

## Flower of Decay: Golden Body

A sunrise falls. A life falls. She lives.

When she woke up in the morning, the sun shined on her body.

She was sitting up in her bed like usual, her black underwear exposed to the light outside.

The woman's skin was a little darker than sunshine, with the glow of sunlight. Even the sun coming in through the window in front of her could not penetrate her pretty, glittering skin. With a yawn, her beautiful face became exposed to the light outside. The light was attracted to her flawless face, the light beaming and reflecting off the surface of her smooth skin.

She smiled, a grin. Her eyes widened, beautiful ovals that absorbed sunlight and quivered with life and beauty in the natural light. Her beauty was natural, absorbing the natural light as if, it too, was attracted to something so visually stimulating, yet unblemished by man-made creations, that it would not and could not take its gaze away from looking at her.

She reached down her underwear with her right hand, she extended her right arm, forcing her hand between her legs.

"AWWW."

A sigh of pleasure was the first noise she let out in the morning. Her face elongated: Her mouth moved slowly into an O shape, as her closed eyes twitched, her long eyelashes moving a little in the light. Her eyebrows bunched up, sloping upwards, scrunching up her forehead.

"AWWW!"

She continued to move her hand around her genitals. One finger at a time, she touched and moaned while applying pressure to her vagina.

"AWWW, YES!"

"IT FEELS SO GOOD!"

"AWWW, GOD YES!"

There was no one around. She felt comfortable masturbating alone, letting her lungs exercise themselves. Her breathing was smooth and full, letting her assertive, woman-like cries sound loudly throughout the air, throughout her bedroom. Her chest rose and fell dramatically as she touched herself and moaned, her beautiful, soul-singing voice enough to make both angels and the chirping birds outside cry from beauty.

"OH GOD! OH GOD!"

"GOD!!"

"GOOOD."

"GOOOOOOD."

"AWWW."

"AHHHHH. FUCK YES."

Her playtime had finished. She felt herself lubricated in the area she had previously touched. Her right hand was wet. She liked that. It was the only way to please herself and bring happiness into her life, when she woke up in the morning, to the sunlight that reminded her what a pretty, stunning woman she was. She felt sad she had no one to please her, but she found great pleasure in finding new ways to feel herself and feel different results for ejaculation. Each time she did it was a little different from the last. Even still, she wished she had someone to give enjoyment to her body's natural cravings for sex.

Her long, wavy black hair reflected light and settled down, after flowing wildly during her energetic movements. Half of it was thrown across her face, the sweat from her forehead and cheeks causing all the strands to stick. She stood up, getting out of bed, turning to her left. Her hair drifted in front of her face, a mass of wavy, shiny beauty massaging the air in front of her for a while, sitting on the edge of her

golden mattress and bed frame, two golden pillows the left of her as she faced forward to the left side of her bedroom.

She had a small grin on, still happy after pleasing herself.

“Hhhhuh.”

A sigh.

“I guess it’s time for another day. A day filled with sunlight.”, She said, in her assertive, womanly tone that was just a little deep, lowering her voice to talk to herself quietly.

She was a young woman, in her late twenties or early thirties.

The young woman’s name was Yokokina.

Yokokina got up out of bed, still in her underwear. She walked straight ahead barefoot, towards her bathroom across from her bedroom. The mirror facing her bed head-on, she looked at herself.

Yokokina looked like she was part Asian, but there was also something western about her appearance as well. Her eyes appeared on an ever-so small slant in her normal state, but when she widened them, much of the Asian influence disappeared, and her large, stunning, attractive dark brown eyes could clearly be seen by anyone. Her eyes could reverse Medusa’s gaze, causing anyone turned into stone to be turned into sunlight. Bright, shining, glowing sunlight. Those are the types of eyes they were. Feminine and charming. Seductive. They would make any male melt at the sight of them, if they stared into them long enough.

She took two small earrings off the clean, crystal countertop. The countertop reflected silver: The sunlight could easily be seen in its clear surface.

The earrings shone like small, golden stars. Their gold colour shined like the sunlight around Yokokina, yet stood out from it at the same time.

Next was her shirt, a black dress shirt. She fixed her long hair so that it fell away from the dress shirt, falling to the back of her clothes. The waves in her hair complemented the black dress shirt. The black in her hair blended in with her dress shirt’s colour.

Her mouth and eyes were open wide in focus on what she was doing, exposing her beauty to no one but herself.

With a smile on her attractive face, she took a small cross necklace off the countertop in front of her, snapping it in the back so it fell towards her chest. It fell on her bra, the top buttons of her dress shirt undone, and her bra exposed to some visual level.

Standing with no pants on, her legs and hips could clearly be seen, seeming to reflect the sunlight around her. The colour almost blended in with the sun, a little darker than it, which made the skin stand out against the light. Her thighs were smooth and long, well-built and sturdy in a womanly way. Her body was not at all thin, and was instead healthy and strong, but smooth, like she had permanently applied cream to her body. Her hips were round and strong, supporting her strong legs when she walked gracefully. Her bottom was also proportionate with her hips and legs: it was smooth, soft and round, covered up perfectly with her laced, black panties. It seemed to fit the size and shape perfectly, as her soft flesh surrendered to the panties shape flawlessly.

One last look in the mirror, her hands and arms leaning on the shining, sunlight-filled counter to support herself. She leaned forward.

She did not think she was beautiful, even if the whole world knew she was.

Even if the whole world watched her beauty in silence.

She left the bathroom, walking to her left and then straight, she headed for her kitchen.

Even at this time in the morning, her walk stood out simply from moving from her bathroom to the kitchen. She had a confident and quick walk, her legs and hips moving together to create beautiful, elegant strides of a developed woman. An assertive and determined walk, but an attractive and welcoming one. Her posture was straight and her back curved, making her front and back sides stand out. Her woman-like figure, young with health and soft skin, was clearly exaggerated when she walked.

Her living room, behind her kitchen through an open entranceway, was a mess. Many trash bags that had not been thrown out for days lay all over the floor and the black leather couch at the end of the room, facing the kitchen.

The smell had begun to infect her living space, suffocating, disgusting and cringe-worthy. Yokokina had to plug her nose with her left hand to prevent herself from feeling sick to her stomach.

Unlike Yokokina, Yokokina's apartment was not at all a beautiful, angelic sight. A goddess only lived in a place where demons would dare to reside as a living space.

Perhaps it was a comment, an indication, of Yokokina's inner self.

She knew she was as attractive on the outside as she was the inside. But her life had worn her down.

She felt her inside beauty slowly deteriorate overtime. Slowly, but surely. She feared the worst for herself, and the worst had come true.

Dressed in her form-loving black dress shirt, she was supposed to go to her work, as a secretary at a respectable and well-known business.

But the truth was, she felt like there was no point in going. The emptiness inside her screamed for her to stay in her apartment.

She felt near the end of her own life, even though her death was far, far away from her. Maybe I really should re-examine myself and find out why I feel so much decay inside, before I die and fall asleep in a grave.

"Ha-Ha-Ha."

She laughed a little to herself out loud. A playful laugh.

Why am I even thinking about such a sorrowful, sad thing?, she thought to herself.

"It's a beautiful, sunny day. I should feel happier. I should anyways."

And she was right. The sunlight from the window in front of her, behind the couch, was shining bright light through pulled-back white curtains, held with golden, decorated clasps, and spreading light over her golden body while heating up her skin.

She spread her arms to her side and smiled. She moved her arms above her head, her long, wavy black hair flowing with her as the sun's shine cast silver waves across it. Her wavy hair fell on her left shoulder, in front of her, almost on her chest, exposing the right side of her neck, her soft flesh alluring the sun after it had bared its naked seductiveness to the sunlight.

She was stretching while also welcoming the hot day, but with the amazing smile in her perfectly woman-like lips, she looked like an angel bathed in heaven's light.

Relaxing her arms back down and going to lie on the couch, she needed to remove the trash bags first. Not only were they unsightly, but when shown next to her, they just looked even more unsightly. She threw them on the ground, to the right of her.

Yokokina lay down, head to the left, legs to the right, on the heated leather couch, letting the heat warm her bare legs, exposed naked in her home for only her to feast on. She crossed her hands in front of her chest, on her breasts. Her fingers interlocked with each other.

Birds chirped outside the open window. A breeze blew in, blowing Yokokina's shirt and her hair in the wind. The sunlight reflected off the stars that were her earrings and necklace, making them glow brighter, like stars in a night sky. Except it was daytime, so they shined along with the sunlight outside, small spaces of stars standing out from a bath of daylight.

Yokokina looked up at the ceiling, a thoughtful and pensive expression on the pretty, glowing face of a young woman.

Back when she was a child, she had always been described as beautiful. People would often mention the words "Yokokina" and "beauty" in the same breath. Boys her age would be terrified to approach her or talk to her, as her beauty made them naturally nervous and tense.

As she grew older, her beautiful attractiveness only increased. And as she became more attractive, the more she pushed away the men in her life. She was so pretty it rendered most of them completely

speechless, reducing them to simple creatures or could not form whole sentences in her presence without choking on their own words. The men who found her pretty simply looked from far away, their hearts pounding at the tension and excitement of a person so alluring, but filled with the anxiety and insanity of not being able to do anything but stare at an angel.

Her work was no different. Male co-workers were terrified of approaching her, their faces red with blushing embarrassment. You would almost think they would have never seen one of these so-called “woman” creatures out in the wild, or in her natural habitat. They had, it was just they had never seen a girl with such blinding beauty as this girl. It paralyzed them, delivering a combination of excitement and anxiety, the enjoyment of looking and the stress of not being able to do anything with her. Two conflicting feelings, that, if not properly controlled, would rub against each other and lead to complete, uncontrollable, mentally distressing and depressing anxiety.

And not the kind of soft rubbing they all wanted from her body.

She supposed it made sense why no male approached her. Maybe she was doomed to be lonely forever. She had no real friends or people that were special to her. Yokokina’s parents had divorced when she was six years old. Her father had died in a work accident a year later: As a construction worker, her father had been crushed to death when the part of a building he was working on inexplicably fell off, crushing him underneath.

Yokokina’s mother looked and acted nothing like her daughter. She was an angry woman, whose physical appearance was frequently compared to a dying bear by people around her. She was pathetic inside, consumed by anger that was directed at Yokokina, with no other emotions to be found towards her daughter, her husband, or anyone else. She hated Yokokina for being so amazingly pretty and would sometimes try to hit and slap her face and body, in an attempt to, as the “dying bear” said, bring you down to my level.” So that “You can look more like your fucking mother.”

This left Yokokina with horrible bruises, though she somehow avoided developing scars. Perhaps she was so pretty that not even scars could develop on her perfect, soft skin. Her mother took this as a sign that Yokokina was “cursed” and forced her to leave the apartment they were living in together at the time, her mother consumed with jealousy toward what she called an “inbred bitch” because, as she told Yokokina once, she wasn’t “going to be the mother of someone who looked better than her.”

So, Yokokina left. With her father dead—a funeral she was not able to attend due to her mother’s hatred of her father and threatening to “call the police” on Yokokina if she attempted to go to her father’s funeral without her mother’s knowledge.

She called a male friend she had from her work, asking if she could stay with him, explaining the situation. Her emotional crying must have made the poor young man’s heart melt. Yokokina knew how to use something like that to her advantage. Still, it was real, and her friend would have very likely accepted her request to stay, nonetheless.

Yokokina only hoped that her father had found it within his spirit to realize if his once loving, blessed relationship with her mother was worth it or not. Unlike her mother, her father had treated her with respect. Yokokina wished his spirit the best in whatever afterlife he was bound for after death.

As her father, he was one of the only, possibly the only, male in her life that was not intimidated and nervous around her presence.

And the young man she ended up staying with....

He let her beauty get the better of him. Like a pleasant infection of love, moving throughout his veins and absorbing into his body and bloodstream.

2018, One Year Ago

Yokokina arrived at her friend’s, whose peculiar name was Alteriluther, apartment building.

It was a silver high rise skyscraper, towering way higher than the other apartment buildings around it. If it was a person, it would be screaming to be let down from how high up he or she was in the sky. Endless light reflected off the skyscraper.

When Yokokina arrived inside, she noticed the inside of the building was completely silver as well. Sunlight stretched and moved from the outside to the inside, reflecting off the walls, high ceiling and ground. It almost blinded her. Yokokina had to cover her face with her left arm so she wouldn't see too much of the sunlight's reflection and receive eye damage from the sunlight. Buzz.

The answering machine went off as Yokokina called her friend.

"Hello?" His voice.

"Ya, hi, Alteriluther? God what is up with your name? I'm here now, if you can let me in. Please."

"Ah, Yokina! Ya. I'll buzz you up. I hope you're doing well."

"I'm.... alright, right now. I would be better if I had a place to stay, you know."

"I hear you Yokina. Come on up."

Alteriluther liked to call Yokokina "Yokina". A playful, friendly shortened version of her name. She liked it.

She walked through the silver lobby. She took a right and stepped into the silver elevator. More shining sun reflecting off the lobby and elevator. Yokokina almost had to cover her eyes again, but realized she didn't need to after all.

Stepping into the first elevator of two on her right side, she pushed the 12<sup>th</sup> floor, which was where her friend with the ridiculous name lived.

The elevator door closing blocked out the sunlight. No more worrying about going blind from someone's fetish for reflective silver walls.

Yokokina was on the 12<sup>th</sup> floor.

"Hello, Yokina."

"Hi, Alteri."

That was her shortened version of his name.

Alteriluther stood with the door open. She walked in, and he closed the white, wooden door behind her.

"So, you want to tell me what's going on, Yokina?"

It sounded kind of like a demand.

Yokokina felt herself blush with embarrassment.

"I....my mom kicked me out of the apartment."

"Why.... did she do that?"

"I don't fucking know." Her voice was still assertive and feminine, but there were traces of aggression contained within it.

"She's always acted like a bitch to me. She's insane. She told me it's because I'm so much prettier than her. Fuck her."

"Always? That's a strong word. Are you sure....?"

"No, always. There was no beginning. There was no end. Stupid woman treats me like a fucked-up rat."

"I'm sure if you just talk to her-."

"No. She doesn't listen."

"Come on now-."

"NO."

"But she's your mom-!"

"I already told you, no."

"For Christ's sake, Yokina, don't be ridiculous-!"

"I said NO ALREADY!! Didn't you hear me?! I'm not repeating myself again, Alteri!!" Yokokina's voice had changed from being assertive and feminine with traces of aggression in it to being just simply aggressive.

There was silence for a few moments.

"Fine."

"Alteri."

"Thank you. You're a good friend.", muttered Yokokina. She was upset she had yelled at her friend for no reason, even though he was getting on her nerves and not listening to her, which was a so-called "pet-peeve" of hers.

"Alteri?"

"Yes, Yokina?"

"Can I sleep with you, in your bed, tonight?"

"W-w-what?"

She felt bad for screaming at him, so she wanted to make it up to him.

"I know guys think I'm really hot."

"I know you do too. I think you would like it if I slept next to you, like I'm your girlfriend or something. Wouldn't that be nice, Alteri?"

"...."

A pause. Nobody says anything.

"Why? Because you just yelled at me? Seriously Yokina?"

Yokokina shrugged her shoulders. That was the reason, she thought. On second thought, she realized it was a little dumb.

"Ok, I have a better idea. How about instead of literally sleeping with you, I just try to help you out in any way I can? You know, the kind of thing friends are supposed to do for one another?"

"You would do that for me, Alteri? Any way you can, Alteri? Are you sure you are fine with doing that?"

Yokokina paused.

"Even for.... everything a girl wants?"

Everything a girl wants? What is that even supposed to mean?, Alteriluther wondered to himself.

"I mean, ya. I'm more than great with that, Yokina. Why wouldn't I be, as a friend?"

"Alright. If you say so, Alteri. Thank you very much. I appreciate it. I expect you to help me out, as a friend."

Yokokina looked around Alteriluther's apartment. It was overwhelmingly.... white. The walls were painted a bright white colour. They looked like they had been only recently painted. The white colour almost looked like it reflected the sunlight from the open window, open to the outside day. Two white curtains were on both sides of the window, thick white sheets that blew in the breeze. The window in front of her and him was above a white table, a table which seemed to reflect light on it. Buildings and houses could be seen outside the window, and a park with a playground and a gazebo, which was attached to the apartment building, could be seen below, in front of the houses, green bushes and greenery which seemed to reflect sunlight. The grass far below the floor they were on swayed in the wind.

Whoosh.

The sound of wind passing by below blew the field of grass over.

"Yokina, I should show you around."

"No need. I've been here once before. Remember?"

"Oh, right. You've stayed over before. Guess I don't need to be so hospitable."

"Still, you can show me to my room, Alteri."

"Oh. Ok, sure. Right this way, then."

The bedroom Alteriluther showed Yokokina was right of the apartment door, the far right far away from the other space in the apartment unit. It seemed almost separate from the apartment's living room, kitchen and bathroom, like it was another world separate from it.

"I won't blame you if I find you sleeping next to me in the morning.", Yokokina said.

Alteri's face blushed. "W-why do you say that?"

She smiled at him. A grin, like she knew something he didn't. It made him half-uncomfortable, and half-interested.

"I thought you wanted to sleep with me."

"Horrible choice of words, Yokina!"

She laughed.

Alteri felt a little uncomfortable and uneasy but didn't question it.

Alteriluther seemed like the last person to ever try to take advantage of a girl that was sleeping over at his place. He looked almost weak: He was super-tired looking-he always had massive, black bags under his eyes, looking like he never got any sleep. His face drooped, making him look unhappy and emotionless at all times.

It looked like his flesh was going to fall off his head at any time. He was super-skinny, and the clothes he wore, a plain white, V-neck t-shirt that was two sizes too big for him, and baggy black jeans that were two sizes too big for him, made his body look near non-existent.

Alteri looked like he would die from exhaustion if he tried to force himself on a girl.

"Well, get comfortable, Yokina. You can relax on the bed and all that. I feel like a parent, telling you this."

"Well, in a way, you are a parent, because I'm staying at your place the same way I used to stay at my mom's place."

"..."

"Oh."

"Ya." Yokokina laughed at his realization. Her laugh was pleasant to listen to and lively, the laugh of a woman, not a high-pitched girl. A confident, attractive laugh.

"But you know, Yokina...." Alteri leaned his left arm on the wall to the left of him and moved a bit closer to Yokina.

"You should really try and see if you can get along with your mom-."

"She's a bitch. She won't listen to my reason."

Alteri didn't want to say anything else.

"Alright. Relax and have a good night."

Yokina smiled at him. "Thank you, Alteri."

The day dragged on. Or maybe it passed by. Who knows. Before long, it was night.

A cool breeze came out from the open window, which had previously let sunlight in, located in the living room. The white curtains blew on the sides of the window, as they had previously done.

Yokokina lay in her white room, the lights turned off, so it appeared black. She lay on her right side, left hip in the air, as her arms folded under her head, positioned to the right.

The open window to her left was facing behind her. As with the living room, the withdrawn curtains blew in the breeze. She felt the cool air off her back, as it spread to her inner thighs and slowly all around her body, to her hair and face. She had let her hair down while she slept, the wind was blowing it behind her, revealing the waves that made it up. The moonlight outside shone on her flowing hair, elegantly creating a silver sheen throughout.

Yokokina lay with her eyes open, large and hypnotizing. Her mouth was open in thoughtfulness. She wore the same black underwear she had previously worn to bed, except she had kept her light-blue, long-sleeved shirt on, covering her bra while her bare legs were exposed for the world to see. They were sexy and long, with enough thickness to give them an appealing, healthy shape. Her golden skin tone was illuminated in the moonlight, particularly her legs and face.

Yokina felt troubling thoughts of her family disturb her. She could not bring herself to forget about her father's death-the death of the only parent that cared for her-and could not bring herself to forget

about how disrespectful her mother had been to her, and how she no longer had any respect for her mother in turn.

Yokina sighed. A heavy, tired sigh. Her eyes closed a little. Her eyelids drooped a little, showing fatigue. She decided to do the only thing that would make her more comfortable in this situation. The same thing she so often does every night, because it's not like she has anyone to do anything different with. She reached her left hand down into the front of her panties.

"Ohhhh."

"Ohhhh."

"Ohhh."

Alteriluther woke up at midnight to some strange sound.

"Oh god, what is that girl doing? Is she not supposed to be asleep?"

Alteri was in a bedroom to the left of Yokokina's room. Even though his door was almost closed, he could still hear her voice coming from outside.

He blamed himself for caring about her so much. He was sure other people wouldn't have bothered with her making noises in the middle of the night. But he liked her too much to simply ignore her-he thought about her too much-to turn away from her.

"What is she up too?"

He threw the white duvet off his body, and got on the cold, wooden floor, and started walking towards Yokokina's room. He got out of his room and closed the door behind him, leaving it open enough so you could see what was inside.

"Ohhhhh!!"

"Ohhhhh."

A sharp sound, followed by a low, calming sound.

If there was something wrong, he had promised to help her anyway he could. He wasn't about to give that up.

"I hope she is ok."

"Ohhhh."

Getting to her room, he opens the door.

"Ahhhh!" A surprised sound from him.

Yokokina is lying with her tongue sticking out, moving around and licking her lips in pleasure. Her eyes are closed, and her beautiful, womanly eyelashes curl outwards.

"Ohhhh."

Alteri gulps.

She is lying across her bed. The left strap of her panties is pulled down towards her thigh, letting Alteri see glimpses of what lies between her thighs. Her face is ignorant of his presence, eyes closed and her mouth open in a wide "O" shape. Her lips appear full and pink, exaggerated by how much she is opening her mouth. She still has her golden earrings inside her ears. They seem to glow in the moonlight.

She is touching her vagina to please herself, the act of a lonely person in desperate need of something else to please her.

The moonlight behind her lights a spotlight on top of her. Her body and face is bathed in white light, she is the focus that has been laid in front of Alteri for him to feast his hungry eyes upon. A princess, given to him by the night that has blessed her.

Alteri cannot say anything. He is frozen by her hair in the moonlight. It seduces him, falling all the way across her face and body. As if it is hugging her.

Just like how Alteri feels like he should be doing to her.

Yokokina opens her eyes. They penetrate Alteri.

"Alteri."

She does not stop touching herself. Alteri can simply stare at her, seduced by her beauty.



"Y-Yoko-!"

"Alteri, didn't you say you would help me out in anyway you can? Even for everything a girl wants?"  
He cannot look away from the way her exposed, naked, voluptuous left hip smoothly curves into her smooth, voluptuous thighs. He is a slave to its shape.

"I-I-I-I!"

"Come here."

"B-b-but-!"

"Ahhhh! Alteri, stop it!"

He freezes, mouth open in amazement. Or excitement.

"Stop touching me, Alteri!"

"Ahhh."

Her face changes expression. Her eyes roll upwards in her head. Her eyelashes flutter. Her mouth is a small, satisfied smile, her imagination imagining Alteri pleasing her.

"Ohhhh."

Suddenly, she gets up out of her bed. Her hair flies behind her as she does so.

Standing, Alteri feels like he will faint. He has never seen her so naked before, he cannot breathe properly. Her body is shown on full display in front of him. Her long legs and curvy hips-still uncovered on the left side by the strap-cause him to fall to his knees.

On his knees, Yokina walks in front of him. He is admiring her legs and hips that face him at his height. That soft, golden, girly flesh.

"Lick them."

"Ohhhh." Alteri cannot help himself but to surrender to his desires and grab her thighs. The smoothness and warmth, strength, and roundness of them make him feel weak.

He begins to submit to her request and stick his tongue out of his mouth. It makes contact with her warm flesh, and begins to salivate.

"Ohhh!"

Her sound of enjoyment prompts Alteri to continue. His saliva drips down her warm flesh, coating her legs and hips with his love and his lust for her.

First, he runs his tongue along her left thigh, licking in all places so that he does not disrespect her beauty. Then, he does the same with her right, making sure, to again, remind her of how beautiful she is.

"Ohhhh."

He stops and looks a little upwards, a little to his left.

"Not yet." Yokokina notices what he is looking at.

"W-why?"

"You have to work to see it."

It is almost within his view. The left strap of the underwear is exposing glimpses of it, teasing Alteri into wanting more.

"I'm not going to let you just shove your tongue in there."

He nods in understanding.

"Stand up." Her voice is assertive.

Yokina puts her hands around the back of Alteri's neck, reaching down to feel his hair caress her hands. She begins to guide him up, slowly, moving his head closer to between her legs, but holding his head back so he cannot enjoy what he wants, but is simply forced to stare at it with longing, imagining how it looks underneath her partially exposed panties.

She stands him up. He meets her gaze. Her big, dark brown eyes paralyze him.

Without saying a word, she kisses him, and locks her pink lips around his.

Alteri feels his heartbeat, beating with excitement, calm down. The soft lips soothe him. Even without his eyes open, he feels the sensation of softness. He feels Yokokina put her right hand across his chest, her soft touch soothing his heartbeat even more.

She releases her lips and looks up at him with longing in her big, feminine eyes. The longing that is for the touch of another human being, a man's touch.

She takes his left hand with her right and pulls him over to her bed.

While stumbling along with this action, he feels himself fall on top of her, and his erection melts inside her, on the spot where he wishes to enter yet restrained by clothing. The warmth of what is underneath her panties causes him to grow more.

Yokokina giggles at this, feeling him enlarge.

"Oh my, you really want to do some exploring, don't you?"

"I-I-"

"You don't need to answer. I can tell."

"Alteri!"

Alteri grabs Yokokina's shirt and attempts to violently, aggressively tear it off. Half of the left side of the shirt gets stuck on her head, her hair a wild mess.

"Ahhhh! Ahhh!"

The muffled sounds of her expressions of surprised enjoyment. She didn't know Alteri wanted to be so fierce with her.

Alteri ignores her and continues to tear at her shirt.

"Ahhh! Ahhh!" She is laughing beneath her stretched shirt.

The shirt rips. Perfectly in half. Alteri throws the fabric off the bed, landing on both sides of the bed.

She stares up at him with surrender in her eyes. As he was once a victim of her, she is now a victim of him. The look of a young woman fearing that she will die if she is not pleased. A desperate look to feel pleasure, to be controlled from the young man that is on top of her, awestruck by her beauty.

Awestruck by the thoughts of what he is going to do to her body. She can only fantasize about what thoughts he has about doing to her, which only makes Yokokina more excited.

She feels herself wetten.

She closes her eyes.

"Huhh. Huhh."

Her breathing becomes faster in anticipation of his methods.

She throws her neck back, revealing her elegant, soft, supple neck to him. Her hair flows behind her like the sea at night, reflecting moonlight. The silver shine violates her hair.

She is bathed in moonlight before Alteri. Like a prize that is being presented before him. His own eyes widen, and his breathing becomes faster to match her pace of breath.

Her long eyelashes stick out, her eyes closed. Her neck is exposed to him.

He is filling his wide-eyed vision with the image of the young woman in front of him, the moonlight letting him see every section, curve, hidden bit of her beauty that he otherwise could not see. For that, he thanks the moonlight.

He feels himself grow even more than he thought possible, a side effect of beauty overload, like seeing a sexual angel that seems too heavenly to be real. Yokokina is lying exposed in front of him. Alteri had only ever dreamed of such a thing, a secret dream that he would never tell her.

But she was in front of him, elegant and violated by the light. He could not believe this was not a dream. Her beauty was real. Yokokina's beauty had surrendered to him, and she was willing to have him do what he wanted to her.

"I-I really want to help you out anyway I can."

She giggled. "Yes, I can feel you do. You didn't need to say that."

"I'm going to fucking help you."

"Then let's see you do it. Put it in me."

She twisted her neck to her right side. Blue moonlight shone on it.

"Ohhhh." A sigh of desire was released from him, upon seeing this.

Alteri bent his head over to meet her neck. He began to nibble with his teeth and lips on her exposed flesh, finding a tender spot and giving his all into making her happy.

"Ahhh! Ahhh!"

Yokina's sighs of pleasure echoed loudly in the room, out the open window. Her womanly voice motivated him to continue his own desire to listen to more of her impossibly sexy, beautiful voice.

"Ahhhh! Ahhh! Yes!!"

She had thrown her head back, closing her eyes as he went to work on the right side of her neck. Saliva ran down her neck, dripping on the bedsheets underneath. For a moment, her eyes opened and her mouth turned to a smile. Her glowing white teeth, made even whiter in the moonlight, showed with an unmistakable expression of happy euphoria. Her eyes lit up in the moonlight and shone with liveliness. It was like the moon had filled her eyes and lit them up in its glow.

Her mouth opened.

"Huh.... huh.... huh!"

A particular tender spot. Alteri held it softly in his teeth and massaged it with his lips.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!!"

Alteri turned away from her neck to face her. He looked at her, still with her eyes closed. She opened them slowly, little by little, her eyebrows fluttering, as moonlight moved through them. She had on a giant, happy smile, as she stared at him, her eyes lit up with joy, like she was looking at someone who truly cared about her.

"Alteri.... thank you."

Alteri said nothing. He was still breathing heavily, unable to calm himself down because of the excitement of what he was doing to Yokina.

"You are.... so selfless."

Alteri's face was blushing red.

Yokina was much calmer. She was on the receiving end, and Alteri was the one with the uncontrollable sexual attraction towards her.

The thought made her smile more. Someone who obsessed over only her, so excited that he might pass out. It was flattering. She liked it. She liked his aggression and devotion.

Yokina reached out her arms down her side.

She grabbed the front of her black panties with her left hand. She grabbed the side of her panty strap, the one that was still up, with her right hand, and began to pull.

"Ahhhhh." Her moan.

Yokina threw her head back and exposed the front of her neck, as moonlight shined down the middle of it. Her neck stretched out and elongated, and she closed her eyes as she faced backwards, pushing her head into the mattress, so that he could see her full and seductive neck he had just consumed. The moonlight shone all the way up to her face. Blue streaks of light, all over her. Showing off her flattering eyelashes, pink lips and aroused neck.

Her hair stretched even more behind her than before. It fell off the mattress and dangled off the bed behind her. The moonlight highlighted its silver streaks even more than before. A sea of silver, spreading out from the bedroom, into the night, for Alteri's selfless eyes to have the pleasure of baring witness to.

"Amazing. So amazing."

Alteri finally spoke.

Even with her eyes closed, Yokina still knew that Alteri was selflessly staring at her in amazement, his eyes open wide and bulging with anxious excitement out of his head. The anxious excitement of slowly starting to see her take off her panties, and reveal to him what he wanted.

"Fuck me."

"Yes, Yokokina. My Yokokina."

"You will be fucked hard. I will make sure of that. You are my princess."

"Oh, yes."

She had pulled her panties halfway down. Her right hip was exposed.

Hair came into view. First, from the side of the exposed hip, the panty strap gone from sight. Then, from the front of her body. A little bit of hair. A little more, A little.

"Mmmmmm."

Yokina made a sensual, soothing sound, to prepare Alteri for her vagina.

"Mmmmmm."

The hair slowly became full. Alteri was hyperventilating. His breath had reached his maximum lung capacity. His face was a perfectly aroused red blush.

Yokina's soothing, sensual sounds had done nothing but to make Alteri even more aroused.

The panties fell around her inner thighs. She was open to him.

The moonlight coming inside the bedroom shined on Yokina's vagina. The hair suddenly took on the same appearance as her head hair. It, like her head hair, was a beautiful black colour. It seemed almost wavy, like how her head hair looked at the moment, as if it was a small, pretty pond with many waves within its water.

The wind was sending ripples through the pond.

The shine of the moonlight cast silver streaks of light across the vagina hairs, highlighting each individual strand of hair with silver, and separating them with a silver borderline from each other. The hair looked liked it was almost sparkling, like the shining stars that were in the night sky.

Alteri thought he was looking at a star between her legs.

"Huhhh."

A breeze blew in. Cold and dramatic, it caused every small individual strand of hair between her legs to move all at once. They fluttered in the wind.

"Huhhhh!" Yokina shivered.

She twitched her legs together, folding the flaps of flesh between her legs as she twitched from the cold.

"Ahhhhhhh. Mmmmmm."

She relaxed her body. Her legs spread once again. She opened herself up to the young man in front of her once again, accepting his wild, crazed gaze. The flesh folds between her legs became less pronounced as she moved her inner thighs and knees out a little.

Yokokina lay there. Her back was elegantly curved, stretched out on the bed in her perfect shape. It elongated her spine and body, causing her feminine, youthfully- woman- like appearance to scream even more. Sexual arousal that Yokina already possessed in her body and beauty.

An illusion to stimulate young men towards their basic impulses.

And Alteri loved how she manipulated her body to his satisfaction. Long and smooth and tempting.

Tempting anyone of the opposite sex who saw her like this to touch her sexy body.

Alteri smiled at her, a predator who will eat his prey and enjoys hunting them more than eating them.

Watching them and how they look, how they act, rather than just wanting to eat their body.

He loved how she looked like this.

He loved how she had made herself look like this just to please him, to selflessly give him sexual satisfaction for his own enjoyment.

The enjoyment of just looking at Yokokina.

Now, as a predator, he is going to finally eat his prey.

She waited for him to breathe light into her.

She was surprised he had not already lost all self-control and inhibitions to her, and was not fucking the life out of her vagina.

He was not doing anything to her.

Yokina began to open her eyes a little. She saw Alteri, staring down at her.

"What are you waiting for?"

She was waiting for Alteri to breathe light into her.

He snickered.

"I have a better idea."

He reached down and grabbed Yokina, picking her body off of the bed.

"Hey, what are you-?"

He began forcing her into a sitting position.

"Ahh! Alteri-!"

He had his right hand on her right shoulder, his arm across her back.

She looked at him with a surprised expression, her mouth wide open in shock, and her eyes large in wonder.

"Yokina, you're not going to get off that easy."

He put his left hand on her bare, left thigh. Rubbing it up and down, he felt its smoothness and softness.

Then, he grabbed it firmly, holding her flesh in his hand.

He moved his face closer to hers, looking like he was about to kiss her. Her eyes looked down for a brief moment, revealing her long, curly eyelashes.

Then, they widened even more than before, as she looked up at him with wonder.

His left arm moved behind her. His left arm ran smoothly and gently through her wavy, shiny hair, feeling its beauty.

Alteri gave her one kiss on her left cheek.

He looked down at the shining pond that was her vagina. Yokina's gaze followed his, downwards. Her eyelashes could once again be seen, as her eyes looked between her legs.

"I don't want to fill your body with light yet."

He reached his right hand-taking it off her shoulder-towards her naked vagina.

"But you will like this."

"Ohhhh."

Yokina groaned as his hand began to rub.

"Ahhhh."

"Louder. I want to hear your lovely voice."

The hand began to massage quicker. More waves in a pond.

"Ahhhh!"

Yokina's womanly, assertive, confident voice echoed loudly throughout the air, much to Alteri's delight.

"Mmmm." Her voice made him feel aroused. Yokina could feel something pressing against her back.

"Ahhhh." She smiled and giggled at what it was.

"Ah-ha-ha-he-he!"

Her eyes closed, she had a big, satisfied smile on her face. Her eyelashes stuck out. Her white teeth were full and attractive.

The wind ran through her eyelashes, fluttering them in the wind. They shone in the moonlight, giving them a silver sheen, similar to the other two places on her body where she had her beautifully arousing hair.

"OHHHH!!"

"YESSSS!!"

The rubbing only increased.

She could feel fingers almost slip inside her.

She could feel her cheeks heat up. The warmth pressed against Alteri's own right cheek. Yokina knew she was uncontrollably blushing with arousal and the feeling of excitement.

The fingers dug deeper. Now, one did slip in.

"AHHH!"

Now two.

"AHHH!"

Now three, all at once.

"AHHHHHH!!!!!"

"Thank you, Alteri! THANK YOU SO MUCH!!"

A liquid began to drip. Alteri's hand was coated in it, his fingers wet with liquid. Every time he touched Yokina, the liquid ran from his fingers down to her vagina, meeting where it had been first born.

"UHHHH!"

Yokina tilted her head to her right, so that Alteri's head was touching hers. She had her eyes closed and her mouth open in a big "O" shape. Her long, beautiful black eyelashes could clearly be seen. Alteri gasped, his own eyes wide with excitement, at Yokina's beauty in this state, which made him blush. His own mouth was open in a large "O" shape, one of surprise, that matched Yokina's face of pleasure.

"My turn."

Yokina suddenly smiled, still with her eyes closed, before she opened them a second later, eyelashes still covering much of her eyes. Alteri turned pale with excitement as Yokina hugged his body to her left. Her long, thick hair flew around him, seeming like it was trapping him in a prison. She shoved her left cheek against his right cheek and pressed her flesh into his face.

She still had that smile on, eyes almost closed, covered by thick eyelashes.

She put her left arm around him, softly resting her hand on his left shoulder. She looked down at his erect crotch, and began to playfully, slowly move her right hand down to his crotch, pulling his shirt up as she moved downwards to touch his belly button, bare and naked in her gentle fingers. She felt his stomach with soft, individual fingers before continuing to reach more downwards.

"Ahh-!" Alteri's voice became stuck in his throat.

Yokina had her hand on his belt.

She touched his front belt buckle.

Click.

With that, she undid the buckle holding his jeans up.

Unbuckling the button holding the pants, she began to unzip his jeans.

Zip.

With that, she suddenly faced Alteri's face and forced her lips on him, giving a kiss. Yokina felt her face sink into his, and her wavy hair wrapped around him even more. She grabbed the back of his hair with the hand that was around him, shoving his face and body into hers.

Alteri felt the warmth of Yokina's vagina as her naked body pressed into his crotch, teasing him.

He felt her wetness, even through his underwear.

Yokina's right hand molded onto Alteri's penis.

It throbbed with excitement, as she squeezed it with just enough aggression to make his body twitch and get him feeling excited.

"Ohhhh."

Alteri's moan of surprised pleasure.

Yokina's smile grew wider with joy.

Alteri stared at her perfect smile.

On her perfect face.

"Ohhh-ohhhhhhhhh."

"You're so perfect."

He couldn't help himself but to say that to her.

He threw his right arm around Yokina. He began to softly stroke her hair. The ocean ran threw his fingers.

Yokina continued to rub it.

"Ohhhhh."

The moonlight from outside was shining white light on Alteri's exposed penis. It had hair similar to Yokina's vagina, and shined in the light like hers, creating a silver sheen over the hair. It, too, gave the appearance of being like a small, shining pond, a pond that looked like it was filled with sunlight on its surface.

Two ponds, covered with shining light, facing each other.

"Ohhhh."

Blue light shone on Yokokina's neck. Her exposed right side absorbed blue moonlight, and the aesthetic details of her neck could clearly be seen. Her head pushed into Alteriluther's as she played with him.

Both their faces were hot, and blushing red.

Alteri was feeling Yokina's touch. It was hot with warmth. He felt his penis melt when she stroked it, and when she pulled the foreskin back and pulled it back into place, as she did repeatedly, going faster and more aggressive every time.

"Ahhh-Ahhh-Ahhh!"

Alteri had reached his maximum throbbing. He looked down to see bulging, inhuman veins in between Yokina's fingers.

"AHHH!!"

He felt himself ready to explode.

Yokina opened her eyes wide to look at Alteri. Her beautiful eyelashes touched his face, at his own eyelashes. She stared intently at him, waiting for him to give her the reward for what she was doing. Her mouth was open in anticipation, her large pink lips on display. Her dark brown eyes penetrated Alteri, the same way she had expected him to penetrate her.

He was still rubbing her vagina. He had four fingers inside, now.

"Ohhhh."

The first moan of pleasure he had heard from her in a while.

The shining stars in between each of their legs glowed light. It was like the more the areas were pleased, the more moonlight was attracted to them.

Yokina's hair moved back and forth dramatically as she dominated Alteri, even though she herself was also a victim to his pleasure of her.

The hair moved freely, like the wind was naturally blowing its massive mass around Alteri, creating a prison of pretty, ocean-like hair that he could not escape from.

The hair wrapped around him like a snake.

The shining silver almost blinded him.

After an eternity of staring into Yokina's penetrating gaze, Alteri felt himself get penetrated.

Finally, he understood how it felt like to be penetrated in the vagina. How it felt like for her to be penetrated by him.

Yokokina had taught him that well. He was the first to go.

"AHHHH-AHHH!!!!"

The ejaculate slowly came out, yet it still happened fast. Yokina's left hand was suddenly filled with strange, white globs of liquid. Pulling her fingers apart, thick and white spider's webs stuck to the insides of her fingers.

"AHHH!!"

More ejaculate.

Another glob shot onto her hand. This time, on her palm. She put her hand, face-down, on Alteri's erect penis, pressing it against his scrotum and smearing his own discharge back onto him.

She pressed her palm on the tip of his penis.

A smile spread on her lips.

She softly pulled back his foreskin at the tip, with her face-down palm, exposing what was underneath.

Her hand pressed softly in where he would ejaculate next, and Yokina waited for his release, that she so deserved, she deserved for all the work she had put into satisfying his desires towards her beauty.

"AHHH!"

One last time. Ejaculate flew onto her downturned hand.

"He-he-he!"

Yokokina giggled at her own naughty satisfaction of seeing him satisfied.

"Ohhh, fuck, Yokina."

"He-he-AHHH!!"

Alteri had seemed to want to return the favour desperately.

He was rubbing Yokina much harder now. Her hair was flying wildly. It was a mess of the sea's strong waves.

"AHHH! – YES!!"

Yokokina felt her own release.

Alteri's fingers, having done their job, slid down Yokina's vagina. The wetness made his hand slide. A loud, squishing sound could be heard.

With his hand still on her vagina, the beautiful, half-Asian girl Yokokina reached up to Alteri's face, with the spider-web ejaculate on her fingers, and the globs of ejaculate on the palm of her hand.

She looked at Alteri, simply staring at him, with an open mouth and big eyes, trying to hypnotize him with her beauty. His face looked tired and had a look of surrender on it.

He was helpless to her commanding beauty.

He was helpless to her commanding, soft and fleshy body.

He was helpless to her star. To her perfectly womanly vagina.

Yokina smeared the ejaculate all over Alteri's face, slowly and precisely, softly moving her fingers along his forehead, scalp, cheeks, nose.

Then, she took the remaining ejaculate, of which, there was more than plenty to work with, and smeared it on her own pretty, flawless face, softly rubbing it into the skin of her cheeks, nose, forehead, as if she was rubbing skin cream into her face and trying to get it to absorb.

Then, she ran the white ejaculate through her beautiful locks of shining black hair. As if it was shampoo, she moved her fingers through her length of her hair, leaving no spot unwashed by Alteri's bodily fluids.

She pushed her hair behind her, arching her naked back as she let the heavy mass of wavy sea hair fall behind her, onto the bed.

Many spots and streaks of white could be seen throughout her hair. The white globs stuck to her hair and absorbed into it. The blue moonlight shone on both the white discharge and black-as-night hair, lighting both up like sunlight on reflective glass.

Alteri gasped, stunned, not knowing what to do next. Yokina's beauty had finally made him go braindead. He felt his bodily fluids drip down his hair and face. Some dripped down into his right eye, a sticky mess.

Just like how he was looking at a goddess that he had turned into a sticky mess. A girl that had worshipped him by smearing his own love for her on her, as a reminder of what she had done to him. He could see everything he had done to her. His body had, in a way, permanently fused into Yokina's hair and face.

She and him were one.



A sticky mess of white globs, Yokokina turned to her right to face Alteriluther, after bathing in the moonlight for a bit, to show off to Alteri what he had done to her.

Her face was relaxed, her mouth open a little, and her eyes calm and slightly closed. Her long eyelashes covered her hypnotic, seductress eyes that he had fallen for.

She stared at Alteri. It was a look of a girl that had had enough, but wanted more.

"No more for now, Alteri."

Alteri still looked excited, his mouth open and his eyes bulging.

He was looking at a perfect female specimen, after all. It was the natural expression for any man to have.

"Bu-bu-but, Yokina-!"

"No, no.", she said, teasingly; "I'm going to go to bed. Maybe when I wake up in the morning, I'll let you fuck me again. Or maybe I'll just let you feel up yourself while you look at me lying next to you in bed. I can be a real bitch like that." She giggled.

Yokokina frowned in a playful way. Her eyebrows sloped upwards.

"I might not even let you have your way with me.... ever again.", she whispered, as if trying to torture Alteri into the confusion of thinking that he would never know if he would be able to do her again or not.

"No-no-no-!!"

Yokina jumped forward. She shoved her vagina into Alteri, so that the hairy bush was resting on the front of Alteri's now limp penis. He couldn't put it in her if he tried, but he felt the comforting heat of the hairs.

"Mmmmm."

"Ya. I know you want more."

She put her index finger from her right hand against his lips, smearing ejaculate on them that was still left over on her hand.

"Have a good night, Mr. Alteriluther."

"Ok-ok, ma'am."

"And don't you dare try to wipe it off you."

"Yes-yes, ma'am."

Eventually, they fell asleep together, tightly holding each other's naked bodies, Yokokina's silver hair wrapped around Alteriluther, holding him in her sexual grasp.

Not one of them wiped the ejaculate off their bodies.

That was Alteriluther's friendly gift to Yokokina, a sign that he would do anything....

To "help a girl out."

He woke up to the sight of a half-Asian, golden skin-coloured young woman lying under the duvet, in her bed, next to him, on her white, soft pillow.

"Good morning, Alteriluther."

"G-good morning, Yokokina."

Yokokina was lying with a hip facing upwards, the same golden curve that Alteri had previously seen, except her skin was completely visible, as she had on no panties anymore. Her entire lower body was exposed, her vagina not hidden by anything. Her long-sleeve, light-blue shirt was thrown on the ground behind the bed, on the white, fluffy carpet made out of feathers.

Yokokina sat up in the bed, pulling her side of white duvet over herself to cover herself as she sat up, down on the white mattress.

She was smiling, a toothless grin. She looked outside into the shining morning, a sunny day that let sunlight in through the window outside. The sunlight lit up her face, showing her large, sparkling eyes and golden skin complexion. Her small, golden earrings shone in the sunlight, reflecting light like they were the stars in the night sky from the previously eventful night before.

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