

# Ciri's Curse

Phen (2020)

Ciri rushed down the short, upstairs corridor of the local inn. She clutched herself, half running, half hobbling towards her chamber at the end.

Flicking candlelight illuminated the young woman. Her white hair clung to her face from sweat and her sword swung ungracefully behind her from her frantic steps.

Ciri threw herself against her door and staggered inside. "Stupid, stupid, stupid." She muttered at herself, as she hastily removed her belt while closing the door with her back. "I should have waited. Fucking curse."

An errant movement of her equipment pouches grazed her loins as she discarded them.

A violent shiver racked Ciri. She bit her lip to the point of almost drawing blood and sucked in a lungful of air through clenched teeth. Her body was ablaze and it grew worse with every passing moment. "Stupid." Ciri repeated and clenched her jaw. "Okay. Alright." She reached for the source of the problem between her legs.

The bulge looked obscene even through her leather pants, but as they were pulled down, the fat cock that hung between Ciri's powerful thighs took on a downright dominating air of sexuality. Her white, cotton undergarments had been casually thrust aside, no match for her male member, and her pussy laid hidden behind virile, smooth balls. A constant stream of precum connected the crotch of her pants with the tip of her cock, and the heat and scent of it seemed to smother the spartan bedchamber.

Ciri shivered again. Even the slightest breeze on her naked skin felt like torture. "Don't scream, Ciri." She told herself without conviction. "You're going to be found out." Somehow, she knew that she would be completely hoarse at the end of the night. The afflicted woman kicked off her pants and eased herself onto the bed, tentatively wrapping her fingers around her thick cock.

The curse rewarded her immediately with an abundance of supernatural lust.

Ciri threw her head back, momentarily paralyzed by sheer pleasure, before she regained her wits enough to glance over herself. The knot on her top halfway undone, her breasts and wide, rosy nipples were exposed. They rose and fell rapidly with her breath, nipples growing harder as the reddish flush crept over her skin. Her cock demanded complete attention, however, filling her hand and far from fully hard. Ciri bit her shapely lower lip. "Maker, I'm big." A satisfied smile appeared on her face before she remembered herself. "I mean - the curse. The curse's cock. Is very big." She gave it a squeeze, her fingers smearing out the copiously leaking precum.

Ciri's dick grew bigger and harder in the warm light of the candles. It filled her fist, then started to push her fingers apart in powerful throbs that left the woman breathless. No

mere erection, her cock was not satisfied as it hardened at a magnificent twelve inches of fuckmeat; it kept growing with every beat of her heart, rising tall and proud above Ciri's feminine beauty.

"Fuuuck." She groaned and arched her back over the bed. She could not stop herself from worshipping the pulsing pole of manhood, both of her hands diving in to please the demanding shaft as it paralyzed her with pleasure. Her inner thighs grew damp, then soaked, as her pussy cried out for attention from behind balls brimming with baby-batter.

The awesome over-production of her testicles soon made the rest of her as messy. The steady leak of precum became long ropes that went off on their own accord, firing into the air and returning to her sweat-soaked skin with wet splashes of pearlescent liquid.

Ciri's incessant squirming on the bed pushed her top more and more aside to give her large, heaving breasts air to breathe. She could not even let go of her cock to wipe the streaks of cum from her face - and the increasing volume and frequency of her cumshots made it a Sisyphean task, in any case. Her cheeks burned a bright red - not only from the exertion, but from the slow acceptance of how she felt about her change. "This isn't so bad." She told herself in between bouts of loud, lewd moaning. "Having a cock is pr- pretty nice. I could live with it." She gasped again, almost feeling guilty as her train of thought rolled onwards. "If only... It was a little bigger."

Her manhood obliged. Ciri sported the largest cock that she had ever seen, an inhuman shaft near a foot and a half in length and awesomely thick, and yet it kept growing between her slender fingers, veins pushing as the sheer amount of flesh pushed her hands apart. Her fat balls expanded to match, all but sloshing with incredible volumes of cum and soaking her features completely in the rain of potent seed. They bloated past the size of her own fists, teasing her swollen cunt with the vigorous movements of her masturbation.

As her cock grew, Ciri saw her chance. She seized her untamable sex, pushing the throbbing rod between her perky breasts, and bent forward to kiss the tip.

The resulting torrent left her face covered in cum, her hair drenched and tangling. Her cock gave a powerful throb and grew by another inch, pushing the fat crown that much closer to her waiting lips.

Ciri opened wide and drew it into her mouth. The sensation of both sides of the bout of fellatio sent fireworks going on inside her head - the heat and silky softness of her mouth on one side, and the indomitable sexual frenzy of her cock on the other. There was no way she could contain the abundance of cum, though she greedily drank what she could and let the rest stream down her face.

The curse grew stronger still. Ciri's size-inducing throbs blended into one erratic stream as she simultaneously humped and blew herself off, her hands working feverishly to squeeze the super-heated shaft between her tits. The bed had become a soggy mess below her, and cum pooled across the floor, soaking into the wood below and leaking elsewhere through the inn, while the sheer scent of her sex infused the air.

Ciri's state of orgasmic bliss was building up to a crescendo. She was already far past what any normal man or woman would or could experience from sex, and yet the storm of heady lust whipped around and around inside her. She was hardly aware that the world still existed beyond her bed, beyond care about anything but her body and the hot, heavy cock that throbbed with her heartbeat. She pushed as much of the unholy length down her throat as she could, squealing in bliss as excess cum sprayed from her lips and intoxicated her like a drug.

The climax hit her like a hammer.

Ciri shivered uncontrollably and let go, her cock spraying a wide arch of cum as it swung back from the position between her breasts. Her pussy trembled and squirted against her smooth, swollen balls as well, which tightened as they unleashed the final load of come all over the walls and ceiling.

Minutes passed as Ciri painted the room white. The spray knocked the candles off their perch and snuffed them out.

She laid in darkness, panting for breath. Her sight slowly returned from pure, blissful white to the soothing black of the night. "Gods..." She sighed, barely even believing what she just went through. In the darkness of her chamber, it felt like a wet dream.

The heat of her sex remained, though, and the humid, musky smell of cock was as strong as ever. Her cock laid across her cum-soaked body, the head of it lying next to her ear. Evidently the monstrous member refused to shrink.

"Stubborn bastard. I'll get you fixed in the morning." A smile bloomed on her face and she turned her head to give the head of her cock a little kiss. "But maybe another round wouldn't hurt..."