

Description: Angel Dust heard that a new guest was staying at the hotel and decided to snoop on the new VIP.

Series: Helluva Boss + Hazbin Hotel

Characters: Nifty, Angel Dust, Millie, Octavia, and Eli

Kinks: Shortstacks, Femboys, Demons, Deepthroat, Rimjob, Foursome, Threesome, Lots of Cum, Cock Worship, Hung Shota,

Helluva Fuck Chapter.4: Hotels and Hookers

Angel Dust just got back to the hotel after a night of performing tricks (but mostly sucking dicks). Sure, he had a roof over his head, food, and booze, but fifty dollars was fifty dollars, and clean-up was always super quick since he'd always swallow. Although he'd have to keep his more violent urges down with Alastor now helping out around the hotel. He and Charlie weren't about to tolerate any more outbursts, so Angel Dust would have to be on his "best" behavior.

"Oy, Angel Dust, just the cheap whore I wanted to see," said Husk. The cat-boy chimera was looking quite dapper in his concierge outfit, a red suit adorned with little golden buttons. He took a quick shot of whiskey as he locked eyes with Angel Dust across the lobby.

"*Aaaahh*, did ya finally decide to stop being a prude?" responded Angel Dust as he strutted over. His boots clacked against the tile as he puffed up his chest with one set of arms and slicked back his hair with the others.

He licked his lips as he muttered, "I'll let the first round be free and if you make me cum, so will the sec—"

"Fuck no."

"*Hmmph*, playing hard to get?"

“Hardly, I would prefer you stay away from me all night.” He continued, shooting Angel Dust a steely glare as he poured himself another shot. Some cheap whiskey called Jack-something or other. It wasn’t Angel Dust’s thing since he was a vodka kind of gal.

“Then sorry, I don’t really want any of the drinks you’re willing to provide.” Angel Dust gave Husk a double shrug and turned to leave.

“Wait, the boss wanted you to know we’ve got a new guest.”

“Ooooooh, are they hot?” asked Angel Dust. “Because it’s barely one a.m., and I am happy to give them a welcome.”

“No, no,” shouted Husk, his voice a growl. “She wanted you to keep off for at least a week and behave yourself.”

“Why? Afraid another guest might stay?”

“Probably afraid you’ll give them genital warts,” spat Husk as he leaned back in his chair.

“Hmmmph, I don’t have to take this treatment. I use protection, dammit!” Angel Dust turned back around in a pout.

“Well, protect yourself from this gal. Some snooty owl demon, but she’s loaded and apparently wants to fund this—”

“You lost me at she!” shouted Angel Dust as he waved Husk goodbye.

“Uhhnnnggh,” grunted Husk as he knocked back another shot and returned to his “duties”.

Angel Dust ascended the stairs with a sigh. Why did the first new guest have to be a woman? And some snooty noble bitch at that. Angel Dust was hoping for a real hung fuck buddy, but now he’d have to deal with some demoness strutting all over the joint. Most likely looking down at the common folk with some posh English accent (like the fags in *Downtown Abbey*). he’d have to settle for another lonely night in his bed.

However, when Angel Dust climbed up to the next floor, he smelled something all too familiar. Her nose twitched, and he felt the hairs on the back of her head stand on end

as he smelt cum. It wafted down the stairwell and knocked Angel Dust out of her slump and filled her with curiosity.

“Mmmnnnggh-oh, it smells like cheap lip gloss and ball slop. Not what I expected from some noble hussy,” muttered Angel Dust as a Cheshire grin grew on his face. A little snooping wouldn’t hurt anybody. Plus, maybe this rich bitch would be willing to pay for another to join her orgy?

Even if the noble demon wasn’t willing to pay for Angel Dust’s expert services, it’d still be fun to get a video of her getting piped, even if he couldn’t use it as blackmail. Odds are old Charlie wouldn’t appreciate her newest investor getting extorted, and Angel Dust was a little afraid of what Alastor might do. However, a little bit of personal gooner fuel wouldn’t hurt anyone, right? And what’s a little violation of privacy between housemates if not playful?

Angel Dust had convinced himself to do a little voyeurism, and it seemed like Nifty was getting in on it. The second he peeked into the third-floor suites, he saw her maid card in the hallway and more importantly heard some muffled squeaks that sounded like they belonged to Nifty.

“Huh, I knew she was boy crazy, but I didn’t think she’d— *whoa!* Holy fuck!” Angel Dust’s expression lit up as he saw a bag filled with at least half a dozen used condoms.

“It’s like someone milked a goddamn horse.” He muttered as he leaned over the cart and pulled one out. The filled condom took two hands to carry and had Angel Dust drooling. It was like someone pumped a liter of semi-solid white sludge into a triple-XL condom, and Angel Dust wondered what kind of monster could produce all this.

“Ghhhuunnk, ghuuunnk, ghuuuaaank!”

And from the sounds coming from the room, he’d have a chance to find out. He could hear some sloppy cocksucking on the other side of the room. Its door ajar as a fluorescent pink light shined into the hallway. Angel Dust could feel the scene practically calling out to him. He tiptoed slightly closer to the door and paused to check his hair and make-up looked acceptable,

“Whooooaa-fu-fucking hell!” Angel Dust nearly choked on her tongue as he looked into the room and got a glimpse of one of the filthiest scenes he had ever seen!

Nifty stood by the edge of the bed, dressed in her little maid outfit. Her blouse was unbuttoned , showing off her delicate little b-cups. but what distracted Angel Dust was the absolute monster dick she was choking down! It was enormous; it literally looked like it was the size of his arm, thick and veiny like some kind of hellbeast with a fat pair of nuts that rested on the bed. Nifty let rings of red lipstick down the monster cock as she struggled to take half of it down her throat. Drool was dripping from her little lips and off her chin, yet her eye was filled with pulsating hearts as her throat got decimated.

Angel Dust peered in, hoping to get a look at the owner of this monster cock, and felt faint when he noticed it was attached to some human kid!? He definitely wasn't a demon, and his slender twink body was completely on display, save a black hood that covered his face. Angel Dust wouldn't believe this kid was the owner of such a monster dong if he wasn't looking directly at him.

"Jesus fuck, Ozzie would go nuts if he found this kid," muttered Angel Dust. He pulled his phone out of his purse and started recording the sloppy scene.

"Are you getting close to cumming, dear?" asked Octavia as she snuggled up behind Eli, her breasts pressed against his back.

Angel Dust almost recognized the Owl demon from T.V. Couldn't really remember her name, but she clearly had some work done. The owlet had become some stacked goth bimbo, with a huge bubble booty and fat, fake round breasts bigger than her head. Both of her puffy pink nipples were pierced but quickly disappeared as she pressed her breasts against Leon's back. Around her neck was a thick black studded collar with a tag Angel Dust couldn't make out. The feathers around her cheeks and shoulders were dyed a vibrant dark purple, and her arms and thick cellulite-stuffed thighs were squished by black fishnets.

"Hmmm, almost," grunted Eli as he grabbed the sides of Nifty's short red hair and pulled. "This little bitch's throat is tight! She's practically squeezing it out of me."

"Did you hear that, menial?" cooed Octavia. "My hubby gave you a compliment."

"Hnnnggggkkk!" Nifty's little nostrils flared as her one big eye looked up at Eli. A big pulsating heart where her pupil should be. She let out some sloppy groans as Eli sunk more of his meat down her throat.

"You're so mean to the help, Octavia."

“But the little cyclops bitch loves it dear! Just look at this throat slut go~” cooed Octavia as she grabbed the back of Nifty’s head and slammed her face down on Eli’s cock.

“Hnnnggghuuuhhhkk!”

“Damn, Nifty’s a kinky little bitch.... And more than a little stretch,” muttered Angel Dust as he watched Nifty’s throat bulge to ridiculous proportions. Eli’s horse-sized kiddie dick was absolutely ruining her windpipe, but Nifty came like a crazy whore. Her body trembled as her juices coated her inner thighs before slowly dripping onto a growing puddle on the floor.

“Don’t hold back, love. Blast your load into this sinner’s stomach and give her afterlife some meaning!” Octavia spat as she nuzzled her cheek against Eli’s head, squishing the tip of his hood.

“Hopefully, you’ve got enough room inside you, short stuff!” grunted Eli.

“Mhhnnngggguuk!” Nifty let out a long choked gurgle as her stomach was filled with the same nasty semi-solid nut sludge Angel Dust found in the condoms. Angel Dust’s hand was already under her skirt, rubbing her half-hard cock as Nifty’s stomach was packed full of splodge. It reached the point where the little imp of a sinner looked nine months pregnant. Nifty’s maid outfit, stretched around her bulging belly and ripped open to make room for Eli’s load, but to her credit, she swallowed it all like a champ.

“Huh, I guess you did have room,” commented Eli as he started pushing Nifty’s head off his cock. Her lips left a snail trail of spit down Eli’s long, veiny shaft, and the smeared rings of red lipstick around Eli’s girth showed just how far Nifty made it before Eli finally dumped his load.

“Mmmmnggh, suuhoo thuuucssshh...” muttered Nifty as his lips popped off Eli’s dick. Angel Dust could see the kid’s nut sludge swirling around her little mouth. Her tongue churned it around her open maw before she swallowed and opened her maw again just to show that she swallowed every last drop.

“What do you think of this one, dear?”

“Hmmp, not bad. Though, a maid should keep her master clean without being told. Don’t you agree, bitch?” Octavia grabbed the base of Eli’s shaft and slapped it against Nifty’s forehead, using her man’s meat like a club as she degraded the little sinner.

“Uhhnnngggghhh!” groaned Nifty as she looked up, mesmerized by Eli’s man-meat.

“I guess she’s earned a little tip for sucking so much dick,” said Eli with a coy voice. He snapped his fingers and a bright pink womb tattoo sprouted over distended pale white belly. Its sharp lines formed a heart within a heart with two stylized ovaries surrounded by soft filigree on both sides, while the heart was given a small princess-like crown.

“Hnnnggggh, duh-dank yooouussh!” drooled Nifty as she felt a heat rush through her body. She was changing, but it felt so fucking good she didn’t care. She felt like a proper housewife again! Her distended cum belly started to shrink as the thickness was used elsewhere during the spell.

Nifty’s little tits spilled out of their cups, reaching all the way past C&D before settling somewhere around F-cup! Her new tits looked massive on her tiny body, and both fuck pillows were perfect perky orbs and had a fake-looking quality to them despite being “all-natural.” Her formerly small pink nipples puffed out to compensate, becoming as wide as Eli’s palms.

The ruffles of Nifty’s skirt were pushed up with every inch her waist gained until her skirt was completely hiked up around her new hips. Her new booty was thick and jiggy, stuffed to bursting with thick fat, and her thighs grew to compensate. They squished together as they finished growing, reaching sizes that would’ve looked large on a normal woman but made Nifty look super thicc!

“Mnnngh, fuck, I need that fucking dirty dick,” moaned Angel Dust

All this transpired as Angel Dust was gooning like his life depended on it. He’d not cum once during the prior night’s tricks, all the demon males, sinners, imps, or others, couldn’t make him cum once. Though just the sight of Eli’s monster dong had Angel Dust on the edge, the smell of raw sex ticking his nose as he stroked his little white spider dick.

“You’ll need a new maid outfit, but I think the changes suit you,” sighed Elie as the light around Nifty’s womb tattoo faded.

“Uhhnnngggghhh, I feel fuzzy... Hehe,” giggled Nifty through her thick little lips. Her big eye fluttered as she wallowed in the afterglow.

“What a disrespectful menial,” spat Octavia, her voice a low growl. “Stop mewling like a ditzzy bimbo and thank your superior.”

"Ahnnggghh! Thu-thank you my lord!" squealed Nifty as she buried her face in Eli's heavy sack before taking a deep snort of boy musk.

"After you store my master's seed downstairs, you may come back up for more."

"Yiippiieee!" mewled Nifty as she huffed Eli's ball musk, her thick body literally jiggling with excitement as she snorted Eli's even musk like a pig.

"I expect my breakfast to be coated in my darling's loads and here by eight a.m. sharp."

Eli looked up as he chuckled, *"Hehe, you're so mean to the help. I almost sense a hint of your mother in your voice."*

"Hmmmph, don't even tease me, dear." Octavia puffed out her cheeks as she folded her arms below her breasts, spitting, "I'm nothing like that brain-dead bimbo. I'm just making sure your new slut knows her—"

"Octavia, hold on a moment." Eli turned his head directly towards Angel dust as he was mid-orgasm. Blasting a few hot ropes of spider silk over the floor as his eye drifted over and met Eli's gaze.

"Mnnnggh-oh... oh fuck—"

"We've got a little spy." Eli's eyes flashed as he flourished his hand and from the shadows grew oil black tendrils.

Angel Dust tried to run off, but his legs were still wobbly from the edging session. It took him a moment to get enough feeling back, but by then, it was too late. The tendrils crawled from the shadows, lights flickering in the halls revealing them slowly moving towards him with each second. Angel Dust tried to lift his legs, but the tendrils crawled up his body, keeping him paralyzed in place. Then without warning, he was thrust into the room, back dragged against the floor until he reached Eli's feet.

"Ahnnggghh!" groaned Angel Dust, his grunt of pain more pleased than the trio was expecting. He winced from the sudden force, eyes rolling and cock throbbing.

The sudden movement left Angel Dust in a dizzying state. His head was throbbing, and the shifting shadows around him almost distracted him from the sight around him. The bed was littered with all kinds of sex toys, ropes of cum stained the sheets and dripped

down onto the floor. Plus, in the corner of the room was a female imp dressed in cow print stockings, sleeves, and a bikini top.

Her short black hair was combed to the side. Her eyes were white and twitched half open as her jaw hung slack. Little drops of drool slipped from her lips onto her fat tits and heavily pregnant belly. Both her breasts had long since spilled out of her bikini top and had started to lactate, creating little rivers of milk that stuck to the undersides of her breasts and pooled with the cum beneath her bloated bimbo body.

“Do you like what I did to my hu-cow Millie?” asked Ellie as he pointed at Angel Dust’s bulge. “You started twitching like an excited bitch the second you started staring.”

“*Mmmnnn, hu-hard* not to be.” He muttered as he rubbed his throbbing head.

“*Uhhnngh*, another reporter,” groaned Octavia, rolling her eyes, trying not to look directly at Angel Dust’s little bulge.

“And this one is a pervert too!” added Eli.

“When will you morons learn to stop bothering me.” Octavia continued. Her eyes narrowed as she pointed to Angel Dust’s phone, “Shall we brain-rape this one before or after we break their phone, dear?”

“I don’t know. I’m not sure if I’m in the mood for it?” pondered Eli as the tendrils wrapped around Angel Dust’s legs and back, forcing him to prostrate his body at the foot of the bed. She could feel the black tendrils tightening like lashes.

“*Mnggh, fuh-fuck*,” moaned Angel Dust, his eyes rolling up into his head, “I’m gonna pre-*eeeh!*”

“He seems to be enjoying his punishment.” sighed Octavia.

“Maybe we should just toss’em out the window—”

“*Ahnnghhh, Nuh-no-no!* I’m not a reporter!” shouted Angel Dust.

“*Mmmm*, they’re a guest, my lord!” moaned Nifty as she looked up. “Angel Dust is a reformed porn star!”

"Hehe, ex-porn star," added Angel Dust, his laugh awkward as he looked up at the rather impatient-looking pair.

"I just wanted to come by and um... say, say hi to the new guests, *hehe*."

"Then why were you filming us?" spat Octavia, her deep pink eyes narrowing on Angel Dust. "Are you really just some pervert that wanted to peek?"

"Ummmm, yeah?" Angel Dust cracked a smile and shrugged. "There is some good sloppy topsey happening in here! How could I resist?"

"Oh... In that case, feel free to keep watching." Eli snapped his fingers and the tendrils receded into the black corners of the room, disappearing into the dark. Yet, Angel Dust swore he could still see them shifting under their shadowed covers. However, Eli's monster cock kept Angel Dust distracted from all the spooky voodoo magic.

"Or you can join if you want?" asked Eli as he jumped off the side of the bed, grabbed his cock, and booped Angel Dust right on the nose. "since you just love staring at my dick so much."

"Uhhhgghh, cuh-cu-cooowk!" sputtered Angel Dust as he got a whiff of hot 'n sweaty boy musk.

"Really, dear? Are you sure?" asked Octavia. "He looks like a rather pathetic faggot, even more so than father."

"Millie is down for the count, and I doubt Nifty has the stamina for more than a couple more rounds." Eli looked back at Octavia and teased, "Plus, I know you enjoy seeing me breaking in some thirsty demon fag."

"Mmmmmhh, oh alright. I trust you, master." Octavia climbed off the bed and snuggled up to Eli as she looked down at Angel Dust and said, "But you better obey like a good little sinner, understand?"

"Hehehe, yeeaaaah!" Angel Dust's eyes fluttered as he looked up at the pair. A sloppy grin grew across his face.

"I won't need this anymore!" Angel Dust continued as he tossed his phone behind him. It hit the carpet behind him with a loud thump as he grabbed

“Good whore, now start servicing your better,” ordered Octavia as she sat at the edge of the bed, looking down at the trio.

Angel Dust licked his lips, his gold tooth shimmered in his grin as he slowly stoked Eli’s cock with his hands. This kid was even bigger up close. His meat was so thick and veiny, with a fat fist-sized cock head that swelled as Angel Dust pumped his shaft. His hands didn’t even fit around his girth, and his balls literally spilled out of Angel Dust’s hands. Both nuts were still fat and full of so much tasty sperm despite this kid already pumping so much in the hour (or so) prior.

“Mmmmmmm.... Wait a second.” Angel Dust looked up, a half-confused look on his face as his eyes met Eli.

“If we fuck, does that make me a kiddie diddler like some of Ozzie’s little freaks?”

“My cock is literally the size of a warhorse. You’re already in hell and not even the first demon I’ve seeded,” responded Eli, shrugging with a nonchalant look on his face. “So in short, no, but I am sure someone will bitch about it.”

“*Hmmm*, good point...” A big smile grew on Angel Dust’s face as he cheered. “Well, now that’s out of the way, bottoms up!”

Angel Dust opened his mouth, revealing a long, sloppy pink mouth and a throat with thick pink muscles that were hell-forged to milk dicks. He slammed his face down on half of Eli’s meat, his quartet of hands servicing the length Angel Dust could not attend to (for the moment).

His esophagus bulged obscenely as Eli’s fat human tip pressed deep into his throat. The scent of heavenly boy musk filled Angel Dust’s brain as his lips swallowed Eli’s meat like he hadn’t eaten in weeks. It looked like someone had shoved a baseball bat down his throat, but Angel Dust wasn’t some weak street bitch; he was the best of the best. He wrapped his tongue around Eli’s fat shaft and sucked like his life depended on it, nostrils flaring as he slowly moved his head down Eli’s meat. No dick tonight came even close to being a stomach puncher, and Angel Dust nearly came as Eli’s cock swelled.

Mnnngggh, daddy! Angel Dust thought as he swallowed another half-foot of Eli’s monster dick. Her throat muscles worked overtime to squeeze just a bit of pre-cum out of Eli’s throbbing cock head. He needed to drink the nasty nut sludge that this boy was brewing so fucking bad.

“This doesn’t mean you get a break.” Octavia temporarily let go of her master’s body and put a hand on the back of Nifty’s head. The little bimbofied maid was practically drooling at the sight of Angel Dust sucking her master’s dick, but the sudden pressure of Octavia’s talon made Nifty’s eye shoot right open, just in time to be pushed against Eli’s butt.

“You’re a maid, right?” asked Octavia as her eyes narrowed on Nifty like she was a helpless vole, “Why don’t you put those new lips to good use and service your master’s ass.”

“*Eeeeeep, yu-yes ma’am,*” squeaked Nifty, her voice bubbly and sweet as she went down on all fours and spread Eli’s ass cheeks, revealing his hairless, smooth, and sweaty asshole and the plump heavy testicles attached below. They both looked so fucking tasty, Nifty could barely decide when to start but decided to work her way up.

Nifty pressed her kissy lips against Eli’s nuts, sucking and kissing, leaving bright red kiss marks over the underside of his sack as her little nose pressed against him. Scrunching up into a little pig nose as Nifty snorted. The smell of hot shota musk boiled her brain, wiping away everything else until no other thoughts persisted beyond those involving Eli’s hot human cock.

There was a short breath where Nifty was basically feral, planting drooling kisses on Eli’s cock until her kiss marks nearly covered the back of his balls. Then with a quick motion, Nifty licked up the back of Eli’s taint, her tongue trembling as it reached his tight anal rim. Nifty couldn’t remember the last time she felt like a real woman. Serving Alastor was nice since she could help a man, but he’d never touched her body. Only Eli reminded her of what it was like to serve a man like a proper wife, and she cherished every second.

Using her long pink tongue, she probed the insides of Eli’s ass, teasing his prostate as she had the sloppiest make-out session of her life. She nearly came as her lips connected with his anal rip, so sweaty and hot. It made Nifty’s nethers quiver with pure delight with each movement of her tongue. She couldn’t help herself; she had to get her tongue deeper and tease her master harder.

“*Mmmph,* you must’ve been a kinky little bitch when you were alive.” moaned Eli.

“That’s a good maid. Make sure my darling is clean and satisfied.” Octavia’s voice had a hint of cold command, which immediately melted away as she fell to her knees and embraced Eli’s arm.

She looked up at him with a cute half smile and big pink eyes as she purred, “Does the little sinner’s throat feel good or does he need some motivation like the maid?”

“Surprisingly no,” exhaled Eli as he watched Angel Dust bob his head up and down. His lips kept a vacuum seal on his meat, extending into a sloppy duck whenever he pulled his head back.

“This faggot is a born cocksucker, he must get a lot of practice.”

Angel Dust peeled his lips off of Eli’s dick, leaving ropes of sloppy spit as he interjected, “*Mngghh, ahhng yuh*-yes daddy, but none have a cock even half as good as yours—*Ahhmmmngghh!*”

“That’s a good little whore, keep it up and your lord may decide to reward you,” cooed Octavia as she leaned down and cupped Eli’s nuts. “His fat cum factories are basically full again, and I bet you want a real load all to yourself.”

“*Mmmhhnnngghh!*” gurgled Angel Dust as he sunk even more of Eli’s cock down his throat. His jaw nearly dislocated, and his cheeks puffed out as more of Eli’s meat slid into her throat, but the first bit of hot human pre-cum Angel Dust tasted made it all worth it. Eli’s cum tasted so salty and sweet, but he desperately needed more.

“He got really excited when you said that, babe. He started moving his tongue even faster,” taught Eli as he grabbed hold of Angel Dust’s hair and pulled. “Well, don’t stop now, sinner. Choke on my kiddie dick and drink up all my pre!”

“*Mmmmp*, I just love watching you ruin these cunt’s throats.” Octavia’s cheeks grew flush as she started slowly rubbing her clit piercing. She just loved watching Eli’s cock deform a whore’s throat, and she felt on the edge again as she watched Angel Dust’s nostrils flare. He sucked Eli’s cock like a pro, his tongue wrapped around and squeezed Eli’s glands with each motion, milking more tasty pre-cum directly into his gullet.

“I doubt this one is having any trouble breathing!” grunted Eli as his balls slapped against Angel Dust’s chin.

“But who cares if this faggot can breathe He’s just a convenient sleeve for your—”

“Oh, shut up, bitch.”

“*Mah—Mmmmppph!*” Octavia let out a little groan as Eli planted a kiss on her beak while his hands kept a vice grip on Angel Dust’s hair. It was a very sloppy surprise, and Octavia melted. She grabbed Eli’s cheeks and entwined her tongue with his as he began to shoot his load down Angel Dust’s throat.

“*Guunnkkkkhhhh!*” Angel Dust’s eyes crossed as Eli dumped an insane amount of cum into his stomach. Angel Dust could feel his belly bulge, his tight little dress ripping at the seams as his bloated cum belly expanded. It felt like every inch of his insides was getting coated in Eli’s thick nut sludge. Angel Dust didn’t pull his lips off until he felt the last drop of Eli’s load slide down his throat.

“*Hnnnggghhh*, holy-*buuurp*, shit,” moaned Angel Dust as he pulled his lips off Eli’s cock head. The boy’s tip was still drooling thick seed, yet Angel Dust’s stomach felt packed full. He couldn’t remember the last night he drank so much cum, let alone from a single load. Plus, he was pretty sure

“Having trouble handling a whole load?” asked Eli as he pulled away from Octavia, his cock still hard and throbbing.

“Hardly, I never spit!” spat Angel Dust, his pride as a throat queen slightly wounded. “I’m just not used to my clients cumming like a fucking horse!”

“My master is as virile as an entire stable,” chirped Octavia with pride in her voice.

“And there is a lot more where that came from if you ask nicely.”

“*Mnnngghh*, oh daddy~” cooed Angel Dust as he pressed his face against the floor and pushed his ass up. He loved the spunk their kid had (both kinds) and wanted to see how far this little warlock could be pushed.

“Please fuck up my boi-pussy and make me a big dumb bimbo like the other two!”

“Hey, I’m not dumb!” pouted Octavia as she knelt beside Eli, who offered her a hand to nuzzle.

“I wanna feel your hot human load deep inside my ass!” Angel Dust reached back with two of his hands and spread his fluffy white ass cheeks, showing off his puffy pink

asshole and little leaky cock. His pale spider dick couldn't be more than four inches, with a little pink cock head that twitched and leaked clear pre-cum.

"Wait, you're a boy!" shouted Nifty, immediately snapping out of her stupor.

"I'm honestly surprised you didn't notice sooner!"

"Her face was buried in my ass, so it's understandable," added Eli.

"Please, my lord, use my tight pussy instead!"

"*Mmmph*, watch it, bitch!" shouted Angel Dust as Nifty climbed on top of his ass. Her thick little legs squished into the thighs as she looked back.

"This pathetic failed male can't possibly satisfy such a perfect piece of man meat," cooed Nifty with a big heart in her eyes. "No asshole can replace a pussy for tightness, I promise you that, master!"

"*Mmmmgh*, then let master decide if your dusty old housewife cunt is better than my tight 'n and soft bussy!"

"Quiet, faggot!" Nifty got flush, her cheeks puffing out as she cried. "You speak only lie-*Ahngggghh!*"

"*Ahnnnggh*, *fuh*-fuck me deep, daddy!"

"You almost bicker as much as the imps," said Eli as he used his powers to give the pair each a double stuffing. Using his powers to create a trio of ghostly dicks to clap the duo's cheeks. They couldn't even tell which one of them had the real dick buried deep in their insides, but the pair were being stretched too much to care.

Nifty's little body could barely handle one of Eli's cock, but two at the same time had her screaming her brains out. Angel Dust could feel Nifty squirt over his ass as Eli rearranged their guts. Her stomach bulge pressed down on Angel Dust's back as his cock-deformed stomach smashed against the floor. It was so intense like nothing Angel Dust had experienced in his years of being a porn star. His prostate was being completely crushed and his little spider clitty was wagging like an excited dog's tail.

"Come on, sluts, this is a pathetic performance!" spat Eli.

"Ahnngggghh, muh-kitty is gonna explooooode!" cried Nifty, her jaw hung slack as Eli's fat cock tip violated her womb, smearing his hot human pre-cum all over her insides.

"Don't worry, I made sure to make your body extra stretchy."

"Ahhhaaaaaahhnn!" As Nifty's one big eye rolled up into her head, Eli's cocks started to pick up the pace. Both stuffing and crushing her womb with each thrust. She was getting absolutely decimated, but Angel Dust—

"Mnnnggh, destroy my bowels, dad-deee!" He cried, tears welling in the corner of his eyes. "Fucking turn my ass into your pussy!"

"Hmmmm, I was gonna save this for a bit later, but since you seem so eager...!" Eli paused his thrusts for a brief moment, giving Nifty a chance to breathe and Angel Dust a chance to mewl.

"Mmmm, duh-don't stop! I'm so close to squirting again~"

SNAP!

"Ahhhnngghh! Wuh-what the fuuhh-mmmnggh!" Angel Dust made the sloppiest ahgao of his life as Eli snapped his fingers and gave him a womb tattoo to match Nifty, and it wasn't just for show. The slutty new tattoo made Angel Dust's body feel like it was on fire, pleasure surged up his nerves without end until he was a limp drooling demon. His face pressed up against the floor, booty jiggling as Eli fucked his loose asshole like an animal.

"Pathetic," sneered Octavia. "This faggot seemed so promising but became a mewling bitch the second it got hard."

"Don't be too hard on the spider sissy, dear. He isn't very well-trained and needed a real man to put him in his place." Eli's nuts slapped against Angel Dust's trembling clit as he thrust even deeper inside. His cock head hit the floor through Angel Dust's stomach; the sinner's elasticity had been greatly improved by the spell, but Eli wasn't done yet.

"Hmmmph, at least the maid could handle double dicking."

"And maybe little Angel Dust here will be able to as well after getting a bit of work done!" Eli chuckled as he grabbed Nifty's legs and slammed every inch of his dicks inside the duo. His meat bottomed out their sloppy devil holes as he filled them up with cream

“Uhhnggghh, maaasshtter!” cried Nifty, overjoyed to be filled by a man again. The satisfaction and joy of being used as a brood mother by her little master was everything she ever needed. She hoped to be packed full of little half-demon sluts like Millie, her head swarming with thoughts of motherhood as her eggs were swarmed by Eli’s hot sperm.

However, for Angel Dust, this was a revelation. A divine realization that he could in fact be a bigger faggot. His eyes rolled up into his head, body twitching as he was filled with his master’s power. It flowed to the corners of his body, corrupting and changing him to fit Eli’s desires.

“Uhhngggghh daaaddie pleeease!” mewled Angel Dust. *“It feels too guuuusssh!”*

Angel Dust’s new tits pressed his chest off the ground. His new hips grew thicker, ass cheek puffed out, pressing up Nifty’s little cum bloated body. He could literally see his lips get thicker, changing to a lovely shade of bubbly pink, along with his eye shadow, but the most surprising change was the chastity cage.

Every single orgasm Angel Dust had in the past thirty seconds reduced his cock size by an inch. So, within half that time Angel Dust was left with a little nub of a cock, a little sissy clitty that could only twitch whenever he came. He wouldn’t even need to use such a pathetic cock, right? Well, Eli thought of that and midway through his bimbofication, his little micro-clit was locked up tight in a steel null cage, squishing the final half inch of Angel Dust’s manhood in what was going to be a forever cage.

“Hnnnggghh, I luuuv yooouussh daaaadie!” moaned Angel Dust through his new lips. Even his voice had changed. It was a bit bubblier and had a much more pronounced feminine hint.

“Why don’t you have a look at yourself, sissy?” said Eli as he pulled his cocks out of the duo’s holes. All three were left gaping cum packed messes, stuffed to the brim with Eli’s seed, though Nifty began to leak Eli’s load rather quickly. Her anal contents exploded all over the floor, giving Angel Dust’s booty a glazing as she recovered.

“Uhhhgggh, it’s so hard to find good help,” spat Octavia; she leaned in close to Eli’s cock. *“Let me clean you up, darling, since these sinners aren’t worth shit.”*

“Unhhggggnn, suh-soowwwrry mah-tuur,” drooled Nifty.

Angel Dust felt a surge of energy as Eli's cock popped out of his asshole. Unlike Nifty, he felt great post-load and post-transformation. His new sexed-up bimboi body was just brimming out.

"Whaaaa-uuunnggh!" cried Nifty as she rolled onto the floor, her cum flared holes evacuating their creamy contents as she hit the floor. Too tired from the prior fucking to complain.

Angel Dust ran his hands over his thick bimbofied body. Merely touching the tip of his new null cage was enough to send shivers up his spine. He could feel his new real tit flesh squish between his thin fingers. He must have like triple-T cup tits, with wide dinner plate nipples, puffy and pink. His hips were wide and motherly, his hands nearly disappeared as he groped them and his new ass. A perfect bimbo booty, a cake with an extra-high fat content, that clapped with even the slightest body movement.

"Mmmm, you do good work, little guy." Angel Dust's hands nearly disappeared as he groped his fat dumptruck ass and tits. His voice was bubbly and hot as he said, "Though I'm not done after just one—"

BANG!

"HELLO!" shouted Alastor as he threw open the door. Imposing as his suited form filled the door frame, the barest hint of radio static in his voice as he continued his announcement.

"I noticed some magic shenanigans going on, and I wanted to make sure everyone was oh-kay, *huh*." Alastor's expression froze, his big fiendish yellow grin held in place with eyes fixated on the scene in front of him.

A bimbofied Nifty was on her back, twitching and trembling, her holes leaking thick ball cream all over the floor. With the Goetic princess, Octavia showed off her blowjob skills, taking Eli's fat shaft into her throat as Alastor threw open the door. Her eyes peered up to Alastor, but she didn't stop sucking to address him. While a freshly bimbofied Angel Dust groped his new body like a horny teen that just got to cop his first feel. Most of the group turned to look at Alastor as he entered, less embarrassed and more waiting for what he might say, but Angel Dust didn't seem to care

“Hey there Alastor! Look at these fat fucking tits the kid gave me!” Angel Dust had a lot of pep in his voice as he looked at Alastor without a care in the world.

“You sure you don’t wanna join and get that dick wet?” Angel Dust paused for a second, his smile becoming more cheshire, “Or maybe you wanna pair of big old boy boobs and a dumpy like me?”

“Ha, no~” Alastor slammed the door and left the group to their orgy. Eli thought it would be possible to bimbofy the radio demon but considered it a blessing that he didn’t have to try.

“Ah well, more cock for me!” cheered Angel Dust as he dove to his hands and knees, joining Octavia in sloppy cock worship. He planted a big kiss on Eli’s heavy nuts, letting out a long groan before pulling back, leaving a large pink lipstick mark over Eli’s right nut.

“*Mmmppph*, you were right,” said Angel Dust as he gave Octavia a look. “Daddy produces cum like a whole stable of horses!”

“*Ahanngghh, mmhhmm!*” moaned Octavia as she pulled her little beak off Eli’s meat. Ropes of thick spit dripped off Eli’s shaft and fell onto the floor as she pulled her head back.

“My wonderful little stud can easily still cum buckets! His pale human pillar can easily pound pathetic little sluts into mush.” Octavia affectionately rubbed Eli’s shaft on her cheeks as she looked up at him. Her deep glowing pink eyes flared as she looked up at him.

“Though I hope you’ve enjoyed using the sinners, master?” she continued.

“*Hmmmm*, they haven’t been too bad,” said Eli with a smile on his face and a posh tone as he continued, “*Hehe*, definitely better than the common rabble, dear.”

“*Mmmmmhhh*, don’t tease me like tha,.” whined Octavia. “Here, tease me like this!”

Octavia got down on all fours and lowered her hips to the point they were at perfect cock thrusting height. Her fat feathery cheeks were perfect, soft jiggly orbs the size of basketballs covered in small, but dense feathers with black tips. She reached up and spread her cheeks, revealing her puffy pink anus with a single ring piercing and her drooling slit and pierced clit.

“You’ve hardly touched your wife to be all night, and I’ve got plenty of eggs just waiting to be raped by your hot seed!” Octavia shook her hips, wiggling her butt so close to her darling’s fat womb crushing cock. She so wanted to get a proper fuckign like the others and craved more of Eli’s hot cum.

“Such a needy wife,” said Eli as he slapped his cock between Octavia’s cheeks. “I get a few new toys and you start mewling like a neglected child.

“*Buh*-but I need to feel my belly swollen with your hot seed. Rut your dirty bimbo wife and use her like a cheap whore.”

“*Moo-aaaster, whu-wait!*” drooled Millie as she crawled towards the orgy. She took her place along the length of Eli’s cock and started kissing the underside of his cock. His cock was so close to penetrating Octavia

“*Mmmwaaah, mwaaah~*” moaned Millie. “I’m super sorry I passed out. Let me help you impregnate my sister slut to make up for it!”

“*Ahhnggh*, you’re all such horny little beasts,” spat Octavia.

“I wanna help too, daddy!” Angel Dust grabbed Eli’s cock with two hands and started jerking his meat and caressing his heavy nuts.

“I don’t wanna let the whores have all the fun!” he continued, slowly moving down onto his hands, his lips so close to the underside of Eli’s shaft as he joined Millie. Their long pink tongue squished against each other as they licked up and down Eli’s cock. Eyes fixated on their master’s face, looking for positive reactions.

“*Sooowwwy*, master,” moaned Nifty as she leaned up, her big pale boobs jiggling as she stumbled to her feet and joined the duo beside Elie. She rested one of her master’s heavy nuts on top of her boobs and started kissing his sack. Her big eye fluttered and brain buzzed with each huff of hot boy musk. She’s marry this boy’s sack if she could.

“*Eeeelli!*” Octavia let out an adorable high-pitched whine before she continued. “You’re supposed to be my fiancé! Stop ignoring me!”

“*Awww*, she wants her daddy.” Angel Dust teased between licks, his head slightly turned as he looked back. “Such a needy little girl.”

“Mistress should be grateful that master gives her even a drop of his seed,” added Nifty.

“*Mooooo, mmmmp*,” moaned Millie as she pulled her lips off Eli’s nuts, “*Mooh-mmm*, master’s wifey always gets jealous, especially when she sees multiple pets worshiping his cock.”

“I guess—*snooooort, mmmhhhhnn* I-I can understand not wanting to share,” sputtered Nifty between deep breaths of Eli’s heavy nuts.

“Get real, pets,” spat Eli as black tendrils grew out from the shadows on the ground. They wrapped around Octavia’s limbs and pulled her towards Eli’s cock, sinking her cunt down on his meat.

“*Ahhnnnggghh!*” Octavia’s pouty face broke into a sloppy smile as she felt Eli’s cock head bash against the back of her womb. While the tendrils tightened around her joints and teased her nipples, twisting and squeezing them relentlessly.

“Sinner, Demon low and high, none of you fuck sluts can truly handle me alone!” Eli’s eyes flared with power, glowing a baleful purple as he thrust into Octavia, and every single other bimbo currently mewling around him.

“*Hnnnggghh!*” cried the group as their assholes were stuffed by Eli’s phantom cocks. Belly bulging and anal rims stretching to their max as Eli’s meat rutted deep into his fiancé’s cunt. The groups’ faces devolved into sloppy *ahgao* as Eli’s meat bulged their bellies, reducing them to mush.

“I didn’t tell any of you to stop,” spat Eli, “My little owlet is gonna need some help to milk me quickly.”

“*Unggghhh! sssuuhh-dddeeepph! Fuucck meeeh, fuuuccck meeeh!*” drooled Octavia.

“Such a sloppy girl. Your daddy would be so proud.” Eli chuckled as the tendrils started moving Octavia’s body. The limp little owl demon didn’t have to move a muscle as Eli’s magic did all the motions, impaling her stomach of his cock over and over again. Octavia just sputtered sloppy moans as she felt her cock bulged stomach poke the underside of her boobs.

“*Hnnnggh, yeeesh daaaddiee!*” mewled Angel Dust as he started huffing Eli’s nuts. His swollen prostate was getting a hard flattening, but Angel Dust couldn’t stop. He had to obey his daddy’s orders.

“Moooooooo-mmmpph,” moaned Millie as she took a spot by Eli’s other nut. Her bloated belly was already filled with who knows how many fertilized eggs, but her ass was still mostly empty, and she could feel Eli filling it up with pre-cum. Every thrust in her helpless asshole made her gaping cunt shudder and her brain go blank, but she kept sucking her master’s nuts.

“Hehehe, boy-stink~” drooled Nifty as she lapped at the underside of Eli’s meat. Her tongue scraped off both leftover cum and cunt honey, but Nifty cleaned both all the same. Happy that in some small way, she was contributing to her master’s pleasure in some small way.

“Guuuhhn-guuhnnna ccuummssh!”

“Such a dirty little pain slut!”

“Nyyggghhheee!” cried Octavia as Eli’s tendrils squeezed her body harder, causing her to tighten up.

“All it takes is a little rough sex, and you become the sloppiest whore I own!” Eli continued as he gave Octavia a heavy slap on her soft booty.

“Mmmnppphh, all goths are fucked up freaks daddy~mmmmph!” moaned Angel Dust between licks.

“Mnnnggh, it’s true!” drooled Nifty, “I’ve seen Vaggie cum from some pretty fucked up treatment.”

“Ooooooh-ho, I wouldn’t have guessed, considering the scowl on her face.”

“Mmmggh, want me tuh-to spike her morning coffee, master?” mewled Nifty, her eye fluttering as an anal-gasm rocked her brain.

“Nah, I’ll deal with the carpet munchers later.” Eli buried his cock deep into Octavia’s muff, his nuts rubbed up against her thighs, “First I wanna make my little pain slut a mommy!”

“Hnnngggghhhnnn!” Octavia’s tongue fell out of her mouth and onto the floor as she felt Eli’s cock blast inside her womb. Bloating her belly to the point she matched Millie in the hour prior. She nearly screamed her lungs horse as she felt the hot genetic sludge from

Eli's nuts clog her fallopian tubes and rape her poor defenceless eggs. It made her feel so hot'n helpless, but she still hoped for triplets.

While the others got their share. A trio of completely clogged demon bowels was the result of Eli's load. Angel Dust, Nifty and Millie all felt their lower intestine get pumped full of Eli's sludge, but they didn't stop worshiping. If anything they started licking Eli's cock faster, desperate to milk out more cream as their insides were bloated to the point of bursting.

"*Mnnnnnggh, thu*-thank you for the cum master! I hope your seed defiles all my eggs." moaned Octavia as she felt Eli start to pull out.

"*Mmmmmhmm*, you're a total cock crazy bimbo, just like your father," chuckled Eli as he popped his cock out of Octavia's pussy. His magic faded, allowing Octavia to evacuate her cream-packed holes. They both throbbed and flexed as she pushed globs of Eli's cum out onto the floor.

"Master, allow me to clean up the mistress!" sputtered Nifty as she pressed her lips against the floor. She sucked up Eli's cum with glee, her hips swaying as she finished with the globs on the floor and moved up to Octavia's ass.

"*Mmnggh*, little harlot! Save some for *muh*-my eggs!" protested Octavia through sputtered moans. Nifty didn't pay her protest much mind and greedily sucked the cum out of her asshole, her long tongue reaching deep into her sister slut's gaping asshole.

"While the girls are busy, why don't you breed your faggot again?" Angel Dust cooed as he gave Eli a little eye flutter.

"I doubt I can get you pregnant, fag."

"*Mmmhhh*, just use your magic, daddy!" drooled Angel Dust as he licked up the underside of Eli's cock, cleaning up the leftover cum.

"You're such a pathetic little sissy. Do you really want to be a mommy?" Eli's tone was mocking as he looked down at Angel Dust. His new sissy cleaned the spilled seed from his pulsating shaft. It took a couple of seconds for Angel Dust to finally pull his lips away.

Angel Dust looked up, eyes fluttering as he responded, "I wanna be your bastard factory~"

"Moooo-eeehh too, master!" interjected Millie as she crawled from behind Eli. Her mascara had run down her cheeks creating thin sloppy black lines, but her eyes were filled with love.

"Mox and I live to be your sperm toilets!" Millie pulled Eli's cock from Angel and kissed the tip before continuing, *"Mmmmmpph!"* I just hope I'm full of your half-demons!"

"You look like you've already got a litter in you, bitch."

"Mmmm, thu-thanks hun..." Millie's voice drifted off as she got lost in sucking Eli's cock, and quickly Angel Dust joined. Their combined lips had Eli's cock spit shined within a minute. Their sloppy drool slowly flowed down the underside of Eli's cock and around his nuts like a river. It was a pretty pathetic display, but Eli was incredibly amused by their sloppy tongue bath.

"Such pathetic sluts, I guess I have no choice other than to try and knock you up." Eli's eyes glowed a pale purple as he looked down at the mewling pair at his feet, wondering who to breed first.

The next morning...

Vaggie slowly exited her room, half asleep and looking a little dumpy. There were bags under her eyes, her long white hair was frazzled, and the wife beater she slept in had sweat stains around her boob area. While her panties still had smears of Charlie's lipstick over the front. Despite the evening fun, Vaggie did not sleep well last night. Her thoughts mostly focused on pleasing her new VIPs.

Alastor did a good job at sprucing up the hotel, but he was also a freaky Voodoo masochist who enjoyed torturing demons during every day that ended in "y". Vaggie didn't trust him at all to keep up his support and saw this new Goetic Princess as a comparably good plan B. Even if Octavia was a stacked goth bimbo with some weird kid as her company. She was still a great degree better than Alastor and not some crazy sinner.

Vaggie rubbed her eyes as she entered the hotel kitchen. Now a more modern installment, with actual space to cook for guests (even if it was only Angel Dust and Octavia at the moment). Vaggie was happy to have such a luxury and wasn't about to

complain too much. She got the coffee maker ready and filled it before heading over to the fridge.

The fridge was mostly full (a welcomed change), though her eye caught a large tub labeled “nut cream”. *Must be some specialty cream.* Vaggie assumed this was part of the new menu and decided to try it out, anything to perk up her morning. She pulled the tub out of the fridge and opened it up with a satisfying *Pop!*

“*Sniff... Huhn*, smells kinda fruity.” Vaggie mumbled under her breath as she poured a little bit into her mug. The cream flowed like actual molasses and slopped into her cup. Then she slowly topped up her cup until the coffee was a nice chestnut brown, taking her coffee black wouldn’t do. She was just about to take a sip when she heard someone else open the kitchen door.

“Morning Vaggie,” cooed Angel

“Why are you saying—*Uhhnnnggh*, *whu*-what happened?!” Vaggie’s eye went wide as she saw Angel Dust saunter his way into the kitchen. The former femboy boy had been feminized in enough places to make Vaggie blush. She, or he, was practically a woman!

A tight micro bikini barely covered Angel Dust’s extra wide pink nipples, and his new hips were tightly hugged by a thong that squished up his flesh and fuzz. His lips were much thicker and covered in a fresh pink coat, and his eyes had a cute pink hue that almost seemed to draw Vaggie in. No longer did his fur feign femininity, Angel Dust was now a stacked slut, and it made Vaggie wonder so many things.

“Oh, you talking about these?” asked Angel Dust as he cupped his new tits with one pair of arms and accented them with the others. “Nice pair, right?”

“Yes, fuck! No, I mean, why do you have tits?” Vaggie avoided her gaze as she added, “Real actual *tits* tits!”

“Octavia, that new bird, and her bae are such sweeties,” giggled Angel Dust as she walked beside Vaggie and started pouring himself a coffee. “She told me about the perfect way to pump up my body, and I’ve never felt better. I’m gonna go back and ‘chat’ with them soon.”

“Right... *Gu*-good for you,” muttered Vaggie. She was a bit weak to such shameless public displays and had trouble hiding her arousal, especially with Angel Dust’s tits so close

“Stop looking so nervous! I didn’t ruin your little business deal,” teased Angel Dust, “Octavia is still happy to finance this place and might even be willing to find you some new guests.”

“Gracias a Dios!” exhaled Vaggie, regaining a bit of her composure.

“Is that the nut?” asked Angel Dust.

“Yeah, I think Alastor or Charlie must’ve bought—”

“Gimme!” shouted Angel dust as she grabbed it with all four hands and took a deep drink right from the tub like it was lemonade on a hellish day.

“*Uhhgggh*,” Vaggie let out a disgusted groan as she watched the nut cream flow down the corner’s of Angel Dust’s maw.

“*Mmmppphh, mmmnnn!*” Angel Dust pulled his thick pink lips off the carton edge. Leaving a large lipstick kiss on the side of the mostly empty carton, “*Mmmmggh!* I just can’t get enough of this stuff. Was there any more in the fridge?”

“Yeah, a tub or two left—”

“*Mmm*, I’m gonna mix it with the fresh pot and bring it to our new guests.”

Vaggie raised an eyebrow and looked at her coffee. It must be good stuff if the rich bimbo was drinking it too. Vaggie took a big gulp of her coffee and was assaulted by a sweet and salty taste. It overpowered the bitter taste of coffee and filled her with a pleasant heat.

“*Mmmmmph*, damn... This stuff is really good,” groaned Vaggie, her serious tone melting for a moment. “Charlie would probably enjoy a cup of this.”

“Well, brew another batch,” pouted Angel dust. “This coffee n’cock cream is mine.”

“Fine, just don’t often our guh—Wait what did you just say?!” Vaggie nearly spit up her coffee as she looked at Angel Dust. The expression of shock just barely began to form on her face as he turned back to her.

“What do you think Nut Cream is?” said Angel Dust with a shrug. “Nifty milked it out of the kid last night, but don’t worry they’ll be more soon—”

“I don’t feel so—*Hnnnggghhh!*”

Vaggie felt a large amount of disgust overwhelmed her senses. She couldn’t have accidentally drunk some kid’s cum, could she? There was no way any boy could produce cum that thick or tasty, but before she could vocalize her confusion, she felt a rush of pleasure shoot up her spine. Her brain went blank, all her thoughts became a fuzzy mess as her pussy pulsated and squirted.

“*Heeengghh-fuh-fuck duh wu-what?!?*” Vaggie soaked her panties as she had the hardest orgasm of her life (and afterlife). The crotch of her panties turned dark as she clung to the kitchen counter for dear life, but her knees were getting weak, and she felt more of her strength leaving her by the second. Then as another orgasm rushed up her nerves she fell on the floor, crumpling as her body betrayed her.

“*Daaaaamn* bitch, here I thought I was just a huge whore,” commented Angel Dust as he squatted right in front of Vaggie, giving her a close look at the outline of his null chastity cage.

“*Hnnnggghh! I cuh-cu-cannssh bruh-breettssh!*” exhaled Vaggie, her normally stern voice breaking as grunts of pleasure escaped her spit-slicked lips.

“This kid legit has instant loss cum. I bet you’ve probably cum half a dozen times by the time I finish this—”

“*Ehhhnnnggghhh!*” Vaggie’s body shuddered as she pissed herself cumming, creating a puddle around her crotch. It was incredible, the rush she felt from just a taste of this kid’s cum made her brain go haywire to the point it couldn’t handle the constant shocks and short-circuited.

“*Hmmmmph*, I guess you were always weak to men.” Angel Dust shrugged as he picked Vaggie up under his arms and took the tub under the other.

“But don’t worry. I’m sure Eli’s got room for another hell hoe. I don’t think he’s got a Latina yet” continued Angel Dust in a peppy tone that did not match his words at all.

“*Uhhnnnggghh*,” groaned a brain-melted Vaggie. Even passed out, she could feel Eli’s cum corrupting her body. It churned deep in her body like a parasite. The sheer magic

of this kid's cum left her unable to do a thing but cum her brains out, and Vaggie wasn't even sure if she cared.