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He couldn't hold it in any longer. A hot gush of cum flowed into Daoka's insides, but everything was so taut and squeezing relentlessly, it flowed back out of her almost instantly. The warmth of his own fluids dripped down over his pelvis and testicles as Daoka trembled on him, her insides still clenching with spasms, her breasts rippling against Jes's, and her ass jiggling with each bounce Jes forced on her.

David tried to grab her ass, to feel the curvy, firm mounds in his hands. But he was still bound, hands up above his head and wrists attached to the wall. He could only squirm underneath Daoka, and Jes continued to milk his orgasm with her lover's body.

Everything slowed down. Jes stopped bouncing Dao, and instead gently pushed her back and forth, grinding her on his body. Dao continued to shiver, still holding Jes tight in a hug, their breasts squashed and pushed out to the sides where he could see them. Slow, very slowly, Jes continued to push her lover against him, until Dao's last few tremors milked the final drop of cum out of him.

Dao, limp in Jeskura's hugging grip, clicked a few times.

"I don't know," Jes said. "Don't care. Need it. Need... it..." She growled over her lover's shoulder, eyes aimed at David and eating him alive. "More."

"More? I... I already--"

Jeskura turned Dao around again, which left Dao a whimpering mess, insides clenching on David like her life depended on it. He was still hard, now very sensitive, and shuddered as the satyr's boiling insides sent almost painful pleasure sparks down his length with the twisting motion.

With a hungry groan, Jes helped Dao lean forward, until again the tall demon's breasts were smooshed into David's face and shoulders. He couldn't see a damn thing anymore. All he could do was feel.

Dao bounced harder on him, and harder, and from the way she clicked and shook, it wasn't her fucking him. Again, the gargoyle did all the work, bouncing Dao on him as much as back and forth, making her huge breasts sway and gently slap against the sides of his face. Eventually Dao collapsed even more, body going limp, and he had to pull his head back slightly to keep from suffocating as Dao rested against his chest, neck, and permanently upright arms. www.Nov.elw@Rm.C@m

But he didn't do it for long. Her breasts were just so damn soft, and huge. He'd never felt something so amazing, and he pushed his face back up into the huge pillows, and kissed them as they jiggled with her rapid bouncing. www.NOV@lw@Rm.c@m

"More," Jeskura said. "More. Need... more."

He tried to say something, maybe beg for mercy, but the tingling waves that worked through his length and between his legs demanded he didn't. Somehow, his body was still going. And somehow, it wanted more, too.

Dao squeezed on his cock hard, and hot juices leaked out of her, more than a little bit of squirting out of her and drenching over his pelvis until it dripped off him. The squeaks and clicks of pleasure -- and probably begging Jes to slow down -- didn't give the gargoyle any pause. She continued to bounce Dao on his cock, until the riva went limp again and trembled on his body. Jes didn't stop, forcing Dao to keep moving, her squeezing, soaked insides sliding up and down his length, coating every inch of him in hot friction. www.nov@Lw@R@c@m

Part of him thought maybe, just maybe, there was something bad about this, about his apparently inhuman body and its inhuman sexual stamina, indulging in a threesome with demons. A much larger part couldn't give a shit about anything other than Dao's pussy drenching him as she milked a third orgasm out of him, and continued to squeeze on his girth until he thought she might kill him.

Jeskura pulled her off and set her beside him. The odd angle would have broken his dick if it'd been harder, but apparently whatever happened to him to change his body meant his dick was massive, but malleable enough to bend, barely. He looked to the satyr, and she managed a weak couple of clicks as she cuddled into his side, buried her face in his neck, and pressed her breasts against the side of his soaked abs. www.n@elw@Rm.CoM

The gargoyle didn't wait. She slid forward again, got on one foot and knee, grabbed his drenched cock, and penetrated herself yet again. This time, she took him to the base much faster, and let out a deep, guttural groan, as she stretched inward to take him.

"Fuuuuck," she said between clenched teeth, and pressed both hands against the bulge running up her long, flat stomach, up to where it stopped a couple inches shy of the bottom of her sternum, between her large breasts. He felt every touch. She leaned forward, put both her hands against the wall over him, and rode him. Hard. "More. More." Her mouth hung open, her tongue dangled out slightly, and her eyes glazed over as she stared down at him. "More. Cum. Inside me. Now."

Her nails dragged down over the stone, leaving scratch marks. Her tail slithered down between his legs and wrapped around one of his shins. Her breasts rippled underneath her as she bounced on his cock, and her insides squeezed, soaking him in boiling wet heat. Even as her own body betrayed her and shuddered as her groans melted into moans, she continued to bounce on him, as if her life depended on it. She slowed down when her insides buried his length in random spasms, but only for a few seconds, another coating of juices leaking out of her over his length even as she forced herself to keep bouncing. And again, she came, and groaned. It sounded like a frustrated groan, too, like she was annoyed with him for not cumming again yet. And she wanted him to cum again. She desperately wanted him to cum again.

"More."

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