

## 1154

He squirmed a bit, but all that did was encourage the tiger lady to grab his wrists and pin them down against the ground over his head. And with strength that left him stunned, she easily brought both his hands under one of hers, leaving her right hand free.

"You uh... um..."

She ran one of her free hand's claws down his chest, hooked the leather strap holding his half breastplate on, and slipped it under the knot of the leather, under his arm. She got it in the knot, and pulled it apart like she'd done it a million times before. She probably had.

Growling, she tossed the armor aside, his cloak too, and leaned down over him. With his hands pinned, he couldn't push against her or anything, not that he necessarily wanted to. But when she opened her mouth -- so much wider than it looked when closed -- and leaned down for his neck, he pushed up against her hands with a jolt. No good. He wasn't going anywhere, and she wasn't stopping.

He shivered as she set her huge sharp teeth against his neck, all the way around it. But instead of beheading him, she licked his neck, long warm tongue leaving an exploring trail along his jugular and Adam's apple, before she sat up again.

He blinked up at her, breath coming in fast pants, and his heart racing.

"I knew it," she said. "Getting closer to death turns you on?"

"No! No... no?"

Apparently he was hilarious, because all three women laughed. *wWv.110vE1W ©r(m).com*

"Just like that time I threatened you. You got a thing for deadly, dangerous demon ladies?"

"I... Yes. I do." His porn stash on his PC proved that. *ŴŴ.n0vE1(w)0E7m.c0m*

"Good. Because that aura of yours has been tickling me for days and it's driving me insane." Nodding, Caera stood up, and undressed, removing the few bits of armor she still had on. She did it still standing over him, her legs on either side of him, and he stared up at her as she set the black chunks of armor on the ground, all the while her skin getting redder and redder. So massively tall, and muscular without losing feminine curves, his jaw dropped as he stared up at her.

"Umm, are we safe here? I don't--"

"We're safe enough. Now, I've been a good girl and have helped you three as much as I can, walking across Hell all the damn hours of the day. I've answered your million questions, too. I deserve pampering." She tossed the last bit of her armor aside, straddled his legs, and tossed his skirt aside. "Now impress me like you did Dao and Jes."

"Uh... umm..." He gulped as he tilted his head back and looked at the upside down Jes and Dao.

"Hey, go ahead," Jes said. "I'm still healing."

"Dao?" he asked. "A little help?" *wWŴ.n0v©0w0r@.c0M*

Dao giggled, and smiled brightly as she clicked a few times and gestured at Caera.

Caera grinned at the satyr before she lowered herself down onto David's body, let go of his wrists, and pinned his whole body down instead, her huge breasts to his chest. Much as she was a bigger girl than the slim Jes or the slim-yet-curvy Dao, with plenty of muscle, she also had breasts almost as large as Dao's. It was a wonderful combination of height, abs, hard body, and soft boob, and all of it was on top of him, pinning him to the floor.

"You've been a good boy," Caera said, and she ran her long tongue along his neck again. "Way too good for Hell. You deserve a reward, too."

"..." The tingling sensation increased, the vibration he couldn't feel so much as sense getting bigger and larger, and it did more than vibrate only inside him. It pulsed outside him, out into Hell. Somewhere in his brain he had some vague idea of how far it reached from him, thirty, forty, fifty feet. And as Caera rubbed her huge breasts against his chest, before again giving his neck a predatory lick, the aura continued to grow, getting strong, and reaching further.

"Oh shit," Jes said. "Fuck, that fucking... aura. God... damn..." *(w)wW.n0ve1Ŵ0©M.C0m*

Caera lifted her head enough for David to tilt his back again, and both of them watched the two injured ladies undress. They helped each other, wincing every so often as they worked around their swollen limbs, but the injuries didn't stop them from using the limbs at least slightly, enough they could undress. They were so beautiful. Jes and her sleek, athletic physiques, abs like Caera but a slimmer build, and large breasts as well. And Dao, who had a little more softness to her but still had leanness and musculature, absurd breasts, and an ass that left him gawking.

Even with their injuries they managed to toss their armor aside in a less than a minute, and both resettled on their butts near the cave wall. Dao rubbed her one swollen arm a few times, but smiled at David anyway, spread her hooves and thick thighs, clicked a few times, and held out her arms.

"Ha, fine," Caera said. "He's your pet."

And just like he weighed nothing, Caera pushed herself back up onto her raptor feet, slipped her hands under his shoulders, and slid him along the floor until he was between Dao's legs. A little higher up, and soon he lay back against Dao's stomach, his head against her sternum, and her huge, soft, heavy breasts resting on his shoulders. Dao clicked happily, and gently ran her claws up and down his chest and stomach, while Caera stood over him, grinning down at him. Her enormous, thick tail swayed left and right behind her.

"Okay, I get it, you both think he's super cute," Jes said. "And he is, but stop babying him so much. You're spoiling him."

Caera laughed, and Dao clicked with a little more angry grunting than usual, before she half hugged David against her stomach. He was barely listening. With Dao trying to hug him despite the weird position, she'd squashed the inner sides of her breasts against his ears, blocking his hearing a little with their huge, heavy softness.

It was Heaven.

"He is so damn fucking cute," Caera said. "I--whoa." She stared down at his crotch, knelt down onto her knees around his legs, and lifted his penis with her hands. "What the..."

He stared down at his naked body, and his length in the tiger lady's clawed grip. It was happening again. Part of him had been convinced it'd been a dream or something, despite Jes's comments about what'd happened that night. It was just too... perfect, too exactly what he'd always wanted. Something so ridiculous and vain and absolutely awesome, the best possible gift, and he'd gotten it after dying and going to Hell? It couldn't be real.

It was very real.

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His cock grew, and grew. His blood pumped through it, growing it in spurts, and he sighed happily as he relaxed back against Dao's chest. With each beat of his heart, his length got bigger, and bigger, until Caera held it with both of her large hands, and it still had plenty of room left over for more. She blinked, several times, and gently squeezed it around its base as she tilted it from side to side, experimenting with its malleability. Hard, but not so hard it couldn't bend slightly.