

Homecoming

They had told Mrs. Lickalot it would be an entirely lace-free affair. Boy was she lied to. Walked through the door and confronted woman after woman bandied up in covertures, moats and castles of lace. The pubic hair could be seen creeping through, at least, a pocket of a pair or two. One was crinkly and blank and belonged to a raven-haired Indian by the name of Panda. The other was blond and clipped and belonged to a South American named Bazilda. It was obviously dyed as it was painfully obvious as well that Bazilda came out of the tranny and carny population. Her tits were dirigibles she liked to show off for more than her own good. In fact, as she passed Mrs. Lickalot she was entirely topless, pressing the air with her buoyant and rotund areoles that could have passed as landing pads. Her ass, Mrs. Lickalot trying hard not to look, could get a hand lost. It had already lost the stringy back end of Bazilda's thong. For all the indignant circumference Bazilda presented, her cocktail companion, Panda, had her backside blocked out by wigwam and her tits heaped under cloth. Why she even bothered wearing the lace frontispiece escaped Mrs. Lickalot. The three of them had known each other through a mutual friend, Hig, a Southern belle hidden somewhere in the deep recesses of this mansion torn party. That would make the four of them that attended Letty Highschool ten years ago.

Mrs. Lickalot chose not to acknowledge Panda or Bazilda but she did not know why they who were usually so celebratory did not try to shimmy their wares for her. Mrs. Lickalot peeled past them, in her all one piece leather concoction. Said piece throttled Mrs. Lickalot's relatively middle of the line wares. Her ass cheeks pressed sumptuously against the folds of cold leather, comprising a delicatessenous heart shape. That leather about her throat allied her fatty curves in two doo dads about hand sized. Now Mrs. Lickalot was not one who indulged much in the

appreciation of the female form. She found loving one's own kind trite and backwater.

Marrying early and to a man who owned a meat packaging plant was really not a difficult problem for her to solve as ungifted at the analytical arts as Mrs. Lickalot was. As her name implied, she was gifted. No, that isn't the right word. She was called to alleviate the world's dryness by administration of saliva and lips. Her husband loved her for nothing more. And she truth be told would not have loved him without his rod.

Would it not have taken the winds out of Mrs. Lickalot's sails then if she had known that one of these women cavorting at Hig's baby shower, was, in fact, her man? It appears that Bazilda was not the only one who knew the name of a good plastic surgeon. Mr. Lickalot had had the works done on him and more. His penis was completely detachable as much as the breasts and ass cheeks that he was now sporting. The change really required no more than his own two hands. Why you might ask would Mr. Lickalot be drawn to throw himself about so, especially with the attention of his mistress to his nether regions? It is very difficult to explain.

Mr. Lickalot came from a family of fishermen in the coastal regions of Alaska. He grew up liking to fish and crow with the roosters. When college came, however, and he introduced his dick to many a fish salad he was less than pleased with the deflated results. It crossed his mind that he was getting the short end of the stick. And so it became Mr. Lickalot's mission in life to make enough money so as to mitigate this factor. The rest as they say is history and good doctors.

As it stood, Mr. Lickalot, or as he liked to be called in disguise, Indigo, was tugging on the bra frills of a blond at the hors d'oeuvre table. The blond was one of those types who was still crying over her rabbit that died when she was six. And so, she took every opportunity

available to cover up said episode with sex. Mrs. Lickalot was passing as the blond exclaimed, in such a way as you thought her lace below was already ruined, “It feels so good. Just cradle me a little longer.” Indigo got the bra cup down and was met by a resounding boing in the eye. Mrs. Lickalot averted hers. This really was not her scene. She would pay her respects then leave.

It never crossed anybody’s minds other than say Hig that such apparel or display of affection would be completely removed from the possibility of a baby shower. She was meanwhile stroking her pearl colored baby pouch, mirror held over her belly button, in a tower that overlooked the house through which these domestics were threading. Said tower was mad anachronistic, belonging to a castle not to the Playboy party unfolding below.

What had Hig already plotted? And what was to come? No one in the party would have noticed but all of a sudden all the hors d'oeuvre were replaced with live penises, inflating with the sudden rush of hot air Hig wafted through the house. The blond snagged one and started cleaning out her mouth as Indigo sipped on the nipple.

But all this is so impersonal and out of control. Where do we begin and how to separate any of their initial forms? What was Mrs. Lickalot originally? The party truly started an hour ago when Hig rolled out of storage a bowling ball. It turned out that the husband she had married had had a wizard in his past and as everyone knows a wizard must have his ball. She rubbed off some of its paint to discover it was, in fact, crystal at its core. She rubbed its surface and gazed deep within. Within its smoky glass interior, really tre chique, she saw her high school friends and her playing on a trampoline. They were all galloping in a circle, suddenly dropping with legs extended, ass flat, and then back to their feet.

Now Hig had learned recently that Panda had won a prize for her work in Nuclear Physics, Bazilda a contract for hunting caribou on live television, and Mrs. Lickalot an all expense paid trip to China. As you can see, their fates were far different from when we met them at the baby shower. Hig stared into the past, hoping to discern in these moments what had made them who they had become. The gaggle of them were eighteen and laughing, not a care in the world, as yachts and motorboats scooped the water just beyond Mrs. Lickalot's parents' backyard. She had always been rich and blessed. But Hig's gaze went red hot when she saw Bazilda quitting the trampoline to leave. She had always been too good for them. The entertainer as it were.

The crystal ball changed scenes to Bazilda out in the Canadian wild, standing triumphant on the still breathing caribou. Hig willed with all her might that something would tip her over. What followed occurred as fast as two rifle shots as breast one, then breast two fired from Bazilda's folds of clothing. With this new weight, she quickly toppled into the snow. Her cast and crew were too scared to assist her still cupping their ears in fear. Bazilda lifted her head, snow in her mouth, tits already erecting against the Arctic air. Hig did not yet connect the dots. Cast and crew hurried over helping Bazilda up and draping a blanket over her. They then discussed how they would go about finishing filming the scene. Luckily, one of the cast and crew bundled out of his jacket and they got Bazilda wrapped up tight and back in position. She was wobbly, still learning how to gain her balance. Hig wished beyond hope that somehow she would fall again.

Two more shots followed, this time on Bazilda's backside and she toppled ass over teakettle until she was face down in the snow, ass up and inviting to the cast and crew who

hurried to surround her. Something struck Hig. She was on a hot streak. If only the world knew what a real attention whore Bazilda were. Bazilda was then lifted by invisible strings to her knees. She dropped her jaw and massaged her breasts indicating where she would like their seed.

The cast and crew were one to argue. They weren't going to try to get their dicks wet in the Arctic cold and not get the scene shot. This had to be done today. Bazilda shuffled over. She tried to get hold of their belts only to be repulsed. Hig began to think these turns odd. The atmosphere could be a little warmer. She watched in truly rapt attention as the surrounding trees thawed, unwrapping themselves of much snow and then retreating under the ground. The sun beamed high in the sky and every member of the film team including Bazilda was in beach wear. Whatever boners were present could not be denied. Bazilda was topless and open assed. Hig did not think she could be denied.

That was when the cast and crew sidled out of their beach shorts and formed a circle. Bazilda wrenched her stringy beachwear apart and got her knees crusty with sand, palm lubed with semen. Hig was not pleased with the dimensions of her pornography. Who here was gifted? Hig's wish was not all that she wanted as a belly button length cock burst from Bazilda's crotch at the same time as the cock she was handling jutted up, rubbing its vein on her nose and forehead.

Hig could not deny her power. She had altered Bazilda's appearance. What a whore she was. Hig felt a warmth overpowering her two hands as she fell to one side and ferreted out her clit through skirt and panties. It was a shuffle but she got out of it, blind as she was so enraptured in the drama unfolding onscreen.

Bazilda took to her new cock without a beat, guiding whatever man she was at down to her polar regions. She was tongue lolling as she continued to handle them. This was going to slow Hig complained. The circle became much tighter. Each of the cast and crew's cocks not only an inch from Bazilda but also an inch from blowing. Bazilda threw her hands out fast and free taking what she could where. The cast and crew helped her by touching her all over.

She was the first to blow, of course, launching semen crust after semen crust into the space between her breasts. The rest of the circle followed suit, coating her top and bottom half in slime. By the end, she could not see so well, her hair a spongy mass of salt. None of this actually made Hig come. Until she noticed in the aftermath that one of the cast and crew was female. That Hig had managed to gift not one but two that day. Hig rocketed her hand up to cup a breast and passed the barrier only to want to beat herself over the head. Why had she been so dull? Her belly burst her skirt, swelled with the rich pearl depth of the crystal ball. Now Hig had more to worry about. She could not see anymore what was going on. A mirror popped into her hand. She angled it as best she could. Where was Mrs. Lickalot? About to board her flight to China? What was her husband doing? Stroking his dong to her? True dedication.

Hig could not have it. She rolled the years back. Mr. Lickalot was in a hot tub in Alaska. A woman slicked back a slide door and stepped unto the patio wet-haired and peripherally naked. Mr. Lickalot stirred his cock robed in the bathing suit. Was this some sort of primal scene Hig had stumbled upon? Hig whispered to her belly for Mr. Lickalot's cock to retreat at his touch until it was a nub. She asked for his chest to be roped in breasts and nipples. She showed precisely how far out in the air said perimeter should go.

Mr. Lickalot bucked forward, two apples warped onto his chest, his hand holding nothing, his hair gently extending down his shoulders. The woman climbed in, taking said entrance equally slow. She lunged at him and locked lips. How Hig wished to be said woman. And she was sloshing in the tub with him, her crystal belly akilter with his apple sized breasts. Hig reached at his swimsuit, navigated it off, primed him, and cooed in his ear, “This is the life. This is how you should always live.” Mr. Lickalot moaned, aswelter as she was with the wicker of feeling, eyelashes batting under the sensory strain. Hig throbbed harder and felt the familiar tug of pubic muscle giving way to piss. “But this really won’t do for me. Will it?” She pulled at him, asking for a grip, and the clitoris sneezed outwards back into her palm. She asked him across the tub and inside her, legs spread, crystal ball hanging over. He entered as she mouthed a breast. “These really are lovely. Keep them.”

Hig was not feeling much. She pushed him back. She raised herself up on her knees and broke the surface of the water, offering him her ass. Two hands parted her cheeks for good measure. He stood, passing into her. The mix of heat, pain, and pleasure pushed her overboard. The crystal ball sagged occasionally throwing up magical sparks as it rubbed against the side of the hot tub. He stood on her prow, tippy toed and knocked seed within then sagged. “This will not do. This will all have to go.” Hig found herself back in her bedroom.

T.B.C.