

Step-Mom Heads Up

Written by Septia.

A shawl of lissom lips swathed over my own. My heart twisted; confused as I was pinned to the kiss by the petite hands cuffing my collar. Her lips parted, suckling over mine, munching into me and weighing herself forwards; I was thrown off balance, the kiss breaking as I tumbled back into bed, gazing upon the stout, feminine figure towering over me. "Y-yun?" I asked in shock, she had never advanced on me before, and it was the first time I had seen my stepmother so... entranced.

"Fffffssh," she inhaled through her teeth, leaning over to adjust my collar that she had crumpled in the passionate embrace, locks of her coal-black hair wisping past my face. "Zhenzhen, aohoo... what a rush, your father had me forgetting the taste of excitement. Unlike his bank account, his sexual palette is anything but rich," as she spoke, my door clicked shut. "I thought the apple didn't fall far from the tree, but now... I see your mother must have been a queen of deviants to compensate that sexual straw-man."

I swallowed, cursing myself for getting lax in hiding my perversion. But... the way she licked her lips, the way mine still ached from her teeth. That kiss...

Yun smacked her lips behind her fan, then closed it shut in the middle of moistening her lips. "Delicious, mommy's got a hankering for some variety, and with a pervy boy-slut, I might just slake my appetite," at Yun's final word, her blouse fluttered to the floor, and the fan tossed to the wayside. The nude visage of my stepmother loomed above me. -Kkrkkrxth- A fracture of sandstone echoed through the room, Yun flinching backwards, her head held staring at the floor, the back of her neck arched backwards like the fold of a balloon animal. Amidst pants, her shoulders buffed outwards; bulges growing as mushroom caps in fast-forward, each few shifts electing -Kkrtrks- -Ckzzxth- cracks to peel from her form.

"Mmf, mfmwa, mpm, mphahaaaawwmng," heralded by a vocalisation of relief, I watched my step mother's throat rupture in a cacophony of hammering vertebrae, her head propelled forwards through the meter of spine erupting out of her neck; Yun's head atop the archway of bone as a fishing pole's lure. As the bloats in her shoulders amassed into pauldrons, her arms slumped limp by her side. Moments after the spine extended from her neck, I watched my stepmother's shoulders sunder, bursting into husks of meat-shreds as her clavicles, attached to two more spines, sprung forth as tall as the first, clad with a cyst of meat and bones at their apex -Crrllghthsl-. -Splrlrstshuch- jets of blood sprinkled my face, I watched my pale fingers quiver as I dipped them into the scarlet, gazing upon it as it bubbled into an orange sunset and disintegrated into vapours. My eyes hooked back onto Yun, whose height had doubled, and skin ruptured across her frame; the being composed of interlocking segments of torn brawn and tissue, chunks from my mother, and bones too grand to contain between them. My attention fixated on her torso, as its borders peeled inwards; flesh and skin folding and curled into parchment rolls, exposing lustrous flesh beneath. Skin rendered in preordained patterns, splintering as it traversed her form, tessellating into a fractal of fluid flesh filaments fluttering to frame the pattern underneath. My eyes glistened over in disbelief, as my mother's body blossomed within innumerable flower buds, petals of her own skin swelling forth and wilting in an instance, fading into a yellow fog. Underneath, tissue was rearranging, engorging in the blueprints laid by her dermis, arteries and musculature throbbing in the guise of living flames lapping over her frame, seeking its way to her exposed osteo-tissue, the process orchestrating a theatre piece, where the role as flames were portrayed by an interweaving troupe of dancing organs.

The sheer macabre exposed steeled my spine, my ears rattling at the -Ckkrllt-Ckkrllth- Kkxxth- clatter of calcium slotting into place and -Shrsgjj- -Jshshrlth- moist mincemeat's scuttle and flourish. As all the bones were being covered and my mother's skin was turned inside out, bulbs began to inflate among the meat. Solid tissue growing to orbs, then thin balloons of pale lilac, and

kept distending to the thickness of soap bubbles engulfing her figure in their growth, crawling up her three necks and merging into each other. I managed to cower at the back end of my bed, yet... through the iridescence of the inflating membrane, I spotted shining patches. The murky figure revealed, as if it was polished smoky-bronze, until I could make out a silhouette caged within; curves and mass took shape, congesting the membrane, shining through as the sun behind a veil of clouds.

And just like that -Frrrllskkths- The clouds parted. A flick of motion from within burst out, casting aside the moulting pellicle and granting me visage to the sun. Before me stood a creature of marbled orange, yellow and gold, glistening in sunburst scale and amber hide. A pair of leather-bound wings had punctured through the shell, framing a toned torso, sporting luscious twins that bounced from the burst. Serpentine scales dressed the three necks, culminating in a trio of sleek, wave-horned heads, all crooning an aria of lust.

"Haaaaammnf... aaa," the middle head spoke, arching back into a loop -Ckkrtch- "that clears my neck strain, right out."

~ 1 ~

"Like being trapped in a shoebox."

"If the shoebox was moist and steamy"

"So... exactly like our shoeboxes?"

I could only stare as the heads conversed, stretching, contorting, and testing their body to its limits, as if working in a pair of stiff, washed jeans. I quickly took note that each motion she did gave a flourish to her juicy thighs or plump bosom, only now I caught that I was huffing my breaths in hot heaves.

"Backpain however, even a dragonette cannot escape, especially with these Butterballs," Yun stated as she slithered up on my bed, heaving her rack in my face, "zhenzhen, do these please you? Are they akin to those debauchery pictures and tales you consume, or is F-cup not enough to satisfy that warped libido of yours?"

"W-d.-when we-... when were you go-gonna tell me about this?"

"Soon as I learnt my step-son dreams of brewing away into..."

"Dragon," the left head intercepted.

"Chyme," the right head finished, surrounding me, as the three prongs of a claw machine homed in on its prize.

I swallowed, sweat beading at my forehead, and my trousers growing tight. Being this close to the maws, witnessing every cent of her colossal, towering magnitude, feeling the humid breath flying past her teeth and peeking at the abyss of pulsating flesh... I was trapped in a cocktail of swooning terror; my head on the verge of passing out, but my lower head demanded my undiluted attention.

-Shhrlrlspth- The very tip of her forked tongue flicked against my cheek.

"You have been a good kid."

"Pleasant, caring..."

"Cleanly."

"Think you would serve as a scrumptious morsel for your mother dearest?"

"Grilled pervert..."

The last head merely flicked its tongue around its lips, closing in as they spoke. Yet, then they withdrew to the foot of the bed, folding in their wings.

"Lucky boy, you get to satisfy a stunning dragonette, with every speck of fat and meat on your bones." Her maw parted, tongue as wide as my arm unfurling on the bed, beckoning into the chasm of incarnadine confines, maw roof and tongue tethered by vines of translucent slobber.

Years wrought with fantasies made my head into a soaking tumble-drier; everything had happened in an instant, and I wasn't ready for it, on the other hand, I had been making myself ready for years. This was it, a dream transcending thought... but it would also mean... I quivered, teetering on the bed, halfway towards the open maw. The left head curled to my side.

"Toss those pesky inhibitions in the bin and snuggle down mother dragon's maw like an obedient morsel."

The right head whispering. "We've seen you edging for days, this will be the most satisfying release of your life."

The middle head opened her eyes, watching as I steadily crept closer, the cusp of her mouth curling to a grin.

"That is it boy, show your father has nothing on you..."

I sucked in a breath through my teeth, feeling that panting breath take over again, hurrying toward the awaiting embrace.

-Ckllumpffh-. Darkness snapped around me. Her throat was a blur around me as it descended, snapping me up as I was just decimetre away, all at once the throat fluids slathered into my hair down my back, drenching my face. I felt her tongue curl around me, and pleased hums swooshing past me from the elongated throat. She slurped in a hurry, mumbling around me in the sultry tone she'd used before, but without the sounds having coherent sense. -Hhcnngnshmpg- A chuck sent me forwards, the way a dolphin would chuck their head back to engulf a mackerel. Her tongue flicked around me in a heated dance. She was as lost in the moment as me... within mere seconds the transition from stepson to sweet snack was complete, and I couldn't have asked for anything more.

-Shfhltls- Then, in all the suckling and slurping, the world swung and toppled. With my orientation scrambled, I couldn't explain why my legs were suddenly ensnared in a separate abyss, one considerably tighter.

"Silly runt," Yun's voice echoed in my head, "you haven't made yourself worthy of dragon chow, not when I have a stronger hunger to sate..."

-Shhsrlslph- -Spillphoop- With a smack, the lips popped open around me, fangs grazing cents by my skin, and I was greeted back to the world, right at the center was the glistening sun, watching the towering necks quiver and rattle in lust filled glee. -Chhhtwwdp- Her pussy smacked around my waist, pursing shut over me in between gulps, feeding me into the congested canal below. My heart went from a drum solo to a whole rock concert, shutters looping up my skin each time the honeypot clasped around me. Fear and arousal alike beget excitement, and every hair on my body rose with drops of dragon dew slathered at their tips. -Ahhalsh- juices splattered over me, tepid to steaming in heated lust. I watched her plush, wide lips forming quivering coos belonging to woman half her age, the left and right head joining me by each side, massaging the convulsing lips and jerking me downwards into the gluttonous gape.

"Mams, ooh Zhenzhen, the forecast, mmf, is calling for drizzles ..."

"To heavy showers of mmr, pure, dragon lust." the head proclaimed, toying with me, prying at the width of the snatch, clogged to the brim by my girth.

"Years of being blue baaa-ahahallled," she howled from her middle head, my torso sinking into the depths, each head shoving my arms down to join my thighs.

"Finally, some relief..."

"With a pervy, precious boytoy." The heads serenaded along with the middle's moans, and moments later I felt both their snouts over me, driving their dildo down their depths -Spillrlrffsch-.

Walls moulded and morphed along me, sculpting in layers of dripping membrane, the contracting tunnel smothering me in layers of honey-soaked blanket. Their clutch twisted my comprehension; when I struggled, the walls budged as bundles of marshmallow soaked in caramel, yet as soon as I remained still the pressure was upon me, what was pillows turned stale taffy – the sensation of being hogtied, sandwiched between a pair of mattresses going down a waterfall. -Shhsalth-

-Chchjrslsth- The grinding and crinkling of meat reverberated throughout my frame as the catacomb of cunny caressed my body, hauling me upwards, inwards through the pulsating chambers.

“Hofmfms, zhenzehen, it is has been y-years, a filthy prick like you is worth a thousand thrusts of that empty pump-action of a father,” Yun cooed, her voice teetering on the edge of breaking into a quiver as she massaged the bulge in her lower abdomen, guiding me on my journey up through the gluey tubing.

“Shame I will only enjoy this once,” I heard her voice in my head again, my mind aching under the pressure even as my feet were fed into the sparse womb, cervix crushing my hips, “because mother wants to finish for once...”

I gasped in a breath after I broke surface in the womb, air tainted in a gluey musk and a film of dripping lust, layers of feminine wax draping over the walls in droves to slobber over me, as if the walls were salivating at the very thought of having me here.

“Fffssm, mm, bring this dry well back to its prime,” she whispered, as the walls compacted over me again, soaking me in dragon batter.

I felt my skin growing soft, porous as whipped cream, and my mind melting into goo.

“Go ahead, snatch snack, haven't you been waiting to satiate a dragon? Giving it all up for one, huge release...,” she said as the walls condescended over me, and all started to ooze in my vision, “you got my permission to jerk off, don't you want to be a good step-stain?”

I could barely find my cock in the mess of white sludge, but she didn't need to edgeme on any further, one solid pump set my crotch ablaze, and a jet of cream bubbled up on the surface, splattering globules of goo across my forehead, the hot ball-batter soon joined by the rising wax, engulfing me under the surface of slime where only pops and muted crunches could be heard from the outside.



”Mmfps, mmoh, hooa... haa.” Yun panted, splayed over her son's bed with the sheets a mess from small squirts of crotch lube made by the lewd brew bubbling in her depths, her other two heads pointed down to slurp and nibble along the edge of her vulva. “mfms, j-just a bit... longer, hold it there Tacito, want you nice, and gooey, fmms, already leaking out, you naughty degenerate...” she mumbled whilst breathing through her fangs, wings quivering at her back. Her stomach laid bloated from the compressed remains of her stepson – a hill of belly as taut as a parmesan. -Clrlgbulg- She felt a convulsion, -Chbllgsh- then another. She began bucking her hips in rhythm with the clenches, breath picking up to become a steamy hoot, attempting to clutch her vulva to savour it just a bit more... but the flood broke the dam, rolling tides of white batter crashing through the canals, and erupting into a rainbow of greasy lust.

“Ammammwwmmmhnnngff.” As the dragoness bellowed into a choir with her three heads, the arch of splodge flung from her crotch, lobbed from the bed over to the door across the room, dunes of mulched cocktails of dense and sleek cream pummelled into the walls. The billowing gruel moulded like a typhoon of molten wax, to solidify into folds of juicy pudding weaving down the wallpaper. The feminine funnel doused the wall in the lurid moisture, soaking into damp patches across the wall, the blotches forming into a caricature of a tree from the point of impact, droves draining down to the floor as the soaked stems.

“MFMa, ammas, ooh zhenzhen, just, last this one out for mother,” she mumbled, ravaging her clitoris with a double-tongue worship, drenching her own face in the geyser which pelted the walls in the pent-up downpour, Yun holding on to every note of pleasure coursing from head to tail

as she rode out the climax she had been sitting on for many moons, hoping never to feel dry once more.

Gunk oozed from her crotch, trickling down the bed, Yun's heads in a tangled mess, huffing at the ceiling. She managed to steady herself, tongues slurping and toying at her convulsing love chute, marvelling at the monsoon of fresh cream her stepson had produced. "Haaa, Sffss, mma," she tugged at her pussy, lapping at it, basking in the glow, sampling some of Tacito's release. She brought out her – rather comically small – fan to cool off.

"Mm, that, is my son, birthed to a suitable stain of raw smut," she mused, "and you'll be a bitch to wipe up..." she added, then curled her tongue around something solid in her cream-pot, tugging out an amber-stained cranium, melting in clumps of juices dripping down across its empty sockets.

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"Zhenzhen, you have something in your eye."

I was close to poking my eye out as my hand darted to my face, feeling over my cheek, tugging at it, pinching. It was real... "H-how... w-what?"

"My mistake, dearie," Yun responded, and put down a plate of her home cooked, piping hot pizza in front of me. The buttery, piquant air of ricotta and taleggio mixed with seasonal tomatoes, brought me back to the now, at the dinner table. Dad lazily read the paper, as he chowed down in the seat across.

"Son, you ok?"

"Y-yeah, just feeling a bit... vacant." empty wasn't strong enough, but saying I felt dead would have caused some commotion.

"Studies not stimulating ya?"

"Dad, that is fine, it isn't about that."

"You know you can always ask mom for help if you are in a pinch, she's wicked clever that one."

"Wicked to the bone," Yun responded, and smooched my dad on the cheek, then gave me this... look. Joy? I peeked down at the meal, seeing the oozing cheeses and sauce mingling in a big puddle along the fresh greens, draping down in a hypnotic pattern. Or, maybe I was just hungry.

"Eat up now, looks like my boys are starving."

"Maybe someone is sounding, thirsty?" dad joked with a knowing wink, Yun's expression sunk by an octave.

~ 4 ~

Dozing off in front of the tv was a nice way to spend the evening, until I heard some commotion from dad's room, leaving me to wash up and head to bed; they didn't need to be disturbed. The room looked as I had left it, I must have been quite tired... -Spllch- A faint, damp squeeze sounded under my foot. Turning back to the door, I noticed an outline on the wallpaper; dim, yet there was a matte silhouette in the shape of a tree, painted in messy strokes of oil... or an explosion of steamy juices.

"Tacito."

I swivelled around, seeing Yun on my bed. -Ckktch- Then back again, just as the door shut on me.

“Kneel, mother wants to see if you are as good a stain remover as you are a stain.”

Seeing Yun's grin grow so wide only fuelled the humiliation of kneeling in front of her, chewing my lip as I mulled over what had happened

“Did... I really?”

“Shush, you have a mess to clean up.” She heaved up her legs, I reeled back, getting the soles a few cents away from my face, her feet looked to... glimmer. She gave a chuckling scoff as I made out the veins of slimy strands ebbing her feet. Pearly hot glue plastered over her soles in a droopy pattern, flowing down the smooth wrinkles lining the petite undersoles, into its own landscape of liquid snow, everywhere but her heels, where the goo had been smushed flat from the walk.

“Your father's mess, to be precise, I spent the better part of the afternoon wiping up your mess, time you contributed to the family, even if as a cumrag,” -Cppslltch- she smushed her left sole right into my face, I felt the mosaic pattern of cum stamp onto my skin, a salty, sweaty odour wafting from the sole. “So then, are you gonna be a good stepson I can step on?” Yun asked.

My skin tingled as the thoughts of what was real or not clouded my mind, yet through it all, the exhilaration did tent my shorts, something I didn't hide once I had begun working over her feet.

-Shhrrslp- -Haaamff- -Vhssrlp- I suckled, then breathed out in turn, letting my tongue traverse the hills of plush wrinkles and valleys of saline spunk. Underneath the drizzle of cum, her soles were pristine enough to eat off of, moisturised with a lavender lotion and shining after just a short sleek stroke.

“Had I known you were such a footstool, I'd have put you to work as our welcome mat earlier,” Yun mused, lifting her right foot to join the left, plastering them both to my face with a smear of -Sbbslltsh- concrete on brick.

In the clutches of her feet, I took in a deep breath, savouring the steam radiating from her pores, basking in the organic hearts and soggy spunk spreading from the shifts of her soles and tapping of her toes.

“Did I stay stop?”

I plastered my tongue back to her soles, letting it careen and course along the guiding wrinkles, taking paths in the smooth, sunkly spaces or rolling across the folds where dad's spunk had lumped up in little reservoirs. -Shhrrslt- These didn't feel like hide, nor scales, only smooth as spun cotton. While fluster ruled my cheeks, I couldn't help but wiggle my head along with the smothering massages of her warm pads, and shaking when she pinched her toes and kneaded over my temple with the sticky nubs, or combing through my hair with them in slow, deliberate strokes. Beads of spunk and droplets of sweat gathered in my hair, down my cheeks, worming over my chin and tickling my throat in the trail of slime it left behind.

Yun chuckled to herself. “You are what I wished my husband was like,” she admitted, her voice a touch softer.

The way she drove the pads into my face left me unable to contribute, other than meticulous strokes of my mouth's brush – painting a blend of saliva, sweat as thin as nectar, and the congealing seed-jelly gradients. When she put pressure on her pads, I felt her veins and arteries pumping underneath, bumping the pads and their heat just a touch closer every moment, drumming at the rate of my heartbeat.

“A bit of excitement, action,... submissiveness,” at the last word she stuffed her big toes in my mouth, filling out my cheeks with the soaked digits and leaving me gargling on the succulent skin. I adjusted, alternating licks between them, puckering my lips in smooches and clearing off the grime with warm swabs, clearing out the trenches and tops, replacing it with a coating of my fresh drool.

Eventually, she began to smile. "Mmm, a handy stain swab, or, a footy one," Yun pondered as she wriggled her toes inches away from me, so that little strands of drool and sweat still connected our skin together.

"Lose the pants," she commanded, then stopped me halfway down, licking her thumb and rubbing out some cum that had crusted to the side of my cheek.

"This is the way those whores in the pictures do it, hmm, I've engrossed myself in some of your collection," Yun noted as she clamped my cock in between her soles. My dick nestled in the interspace of her big toes, clamping and kneading at my cock-tip as her soles jerked along the rest of my shaft's length, several styles of drag in the same stroke sending ripples of quivers through my whole spine, as my shaft throbbed and bulged out in her grasp.

"Y-yymm, yes Imm. Y-you are s-so g-good at this." I manage to compliment, feeling overrun by congested, inhibited emotions. She even rolled her heels around my sack, stopping now and then to drag slower and cup my aching orbs between her heels.

"Zhenzhen, I have my experiences," she hummed whilst twisting her feet to a new position, hotdogging my cock between her toes as they drove in against the shaft and massaged me from tip to base. My member swarmed with the lube my own saliva provided Yun's feet and spurted from her grasping toes. She was rocking that erection, playing to those deep desires like a fiddle of flesh. I let my tongue roll out in an invigorating pant, quaking like a family of otters under a blanket. But my eyes peered towards her shoulders, and I could swear I saw the outline of something, sitting there. -Shchclsth- My eyes flung wide open, an expanse of soft flesh suddenly wrapped around my cock, the firm pliable softness of her feet enhanced to an all-encompassing hug, and as my shaft was being sandwiched, I howled a shuddering cry of pleasure, and felt the cock coolant ooze out in the folds of her feet, bubbling at the top in the crevice of her soles, pumping even through the tightly sandwiched soles, and webbing up her talons in gunk. I felt such an unending surge of relief as-... talons? I yelped when I noticed what clamped around my crotch was no longer any petite soles, but bulky, smooth, and sticky dragon pads, shining in a pale-orange gleam. Yun parted her feet gradually, playing with the tethers of dong-mucus between her outstretched talons.

"Seems my boy is quite apt at making a mess of himself, especially when he has his mother's aid," Yun noted, and stumped her feet down over my thighs, pinning me to the ground.

"However..." I noticed she withdrew her claws, just enough to not hit me, nor the floor. I felt my heart pumping back into action, my shaft stiffening against her sole, to which she snickered – in the way a woman thinks a young girl sounds like.

"So then, now that we have cleared the air between us, zhenzhen, I think the forecast has switched from slight drizzles to downpours for us, it is going to get, filthy," she said the last word in another tone, as she bopped my face with a cum-blasted digit. When she moved her sole again, I saw the illusion of shining dragon heads by her shoulders. "You want me to help with the clean-up, mother?" I asked.

Three smiles fell on me. "That is a good sole slave."