



## Blondie and the Dancing Dead

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I had my arms wrapped around his corded thighs, my nose buried in his tightly coiled pubes, gazing up him as I sucked his cock. He palmed my head like a basketball with his huge chocolate colored hand, treating me like I was one of his pit bull pups as his breathing quickened. A throaty grunt was all the warning he gave me as several bursts of thick cum filled hit the back of my throat. I swallowed it all down, my eyes never leaving his face, enjoying the slack look that was all he could manage now that I'd drained his balls. If I could have smiled, I would. It had been a while since I'd last seen Twi. "God dammit, girl. You still the best." "So, we square?" I asked after he slipped his slick cock out of my mouth, his cum cascading slowly down my chin. I hurriedly wiped it off with the back of my hand before it could leave tell-tale stains on my top. Then, with an impish grin, I used his boxers as a hand towel. "Dammit, Blondie. Don't be wiping that shit on me." "Too late. You know, if you touch your own spunk, it turns you gay," I shot back with a giggle. "Bitch." Was his retort. "So, we good, motherfucker?" I repeated, snapping the elastic of his black and white plaid shorts against his thighs before he could finish pulling them all the way up." "Heh. Yeah, knock that shit off, and yeah, we was square the moment you walked in the door, baby." He grinned, hurriedly tucking himself back into his boxers then pulling up the zipper on his loose jeans. "Cool." I zipped up my back pack and got ready to scam. Even though I had a real job now, waitressing in a pretty decent restaurant in Berkeley, I was still making runs. Only thing that had changed was my back pack. I'd traded in Winnie the Pooh for Minnie Mouse. "Hey, Blondie. I heard you got yourself a man. JC says it's serious?" I shrugged, wiping my face off on the bathroom towel before reapplying a fresh coat of raspberry lip gloss and popping a fresh piece of Double Bubble in to freshen up my breath. "We're engaged, yeah. Got a ring and everything." Shyly, I held out my hand, showing off my diamond. It was the most expensive thing I'd ever owned, and I was inordinately proud of it, seeing as how I'd paid for half of it with money I'd made dealing. My man was a lot of things, but independently wealthy wasn't one of them. "No shit? So what you doing with your pretty little lips wrapped around my cock, baby?" "Thought I'd give your sister a break, Twiman." "Get the fuck out before I beat your ass." He laughed, taking a swipe at my backside with the back of his hand. Grinning, I stuck my tongue out at him, scampering just out of reach, squealing as he grabbed at me again, this time catching my bicep, his grip unyielding, his eyes hard and serious. Neither of us had any idea that the next time I'd see him, he'd be lying face up in a casket, his mama clutching at the lid like if she could bring him back with the power of love or some such shit. Yeah, Oaktown baby. "You take care of your fine ass, Little Sister. He better do the same, or I'll have a little man to man with him, you hear? Where you guys staying at, anyways?" "Got a place in the Mission..." "O.o The Mission. San Francisco. Once again, I found myself with a foot in two worlds, neither of them in which I really belonged. Skipping up concrete steps, I paused long enough to adjust the pack on my shoulder and pop another square of double bubble in my mouth, before emerging into the crisp November day, the taste of Twiman's cum finally gone. Not that it was unfamiliar territory, having made this trip more times than I could count over the past three years, catching BART (that's Bay Area Rapid Transit for you non-natives, our own version of the subway system) at the Coliseum station and travelling under the chill waters of the bay, leaving Oaktown behind for the much more exotic San Francisco or, as we called it, The City. Sounds good, doesn't it.

Only, my destination was the inner Mission, where I planned on hooking up with Jesus. Yes, that Jesus. I'd suddenly found religion, much to my dad's delight. Yeah, right. This Jesus was clean shaven and had dark hair that covered his eyes most of the time and he made a living selling dope and pills out of our apartment off of 24th where the odor of carne asada would waft through our slightly cracked window on balmy summer nights to awaken our hunger and draw us out into the quickly cooling evening. I chose it, I should mention, based on its proximity to Balmy Ally. If you've seen the murals lining the walls, you'd understand why. Some days I would sit in their shade and spend hours with a sketch pad and a shoebox full of sharpie pens and crayons, trying to capture the richness of art inspired by Diego Rivera and Jose Orozco while tripping on acid, never quite succeeding, but getting closer as time went by. Oh, I should probably mention that I was Jesus's partner. And his fiancé. Yeah, I even had the rock to prove it. Quarter karat bling on a gold band that I made sure to flash around every time I hooked up with my girlfriends. We were so in love. We were also high most of the time. Today wasn't an exception. So yeah, me and Jesus, living in a dump that would have fit into my dad's garage with room left to spare. Real lovebirds. Oh, but it was romantic though. Blondie and Puerta Gris. The passenger door of his black Ford pickup had been the object of ire by a dissatisfied customer with a baseball bat a year or so ago and, as a result, was still primer grey. I should mention that there were a pair of bullet holes near the door handle as well. Thankfully I hadn't been present when those had been put there. At parties, he'd always tell his buyers to come to the side "with the grey door". Puerta Gris, ese. Puerta Gris. That's where I collected the money and handed out 'party favors'. We had it down to a science, my guy and me. So, yeah. BART emptied out onto 24th street, and I always made sure not to miss my stop. Not that I minded walking the eight long blocks from 16th so much as I wanted to avoid the locals who hung out there. Hookers, drug addicts, the homeless, the lost, the diseased, the dying. I'd had my fill of that in past year or so, sort of taking refuge wherever the dice fell. Believe it or not, I'd preferred it to living at home. Yeah, that had been my escape from Oaktown and the endless war waged behind the front door of my childhood home. Really, though, it hadn't been so bad. I'd found places to crash most of the time, and when I didn't, well, you learned to survive, you know? "Hey Blondie. Look at you, like a rainbow." "Hola, Chica," I shot back with a smile. Kimmy was 24 going on 42. She'd been hooking since she was 16, and it showed. She rented the place down the hall from us. Though she was usually sweet to me, she had a violent temper when she was using. I saw her go after one of her string of 'boyfriends' once with a frying pan. Yeah, sounds cliché, but I saw the bruises the next day and they were anything but funny. After that, I made sure to keep on her good side when she was clean, and out of sight when she wasn't. "Party time, girl?" "You know it. Want to make a good looking corpse, you know?" I think I forgot to mention that it was November 1st which, in the mission meant that it was the eve of Dia de los Muertos. The Day of the Dead. So, really, you're too lazy to look it up on wiki? Fine, but I'm going to make it quick so I can get my story rolling again. Dia de los Muertos boils down to a Mexican holiday honoring the dead. Not sure exactly how they celebrate it in Mexico, but in San Francisco, it was all about dressing up and getting crazy. Pretty much every holiday in SF was like that. If it wasn't the Latinos in the Mission, it was the gays over in the Castro, or the hipsters over in

Soma or the punks... well, you get the picture. My favorite part, aside from having an excuse to dress up and get wasted, was the colorful decorations and all the sugary decorated skulls. Really, it was even better than Halloween. After I hit our apartment, I spent the rest of the evening getting ready. One thing. Yeah, it was about dressing up, but it wasn't just dressing up however you wanted. There was a tradition to it. Seeing as how Jesus wasn't due back from work for a few hours, I took my time in our cramped little bathroom in front of the mirror and went to work transforming my white ass into zombie girl. Oh, not like the movies. None of that blood and rotting flesh stuff. More like Jack Skellington. White skull face, dark eyes, red roses. I'd even dyed my hair magenta. Nothing kills the illusion of mourning like wheat colored hair. I lost track of time, losing myself in my transformation, first turning my face bone white, and applying black to the tip of my nose, around my eyes, my lips, giving the illusion of a skull. Of course, being who I was, I added red rose petals around my eyes, as well as brightly colored designs above my brows, to my forehead, and upon my cheeks, until I was no longer the little blonde girl from across the bay. I was La Reina de los Gitanos Muertos Vivientes . Queen of the Undead Gypsies! By the time Jesus got home, I'd torn my closet apart looking for the perfect combination of colors, going with the old axiom; more is better. He just shook his head, a cockeyed smile on his face, pushing me off when I tried to rub up against him and undo his fly. "Come on, baby. Just a quickie. I'm so fucking horny," I moaned, not yet dressed, my nipples poking through my thin cotton tank, my pumpkin orange panties stained with my sudden arousal. "Enough, Chica . I gotta work tonight." "What the fuck? I thought you had the night off!" With a shake of his head, he shrugged. He pushed me away again, this time hard enough to plant my ass on our unmade bed. "Antonio called in sick. I gotta cover." I snorted. Yeah, right. Antonio was always calling in with the 'sniffles'. Only, the kind he got, were from sucking too much shit up his nostrils. I knew for a fact that half of every check he got went directly up his nose. Jesus joked that he could tell when it was almost payday; that's when Antonio started getting the jitters from withdrawal. "Mother Fucker," I spat. Yeah, I know. My language had become kind of raw lately, for which I refuse to apologize for. "I'm still going," I told him defiantly, getting a smile in return. "Yeah, it's cool. Just stay out of the cookie jar, chica . Comprende ?" Tossing his hoodie on my lap, he pulled his dirty white wife-beater off over his head, revealing his lean caramel torso. I could count every rib. Yeah, times were hard, but we made do. Didn't help that I'd developed the habit of dropping pills like candy whenever I got bored, which was pretty much every morning, noon, and night lately. "But it won't be any fun, then," I said with a pout, putting on a cutesy little girl voice, after which I stuck my index finger in my mouth, careful not to spoil my makeup as I sucked teasingly, my eyes sparkling with mischief. "You look amazing, by the way, Blondie. Muy Bonito. Muy miedo !" I responded by slipping my other hand into my panties and running my fingers up and down my slit while lifting my hips, presenting my hot Hispanic boy toy with a an obscene portrait of a girl in heat. "You sure you don't have time, lover?" This time, he simply growled at me, cursing Antonio and his meth habit under his breath. "Remember what I said, chica . Keep away from the candy." O.o I tried. Oh, how I tried. After he left I busied myself with getting dressed. Ok, not true. After he left I finger fucked myself to a nice little orgasm, my panties twisted around one ankle, and then got dressed. Yeah, ok, that's not entirely true, either. I started in on my

pussy before he left, pleased at the bulge in his chinos every time he glanced over, laughing at him as his language turned even more colorful. I was pretty sure that Antonio was going to suffer for my little display. At least I had the decency to wait until he left to cum. This time, there was no good bye kiss, on account of I didn't want to ruin my make-up. I simply blew him a kiss from my pussy soaked fingertips, smiling as he caught it, his eyes glinting with lust as he slammed the door behind him (not with anger, I should point out. Slamming it was the only way you could get it to close tight). In the end, it was just too tempting. o.O The Day of the Dead. Yeah, it's a day, I know, but the party I'd been invited to was at night. Late at night, as in 'if you bother showing up before 11, you're obviously new to this sort of thing'. I was hardly new. I finally had settled on a costume, looking like some futuristic alien version of Stevie Nicks, adorned with black lace and neon green ribbons. My fishnets were torn in all the right places and my purple lace skirt was so short you could check out my silver lamé panties, and yes, they did look totally cool when the light hit them. Why else would I be wearing them? Besides, they matched my silver go-go boots. Yes, seriously, I owned a pair. Two, actually. The other pair was white (the first in a long tradition. I think I'm on my 4th pair. They don't get worn as often anymore, but sometimes I'll wear them to the grocery store, just because). At 18 I was a fashion disaster. At least that's everyone told me. The brighter, the shinier, the crazier it was, the more I needed to own it. It was all mix and match and I got to be my own dress up Barbie. Up top it got even crazier. Green and pink ribbons with bells tied to the ends knotted into my hair, an orange and green striped halter that left my back bare. Bangles and baubles and oh, yes, skulls! It was the day of the Dead, after all, and I'd been raiding the mama y papa tiendas all week for cheap trinkets. Glow in the dark skulls, or just brightly colored ones had become my passion, and I adorned myself until I sounded like a walking rhythm section for a salsa band. And of course, I wouldn't be me without one last touch. Standing in the bathtub that doubled as our shower I'd thrown handfuls of glitter into the air and let them settle over me, turning my hair, my clothes, my flesh into a field of colorful stars. I was ready. O.o There was some seriously sick dub going on in the back room, the bass so thick that it felt like I was being pushed, my whole bod vibrating with each deep, dark beat. It was like dancing in molasses. I could almost feel it dripping down my body, sending its heated shiver through me, making me writhe to the music, my eyes closed, imagining it pooling in my cunt, dripping down my thighs. Midnight came and went, and the room glowed, waves of heat rising from all those beautiful dancing bodies. I watched as steam curled from bared flesh, forming ghostly apparitions. The spirits were out in force tonight. Day of the Dead and all that shit. Yeah, I was high and being high, I was in love with everyone and everything. The world was beautiful. I was beautiful, awash in a sea of the living dead. The walls were festooned with bright banners. Pink, orange, red, green, all vibrating with each blast of bass, brightly decorated skulls watching over us, laughing, frowning, leering, their eyes gateways into another world, beckoning me. I felt like Alice in a macabre Wonderland, feeling the pull of the rabbit hole. The dance floor was awash in motion, all the boundaries of society quickly fading. Here, there were no worries about brushing up against a stranger. We danced, we celebrated, we touched, we kissed, remembering the dead while reveling in being alive. Oh, and the costumes. Bone white faces floated across the floor, grinning manically, eyes lost in dark pits. Red lips, dark red roses, tattoos,

flowers, sequins and tie-dye and ribbons and lace and... it was a visual overload swirling past me as I spun and bounced and laughed, sometimes lost in my own head, sometimes seemingly lost in someone else's, hungry for more as liquid sunshine began coiling through my body like a flower blooming... Names meant nothing here. Reynaldo or Steve or Xuani or Daisy had no place here. Instead there was the guy with the glow in the dark lips, the man with the blue sequined top hat, the girl covered with gold, the girl with the panda, or the feathered girl... Her blue black wings shone like a beacon, brushing against my bare arms, feathers teasing me pleasantly. She paused long enough, her dark eyes curiously peering from behind a feathered half mask, meeting my gaze. It began with a smile, our hands meeting, my fingers lacing into hers, palm to palm as she pulled me closer. We kissed, playfully at first, a mere brushing of lips, warmth spilling into my mouth and filling me as I began to lose track of time. I felt the tip of her tongue probing against my lips, parting them in welcome. It was pierced and I became obsessed with kissing her, experiencing every nuance of our kiss, the tantalizing scent of pomegranates, a hint of cinnamon on her lips. I found myself falling in love. I didn't protest the touch of her hands in my hair, the stroke of her fingers separating silky strands, the playful brush against the nape of my neck as he toyed with the strings of my halter. I barely even noticed her undressing me, not caring that I left my top on the concrete of the dance floor, sighing dreamily at as her hands run slowly down my back, teasing a soft moan from me, which she swallowed in our lingering kiss. There were other hands as well, stroking my hips, teasing along the invisible down of my arm, cupping the cheek of my ass, all welcome, all starting a slow burn within my belly that spread its ghostly fingers deep into my cunt. My skirt was lifted, sliding up my thighs, fingers of flesh and blood like brush strokes on my outer thighs, moving upwards and inwards, cupping me, only my startling silver panties protecting me from intimacies I wanted, yet... "Come, chica ." Death, in the guise of a darkly feather raven whispered in my ear, her breath tickling my flesh, her lips sliding down my throat, my head lolling back until my gaze was focused on the ceiling. Noche de los Muertos . I was but a spirit inhabiting human flesh for a short time, but so alive, the thump of my heart driving my hands as they settled on her hips, swaying to the pulsing rhythm of deep black dub as she guided me across the floor towards the unknown. Into the rabbit hole, I went, willingly, clutching her hand, naked from the waist up, suddenly aware that I had shed my skirt as well, leaving it behind. I laughed, burning with joy as we navigated a narrow stairwell leading down into the underworld. I was Persephone in search of Hades. O.o I wish I could blame what happened on being high. Not that I am ashamed. Perhaps a little embarrassed would be a better way to put it. Certainly, I didn't make a habit of going out and... well, you'll see.... Okay, that's a lie. I was a wild thing back then. I lost count of how many nameless, faceless partners I had between the age of 16 and 19. I don't regret a single one of them and, was I to do it over again, I would. Oh, yeah, baby, I so would. O.o I didn't protest when my panties were removed. My tongue was too busy in her mouth to speak, my hands too busy underneath her top, lifting it to reveal a black lace bra. For the first time I took note of her olive skin, her plump breasts, her full hips. Such lovely curves. Despite the four inch heel on my boots, she still towered over me, which made it easy for me to kiss my way down her throat as I freed her tits so that I could suckle at her nipple. I felt, rather than heard, her moan as the tip of my tongue

flickered over its hard, swollen surface. She clenched her fingers in my hair, holding her to me, much to my delight. So much so that I didn't complain when first, one arm was lifted up over my head, and then the other. I felt something rough being wrapped around my wrists, securing them together. A braided length of leather I discovered later. Not too tight, but enough to restrict my arms. "It is said that only the prettiest of flowers will attract the souls of the dead on this night. You will be our offering." The words were whispered in my ear by a heavily accented, masculine voice sending a shiver up and down my spine as teeth grazed my neck, sinking gently into the meat of my shoulder even as I felt my panties being pulled tugged down my thighs until I could step out of them, leaving me dressed, or rather undressed, like some deranged porn star in fishnet stockings, silver go-go boots, and decorated like a thrift shop whore with colorful trinkets and ribbons, my face painted in a mockery of Death Herself. I was pulled away from the Raven winged woman, noting my surroundings for the first time. I was in a cemetery, or rather, the basement was decorated like a graveyard. Colorfully decorated caskets and fake tombstones where everywhere. Bright murals had been painted on the walls in primary colors, and there was fake fog from a fog machine turning the concrete floor into a ghostly ocean. There was music down here, as well; salsa flavored trance, something I'd never heard before. The atmosphere was festive, despite the scenery. I did my best to get an idea of how many people were down here, guessing that it had to be at least two dozen or so. And right now, their attention was centered upon me... I swayed hypnotically to the music, comfortable in my nakedness, despite that everyone else was clothed. Not for long, I began to suspect with a smile as the revelers circled around me, their hands gliding over my flesh, anointing me with ash and oil, drawing symbols of life and death upon me with their fingertips, touching me in the most intimate of places. I welcomed it, moaning softly, rolling my hips like a stripper, cupping my breasts as, one after another, they took my aching nipples in their mouths, sucking, teasing with their tongues, fingers caressing the crack of my ass, gliding along my ribs, my mound, tantalizingly brushing along the edges of my parted lips until I could no longer think straight. "Fuck me," I whispered, not knowing if they heard me above the tribal beat that now filled the room. If my words weren't clear, my body language must have been. They grew bolder, if that was possible, pushing and pulling me playfully. With my forearms resting on top of my head, my wrists bound, I danced for them, my smile a little too bright, my eyes a little too wide as I drank in the beauty of the crowd. Oh, yes, I was high, but not merely on the pills I had popped earlier. Waves of love and desire and joy washed over me like ghostly hands, joining those of flesh and blood. I offered myself to the spirits as well as the celebrants, and I felt their approval. "Fuck me!" This time it was a joyful cry, one heard by all, much to my delight. A moan escaped my lips as a pair of fingers entered my dripping wet cunt, hooking gently inside of me as the crowd parted, leaving an aisle for me. It was her again, the raven, leading me by my pussy. I went willingly, gasping with pleasure as I walked the gauntlet, eyes closed, hands swarming up and down my body, pinching my breasts, my ass, nails raking down my flanks, leaving me shuddering helplessly, need growing in me. I began to wonder if I might cum before I even reached the end of the narrow pathway. The beat grew heavier, darker, my pulse matching it. The air smelled musky, a combination of incense and sweat with a hint of Jasmine underneath it and,

beneath that, the heady fragrance of sex. "Fuck me." It was a prayer this time, delivered as I was pushed to my knees before a man covered in tattoos. He slowly lowered the zipper on his trousers, freeing his already erect cock so that he could caress my face with it, trailing the smooth head over my brows, along my cheek bones, tracing my upper lip, and then resting it against my lower lip. Expectation colored his smile as I focused on his face, parting my mouth and leaning forward to engulf him. A cheer went up, directed at me, as I took him in my mouth. His cock slowly disappeared until there was nothing left of it, my tongue gliding along the pulsing vein beneath. He began to fuck my face, gripping the cord that bound my wrists as he pushed in and out, slowly at first, and then matching the rhythm of the music. Warm saliva spilled down my chin, covering his balls and his beautiful prick. I felt him grunt, rather than heard him, felt him tensing against me and then jerk spastically as he unloaded his hot cum into my mouth. I tightened my lips around him, careful not to bite down, swallowing what I could, letting the rest fill my cheeks like some lewd chipmunk. When he finally pulled out, his cum spilled down my chin and between my exposed breasts, a slow stream flowing over ribs, pooling in my navel, making its way down my flat belly to my mound. I was a canvass, his cock a paintbrush, his jism paint. Another took his place, this one heavy and nowhere as gentle, not that I minded. I liked it rough, truth be told. As I sucked on his cock, I felt something wet hit me between the shoulders and slowly slide down my spine. Someone's cum. I'd been jerked off onto. If I hadn't had a cock being shoved down my throat I would have burst into giggles. "Putita sucia ." He growled, using my mouth until I felt his cock twitching, pulling out just in time to blow his load on my cheek. The second time, his aim was much better, filling my mouth with white spew which I swallowed down like raw oysters, my undead lips parted wide, eager for more. Instead, I was I lifted and bent over one of the coffins. Someone grabbed my wrists and pulled tight, while my legs were being spread apart out of my sight. "Fuck me!" This time it was a scream of pure animal desperation. I needed something to fill my cunt before I went mad. My prayers were quickly answered as a I felt a cock being shoved inside my well lubricated slit, thrusting in and out, pumping my pussy until, with a cry of triumph, he came inside of me. It was too soon for me to get off, but I didn't have time to complain before someone else took his place. More cum hit me, this time landing in my hair and on my ass and as my unseen assailant slammed into my ass making my small tits slide across the polished wood, exciting my swollen nipples. " Madre di Dios !" was the only warning I got as he filled me with his seed, quivering against me as I felt his cock shrinking inside of me before slipping out, to be replaced by a monster that threatened to split me in two while, at the same time, someone shoved their pussy in my face. Naturally, I did my best to lick her clit while she rubbed herself against my cum slick face. It didn't take her long to climax, or maybe it was forever. I quickly lost track of time as well as who had what shoved where. Nothing was sacred. Thankfully, the first guy who took me in the ass was gentle, lubricating his dick in my cunt first before easing it into my tight little hole, his head pushing past my anal ring, sealing himself inside me as I clenched around his shaft, impaled from behind as a pale skinned skeleton dressed in bright red speared my eager mouth, laughing gleefully as I sucked greedily, his cum joining the others who'd gone before him in my belly. I also lost track of how many times I had climaxed. It wasn't merely their pleasure that was sated. I thrashed and

writhed, each orgasm more intense than the previous one, until I was going out of my mind with ecstasy. I was ravished time and time again without protest. My throat was raw with my cries, and I could tell that I'd be sore from head to toe when tomorrow came. Not that I cared. Tonight was forever. Tomorrow was a very long way away. Then, the music changed, slowed, became a tribal thump of bass drum and toms and hand claps. I was pulled from the coffin top and lifted overhead, my face to the heavens. Held aloft by numerous hands, I was passed around the room, sweat and cum rolling off my flesh and anointing all who passed beneath me. Finally I was set down and my hands unbound as a circle of men formed around me. They all wore death masks, and little else, and their cocks strained upwards and out like ceremonial spears. I watched, entranced, as they began to stroke their cocks over me. Someone had placed a cushion beneath my head, so I simply lay back, my legs spread obscenely wide, and began to play with myself until my face was a mirror of theirs; pure primal lust. I did my best to hold out, knowing what was to come, wanting to make the moment last, wanting to imprint it in my memory for all time... Each time one of them shot his cum on me, he'd step back, and another would take his place. There was no artistry in it, no aim. Before long it covered my tits, my belly, my face, my arms, my thighs, my hands that were furiously working my cunt. Surprisingly, I was finding it impossible to cum. I became desperate to drive myself over the edge, yet unable to reach that peak until the crowd suddenly faded, leaving me almost completely alone. I felt like I was burning from within. Music still thundered in my ears as I hit a peak of a different kind, the pills that I'd dropped kicking into me like waves of pure physical pleasure as a fought to bring myself off, frustration digging its claws into me like some cruel bird of prey... She chose that moment, almost as if she'd known it was coming, to appear. The raven girl, her skin gleaming blue black as she settled, naked, upon me, her knees spread so that I could spear her lightly furred cunt with my tongue as she bent over me, doing the same to mine. She slid up and down my sex drenched torso, smearing cum over her belly and tits as she drove her tongue hard into my dripping wet cunt until... I... Madre di dios ... There are no words for what happened, an experience so intense that I knew for sure that I must have died and been reborn over and over, my arms wrapped around her thighs as hers were around mine, until it felt like we were one being, my tongue plunging into my own cunt, hers into hers, Quetzalcoatl, the feathered serpent, devouring its own tail for all eternity. Life, death, rebirth, and endless cycle of immortality... Eventually, I passed out, or I must have, since I found myself suddenly awake, cradled in her arms, her tears washing over me, holding me, her smile pulling my mouth to hers. We kissed as bodies flowed around us, dancing, leaping, praying, touching, kissing, awash in sensuality as they celebrated the dead by living to the fullest. Soon, I found myself joining them, dancing naked, unashamed, full of joy at being alive, knowing that it was a gift. I came several more times that night; my legs wrapped around a thick waist as a caramel skinned tattooed warrior bounced me up and down on his hips, his spear deep inside my womb. Straddling a mustachioed youth with a puckered bullet shaped scar in his bicep inside of a cushioned casket, riding him until we both came together. On my hands and knees as a skull faced man in tails and bow tie, a top hat set firmly on his head, slammed himself into my ass so hard that by the time he spent his load deep inside my intestines, we'd moved several feet from where we'd begun... And

finally, once more with the dark beauty of the raven, this time tender, our fingers laced together as we devoured each other with heated kisses, exploring each other's bodies until the sun finally rose, signaling the end of the long, oh so beautiful, night. She asked if I would come home with her, but I shook my head, knowing that, in brisk light of the day, the illusion would be spoiled for both of us. Her feathers would become costume finery, my death's head, would be revealed as mere make-up. I wanted this night to be preserved in my memory as magical, not merely the trappings of magic in a mundane world, but truly, fantasy. So I said good bye, not with words, but with passionate kisses, my leave taking delayed as I sought out each and every one of my congregation and bestowed my love upon them the only way I knew how. Afterwards, I gathered what I could, borrowing discarded clothing to cover me as I made my journey home, shivering as I made my way through the Mission, the chill November breeze turning the fluids on my flesh to ice until I made it home to the bed I shared with Jesus, slipping naked under the covers with him to be filled one last time as he hardened inside my still eager cunt. We welcomed the dawn while fucking savagely until we were both spent, after which, I slept like the dead, safe in his arms, dreaming of raven winged girls...