

BLAKE 3 PUDDING

CHAPTER 4.5

SMUT

Disclaimer: I'm not entirely confident about my skills in writing explicit content. Therefore, I'm hesitant to include smut in the final draft. While I appreciate a twisted and warped narrative, I often find myself rolling my eyes at novels that incorporate sex—it's challenging to execute well, and most authors seem to miss the g-spot—I meant, mark. Often sounding like they were written by horny teenage boys who've never had sex. Therefore, I'll reserve these types of chapters as Patreon exclusives.

Despite everything unfolding—from a flying boat of refugees disembarking, to me acquiring my own champion, from tales of my defeating a champion (I'm still beyond pissed with Jason for stealing the final blow), to Heather's kidnapping and the disappearance of my love's husband—nothing else seemed to matter as Aurelia led me away to her bed chambers. The others could deal with all that shit. We were busy being two lovesick lovers, dashing through the castle hand in hand, laughing all the while. It was, admittedly, a bit pathetic, yet I was utterly entranced by every second.

In that moment, nothing else mattered.

I'm meant to be a child of dreams and nightmares—well, it's more accurate to say I'm more of a dream of a nightmare, but that's just splitting intestines. Yet there I was, a lovestruck fool, completely mesmerized by the woman holding my hand as she flung open the door to her expansive chamber. With a pull of my hand, Aurelia spun me into her room and slammed the door shut behind us. The chamber itself resembled a grand gothic cathedral with towering vaulted ceilings, and at its center stood a bed so vast it could accommodate an entire extended family—not just mom, dad, and the kids, but aunts, uncles, cousins, and all the rest.

Um... Dream? Should we really be thinking about family when we're about to... you know?

Eww! Nightmare, why did you have to go there?

I didn't, that was all you! I'd rather not turn this into a 'Game of Thrones' situation.

But I loved that show. Well, the final season sucked, but overall, it was amazing... Hmm, do you think Aurelia might have a Loli fetish? We could totally shrink our size!

Um... No, Dream, and a bit random, don't you think? Also, she's not Japanese.

Hey, that's racist!

Don't blame me for their little girl anime fetishes.

Yeah, that's fair. So, tentacles?

Well, yeah!

Aurelia and I didn't share a single word after that door slammed shut; instead, our hands immediately found each other, roaming and exploring, as our lips embraced, embarking on their own journey of passion separate from our hands and bodies. I found myself fumbling as I tugged at her dress; as for my own, it melted into my body as I coated my black gooeyness within soft white silk.

I probably shouldn't mind the darkness of my pudding body, but something about my silk shell felt more like real skin than... well, my actual flesh. That being said, I did keep some pudding exposed, from my nipples to my silver dollar-sized areolas, even my vulva—I was particularly proud of that one, which two of Aurelia's fingers immediately found, spread, and slid in, as her thumb found my clit. I shuddered in her grasp, a bit impressed with myself for how anatomically correct I had formed this body. Seriously, the sensitive bits felt amazing under her touch.

As for my wandering hands, they were still fumbling with her dress. I could feel her lips twisting into a slight smirk of amusement at my struggles as our lips refused to part from one another, her tongue entwined with my own—well, my tongue was more of a black tentacle, but it served the same purpose. Seriously, in my last life, I had perfected the art of getting another woman's bra off. Yet, this blasted corset was a whole different beast.

How many strings and knots does this thing have?

Fuck it, I say we rip it off!

With both hands, I clenched either side of her corset out of desperation and, with a sharp yank, tore it free, ripping parts of her dress to shreds. But I did not stop there—oh, no. I continued to rip at the torn fabric with frantic hunger, freeing her soft, pale, glistening flesh beneath, only stopping when, at last, she was perfectly nude. I had to pause our long kiss and, with a shuddering breath, stepped back, feeling her fingers reluctantly slide out of me. I stood there motionless just long enough to get an eyeful of perfection.

For this moment, I may have inflated and sculpted my breasts after what I remembered of Tyra Banks—what? Don't judge me. I'm sure you would do the same in my breasts—I mean, place. Yet, Aurelia still looked better and wasn't even a shapeshifter. I mean, seriously, how are they so perky? She's, like, what, over three hundred years old and still looks this stunning.

Oh, and seriously, she shaved herself a cute little landing strip? I could give myself one, but it would look funny with tiny, wiggling pubic tendrils of darkness and horrors—yeah, I agree

with what you're thinking right now—it would totally look like a bad STD. Nope, my vag was utterly bald, well, if you considered the silk shell I wore to be my skin—which I did.

They get it, Nightmare. No need to keep harping on about our silk skin not being our real flesh. I think we've made that point clear enough.

Excuse me?

Just shut up, and let's get to the fucking tentacle porn already!

...Fine.

With utter glee, I closed the short distance I had given us to admire her body. In a quick rush, I scooped her up by her thighs, her legs wrapping around me as our tongues entwined once again. Stumbling with rushed anticipation, I carried her over to the bed and, with mad hunger, heaved her off of me, allowing her to fall back onto the soft mattress. Before her legs followed the rest of her body downward, I grabbed her ankles, holding them up and apart.

“Oh! Yes,” Aurelia gasped out right as I barred my face between her legs.

This was the moment I truly appreciated the versatility of my shapeshifting. My tongue, formally tentacle shaped—now morphed into something more like a monster of a horse cock, well, more like a dildo I once owned—and surprisingly adaptable. It seems I could not only adjust its size and, shall we say, girth, which came in handy right now.

You'd think a tongue with the dimensions of a grown man's entire arm might be overkill... it turns out that Aurelia's screams of ecstasy said otherwise. It was like discovering a whole new way to enjoy pussy. Seriously, I could see the pounding happening in her stomach. And let's not forget the possibility of a second, smaller tongue—perfect for those intricate clit maneuvers. Who knew my unique talents would shine in such a... massive way?

Oh, wait, I stand corrected. I didn't realize I had a third tentacle forming. And it was heading straight for her—

Dream!

What? Don't tell me you're against eating ass?

Well... no.

Good, because I'm going in!

Aurelia did not fight as my third tongue slid into her ass, her back arching as she let her passion scream through the chamber, her voice echoing off of the vaulted ceilings. I decided to be nice with this tongue and not go too massive. No, I would do that later.

We continued on like this for I don't know how long, one tongue pounding her wet pussy, her stomach bulging with each thrust, a second tongue, this one I kept the tentacle shape as it

played with her clit, her body quivering with each motion, twirl, and flick. Then the third tentacle, which also maintained its shape, a long narrow tip that slowly widened further down, which easily slid into her ass. Ever so slowly, her ass would gently work down the shaft, spreading her asshole wider and wider as it moved further into her. Aurelia's back was stuck in an everlasting arch. Each pound, each lick, each time I widened her ass, she would loosen a shuddering scream.

I could feel her claws digging into my back, tearing silk free from my body as I continued eating her holes. With a grin playing upon my face, I pulled out of her trembling body, but I was far from done. As Aurelia panted, I grasped her by her hips and flipped her over onto her belly. Like a hungry wild animal, I pressed my pussy against her perfect ass.

Now, in my past life, I was big into pegging my girlfriends, heck, even the few guys I've dated. Sadly, I didn't have a strap-on here, but I didn't need one. With utter glee, those black lips I had down there morphed into a long thick tentacle... well, horse dick. What? I like giving it big.

Half my mind was conflicted at this point, I went in for a thrust, aiming for Aurelia's wet pussy, but at the last minute, I felt a split between my two souls and found my massive tentacle pounded right into Aurelia's ass. She arched her back, hands clenching the bed sheets as she buried her face into the bed for a scream like no other. I was grateful she was a vampire with regeneration, or that would have caused some permanent damage. It was that vampiric healing that kept me from stopping. No, there was no remorse for destroying her ass. I continued to pound harder and harder. I even whipped out a second tentacle and pounded into her pussy at the same time, her screaming lasting the entire night and into the next day.