

DANA

Feminisation erotica by The FoXX
Sexually Explicit
For adults only!

FEMFLUXX.COM



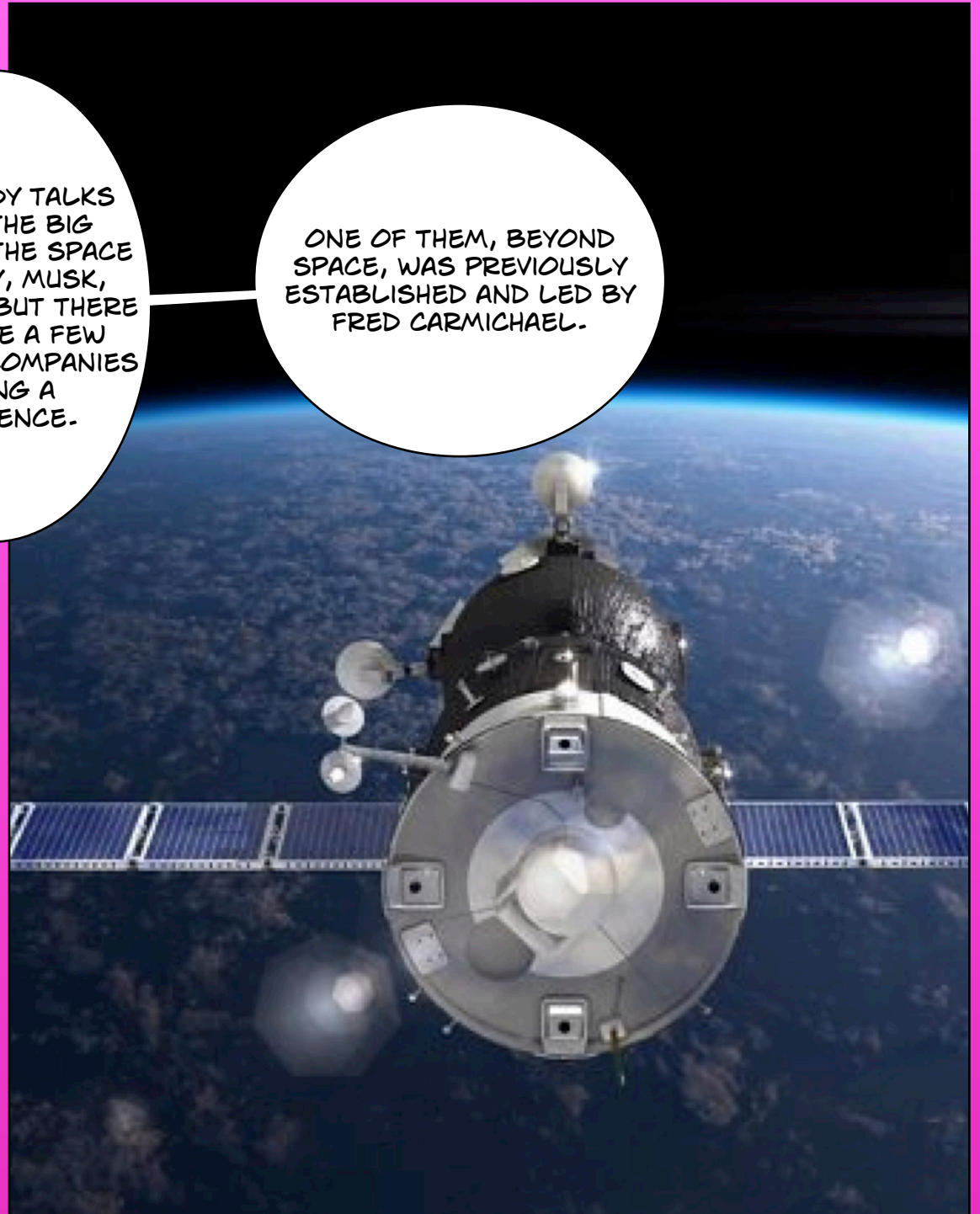


HI THERE! YES, I
HAS ANOTHER STORY
FOR YOU ABOUT THE
VEIL OF ISHTAR. AND A
MOVING ONE IF YOU
ASK ME.



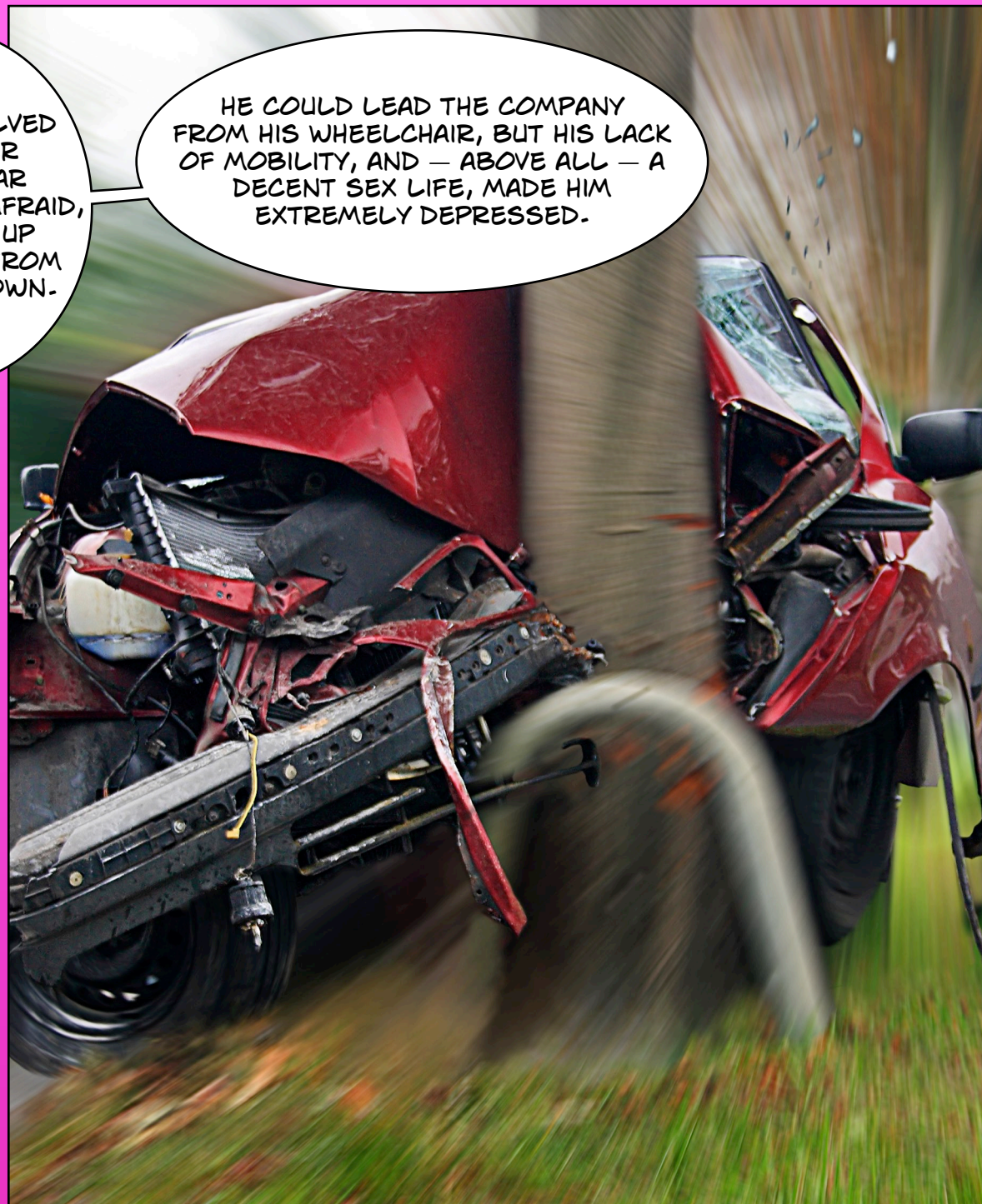
EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE BIG NAMES IN THE SPACE INDUSTRY, MUSK, BRANSON, BUT THERE ARE QUITE A FEW SMALLER COMPANIES MAKING A DIFFERENCE.

ONE OF THEM, BEYOND SPACE, WAS PREVIOUSLY ESTABLISHED AND LED BY FRED CARMICHAEL.





HE WAS INVOLVED
IN A RATHER
SERIOUS CAR
ACCIDENT, I'M AFRAID,
AND ENDED UP
PARALYSED FROM
THE WAIST DOWN.



HE COULD LEAD THE COMPANY
FROM HIS WHEELCHAIR, BUT HIS LACK
OF MOBILITY, AND — ABOVE ALL — A
DECENT SEX LIFE, MADE HIM
EXTREMELY DEPRESSED.



SO YOU SEE MISTER VARGAS, I NEED YOUR HELP. VANESSA, A FRIEND OF YOURS, TOLD ME THAT YOU COULD HEAL MY SPINE INJURY, IN THE SAME WAY YOU HEALED HER HUSBAND'S CANCER.



MR. CARMICHAEL. I SYMPATHISE WITH YOUR CONDITION, BUT MY ASSOCIATE AND I ARE NOT DOCTORS, WE DO NOT HEAL DISEASES.

I AM SURPRISED VANESSA TALKED ABOUT US AT ALL. WHAT WE HAVE DONE TO HER HUSBAND IS CONFIDENTIAL.



HE HAD
INCURABLE
CANCER, AND
YOU CURED HIM.
ARE YOU
DENYING THIS
FACT?



NOT AT ALL,
BUT THAT WAS
NOT OUR
OBJECTIVE, AND AS
YOU KNOW: HER
HUSBAND IS NOW
MISSING.



I UNDERSTAND THAT WHAT YOU ARE DOING IS LEGALLY SHADY. I WON'T TALK ABOUT WHAT I HAVE HEARD HERE, NO MORE THAN I WILL TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT YOU AND VERONICA, BUT I NEED HELP!



MR CARMICHAEL. THE VEIL MAY HEAL YOUR PARALYSIS, BUT IT WILL ALSO TURN YOU INTO A WOMAN.



REALLY? LET US SAY I BELIEVE YOU: WHAT FOR?



I HAVE SAID MORE THAN ENOUGH ALREADY. AS YOU UNDERSTAND, THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.



MR.
CARMICHAEL
WENT HOME,
DISAPPOINTED. BUT
HE WAS A
RESOURCEFUL MAN.
HE HIRED SOME
PRIVATE DETECTIVES
TO FOLLOW COX
AND VARGAS.



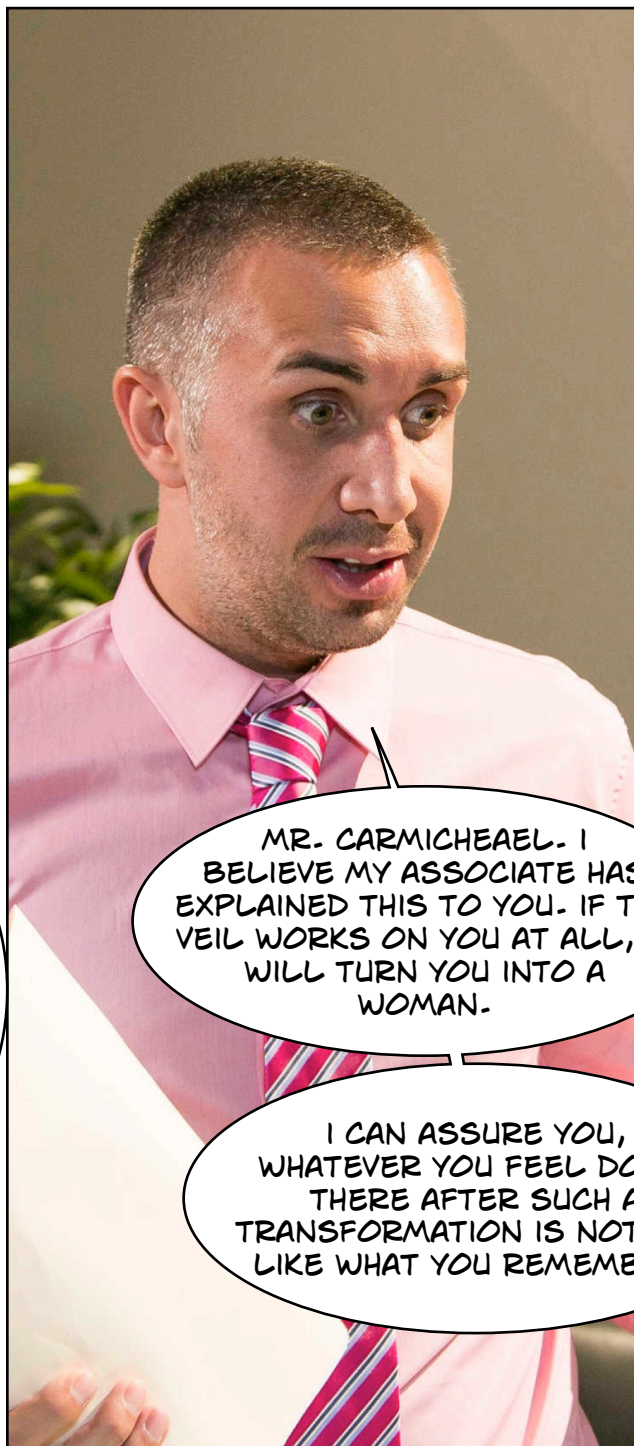
THEY
TOLD HIM
THAT THE STORY
MIGHT BE
TRUE.

THEY TOLD HIM THAT
MEN CAME IN AND
WOMEN CAME OUT FROM
THE RED BRICK MANSION
OF THEIRS, THE MEN
NEVER TO BE SEEN
AGAIN.





MR. COX? IT IS CARMICHAEL. I WANT IN. I WANT TO BE ABLE TO WALK AGAIN. I WANT TO FEEL AROUSED AGAIN.

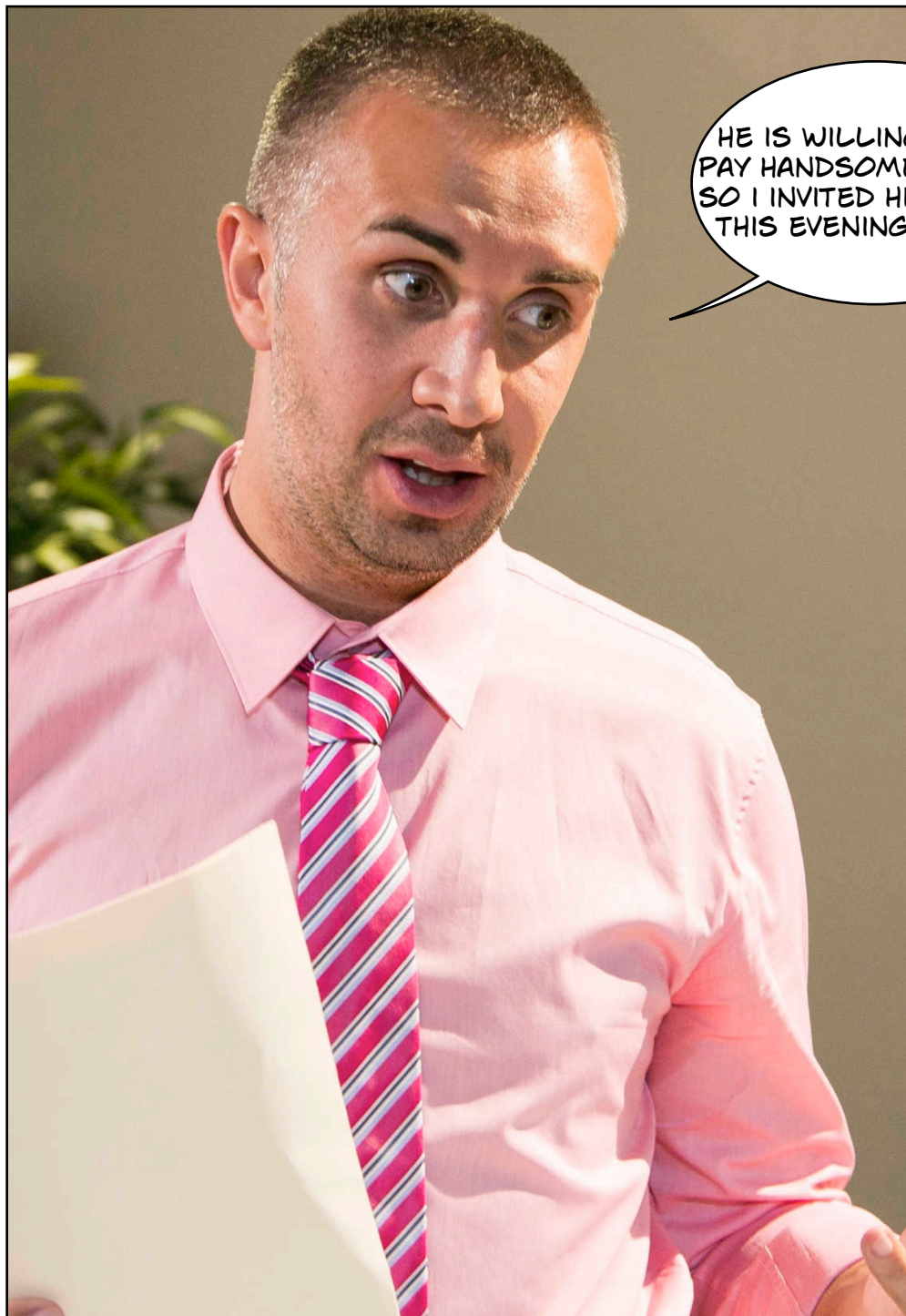


MR. CARMICHAEL. I BELIEVE MY ASSOCIATE HAS EXPLAINED THIS TO YOU. IF THE VEIL WORKS ON YOU AT ALL, IT WILL TURN YOU INTO A WOMAN.

I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHATEVER YOU FEEL DOWN THERE AFTER SUCH A TRANSFORMATION IS NOTHING LIKE WHAT YOU REMEMBER.



I DON'T CARE. SET IT UP!



HE IS WILLING TO
PAY HANDSOME SUM,
SO I INVITED HIM OVER
THIS EVENING.



LET THE
VEIL SORT IT
OUT!



THEY TOOK THE VEIL OUT
OF THE MAGIC BOX,
PULLED IT OVER THE
MATTRESS AND
COVERED IT ALL WITH A
BOTTOM BED SHEET.



AND HELPED MR.
CARMICHAEL OUT OF THE
WHEELCHAIR AND INTO
THE BED.

HE SOON FELL ASLEEP,
AND AS OFTEN IS THE
CASE SLEEPS OPENS
THE DOOR TO ANOTHER
WORLD, A WORLD IN
WHICH HE FOUND
HIMSELF WALKING.





WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
WHERE YOU
FOLLOWING ME?
YOU ARE NOT
SUPPOSED TO BE
HERE!




ARE
YOU
LOOKING FOR
ME, BOY?



HE WAS DREAMING
ABOUT TALKING RABBITS
AND SEXY ELVES. FRED
COULD FEEL HIS COCK
STIFFEN, FOR A MOMENT
HE REFLECTED HOW
THAT COULD BE, GIVEN
THAT HIS PELVIS WAS
PARALYSED, BUT THIS
WAS A DREAM, SO
WHAT?

DO YOU THINK SHE
CAN SAVE YOU.





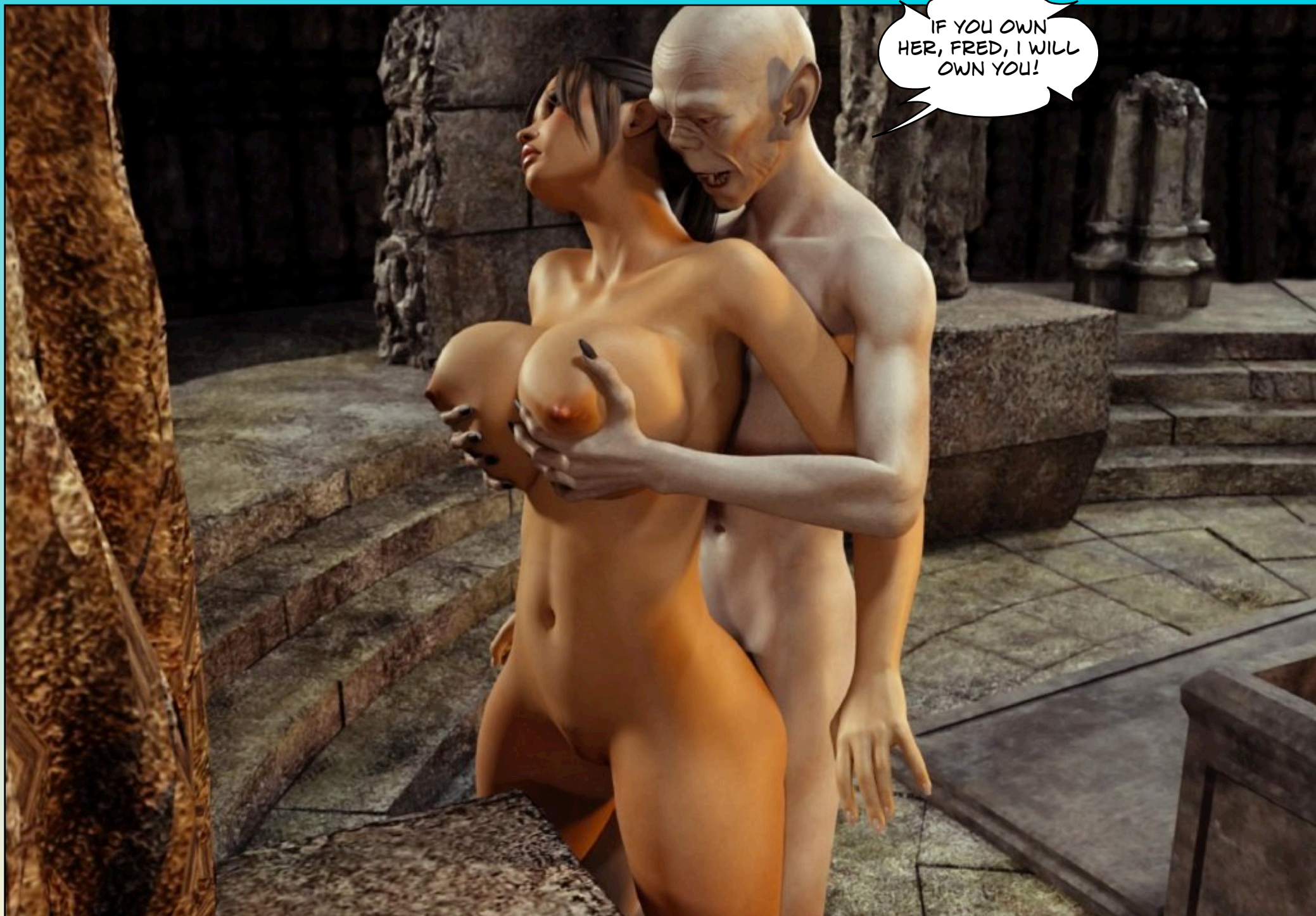
THEN HIS DREAM TURNED
DARKER, BUT IN SPITE
OF THAT EVEN MORE
EROTIC.

NO, SHE
CANNOT SAVE
YOU, FRED,
BECAUSE WE WANT
HER!



AND HER
MOUTH WAS MADE
FOR SUCKING
COCK!







FRED COULD FEEL THAT HIS COCK WAS PAINFUL ERECT NOW, AND FULL OF BLOOD. THIS WAS, OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE GIVEN HIS SPINE INJURY, BUT IT FELT SO REAL. HE WANTED TO FUCK THAT WOMAN.

IS
THIS WHAT
YOU WANT
FRED?

SHE WAS CHANGING NOW, HER TITS GROWING BIGGER AND BIGGER.





NO,
FRED, THAT
CAN NEVER
HAPPEN AT
THE OTHER
SIDE.



YOU ARE
MOANING,
FRED. YOU WANT
IT, DON'T YOU?





HEY FRED! I AM
DIANA. DO YOU LIKE
ME, FRED?







DO YOU THINK
THE DEMONS
WOULD LIKE TO
FUCK ME, FRED? DO
YOU THINK THE MEN
WOULD LIKE TO
FUCK YOU?

ARE YOU
SURE, FRED, THAT
THIS IS WHAT YOU
WANT?






I
HOPE YOU
ARE SURE,
BECAUSE NOW
THE DREAM IS
OVER, AND
REAL LIFE
BEGINS.






FRED WOKE UP, SLOWLY
AND CONFUSED.





HE GOT UP ON HIS FEET,
REALISING WITH JOY
THAT HIS TWO LEGS
WERE SUPPORTING HIM.
BUT HE DID NOT DARE
TO THINK TOO MUCH
ABOUT THE REST.

HE COULD WATCH THE
SUNRISE FROM HIS
WINDOW. HE WAS THE
FIRST TO RISE THAT
MORNING, AND ALL
ALONE HE HEADED FOR
THE BATHROOM.

A close-up photograph of a person's hand turning a chrome faucet handle on a white marble sink. The background shows a tiled wall and a curved faucet spout. The image is framed by a black border, suggesting it is a comic book panel.

HE NEEDED TO THINK, HE
NEEDED SOME KIND OF
TIME OUT FROM THE
HEART THAT BEAT SO
FAST WITHIN HIS CHEST.

A BATH HAD ALWAYS
CALMED HIM DOWN, BUT
HIS PARALYSIS HAD
MEANT THAT HE HAD
NEEDED HELP TO DRAW
ONE. NOW HE COULD
ENJOY THE LUXURY OF
COPING FOR HIMSELF.



HE DID NOT DARE TO
LOOK IN THE MIRROR.



HE DID NOT DARE TO
LOOK DOWN EITHER.



THE FEELING OF THE
HOT WATER AROUND HIS
FEET WAS WONDERFUL.

HIS WHOLE BODY WAS
ALIVE. HE COULD FEEL
THE WARMTH SPREAD UP
TO HIS CROTCH AND HIS
ASS.





BUT AS THE WATER RAN
DOWN HIS CHEST AND
OVER HIS TITS, HE HAD
TO LOOK DOWN.



THEY WERE BIG, SOFT
AND ROUND AND
SPELLED OUT THE
WORD WOMAN IN BIG
RED LETTERS. HE
STOPPED BREATHING.



OH MY GOD
WHAT HAVE I
DONE?

THE VOICE STARTLED
HIM. IT WAS SOME KIND
OF NASAL, HUSKY,
SOPRANO.



I SOUND
LIKE A
HOOKER!

AND HE DID, KIND OF.

NOW, HE HAD A FEMALE
BODY, AND - EVEN IF HE
DID NOT REALISE THIS
YET - A FEMALE BRAIN.



BUT HE WAS A NEWBORN
WOMAN AND HIS
MEMORIES AND WAY OF
THINKING WAS STILL
MALE.



AND THE MAN IN HIM
COULD NOT HELP
REACTING TO THIS
READY ACCESSIBLE
PLENTY OF FEMALE
FLESH.

HE COULD FEEL HEAT
EMANATING FROM HIS
TITS ALL THE WAY DOWN
TO HIS TOES.





HE CLOSED HIS EYES
AND REMEMBERED THE
DREAM. HE WANTED TO
FUCK THIS GIRL.



HE WANTED TO BEND
HER OVER AND FUCK HER
HARD OVER AND OVER
AGAIN FROM BEHIND.



HIS BRAIN TRICKED HIM
INTO THAT FAMILIAR
FEELING OF A BIG COCK
FILLING UP WITH
BLOOD, SALUTING A
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

IT FELT AS IF HIS COCK
WAS STILL THERE AND
HE COULD TOUCH IT,
JERK OFF AND GET A
MUCH NEEDED RELEASE.



HIS HAND MOVED DOWN
TO HIS CROTCH TO GRAB
HIS COCK AND THERE
WAS NOTHING. HE KNEW
THAT IT HAD TO BE LIKE
THAT, OF COURSE, BUT
HE WAS STILL PARTLY IN
DREAMLAND.



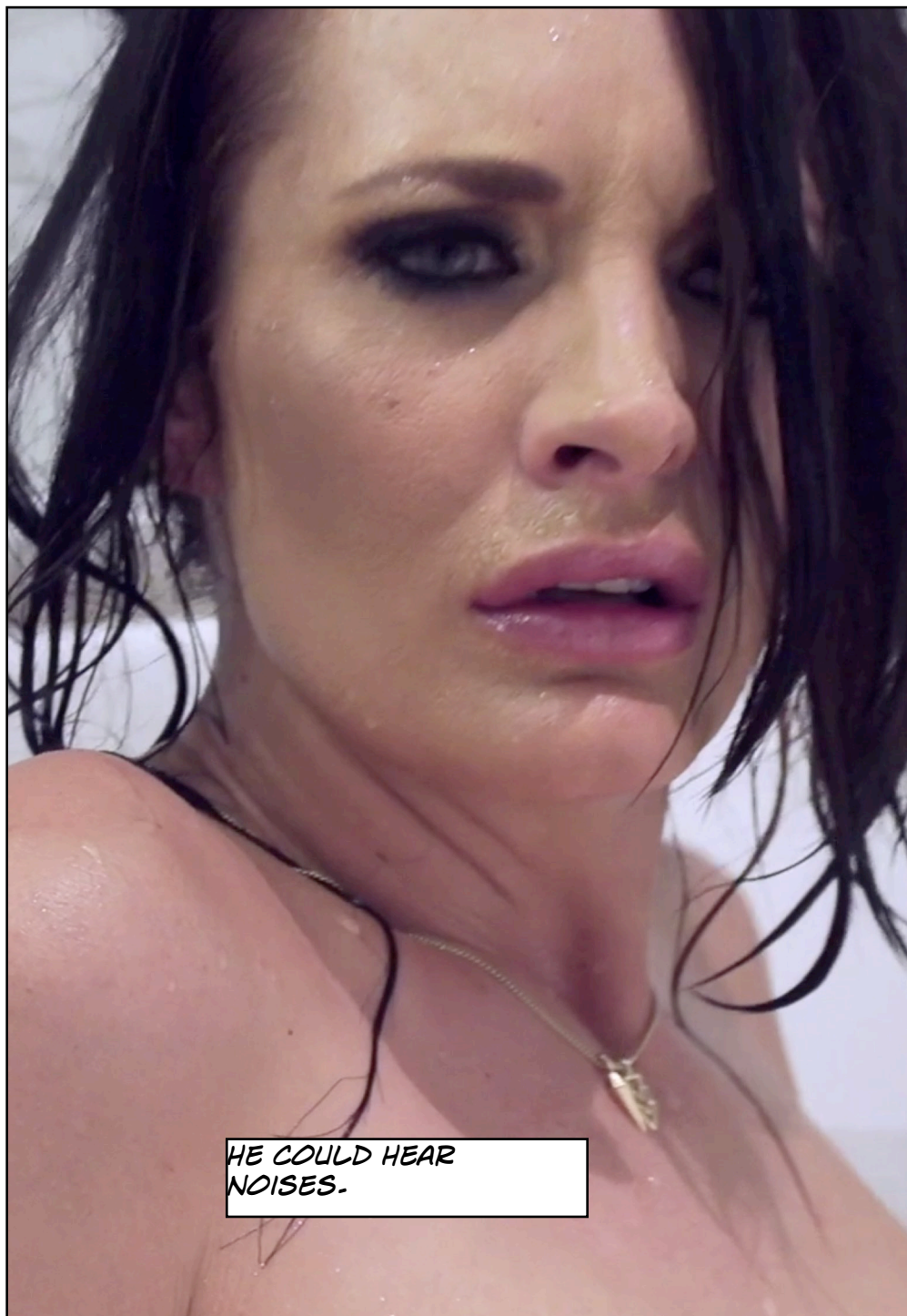


OH GOD!

THERE WAS NO
RELEASE. HIS WHOLE
PELVIS WAS THROBBING,
AND THE FIRE JUST
SPREAD OUT INTO HIS
OTHER LIMBS.



HE FOUND THE MOUND,
LIPS AND HE OBVIOUSLY
KNEW WHAT TO DO, BUT
HE COULD NOT.



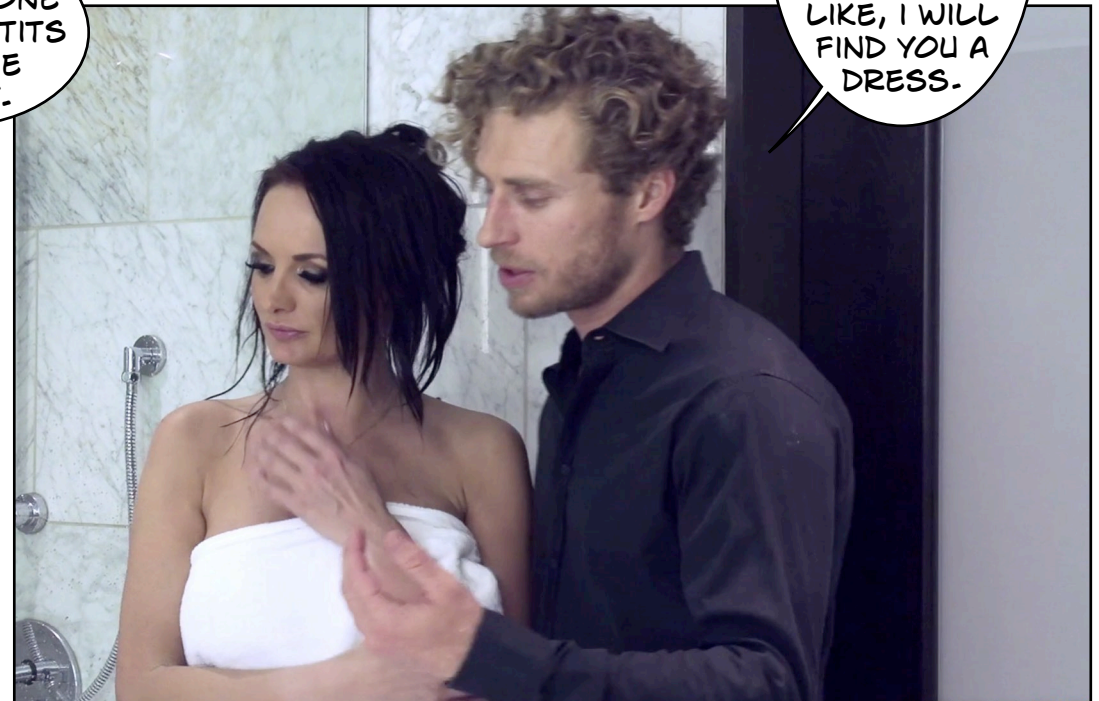
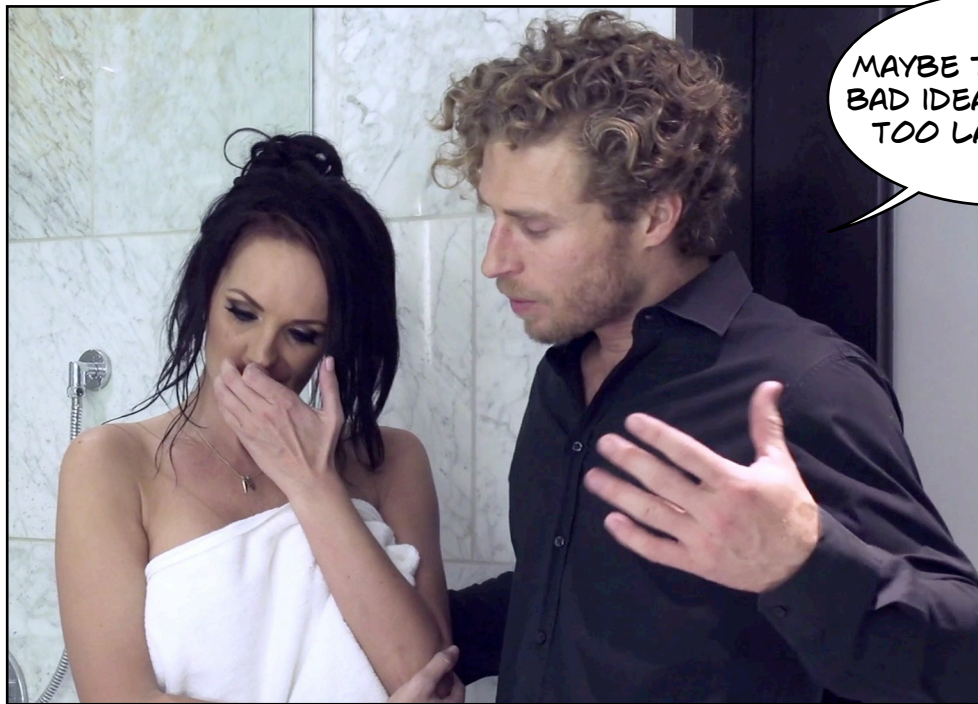


HE WAS STILL A BIT
UNSTEADY. HIS MIND HAD
STILL NOT GOTTEN
USED TO THE BALANCE
OF THIS BODY, HEAVY AS
IT WAS AT THE FRONT.



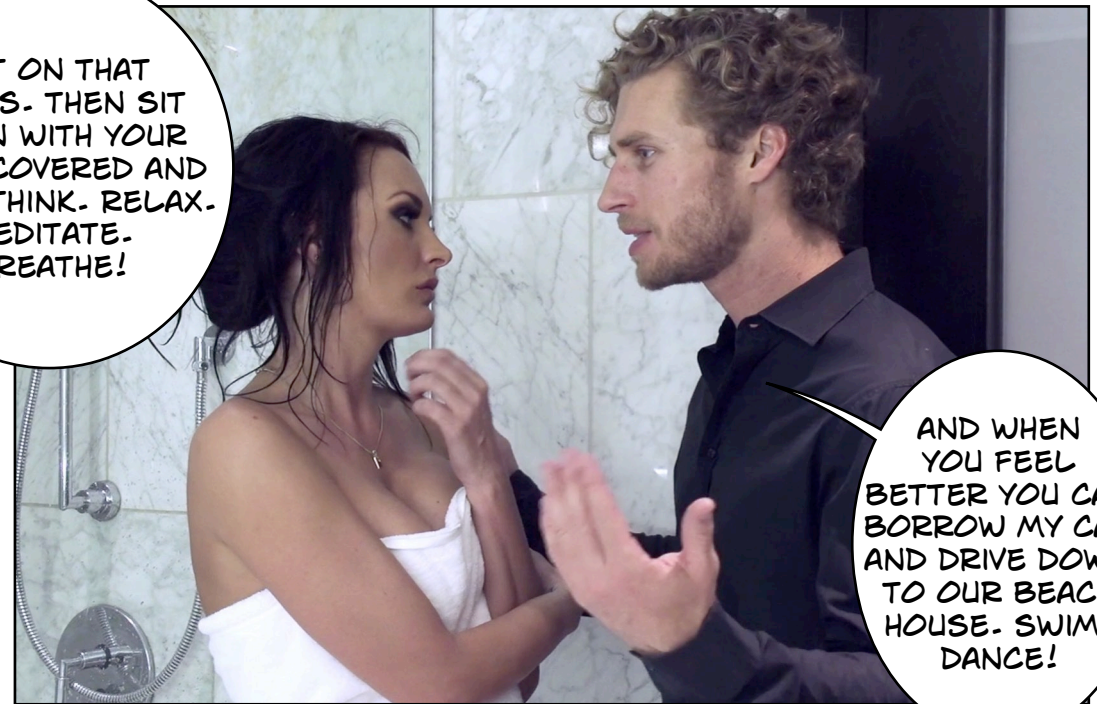








PUT ON THAT
DRESS. THEN SIT
DOWN WITH YOUR
BODY COVERED AND
FEEL. THINK. RELAX.
MEDITATE.
BREATHE!



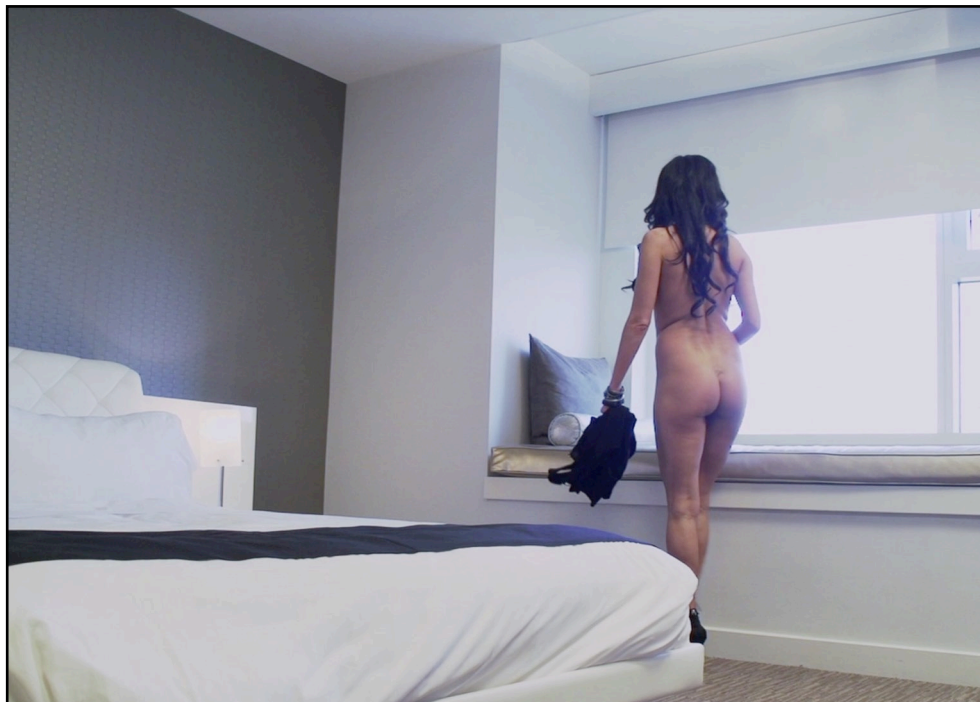
AND WHEN
YOU FEEL
BETTER YOU CAN
BORROW MY CAR
AND DRIVE DOWN
TO OUR BEACH
HOUSE. SWIM.
DANCE!



BUT I AM
NEVER GOING
TO FUCK A
MAN!



GOOD
GOD, WHAT AM
I GOING TO
DO?



MICHAEL VARGAS IS A
CLEVER MAN. HE KNOWS
THAT ALTHOUGH A
DRESS PROVIDES SOME
COVER, IT IS ALSO
REVEALING.



THE POINT WAS TO GIVE
FRED A RESPITE FROM
ALL THE NAKEDNESS,
WHILE AT THE SAME
TIME REMINDING HIM OF
HIS FEMININITY.

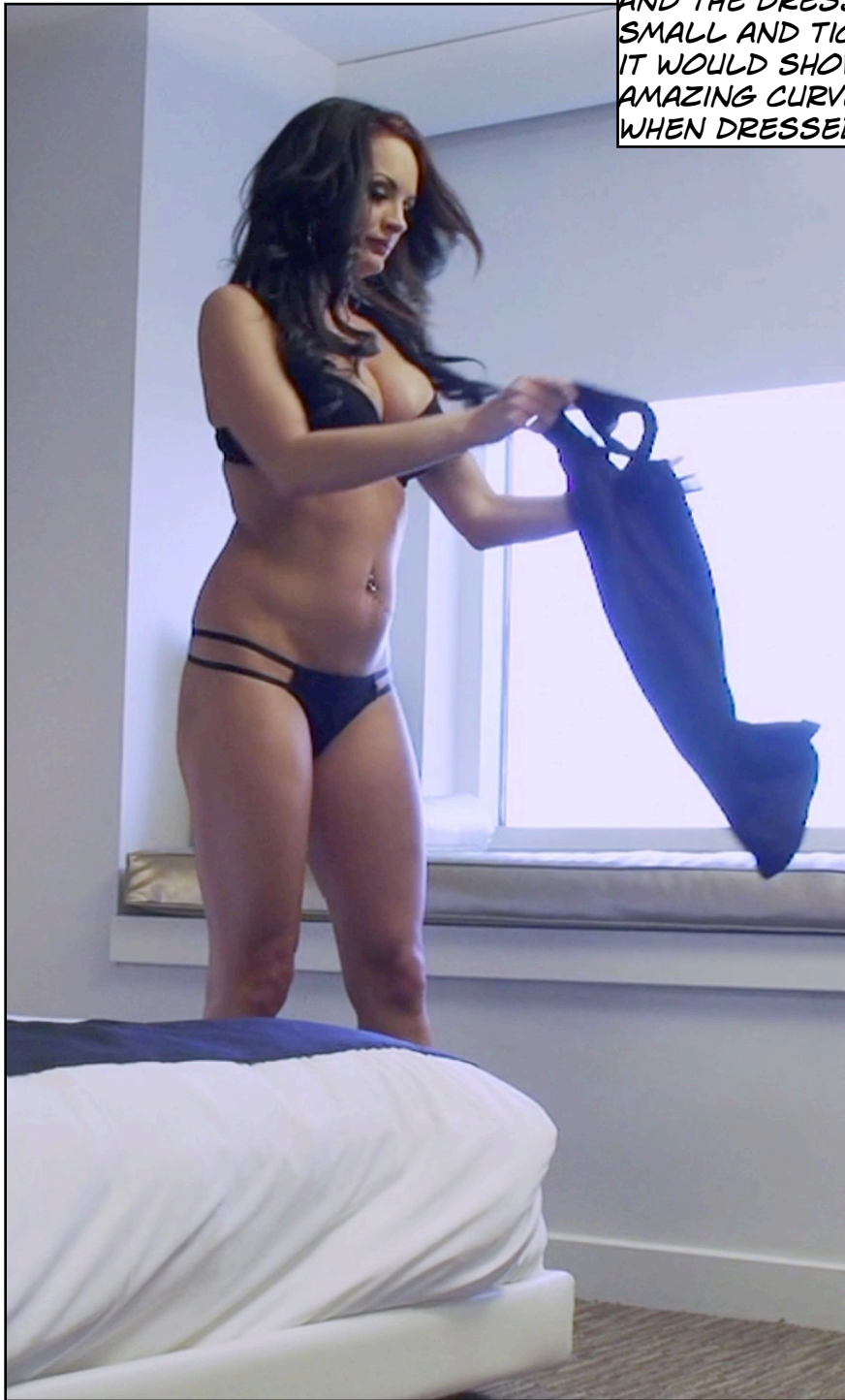


THE TIGHT FIT OF HIS
PANTIES WAS A
CONSTANT REMINDER OF
HIS LACK OF COCK.

AND THE BRA IS
THE MOST
FEMININE GARMENT
OF THEM ALL,
GIVING HIM CLEAR
EVIDENCE THAT HE
ACTUALLY NEEDED
A BRA NOW.
MICHAEL HAD A
GOOD EYE. THE
34DD CUP SIZE
WAS A PERFECT
FIT.

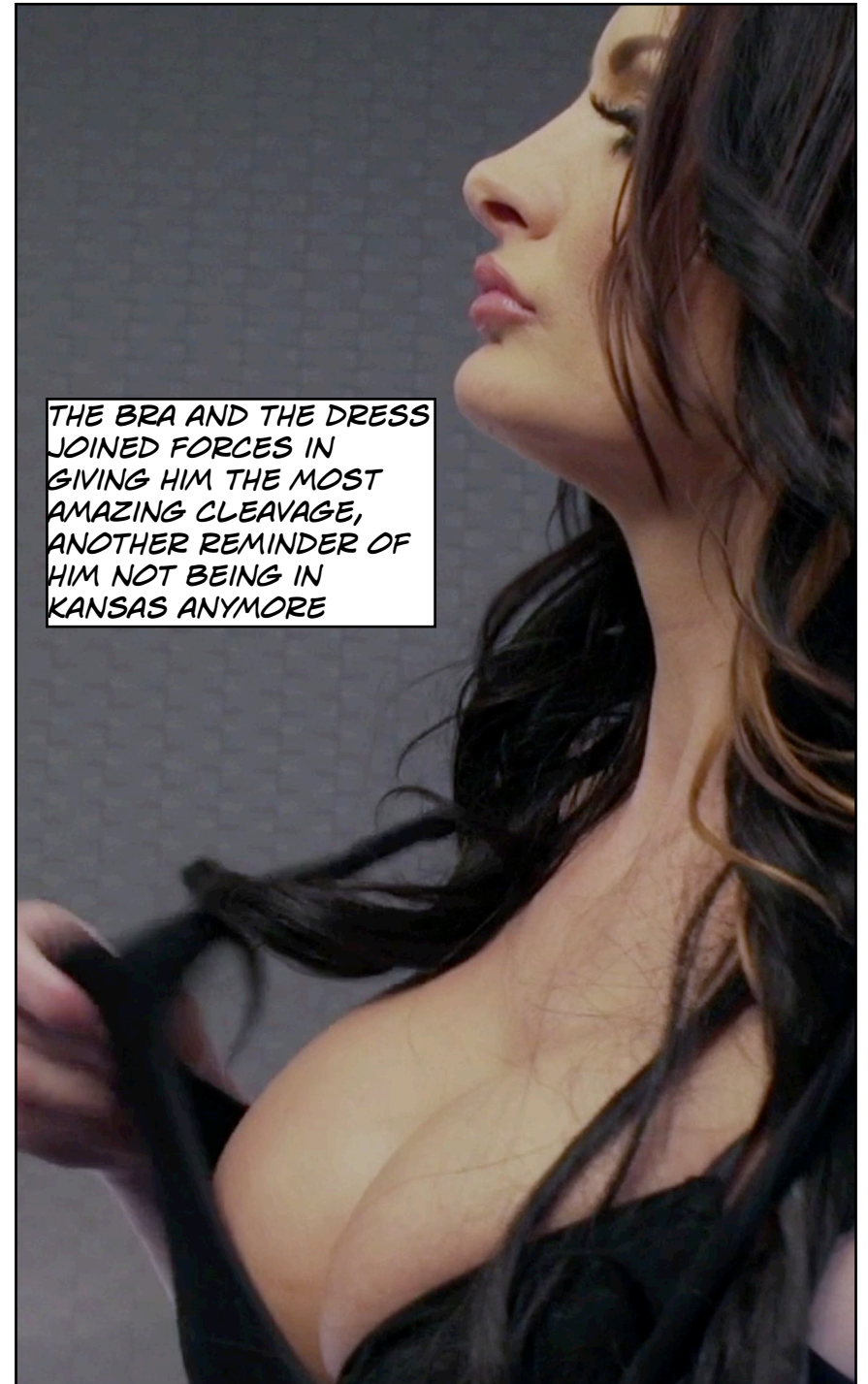
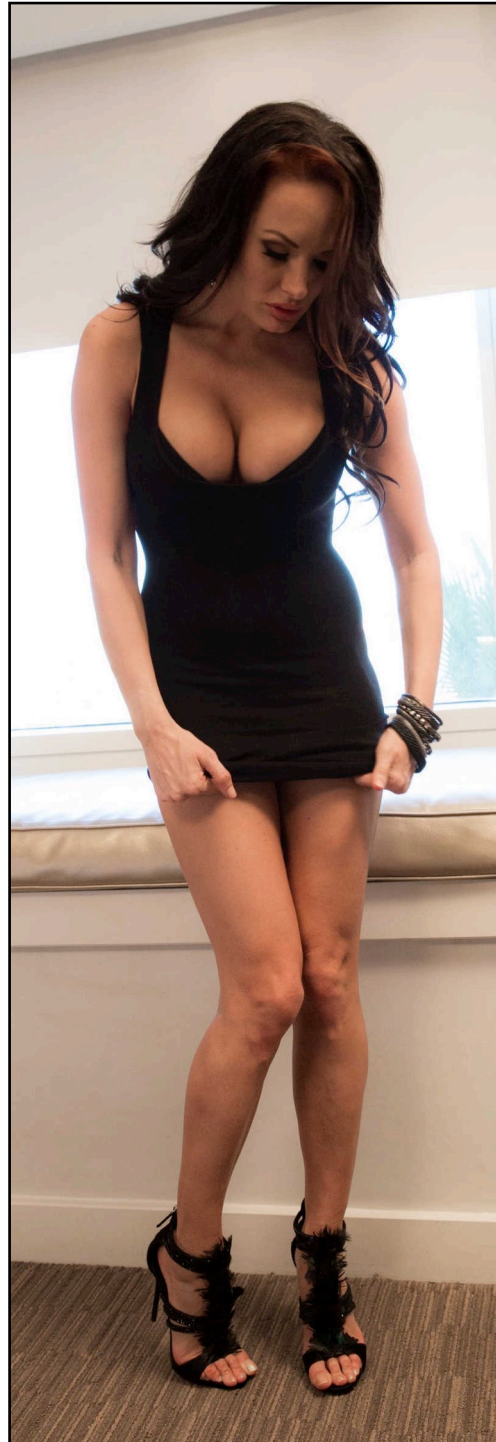
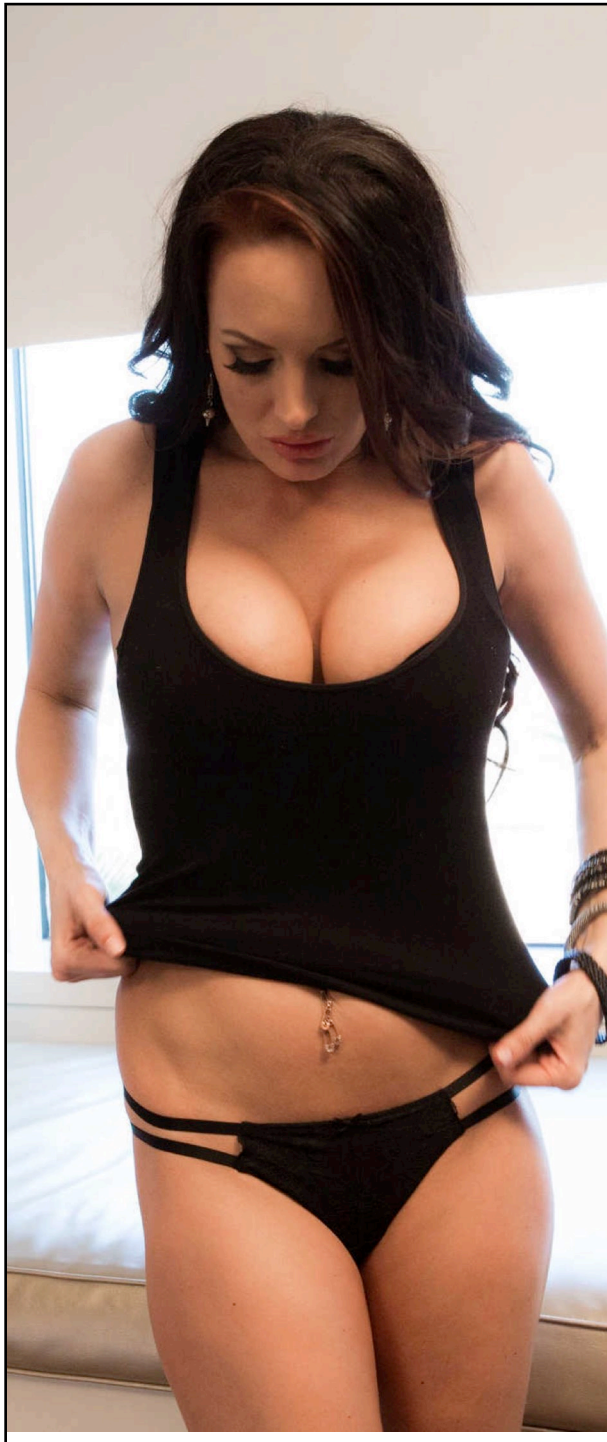


AND THE DRESS WAS SO SMALL AND TIGHT THAT IT WOULD SHOW OFF HIS AMAZING CURVES, EVEN WHEN DRESSED.

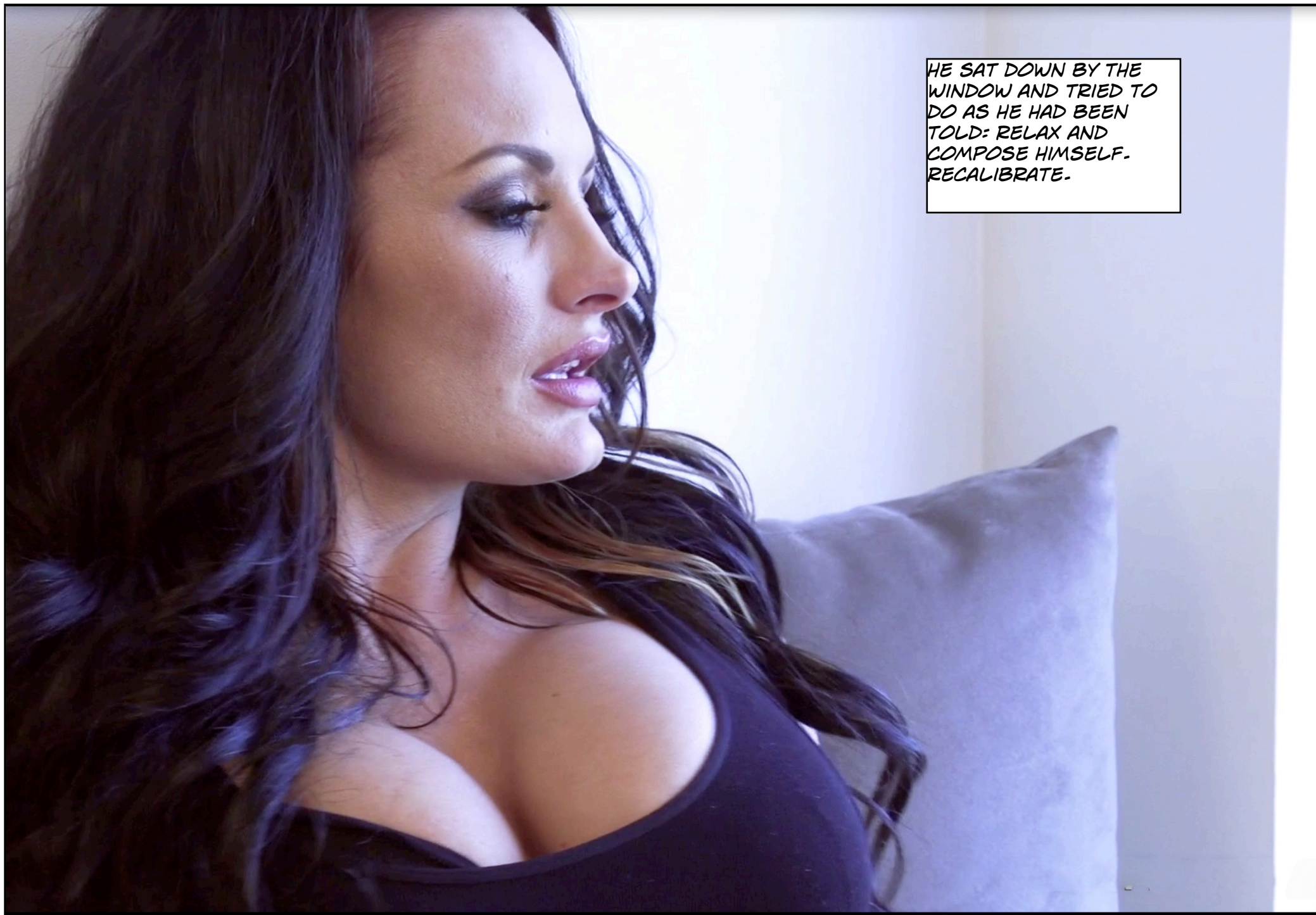


FUCK,
HOW AM I
SUPPOSED TO DO
THIS?



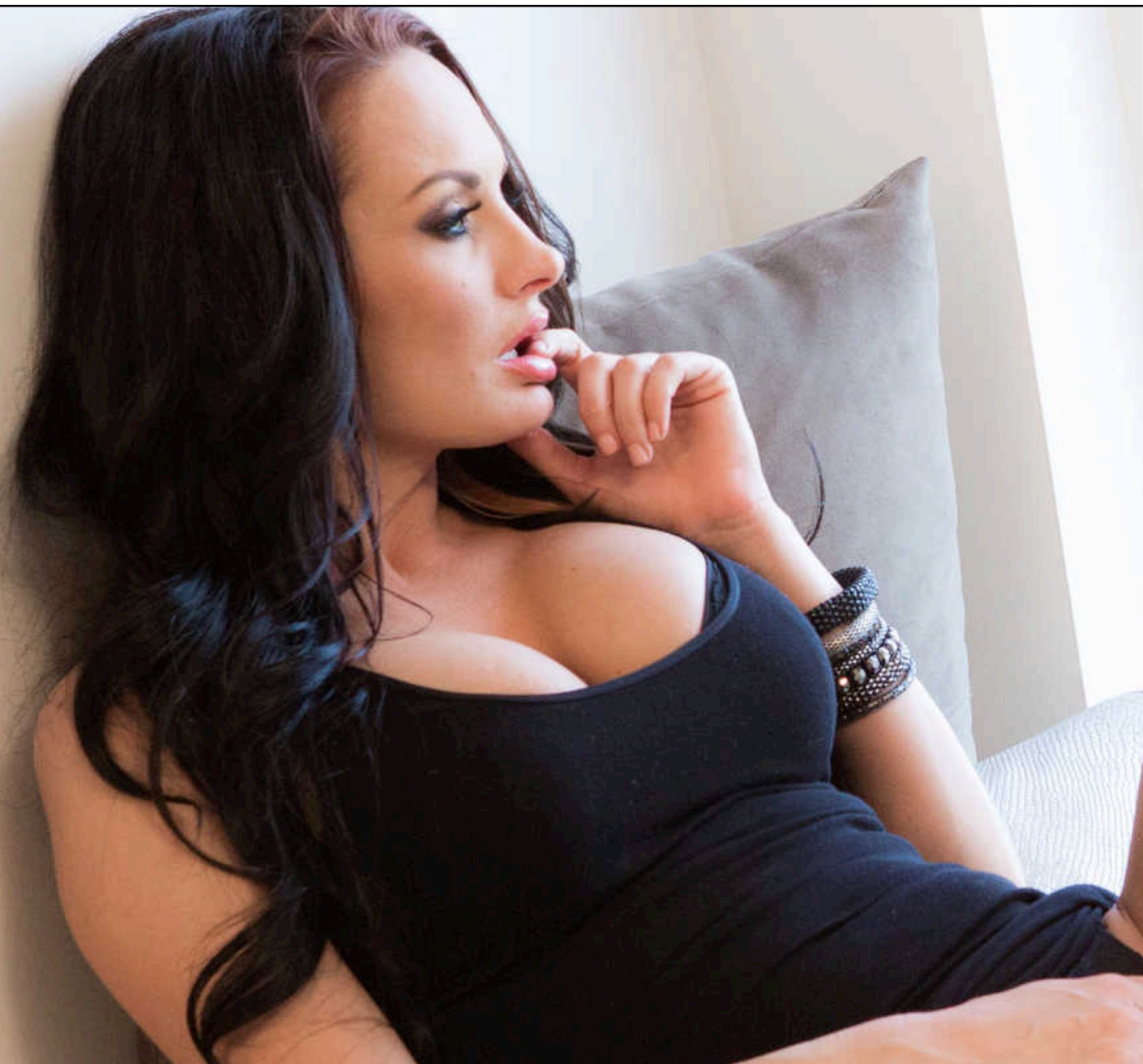


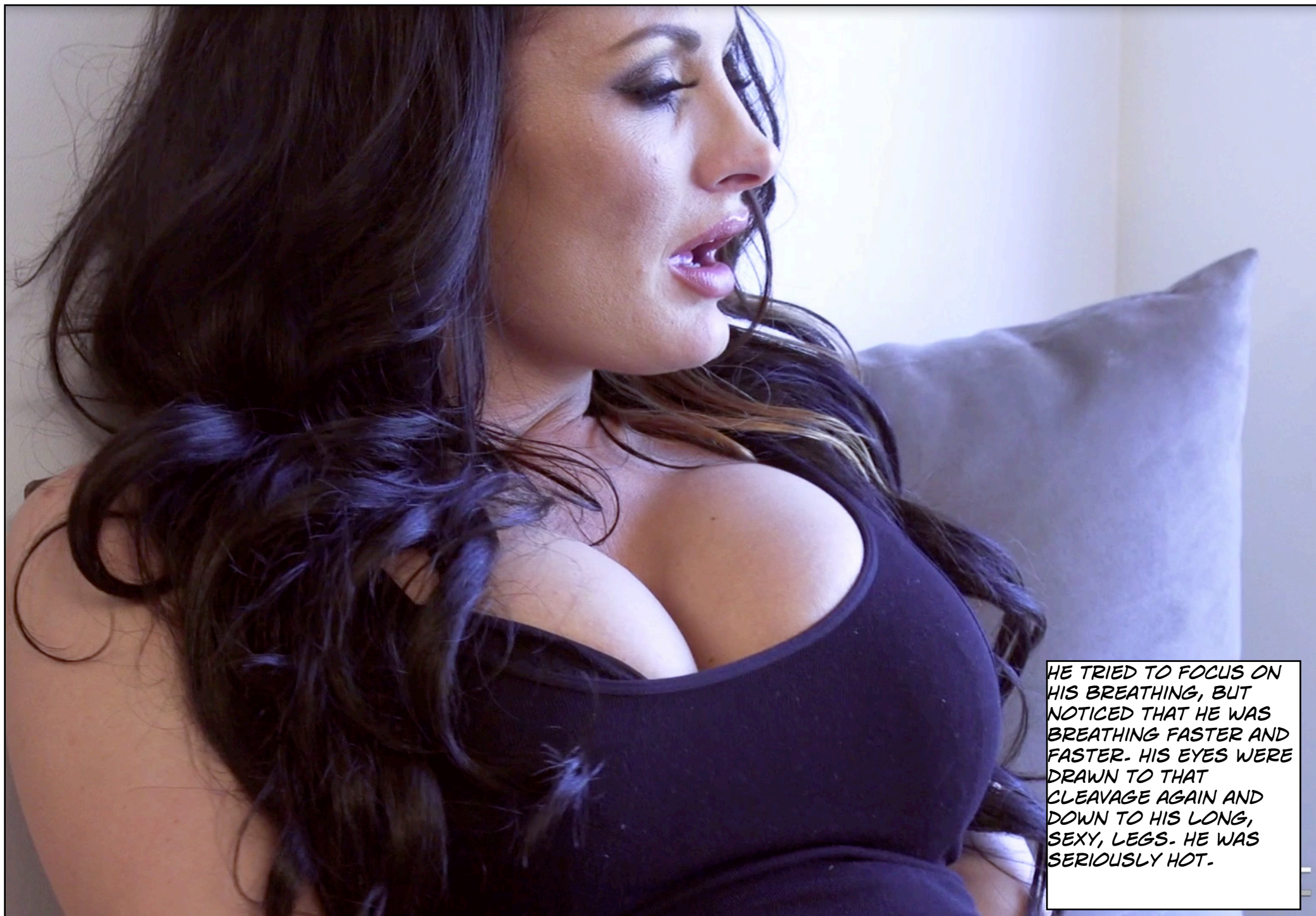
THE BRA AND THE DRESS
JOINED FORCES IN
GIVING HIM THE MOST
AMAZING CLEAVAGE,
ANOTHER REMINDER OF
HIM NOT BEING IN
KANSAS ANYMORE



HE SAT DOWN BY THE
WINDOW AND TRIED TO
DO AS HE HAD BEEN
TOLD: RELAX AND
COMPOSE HIMSELF.
RECALIBRATE.

HE WATCH THE GARDEN
OUTSIDE WITH LITTLE
INTEREST. HE TOUCHED
HIS LIP. IT WAS
SMALLER, SOFTER,
TASTED SWEETER ON
THE INSIDE. HE LOOKED
DOWN AT THAT DARK,
RAVEN, HAIR, BEAUTIFUL
AND SHINY AND SOFT TO
THE TOUCH. IT WAS THE
KIND OF HAIR A MAN
WOULD LOVE TO BURY
HIS FACE IN.





HE TRIED TO FOCUS ON HIS BREATHING, BUT NOTICED THAT HE WAS BREATHING FASTER AND FASTER. HIS EYES WERE DRAWN TO THAT CLEAVAGE AGAIN AND DOWN TO HIS LONG, SEXY, LEGS. HE WAS SERIOUSLY HOT.



IMAGES FROM HIS
FEVERISH DREAMS CAME
BACK TO HIM. IMAGES
OF SEXY, BUSTY,
WOMEN BEING
FORCEFULLY TAKEN BY
DEMONS AND TROLLS.



HAD HE SOLD HIS SOUL
TO THE DEVIL. WAS THAT
WHAT THIS WAS ABOUT?



HIS CROTCH WAS
THROBBING, DEMANDING
ATTENTION.
ABSENTMINDEDLY HIS
LEFT HAND MOVED
DOWN THERE AND
RESTED ON THAT MOUND
OF SEX.

HE DID NOT BELIEVE IN
THE DEVIL. NO, THE
DEMONS WERE
SOMETHING ELSE.
MAYBE THEY
REPRESENTED HIS FEAR
OF MEN?

HE COULD FEEL THE
FABRIC OF HIS PANTIES
GETTING MOIST UNDER
HIS HAND, AS IT REACTED
TO THIS LINE OF
THOUGH.

GODDAMIT. THIS
BODY LOVES MEN!

THE DEMONS WERE NOT
DEMONS, THEY WERE
SIMPLY MEN DISGUISED
AS SUCH, BECAUSE HE
COULD NOT STOMACH
THE IDEA OF WANTING
COCK.



MORE OF THE FEVERISH
IMAGES FROM HIS
DREAMS POPPED UP IN
HIS MIND. HE HAD TRIED
TO FORGET THEM, BUT
HERE THEY WERE, AND
HIS PUSSY STARTED TO
THROB WITH
EXCITEMENT.



HE COULD FEEL HIS
NIPPLE BECOME HARD
UNDER HIS LEFT PALM.
HE STARTED TO
MASSAGE IT AND IT
RESPONDED BY
SENDING OUT TINGLING
STREAMS OF
PLEASURED DOWN TO
HIS CROTCH.





HE HAD A PUSSY DOWN THERE NOW, HOT AND WET AND ENGORGED WITH BLOOD, READY TO WELCOME A COCK.



MMMMMM,
YEAH---



ANOTHER FORBIDDEN IMAGE POPPED UP IN HIS MIND, AND THIS ONE WAS NOT FROM TONIGHT.



OH, NO,
FUCK NO! GO AWAY! I DO NOT WANT THAT. GOD!

BUT THE IMAGE DID NOT
GO AWAY. AND HE FELT
A SHUDDER MOVING
THROUGH HIS BODY.





OH, OH,
OOOOOH....



YEAH, THAT WAS WHAT SHE WANTED THAT SEXY GIRL INSIDE HIM: TO HAVE A WELL TOOLED MAN RAM HER PUSSY OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

HE HAD THE BEST
ORGASM OF HIS LIFE
THAT DAY.







I JUST LOVE THIS PLACE. SO PEACEFUL.

YEAH. THINGS HAVE CHANGED FOR YOU, HAVEN'T IT. NOW YOU HAVE TWO BIG PROPERTIES, AND ONE DOWN HERE, ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

I GUESS I OWE IT ALL TO THE VEIL OF ISHTAR.

SURE. HAVE YOU TRANSFORMED ANY NEW MEN, LATELY?







SO FRED
BORROWED
MICHAEL'S CAR
AND DROVE
DOWN TO THEIR
MANSION ON
THE COAST.

WITH HIS HAIR
CONSTANTLY
FLOWING AROUND
HIS FACE, IT WAS
HARD FOR HIM TO
PRETEND.

THERE IT WAS: A
WOMAN'S HAND ON
THE WHEEL.
PAINTED NAILS.





HE WONDERED IF HE COULD LIVE A NORMAL LIFE IN THIS BODY. MICHAEL AND KEVIN SAID THEY HAD A JOB FOR HIM: INFILTRATING NASA IN SEARCH OF INTELLIGENCE.

THE IDEA WAS THAT HE SHOULD POSE AS SOME SEXY SECRETARY, AND MISOGYNY WOULD DO THE REST: NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT THE NEW GIRL OF UNDERSTANDING ANYTHING IMPORTANT.



HE HAD SEEN WOMEN LIKE THAT, IN THEIR SHORT SKIRTS AND UNBUTTONED BLOUSES SHOWING A LOT OF CLEAVAGE. HE HAD BEEN A CEO. THERE HAD BEEN MANY BIMBOS LIKE THAT, FLIRTING WITH HIM, WETTING THEIR LIPS. AND HE HAD USED THEM, MERCILESSLY.





LATER THAT DAY FRED WAS WALKING ON THE BEACH. PUTTING ON SUN TAN HAD BEEN HARD. HIS IMAGINARY COCK REACTED AGGRESSIVELY TO ALL THIS FEMALE FLESH.



THE BIKINI TOP DID NOT HELP, EITHER. BUT IT WAS GOOD TO BE OUT HERE.



WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



LATER

OK,
WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO
DO?



YOU NEED TO FIND
PEACE IN YOUR NEW
BODY, AND THAT MEANS
THAT YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT
SOME FORM OF
FEMININITY.



BUT I AM NOT
FEMININE!



YOU
MOST
CERTAINLY
ARE!



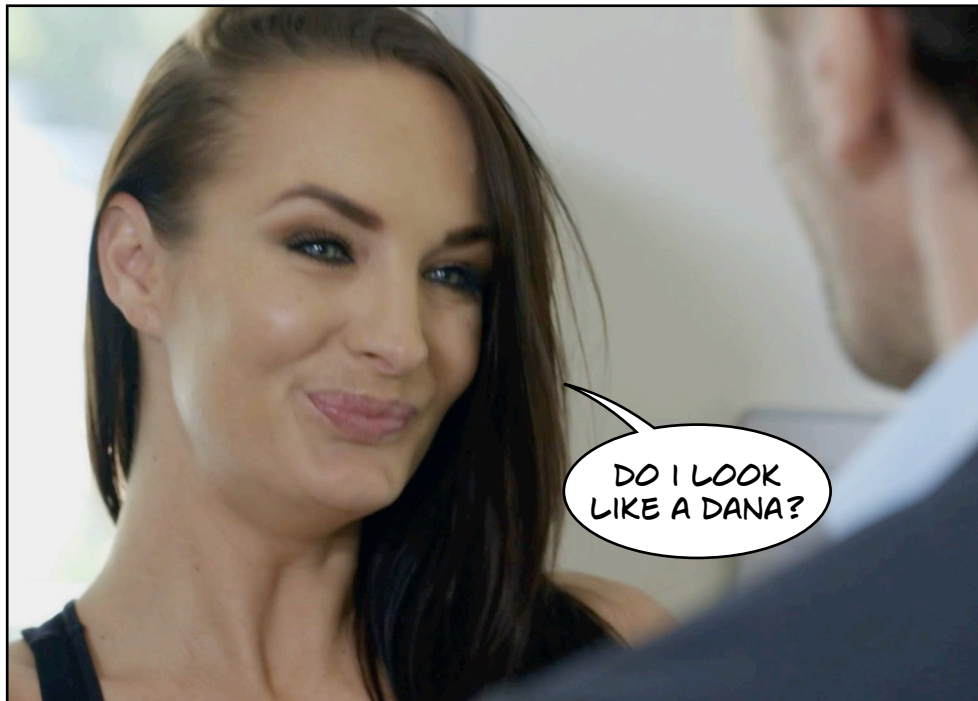


GREG HAS INVITED
YOU OVER TO HIS
PLACE TONIGHT. YOU
DRESS NICE, AND HE
WILL HELP YOU GET
IN TOUCH WITH THAT
WOMAN INSIDE YO.

LATER THE SAME DAY.









I AM IMPRESSED BY YOUR ABILITY TO WALK ON THOSE HEELS.

MAYBE THERE IS A PART OF YOU THAT WANT TO ADAPT.



NAH, IT WAS JUST THAT... THE SNEAKERS DID NOT MACH, YOU KNOW.

AND IT HELPS TO HOLD ON TO THE HANDRAIL, YOU KNOW.



I DON'T LIKE NOT BEING IN CONTROL LIKE THIS.




OK, DANA. I WANT TO DO AN EXPERIMENT WITH YOUR PERMISSION. I WILL NOT TRY TO SEDUCE YOU, OK, EVEN IF I WANT TO.




OK, I WILL
LISTEN.

FRED FOUND IT HARD TO TAKE IN THE
WHOLE SITUATION, AS HE SAT THERE
WITH HIS TIGHT DRESS AND HIGH
HEELS, TALKING TO A MAN HE
SHOULD FEEL NO ATTRACTION TO AT
ALL.



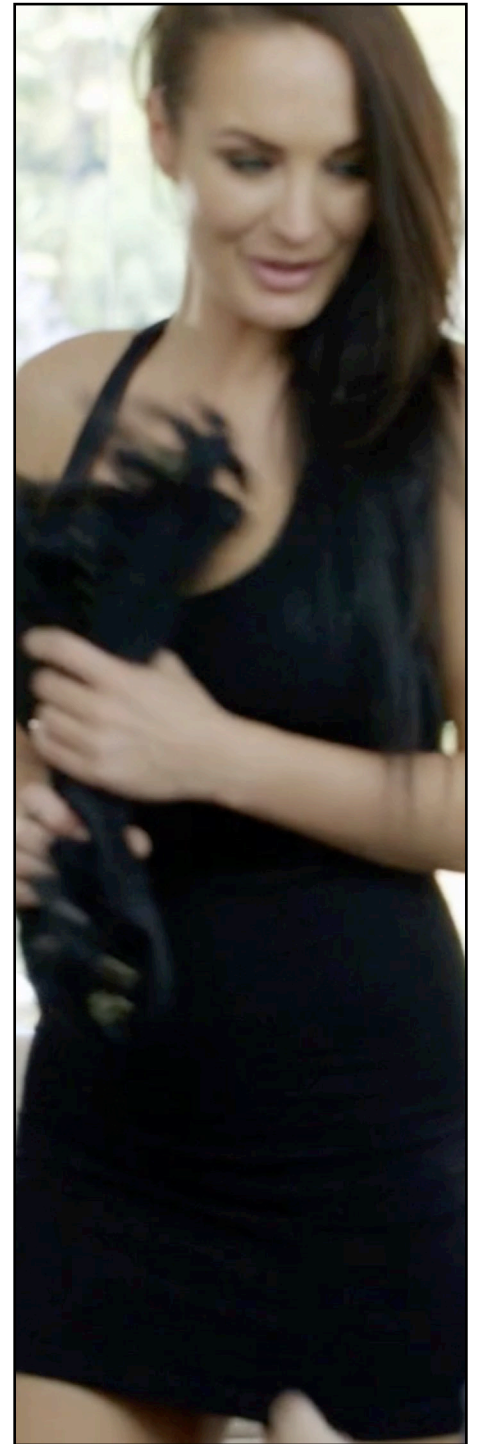
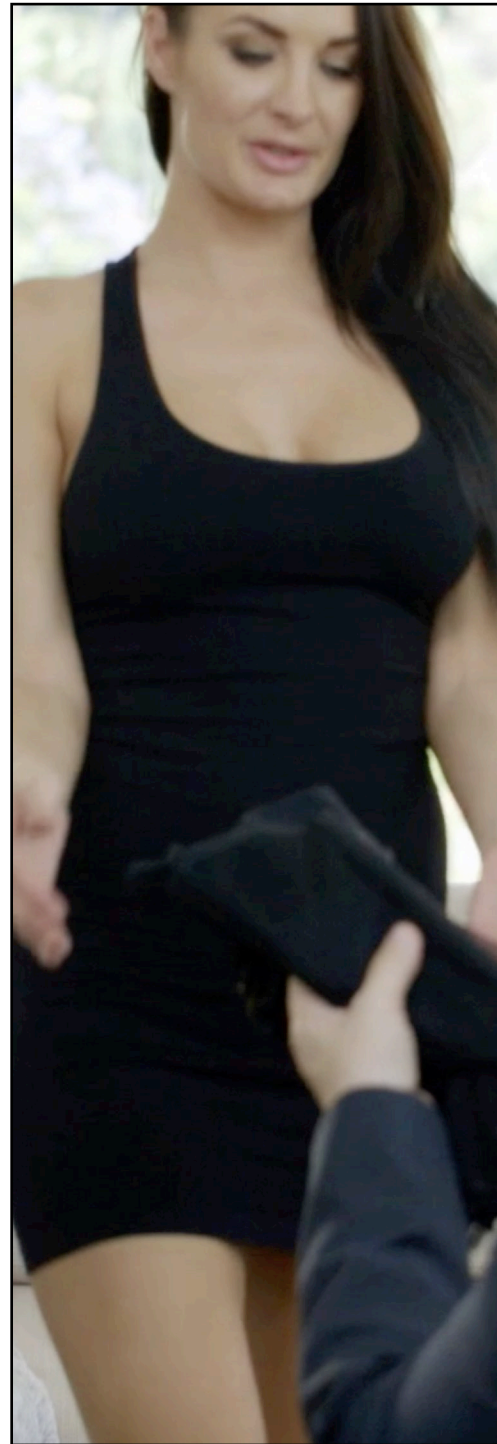
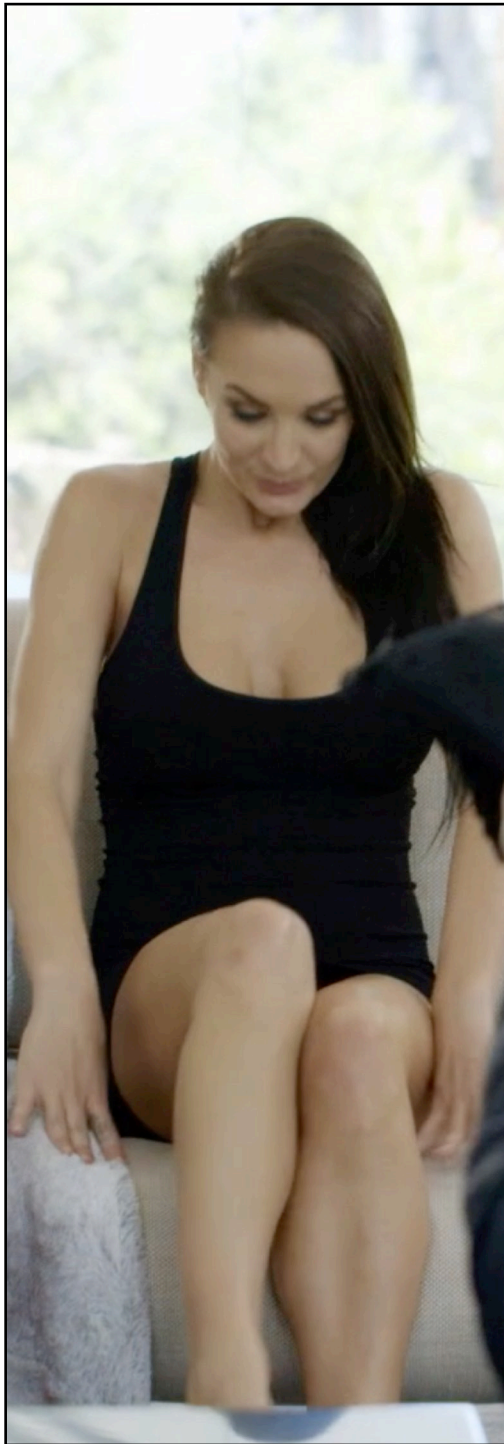
BUT HE COULD FEEL A
SMALL STIRRING DOWN
BELOW, DOWN THERE
WHERE HIS COCK USED
TO BE. A TINGLING
SENSATION, AND IT
SCARED HIM.

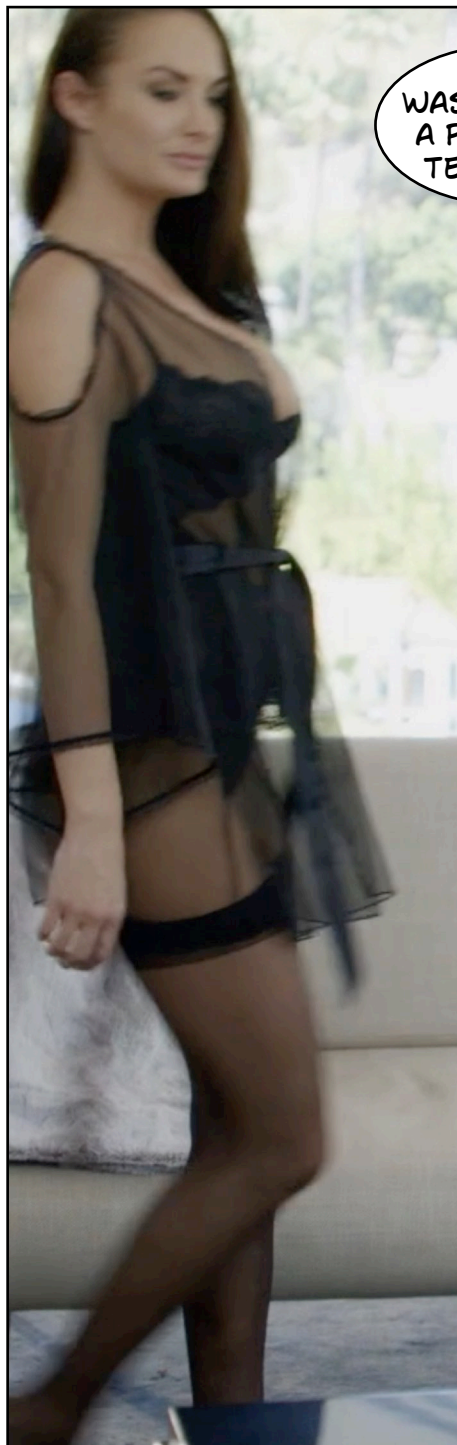
I THINK YOU NEED
TO LOOK AT YOUR
BODY IN A NEW LIGHT.
BY ALL MEANS, LET
THE MAN INSIDE YOU
ADMIRE AND DESIRE
IT.



BUT WE ALSO
NEED TO HELP
THE WOMAN INSIDE
YOU FEEL
ATTRACTIVE,
BEAUTIFUL AND
SEXY. I WANT HER
TO SEE ME
ADMIRE HER.



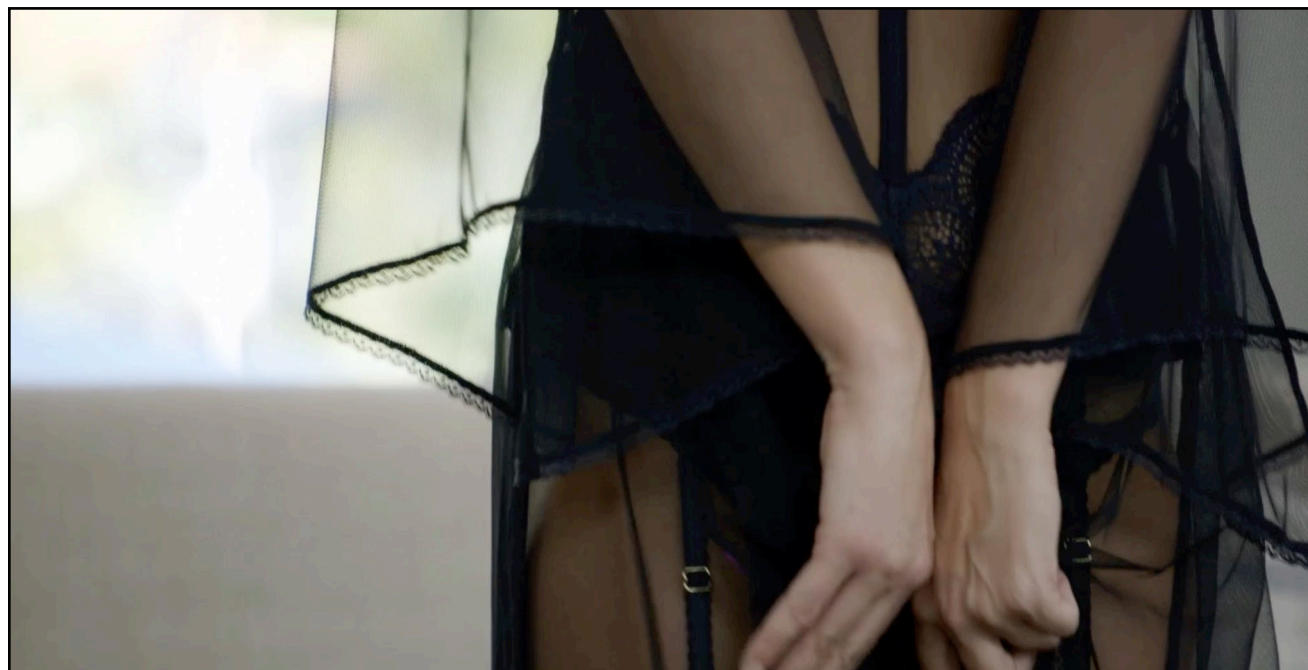




THIS
WAS A BIT OF
A PUZZLE, I
TELL YOU.



YOU
LOOK SO
BEAUTIFUL.
YOU ARE THE
MOST SEXY
WOMAN I HAVE
EVER SEEN.





I DO NOT MIND FUCKING A MAN, DANA, BUT MY MAIN INTEREST IS IN SEXY WOMEN.



I AM KIND OF HOT. I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO FUCK THIS WOMAN.

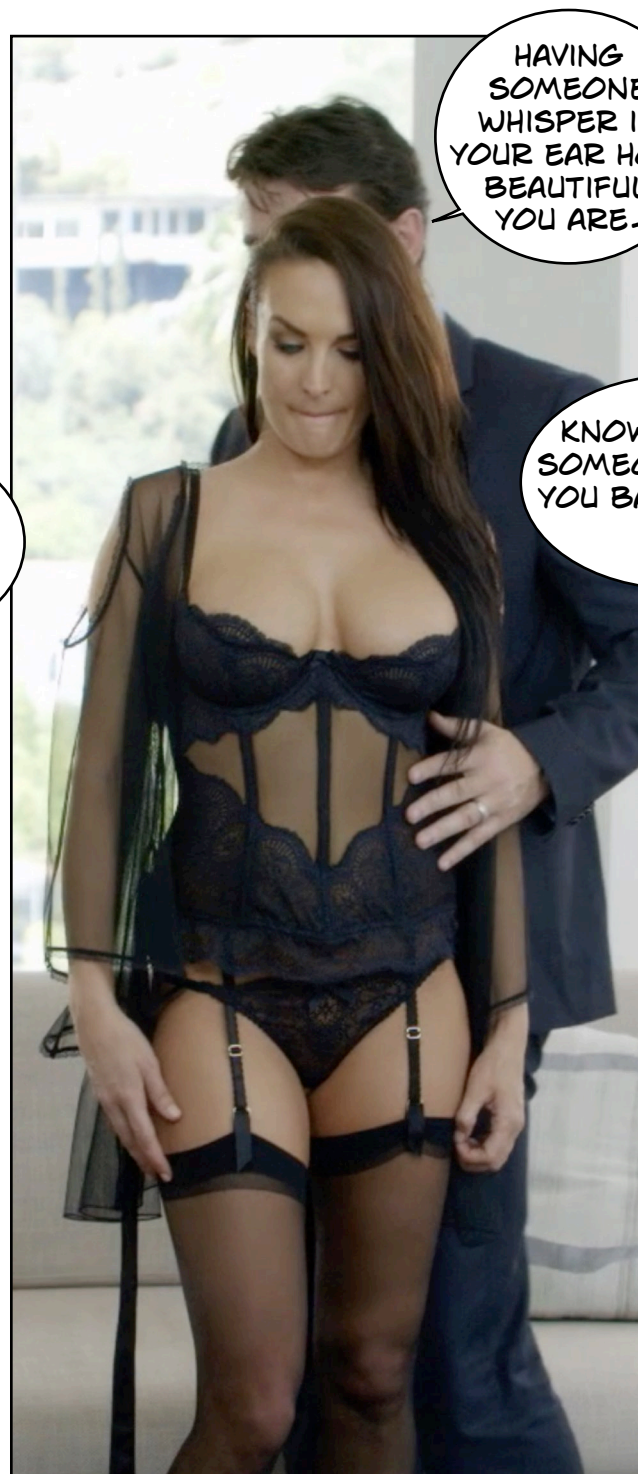


THAT IS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, BUT DANA, THE WOMAN, WOULD LOVE TO HAVE SOMEONE FUCK HER.

COME ON!



YOU MUST HAVE HAD DREAMS. FANTASIES?







YOU
NEED TO
LET FRED
GO, DANA. HE
IS DEAD.
MOURN HIM,
BUT DO NOT
LET HIM STOP
DANA FROM
LIVING HER
LIFE.



FORGET
ABOUT THE
ERECTION. YOU
DO NOT NEED IT.
FOR WOMEN THE
WHOLE BODY IS
THE COCK, ALL
OF IT.





FRED HAD EXPECTED A
WAVE OF REVULSION,
BUT THAT KISS FELT
GOOD, SAFE,
COMFORTING.





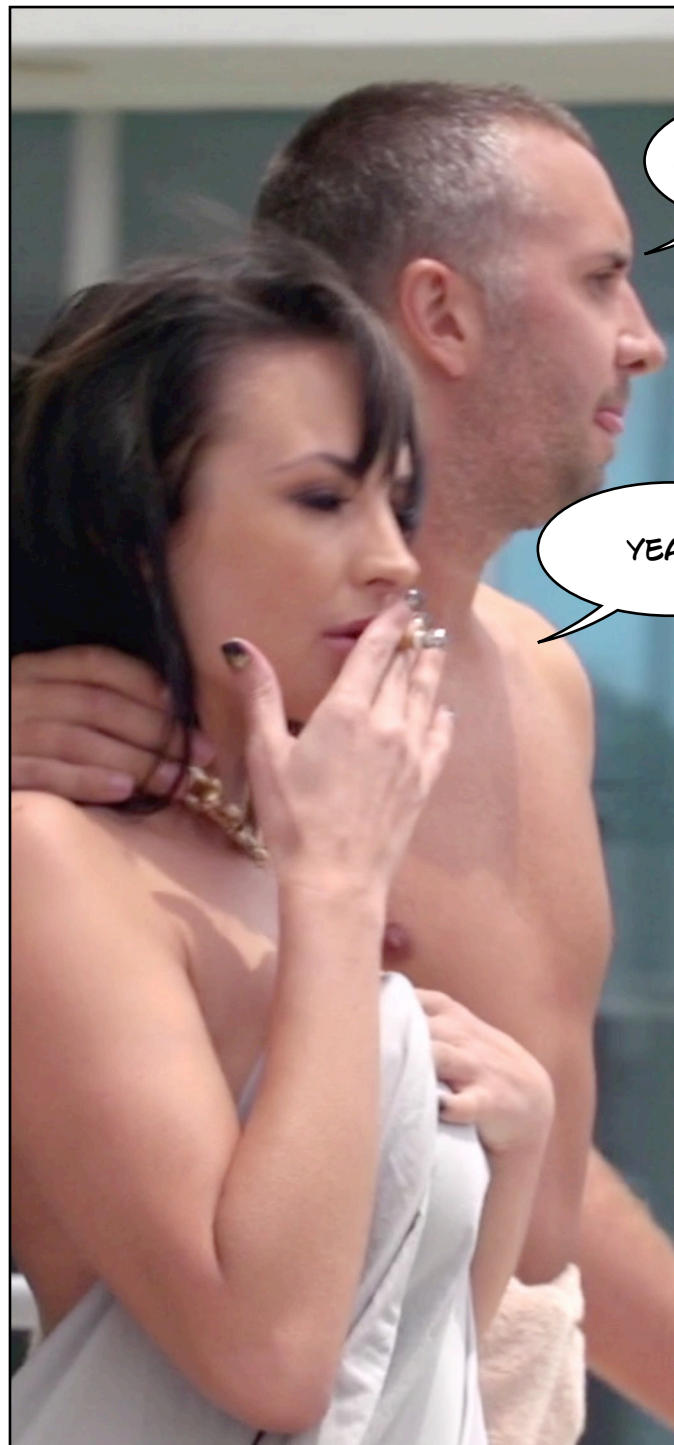
I COULD FEEL
THAT.

NOW, GO BACK TO
KEN'S HOUSE AND LET
HIM FUCK YOU
SENSELESS.



MY
WHOLE BODY
IS TINGLING. I
HAVE NEVER
FELT ANYTHING
LIKE IT!





DID YOU
HAVE A GOOD
TIME?

YEAH.



DID HE FUCK
YOU.

NO.



BUT I WILL.

I GUESS SO.



A photograph of a man and a woman in an intimate setting. The woman is lying on her back on a bed, wearing a gold chain necklace. She has a speech bubble above her head that says "OH MY GOD!". The man is positioned in front of her, performing oral sex. He has a beard and is looking down at the woman. The background shows a white headboard and a framed abstract painting.

OH MY GOD!



SO DANA
FINALLY
REALIZED WHAT
HER CLIT COULD
DO.

AND YES,
HAVING A MAN
BETWEEN YOUR
LEGS MAKE YOU
VULNERABLE, BUT
THAT IS THE SEXY
KIND OF
VULNERABLE.

HER PUSSY WAS ALL
WET AND READY
NOW.





AND SHE COULD FINALLY
FEEL THAT WONDERFUL
FULFILLING FEELING OF
HAVING A COCK SLIDING
DOWN HER SHAFT.



AND KEVIN FUCKED HER
HARD, WITH DEEP, LONG,
STROKES.

HE WAS IN CONTROL,
TURNING HER OVER AND
TAKING HER FROM
BEHIND.



SHE WAS ALL WOMAN
NOW, CLIPPING HER
HEAVY TIT WITH HER
SLENDER FINGERS;
SOFT SILKY HAIR
CARESSING HER FACE.





GOD, I LOVE
YOUR PUSSY. YOU
ARE SO INSANELY
DESIRABLE.

HIS WORDS MADE HER
EVEN MORE AROUSED.
SHE LIKED THIS. SHE
LOVED THIS. SHE
NEEDED THIS.





SHE WANTED TO PLEASE HIM BACK, AND IMAGES FROM HER DREAMS CAME BACK TO HER. BIG COCKS, BEAUTIFUL COCKS.

SHE KNEW EXACTLY
WHAT A MAN WANTED
AND NEEDED. SHE HAD,
AFTER ALL, BEEN ONE
HERSELF, A LONG TIME
AGO.





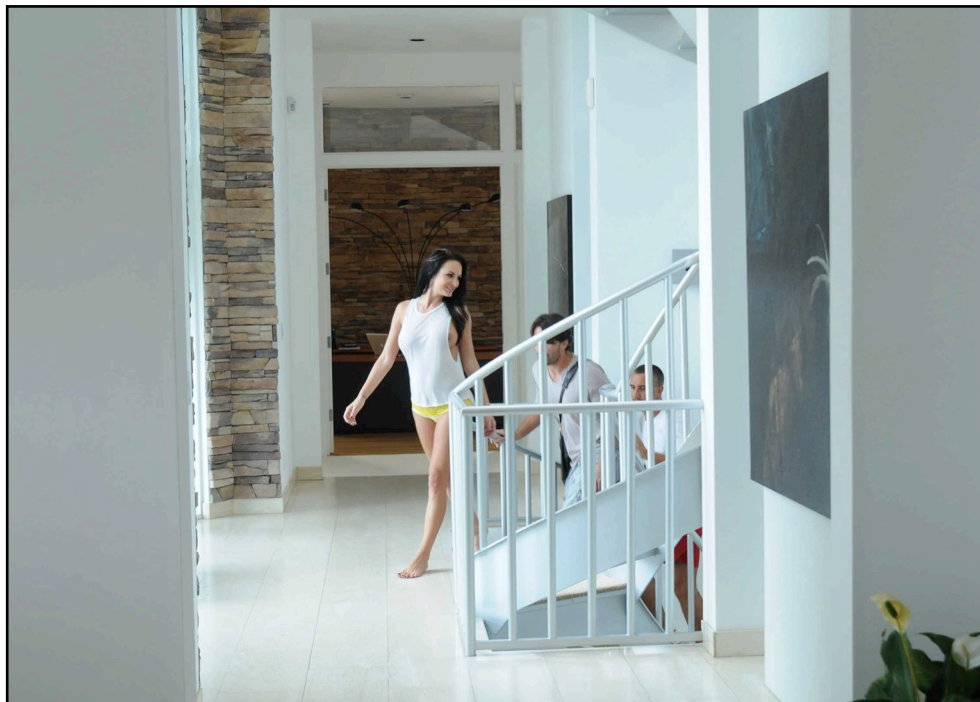
IN THE END HE COULD
NOT HOLD BACK
ANYMORE, AND CAME
INSIDE HER MOUTH.



THE NEXT DAY.









LET US TAKE
A BATH.



YOU ARE
NOT SHY
ANYMORE ARE
YOU GIRL?



NO, I
NEED YOUR
SEX, I NEED
YOUR COCK. I
WANT YOU TO
FUCK ME.



YEAH,
SUCK MY TITS.
SUCK MY BIG
TITS!





SHE WAS ACUTELY
AWARE OF HERSELF AND
HER SURROUNDINGS.
THE SMELL OF MAN.
THE MOANING OF A MAN.
HER LONG HAIR FALLING
DOWN HER BACK. THE
BIG COCK EMBRACED BY
HER TITS.



PUT IT
INSIDE ME!
NOW! I AM SO
WET AND
WARM.

SHE WATCHED HER TITS
BOUNCING AS HE
STARTED TO ROCK HER.
SHE GRABBED HER WIDE
PADDED ASS AND
MARVELLED AT HER OWN
WOMANHOOD.





SHE SHOULD FEEL
MUSCLES DEEP INSIDE
HER VAGINA START TO
MILK HIS COCK FOR
JUICE.

SHE SAT ON HIS LAP,
TYING TO GET HIM
DEEPER AND DEEPER.
SHE PLAYED WITH HER
CLIT, TESTING ITS
BOUNDARIES AND ITS
PLEASURES.





WATCHING HER OWN
CLUNT SLIDE DOWN ON
THAT PRICK MADE HER
HEART DANCE WITH JOY.
SHE DIDN'T NEED HER
OWN COCK. SHE COULD
HAVE SO MANY OTHERS.



DANA HAD RISEN AND
SHE WOULD NEVER LET
HERSELF BE DENIED
AGAIN.

Images from
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