

Encounter:Americano Misto -- Dual Dimension Shower

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Americano Misto: Dual Dimension Shower

Keisha stood under the showerhead, allowing the warm water to wash away the stress of the day. Streams of moisture flowed over her breasts, along her stomach, and between her thighs, caressing her skin, and stroking her flesh.

It wasn't long before the steam swirled around her legs, displaced by another more volatile force. This force came from a dimension filled with carnal delights and primitive pleasures, and Keisha trembled in anticipation.

She was no longer alone. Her lover, Pierce, had found her.

Cooler air cupped her breasts, while a ghostly finger traced down her spine and between her ass cheeks. She jerked at the unexpected dual assault, and her feet slipped. The mist caught her, righting her wet, naked body. Keisha placed her palms on the smooth shower stall tiles, bracing for more seduction.

That was a mistake, as the mist layered over her hands, capturing her. She tugged, her muscles straining with the effort, but she couldn't remove them. She was restrained, and at Pierce's mercy, unable to prevent the upcoming ravishment.

Air pushed between her thighs, and expanded, spreading her legs, exposing all of her to his touch. He was everywhere and nowhere, exploring every inch of her skin yet remaining unseen, a mere hint of horny man.

Pierce skimmed her pussy folds, brushing her sensitive flesh, circling her clit. He plucked at her nipples with fast, brutal pulls, tweaking them into taut points, the pain sharpening her pleasure. He prodded her ass, his mist as solid and as thick as a finger.

"Pierce," Keisha begged for more, tilting her hips, offering him her puckered hole.

Moisture-filled air surged into her, the stream as thin and long as a silk rope. He moved within her. His core was straight and unforgiving, giving her the hardness she craved, yet his particles drifted into her curves, and her crevices, exploring all of her body before he withdrew once more.

He invaded, and then retreated, invaded and then retreated, again and again, and with each pump, the width of his mist cock increased, prying her ass channel open. He stretched deeper inside her than any human could reach, and she panted to the rhythm of his thrusts.

"Keisha." Pierce's voice hummed in her ear. She felt his baritone down to her pussy, and she pressed her fingertips against the tile, yearning to touch him. She couldn't touch him. He wouldn't allow it. All she could do was take his loving assault, writhing under him.

He relentlessly ravaged her ass, and when she thought she couldn't take much more, passion coiling around her like the swirl of his mist, the hands on her breasts solidified to pale flesh, warm muscle pressed against her soft curves, and a human cockhead bumped against her pussy lips.

Keisha gasped as he slid into her, his human cock in her pussy, and his mist cock stuffed up her ass. She was fuller than she'd ever been, penetrated twice by her single lover.

Pierce groaned. "Fuck, Keisha. You're tight." His chest rubbed against her as he rode her hard, his two cocks synchronizing, thrusting into her at the same time. The fucking was savage and wild, bringing the spirit of the other dimension into their human world, and Keisha loved it, embraced it, needed it.

She cried out for more, harder, faster. She longed for Pierce to give her everything, and he grunted, driving into her with all that he had, rocking her body against the cool tile. Tremors ran from her pussy to her toes and back up to her ass, and her thighs shook. She was so close.

Ghostly fingers, in a coordinated effort, pinched both of her nipples, while her clit was tapped, and Keisha screamed, raising her face into the shower's spray, unable to hold back her orgasm, her inner muscles clenching around the cocks, one mist, one flesh.

Pierce roared, thrusting into her, moisture with the thickness of cum pumping into her ass, and warmth penetrating the walls of her womb. A second wave of ecstasy rolled over Keisha, leaving her weak, her knees buckling under her.

Pierce held her upright, his arms around her waist, his chest, now solid flesh, to her back, as water ran down her body, cooling her heated skin. "Next time, I take your mouth too," he murmured, and Keisha shuddered, her passions stirring once more.

She loved her mist man.

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