

84: Return To Reality (18++)

“Haah~” Beatrice let a soft moan escape her lips as she turned, lost between the realm of dreams and reality.

But what was reality? A bitter reality. Lying on a hospital bed. Old. Weak. In pain. Broken in both body and spirit. And alone. All alone. How could she let her life turn out this way? How could she give up on her dreams so easily? Why did she realize it so late? *What’s the point in having regrets now?* Beatrice cursed herself and felt her eyes get watery in despair. *Why now? Why only now when my body is withering away into nothingness! Stupid! So fucking stupid! ... Wait.*

‘She’? ‘Her’? That’s right! The dream! The dream where she was young and beautiful. A girl unlike any other. In a world full of sin and carnal desires. In a world where countless girls fell at her feet, captivated by her beauty. A succubus whose many powers and abilities drove girls mad with lust. They worshiped her. Worshiped her dick. Submitted themselves to it. Succumbed to their true selves. As did she.

Such a wonderful dream.

“Hn!” Beatrice’s body trembled. Reality called. Something pulled her out of her dreams. In her last days, she often shivered uncontrollably as her body gave out, giving up the fight for her very life.

No! Please no! Beatrice desperately resisted the pull back into her bitter existence. She hung on to those sweet fantasies with all her feeble strength. She wanted to stay there—in that magical world where she could do whatever she pleased, fuck whomever she chose. A whole world her playground! Ripe for the taking! She just had to reach out and grab it!

“Haaah... Mh... No,” Beatrice whimpered weakly. She felt her temperature rising. A warm feeling spread from her groin. “H-huh?”

Beatrice finally, slowly opened her teary eyes, wondering what was going on. Her sight still blurred and misty, she could barely see anything. The poor light that came from a small, solitary window did not help. Though the hospital room had a much bigger window. She could afford at least that much in her final days.

It must be raining, Beatrice thought, but realized that she did not hear a single drop outside. Instead, she heard a strangely familiar slurping sound.

“Ah,” Beatrice moaned again as the pleasant feeling grew stronger. She saw a green figure move up and down at her groin.

Aliens! Beatrice thought in her dazed horror. *I’m being abducted!!*

Beatrice moved on her bed to get away from the small green monsters that slid up and down on her wet, slippery dick, warming in, making her feel so *good*.

“Mfm!?! You no longer like it, my lady?” the alien spoke in a girl’s voice.

“H-huh!?” Beatrice wiped away her tears with the back of her wrist and rubbed her eyes to finally see better.

When Beatrice opened her eyes again, she saw the green-haired Tabitha, naked, laying on her stomach between Beatrice's half-spread legs. Tabitha held Beatrice's saliva-smearred futa-cock and licked her lips like she had just sucked on a sweet lollipop.

"Tabitha!!" Beatrice exclaimed and teared up again. *It wasn't a dream! It's not a dream!!*

"Yes, that's me," Tabitha smiled and went down on Beatrice again. The green-haired mage pushed herself all the way down on the futanari's six-inch cock, invading her own throat.

"Guuuh!" Beatrice grunted and clenched the bedsheets in her fists from the sudden tight pleasure.

Tabitha held her head still like that for a couple of seconds—all the way down on the succubus's fat cock—before moving back up and releasing the girthy joy-lollipop, covered with a fresh coat of her own throat juice.

"When I woke up you were already hard as steel, covered in cum," Tabitha said as she stroked Beatrice's long, hard shaft. "I slurped it all up, but even after that it only took a couple of strokes for you to unleash another load of your thick seed. I almost missed it!"

I... Did I come even before this? H-how many times? And I'm hard again? Beatrice was shocked, still coming to grips with the fact that she's in a young, healthy, eighteen-year-old girl's body, and not in a decrepit, decaying, wrinkly corpse!

That's right! Beatrice reminded herself. *It's only natural for a healthy young futa to be hard in the mornings!*

"For a moment I thought you didn't want my mouth around your cock anymore," Tabitha pouted teasingly.

"Stop slacking off!" Beatrice commanded the teasing mage and gave her submissive slut what she wanted—strong hands behind her back and a hard push down on a girthy cock that belonged to be lodged deep in the masochist's throat.

"Ghurgh~" Tabitha gagged from the sudden rough handling but looked directly into Beatrice's eyes with a happy, cock-stuffed smile.

I'm back!! Beatrice cheered and began thrusting her hips up while rocking Tabitha's head up and down on the swollen, saliva-lubricated cock. *I'm here!! Oh, thank you, Luluna!!!*

I will not let this opportunity go to waste! Beatrice promised as she face-fucked her gagging slut.