

The Club – Marcella Loves It

By Miranda Stills

“Wh-what’s happening?” Busty didn’t begin to describe the five-foot five inch raven haired beauty. Her breasts were as 30H, and roughly the size of her head. They were also nearly perfectly round and the size of her head, just like she’d asked for.

“Maria, look! Our legs are melting together!” Shrieked the slightly taller blonde. At a ‘statuesque five foot eight and a half (that half was important to her) inches of height, she was also bustier at a 32L, but the, that was what the natural blonde had asked for as well.

The two women shrieked in unison again as their knees, then their thighs merged together, bumping Maria up to Callie, the blonde’s, five foot eight inches as the main difference in height was in their legs, though Maria’s plump thighs really made Callie’s legs look salivating good.

The yelling changed to moaning as their pussies merged, Maria’s thick dark bush and Callie’s landing strip of blonde blending to thankfully be a neutral brunette rather than a skunk’s back of mismatched colours, though the ladies didn’t seem to mind, their four hands diving to play at their pussy lips, Callie’s tugging at their pierced labia, an addition from Maria’s original pussy, and Maria’s flicking their naturally large clit from Callie’s original pussy, both women shuddering.

As the merged reached their stomach, the two women felt panic set back in and stared at each other in shock.

“Are we going to merge completely?”

“I don’t wanna be half blonde!” Maria moaned, her hands running up to her thick black hair, though Callie looked equally concerned about sharing a head with the raven-haired woman.

Their merger didn’t seem to care what the two women thought, continuing to push the two torsos together, both women merging as their breasts stacked, Callie’s atop Maria’s, and their heads fell in line, Maria on their right, Callie on their left, and all four arms situated themselves, though opposite their breasts, with Callie’s being on the bottom, quickly hugging Maria’s large orbs, and Maria’s arms above that, tugging Callie’s hard nipples.

“Oh FFFFUCK!” They both shouted, one last orgasm ripping through their body as it solidified into a single, conjoined form.

“...are you two going to do that EVERY time?” Miranda gave the pair of women a dead pan expression as they unabashedly collected themselves and grinned at her.

Callie’s smile was predatory, imperial, nose held high. “That little fantasy gets our pussy wet every time.”

“And I like fantasizing some evil mad scientist is fusing my body to the sexiest woman in the building.” Maria’s was ear to ear, but held a lot more warmth than her body mate.

“Awww,” Callie nuzzled cheeks with her body mate.

“Maybe I should just leave you two like this then.” Miranda folded her arms and growled, before noting the time and quickly waving them out of the room. “Go on! ‘Marcella’s’ shift started two minutes ago!”

Giggling to each other, the two headed women minced out of the room, their manager/handler rolling her eyes behind them as she set up the booth for the next act.