back and forth, back and forth between her wet pussy lips and against her engorged clit. She moaned incoherently with every sliding motion. She was squirming and shaking, her heavy breasts jiggling while relentlessly followed Viktor's instructions. So much heat! So much wetness! She couldn't take much more of this! She was about to come!

"Now stop!" Viktor ordered, and her hands stopped moving immediately. "Sit on your heels and spread your legs."

Madison complied, moaning with frustration as the orgasm she had felt coming escaped her. She waited expectantly, her body taut with unbridled lust.

"Are... are you going to fuck me?" she asked, her tone pleading. She sounded like she was begging. She, Madison McCormack, was begging someone for sex! No, that was unacceptable! She'd never done that, ever! There she was, putting on an erotic display that would leave any man quivering with lust, and she was the one begging? No! She had to be in control.

"G-get over here," she ordered, her voice quivering. "You get that cock out and get to work."

Get to work before I'm too horny to care how you treat me, she thought, fighting back the pleasure that crushed her mind. She hoped Viktor was horny enough to do as she said. She was quickly reaching the point of no return, where she would endure any humiliation for the promise of hot sex. Her cunt, mere inches from the ground, was wide open and dripping a slow, constant stream of juices to the ground. For crying out loud, there was a puddle forming between her legs!

"I don't think so," Viktor said, looking at her with mocking confidence. "It's you and your fingers that are going to get to work. Why don't you play with your pussy for me, and keep those leg spread wide. I want you to show me how you masturbate. Then maybe I'll fuck that wet lesbian hole of yours."

His words felt like a slap across the face, but he had promised sex. Hot sex! Her pussy was screaming with delight and need, and her fingers obeyed his command before she could stop them.

"N-not a... lesbian," she said between quick breaths. "Love cock... Need cock... now..."

She parted her slippery folds with one hand, stroking her steaming gash with frantic speed. Her hips thrust wildly against her slick digits, constant waves of animal lust battering her mind. Thick juices flowed between her fingers. She grunted with every thrust, playing with her pussy as only she knew how, not caring about Viktor's scornful smile or the fact that she was masturbating naked in her workplace. All that mattered was the pleasure she felt. She needed more.

Quickly, her lust rose to a crescendo and she came hard, her body bucking and jerking for interminable moments. Her breasts flopped heavily across her chest and she let out a climatic wail before falling on her back, breathing heavily.

Viktor came to her side and dropped on one knee. She looked up at him, panting and unable to speak. Incredibly, her lust hadn't been sated yet and her fingers were still fingering her drenched cunt, albeit more slowly than before. Still, she was starting to squirm again, her desire growing once more. Her fingers kept pumping her pussy and she was unable to stop herself.

"Looks like you're doing just fine by yourself," Viktor said, his voice heavy with sarcasm. "Next time we meet, if you want me to fuck you, you'll have to ask nicely. For now, all you get are your own filthy fingers. Have fun."

Viktor got up and reached the front door of the store. Madison tried to say something, but all that came out was a lusty moan.

"Don't trouble yourself, I know the way out."

And with this, he flipped the sign to Open, and walked out.

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When Viktor regained control of his body, he was sitting on a park bench, white as a ghost. Fantasia looked at him with shiny eyes. She seemed to be actually proud of what she had done at the lingerie shop.

"Wasn't that something?" she asked with barely contained enthusiasm. "This wasn't easy, you know? Controlling your every move and word while at the same time jacking up her libido through the roof." She pointed at her ample breasts. "Good thing I have these puppies!" she said laughing, as if that explained anything.

Viktor felt sick to his stomach. That poor salesgirl had thoroughly humiliated herself in front of him and he had been helpless to help her. He had observed the entire scene as if he was a mere passenger in his own body. But dammit that had been hot. He didn't want to admit it to the faerie, but his cock had been raging hard throughout the ordeal.

"That... was sick." He dropped the words like concrete blocks on the ground.

"I know, right?" Fantasia said with glee. "That was totally sick! Wicked."

Then the meaning seemed to hit her.

"Oh, wait, you mean bad sick?"

"Yes," Viktor said with a nod. "This was perverse and inhuman."

Fantasia's bright smile turned to a dark, angry frown. She wagged a threatening finger at him.

"You humans! You think you're all that! You think you're superior to everyone else, but you're just narrow minded and stuck up. You paint everything with a brush of religious puritanism, so much so that you've forgotten that sex is fun!"

Viktor was about to reply something, but she waved at him and his mouth clamped shut.

"But thanks to me," she continued, "at least you will learn the many pleasures of sex. When I'm done with you, there won't be one perversion you won't have tried. You'll be more depraved than you can ever imagine right now. And through it all, your cock is going to love every second of it. What do you have to say about that?"

Viktor's heart sank. She had the upper hand and could make him do or say anything she wanted. He couldn't even talk back anymore. Fantasia clapped her hands and he found his voice again.

"How do I get rid of you?" he asked. His voice was weaker than he would have liked. "You're not going to do this to me for the rest of my life, are you?"

The faerie looked startled, like she hadn't thought that far ahead.

"Well, I suppose I could. You humans don't live very long, so it wouldn't be much trouble for me. But where's the fun in that?"

She tapped her chin pensively. After a few moments, she brightened up and snapped her fingers.

"How about this? You know that girl you like so much, Nicole? In precisely one year from now, if you can have sex with her without ANY help from me, I'll remove all spells from you and leave you alone for the rest of your life."

Viktor sensed a trap.

"And if I fail?"

"Then you agree to be my willing plaything for the rest of your life. You'll do everything I want and never complain about anything ever again."

That didn't seem like much of a choice and Viktor had no way of knowing if she'd keep her promise. Still, from where he sat, this was about as good a deal as he would ever get. All he had to do was find a way to meet Nicole and get her to like him. It wouldn't exactly be easy, but had a year to figure it out.

"What do you say?" Fantasia asked excitedly.

Viktor sighed and nodded.

"You have a deal."

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### **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>

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