

Futa Seras

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Say That Again?

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Epiphany had already worked herself in a foul mood as she stormed down one of the multitude of hallways of Springhome. Behind her, the remains of a shattered vase finally fell off a small table that rocked back and forth violently. A bureaucratic oaf let out a strangled moan as he clutched his privates among the shards of pottery and dirt. His papers soaked up the water, ruining any chance of whatever important law he possessed being signed by the king. She slowed down, clutching her purse. For a brief moment, she wondered if the law would really that important.

Finding a niche, she leaned back into it with the appearance of catching her breath and cast out her senses along the threads of Fate. She found it, a tiny little thread with no impact on the Tapestry. Following it back, she saw that it would have cost a hundred thousand jade and given the bureaucrat some measure of self-worth as he watched a few measly roads being paved and repaired. She gaped, outrage rising up in her throat.

“Fucker! And that was more important than me!?”

Her annoyed whisper didn't carry outside the niche, Seras was very strict about her swearing in public while at Springhome. A few handy threads of Fate kept her swearing from escaping the tiny niche and she took the opportunity to swear up a storm, her slim body not even drawing the tiniest flicker of interest. When the built-up frustration faded slightly, she took a long, deep breath and gathered her senses. She still felt anxious, everything has been going wrong since she found that someone had tied Fate into her pregnancy. And now, they were about to be thrown into a war and there was no other place she'd rather not be than in Springhome.

Groaning, she leaned back against the wall of the niche. Her hands straightened the tunic she was wearing, making sure it covered the black thong she wore underneath. Springhome was the baby's "father," the female King who also happened to be a large, sexy, infuriating, sensual oaf of a Solar who got crazy at the drop of a hat. At least she wasn't throwing towers at Epiphany any more.

A moment later and she pushed herself out of the niche, the temporary explosion of swearing only taking a small nip out of her growing unease. She held her purse tightly as she spun around once to regain her bearings. Merchants and bureaucrats wandered through the entire place, bouncing around like spilled beer on a shaky stage. The overpowering smell of perfumes and wax seals choked the air. Epiphany glared back the way she came, where the oaf who tried to stop her had just regained his feet with the help of three other robed figures. They all had the stench of bureaucrats, dim-witted leeches feeding on the teat of her king and her baby's father. She fought the urge to kick him again, just on principle. Still rotating, she glared at the other end, in the direction she was heading. At the far end, a small squad of Seras' super guards were standing there in an idle disregard for everyone else in the hall.

Hesitating, she felt the rising urge of anxiousness and walked toward the door. Her feet made a soft clicking noise against the ground, but they slowed before she made it even a few yards. Behind her, a ripple of whispers rose up and she felt a prickling on the back of her neck. Halting, she tightened her jaw as the whispers grew louder.

Spinning on her heels, she stormed back the other direction, right for the bureaucrat she laid low. He saw her coming and stood up straight, one hand hovering over his jewels. She skidded to a halt and slammed her foot hard up between his legs. His hand crunched violently and he let out a strangled gasp as he crumpled back to the ground, his eyes rolled up in his head. His companion, an overweight man with balding brown hair, stood up in outrage.

"I beg your-"

He crumbled to the ground next to his companion, clutching his balls with both hands. Just because she could, she snapped out her leg and caught the next back on the knee, piling him up on the other two. The fourth bureaucrat had gagging dose of perfume and

obviously was planning on getting some small favor from the known lesbian king with a daring cleavage and what she hoped was a winning smile. Epiphany punched her in the stomach with only a faint hint of Essence to double her over before spinning on her heels. In the stunned silence, Epiphany zeroed in on the gaggle of guards.

Their disinterest cracked just slightly and she spotted a few barely hidden grins on their lips, but they faded as she skidded to a halt in front of them. They didn't get out of her way and she stared at them.

"Well?"

The lead guard nodded his head respectfully.

"My job is to ensure that the King is in no danger."

Epiphany fought down a burst of annoyance, "And you... thought I was..." she swallowed hard, "a threat?"

He seemed undisturbed by her growing rage, "You did just attack four men without provocation."

She sputtered, "Without provocation?" She fought against her natural instinct, "He's a fuc- an as- damn it!"

Epiphany let out a tiny scream of frustration and stamped her foot. Her Starmetal Soul stirred slightly in response, but remained in slumber as she fought against the urge to kill the stubborn guard.

Even if he was cute.

She froze for a moment, cute? Why in the world would she care about him. Its bad enough she's falling for the female king but her guards? Scoffing, she shoved her way past him and yanked open the door. They made no effort to help her, but they also made no effort to stop her. She felt even more irritable as she slammed the door behind her, finally allowed into the inner recesses of the palace.

It was just as crowded in here, but the quality of the merchants and bureaucrats were higher. They only smelled nicer and they hid their backstabbing with more flair than those outside. She felt her hackles rising up even more and shoved herself past the milling courtiers. They dodged easily enough, stepping aside with a casual grace that made her felt like a child. She glared at them but they remained out of kicking distance.

She made her way to the throne room, hoping that King Seras would be there. She didn't know why she wanted the king, but the

rest of the wives were out doing their thing and she felt this sudden worry that she couldn't leave Seras alone.

Gasps and titters of surprise rippled through the crowd and Epiphany's worry spiked. She launched herself through the legs and bodies, shoving her way into the great hall. The ripple had already faded but there was a shocked silence that followed. She skidded to a halt at the top of the stairs leading into the throne room, looking over a sea of heads. At the far end, some huge man was bent over someone on the ground. Around her, the courtiers were staring in stunned silence.

Gasping, she felt her Starmetal Soul rising up as she looked around Seras. Accelerating, she dove into the crowds using her elbows and knees to clear her path in yelps and muttered curses. She wanted to swear out herself, but deep inside the very lair of her king, she had to resist the urge.

Seras would be upset.

That on her mind, she burst out into the cleared area right around the throne. At the first thought, she saw the most handsome man she had every seen in her life. Rippling with muscles, chiseled features. He was huge, over eight feet tall and somehow just the very sight of him flipped some switch deep inside Epiphany. It wasn't her stomach that growled with anger, but something lower and far more primal.

"Fuck me."

Somehow, in all the lines of fate and all the chances of of reality, the entire throne room took that exact moment to grow perfectly silent so her voice carried out with the stunning clarity.

The large man's head snapped up and Epiphany froze as she realized it was Seras. Seras always had an aura of power, but Epiphany didn't realized that she could look so... damn good when she did whatever she did. Rippling muscles flexed underneath her skin and the Chosen of Endings looked down to see just a courier with a dagger, an obviously failed plot of anger. Her eyes went back up to Seras who stood up straighter, her eyes riveted on Epiphany's body.

"What. Did. You. Say?"

The raw force of the words battered Epiphany. The couriers around her disappeared, fading so fast they barely left behind a cloud of perfume and smoke in their way.

Seras squeezed her fists the size of small children and the cracking knuckles sent a shudder through Epiphany. If Seras wasn't so damn sexy right now, she would have been terrified of those powerful muscles, the rippling hands that she ached to feel on her. She felt a flush rising up in her cheeks.

Seras repeated herself, her words echoing sharply in her throne room. Epiphany looked around to find it almost completely empty already, the weak-willed courtiers feeling as Seras stepped hard on the man who tried to kill her and started to stalk toward Epiphany.

The Chosen of Endings decided that getting out of there would be a good idea.

Fate encountered a problem and needs to close. We are sorry for the inconvenience.

... Installing "Epiphany is Somewhere Else" Patch.

The installation thread is locked, please wait.

... Installing "Genuine Tapestry Advantage (1 of 7)."

Epiphany froze in shock. The tiny hint of information from the Tapestry left her in a bad place and a worse mood.

"Fuck!"

Immediately, she clamped her hand over her mouth and stared up at the stalking Solar. A sheepish grin crossed her face.

"Um... oops?"

Seras almost growled as her hand snapped forward, grabbing Epiphany's hand. Epiphany tried to avoid it, but the few tiny motes of gold flared out and the hand clamped on hers with irresistible force. She let out an inarticulate yelp as powerful muscles bulged and she was picked up off the ground. She dropped her purse and clutched at the hand, trying to pull the fingers apart. Her toe snapped out, catching the handle of the purse before it hit the ground.

"Um... Seras... sweetie?"

The huge woman picked her up completely from the ground, until her short legs were dangling at least three feet from the marble floor. Her eyes almost glowed for a second.

"Seras... are you being all crazy now?"

A sudden grin cross Seras' face.

"No, I'm not."

"Then, why are you doing the crazy thing?"

The powerful form of Seras stepped forward and Epiphany watched how the ripples of strength carried them across the floor. She started to kick toward Seras, but halted. The Solar chuckled dryly.

"Because I asked you to stop swearing in public."

Epiphany looked around, not much else she could do, "I know, but fuck, do you know how hard that is?"

Her legs flailed out helplessly, well as helpless as someone with a Starmetal Soul.

"Do you?"

She felt her back being slammed up against a wall, not enough to hurt but enough to know that she was up against something hard and rather cold. She gasped at the sudden sensation, then of the new one as Seras shoved her leg up between Epiphany's and pinned her to the wall with her weight. The Chosen of Endings whimpered, not from pain or fear, but of the feeling of inhumanly strong muscles pressed up against her body. The powerful thigh between her legs rode right up, pressing tightly against her sex which, as a betrayal of her own body, began to heat up.

"Um... what are you doing?"

Seras leaned forward with a grin that send a shiver of conflicting emotions through the Chosen.

"I'm going to teach you to stop swearing in public."

Epiphany writhed on her thigh, feeling more than a little flushed just as the powerful muscles holding her against the wall were turning her on.

"Um... could you at least stop being so fucking ripped before you teach me anything?"

Seras chuckled, but made no effort to stop holding her so firmly. Instead, she pushed up with her knee, working Epiphany's legs further apart until the Chosen could feel the strength working her nether lips apart, even through her thong. It was as subtle as a Solar in battle and it was doing nothing for the tiny flares of pleasure that grew inside her.

... Installing "Delthima's Yuri Observation Protocol (2 of 7)."

... Installing "Bronze Faction Security Patch #63,238,885 (3 of 7)."

She gasped, "Fuck."

Seras chuckled, "I'm thinking about it."

Epiphany's eyes widened in surprise and she looked over the hulking shoulder of the Solar. The room was empty.

"Here!?"

Seras clamped her other hand against Epiphany's right thigh, pressing it against the cool stone wall and spreading her legs. Epiphany moaned softly, arching her back as she felt the incredible strength on her wrists and her leg, linking them with electric tingles of something very inappropriate for a throne room.

She felt flustered, "S-Shouldn't we move this to your bedroom?"

The Solar grinned, pressing her body even tighter. Epiphany felt Seras' larger breasts pressing against her own, pinning her hotly against the cool stone and drowning her in the addictive scent of a Solar in heat. Seras nuzzled against her neck and Epiphany felt a quake of pleasure coursing through her. It took her a second to understand the whispers from Seras.

"Usually by now, there is a strange feeling and we find ourself in my bedroom."

"Damn it, someone is screwing with Fate."

"How... terrible."

It wasn't really terrible as the king nuzzled up against her ear, running soft lips against the sensitive ridge. Epiphany bucked helplessly in her prison, pressing her body up against and rocking her hips over the heavily muscled thigh.

"T-This isn't fair!"

The torturous lips worked down to her earlobe, sucking on it with just a hint of teeth nibbling against it. Epiphany tried to buck again, writhing back and forth in half-hearted attempts to slither free of the sexy king pinning her to a wall.

She didn't try very hard.

... Installing "Twelve-Fold Battle Stance Upgrade (4 of 7)."

... Installing "Twelve-Fold Battle Stance Revocation (5 of 7)."

Epiphany moaned loudly as the lips worked further down, along the delicate feelings along her collar and up against her throat. Epiphany writhed in sensations, bucking at the powerful hands pinning her down. Her hips rocked back and forth along the

muscular thigh, riding it with the tiny movements she could afford with the powerful grip against her inner thigh. She felt Seras' hands stretched out along her skin, her thumb working its way toward the junction of her burning sex.

Seras slid her thumb underneath the thong and directly into the slick opening of her sex. Epiphany shivered with the pleasure, her eyes rolling up in her head as she felt the powerful woman working the thumb around in circle, working her delicate folds apart and slurping as it brushed against the tunnel leading deeper into her body. She arched her back up against Seras, gasping loudly.

“Fuck, yes!”

Seras shoved her hand further toward her sex, burying the entire length of her thumb into the wet opening, pressing the base against her clitoris. Epiphany gasped out in the feeling, then moaned even louder as Seras rotated her thumb inside, using her digit like a tiny cock that left Epiphany only wanting more.

She whimpered, “Harder. Please, harder...”

Seras complied, thrusting her thumb up into her pussy and out again, filling the tiny space between them with the wet slurping noises as she began to fuck Epiphany with her hand. The Chosen of Endings just whimpered and writhed on the hand, enjoying every thrust as her Solar lover's thumb caressed her insides, stroking directly against that tiny spot that always made her come hard and fast. She bit down on Seras' shoulder, knowing that her teeth wouldn't even harm the overly muscled Solars, but it helped with the overpowering feelings of helplessly and being wetly violated by a more than sexy king.

She felt a tiny orgasm rippling through her and shuddered violently as it filled her. It was a short, but brutal crest of pleasure. As it ended, she released her mouth on Seras' shoulder and gasped happily.

“Oh, that's fucking good.”

The thumb inside her twitched and dragged the tip along her inner walls, sending another shudder through the soaked folds of her depths. She moaned and sunk down, her chest heaving from the afterglow.

“Wow, that was fucking good.”

The thumb continued to twist and pump inside her, slowly and steadily. Epiphany rocked her hips, trying to escape, but the powerful hand pinned her pelvis to the wall.

“Um... you can let me down now...”

“No, you keep swearing.”

Epiphany wiggled around.

“Sorry, but... you know... sweet afterglow, I’m suppose...”

Her voice trailed off as a golden flare rose up around Seras, dripping golden splashes of liquid onto the marble reflecting the glow. The look in Seras’ eyes was of a predator and Epiphany felt the conflicting afterglow and surprise rising up inside her. The thumb buried so far into her body that she felt it as only pleasure twitched and withdrew, splashing her juices down among the golden motes.

“What are-”

She didn’t need to keep speaking as she felt something growing between them, a heated rod of magical flesh rising up against her stomach. It was hard and throbbing, pulsating with the very beat of Creation. When she last felt the supernatural cock inside her, she ended up pregnant and the plaything of people who should not be messing with her Fate. Worried, she tried to cast out her senses along the Tapestry as she felt the throbbing shaft growing even harder against her.

... Installing “Genuine Tapestry Advantage Fix #10 (6 of 7).”

“Oh, fuck.”

Seras pinned her thigh hard against the stone wall as she drew back with her hips. Epiphany clenched her body, anticipating the feeling of the Essence-formed shaft buried inside her aching depths. It pressed up against her lips, pushing them past as it slid into her with the smoothness of an oiled piston. She let out a long, inarticulate gasp of pleasure as the supernatural cock filled her, stretching her open to the very edge of her pleasure. It was just a hint uncomfortable, but nothing compared to the feeling of being filled with hardness, glorious hardness.

Seras shoved forward, burying her entire length inside Epiphany. The Chosen of Endings felt it reaching the very limits of her womanhood, but the sensation of it drawing out left her whimpering for more. Smoothly, the Solar buried it back into her, stuffing her completely before pulling it out. With a grin, Seras

began to saw her cock in and out with hard, powerful thrusts. Epiphany felt crushed up against the wall, each drive slapping her up against the stone. Her hips followed it as she pulled out, a wet slurp of juices splashing down on the ground before her lover once again buried it back into her steaming body.

“Fuck!”

Sparkles of golden Essence dripped off Seras as she thrust hard up into Epiphany, held her pinned with her hands and chest and began to really drive into her, plunging the hardened cock in and out with brutal, loving thrusts that left the Chosen of Endings lashing back and forth in bound pleasures.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

She felt a burning wave of ecstasy filling her with the intensity of a supernova. It seared through her senses, filling her with hard, pounding pleasures and a flush of intense heat that left her delirious. With the growing storm of pleasures, she clutched to Seras tightly, her fingernails digging in as she tried to retain her consciousness from the sexual onslaught.

Seras bellowed with as her cock exploded inside Epiphany’s pussy, soaking her insides with Essence-fueled cum. Epiphany tightened her inner muscles around it, feeling the powerful pulsations deep inside her. She bowed her head, finding the hard nipple of her lover through her clothes and sucking on it as she shuddered with the afterglows.

The supernatural cock slipped out, followed by a splash of juices. Epiphany slumped against Seras.

“Now, that was fuc... um, great.”

Seras finally released her and Epiphany slid down the wall, past the glowing shaft and on the ground. She looked up at the dripping member, marveling as how far it filled her from the inside. She shuddered with the memory, crawled away when Seras made no effort to move. Her bare knees smacked against the marble and she felt a breeze teasing her bare sex, the dripping juices running down her thighs. She slumped down against the ground, enjoying the feel of cool stone against heated skin.

“Now, I’m going to rest for-”

She felt Seras’ hand on her ankle. With a jump, she looked over her shoulder. The Solar had knelt down, her glowing cock bobbing

in the air as she looked at Epiphany with a grin. Epiphany saw the predatory look and shook her head, her pussy clenching with anticipation.

“Um... I got the hint. No more swearing, I promise!”

Seras crouched down and grabbed her other ankle, slowly drawing Epiphany back toward the glowing, throbbing shaft.

“Fuck, Seras! I’m not-”

“A swear.”

“Ah, shit!”

Epiphany clutched her fingers along the marble, trying to stop the slick drag back toward the shaft she both wanted and didn’t want at the moment. Her fingers skittered along the ground. Warmth rose up and she let out her Starmetal Soul. Powerful claws dug into the marble, digging in as she desperately tried to find a way of stopping Seras from another round of mind-blowing sex.

Seras chuckled, seeing her using her Soul to hold her in place. She tugged at Epiphany’s ankles, leaning back as if to aim the throbbing cock of Essence toward the Chosen of Endings’ exposed slit.

“Listen, you need to calm down... oh, fuck!”

Seras didn’t move a single muscle. She didn’t even twitch or smile, but somehow she just became more... Real. Raw presence oozed out of every vein, clung to every delicious ripple of her muscles, and poured out from the deep eyes that focused on her. Sexuality radiated from her and Epiphany finally saw some hint of Essence being trained on her. Motes of golden flickered from the sweat clinging to Seras’ lovely breasts and in each splatter of cum that oozed from the tip of her glowing shaft. Epiphany felt her resolve breaking down and steeled herself, digging her Starmetal Soul into the ground even as she felt an indescribable desire for the King of Springhome. Seras grinned and then pulled. Her entire being glowed with golden essence as her strength seemed to double, dragging Epiphany back. The Chosen’s legs were spread apart, the golden cock aimed to impale her.

Deep furrows cut through the marble, the claws of the Starmetal Soul digging through a foot of highly polished marble, but it could only slow her down as the golden cock once again impaled Epiphany in a single thrust of glorious ecstasy.

“Fuck!”

And then no words came out of her throat as Seras began to thrust hard and fast, plundering her pussy with the powerful thrusts. Epiphany clutched at the ground, her Starmetal Soul fading away as she mewled from the nearly endless attacks against every fiber of her being. Drool dripped out of her mouth as she plastered herself against the ground.

She moaned, struggling to find words as the shaft was sawed in and out, plunging into her stretched labia, plunging so deep she could have sworn she was swallowing it back down. Epiphany's breasts were crushed against the ground, but she didn't care in the waves of pleasure that consumed her.

Just as she started to feel another orgasm racing up on her, Seras yanked out with a wet slurp. For a moment, Epiphany wondered if she was finally killed by the pleasure, but the Solar just rolled her over and grabbed her ankles. Powerful muscles flexed and Epiphany was bent almost in half, her ankles near her head as her lover impaled her once again, thrusting deep and hard into her wet and willing depths.

She wanted to cry out “Fuck!” but her throat refused to make any noise except for delirious whimpers of pleasure. She panted, her breasts heaving as she felt the hot shaft being buried deep inside her, sheathing inside her sex with the oil precision of perfection. She moaned, her body rising up in an orgasm to tear at the very threads of Fate itself. Gold sweat dripped on her face as she felt Seras reaching her own orgasm of Exalted proportions.

Epiphany's mouth worked silent, begging for Seras to drive harder, faster, to fill her with the glorious Solar cock she wanted so much.

... Installing “Epiphany is Somewhere Else Patch (7 of 7).”

Epiphany screamed out, “Fuck!”

Fate failed to start correctly last time. Loading the Tapestry in Safe Mode.

There was the brief twisting sensation as Fate was realigned and Epiphany found herself sitting the wrong way in a chair in the inn, her exposed sex up in the air and her head hanging off the bottom. The hint of a mind-blowing orgasm faded quickly into a merely

mind-blowing afterglow as she panted hard, trying to keep her head on straight.

Then, she realized that others were watching her. Blushing furiously, she fell out of her chair and desperately arranged her clothes to hide the swollen lips and oozing slit from their view. Ducking her head, she dove for the exit and raced back up to the palace.

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About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

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