Erotic City: Pleasure in the Land of the Mad

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Byron teaches new wonders to a special mad angel.

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The easily distracted professor was busy examining the various crystal structures that he failed to notice several pale skinned beauties emerging from the dark recesses of the town. They ignored his assistant, Harmony, because her body was built the same as theirs. The mad ones were interested in the professor. He was different; bigger, stronger, just different, and that by itself was enough to intrigue them. They snuck down streets to where the couple was standing, and by the time, Byron and Harmony knew what had hit them, it was too late. Several women pounced at the same time, pushing Harmony aside and gang lifting the bemused man over their head. It would have been a funny sight, if it wasn't so confusing.

"Why did they just him," she thought, "and ignore me?"

Harmony pushed herself upright and watched the mobs of albino-like women carry Byron down the path. They turned right, and then disappeared. She stood up on shaky legs and brushed the dirt off her pants. The streets were deserted again; quiet. Adjusting the pack on her back, she took off in the direction that the women had gone in search of the man she loved.

Meanwhile, Byron, being held up by multiple small hands, tried to figure out what just happened, but before he could make any sort of rational decision, they entered a plush dwelling. He got quick glimpses of lavish, diamond-like furniture that sparkled in the dim lighting. Once they arrived at their destination, they set him down on his feet and backed away slightly. The small group stared intently at this strange creature in front of them.

Byron, feeling much like a science experiment, observed their behavior. It was true that they carried him off like a prisoner, but he didn't feel any hostility emaniating from them. Instead, he sensed their curiousity, which seemed to confuse him. The scientist in him took over. He studied them and liked what he saw. The group consisted of five women, who never spoke, but gestured a lot. He deduced that the gestures were their way of communicating with each other.

He touched his chest, and said, “Byron.”

They cocked their heads to the side, before gesturing madly to each other. It was hard to see in the room, so reaching into his pocket, Byron pulled out a lighter and lit it. Immediately, the small group cringed; backing away from the soft light. It seemed that they were scared of the light, and he didn’t want to scare them. He blew out the flame and showed them that he meant no harm. One of the women glided forward, stopping just in front of him. She reached out and touched the lighter, and then looked up at him; awe in her eyes. Taking his hand in her hands, she gestured for him to do it again. After a few seconds, he realized that she wanted him to light the lighter again. He flicked the switch, and a soft, yellow flame shot out. The woman cringed, but stayed close. She looked up at him expectantly.

Byron took a look at the woman. Her hair was whitish blonde, and her skin was a pearly pink that sparkled in the dancing flame. She was ethereally beautiful, with her bluish white eyes that dominated a heart shaped face. Almost as tall as he was, her willowy body was dressed in a silky swatch of material that appeared draped. After taking that quick assessment, he blew out the flame again. She gasped softly, and then ran back to the other ladies, who had stayed behind. He watched, as she gestured to them frantically. The others seemed frightened, shaking their heads. Disgusted, the woman sent them away. She watched, until they disappeared from sight, before turning back to him. She approached him, confidently; no longer afraid of him. Since she had given him no reason to fear her, Byron waited patiently for the woman to get close enough, so that he could see her. The woman stopped in front of him.

“Ayla,” she said; voice rusty from lack of use.

“You can understand me?” he said, incrediously.

“Yes. We chose not to speak. The bright ones consider us mad and leave us alone,” Ayla replied.

“Bright ones? There are more?” Byron gaped.

“Oh yes! A lot more. The bright ones live in the bright city. They enslave others to do their work. We don’t like the light and don’t want to be slaves, so we act insane, and they steer far from us,” she explained.

“I see,” he said.

“Are you one of the mythical ones?” she asked.

“What do you mean? Who are the mythical ones?” Byron replied.

“A man…men. Ones that are rumored to have lived among us long ago,” Ayla continued.

“Yes…I’m a man,” he told her, “You’re telling me that there are no men…at all…here.”

“No…they are myths,” she said.

“Well, my dear, I am certainly a man,” he assured her.

“If you are man, then prove it,” she demanded.

“How? Short of dropping my pants, and showing you my genitals, I don’t know of any other way to prove it, other than my word,” Byron stammered.

“Genitals? Is that the part that the stories told had the power to give great pleasure?” she whispered.

“Uh…yeah…,”he started.

Ayla swooped forward and grabbed his pants, “This I must see!”

Gone was the timid woman from before. There seemed no other way to convince her that he was a man, so Byron made no move to stop her, as she fumbled with the button and zipper. Not wanting a serious zipper injury, he gently removed her hands and undid his pants for her. Ayla smiled brightly at him, and then yanked them to his ankles. She pushed him back to a flat surface that could have been used as a table or shelf. Once she had him seated, she guided his upper body back until he was lying flat, with his legs dangling freely. Alya proceeded to rip open his shirt, running her hands over his pecs. When she came to his small, flat nipples, she stopped.

“So different from mine,” she told him.

Before he could agree, she pulled the top of her garment down to compare her breasts to his. Byron’s mouth went dry. The sheath hid a set of grapefruit sized globes covered in satiny, white skin. He couldn’t tell the exact color of her silver dollar sized nipples, but guessed it to be in the pinkish range of color. Ayla ran her hands along her breasts, cupping them from the bottom. She captured her nipple between her index finger and thumb and pinched. Byron’s cock started to swell. When she pulled her nipple out and let it bounce back, his cock bobbed. The scientist left him; the man in him hungered. It was hard to remain detached, when she licked her thumb and rubbed over his nipple.

His flat, copper discs grew sharp, little peaks from the steady attention of her thumb. Tiny bolts of pleasure radiated from his nipples down to his now rock hard cock, which bobbed with each circle she made. Ayla leaned forward; her heavy breasts hanging. She let her nipples brushes lightly over his.

Soon, she grew bored with his nipples and ventured down the flat plane of his belly, tracing his treasure trail down. Byron held his breath. Any minute now, she would pull the rest of her sheath down and begin to compare other places, and he didn't know if he could survive that. Her fingers tickled the skin along his hip bones, making his granite hard shaft twitch hard enough that his cockhead peeked out from the hole in the front of his boxers. That caught her attention, and those pale eyes riveted directly to the organ straining to get her attention. With the very tips of her fingers, she touched the shiny mushroom, causing a small bead of pearly fluid to escape from the slit adorning it. Byron hissed, and thinking she had hurt him, Ayla jerked her hand away.

"No…No…It's okay. You didn't hurt me," he assured.

Tentatively, she touched his glans again, marveling over how it moved. Grasping the waist band of his boxers, she tried to pull them off, and he helped her by lifting his hips. Now laying naked on her table, he hoped that she would take the rest of her sheath off and join him on the table, but she didn't. Instead, Alya fisted his shaft and squeezed.

"It's like the objects I have, only warm," she said; eyes soft.

Unable to form words, he let her tug on his cock, until a steady stream of pre cum started leaking. She rotated her palm over his plum, coating her hand in his slick fluids. Now able to glide up and down his pole, without friction, she stroked him faster. His moans filled the silent air, when she suddenly stopped and stood up.

"Don't stop…please!" he groaned.

"My pussy! It's so wet. Why is it so wet?" she asked, alarmed.

"You're aroused, Ayla. It's supposed to be wet," he tried to explain.

"It never gets this way! Even when I play with it," she cried, cupping it.

Byron watched the woman's eyes roll back in her head, when she cupped her aroused cunt, and wondered if she had ever had an orgasm. She let go of her pussy and ripped her sheath completely off. He nearly came right then, when she pulled her hairless lips open wide and stared at her scarlet flesh.

“Byron! I’m so swollen. It feels so different,” she said; voice huskier.

“What does it feel like?” he asked; stroking his cock, slowly.

“I don’t know. I feel tingles in my clit. My whole pussy feel like it’s beating with my heart,” she admitted.

“Come here,” he coaxed; extending his hand.

She took his offered hand, and he guided her up to where she was straddling his face. Wrapping his strong arms around her hips, he gently pulled her drenched pussy down to his mouth. Ayla moaned loudly, when his tongue touched her ripe clit. She sat as still as a stone, while he flicked her growing bud around, before burrowing his tongue up under her hood. Byron sucked her pulsing nub into his mouth and nursed from her pussy. Alya’s elbows buckled, causing her face to rest against his throbbing cock. With a long drawl on her clit, he let it pop free from his wet mouth. The hood had fully retracted, and her clit had doubled in size. Ayla was in sensory overload. Her pussy drooled; her pleasure bud was buzzing.

“Oh Byron! What you are doing to me feels so good,” she moaned, breathlessly.

“Suck on me, Ayla. Make me feel as good as you do,” he urged.

Ayla licked the tip of his cock, finding that it tasted salty sweet. She pushed up on her hands. Wrapping her hand around the base of his shaft, she pulled it away from his body. Tracing her tongue around the sensitive ridge of his plum, she felt his body stiffen. Confident that her actions felt good to him, she tickled the long, thick vein that ran down the back of his shaft; her tongue memorizing every bump and ridge along the way. Returning back to his head, she probed the tip of her tongue down into his piss slit; tasting the cream leaking from there. Finally emboldened, she wrapped her lips around his entire head and sucked gently. Byron, now pumping his hips up and down, plunged his tongue into the wet depths of her sweet pussy hole. He scooped up her cream and swallowed. Wet, muffled sounds filled the air, as they remained locked in the classic sixty-nine position.

Ayla’s concentration broke. His cock fell free from her mouth and laid wetly on his belly. A long, low moan broke free from her chest, as her pussy sucked on his tongue. She ground her hips down hard, rubbing her clit against his chin. Byron thought he was gonna drown, when a gush of her pussy nectar flooded his mouth. She bucked and humped his face, until her contractions died down.

Resting her forehead on his thigh, she said, “Thank you, Byron, for giving me the mythical man

pleasure. How can I every repay you for showing me that man is not a myth?”

“Like this,” he said, pulling her off him.

He got up off the table and pushed her forward, until her chest was flat against the surface. Then, nudging her legs open wider, he probed her spasming pussy with the spongy tip of his cock. Understanding blossomed in Ayla’s mind, and she pooched her ass out, giving him the angle needed to slide all the way in her tight, wet cunt. He grabbed her hips and began to slam his against hers hard. At the moment, he wasn’t concerned with her pleasure. All he could think about was how good her pussy felt, as it gripped his cock in a velvet vise. She was horny and close to orgasm again from his hard pounding. Reaching beneath her body, Ayla worked her clit back and forth hard, trying to keep pace with his thrusts. Her pussy gushed, as another hard orgasm snuck up on her.

Byron, finally at his peak, felt his cock stiffen harder. He pounded harder, as his hot cum bubbled to the surface. Holding her tight against him, he tried to get as deep in her pussy as possible, and when he shot his load into her body, he yelled Harmony’s name. Sweat poured off his body, as he lay weakly against her back. His cock, empty of its cum, slipped from her pussy; dripping.

“Who is Harmony?” Ayla asked.

“I’m sorry, Ayla. I didn’t mean…,” he stammered.

“It is okay, Byron. Is she someone special to you?” she continued.

“Yes. I didn’t realize how much until now,” he admitted.

“You must go to her, Byron. She is not safe here. Find her and leave. The bright ones will destroy her,” Ayla said.

“What? How?” Byron, now alarmed, said.

“She is the same as we are. She is not needed and will be seen as a new threat. Find her. I can help you escape,” Ayla urged.

They, hurriedly, dressed and left the building. Staying in the shadows, Ayla led Byron down the back passages, until they found Harmony leaning against a crystal wall. Before he could leave the shadows, she pulled him forward and kissed him softly on the lips.

“Until we meet again, Byron. Maybe, next time you will share your Harmony with me,” Ayla said,

before disappearing in the darkness.

Byron stepped out from the shadows and softly said, “ Harmony!’

Harmony jumped, and then ran to him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

“I thought I lost you,” she cried.

“Shh. It’s alright now,” he reassured her, rubbing up and down her back, “We’ll talk later, but right now, we have to get out of here.”

He took her hand and turned to run back the way they had come, but was stopped by a wall of bright, shimmering women armed with weapons. They were seized, pulled apart, and made to follow them out of the dim shadows and into a city built from diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies. But, there was no time to marvel at the brilliantly colored civilization. They were now prisoners of Queen Sephora.