

Your Alana Girlfriend

Elegant, svelte, and luxurious, Alana is the epitome of lustful desires by a dedicated mind. Mystical, where her powers derive from are beyond the ken of many, but the purpose for which she uses them is keen. The pleasure of another. Certainly, one does fuel the other.



All that you know, is that she... nay, shi, as your eyes train upon the plump pouch of hir sheath, proffered to you by a luxurious thrust of hir hips, stepping into your doorway.... Is here for you.

“Oh, look, you’ve *graduated* on to level two!”



In a single step, shi is more. The impossibilities greater, hir attunement to your desires closer, hir knowledge of who you are rising by the second. Every iota of lust you have is catered to hir, cratered by hir weight on the situation. Shi was here, for you.

“Well? Are you waiting for something?”

Hir voice trills along your eardrums as hir breasts swell, visibly and gratuitously plumping larger before your eyes. By the same token, the ebony pillar of hir plump maleness creeps and swells upwards, the broad tip flaring larger *and never shrinking back down*.

Shi stirs, only a moment passing by in the era of gawking. Lifting one leg to press against hir thigh, hir shaft flashing from obsidian to strawberry cream, a... flavor of cock that you never knew was your favorite. The need to taste hir upon your lips quickened, to receive hir fattened essence.

Shi, too, seemed to receive your mind's attention upon her beauty, and in payment, she swelled yet larger. A whisper upon her softened lips and cheeks.

"You graduated again."



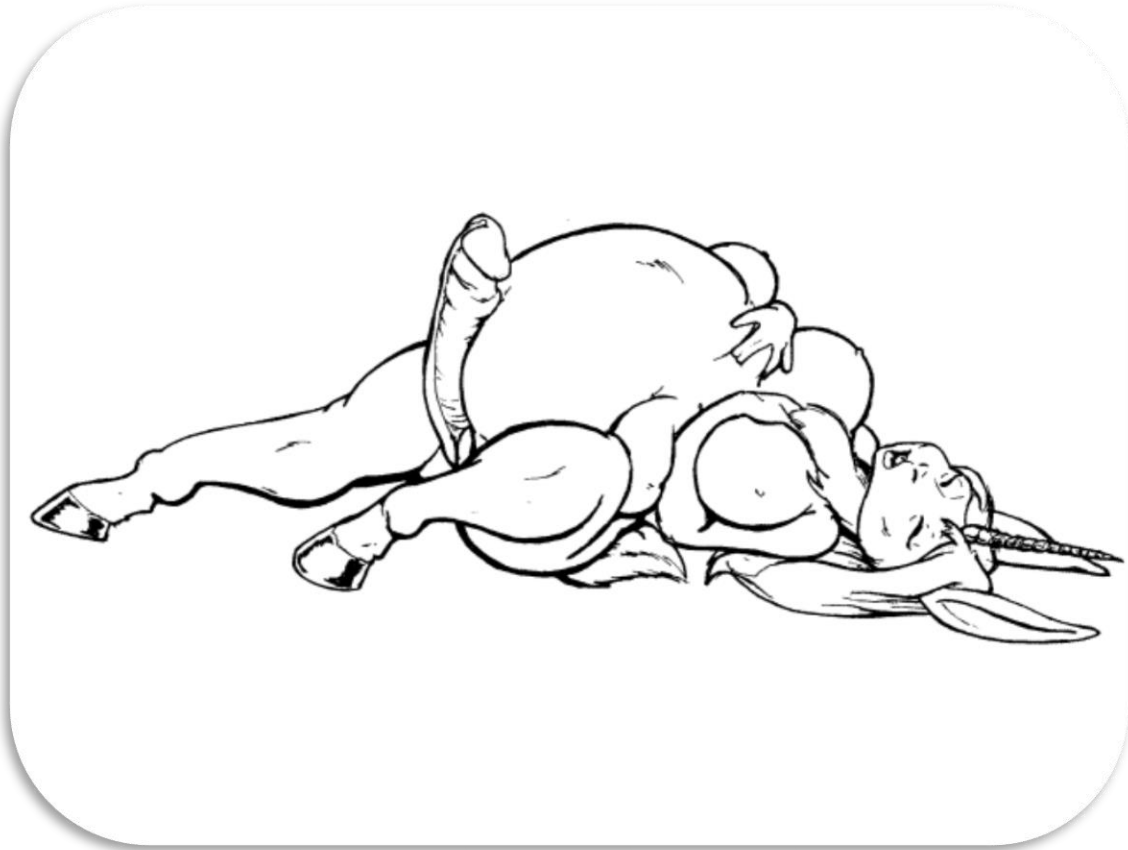
Hir body thickens yet further, changing yet again closer to your pleasure for hir. Hir belly plumps and softens with obvious richness, riches awaiting the seed of your loins.

The sex is amazing.

You didn't even do anything.

Shi is pregnant immediately.

More than pregnant!



Hir body is blooming with life, all for you.

“L..level four!” Shi cries out, squeaking in bliss and ecstasy, thrusting hir hips in the air as shi began to orgasm. Over, and over, and over again. Ejaculate pouring from your own shaft, forth from your own pussy. You feel the ache of hir pleasures within you, sympathetic, rising in lustful need. You are likely pregnant now, as well, trailing only a few seconds behind hir on this journey.

A relationship in a single moment.

Growing impossibly greater.

Generations rapidly gestating.



Months progressing in snapshots. A life together, a relationship. The moments of her carrying her litters to term. What level five meant. This creature, she evolved up through realities, starting as an idea and becoming a character. On towards becoming a person, and she's chosen you to join her on her journey beyond.

Loving tenderness sweeps your mind as you are awash in memories. Memories of a life together you never had. Her essence, it always crooned out for you, and yours for her. She found you, it was always meant to be. True love at first thought, or so she says.

Will you accept?

She gives you a few months to think about it. Meanwhile....



"I'll see *you* in the bedroom."

She teaches you level six.

It's <http://fornication.bloobunni.com/>

Rest In Peace, Doug Winger.

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Story © Echoen

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