

## 1099

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Jes went lower, until David couldn't see her head anymore. From between Dao's thighs, Jes growled, and Dao moaned.

"Jesus," he whispered, eyes locked onto Dao, and the blissful smile she wore as she looked right at him. The satyr squirmed, clicking a few times with some volume, before they settled into quiet, relaxed, consistent clicks. Her mouth half smiled, half opened with pleasure, and a moan slipped out, a sort of half human-like moan, half trilling sound. It sounded wonderful. The satyr was really enjoying herself.

Daoka shivered openly, tremors running through her thighs, face always pointed at David. Her massive breasts, still half squished underneath her despite her weight being on her elbows and chest pushed up, jiggled blatantly. For a second he thought maybe she was exaggerating, putting on a show for him, but the way her mouth hung open, and the way her tongue almost hung out too, wiped the thought away.

"Jesus is right," Jeskura said, lifting her head and pulling in her long tongue. "The fuck, Daoka? Horny as fuck, because of this fresh meat?"

Daoka whimpered some clicks, nodding.

"I mean, he is pretty cute, and... and..." Jeskura set her red eyes back on David, and her mouth dropped. "What... the fuck..."

David gulped. He felt it pour out of him before Jes spoke, but he couldn't see it. Feel it, but not see it, like a vibrating warmth that erupted inside him. A wave, like deep bass that he couldn't hear, but feel. Something flowed out of him and throughout the cave, filled it, drowned it in... something, something from inside him.

He looked down.

"Oh..." He hadn't been crazy then, and hadn't seen a snake or anything this morning. His cock had grown, and grown... and grown.

The massive thing pulsed with blood as it continued to grow, until it couldn't maintain a hard rigid shape anymore. Collapsing under its size, his cock fell forward, bending in a gentle arc with its new malleability. Still hard, still full of blood, but too thick and long to stay perfectly straight. Long, twice as long as it'd been before. Longer. And thicker, thick as his wrist, and only getting thicker.

He forced himself to look up. Daoka and Jeskura were already off the bed and standing in front of him, both looking down at him and his new appendage *www.mo(ve)EOWoRM.cOm*

"What the fuck," Jeskura said. "You're... You're..."

"What's happening to me?" He almost laughed. The way he said it, it almost sounded like he was mutating into some horrible monster, or dying of some deadly disease. It didn't make sense, but with each double, triple, quadruple take he did of the giant thing between his legs, the more it didn't seem so bad. "This... This can't be normal, right? Humans don't, um... do this, right?"

He looked up again, and gulped. It was hard to tell with Dao, with the bone plate covering where eyes should have been, but with Jes, the shock and confusion was obvious. And the fixation. The gargoyle took a step toward him, eyes wide, breathing fast, with a look he'd seen tigers give prey before pouncing.

"Your aura," she said. "The fuck did you do to your aura? How did you even get one?"

"My aura? I... I don't know..."

"Stop it."

"W-What?"

"Turn it off."

"Turn off what? My aura? I don't know what's... going... on..." His voice trailed away as Daoka stepped up to him, knelt down beside him facing his legs, reached out, and put both of her hands underneath his now massive length *(w)WV.no(v)@lw6(r)@.com*

Someone else's hands, touching him. Someone else's grip around his cock. A fresh wave of whatever it was coming out of him, the invisible thing he could not see or hear, pulsed out, and his cock flexed slightly on Dao's palms. And it grew slightly bigger.

Both demons groaned quietly.

"Dao," Jes said, gulping hard as if Dao had just touched a bomb. "Dao, you don't... know... if he..."

David looked back up at the gargoyle, and froze, as she did the same as Dao. Slowly, as if trying to resist a siren's song, she hooked her wings to her back, and got down on her knees beside his legs, opposite of Dao.

She was hypnotized.

"I don't know how you're doing this," she whispered, reaching out for his cock with both of her hands, too, "but I'll... I'll..."

~♥♥♥~

He sucked in a breath, as both demons wrapped their hands around his cock's girth. Four hands, intertwining fingers and squeezing on his thickness experimentally. They lifted it so it stuck straight up and out from him, and stroked it, slow hands testing its shape and size. They pulled back his foreskin, revealed a ripe, swollen glans the size of his fist, and both women let out small sighs as they watched a drop of his precum sit on the tip.

"I don't know what's happening," he said, quivering. "I really don't. I--oh god." He twitched as a jolt of panic ran through him, as both demons leaned in toward the head of his cock, and opened their mouths.

But they didn't bite him, or tear his dick off. Instead, they both slowly leaned in closer, as if afraid of him, or still trying to resist him, before they put warm kisses on the tip of his length. The wave of tingling bliss it sent through him was euphoric. He groaned, and bit down the sound before it grew too loud. So that's what that felt like.

"I don't know either," Jes said, refusing to lift her lips up from his cock. "Don't care anymore. Give it to me. Need it."

"Give--" He sucked in a hard breath as Daoka opened her mouth wide, very wide, wider than most humans could, and wrapped the whole of his glans in her mouth. Wet warmth coated the sensitive skin, and something else, something that ran laps around it before burying its underside in heavy pressure. Her tongue *(w)WV.no(v)@lw6(r)@.com*

He pulled at his wrists, trying to escape. But whatever insanity that'd given him a giant penis hadn't done a thing to his strength. He wasn't going anywhere. All he could do was stare down at the beautiful demons as they worked his length with their hands, and traded off who fit his huge glans into their mouths. How they avoided grazing him with their sharp teeth, he didn't know, but all he felt each time they took his cock's tip into their mouths, was boiling hot bliss and unending, massaging friction that sent jolts of pleasure down his cock into his thighs and pelvis.

He came. Normally he'd happily slow down masturbating to make things last. But he had no control here. He couldn't even say anything. He panted and shivered as the first gush of hot cum flooded up his length with a hard flex of his inner muscles. The next squeeze forced the cum out in a hard gush, and the familiar bliss of orgasm hit him. Heavier, harder, enough to nearly knock the wind out of him as the tingling sparks worked down his length. The unfamiliar sensation of lips suckling and milking on his cock's head as he flooded Jeskura's mouth with cum pulled another groan out of him, despite his best efforts to keep it down.

He came a lot. A lot lot. He stared at Jeskura's mouth as her cheeks puffed slightly, before a flood of his white cum poured out of her, down over his cock, over her hands, and Dao's. She lifted her head, mouth partly open, and stared at him as his cum dripped from her tongue and chin. Before he could say anything, Daoka aimed his cock toward her, and took his glans into her mouth too. Her tongue coaxed more cum out of him, gentle strokes along his tip's underside that sent almost painful jolts through him, forced his inner muscles to squeeze again, and earned another heavy gush of cum from him into her mouth.