

**Halloween with the Kreme 2013 - Sampler
by Kris P. Kreme**

Published by Kris P. Kreme at Smashwords

Copyright 2013 Kris P. Kreme

Discover other titles by Kris P. Kreme
at Smashwords.com

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy.

Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters are 18 years of age or older

**Halloween with the Kreme 2013 - Sampler
Brought to you by the Kreme Keeper**

Hello there, Kreme Collecting Kiddies; are you pondering the perverse possibilities of purchasing a portion of the Halloween pie this month? Are you shuddering under sensual urges to feast on so many sinful selections that you find yourself unable to leave bed, unable to dress, just like our sampler cover girl?

Worry no more, Kreme has Kum baring gifts most delicious. This absolutely FREE sampler contains mere tastes of everything you will find this Halloween with the Kreme. Read carefully though as the sampler may just result in an insatiable appetite for the whole tale, and this Halloween there are many tales.

You will find demons, werewolves, witches, warlocks, ghosts, possessions most perverse, creatures of the night, and all the deadly dangers that make going bump in the night something naughty.

Remember, each of the following is only a sample. The entire tale is available now, or will be soon. Have a horrifically whorish time this Halloween, kiddies.

~the Kreme Keeper

Donnie the Dimwitted Demon
by Kris P. Kreme

Logan felt the changes almost as soon as he lowered the wolf head over his own. At first, the stifling heat of the costume had seemed heavier than he was prepared to deal with. He wondered if he wasn't actually going to have to find some cheap mask and wear something much thinner and less quality around the rest of him. Then he lowered the head and as soon as his eyes were peering out the face of the wolf, he felt it.

His muscles felt as though they strengthened. His body seemed to cool and without realizing it, Logan began to pant. He stared at the full length mirror, his eyes strangely yellow looking in the dim light. He flexed a muscle, lifting one arm, then the other.

Amazing, he thought. He almost couldn't see the seams anymore. And suddenly the fur began to tickle just a bit. He rubbed lightly at his arms, the clawed wolf hand gloves feeling much less like gloves and more as though his own hands had spontaneously sprouted thick coarse fur and dark jagged nails.

"Whoa!" He gasped. He felt the costume tighten in on him, almost as though it were shrinking to fit him even better. He let loose another moan as the crotch tightened beyond what he was expecting.

"Whoa... oa... ooooooooooooooooooooo!" He howled."

"What's going on over there?" Leah shouted from the next changing booth over.

Logan heard her voice but didn't respond. He was staring into the mirror, looking right at his crotch. He was positive, just as he'd told his girlfriend, that the costume was in no way anatomically correct. Now though, he clearly saw his jutting erection hidden only by the thick fur. As he thought about Leah, sweet little innocent Leah, he felt that erection shift and begin presenting itself to rather massive proportions.

"Ohhh...." Logan whimpered.

His cock was now practically twice the size he'd ever experienced before, and it seemed to simply unfurl from his body. He reached out and lightly touched it, only to nearly fall back out of the booth with how sensitive it felt.

"Logan, what are you doing in there?"

He felt a hand grasp his furry shoulder and yank him back past the curtain into the store. Scrambling to hide his erection, he turned and saw Little Red in all her glory. But this Little Red wasn't so little. Leah had apparently crammed herself into the costume by some magic squeezing maneuvers he wouldn't have expected her to perform. Her tits were straining the red fabric, cleavage deep enough to lose his focus in. And her legs

were nearly completely exposed to his hungry eyes, only a short frilly crimson skirt draping across her upper thighs.

"Wow, Logan, nice costume. You really look like a wolf." Leah said.

She tossed her cape over one shoulder and walked around her boyfriend. As she did, her eyes grew wide and somewhere inside she felt something she hadn't been aware of since putting on her own costume.

She'd felt the trepidation at wearing something so revealing. She'd even felt nervous at what Logan would think. But now, standing so close to him as a wolf, she felt something much more unexpected. Rubbing her hands lightly over his broad shoulders, she tried to put a word to what she felt inside. As her heart fluttered and her breathing quickened, Leah realized the word was 'panic'. She felt fear around Logan.

Similarly, Logan was experiencing a whole new set of emotions as he looked at Leah. His vision seemed enhanced, keen in the strangely lit store. No matter what fog rolled in from the various special effects machines, no matter where his own shadow fell across the girl, he was very aware of her every curve, her every body part. He began thinking what he'd like to do to her body and just how rough he'd enjoy playing with her. As he did, his cock grew and grew until his feeble attempt at covering it no longer worked.

"Oh my!" Leah gasped. Even her voice sounded like a little girl, weak and frail. She stared at Logan's wolf cock and couldn't help but tremble.

She knew something was off, something just wasn't right, both about her boyfriend and about her own mind. She was losing the clarity of Logan, the college guy, and for some reason, Logan the big bad wolf was heightening her awareness. She stared up at him, his jaws opening and showing his long white teeth. As he flicked his tongue out, Leah cringed a bit and said what popped into her thoughts.

"My, what a big tongue you have."

Logan grinned, licked at his stretched lips, and grabbed Leah hard by her shoulders. "The better to eat you out with!"

Leah squeaked as Logan launched himself in the air, holding her shoulders firmly. Together they crashed onto a nearby table, spilling costumes everywhere. Logan pawed at her top, loosening it enough to snake his tongue in and slurp at her breasts. He skillfully wrapped his tongue around her nipples and gave them a rather sandy tongue bath.

"Ohhh, Oh mister wolf!" Leah cried out. Her memory of Logan was fading. Her memory of why she was here was fading as well. All she knew was the big bad wolf had her at his mercy.

Lowering his head down her body, Logan took a second to paw at her legs. She squirmed but quickly opened them and he ripped at her skirt and panties, tearing them to bits with his sharp claws. As he held her firm to the table top, Logan lowered his snout and began licking deep inside her cunt. He worked his tongue into places the girl probably didn't know she had.

"Oh, Oh fuck! Ohhh yesssss!" Leah moaned. She wiggled back, flopping like a fish, her exposed tits jumping around above her lowered red top.

Logan persisted, taking hold of both of Leah's legs and spreading them wide as he yanked her further onto his face. The end of his snout pressed inside her and he could feel her warmth on his cold nose. He wasn't sure what had happened to him just now, but he knew his role in this story. He was the wolf, and Little Red was all his now.

Quaking and slamming her fists weakly against the table, Leah shut her eyes and gave in to the pleasure as Logan sent her spiraling into orgasmic seizures. She shook all over as he licked sloppily all over her inner thighs, finally lifting his head fully up and staring down at her.

"Ooohhhh..." She let out slowly.

Logan released her legs and crawled forward onto the table, the wood creaking beneath his weight. He moved closer to Leah's face, his eyes looking from her heaving tits to the slightly dazed panic in her eyes.

Leah peered up through long strands of hair. She felt fully violated and yet oh so satisfied. As she looked down between them, she saw a massive cock dripping between her legs. It already seemed to be forming the beginnings of a knot. Looking back to Logan's face, she smiled.

"What a big cock you have."

Logan growled and stabbed his hips downward, ramming his thick cock right into her cunt. "The better to fuck you unconscious with!"

"OHHH!" Leah screamed. "Ohhhh tooo muchhh!"

Logan, somewhere deep inside his mind, felt sorry for how he was behaving. He wasn't quite sure why he felt that. And as he thrust harder and harder, using every lupine muscle in his body to stretch Leah's pussy around his massive dick, Logan realized the feeling was fading. All he cared about now was dominating this Little Red Slut.

* * *

Caligula's Curse
by Kris P. Kreme

The two walked around the massive entrance table, a new addition made from some exotic stone Roman had imported, and looked over the ceiling. There was very subtle wiring, nearly invisible to all but those involved with the technical aspect of things. The wiring was expertly concealed by the coffered ceiling and the gas lit torches flickered exactly like the real thing.

Jeff ran a hand through his closely cropped hair and approached one of the torches that wasn't flickering as it should be.

"Now you see Aggy, this is what I'm talking about. We need to figure out why this one looks more like a fluorescent light than a gaslight. This isn't supposed to be happening, not with all the wiring your team worked on."

Aggy realized he was right. Her team of what started out as five equipment specialists had spent days working on the wiring, making sure every connection was triple checked. There wasn't any reason the same relays that controlled the stage lighting everywhere else weren't working on this one torch. Maybe it would help, she thought, if her crew hadn't chosen to abandon her at the last minute.

"You're right, I just don't know what it is with this room." The woman said, pulling a screwdriver from her belt and opening up a hidden plate below the torch.

Jeff walked around the room, looking over all the other lighting. He felt a little unsteady as he passed by the large stone table and rubbed his eyes as he leaned back against it. Looking over to Aggy, he found his mind wandering a little. His head was pounding and his eyes throbbed but as he looked at Aggy hunched over the panel, something else flashed into his mind. It was very brief but he definitely felt a stirring in his pants. Shaking his head, Jeff stood and went back towards the door, grabbing his camera equipment.

"I'm going to set up the camera for the scene this morning. You just let me know if you need some help." He said.

"Of course, thanks for offering." Aggy grunted, straining her muscles as the panel seemed to be stuck.

As Jeff mounted the camera to the table and made sure it would pan evenly around the entire room, he checked the focus and looked through it at the large canopy bed. Peering through the frame and rolling the camera from side to side, the man made sure all the scenes would be expertly lit for any possible shooting this morning. Whatever Roman wanted to shoot, he had to be ready, as this was a big deal for him. Having the opportunity to be sole and lead camera man for a Roman Gaius picture had been a

dream of Jeff's since he left film school. Art pieces may not sell as well at the box office as they used to, but they used some of the most impressive and expertly crafted camera shots in the business. It was all about craft and artistry, Jeff thought looking through the camera at every angle of the room. He panned over towards the lighting that Aggy was working on and nearly fell backwards on the floor.

Aggy heard the scuffle and turned to look at Jeff. "Are you okay, what happened?"

Jeff breathed heavily, still staring at the back of the camera. He ignored her question and leaned over looking through the lens at the opposite side of the stone table. It was still there, he couldn't believe what he was seeing. Looking up at Aggy, his eyes soaked in every subtle curve of her body. She wasn't dressed provocatively or anything, but he could see how nice a figure the woman had. It was lucky, he thought, that the table was in between the two of them, otherwise she'd clearly see his erection that seemed permanently fixed inside his pants.

"Jeff, hello, is everything okay?" She asked.

"Umm... oh yes, fine, sorry I thought I saw something." Jeff mumbled, looking down slightly embarrassed.

Aggy brushed her hair from her eyes and looked back at the panel she'd been working on. Stupid screws must've rusted somehow, she thought as she finally got one of them free and began working on the second. She forced all her muscle into twisting the screwdriver and really forcing the screw loose.

Behind her and still hiding a prominent tent in his pants, Jeff stared through the carefully positioned camera. It was still there, as real as anything in this room, he thought. He couldn't believe how hot she looked. His breathing picked up as he found his fingers gripping the edge of the stone. The camera showed the lighting panel that Aggy was working on, but it also showed something that clearly couldn't be real, it simply had to be some kind of illusion.

Looking up, Jeff watched Aggy manhandling the screwdriver, really putting her shoulders into twisting as much as she could manage. But looking down through the camera, he saw something entirely different. Aggy was leaning over the stone table, looking right into the camera, her blouse torn and her tits jumping as she groped them and squeezed her nipples as if in performance for an audience that wasn't there.

She appeared to be moaning loudly and her hips looked to be jumping slightly as though being fucked by an invisible entity, that was of little concern to Jeff. He only knew he was captivated by this woman, someone who for all intents and purposes had simply seemed a technical nerdy thirty-five year old until about two minutes ago. He was unable to focus on anything but her undulating tits and really began to lose himself to the scene he was watching play out. He almost didn't hear the real Aggy speak until she repeated herself and turned looking at him over her shoulder.

"Hello, Earth to Jeff, you said you'd help me out." Aggy said.

"Oh, er of course, what do you need?" He asked, trying to avoid glancing down at the camera.

"I said the screwdriver broke, could you get me another from my back pocket? I can't let go of the panel, otherwise I'll drop it."

Carefully and making sure he walked around the far side of the table so Aggy couldn't see his prominent erection, Jeff approached the woman. Her equipment belt was wrapped high around her waist and really hugged her wide hips. He licked his lips just looking down at her legs and the swell of her thighs. Looking up, he was face to face with her looking back over her shoulder. He could smell her hair and the thoughts that smell forced into his mind were anything but professional.

"Well?" She asked.

Jeff was quickly losing control and felt his heart rate pick up dramatically at her very words. He had to have this woman, now. Looking into her eyes, he smiled. "You want a screw baby, I'll give you a screw."

* * *

The Boobeyman by Kris P. Kreme

She spent less time brushing her hair in front of the mirror than she usually did, the long day of moving and unpacking having easily proved more tiresome than any day Alexandra could remember in some time. She smiled at herself in the mirror, arching her back a little, proving that as she had assured those girls, she did not have large breasts at all.

Many times she had wished she did, if only for her own self-esteem, not out of any need for being approved of by boys. Still, after the loony conversation out in the yard with those girls, Alexandra felt surprisingly content to lie down in bed with the boobs she had.

Nearly as soon as her head hit the pillow, Alexandra was in dream world.

She always had been one for vivid dreams, mind constantly at work even while she slept. Had she thought more about it, she should have realized before even attempting sleep that after the day she had strange dreams would occur.

Alexandra found herself outside looking up at her new home. The dream was basic enough, sky merged somewhere between night and day to an extent where she could easily have switched time merely by blinking in the dream.

She turned and saw the strange group of girls gathered watching her. Waving to them, she thought about walking over and seeing what they had to say. Instead though she turned and saw the moving men, the men they'd rented the truck from, men who she knew in real life had yet to come and pick up the truck.

Alexandra vaguely remembered these men from the office where her dad signed in and got the keys. There was nothing special about them at all, nothing other than the fact they were men, she now thought.

For some strange reason her legs only carried her in their direction. She wanted to smile at them, to see their blurry dream faces more clearly.

As she walked, some movement from the house caught her eye and Alexandra turned to look up at the second floor window that she knew was her own, the bedroom she was in fact sleeping in. There was a strange sense of both disconnect and lucidity to her dream. Alexandra watched the subtle movement in the window, then finally realized what it was she was seeing.

A dark figure was bending over in the room, visible enough to just see that whatever or whoever it was bent right over next to her bed.

She stopped walking towards the men, those moving men who almost seemed to be waiting on her. She stopped and she stared up at the dark figure in her bedroom window. Flashing her eyes back towards the girls now some distance away, seeming to shrink further and further every passing second, Alexandra saw them waving her towards them, screaming with silence and pleading for her to run from where she was.

Looking back at the dark figure in the window, Alexandra saw it stand up and turn towards her.

The glowing eyes were what she saw before anything else, but as it revealed itself to be basically masculine, though like no man she'd ever imagined, she recognized what this was.

It was the boobeyman, the creature those girls had warned her of. The boobeyman stood there, wiping his lips as though having just downed a large beverage. He smiled and pointed a crooked finger down at Alexandra.

Right at the point she managed to follow that pointed finger and lowered her head, staring into cleavage she knew she hadn't had just moments before, Alexandra snapped her eyes open and sat straight up in bed.

She was perspiring, sheets chilled with dampness as she sat there regaining her bearings and looking around in the dark of the room.

As impossible as it was to think, Alexandra almost could have sworn that upon first opening her eyes she saw that same figure from her dreams hovering over her.

"Just the stupid stress of the day," she told herself, her voice striking in the silence of the home.

Alexandra stood up and walked to the bathroom, determined to just wash her face, then climb back into bed and start the sleep she needed over again. Those girls had definitely gotten to her but she wouldn't let their ridiculous warnings stay in her mind for long.

The bathroom light was bright, too bright Alexandra thought squinting and rubbing her eyes.

She let them adjust and blinked off some crust in the corners of her eyes. Rubbing away the crust, Alexandra had to think back on the sand those girls mentioned, the stuff the boobeyman sprinkled over a sleeping girl's body.

Nearly as soon as she thought it, Alexandra noticed two things, two very disturbing differences about herself that she hadn't been aware of before.

The first was nothing all that weird, though disturbing nonetheless.

There was in fact what looked like sandy residue on her nightgown. It was most likely just something from the unpacking, something that had been there as she slipped it on before and that she just hadn't noticed. Of course when combined with what else she noticed, it was enough to make her heart pick up the pace into a thumping string of beats.

Alexandra brought her hands up and pressed the nightgown inward slightly, feeling the spongy softness of her breasts, a definite spongy quality she knew she had not had while taking a shower shortly before going to sleep.

"No... just, my imagination or something," Alexandra said.

She poked both breasts, feeling the firm flesh, the subtle fullness of boobs she knew at least on some level did in fact feel bigger. Pulling out her nightgown, Alexandra peered down into them, seeing how they rose and feel with each breath, but more than that seeing how her nipples seemed swollen.

"No... it's just..." Alexandra said, slipping a finger down and touching one of her nipples.

It was shocking how pleasurable it felt to touch, but more so it was surprisingly moist. As much as she knew it had to just be more perspiration from the nightmare, Alexandra wanted to attribute the moistness to saliva. Part of her mind just wanted to think that someone, or something rather, had been suckling on her nipples recently.

No, she thought... just get some sleep and let the stupid imaginings those girls put in your head fade, she told herself.

Without even realizing it, Alexandra fell back asleep not too long after, with both hands inside her nightgown, feeling up tits she tried to convince herself were no bigger than they had been before.

* * *

Dawn of the Zombie Sluts
by Kris P. Kreme

Helen walked up beside her husband, her frame shaking slightly as she nervously watched their son vanish into the fog. "Oh Harry, do you really think he'll be okay?"

"Of course honey. I wouldn't endanger our son if I really thought there were anything to worry about in the fog. Besides, I think I saw people out in the fog earlier. If they were okay, he'll be perfectly fine."

"You saw people?"

"Yeah a few I think. They were in the street out front."

Helen shivered for a moment, unsure why. "What were they doing out there?"

Harry looked over at his wife. "I don't know, walking around. I couldn't see them clearly at all. Hell I can't even see Ben."

"Don't say that." Helen said, grabbing onto his shoulder.

Harry stepped back and tried to reassure his wife. "Listen honey, you need to calm down. You're way too worked up about this. It's just fog, that's what I'm betting."

The woman didn't look any more comfortable. Her hair was rather wild, hanging in her eyes. Her clothing was still messed up by the poor job she'd done buttoning her shirt. The skirt she'd chosen really didn't look much like it matched everything else. Harry could tell she wasn't feeling comfortable this morning at all. He actually smiled at her like he did when he wanted something from her, usually something in the bedroom. It was early, he was tired, and damned if his wife didn't look kinda hot all on edge as she was.

"Honey, you keep an eye out for Harry. I'm gonna go up real quick and check the wiring in the attic."

"The wiring?"

"Yeah, I want to look at where the satellite comes into the house. Maybe some stuff happened in the rain. I figure it can't hurt to give it a look."

Helen looked out the window intently. "But what about Ben?"

"You keep watching. He's fine out there. Believe me, nothing dangerous is in that fog outside."

She turned from her husband as he left the room. Her eyes were squinting to make out anything she could in the fog. Was that Ben moving over by the far side of the garage? Or was it her eyes playing tricks on her?

* * *

Ben crept along slowly. The fog was so thick it felt easy to be completely turned around. And what were those noises he kept hearing? The neighborhood was amazingly quiet, not even a bird singing in the distance. At first he'd thought he was imagining things. Now he knew, something was making a noise somewhere ahead. It sounded like a human voice, like someone moaning something. As he finally hit the edge of the garage, Ben pressed the towel tighter to his mouth.

"ests" He heard from somewhere inside the garage.

Was that just the wind? Was it an animal? What was that noise? Ben actually began to feel a little of what his mom had felt, anxiety. Ever so slowly he reached around until he found the door handle. Grabbing the frame of the door for support, the boy turned the knob and shoved the door open into thick inky blackness.

"Rest." A voice moaned from somewhere ahead of him.

"Who's there? Who's in here?" Ben called out, walking boldly into the darkness.

As his eyes began to adjust, he reached over and found the switch on the wall. Flipping it up, the darkness was immediately illuminated and the maze of storage boxes could be seen. His family rarely had used the garage to actually store cars. They had so much junk in boxes, they couldn't afford to lose the space. Now, the boy stood looking around at a claustrophobic nightmare of piled up old toys, shelves of books, and more old clothing than he could ever remember.

From somewhere near the back of the garage, a quick gasp seemed to let out. "Bres" He heard clearly. The word, whatever it was, sounded barely recognizable. It sounded like someone with either severe asthma or some kind of brain disorder trying to call something out.

"Hello?"

Ben moved slowly towards the back of the garage, rounding several boxes he nearly tripped over. "I know someone's in here. I can hear you."

Suddenly he saw who it was. As if this Halloween couldn't possibly get any stranger, the sight of his next door neighbor Laura, standing completely nude in the shadows of his garage proved him wrong. He'd only know her from her parents really. She was in

college, about four years older than him. Last he'd seen her, she'd been at a neighborhood barbecue. Ben knew she had a great body. But seeing her like this left little to the imagination. Her breasts were more than a nice handful each. Her long blonde hair appeared rather wild, not exactly combed through this morning. The look in her eyes was probably what startled the boy the most.

"Laura?" He asked, slowly walking towards her. "Are you okay? What are you doing in our garage?"

Her eyes looked almost pure white, pale, lifeless, and dull. Even the skin around her eyes deemed dark, almost deathlike. Yet she remained standing where she was. She seemed to be breathing, although the rise and fall of her chest was extremely shallow. Ben walked to within a few feet of the girl. She never blinked, never moved her mouth, only stared. He started to reach out and touch her skin, wondering if this were some elaborate Halloween prank.

"BREASTSSSSS!" The word was incredibly clear and loud.

Ben heard it in stereo, not coming from the nude girl in front of him. Instead the voice came at him like a growl from the shadows on either side of him. He barely had a second to react as the men appeared from behind boxes, grabbing him and holding him tightly.

"Hey, what the hell? Let me go!" He screamed, struggling in vain. The men seemed to possess superhuman strength as they held him tightly and brought him down to his knees before Laura.

Looking up at either man, Ben was even more shocked to see who they were. The men were as blank-faced as Laura was and even more shocking was their touch. As they held Ben tightly, he felt how icy their skin was. The men seemed completely chilled, right to the core. They also seemed to not care that they were holding him down in front of their daughter and sister.

"Breastsssss!" The younger of the two men repeated. He looked from Ben over to Laura, his eyes dull and frightening.

"What the hell is going on here. Laura what is this?"

Laura moved for the first time. She stepped forward and looked down into Ben's eyes. She looked like a zombie, he thought. That's what she looked like. Was this just a Halloween prank after all? No, he quickly realized. Why would her dad and brother go along with any prank that involved her parading around in her neighbor's garage nude? Her skin was so pale and her breasts so close to his head.

"WE ARE ONE." Laura said. Her voice was surprisingly clear, none of the growling or muttering the men seemed to make when they spoke.

"We are one and you will serve us." Laura said.

She reached down and grabbed Ben's head in both hands. Her hands were just as cold as those of her family. What was wrong with these people? He couldn't help but stare into her deep cleavage. Even pale, it was incredibly hot. He wanted so many times in recent years to see her tits like this. But never did he imagine he'd associate seeing it with any kind of fear.

"Breastssss!" Her father said, holding Ben even tighter.

Laura grabbed her tits in her hands and massaged the nipples. She aimed them at Ben like weapons and then she squeezed. Ben was stunned yet again as twin jets of milk sprayed right into his face. He gasped and found his mouth being filled with thin cold sprays of liquid.

"No, stop it!" He shouted, trying to turn his head. He just couldn't get out of the line of fire as Laura released and then squeezed again. The beautiful college zombie was covering his face with milk. Her expression never changed.

Ben began to swallow what he'd already gotten in his mouth, trying desperately to catch his breath. The cold milk seemed to fill his body, chills breaking out all over his skin. He could feel something happening, something bad. His heart seemed to stop beating so hard, and then his mind began to fade. He grew sleepy and confused. Eventually he realized the men had let him go. But Ben didn't try to get up. He didn't even try to get away from Laura and her amazing tits. No, Ben had surprisingly different ideas. He reached up and grabbed at Laura's tits, pulling the girl to him.

"Mmmmmm..." He moaned, shoving one of her tits deep into his stretched open jaw. He squeezed the cool flesh, flooding his throat with more incredibly sweet milk.

His thoughts seemed to leave him and in the back of his mind, Ben realized his heart had either greatly slowed or stopped entirely. He didn't care. Nothing mattered except draining the delicious fluids from the cute blonde girl in front of him.

Ben alternated tits, swapping the fat juicy one he'd just been sucking for the other. He grabbed with both hands, squashing the soft cold skin and hearing the audible spray of milk deep into the back of his throat.

Laura stared down blankly at the boy. Her lips curled into a grin, her pale eyes opening wider. She pushed him away and looked into his face.

Ben knew something was different as soon as he released her tits from his hands. He felt foggy inside. Almost as if the pinkish fog was now inside of him, blocking his normal thoughts from existing. In fact he only had one thought worth vocalizing.

"BREASTSSSSS!" The boy growled. He tried to reach up and grab hold of the college girl.

"We are one." Laura repeated. "We need more. Bring us more!"

She looked down at the boy, his skin already a few shades paler. His eyes were faded looking and the skin surrounding them appeared to be bruised. He stood, letting the dish towel drop from around his neck.

"Breastssss?" He repeated.

"Yes, bring us more." Laura replied, pointing beyond the boy and towards his house.

"Moreeee Breastsssss!" Ben moaned. He stood and turned towards the garage door. His walking was more shuffled and he felt strangely numb in most places. There was one place he felt perfectly alive though, and that place was one he knew he'd be using soon. He smiled and began heading back to his house, to his family.

* * *

For Whom Belle Trolls
by Kris P. Kreme

"Um... I have a delivery here for a Bellemina Scorsosi. I need to get a signature." He rather nervously replied, picking up the box.

There was the click of locks, more than one he thought. Then the massive door swung inward on somewhat appropriately squeaky hinges. Philip straightened up, feeling the shiver run down his spine as he prepared to meet the body behind that voice.

Something large and black lunged at him, the distinct flash of razor sharp teeth. "ROAWRRR!"

Philip jumped back, nearly tossing the package across the yard. He managed to maintain his grip but did succeed in sending his clipboard to the porch floor.

Whatever had lunged at him was reined in as Philip looked down at his feet. When he kneeled down to pick up the fallen clipboard, a beautiful pair of legs stepped into view.

"Now that's no way to treat our guest."

Philip stared right into the snarling face of what he couldn't quite decide was either a wolf or a dog. Either way, the name gleaming on its collar seemed very appropriate. Beast, he thought, so this was the beast those kids were afraid of?

Smart kids.

Taking the clipboard in his hand, Philip looked up and grew distracted by the mysterious Belle. She wasn't a thing like he'd guessed. Her voice no longer even sounded gravelly or strained. Her figure was that of a twenty year old goddess, legs right at eye level where he kneeled. She wore a black dress, cinched tight in just the right places. Her breasts were trying to escape and he found the not so unwanted thought drifting into his mind that he'd very much enjoy helping them escape.

"Well, if that isn't a respectful way to greet me, I don't know what is." Belle said. Every syllable she spoke dripped with sexual undertones.

Philip stared for another moment, wondering if it was in fact possible to fall in love at first sight. Maybe, he corrected, lust would be a better word.

He shook his head. "Sorry ma'am. Dropped my clipboard."

Belle pouted and looked down at the menacing Beast. "Aw... you mean you don't usually bow at a woman's feet?"

She laughed and Philip forgot all about the humidity in the air. Her fluttering tones, the cheerful melody of her giggle; it both soothed him and tensed him simultaneously.

"My apologies for Beast. He's getting used to his new collar." Belle said.

Philip raised the package and handed it to Belle, placing one hand on the porch to stand up. As he did, he couldn't help but look right at the collar she mentioned. A small silver plate was engraved with the word Beast in bold scripted letters. The collar was black, leather supposedly, with studded spikes and something else.

As Philip found himself leaning in closer, forgetting the fact this collar was on a huge territorial creature, he felt somewhat dazed looking at the small silver something or other partially hidden beneath the name plate.

"So I need to sign, right?" Belle said.

Philip realized he was still staring at the collar as he raised the clipboard. Suddenly Beast backed off into the house. The collar shifted and revealed what he'd been trying to identify. It was a tiny silver bell. And now that the dog moved, Philip heard that bell ring.

He slumped his shoulders as the bell played a gentle few notes, the music floating into his brain, echoing throughout his skull and making him forget where he was for the moment.

Belle looked down at Beast and smiled. "Good boy, very good boy. Now go play. Momma has a new toy to break in."

Philip felt soft caressing hands lift him up until he was standing. He looked over at Belle, the woman of his fantasies. He grinned like a little boy and let her take him into her home. Soon, he was laying on her bed, watching her tug at his pants. He sank back into the music of his mind, feeling his hardness spring into the open.

"My, you're a big boy aren't you?" Belle said.

She licked her lips and stood before the bed, hungrily looking at her unwrapped gift. "You'll serve me for some time with such impressive attributes."

Philip watched Belle lower her dress over her shoulders. He watched her strip, revealing her nudity underneath. She was perfection in two-legged form, her skin radiating suppleness he wanted to taste, to stroke, to invade. And he watched as her eyes grew dark and deep, a pit opening in those limpid pools from which he knew he'd never climb out.

* * *

Propagators of the Planet Pluto **by Kris P. Kreme**

As Zeetasil wandered the streets of LA, elsewhere another Plutonian prepared for his part of the mission.

"Come in Yugcm, come in. Do you receive?" Sagrav Remoh called.

"I receive, I'm currently in what is commonly referred to as a Gym. Is this where you wanted me to start my part of the mission?"

"Yes, perfect, the gym as they call it is where Earthlings like to stay in shape, well hopefully by the end of this day, more of them will be interested in getting big round bellies instead of flat trim ones." Sagrav said, laughing, the reception only making the sound that much more disturbing.

"How should I proceed Sagrav?" Yugcm asked, eager to get the action started.

"You have been provided with the Propagator Projection Pistol Beta. It has some specific advantages over the Alpha, namely in the fact that it can be used on both males and females. This pistol will not only give females a very strong urge to be dominated by a man and implanted with his seed, but also make them super fertile, much more than normally seen in humans. When used on men, it will not only give them the impossible to ignore drive to take a nearby female but also make them extremely ready to procreate. They will not only be instantly aroused and swollen for the act but also greatly improved in overall semen production. Do you understand?"

"I get you, it sounds simple enough. I will begin implementation of the device at once." Yugcm replied.

Looking around the gym, Yugcm wondered where best to start. There were many attractive males and females in this room, a large central part with various equipment, which to a Plutonian appeared to be more useful for torture than staying in shape. Over in one section a bunch of two-wheeled devices that never seemed to actually go anywhere were lined up facing a few men who lifted large weights Yugcm believed were called stupid bells. The women using the two-wheeled devices seemed entranced already with watching the men. Why not start there, he thought.

"Nathan sure is looking fine today." Sasha said, continuing to peddle the bike as she leaned back and stretched, glancing over at her friend Ginny.

"You really should let it go, he's not into you. You've been teasing the guy and doing practically everything but asking the guy to marry you. He's just not into our kind of girls." Ginny said, letting her eyes sweep all the men who currently worked out right in

front of them.

"Yeah, well, by our kind you must mean your kind. I'm a free spirit, not some tight-ass who never loosens her panties." Sasha said, intentionally trying to get a rise out of the woman.

"Hey, at least I have tits." Ginny said, emphasizing her D-cups as she road the bike more vigorously, letting her chest jiggle and sway to hopefully annoy her friend.

"Ha," Sasha laughed. "Well, I'd rather be a woman than a cow. With milkers like those, you might as well be bent over a pail in some farmer's barn, but of course you'd probably enjoy that too much wouldn't you?"

Ginny raised her nose and gave her friend a sneer. "I bet Nathan would rather fuck a cow than you." She said.

"Who cares what he'd like to fuck, I just think he's meant for greater things, like fathering my children."

"Really?" Ginny asked. "You, who claimed you'd never be strapped down with kids taking up your time."

"Hey, it's a figure of speech, you know I'm not ready for that, at least not until I hit thirty-five, maybe then and just maybe." Sasha answered, returning her stare to the Greek god who worked out ten feet in front of them both.

Watching the females and looking over to the males, Yugcm decided to first try using his pistol on the men and seeing what happened. He aimed at the one called Nathan and fired, watching a near-invisible beam strike right into the man's bulging biceps. He hesitated and then fired at the two men on either side of him. The effect was as Sagrav had promised, almost instantaneous.

"Man, I'd like to give those two a couple of babies." Nathan said, elbowing his buddy who always joined him at the gym.

Leon looked over and then back at Nathan. "Yeah man, I bet those two could put out a nice litter of puppies, and can't you just see that one squirting milk from those babies she's got?"

Nathan grinned and continued pumping his fist, the weight seeming less and less important as he looked from the smaller chested brunette to her redheaded friend who had it all going on upstairs.

"Damn, I can't decide which one I want to fuck first." Nathan said, really smiling, as he lifted the weight harder and faster.

"I'll take either one, how about you?" Leon asked, leaning back to look on the other side of Nathan.

"Me, I just wanna fuck those tight little cunts until they're looser than a cheap whore. Putting babies in them seems like topping on the pie. You guys pick." Colin said, his slight accent playing lightly with the words.

Nathan looked to either guy and then glanced back at the women on the stationary bikes. "How about we all take turns, see just how much cum those two can take. I'll bet you a few bucks I can inflate whoever I fuck until their belly pokes out from their leotard. I tell you both, I've got one hell of a hard-on right now and I have to find a place to stick it."

"Oh my god, he's looking at me." Sasha said, leaning back, hopefully letting the perfect man see how perfect her form was. She was so proud of her athletic figure, flat tummy, great abs, toned physique. She had it all.

"I think he's checking me out, so are his buddies." Ginny said, putting just a little more swing in her upper body as she rode, hopefully giving the three men something to watch move around, unlike her friend's small bust.

"Shut up, I think he's coming over here." Sasha said, growing a little nervous for the first time in years. She felt as giddy as she had in school, worrying the cute guy might not like her or wondering what she would say.

"Hi there ladies," Nathan said, beaming a grin at the two as he stood flexing a little right in front of them. His two buddies stood just behind him, their eyes soaking in every curvy detail on the women's forms. "My buds and I were just wondering something."

Sasha slowed down her peddling and tried to stay calm. She just couldn't believe he was actually speaking to her. It was just so perfect. Looking over at Ginny, she grinned and then rolled her eyes back to Nathan.

"What was it you were wondering?"

Nathan looked directly down at both ladies' bodies, noticing the athletic figure Sasha maintained and the more busty curvy figure her friend had. "Well, pretty much we want to fuck babies into you both, and I bet my friends I could do a better job of inflating your bellies than they could. What do you think?"

For a second, both Sasha and Ginny stared at the man, their mouths open and the entire surrounding world ceasing to exist. Finally Sasha found her voice. "You what?"

It was Leon who stepped up and answered. "We were watching you and decided we'd like to knock you both up, maybe even fuck you pregnant with triplets or something. What do you think? We'll take turns fucking you, but I still bet Nathan can't really inflate

you like he says."

"What the fuck is wrong with you guys?" Ginny shouted, catching the attention of a trainer who stood over by the desk. "You think you can walk up and talk to us like that just because you have muscles. That's just sick."

Sasha stared at Nathan, her heart beating fast, part of her finding pleasure in his words. The fact that a man she'd lusted after for so long wanted to fuck her was incredible. The thing about babies seemed weird to say the least.

"Excuse me, is there a problem here?" Sabrina asked, as she approached the five individuals. The trainer looked from the men to the two women, particularly the redhead who'd raised her voice just a second before.

"These jerks are hitting on us with very crude language. It's really pretty sick." Ginny said, wiping her face with her towel and climbing off the bike.

"Is that true? Were you guys harassing them?" Sabrina asked the men.

Colin looked at the trainer, a blonde bombshell and decided he'd step in take this bullet. "Yes, in a way. I think they just might be confused. My buddies and I decided we wanted to fuck babies into these tow lovely creatures and they just got snippy. It's probably just jealousy, I mean they both probably want the most babies, and well, we really can't promise anything."

The trainer gave the men the same look of complete shock at their casual way of talking in such a crude manner. Shaking her head, she looked back at Sasha and Ginny. "I'm really sorry ladies. I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you men to please..."

The others all looked at the suddenly stunned silent trainer as she seemed to lose her train of thought. Yugcm just smiled, his pistol aimed right at the blonde woman. He took a quick look around and then fired two more times, hitting Sasha and her rather upset friend right in the guts.

"You have to ask us to what sweet cheeks?" Nathan asked, noticing the slight droopy looks all three women suddenly had.

Sabrina straightened up, her posture stiff and her nipples trying to escape through the fabric of her top. "I'm going to have to insist you men all fuck me pregnant with babies too. It's simply not fair for the members here to not share with the management and staff."

"But me first, me first." Sasha said, holding her hands over her unfortunately flat belly, just hoping it was true that Nathan could inflate her with sperm.

"Yeah right bitch." Ginny said. "I bet these guys wanna fuck me till milk sprays from

these titties, isn't that right boys?"

The three women all stood angrily staring each other down, their bodily aggression showing the fight for dominance as though each wanted to be the most pregnant and the most inflated. Yugcm was fascinated at the scene he watched. It was like something he picked up watching National Lampoon's Geographic, or whatever that channel was. He couldn't wait to see who proved the most dominant or who was proven right in this battle to mate.

"Ladies, we can all fuck each one of you, don't worry. Now why don't we try seeing if I'm right about inflating some bellies. I want you never fitting in tight leotards again, and if I'm right, I think you all want a future on your backs getting babies put in those tummies. Am I right?"

"Oh shit yes, come on pump me up like an exercise ball." Sasha moaned, throwing herself in Nathan's arms.

"Come on, you can outdo him can't you." Ginny said to Leon. "I bet you got a whole bunch of semen just primed and waiting to flood my cunt, right?"

"You got it babe." Leon answered, reaching up and groping madly at the redhead's large tits.

Sabrina and Colin hardly said a word, simply falling into each other's arms and fondling freely as they sank to the floor of the gym. As all three couples dropped and decided the best position to be mated in, Yugcm noticed some concerned people from other parts of the gym look this way. He hardly took his eyes off the show now unfolding as he turned the Propagation Projection Pistol their way and fired, hearing them all moan and soon fall into their own sweaty piles of rutting creatures.

* * *

A Lesson in Manners
by Kris P. Kreme

In a job like the one she had her first few years of college, Zoey Jacinthe saw women waging the constant battle to take years off by hitting a tanning bed or rubbing some miracle cream into their skin. She saw women compensating for what they no longer had or worse, what they had but which now sagged into sad little sacks on their chest.

Zoey in many ways despised the fact she even had to work there, watching middle-aged women trying desperately to look as young as she was and always, or more times than not giving her the stink eye as they signed in.

For Zoey Jacinthe, the spa was never the perfect job, especially considering that she strived in her own life to not even need services like the spa offered. No one would ever catch Zoey tanning herself, her own natural creamy complexion no less than ideal in her mind. No one would ever find her applying creams or mud baths to try and firm up her body as she quite naturally had achieved the perfect form through her own restrictions and discipline.

She never understood the near anger that seemed to boil over inside a new woman her first visit to the spa. It was as though somehow they believed Zoey was at fault for looking attractive, as though the desk girl where they signed in should be hideously ugly or worse, old. Despite it all, all the arrogance and preferential treatment these wealthy women seemed to demand, Zoey kept a positive attitude and a smile.

She'd always had a very upbeat personality, though like everyone who was blessed with beauty, brains, and self-discipline, every now and then, they fell short of perfect manners.

Maybe the hostility that day came from an argument she'd had with her roommate on campus. Perhaps the one she was really angry with was her roommate Dana and the simple fact Dana barely studied or did anything responsible and mostly spent her time sleeping around with whatever guy she lured back to their room next. Dana had the true perfect body, according to male fantasies it seemed.

Whatever the case and whatever the reason, Zoey was not happy to be escaping a slutty roommate to work around women who wanted to fight time and age to look just as slutty.

The woman was a new visitor and Zoey knew that she was always to be on her best behavior around new visitors. It wasn't exactly the time of year when the spa had new members joining, most choosing to join in the spring or possibly summer. This woman apparently chose to come in October, just to look around, purely to see what the facilities offered, whether the massage rooms met with her standard, if the cream rinse

was to her liking.

"Ma'am, the spa isn't a miracle; it can't make your tits bigger or get you lots of guys."

Zoey wasn't even sure where the words had come from, but those were only the first of a string of thinly veiled insults she directed at the woman after only ten minutes of answering questions about every detail of every service the spa offered. She ranted about the way the woman dressed, wearing all black, wearing lots of strange jewelry and even her silly hat which looked oddly pointed and dusty. Zoey couldn't even believe she insulted the woman's skin tone, actually mentioning that no matter how much cream she poured on them, the moles and creepy skin spots wouldn't vanish.

By the end, Zoey was left standing there, almost as shocked as the woman was at just what all had spewed forth from her mouth. She wasn't like that, had never cut loose into someone before in such extreme ways. Somehow though, the frustrations had just built to a point where everything boiled over.

Between her roommate being a rather proud slut of campus, her regular clients here snubbing their noses at her youthful perfection, and her lack of sleep due to the partying that invariably occurred around Halloween on college campuses, Zoey had finally snapped and she just knew she was going to lose her job, even if it was a job she never really liked having.

The woman reacted most unexpectedly though. She didn't rant and scream right back at the insulting ramblings Zoey had unleashed. She didn't even threaten to call Zoey's boss to the front so she could be reported. Oddly, the woman only smiled and reached a long crooked black nailed finger out to poke at Zoey's pale hand she had near trembling on the top of the counter.

Zoey half expected the woman to yank her hand and smack her in the face, or at the very least to cause some physical pain. Instead, the woman merely smiled, chanted some oddly poetic sequence of words and then turned to walk out, leaving Zoey standing there confused.

Maybe she'd gotten off unusually lucky, Zoey figured after standing there a few minutes, realizing the woman wasn't returning. Perhaps she'd lucked out and blown her top at the one woman who wouldn't threaten her with everything from a lawsuit to getting her fired. Still, she couldn't help the lingering feeling of that woman's hand on hers, the press of the fingernail into her soft white flesh as those words were chanted.

The day of work was just beginning though and before too long, Zoey had to start prepping herself for the regular customers they had and all the typical quirks or annoyances she would have to be better calmed for.

It was barely an hour later, sitting behind the front counter and signing people in and out, that something strange began to happen. At first Zoey thought nothing of it. She'd

worn a tank top to work since her job featured the luxury of wearing pretty much whatever she liked. The tank top was an old favorite of hers, pink and yet not too flashy. Sure, she had nice size breasts and yes, she could make them look even bigger depending on what she wore, but no, Zoey wasn't all out for attention like she felt many of the women who stopped by were.

That was what made the sensation feel strange to her as she first looked down and noticed her chest seemed to be a bit more prominent in the tank top.

"What the hell?" Zoey whispered to herself a few minutes later as she shifted to pick up a pen she had dropped and her tank top actually pulled a thread.

* * *

Absolutely No Soliciting
by Kris P. Kreme

Nicole tried to work a greeting in, a friendly hello, just to interject a word of her own as the man ranted, though largely she found herself standing there wondering about just what he even meant by half his words. He definitely seemed confused about her reason for ringing his doorbell.

"Sir, I..."

"I already know what you're going to say. You're here the same as all those others of your kind this time of year. You want my goddamn candy. As though that's some power you kids have over anyone older than thirty, to just visit their home and demand they feed your stupid little tummies."

"No... uh, I'm not a kid, sir," Nicole assured the man, watching his darkened eyes thin and stare at her with an all new level of scrutiny.

"Is that not your costume, some door to door salesgirl or something, coulda fooled me? You seem like the typical older teen just trying to milk the damn public for all their sympathy or something, get them to give you candy you could earn and pay for yourself."

Nicole frowned and held the clipboard out in front of her chest. "No sir, and I'm not a teen; I'm twenty-one years old and am just collecting signatures for a good cause."

The man stopped breathing so heavily and looked from Nicole's face to the clipboard, then back into her eyes, his own eyes no less dark and angry looking than before. He leaned forward and read the heading at the top of the page of signatures.

"You're still out here due to that infernal holiday as you call it," the man said.

"Halloween?" Nicole asked, her voice slightly meeker than usual as she felt intimidated and slightly endangered standing there before this enraged man.

"Yes, you simpleton, Halloween, though if you knew all the sinister surroundings to such a day you wouldn't be raising it up... particularly for children."

"Sir, I'm sorry if I bothered you today... I was only collecting signatures..."

"Soliciting... that's what you were doing, girl," the man said, folding his arms and leaning casually up against the doorframe. "You may call it whatever you like but going door to door to collect anything is no less than soliciting and I already went to the trouble of putting a damn sign in my yard warning your kind away."

Nicole turned and glanced back over her shoulder, at the ivy covered iron yard decor. Sure enough she could see the sign he pointed out, something she'd just assumed was nothing more than garden art, a decorative iron piece next to the sidewalk near the street.

"I'm... well I realize it's soliciting of a sort but I really thought it was okay, and I'm very sorry I missed noticing the sign, sir. I really am," Nicole assured the man, trying to just back away slowly and turn to leave the front porch.

The man's voice rang out much clearer and less grumbling as Nicole turned away.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Nicole stopped and looked back at him. "I'm sorry to have bothered you... I'll be on my way."

The man smiled but it wasn't at all a friendly smile. "On your way to some other fool's home, to disturb them from whatever they might be doing?"

Nicole didn't say anything but lowered her head and started to turn away again.

"Stop right there, Nicole," the man said and despite her every impulse, Nicole did exactly as he instructed.

He walked out onto the porch, his clothing in shadows before but now fully revealed to be black from the shoes up to his black button up shirt. He had slicked back black hair, pale skin, very darkened eyes, and as Nicole looked back up to his face, she saw the intense focus in those eyes.

"How did you..." Nicole started.

"Know your name? It's a talent I have, Nicole; you see where young women such as yourself have a knack for knowing how to dress most pleasing, men like me have a knack for knowing everything we need to know in order to put you in your place."

"I don't... don't understand," Nicole said, finding her words as struggling to come out as her legs were to move. She felt somewhat frozen in place, the chill in the air finally having locked her muscles up, her clipboard in her hands down below her chest, her chest trembling with every labored breath she took.

"You wouldn't understand, Nicole," the man said, walking right up to her and looking briefly past her out at the empty street, no cars traveling past, no people out walking so late on an increasingly frigid October day.

"No, Nicole, a girl of your weak mortal will just can't possibly imagine what men like me

are capable of. Though trust me... you soon will be," he said, stroking a finger lightly across her cheek, up to her dark hair, pushing that hair behind her left ear and smiling.

"I... I just..." Nicole tried to say, her voice freezing up like the rest of her, the man's touch nearly as stinging as the cold breeze.

"You were just collecting signatures for a good cause; is that right, Nicole?"

She nodded, though just barely, her lips parted a bit, the man taking a moment to smoothly rub his fingers down across her cheeks, placing one finger on her lips as she nodded. His eyes were like coal, dark and focused only on her, his grin more sinister than any she'd ever imagined.

"Nicole, so simple... so innocent. Yes... I can tell you have been a very chaste girl, a pure one in both heart and actions. No impure deed has crossed your mind has it? Of course things are about to change for you, Nicole."

She had no idea what he was speaking about; all Nicole did know was that this man was not joking when he spoke of what men like him were capable of. He wasn't normal, none of this was normal. With one look and a touch, he had somehow locked her in place, her body no longer hers to control, and now with his words of impurity she felt that he was only just beginning to take out his contained rage for her ringing his doorbell.

"Collecting signatures is one way of showing support for your cause, I can see that, Nicole... but you know what would be even better?"

Nicole felt her vocal cords unfreeze as though her throat was released from some mental grip the man had on it. She wanted so much to scream, to shriek for help and get away from this man, whoever he was... whatever he was. Her lungs seemed to only have enough force to utter one simple word though.

"What?" she wheezed.

The man grinned and stepped right in front of her, bending down slightly so his face was at her eye level. "Oh, but it's so simple, Nicole, so incredibly simple. If you want to go door to door, and dressed so appealingly, then you really need to be collecting something much more personal than mere signatures. A signature can be personal, but taking something of those you meet, something of their essence into you... that is much more personal and supportive of your oh so important cause."

Nicole swallowed, trying to understand where this man was going with his words. She tried to think rationally but rationality had been frozen right along with every other muscle in her body. Instead she simply looked back at him, trembling slightly.

He nodded and seemed to understand her confusion, reaching forward and pulling the

clipboard out of her hands. As he walked away, finger tracing down across the signatures, page after page of hard work this weekend, Nicole saw him slowly begin to smile.

"I see a lot of male names on these sheets; clearly you do well with the male audience of your solicitations."

* * *

Happy Hallow-Kreme by Kris P. Kreme

"This stuff is kinda warm..." Brianne said, continuing to gently rub the Hallow-cream into her skin, currently working her hands over the expanse of her breasts, just using enough to slightly lighten her skin tone and achieve the sexy contrast she was hoping for.

"Mmm... it is, isn't it?" Katie said, wiping little white smears across her cheeks.

Glancing over to her normally shy friend, Brianne couldn't help but notice how casually Katie had lowered her top to smear some white streaks, or kitty stripes as she called them, across her chest. While Katie wasn't near as well endowed as Brianne knew she herself was, Katie still rarely showed off as much cleavage as she was currently displaying.

"It uh... it's supposed to feel like this?" Brianne asked, finishing rubbing the makeup into her skin, feeling a near vibration within the warmth, a buzz that literally seemed to start spreading inside her the moment her fingers stopped rubbing it in.

"Mmmhmm... it's amazing," Katie said, distinctly drunken sounding now.

"I don't... mmm... oh fuck," Brianne said, trying to clear her thoughts.

The vibrations had just passed through her torso directly into the most sensitive part of her body, her thighs rocking, one against the other, legs already applied with a thin sheen of the Hallow-cream, lightening her to a porcelain shade of perfection.

"Oh... mmm..." Brianne whimpered, actually feeling the beginnings of what she could only imagine was the most unexpected orgasm of her life.

"Mmm," Katie moaned, having stopped applying her own makeup and now leaning back in her chair, fingers still tinged with the white cream slowly working their way down towards her lap.

"Something... mmm, something isn't... ooooooh... right," Brianne moaned, unable to contain her reactions as she felt her panties instantly dampen, her core being wracked by a climax like never before.

Katie leaned back, fingers diving beneath the top of her skirt, thrusting as she felt her own thoughts melt into as much a creamy mess as the leftover makeup sitting on the counter in the bathroom. "Oh... mmmm... unhhhhh, yesss... ohhhh fuckkk!"

Brianne looked over at Katie, her own eyes heavy, mouth dropping in silent pleasure.

Katie never said fuck, or at least never said the word with such emphasis on the passionate usage of the word. Brianne couldn't disagree though, at least not with the sentiment.

"Unghhhh... oh fuckkkk yesssss!" Brianne groaned out loud a moment later.

The Hallow-cream was doing much more than what the box proclaimed. It was not merely making her happy, making both girls happy; it was making them orgasmic.

Brianne had experienced enough orgasms in her torrid college life that she knew well when a big one was coming and this was by far the biggest most extreme string of orgasms she had ever suffered. Yes, she thought, these were orgasms she wasn't simply experiencing; she was suffering them.

Her brain felt like it was forcibly being shut down; her body being controlled against her own will, her pleasure not her own, but more some external force on her body. She grabbed at her tits, squeezing the flesh hard, kneading it like dough and only causing more vibrations every place she touched the applied Hallow-cream.

Katie wasn't any better off, eyes rolled back, fingers jammed up inside her cunt so deep she appeared to be fisting herself right there in the bathroom. Her moans had diminished into guttural grunts and loud sighs but the climaxes were easily seen in her every jerky movement.

Brianne stared into space, eyes listless with each passing second, the orgasmic explosion of pleasure within her making the minutes seem like days, the intensity both exhausting her and energizing her. She had to have more, more pleasure, more climaxes, more cream she realized.

For what felt endless hours but in actuality was merely fifteen minutes, both dorm mates sat on their respective chairs, cumming, nonstop orgasming liquid fire lubricating their thighs, driving them into extremes neither had ever known before.

Only when they noticed the empty box of Hallow-cream did either of them shake away the pleasure and drunken daze they were in.

"Mmm..." Brianne moaned, licking her fingers, coated in both her own juices and the leftover cream.

"Mmm..." Katie sighed, then smiled as she looked over at Brianne. "Mmmmore..."

Brianne shook her head. "No more... all gone..."

Katie grinned and for the first time that Brianne had ever seen on her shy dorm mate's face, there was something approaching seduction to that grin.

"Party... moreeee cream!" Katie moaned, her words slightly incoherent but clear enough to Brianne so that she too began grinning.

"Mmm... yeah... let's go see how much cream we can get!"

The girls each understood how the other felt, even without speaking their desires out loud. They were made more than just happy, happy an understatement with as much pleasure as they now had experienced. Brianne couldn't believe how intense her orgasms had been, how thickly the feelings had fogged her brain, clouded her judgment. All she knew was that just like Katie did, she needed more.

The End... of the samples.

Appetites not sated? Find all of these and more for Halloween with the Kreme 2013

About Kris P. Kreme:

Kris P. Kreme is an author of online erotica, having written hundreds of stories in every theme imaginable for the past ten years. His work, like his name, is fresh and hot daily, leaving readers often glazed to their seats with what twist and turn the tale will take next. Comedic stories or tales of horror, you will find something of all genres to appeal to every possible mood or kink.

Kris is most famously known not just for mind control erotica, but breast expansion, bimbo-creating, slut-making, and even giantess tales and comics. Whether you are wanting a simple story of overwhelming seduction of innocence or a tale with legend and myth, where everything from demons, leprechauns, or even the Easter Bunny make an appearance, you can find a bit of everything served up from Kris P. Kreme.

Find Kris P. Kreme Online:

My Website:

<http://www.talesfromthekreme.com>

Smashwords:

<http://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/krispkreme>

Twitter:

<http://twitter.com/kremetales>