Why I like old ladies

In a typical North American city, a car is seen slowly driving down a suburban street of a typical older neighbourhood. The driver was looking over old bungalow type houses that have been built just after the second world war. Houses that had already seen families born, raised, and long gone by now. The driver wasn’t looking to buy a house though, no, far from it. He was looking for an old lady who would most likely be living in such a house.

A widow whose husband had died and left the poor lady to fend for herself. An old woman who was staring death in the face, with loneliness as her only companion. A lady who was about to lose the only pride she had, a sense of self sustenance in the face of coming infirmity. An old lady whom like most old folks, dreads the thought of having to move into an old folks home. Because for most old people, that’s the last stop before giving up on life.

This stranger wanted an old lady whom, in her youth, missed the “sexual revolution” started by the development of “the pill”. An old lady who may have wistfully envied those “flower children” of the seventies, and their mantra of “free love”. While she found herself stuck raising children in an old fashioned home of “Father knows best”. An old lady who was pinned down by the social norms of her day doing such things as house cleaning, child rearing, and nursing. A woman whom missed out on living a wild carefree life and wished she could’ve done more so many times. What such a woman would’ve wished for in the darkest recesses of her soul, but did what society expected her to do. Whom in the twilight of her life, finds herself in an empty house. As with such an old lady, the mysterious driver of the car figured he’d be doing her a favour.

What this stranger wanted was to strike a contrast between what she is now, and the slut he’s going to turn her out to be. His thoughts on the soon to come sexual conquest and the contrast that will result, evoked the familiar feeling boiling up inside him. Which in its turn awakened the thing that lived within him. The “thing” in him began to churn, in anticipation. It’s own power, surging, heightening his own lust in its turn.

He briefly thought back to the day he received this curse. This thing within him was a “gift” from a magical being he’d saved, and had tried to please thereafter. He wanted to please this “being” in the hopes of garnering a wish that was more to his liking. Because before he’d met his fate at the hands of that omnipotent dickwad, he’d read fantasy stories. Stories wherein mortals came into contact with omnipotent or magical beings. When he read these stories, even though they were just stories; the mortals came out the loser about every two out of three times.

“Just my luck,” he mused; “I had to run into a magical being that needed my help.”

As a reward for saving that omnipotent jerk, he got stuck with an entity that was permanently attached to his soul. An entity that only responded to his sexual desires. Powerful in its own right, the entity within him nearly omnipotent as its creator, would do almost anything he wanted. No--- not necessarily “wanted”, but thought of---- about any woman he saw in his line of sight. As he regarded any woman with thoughts that was even remotely sexual, no matter how brief that thought was, no matter how quickly he tried to dismiss such thoughts; the entity would leave his body in the form of a dark shadow and flit over to her body in the blink of an eye. Once in her body it’ll do to her whatever he had thought of when he’d regarded her. Including anything else that he may have accidently or willingly thought about her thereafter.

The entity would give him some measure of restraint and control but the damned thing is a creature of lust. It has some semblance of intelligence so if he can convince the thing of his desire in creating a more complex sex fantasy out of a woman, it would restrain itself for a time. Unfortunately, once a woman is perverted the entity has no conscience about what it has done. It isn’t interested in changing a woman back to the way she was before. The best he could do then is to try and mitigate some of the effects by substituting some less tragic form of sexual body or persona.

The driver was brought out of his reverie as the entity locked onto a “signal” of his liking. To be sure, the entity needs line of sight to take direct possession of a female. Be that as it may, to find females it could scan through doors and walls as far as a hundred metres away. So it was thus that the driver found himself looking at a two tone bungalow. The house displayed blue painted wooden slats on the bottom with crushed rock and glass crystal coating the upper half. Within this house the entity found the perfect old lady for their purposes. The driver pulled to a stop out front, turned off the engine, and climbed out.

To anyone in the neighbourhood he would appear to be about eighteen years of age. He wore a green golf shirt, blue jeans, sneakers and held a backpack in his right hand. As he strolled up towards the old lady’s front door, neighbours would’ve noticed that he had a definite bulge in the crotch of his pants. That is, if they bothered to invade his privacy. Furthermore, if they`ve bothered to think about it, they’ve would’ve concluded that a young man’s woody and a nice old lady just didn’t add up. Unfortunately in today’s modern society everybody just minds their own business, and no one takes any notice.

Inside the house, as the entity locked onto her, Elsa felt an eerie feeling shoot up her spine. That feeling momentarily distracted her from remembering which of the twenty pharmaceutical pills she had to take. She looked back down at the pill tray, then at the calendar again for what must have been the tenth time. She just wasn’t as sharp as she used to be and it frustrated her to no end. She wasn’t sure whether it was the huge combination of pills, or her age that affected her mind the most. Elsa thought again about her age and the ache in her bones. Though her existence had become dull and boring, she still worried about the impending end of her life. She had the local seniors center to take part in, but she can hardly take the trouble to get to go out anymore. She ached too much to go out and visit there.

”Pain pills? Did I remember to take my pain pills?“ She tried to recall as she looked down at the tray once again.

Just then there was a knock at her door. Upon hearing the knock, she was relieved to have something other than her approaching mortality to occupy her. So she got up off of the high chair and started tottering towards the front door.

As he stood outside on her front stoop, through the services of the entity within, the man absorbed more details about her life. She being Elsa Macpherson, an 85 year old widowed matron of three children, of whom one had died. The remaining siblings having had eight children (her grandchildren) between them. Recently two great grandchildren was born too. Regretfully the only time she gets any communication from her far flung offspring is the Christmas and birthday cards they send her. She may get the occasional letter or a rare Christmas visit. After her husband died twelve years ago, none of those was enough for her. She hoped, but otherwise had too much pride to ask, if they had room available in their busy lives for dear old grandma. It appeared as though they didn’t have any, as one asked if she wanted to come live with them. Since the subject never been broached by anyone, Elsa got more lonely and depressed.

As Elsa got closer to the door (which was taking her awhile to arrive at), the entity within the man relayed more info to him. It seemed to have picked up a nasty nodule of belief in which she’s convinced herself her children were just waiting for her to die. She suspect that they’re waiting to rip up the remains of her life to distribute her meagre fortune amongst themselves. Oddly enough, that brought a smile to the man’s face. That smile was still there when she opened the door and looked up at him from her bent back perspective. That’s when things started to go really weird and harrowing for her.

To start with, as she stood there she could have sworn something dark flew at her. But that was nothing compared to the fact that, as she looked up at the young man, her face broke out into this lurid smile.

Elsa thought, “Huh? I’m not smiling? Why I’m I smiling at this young man as if I knew him---intimately? Wait, I can’t move---I’m still standing, but I can’t move. What’s going on---?“

Her thoughts jumped up a notch towards terror as she turned around and proceeded towards the living room, leaving the front door open. The entity being within her body, the stranger perceived the woman’s spiritual state with a sort of second sight. Seeing that Elsa had a black spiritual maelstrom swirling around the bottom of her heart. His smile grew wider as this gave him further proof that he was going to do her a favour. It was obvious to him that she had doubts and fears regarding her life and it’s impending demise. He followed her into the living room as Elsa’s body tottered towards one of those new lift armchairs. Then she turned around facing the young man who now stood in front of her couch, looking back at her.

In his observation he was considering how nice and deep that seat was for what he wanted her to do. He pictured the old lady stark naked, her legs wantonly splayed over the chair’s arm rests. Putting her withered old sex on display for him. Not that he liked withered old ladies per se, but he was getting off on the contrast of a dowdy upright senior citizen posing like a slut.

Elsa began to panic as without her will or consent her body started to taking off her clothes. She tried to calm herself by any means of rationalization she could think of as her hands reached up and started to unbutton her dress. During this she was screaming within her mind, “This has got to be an hallucination brought on by those damned pills!”

Her heart started racing as her dress hit the floor and then her hands started undoing her heavy duty bra, unhooking the front clasp then letting that fall to the floor as well.

She was still desperately trying to resist, thinking, “I should be screaming my head off, why can’t I find my voice? Why am I still smiling at him like a Cheshire Cat? HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME! WHAT’S GOING ON?”

Now standing there, naked from the waist up, her sagging, flat, varicose veined udders hanging out in the open. Her body then proceeded to kick off her old slippers and started to roll down her support hose. When she’d done with that her hands went for her control girdle.

Elsa was in full fright by this time, which made her heart give off a series of violent conniptions. In the space of milliseconds the entity appraised the man that a full on myocardial infarction was taking place. For purposes of his own the stranger wanted Elsa to come to her own conclusions, so he didn’t want to touch her mind yet. So instead of calming her mind or changing her personality to suit the situation, he simply addressed the need to give her the cardio-vascular health of a twenty-two year old health nut.

Elsa was stunned by what had occurred within her body. She had heart problems for many years starting with the high blood pressure showing up around forty years ago. She could still feel her heart racing like there was no tomorrow, but now the usual accompaniment of an oncoming pounding headache just wasn’t there. She could still feel her heart pumping and the blood surging, but it was as if her “plumbing” was completely free of all blockages. She felt with no pressure pounding up the back of her neck. Indeed, Elsa couldn’t feel anything remotely painful about her heart or arteries. She was so amazed by this turn of events, she nearly forgotten the fact that she was standing there naked.

It was by this time that the stranger knew almost everything about her life including what possessions she had. Why? Because for the purpose of this particular session it was necessary that he did know. With this knowledge the man left Elsa to stand were she is, as he retrieved a large free standing mirror from her bedroom. He positioned the mirror nearby the couch and faced it towards the chair where Elsa stood. From her vantage point, Elsa could see a part of herself reflected in within it. On that Elsa felt ashamed at being completely on display, naked in front of a total stranger.

The next act the man contemplated was for her to sit down and splay her legs over the armrests, leaving herself wide open. As he thought this, the entity advised him that Elsa simply wasn’t flexible enough. To force her to do so would cause her excruciating pain thereby defeating their purpose in extracting Elsa’s eventual cooperation. The silent man thus ordered the entity to rejuvenate her bones, muscles, joints and ligaments to match that of a twenty-two year old Yoga Master. As her body sat down, Elsa felt all of her body’s aches and pains disappear. She was utterly amazed when her legs flew over each arm of the chair with no pain evident at all. Elsa was so amazed at this, that at first she failed to notice that her sex was completely exposed. The man followed suit by sitting down on the couch across from her.

Next thing Elsa knew, her left hand began attacking her shrivelled sex. Rubbing up and down her wrinkled labia and circling her nearly non-existent clit. Elsa screamed within her head at him, “STOP! STOP IT I SAY!!”. Elsa wasn’t sure she was getting through to him considering her face still was wearing that same lurid smile.

Despite feeling better than she has felt in decades, her muddled old brain was still dealing with the fact that she was being forced against her will. Her mind just wasn’t moving along at nearly the pace they wanted her to go. The entity appraised the situation and in a moment made it clear to him that Elsa would be better at “connecting the dots”, if her brain was also younger. Otherwise her mind would remain stuck at being offended by her self rape. For his part, he specifically emphasized only her physical brain was to be rejuvenated, her mind must not be touched. As things were, he also concluded that Elsa needed a younger brain for a better sexual response.

He again thought out loud, “only her brain was to be rejuvenated, and NOT even to have any sexual areas within it enhanced. At least, not yet anyways.” The entity, knowing what game they were playing at complied in this regard---for now.

As she now sat directly in line with the mirror, Elsa could completely see herself within its reflection. While she watched her body debased itself, the thought occurred to her that she hasn’t masturbated since December of four years ago. Elsa felt her mind clearing up as she thought, “Whoa, I can remember now.”

She could even think back to her frustrating session in front of the pill box just recently. She can even remember what day it is without the aid of a calendar. Elsa was amazed as she remembered how many pills she has been taking for the past four days with clarity. In the process of remembering it all, Elsa realized that she was dangerously overdosing on three of her medications.

Elsa’s long term memories started coming back as well. A lifetime of old information was once more available to her, all of which accompanied by a flood of old emotions. None of which associated with what her left hand was still doing as her still frigged itself. After dealing with realizing all of the old information, she came back to the present and realized something else. She noticed that her fear of her self rape has greatly diminished. Something about her past seemed to remind her of something she regretted. Elsa thought something subtle within her psyche had changed, allowing her to be more open minded and feel pleasure from her sex.

Her mind --- now clear, her body --- flexible and pain free, her cardio system--- no longer bothered her. “Wait-a-minute,” she thought to herself; “there’s something going on here. There seems to be a pattern taking place, I was about to die from fright and then my heart got better. Then, though it’s embarrassing, I find myself able to do a split. My ribs, ankles and shoulders, they don’t hurt anymore. Now it seems I can think and remember again. He’s making me younger in stages--- but why?”

Just as she was getting wet from her hand’s administrations, her left hand stopped rubbing her twat. Elsa realized she had control of her hand again. Being at first terrified, then ashamed after he first arrived, she avoided looking at him. Now Elsa looked directly into his face, trying to fathom exactly what he wanted. Right then she’d came to the conclusion that though he had taken control of her body, he’d never really taken complete control. Elsa was sure that he could’ve done so at any time. But she was also sure that she had control of her eyes the whole time.

“Why? What’s his game? He didn’t make me into a complete, non-thinking robot --- though---he could’ve--- could he? He wants something, I have this funny feeling he wants something.”

Right then she saw him raise an eye brow, as if in warning of impending reestablishment of his control of her left hand. She hated his cajoling her into debasing herself. Knowing he still held her legs over the arms of the chair, Elsa knew that if she didn’t do it to herself, he would make her body frig itself again. So, she decided to do something else provocative and see what happens.

“If this guy wants a sex show then fine, but I’m not gonna do what he’s expecting to see,” she thought. Looking over into the mirror she saw seeing her old ugly varicose vein covered legs, her “spare tire” and her floppy old breasts she concluded, “Though I still don’t see what he wants with an eighty-five year old woman.”

Elsa wasn’t kidding herself, an eighty-five year old wasn’t going to cut it acting like a sex starved madam. She never was into acting to begin with. Even though she’d never done this before, Elsa raised her cum soaked fingers to her mouth and started sucking and licking them off. Trying her best in relaying a sense of sensual satisfaction from tasting her own juices. As she was doing that, she felt something inside of her shiver.

That’s when she noticed him smiling even more broadly. Seeing that look on his face, she knew she had passed some sort of test. For just as she had licked most of her cum juices off her fingers, she felt something oddly different about her fingernails. She immediately drew her hand away from her face and had a shock. On seeing what had happened to her hand her fear of him returned immediately, albeit briefly. The next thing she just had to do was admire the beautifully manicured inch long red lacquered French cut nails her left hand now sported.

“Oh god, having nails like these done in a salon is expensive. They’re gorgeous!!”

Even though it was her own hand, Elsa noticed with some disappointment that her left hand was still old, wrinkled and covered in liver spots. She couldn’t help but notice the striking contrast of sexy red nails on an old lady’s fingers looking sinfully odd to her.

“Why, is he doing this? It’s a game of some sort. It’s some sort of sport, he could’ve--- I don’t know, could he just leave me all one way or the other? If so, he could’ve turned me into a sexy bimbo straight away, couldn’t he?” There was a momentary odd thrill that went through her at that realization. “If he could do it, then why not? There’s a message here, I just know there is.”

She then looked over at her right hand and noticed those nails weren’t done up like her left hand. She looked up into the man’s face and all he did was to raise an eyebrow and smile again. She looked back at her right hand and they were still the same as before, so she got the idea of what she was supposed to do.

She brought her right hand down to her crotch and started fingering herself with that hand. She kept at it too, wondering when she’d feel new nails start tickling her pubes. No new feelings came though, so she kept at it until she felt an orgasm beginning to build up. Just as she was getting really hot and heavy, nearly to the cusp of release she felt the new nails she wanted.

“Wanted? Who wanted these nails? Me or him?”, she thought to herself.

It was a strange sensation rubbing her slit with smooth long nails. Forgetting the building orgasm for the time being, she opened her eyes to inspect her new nails. Doing so, she noticed movement from the stranger. Elsa looked up to see that he had withdrawn something from his backpack. He was holding towards her what appeared to be an exquisite 12 inch long glass dildo. An exact replica of a penis, though showing exaggerated bumps and ridges. Upon seeing it, Elsa’s eyes bugged out. She looked at the huge grin on the stranger’s face, and then back at the glass phallus he held out to her.

Something long forgotten within her psyche lurched, and it wasn’t the entity’s doing. What it was though, was the exact thing the man came after. To contain the emergence of what lurked in her psyche, Elsa’s moral side threw up a desperate defence of fear. Fear in the face that everything she has ever been in life being at stake. Before Elsa was able to realize the reason behind that fear, her fear bolstered morality managed to wrestle the thing down. It was then Elsa knew that before this stranger was to be through with her, something big was going to happen.

Breathing heavily from that near revelation Elsa thought, “That---that wasn’t him, was it!? Oh god, something is happening to me!! N-no---not by him, but from me, I almost had it---do I want it? It’s scaring the hell out of me!”

Rather than having him force her to do it, with a shaking left hand Elsa reached out and grabbed the glass dick. She then pressed it up her slicked cunt and started to insert the twelve inch glass penis into herself. Then she panicked again as she felt control of her left hand disappear once more.

Out of her control, Elsa’s arm now pumped the full length of the shaft in and out of her snatch. What she witnessed next brought her fear back in full force. She watched as the smooth and purposeful action of her frigging arm had the effect of pumping up her flat sagging breasts. It was as if she was blowing her breasts up with a bicycle pump. Each full thrust of her arm along the full length of the dildo, pumped a quarter inch of volume into her deflated chest. She couldn’t stop her arm and even if she could she found that a part of her didn’t want to.

She was mesmerized by the spectacle of seeing her poor flat old C cup sized breasts, being slowly pumped into, “**tits**”! When she thought that word, she again felt that awful lurch within her very soul.

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh-- my god,” she retorted in her panicked thoughts;---“Okay then, TITS, TITS, TITS! Oh come on, what’s going on here? I had that near revelation again, but another part of me is keeping it away.”

Once again her arm stopped, but only for a second as she realized that she had control of her arm again. Her body, her soul her very being was now a battlefield. A battle being waged between her dark desires and her old moralistic side. Having had control her whole life, Elsa’s old moral side was fighting to hold on to that control--- fighting for its very existence. Meanwhile her dark desires held onto the arm that restarted pumping up her tits towards mammoth proportions.

Elsa arched her back as she was hit by a soul shattering orgasm, just as each of her tits had reached the size of her head. As her soul-gasm physically pounded into her, the powerful surge of delight produced a maelstrom of desire swirling within her. The mind of an old lady temporarily replaced with that of a rutting animal as Elsa lost all coherent thought. Elsa’s pumping arm jabbing her cunt with the glass phallus, as she was thrown into a violent seizure of pleasure the likes of which she’d never felt before.

In the aftermath Elsa wouldn’t know how long her body laid slouched in the chair, with her legs still splayed over the armrests. Her sex juices spilling down onto the seat cushion unnoticed by her. On the one hand, the very picture of an 85 year old lady with a spare tire belly, varicose veins throughout her wrinkled skin. On the other hand, she sported melon sized tits, killer red nails, healthy muscles, ligaments and a skeletal structure that left none of her previous old lady hump behind. She, who had a huge orgasm complete with a life changing fight taking place within her very being... and her heart was still beating quite soundly thank you.

Elsa’s chest sported huge boobs never seen on anything outside of internet porn, never mind an eighty-five year old lady. Having been filled to capacity, the skin of her breasts were stretched tight as a drum. This fact made her tits look like cheap implants were contained within, instead of new flesh. As old as they were, the surface skin on her tits still looked like dry parchment. Showing blue veins zigging and zagging this way and that. Each of Elsa’s knockers bigger by half again than her head. Her chin nearly coming to rest opon them as she laid there in a stupor.

Presently her mind snapped back to attention as she felt something else happen. She felt shoes suddenly encasing both of her feet. Without thinking she kicked up her right leg to inspect her new footwear.

Then she exclaimed, “I can move!! I can move my legs!! I can talk too, my voice is back!!”

Thus her face was lit up with glee as she examined the black leather ankle boots that appeared on her feet. Smooth, supple they were, with five inch stiletto “fuck me” heels. But for her old lady legs, Elsa loved the look of her newly encased feet as she admired them greatly.

Just then Elsa noticed the mirror and she moved to stand up. Wondering if her sudden movement might cause him to seize her body again Elsa nervously glanced over at the stranger. He smiled at her as he leaned back into the sofa. His demeanour seemingly to conveying that things were going swimmingly. So Elsa stood up in her new stripper boots.

She fixed the mirror to catch all of her and then gazed into it. She fluttered her new fingernails in front of her new hooters. Turned to her side to see her new tits in profile. Then was stunned by something else she didn’t expect. She saw that she was standing tall and proud. Not so much as she was standing in high heeled boots mind you, but that she also stood ramrod straight. Her back wasn’t collapsed down into itself anymore. She hardly noticed it before, but with this sudden change in stature it struck her as, “awesome”; she said to herself.

She started gyrating, pumping her hips, twisting, turning, trying everything she could to find any pain at all that may remain in her body. Then she hit upon something she only seen cheerleaders do. Elsa kicked up her right leg and with her right arm, caught and held her leg in a straight up vertical position. Her eyes bugged out yet again, as she took in the spectacle of her old looking body doing something sexy that it was NOT supposed to do. Elsa took in the full length of withered old looking legs, from her sexy booted foot on the floor. Her eyes followed up that leg, noting the strong new muscles straining underneath the old facade of skin. Up her eyes went on towards her wide open sex, still glistening with her sweet juices. Then up her eyes went further till she saw her right leg forced up against her sagging belly. She observed her right knee pressed up against her newly engorged right tit. Then she received other small shock as she looked up at her aged face, wedged tightly against her right shin. The look in her face, her eyes, there was a vivacity there that she hadn’t seen since she was a teenage girl. Elsa felt her balance start to slip, so she forced herself to continue looking up till she saw the crowning achievement. Her right foot encased in a sexy stiletto heel that was pointed straight towards the ceiling.

She had just enough time to think to herself, “that is so sexy.” Before she finally lost her balance and had to bring her leg down.

She looked back into the mirror and saw the incongruity of boots, nails and hooters, against the backdrop of an old withered body. Her old moral self waged one final challenge crying, “he’s turning you into a slut.”

Just then Elsa felt something primal, fierce, and black as sin unravel inside her. It was powerful and whatever it was, it was full of HATE for her old self. It was as if she felt a powerful black dragon grab her old personality by the throat, and begin to rend it to pieces. Tearing, stomping, chewing and devouring any trace of her old self that may have remained. Her face, etched with a fierceness not meant to be seen by civilized people. Her eyes, unseeing of anything outside of her inner self, while she searched within, looking for any last trace of “that stupid old bitch.”

Just then, a new personality emerged in the place of the old. When that happened, Elsa screamed a primal scream not meant to be uttered by an 85 year old throat. She stood there panting, her hands held front, palm up, the fingers crooked in a half curl. Tipped with red nails her hands looked for all the world like bloody claws. Breathing deep heavy breaths she took another look at her image in the mirror. Her crazy unfinished appearance, the face of a passionate wild woman on top of an old crones body looking back at her. She wasn’t satisfied with that image by a long shot.

“Fucking asshole should finish what he started,” she thought.

She looked back at the man sitting on the couch then back at the mirror. Frustration peaked just then as she turned on him screaming, “What are you waiting for? Finish me--- I want it all, FINISH ME!!”

As if they were words of advice he uttered his first words to her, “You have a new personality that has no memories of its own, save for what had passed previously in your old life.”

With emphasis he wedged his shoulders against the back of the couch, raising his hips off of the cushions. He drew his jeans and undershorts down past his knees before dropping his ass back down.

Elsa saw a true trouser snake appear for the first time in her life. It jutted upwards a foot in length, uniformly two inches wide throughout, and capped in a bulbous purple head. Her eyes riveted to the long dong wonder. Standing there momentarily, she tried to decide which hole she should try first. Before she could decide though, she felt another sensation.

Her lips tingled, with that, she snapped her head back towards the mirror. She saw thick luscious red pillows instead of thin white lips, protruding from her old wrinkled face. She laughed an insane girly giggle, which sounded off, voiced as it was by an old lady.

Her head snapped back and her eyes locked onto that incredible dick. A lurid smile now came from her and not from the entity’s doing. A smile that widened for a bit as she looked up into his eyes with hot passion. Elsa brought her hand up to cover her mouth momentarily as she spat out her dentures. She chucked her old teeth over her right shoulder thinking, “I don’t care if they smash into a thousand pieces. I’m sure to get a new set of choppers soon enough, but right now, I’m sure gums are better than teeth.”

With a voracious look in her eyes, Elsa dived down between the man legs and devoured his cock. She tried jamming her throat down on it as far as her inexperienced reflexes allowed. Disappointed by her first try she continued to suck him off, determined to get the whole thing down.

“He’s right though,” she thought, as she strove to suck down the monster sized penis; “ if I’m going to live the life of a slut, I have to bury the past. I’m going to have to build up a lot of slut memories. There’s eighty-five years of a dull, boring to bury after all.” Elsa concluded with, “Not to mention getting him to give me the rest of my slut body.”

With that driving her on Elsa was desperate in leaving her past behind. Elsa stroked and sucked on his shaft like her life depended on it. As in a sense it did, because today was her birthday and she wanted to give her new life a fucking good start.

The man just sat there smiling while he looked down on her. He didn’t need to encourage her any more than what she was already doing, so he just reached out and patted her grey head.