

## Heart Tremors

### Chapter 3:

At this point, the sensation of awakening to the pull of gravity was old news, and you simply sighed, prepared enough to try and tuck your knees inward. You barely succeed, a surprising exhaustion still deep within your bones. You stick the landing, but the force is redirected forward and you simply tumble forwards, nicking your arm on a pebble in the dirt. Rising to your feet, you give a quick check over your form. Still naked from the waist down, though your tattered and still-sticky shirt was still clinging to your chest. With a disgusted grimace, your fingers clasp over the fabric and practically peel it from your skin.

It reeks of ass, and oddly enough, caramel. You toss it over your shoulder. You still recall the darkness of the last attempt, and the flesh that constricted around you until you were tingling and numb.

Just thinking about it made your skin tense. Despite all of the paranoia and disgust, your cock pulses and begins to rise to full attention, even larger than last time. You place a hand on the slab of meat- it has to be at least 9 inches and rock hard.

How big was it when you first tumbled down into this place..?

All you knew for sure was that it was nowhere near this big.

Lost in thought, you're snapped back to attention by a gruff cough that sends you spinning around.

Behind you, nestled in the bed of flowers, is a scarily familiar white ass, splotted with what you pray is mud. A purple sundress frames it neatly, the cheeks wider than before and straining the otherwise loose dress to its absolute limits. A taut pucker pulses as she shakes her tush, a bit too tight for what you knew she was capable of.

A wide snatch peeks from just underneath, lips open from her movement and drooling honey. Even when you gasp, she doesn't acknowledge you, a watering can next to her as she stabs at the ground with a shovel. The milf clears her throat again and you instinctively step backwards. You hear her talking to herself.

"Yes, you'll feed the flowers quite nicely. It's important to keep you nice and growing!" She says, a bit too loudly to be talking only to herself. She begins to rise, and you find your feet planted in the flowers like their own roots.

You make eye contact with her, and she gives you a toothy grin that's a bit too familiar for your liking.

"My child!" She calls out, and walks towards you, arms outstretched. Her fur seems a bit cleaner, and you nod. The front of her dress is muddy, and you feel the soft ground pulling you down a bit. You breathe a sigh of relief at that. She steps towards you, and perhaps against your better judgement you let her hug you. A hand dives down to squeeze your ass. She smells like buttercups and butterscotch.

"How wonderful of you to come back." She begins warmly, before the hand on your ass disappears. It reappears with a blistering smack that draws a cute yelp from you.

“I don’t know why in the world you had to disappear, you were doing such a good job boiling away in my tank.”

You freeze. You don’t know how, but she knew.

*She knew.*

The grip around you grows tighter, and you instinctively go limp. When you don’t struggle, she rubs your head and gives you a chaste kiss. “What a good boy you’ve become.” She comments, back to the earlier warmth. She releases you, and you’re tempted to bolt. However, with her size, there’s no way you could create enough distance.

“Now, come help me garden. The flowers must be fertilized.”

You wonder if she could be any more obvious.

She goes back to the ground, cunt glistening. A hand reaches back as probes towards her snatch, fingers pulling the petals apart.

Your cock does the thinking for you, half out of earnest desire and half out of that returning fear of disobedience.

With shaky legs, you walk towards her, cock swaying with every step, carefully, you grab your cock and angle it at her sopping wet cunt, and place your hands on her back as you begin to lean forward. The blistering heat engulfs the head of your cock before she moans out and leans forward.

“Not so fast, my child.” She instructs you. “Use the other hole first.”

You shrug. Your cock was throbbing and your thoughts were fuzzy, drifting almost entirely into the realm of the lewd. You laid your cock head against the pucker, and began to push forwards.

With a loud grunt, her pucker opened with a pop and you fell forwards, going balls deep in only a few seconds. You shudder, and feel the chill of an orgasm ricocheting through your body.

Nothing comes out- you feel her pucker clamping at the base of your cock. Like a living cockring, nothing was able to squirt into the hole.

“Go in dry, child.” She scolded you, and you couldn’t help yourself. You giggled, and she clenched her hole a bit tighter- enough to hurt. You groaned as she loosened up, muttering out an apology.

She goes back to planting her flowers, and you begin thrusting, pumping into her incredibly tight tunnel. Slumping over her, you groan, and slow down. You withdraw your cock, but she refuses to grant you any reprieve. She slams backwards, knocking you down as she sits on top of you.

Her thickness presses against your pelvis, and you groan as your cock slips back into her asshole. Without missing a beat, she began rolling her hips, leaning back forward to dig another hole.

You lean your head to the side to watch her, trying to distract yourself from the overwhelming pleasure.

You watch her grab your soaking wet shirt, take a lewd sniff of it, and throw it into the hole she was digging. The panic that such an act sends down your spine leads you to tense, raising your hips and cumming again inside of her.

Yet again, nothing came out. She clamped down around you once again, your cock burning with searing heat as your cream tried to escape from your pole.

The monstress moaned, patting the earth flat where your shirt was. With one more roll of her hips, she spun around to face you, giving you a toothy grin. Your cock was still rock hard, pleasure overwhelming any conscious thought you could have developed.

“You’re doing so well, my child. I’m proud of you.”

Without missing a beat, she leaned forward and locked her massive mouth with yours, tongue delving into your mouth and wrestling yours for dominance.

With a heavy moan, she pins your tongue down with her massive one, the long appendage dancing along every inch of your mouth it could find. You simply began humping, leaving her to slurp at you.

Her mouth tastes decidedly animalistic, and yet oddly enthralling. The fog in your head is ever so slightly pierced by trying to nail down that flavor as you go to town.

Without even realizing it, you try to blow your load, but she clicks her tongue and repeats the process. As soon as you stop quivering, she rises up and your cock hits the open air. Just as the sensation of overstimulation begins to fade, she slams back down, this time hilding you within her plushy cunt. With a whine, you mumble out a begging plea to let you cum as she rides you. Your pelvis aches from the pressure, but pain be damned- all of the teasing has fried your brain and left you moaning dumbly as you try to maintain eye contact with her. You raise your head, not to say anything more, but to try and get her tongue back in your mouth. She giggled at you, placed a hand on your cheek, and cooed at you.

“What a good boy you’ve become.” She repeated, and the praise, mixed with the ensuing returning taste of her tongue, sent you spiraling into the largest orgasm you’d ever felt. The heat and pressure finally gave way to an explosion of white, and she simply sat over you and moaned into you as you painted her cunt white with one, two, three, four, what felt like minutes-long spurts. Your eyes rolled into the back of your head and you tried to catch your breath, but she was merciless. As soon as the orgasm faded, and your cock began to soften, she began bouncing again. Your instincts took over, and you felt much-needed blood for thinking disappear back into your meat, keeping you in that dumb haze.

The rippling euphoria of an orgasm refuses to fade, sending your legs into mad tremors. You struggle to find your completion, your fingers trembling as you reach up to grip her thighs and hold her down, at least long enough to recover from the overstimulation. She giggles and pauses for just a few seconds, battling your hands away.

“My child.” She pants, forehead fur matted from exertion. She’s obviously not used to this much exercise- the thick layer of fat around her midriff is proof enough.

“Is this... too much for you?” She inquires with a sweet tinge to her voice, and you look up to see a mischievous smile on her face. You smile back, and her hands move to ground herself. You’re suddenly aware of the ache within your pelvis, but you shrug it off with a wince. The

mind-blowing pleasure of the monstress engulfing your cock outweighs the aches that would likely follow you along resets.

She moves as if to climb off of you, but before you can slide out of her, she lowers back down. The milf is unusually gentle in lowering back down, leaning forward as a small moment of doubt overtakes her.

“Oh, dear. This doesn’t hurt you, does it?” You’re almost taken aback at the gentleness in her voice, and you feel comfortable enough to nod.

One of her palms rises and glows with an unknown light, and the ache in your waist becomes centralized only to the exhaustion within your crotch. Your pelvis feels different, perhaps tenser. You hear her laugh in a manner that makes your heart sink. “Do you feel better, my child? I made your bones stronger, hee hee.” You give her a thumbs up.

“I don’t want to actually hurt you, my dear. I just want to milk you dry.”

She went to raise up again, but this time she fell on your cock, slamming into your pelvis with a wet smack. You wince, but the pain that seemed sure to come never arrives. She stays there for a moment, making sure you’re alright. When you make eye contact and seem to be alright, she repeats the process before leaning forward. Her tits hang in your face and smack you with every swing as she bounces along your dick with more force that you would think you could endure.

At last, she’s moaning and babbling nonsensical comments as she succumbs to the same primal pleasures you do. The ground is getting softer around the both of you thanks to how long you’ve spent in the dirt. You raise a hand and smack her ass hard enough to create an echo, and she lets out an airy giggle, moaning out a “good boy” before biting her lip and trying to stifle her noises. With a giggle you notice they sound like bleats.

She leans back with a scream as your cock convulses inside her with another dry orgasm. You wince, as your cock is beginning to ache from overuse.

The milf shudders at her own orgasm, and a sea of wet rolls past your cock- of course she’s a squirter.

She lifts up to repeat the process, but you finally reach your limit.

“T-Too much..!” You whine, and she surprisingly stops to hear you out.

“Do you belong to me?” She demands of you.

You mutter in the affirmative.

“What was that?”

“Yes.” You reply. She tilts her head, and you say it louder.

“Yes! I belong to you! I’m yours.”

She grins.

“How wonderful!” She clasps her hands together and climbs off of you, and your cock is finally able to cool down.

“Are you willing to finish helping me fertilize my garden?” With a flip of the switch, she’s back to motherly.

The only problem? You know what she means. You shake your head, and she huffs.

“If you don’t want to, you’ll have to help me in some other way.”

She bends down and spreads her pussy yet again. The hole is still gaping and dripping a mix of your fluids.

“Lick me clean.”

On second thought, you really shouldn’t have fallen for it, but the offer is one that you wouldn’t turn down. You rise to your knees and lay your face in between her thighs, licking and slurping. She tastes much better than you thought she would, enough to nuzzle between her folds and slurp at the cunt proper.

She angles herself to press against you so you can wriggle deeper, and she succeeds beyond your wildest possibilities. With the noise of a pressure seal popping, she falls backwards and engulfs you down to your waist in one fell swoop. This odyssey wasn’t slow. With a loud bleat that she didn’t even try to hide, she stood back up, the pillowy flesh inside of her cunt squeezing against you to hold you in place. It’s much more pleasant than the alternative, and you simply relax and enjoy the feeling. If it gets to be too much you can always reset.

Your legs hang limp from between her thighs, and she grabs your feet with a massive hand and slowly begins to push you deeper into her depths. You squirm out of simply amazement, making her moan as your wiggling hands press a spot that makes her squeal. You carefully parse it out in the darkness, and begin poking it with new vigor until you feel the world around you change.

She jams you deeper until only your feet are engulfed by the sweltering heat, falling to her fat ass as she rubs yet another one out. Without any further provocation from either of you her cunt works with a mind of its own, squeezing you further and further upwards, until you open your eyes to a pillowy chamber that is slightly more forgiving than her stomach.

“My child...” She moans out, more accurate than she’d ever been before.

An orgasm everything shake around you, but you find yourself in an odd peace. Content with the pleasure of the day, you feel the monstress rise up and begin walking. You can’t see anything beyond the darkness, but you can hear bits and pieces of the outside world, and everything for her. The gentle rocking and lack of tingling is deceptively comforting, and mixed with the exhaustion of the day you slowly drift off into rest.

The hiss of running water snaps you awake, and you become aware of a tightness around all of your limbs. You try to move, but you’re frozen in place. You feel a similar damp tightness wrapping around your genitals. You have flashbacks to horror movies, but this alien engulfment is oddly pleasant and calming.

Your prison heats up slightly as he hums, the hiss of water sliding down her fur as she showered.

“Are you alright?” She inquires, and you squirm to the best of your abilities. “How wonderful!”

In the back of your mind, you realize that you have no idea what awaits you inside of her. She seems oddly excited about the possibilities, which is enough to convince you of the risks. You close your eyes and focus, trying to hit the prompt deep behind your visions to trigger a RESET.

You finally find it, buried deep within your thoughts, and imagine it hard enough to make the image shake.

You await the feeling of falling that always follows, but when you open your eyes you're still surrounded by black. Your limbs and cock are still buried within soft flesh. You try again with the same results. And again.

Panic begins to seep into you as the hissing of the water stops, and your host steps out of the shower. She clicks her tongue. "What are you doing in there? I feel something strange." You don't reply, not out of will but because the flesh clings tighter around your body, a small tendril of her wriggling into your mouth. It presses down your throat, but it's... nice.

And that terrifies you.

She walks to the kitchen and you hear her cooking something. With nothing else to do you close your eyes and imagine what she's doing. You thrust into the flesh around your cock, milking an orgasm out with simple grinding. She eats, and despite how little you've had you feel oddly full. The loss of control is oddly invigorating, and your world begins to shake as she walks towards her bedroom. She slumps down into the bed, and her breathing slows around you as she near instantly falls asleep.

You blink, trying to think of some way to escape, but how long would she keep you like this anyways? It couldn't be for too long. Why not just enjoy the sensations while they last?

You tentatively reimagine the RESET button, but before you can even try it again it vanishes from your thoughts, and no matter how hard you dig on the topic it's gone from your mind.

With nothing else to do, you simply close your eyes, and drift into sleep, dreaming of the milf engulfing you, except it's through her eyes. A hand presses against your prison through the flesh, and a sense of belonging engulfs you.