A Routine Checkup

by FumiKanno

Summary

A Skullgirls commission done for an anon! A lone Parasoul is captured and brought in for a professional medical examination by none other than nurse Valentine! Only, something about her behavior makes one wonder exactly how much of a "professional" this nurse really is - despite how earnestly she insists that she wants to help Parasoul maintain her delicious figure!
A lamp in the center of an impossibly dark room created a spotlight for a lone examination table. A woman by the name of Parasoul laid on top, unconscious, her hair strung out every which way in a mess of red. She was strapped securely to the surface, each limb individually tied down by her wrists and ankles. Her thick thighs parted just enough to get a good look up her little black skirt, showing off the purple panties that it barely concealed from prying eyes. There was no telling how long she had been here, the room lacking any indication of the passage of time. Not a single window nor clock, the surrounding area pitch black.

Her eyes cracked open, the woman letting out a groggy groan as her senses came flooding back to her. Her orange eyes fixated on the light bulb hanging from the ceiling, seeing double as her blurry vision adjusted. She blinked herself to awareness, twisting her arms and wriggling her broad hips. It took a few moments to register that she was restrained, jolting awake with the memories that surged back to her. She recalled going for a stroll late into the evening, passing by an old, creepy church, and then… Footsteps, from behind, followed by darkness. Now she was here, wherever here was, unable to move anything beyond craning her neck to look around, searching for the culprit who had brought her here.

A shadow moved in the darkness. A woman in a nurse uniform emerged, her feet shuffling across the concrete, accompanied by a steel cart filled with medical tools. The mask covering the lower half of her face hid her smug grin, but the lecherous gaze of her ruby red eyes showcased her complacency well enough. There was no mistaking this woman for anyone but her kidnapper, Parasoul gritting her teeth and baring her fangs at the pale woman approaching the foot of the table.

"Hello there," she greeted simply, and all too casually. "I'll be your nurse this evening; you can call me Valentine." She paused, looking the body of her patient up and down. "You look like quite the healthy young woman, but I'll need to perform a checkup to make sure you're in tiptop shape!" She placed a hand on Parasoul’s calf, tracing a finger up the length of the redhead’s long, smooth leg as she rounded the side of the table. She came to a stop as her palm rested on the captive’s meaty thigh, giving it a squeeze. Her digits sank pleasurably into the supple flesh, massaging it slowly.

"K-keep your hands off of me!" Parasoul snarled, still scowling. There wasn’t much bite to accompany her bark when her options for movement were so limited though, Valentine laughing off this aggression with a wave of her hand.

"Please, ma’am!" Valentine continued to chuckle. "This is all going to be strictly professional. Right now I’m juuust checking your pulse. Feels… Elevated." Her mirth lingered with that last word, her visage becoming more sinister as she kept eyes locked with her patient. She used both hands now, rubbing and kneading the juicy flesh beneath both of her palms. “Very nice. So plump, and smooth.” The nurse crooned lovingly. “It’s no wonder you’re so keen to show them off with that miniskirt of yours. I bet you love when total strangers come up and squeeze them, don’t you?” Her fantasies were in play now, Valentine’s breathing hastening a bit as the scenario played out in her mind.

“I thought you said this was going to be professional.” Parasoul growled, using the term "professional" in its loosest form. Her cheeks hinted a bit of red. She couldn’t stop the scene from slipping into her own head, thought she was certain it wasn’t anywhere near as perverse as her molester was imagining.

“Oh, but it is!” Valentine insisted. “What, I can’t make small talk while examining your body?” Her question sounded sincere, but something about Parasoul’s predicament made it impossible for her to believe the nurse in earnest. Especially as her thighs were so roughly handled, clearly for no purpose
other than self-gratification on the medical practitioner’s part. “Just relax, I’ll take very good care of you, cutie!” Valentine cackled, suddenly slipping one of her hands up the redhead’s skirt and pressing her digits up against the woman’s pussy through the purple undergarments.

“W-where do you think you’re touching now!?” Parasoul reacted with a whimper, taken off guard. Not a word was uttered in response, as Valentine snagged a scalpel from her cart. The captive woman flinched as the blade was brought beneath her skirt, but all that came was the sensation of her panties being tugged at. The quiet sound of ripping fabric shortly followed, the band of the underwear cleanly severed and the cloth surgically removed from its protective position covering Parasoul’s precious twat. Her lips began to move in protest, but Valentine’s gloved hand caressing the slit caused her to freeze up. She couldn’t think of any words to say in protest that wouldn’t make her sound like an absolute idiot.

“Very warm down here! Do I even feel a bit of wetness?” Valentine quipped, mocking her adversary. The gentle touch felt impersonal through the glove, apart from being unwanted and very much non-consensual. Not that Parasoul would want to experience a more intimate touch either. Still, she was sensitive - a virgin, even. Being stroked in such a manner was a foreign experience, one that she didn’t know how to respond to. It felt strange, in both her stomach and her groin. “How does this feel, love?” Valentine asked in an amused tone, almost knowingly. As the rubbing increased in intensity, this sensation continued to amp up. It may have even been pleasurable if she wasn’t frightened and disgusted by the nurse. Being used as a plaything for Valentine to act out her fantasies. The redhead’s face was twisted into a permanent glower, to no effect on the nurse.

“Well? I asked you a question.” Valentine spoke up after the silence became too much to bear. She wanted more of a reaction! She quickly found Parasoul’s clit and pinched it, teasing the button mercilessly.

“Ahh!?” The prisoner squealed. That was more like it. Valentine continued to tweak the pink jewel, enthused by the new expressions that Parasoul was displaying. Her pretty face had exchanged its sour glare for a look that was much more pathetic, her curvy figure writhing against her restraints as her weak point was assaulted. “Q-quit that! Please!” She whined, her composure rapidly deteriorating.

“That was better,” Valentine remarked. She obliged the request, pulling her hand out from beneath the skirt, leaving the moist slit alone for now. She longed to get her hands on bigger and better things anyways, sliding a hand beneath Parasoul’s sweater and snaking it up along her flat stomach. The top came off as she went along, revealing more of the redhead’s bare skin until Valentine had reached under-boob. “No bra? My, my! You must be some kind of closeted slut, how indecent!” She laughed boisterously, moving with renewed vigor and lifting the sweater the rest of the way off of the large mounds.

The globules of tit-flesh spilled out, the large sweater-puppies splayed out across Parasoul’s chest without the support of her tight-fitting shirt. Valentine whistled at the sight. They were bigger than she had thought! Such large, pillowy melons for her to play with! She seized both, one in each hand, and began to grope the redhead’s rack with some finesse. She rolled the orbs under her palms, kneading the set of twins like dough. The captive didn’t dare utter a word in response, though it became increasingly apparent how hard she was struggling to stifle her moans behind the pout on her lush lips.

Valentine found this response to be perfection. The perfect blend of both hatred and pleasure, it was surely agony for her victim. Forced to feel good at the hands of someone you loathed; not wanting to give in, yet, not wanting it to end either. It had helped that she had injected her buxom little minx with a weak aphrodisiac while she was out cold. While the nurse wanted Parasoul to submit to her
under her own volition, through having her mind thoroughly broken, she didn’t see the harm in
giving her touch a little extra kick with a light drugging.

The dead silence made Parasoul’s struggled breaths very apparent, like music to Valentine’s ears as
she worked at milking her toy’s fat slut-udders. She squeezed and pulled on the flesh, mimicking the
more literal motions one would use with a more traditional cow. That wasn’t to say her patient
wasn’t a cow in her own right, though…

“Enjoying it, I hear?” Valentine finally piped up, easing up on her handling of the perky bosom. She
was met with the classic scowl she had already become acquainted with, but Parasoul wasn’t quite
able to muster up the emotion she had originally conveyed anymore. The checkup was taking its toll
on her, the nurse ecstatic that everything was progressing so smoothly. “We’re almost done here, I
just need to test one final thing. This’ll only take a moment!” Her promises were hollow from
Parasoul’s perspective, helpless in watching Valentine take each of her light pink nipples between
her fingers. The nurse began to pinch and tug roughly on them.

“Hahhh!” This was the breaking point for the redhead, quite immediately letting loose a howl of
pleasure as the sensitive nubs were pulled and twisted. These fleeting few seconds were over fast for
Valentine, but for Parasoul the moment felt as if it had lasted for an excruciatingly long time. By the
time the sensitive tips were left alone, she was teetering on the verge of an orgasm, entirely flustered
and dazed. She could hardly tell which way was up, though was quick to recover as she was left
alone by her examiner.

“Very good response!” Valentine responded in an analytic manner as if she were actually recording
the results of their encounter. “Sensitivity of the nipples is very high, and breast firmness is perfect.
You’ll make a very good subject!” She leaned over her prisoner until their faces were just inches
apart. One gloved hand came up and pulled the mask down, just enough to reveal her mouth. There
was no hesitation as she locked lips with her plaything, tasting Parasoul’s own. They were soft,
inviting her to kiss deeper, binding the redhead in the nurse’s unspoken contract.

Valentine broke away, a strand of saliva lingering between them. It was quickly wiped away, the
nurse quickly replacing her mask on her face before strolling back over to her cart. This time she
produced a syringe and a vial from its top shelf, using the instrument to drain the bottle of the
unknown, purple liquid it contained with a practiced ease. The needle dripped a few times before she
flicked it, preparing it for injection.

“What’s coming next won’t hurt oonee bit!” She crooned, making more dubiously believable
promises as she rolled up the sweater sleeve of her victim and began to move the syringe towards it.
Her pace was dreadfully slow, letting tension rise, Parasoul forced to watch in fear as the needle
threatened to inject some strange substance into her bloodstream and induce some unwanted effect.

It only made her all the more surprised when Valentine shifted the angle and injected her own arm
with it, another blatantly obvious, mischievous smile on her face, showing through her mask. Well,
she had promised it wouldn’t hurt. It only raised questions, and even more concerns, Parasoul
watching as Valentine took a step back and hoisted up her skimpy nurse uniform. There were no
panties to be seen beneath, just a shaved crotch and a dripping wet snatch.

“What are you…?” Parasoul shifted her gaze up to Valentine’s face, shooting her a quizzical look.
What was she supposed to be looking at? She glanced back down, deciding to search again - but this
time she was shocked by the sight. A cock had sprouted, still slowly growing to an impressive size.
Full, thick, and throbbing, eleven inches of pale fuck-meat quivering against the cool air of the dark
room. “W-what the fuck is that?!” The redhead gasped, eying the girl-dick in its fully erect glory.
Amazingly it managed to strike equal parts fear, dread and maybe even a hint of something like
electric excitement in her; not totally in her right mind after the molestation session she had been forced to endure.

“Like what you see?” Valentine taunted, running a hand over the veiny pillar and caressing the underbelly of the beast. A drop of pre-cum oozed out, the rod absolutely brimming with anticipation. She took a step forward, slowly stroking the length of her new appendage, menacingly close to Parasoul’s face. “I imagine a bimbo like you likes her cocks nice and thick like this one, hm? I mean with a slutty body like yours, it’s only fitting. Would I be right?” As she spoke, she ominously circled around to the head of the table - and more importantly, the redhead’s head.

“G-get away!” Parasoul demanded, tilting her neck back as far as she could in order to keep an eye on the nurse. This action only served to lend itself to Valentine’s favor as she slapped her prick across the captive’s face, letting all eleven inches lay across the delicate, frightened visage. Parasoul could feel its warmth, its hardness, the monster’s every throb deepening her anxiety. She swallowed hard, frozen in terror.

“Ohhh my!” Valentine moaned, having to pull her mask down to wipe a bit of drool from her chin before promptly licking her lips. “That’s quite an exhilarating face you’re making! I can hardly restrain myself!” She was practically squirming on the spot, her generous hips rocking back and forth as she idly thrust along the surface of Parasoul’s face. Repeatedly rubbing the underbelly and glans of her cock over the girl’s peach-pink lips, savoring the sensation of their softness. She pulled back until the very tip prodded into the slight opening, dragging the sensitive crown along the plump cock-suckers. There was no resistance, even as she pressed onward and slid the entire bulbous head into the embrace of the parted dick-pillows. She was met with the sensation of Parasoul’s tongue, wet and warm, a pleasant greeting to her intrusion. Valentine shuddered at the stimulation, however slight, her brand new slab of fuck-meat extra sensitive as she had yet to break it in.

“Do you like the taste?” She asked in a sultry tone, soft and sweet. She began to spread her leaking pre-cum all over the surface of the redhead’s tongue, short movements of her hips allowing her to thrust an inch or two back and forth to start. Her hands came down to cup her patient’s head, taking purchase of the scarlet locks, and holding it rigidly in place. Parasoul winced, thoroughly disgusted at this point, but unable to fight back. Mentally and physically, she was weak and restrained. She could bite down, but those instruments on the cart seemed particularly sharp and extra large. There was no chance she would go unpunished for lashing out at such a caliber, not while she was so helpless to escape, held in check by the unspoken threat. This was probably the least grim of fates, especially with how surprisingly gentle Valentine was being at this stage.

That only lasted for so long. The nurse began to apply more pressure, threatening to penetrate the throat each time she came forward. Bit by bit she reached a little deeper, aided by the angle that Parasoul had so accommodatingly provided by tilting her head off of the table. It was a straight shot down the redhead’s gullet, able to pop her swollen crown into the tight wind-pipe as she pleased. Her movements became more aggressive as she did, building momentum with the additional power she applied behind every buck of her hips. Parasoul gagged as her mouth was filled entirely with girl-cock, deprived of air as it plunged deeper down her face-hole, saliva bubbling around the girth as her lush lips desperately clung to the meaty shaft and squirmed around the circumference. It was hard to handle, especially with no prior experience handling a situation that even a pro cock-sucker would struggle with, struggling with the massive spire of dick-flesh as it violently shoved itself deeper into her oral orifice, swabbing her throat.

The base came alarmingly close to her face each time Valentine’s pelvis approached, aiming to sink all the way to the root. It was unlikely that anything would stop her from doing so either, determined to feel her victim’s quivering lips and constricting throat around every last inch of her vascular breeding-stick. Her grunts were indicative enough of exactly how hard she was trying to achieve her
goal, especially as they grew in volume. She was getting to be more assertive, literally, pushing to slam that final stretch into the hole she was intent on claiming as her own before dumping her load.

It was a race against time now, both Valentine and Parasoul fighting their own battle. Valentine, struggling to repress her orgasm as long as she could, and Parasoul, struggling to stay conscious. Of course, both of their struggles would be alleviated by Valentine letting go and busting her nut, something that was rapidly approaching as the nurse had managed to bury herself entirely into the hedonistic sensation of Parasoul’s throat-pussy. She held herself at the base, unwilling to budge an inch backward, leering at the grand sight of the bulging neck of her poor fuck-toy and admiring the faint outline of her slab of cock-meat.

“Here comes your vitamins, you - nng - slut!” Valentine groaned, throwing her head back and rolling her hips as her cock began to spasm in its sheath. Seed erupted from the cusp, splashing against the lining of Parasoul’s esophagus and washing down her throat, directly deposited in her stomach. The stream seemed never-ending, each twitch producing another hearty rope of the gooey spunk and causing the phallus to swell bigger yet, causing the captive semen receptacle’s jaw to ache while she struggled to drink down every drop without blacking out. Yet even as her vision began to fade, she could still feel every inch of that behemoth plugging her airway and every drop of thick splooge filling her gut. An unpleasant feeling, to say the least, a stark contrast to the mind-numbing pleasure that Valentine was experiencing.

“Oh, fuck! Fucking take it you slut!” The nurse cried out, kick-starting the movements of her hips and thrusting mercilessly once more. Even as the climax winded down, and all that was left to be squeezed out were a few dwindling drops of her cum, she kept thrusting with reckless abandon until she had decided she was thoroughly milked dry and satisfied.

Withdrawing from the patient’s face-hole, she let out a satisfied moan. Parasoul was left gasping and struggling for air, color quickly returning to her face. She blinked the forming tears from her wet eyes away, her blurred vision clearing up. It felt like she was narrowly escaping death’s hand, but a sense of unease washed over her as Valentine had slipped from her field of view. With her assailant no longer at the head of the table, Parasoul craned her neck forward and frantically searched - but she didn’t need to for long, for Valentine was now on top of the examination table with her.

“Let’s do away with this, shall we?” The nurse’s playful words were followed by the sound of ripping fabric. In her fist were the tattered remains of Parasoul’s skirt, now a wad of useless fabric that was discarded to the side. There was no time wasted in her next movements, pressing the head of her saliva-coated bitch-breaker up against the equally wet slit of the patient. “Now that we’ve administered your oral supplements, I believe it’s time for… A more direct injection of fluids. We want to make sure you’re nice and healthy! Wouldn’t want a body like this to waste away because of neglect, hm?” To emphasize her point, she delivered a crude slap to one of Parasoul’s thighs, the generous amount of flesh wobbling as a result. She let out a yelp, music to Valentine’s ears as the rapist began to press into into the virgin folds with her colossal cum-hose.

“S-stop! You biii—!” Parasoul began to protest, trying to pull her arms free with thrashing twists of her torso, but the shock of being penetrated suppressed her resistance quite handily. The aphrodisiac was at peak potency with bare cock-to-cunt contact, the feeling of Valentine’s large prick stuffing her pussy raw creating a burning sensation in her folds. It overwhelmed her, immediately coaxed into cumming on her attacker’s meat-rod as it carelessly began to pummel her fuck-hole. Her virginity had been claimed in such an unceremonious and brutish manner, but all she could think about was how good it felt stretching her insides. There was no pain or discomfort that would have been usually associated with being split open by such a large she-dick, just an incredible pleasure that prevented Parasoul from thinking straight.
“Oh? Someone shut up fast!” Valentine mocked, watching the redhead’s face contort with her erratically changing emotions. Seeing such a beautiful woman succumb to the might of her dick was a satisfying feeling, but it felt even better to feel the woman’s slit clamp down around her girth in orgasm. The already tight cock-sheath was even snugger of a fit, trying to squeeze out another load of her seed. It was too early for that though, Valentine hoping to draw this out as long as she could manage.

Without a word she reached for Parasoul’s sweater, ripping it clean off in a manner similar to the ruined skirt, leaving the patient clad in nothing more than her black heels. A fitting outfit for her new designated role as cum-dump. Valentine ogled her captive’s bouncing breasts for a few thrusts before reaching out and latching onto them with her hands, running her greedy fingers all over the jiggling flesh and working it over aggressively - uncaring to how receptive Parasoul was to the rough handling.

Not that she minded, more focused on how Valentine was advancing deeper into her twat, the engorged head of the meat-spear slamming into the cervix each time she impaled the woman on its broad length. It was like being jolted with a thousand volts each time the redhead was rammed into, never failing to elicit a moan from her. She grew louder, overtaking the nurse’s own husky groans of self-indulgent pleasure. They had devolved into hardly anything more than two animals mating, their grunts almost animalistic in tune and Valentine’s motions barbaric in nature. She was taking exactly what she wanted, and Parasoul could only submit to the sheer power and impressive stamina of her mate as she was so selfishly bred.

“Here! I! Come!” Valentine suddenly roared, sweat beading down her forehead as she struggled to speak. Her hips jerked forward one final time, her phallus surging with the force of another climax. It felt as if it had grown twice as thick as it emptied its contents, the torrent of seed officially marking Parasoul as a no longer innocent woman, but rather a fully fledged cock-sleeve for the nurse to dump all of her potent spunk into. Under the premise of doing so out of medical necessity, of course, Valentine was still a nurse of some sort.

The wave of cock-batter continued to pump into Parasoul’s womb until Valentine was left shooting blanks, more than enough squirted out to cause an overflow of the sticky jizz. The growing pool underneath the redhead’s fat ass was sign enough of a creampie well-done, even more being permitted to leak out as the nurse removed herself from their union. She took a second to admire her work; both the stuffed twat and Parasoul’s O-face, still locked in a climax from the combined effects of both aphrodisiac and massive cock plowing her virgin pussy combined.

“Be sure to get plenty of rest before our next session, dear. I’ll be back to give you another round of injections later!” Valentine cackled as she turned away, the sound of her footsteps and her cart wheeling away receding into the darkness.
The door clanged open, the harrowing footsteps of Valentine’s heels clacking against the cold stone floor as she approached the examination table beneath the spotlight. She chuckled, gazing lecherously at Parasoul as she came to the stand at the side of the table. The nurse was already ready and raring to go for their second encounter, moving straightaway to lift up her skirt and exposing her flaccid cock hanging between her legs. It began to pulsate and surge to life with excitement, not even having to touch it as she drank in the thought of once more stuffing the redhead’s tight holes.

It grew to full mast, and Valentine looked over at Parasoul’s face to savor her… Shocked face? The redhead was unconscious, knocked out cold, unresponsive even as the nurse reached over and cupped her chin, shaking the sleeping girl’s head side to side. She was breathing, but out like a light.

“…Disappointing,” Valentine sighed. She had gotten herself all worked up for what? Now what was she to do with this erection? There was no sense in wasting it on her hand, the injection mixture she had used was somewhat expensive, and while she had plenty, she felt a tinge of disappointment that a vial had been used for naught. At the very least, there was still a warm, usable set of holes before her, prompting Valentine to walk around to the front of the table and reach down to caress the woman’s gorgeous scarlet hair. She crawled up onto the table, getting on her knees and dangling her dick over gaping mouth of the curvaceous woman beneath her. The nurse bent all the way forward and wriggled her hips a bit before slowly lowering herself until the bulbous tip met the parted lips of the sleeping beauty, pre-cum leaking onto her still tongue.

Then she plunged downwards, filling that wet orifice full of her cock-meat, swaying her hips side to side and exploring the insides of the pleasurable hole with her stiff rod, rubbing the crown of her girl-cock over the surface of Parasoul’s tongue before pressing the rest of the way until she struck the back of the redhead’s throat. She thrust against it a few times, not even halfway down her massive shaft yet and thoroughly unsatisfied. She slammed down, forcing it past the negligible barrier and stretching the woman’s throat to fit her girth and pushing deeper until the hilt touched the plush embrace of Parasoul’s luscious lips, Parasoul’s nose buried against Valentine’s cunt.

“Nng, there we go, take it, you slut,” Valentine groaned to the unconscious onahole beneath her, not particularly expecting any sort of response. Even with eleven inches lodged in her windpipe, she was still out like a light. It was a dangerous game, but the nurse didn’t particularly care if the girl choked. Maybe it would give her the jump-start she needed to awaken, which was exactly what she wanted. Half the fun was the fight.

As such, she didn’t hold back. She began to slowly build her tempo with the pumps of her pelvis down into Parasoul’s face, increasingly aggressive and quick as her momentum grew, shoving herself all the way to the base every time. She could hear Parasoul gagging on her girl-meat, but she remained still. It wasn’t enough? Valentine was perplexed, considering that maybe the aphrodisiacs had had a side effect that caused this.

Strange, but inconsequential. She would use Parasoul’s body all she wanted, more than happy to jerk off with the woman’s voluptuous body until she was content. That was what her new plaything was here for, after all; stress relief, and did she have some stress to relieve. She slammed herself to the root of her dick and held herself in place, suffocating Parasoul on her vascular length for an agonizing minute before slowly dredging herself out and withdrawing entirely from the tight embrace of her maw. Her whole cock was covered in saliva, dripping from her pulsating length in the cool air of the basement room, strands of the stuff messily connecting her fuck-stick to the woman’s parted lips. Peach-colored lipstick stains brought some color to her extremely pale flesh, smeared and
stained all over her dick once more.

Valentine gazed at the sloppy sight and purred, once more thrusting her hips downwards and re-sheathing herself into the woman’s throat, savagely bucking herself into the slimy hole until she could hold back no longer. Her orgasm came, at last, once more slamming herself all the way in and letting go. Ropes upon ropes of her seed filled the woman’s gut, thick and gooey, and plentiful as always, constantly spewing more spunk until she was satisfied. She pulled out, still dripping with cum and spit, leaking some of the stuff onto Parsol’s face and further making a mess.

“Funny, that was about as good as it was when you were awake,” she laughed, getting back up on her knees and lowering herself down onto Parasoul’s face, grinding her cunt lips into the redhead’s gaping mouth now. She sat there for a few moments while grasping her dick and idly stroking herself, looking over the bountiful figure before her. She really couldn’t have picked a better bitch to capture, Parasoul’s body was practically a perfect ten. Plus, she kind of had a thing for redheads.

Then, she was taken by surprise. Parasoul’s arms twitched. Valentine glanced down, noticing that the girl had begun to stir. It was about time. She chuckled and reached down with her free hand to toy with one of the woman’s bare breasts, deciding to tease her as she began to awaken.

“Good mornin—” She was interrupted, Parasoul suddenly breaking one of the metal restraints on her wrists and seizing Valentine by the wrist. She yelped in shock, the sound of metal shrieking alarming and unsettling. The other arm broke free of its cuff as well, grabbing Valentine by the thigh and securing her in place. She struggled, but Parasoul was far, far stronger than her. “W-what the fuck is happening?! How are you doing this?!?” The nurse gasped, letting go of her sticky cock to try and pull at Parasoul’s arm. It was futile. The woman beneath her went on to break out of each of her leg restraints as well, freeing herself one limb at a time, before coming to grasp the curvy nurse by the waist and lifting her up and off of her face.

Valentine found herself soon slammed against the examination table by the beast lurking within Parasoul’s body, pinned down by just one of the redhead’s arms with shocking ease. The nurse squirmed and struggled, but Parasoul wouldn’t budge, using her free hand to pull the nearby medical cart close and searching frantically for something on its shelves.

She soon located her target, a very familiar needle. Valentine stared in horror, trying to reach for it, to tear it from Parasoul’s grasps, but it was to no avail. The redhead injected her inner thigh and tossed it away, the duo waiting in anticipation for what was to come next.

“Ready for your injection, now?” Parasoul mocked, watching as her cock slowly began to sprout and grow to a size even larger than Valentine’s had been; a whopping thirteen inches of pulsating, vascular fuck-meat. Valentine was awestruck, unsure of how to even attempt to snake herself out of this situation.

“You don’t have to do this!” She attempted to plead. “I can give you anything you want! Money! Surgeries! Body parts!” Her plight was futile, Parasoul ignoring her words and using her free hand to tear Valentine’s clothes away in one forceful yank. The nurse’s chest spilled out all at once, the supple flesh jiggling from the crude motion and the tattered medical gown being tossed away. Parasoul smacked the woman’s chest, coaxing a yelp of surprise from Valentine, before climbing off of the table and proceeding to reposition the two into a far more favorable position. She moved and restrained Valentine with such ease, grabbing her by the arms and tugging and pulling like a brute, as if the nurse was merely weightless.

It wasn’t long before she had Valentine bent over the table, held securely in place by merely one of Parasoul’s hands pushing against her back and mashing the nurse’s torso against the cold metal of the table. It was uncomfortable for Valentine to have her nipples grinding against the chilled surface, an
appropriate punishment for leaving Parasoul naked and alone in a similar fashion. Valentine had more pressing matters to concern herself with anyhow, Parasoul grasping her erect new toy and pressing the bulbous tip against the nurse’s tight pucker.

“H-hey! You can’t do that!” She gasped, throwing a glare over her shoulder. Her hips writhed side to side, attempting to lash out, but Parasoul merely chuckled. She had lost all sympathy for the woman - if she had any, to begin with. Anything was fair game at this point.

“You’re right,” she laughed, unsympathetically. “I’ll use a bit of lube. How about that?” She dipped her head forward and pursed her lips, letting a strand of her saliva drip down onto Valentine’s back door. It was hardly anything, especially compared to her monster of a cock. Then, she pressed forward, smearing what little spit she had provided over the tip of her cock and penetrating the tight pucker without a shred of hesitation. Valentine let out a whimper, music to Parasoul’s ears as she slid the upper few inches into the tight grip of the nurse’s rear entrance.

Then she began to thrust, slowly sinking herself an inch deeper with each pump of her womanly hips until over half of her dick was buried between the vice-like pucker gripping her cock so wonderfully tightly. It felt insanely good to the redhead, her senses heightened by the aphrodisiac still lingering in her body, combined with the newfound pleasures of her brand new appendage. She could’ve came then and there if she wasn’t determined to make this last as long as she could. Her resolve was to break Valentine’s mind, a suitable punishment that checked off her own criteria to sate her carnal urges.

The mere thought of having the bitchy nurse beg for her cock was arousing. She couldn’t restrain herself, beginning to thrust harder and forcing herself to fit in a hole that didn’t quite want to accommodate her large size. She aimed to bury herself to the very base, uncaring and unfeeling for however uncomfortable it may make the nurse, hoping to retaliate and reimburse Valentine for every shred of punishment that she herself had received by the woman’s cruel hands. She placed one hand on the back of Valentine’s head and grasped her by her ponytail, gripping said tuft of blue locks in her firm grasp and yanking back on it - carefully making sure to only use enough strength to make it uncomfortable for the woman and to not totally tear her hair out with her newfound power, attaining the additional leverage she desired to really set in on those jiggling cheeks wobbling around her dick with her every powerful thrust. It wasn’t long before her pelvis was clapping against those doughy mounds.

“Fu- Hahh, fuck!” Valentine cried out, unable to break free of Parasoul’s clutches however hard she tried. There came a point where she merely surrendered, her body ceasing all attempts at struggling free as she was rammed into from behind over and over again. Her endurance was gradually worn down, the sensation of having her pucker reamed out around the redhead’s cock soon becoming more pleasurable than it was painful. Her cries of distress became conflicted moans, and Parasoul took note of the shift. She leaned over her fuck-toy and chuckled in her ear.

“I can feel you tightening around my dick, you horny slut,” she grunted through gritted teeth. “Admit it, you want me to cum in your ass, don’t you?” The power-hungry dom asked the nurse, her breathing rather hot on Valentine’s neck.

“Fuuuck - Fffuck you!” Valentine groaned, rolling her eyes back. She felt herself coming dangerously close to a degrading orgasm. Even if she tried to deny Parasoul’s words, they were at least partially true, her body reacting instinctively to the brutal pounding of her ass from behind, her hole tightening and attempting to milk that meaty length as it repeatedly shoved itself all the way to the base again and again.

“Oh, shush,” Parasoul hushed, bending far enough forward to smother her plaything’s back with her
bare bosom. “You know very well that I’m not stopping until I’m satisfied, so why fight it?” She groaned, pausing at the very base of her prick and rolling her hips, stirring pulsating appendage around inside of the nurse’s inner walls. She was also rather close to bursting, and she was certain to keep going long after she had blown said load as well, but she wanted to savor every moment leading up to that inevitable climax.

Yet it was Valentine who burst first, letting out an unmistakable howl of pleasure as she climaxed, her load shooting all over the ground with every spasm of her own cock. That second climax of her own was all it took for her slowly softening dick to vanish altogether, leaving her somehow even more vulnerable to the lust-drunk Parasoul.

The way that Valentine had clenched the redhead’s cock during her orgasm was more than enough to push Parasoul over the edge, however, an impossibly tight and heavenly grip squeezing down around her thick girth tight enough to make it difficult to move her hips nearly as aggressively as she had been. Not that she needed to at this point, settling for a few last powerful bucks of her hips before finally permitting herself to finish. She dumped a thick torrent of her pearly goo into the nurse’s ass, filling the tight hole with ropes of her seed until it was stuffed to the brim. Then, she slowly began to pull out, making sure to prolong the process of unsheathing herself from the cum-stuffed backdoor and admiring her handiwork.

“Mmn, if being a medical professional is this easy, then I may as well take over your job from this point on,” Parasoul laughed, grabbing Valentine by the hips and flipping her over and onto her back. She wasted no time in lining up the tip of her still-erect cock with the woman’s vulnerable slit, dripping with her shameful juices, slowly prodding and rubbing the crown over the woman’s tight cunt while gripping her shaft by the very base. She lifted the length and smacked it against those bare lips a few times, each slap causing Valentine to whimper softly.

“No comeback this time?” She remarked in something like shock. Valentine turned her head, and Parasoul sighed. Pity - she was enjoying the woman’s spiteful remarks. It was far too satisfying to deliver retribution personally like this, and with Valentine’s silence came both said disappointment and a strange fulfillment. She’d shut the cocky bitch up, and she was sure to break her with a little more effort.

So she didn’t hesitate in slamming herself into that tight cunt, impaling the nurse’s walls around her thick girl-cock until she was at least buried halfway into that tight slit. Valentine let out a howl, throwing her head back against the examination table as she was spread open, her tongue pushing against the inside of her face mask. Music to Parasoul’s ears. She leaned over the woman, each of her hands gripping the underside of her squirming victim’s thighs while she began to work her hips back and forth, each forward pump of her pelvis causing her bosom to mash against the nurse’s own, jiggling flesh against flesh as Parasoul mercilessly violated Valentine’s tight pussy.

It wasn’t long before she was savagely slamming herself all the way down her thirteen fat inches of girl-meat, fingers digging possessively into Valentine’s plump thighs and indenting the skin with the tips of her firmly gripping digits. It didn’t take much to cause the nurse to moan and quiver beneath Parasoul and her massive cock, unable to take it as well as she dished out, making lewd, vulnerable faces that got Parasoul’s heart fluttering and her cock twitching. She wanted to knock this slut up more than ever, moving one hand to pull the woman’s mask off and locking lips with her passionately, her tongue invading her toy’s mouth and exploring the newly claimed territory curiously and eagerly.

“Beg for me,” she finally broke the kiss to demand of her cum-dump, a strand of saliva trailing from her mouth to Valentine’s own. Parasoul watched intently, gnawing on her lower lip as she watched the woman’s face twist and contort in sheer pleasure. “Beg for me to cum in your pussy and breed
you like the whore you are.”

“P-… Please!” Valentine whined. Parasoul’s orders were cold, but she obliged, squeaking out that lone, humiliating, pleading word. That was all she had to say for the redhead to decide to fulfill the request forced out of the woman, which was a tad backward and selfish - not that it particularly mattered. Parasoul viciously slammed her hips again and again against Valentine’s cunt from below until she exploded in a second climax so soon after the first, gooey ropes of her off-white jizz filling Valentine’s womb - pumping the tight space full with every buck of her hips, an almost nonstop stream of the stuff flowing out and satisfying the urges that Parasoul had invoked in the nurse.

Silence fell upon them, quietly staying put in the same position with only panting to fill the void otherwise. Then Parasoul began to thrust once more, deciding that she wasn’t yet satisfied. Valentine’s mind wasn’t fully shattered yet; meaning that her work wasn’t finished. She intended fully to fuck every last ounce of brainpower out of this bitch.

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