

# Molly's Initiative: Molly's Turn

**By Neo Mint City**

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

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All characters in this story are at least 18 years old

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## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

### De-stressing

With an upward tug, her bedroom window slid open. Fresh air rolled in. Molly flopped onto her bed, her legs hanging off the edge. Using one foot to free the other she slipped out of her Old Skool Vans. The stuffiness of a room unused, since she started college, was replaced with sweat summer air. The flight had been long, cross country. Mother was still at work. Dad worked the late shift. She had no choice but to call a car. Thankful her mom had sent her traveling funds.

Running one hand through her short hair Molly's gaze roamed around the room. Across her assortment of miniatures, her role-playing book collection. Loving parents kept the room the same, posters and all. A gigantic blue dragon leered at her from across the room. Its blue-white scales rippled with muscles telling her he would jump from to poster if she wanted. Standing over a fallen castle wall his wings spread, majestic. Without thought Molly chewed on her lower lip.

One hand rested on her chest. Her fingers brushed onto her supple b-cup breast under her oversized t-shirt. Her right hand tugged at the buttons on her loose-fitting jeans. She imagines the dragon descending above her. Its scale cover prepuce parted and the foreskin gave way to a long throbbing light blue shaft.

As the dragon's cock sleek and arrow-like head neared her. Twin veins ran along either side of the shaft; they glowed as if made of lightning. Magically the beast was only slightly larger than her. The blue's long fork tongue extended to her. Its head tilted and he began lower with slow beats of his massive wings. She opened her mouth and legs as it closed the distance.

The dragon's head bucked up and started flailing back and forth. Lightning shot from its gaping maw into the sky above. Crackling bolts brightened the clouds as the blue-white energy cascaded through them.

*Brrrzzz, brrrzzz, brrrzzz, brrrzzz, brrrzzz, brrrzzz*, came from the blue's mouth.

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

Molly snapped back to reality. The loud bothersome noise echoed in her room. It came from outside the window. Leaning up the image of the dragon's cock slipped from her mind. Molly frowned.

'Stupid gardeners.' She whispered.

Swinging both feet she hopped up standing before her luggage in the middle of the bedroom. Twisting she bent over her backpack resting on her chair. Her hand grasps the window rail. Leaning in, she hunts for the disruptive gardener. The yard was empty. Her eyes jumped to the Wells' yard next door.

'There you are...' She whispers.

Molly's hand drifted down between her legs. She watched the young man mowing the Wells' yard. The young man stopped, stretched, and pulled off his green t-shirt. Clad only in blue running shoes and tight-fitting black drawstring shorts. Sweat droplets rolled down and around his well-defined back.

*Oh, damn*, she thought. She rubbed her honey pot through her faded blue jeans. He made two full passes the length of the backyard. Pausing he looked across the yard and then turned off the lawnmower.

Molly pulled back from the window. *Did he see me?* She thought.

He looked back to the house. His deltoids and biceps were large and defined. "Ya, Mom?" he shouted.

"Jonny, it's hot out! Come in for something to drink!" Mrs. Wells yelled.

"Sure, Mom." The neighbor boy began walking across the yard.

*Holy shit! I was diddling Honey to Jonny!* She thought. She stumbles over her suitcase falling onto her bed. *Jesus, when did little Jonny grow up? And those muscles?*

Her thoughts drifted. A younger Jonathan Wells and the sexy stack of muscles outside her window. Little Jonny Wells was a year and a half younger than Molly Tompkins. Jonny was always rail skinny and had a mousey nature. He had followed her around the neighborhood since he was twelve. Anything she was into he showed an interest in. Molly started playing tabletop role-playing games in middle school. Jonny conceived his parents to let him join her weekly adventures.

Her fingers were fondling her labia as one pressed deeper in. Molly's white cotton panties covering the back of her hand were soaked. His now broad shoulders filled her mind. Instead of a dragon she now pictured handsome Jonny over her.

'I wonder if he has a girlfriend?' she quietly asks. Images of Jonny flooded her brain. She didn't recall ever seeing him with a girl.

*He's not?* She thought, *He can't be, his character was always trying to flirt with mine.*

"Thanks, Mom. After this, I'll need the extra battery and I'll finish up the yard." Came through the window.

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

*You can mow my yard*, she thought. *Wait?!* She hopped up and looked out the window. The lawnmower was parked a few feet past the patios. The matching patios. A devious thought of sunbathing pops into her head.

She turned and almost tripped over her suitcases. Pushing herself through to her dresser she began pulling it apart. "I just need," she said, "Perfect." She triumphantly held up a white bikini. The only real fabric on it was the small triangles slightly larger than in nipples. Like the rest of her clothing, Molly thought it would be loose fitting. The microkini would only prove more helpful for her plan. Jerking the fading 'Choose Your Weapon' t-shirt off, she unhooked her bra. Her jeans slid down with ease already unbuttoned.

Naked she ran down the stairs, at the bottom she pulled on the microkini's thong. Rounding the corner from the hallway she rushed to the living room. She had to adjust the thong with each step to keep it on. Stopping in front of the two French doors that connected to the patio she pulled on the skimpy top. Without any strings to tie, the bikini hung loose on her chest and hips.

*Another thing to ask Mom to buy*, she thought.

She pushed thoughts of shopping with her mother to the back of her mind before she saw Jonathan Wells. When she had gotten home she couldn't wait for her mom to return. They were going to plan a shopping trip for tomorrow. She had lost some weight, eating like all the other broke college students. Her clothes were loose and baggy around her small frame. Some she couldn't wear at all. Her thoughts now wholly focus on getting Jonny's attention.

Smiling, Molly saw her mother's lace-up platform wedge sandals. She stepped into them and began tying the black ankle straps. Each knot cinched on her outer legs. She straightened up four inches taller. Crossing the room she grabbed the first magazine she saw on the coffee table.

Throwing open both French doors she rushed to the lounge chair nearest the short fence. At three feet high it was only meant to keep the Wells' twin Pomsies in their yard. Lifting the chair's back slightly she would be able to pretend to read as she watched little Jonny work. Hopefully with his shirt still off.

Sitting down opened the magazine and flipped it right-side up. Modern Micro Gardens for Home Bars. She flipped it to a page containing a mojito recipe. Not focused on the magazine, her eyes searched for the hunk's return.

*Ok, do I call out to him when I see him? Let him see me?* She thought. Planning the best way to 'accidentally' bump into the hot neighbor.

*Click, sqquueeaakkk!* The back gate opened.

Jonathan rounded the corner to the Tompkins' backyard. Hoping to find Mrs. Tompkins working in her garden. He was only in his shorts and shoes. He stopped in his tracks.

"Molly?" He asked, "When did you get back?"

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

"Jonny. Hey, what's up." She replied, "Sneaking into my house?"

"What?! No, my mom asked me to check with yours. If you need the lawn mowed."

To Jonny, Molly looked even more pretty than when she left for college. Any trace of unnecessary fat was gone, it made her B cups look larger than he always imagined. Below them, he saw the faint outline of her ribs. Her stomach was flat, smooth. Hips flaring out just enough to give her an hourglass figure. Her legs rested against each other as she lounged, her skin light and fair. A magazine rested on her thighs. The wedges made her calf pop as they arched her feet. The black ribbons tied around her ankles caught his eyes and he felt his loins shift. She had cut her long dark brown hair. It had been past her shoulder, now it was short. He didn't know the term for it but her pixie cut showed off her neck and cute face. He thought he was going to faint when she smiled at him.

He looked six inches taller than the last time she had seen him, a little over nine months ago. He had added at least fifty pounds of muscle. There wasn't an ounce of fat on him. His fair skin was lightly tanned. Only a faint outline of a farmer's tan. He sported a short faux hawk. With natural blond highlights in his sun-lightened brown hair. Wearing only his running shoes and tight shorts he was more impressive up close.

"Oh ah, I like her new hair."

She smiled, "You do? I love how short it is, you could run your fingers through it all night."

"Ya, I love it too." He blushed.

Molly felt a rivulet of juice slip out of her honey pot. It rolled down between her ass cheeks. Her nipples hardened. The two pick rocks threatening to push off the small triangles resting on her breasts. Sliding the magazine off her legs as she turned to Jonny and sat up. Arching her back she accentuated her breasts. One leg slips off the lounge chair, the wedge clacks lightly as she places it on the concrete. Pulling her other leg close to her chest she looks up at the mass of muscles.

*Fuck, how did I not notice how cute he is?* She thinks. Her legs spread giving him a show. She felt another rivulet ooze from her lips and slide downwards.

His eyes locked on her. Not her smile or the loose straps threatening to fall off and expose her breasts, but lower. On her clean-shaven pussy, the bikini bottom was loose. It hung to one side slightly, almost clinging to her thigh. Juices flowed out of it. His cock hardened, pressing on the tight-fitting fabric. It threatened to slide down his leg. His body instinctively shifts, trying to give his cock space to swell in his black shorts.

Her eyes drift down his body. His muscles looked bigger than when she watched him from her window. Dropping from his abs her eyes locked on his cock. It was snaking its way down his shorts. The bulge grows with each breath.

*Christ*, she thought. She asked, "How big is it? I mean how did you get so much muscle?" She blushed and tried not to bite her lip.

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"Oh, when you left my uncle put me to work laying bricks." he answered, "I've been working after school and on weekends ever since."

She licked her lips, his head had stopped growing halfway to his knee. The cloth does little to hold it back or hide its size. *Good job Uncle Wells*, she thought, looking up to his six-pack.

"Oh, but don't worry, I still play with the group every week. We started a new campaign after you left."

"Cool, cool. So do you bring your girlfriend to the game?"

"Girlfriend? Ah, no, I don't have one."

"Me either. Or a boyfriend."

Molly slides to the edge of the lounge chair and starts to rise. She was halfway up when her left breast bumped into Jonny's reaching hand. Without a thought, his fingers cupped her soft warm boob. Her nipple pokes his palm. Before he can say it was an accident, she speaks.

"Jonny, I was just thinking the same thing."

He turns bright red.

Molly's left-hand grasps his shorts. Pulling him close and giving her other hand an opening to snake down along his cock. She begins to lower herself into a squat. Pulling the drawstring she slides his shorts to his ankles. He steps out of them.

"Let me show you what I've learned at college." She says with a grin. Molly extends her forearm, resting his balls in her hand. Little Jonny's cock runs from her wrist to her elbow. His dark pink cockhead leaked precum into the crevice of her elbow. It was warm and sticky.

*Fuck, that has to be 8? 9? Inches*, she thinks. Looking up he was all smiles.

She rolled his balls in one hand. Her other hand slid along his shaft. Molly began sucking on his tip like it was her favorite flavor of lollipop. It only took a minute for him to start rocking back and forth. Slowly fucking her face. The first time his engorged head hit her uvula it tickled. Then his cock began tapping it repeatedly. She was only able to get a little under half of his cock in her mouth.

"Molly. I've wanted this for so long." It came out between moans. Jonny's mind raced to last Halloween. The blowjob from the little minx in a Harley Quinn costume and what they did afterward along the side of his house. He had run into her on his way home. Molly's blowjob was much better than Harley's had been.

*God Jonny, your hottest piece of ass I've ever sucked off*, Molly thought. Her head bobbed back and forth. Her tits bounced with every movement; one started escaping the loose bikini. As his dick penetrated her mouth Molly flicked her tongue along the underside of his shaft. She would twist it up on one side, then back down, and up the other side. As he pulled out she repeated. With every entry, she was treated to a tasty salty snack. He moaned with each movement. He lasted five minutes.

"Ah...oh.. I'm gonna... cum..." He moans.



## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

Molly pulls her head back, lips sealing on his tip. The first load fills her mouth, he flinches and his dick slips out from between her lips. Hot and gooey cum splatters on her face, running from the side of her eye to her chin. Molly was already licking her lips as this third load of batter struck her face. It covered her forehead and nose. She smiled at the sweet salty taste. Her tongue licked at droplets as they oozed down her face.

"Fuck Jonny. You're nasty cumming all over my face." She said

"I... I..."

She giggled, "Don't worry, I just wanted to swallow it all." One hand wiping cum to her mouth and eager tongue, the other gripping the base of his cock.

Jonny looked around to make sure no one could see him standing naked in the neighbor's yard. Looking back at Molly he smiles, one of her tits had slipped out of her white bikini. Her pink nipple stood out proudly, erect, on her cream-colored skin. He had only ever snuck a peek before. She bit her index finger as she sucked his cum off of it.

Molly had just cleaned the last of his sweet and salty cum off her face. Licking her fingers, the cum sticks to the insides of her mouth. She released his cock and sat back at the edge of the lounge chair.

He seemed nervous, but he was smiling down at her. A sheen of sweat on his hard body. The cock she had just drained waves in front of her. Its message was simple; I'm not done yet.

Leaning back and pulling the loose-fitting bikini to the side. "I know we're just friends. But do you think you could do what you just did to my face, here?" She opens her labia with two fingers. The pink folds were glossy and oozing with excitement.

"Ya, yes!"

Kicking off his shoes Jonny places one knee next to Molly. He raises his other leg over her. His long cock swung between them. Inches from her soaked labia. An image of the dragon's blue shaft slips through her mind. This beast was a little bigger than the one she had always wanted to order online.

He lowers himself to her. Molly leans back smiling thinking of her fantasy from earlier. She can almost see dragon wings sprouting from behind him.

Bracing one hand on the chair, at her shoulder, he leans down. His lips kiss her exposed nipple. His mouth sucked on her breast. His free hand grabs her waist pulling her to him.

Her right hand pressing his head into her chest, Jonny tries to milk her teat. Her other hand slips between them grasping his 'dragon' cock she guides him to her honey pot's entrance.

His dark pink cockhead spreads open her labia and continues deeper. The ecstasy of the tips ridge and his veins pulling along her wall was more than enough pleasure.

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"Fuckkkk! l'mmm cummming, fuck jonnn." She moans. Delightful lightning bolts crackled through her body. Rushing from their connected loins to her limbs and head. Her body floated in a cloud of ecstasy.

Still sucking on her breast he feels her shaking as he bottoms out. Only half the length of his manhood in his dream woman. Sliding back out he feels her shake more.

His mistake was realized in a second. Too late his cock swings in the air free of her velvet soft warm pussy. The wet tip mixed with her cum and his precum slaps her inner thigh. He pushes it forward.

Molly grabs his cock as she feels it poking at the wrong hole. She guides him back to her pussy. As he pierces her she releases him and he fills her again.

"That's it, blue. Just keep pumping." She moans. "Jon, Jonny."

His hips begin quick short gyrations. Not wanting to slip out of her, "Ahh, fuck Molly your so pretty." He moans through a mouth full of saliva cover tit.

"Huha. so are you, Jonny."

He pounded her for five minutes before shifting his weight. He raises his left leg and pushes her legs apart. His cock was deep within her.

"I saw this in a movie once." He grabs her right leg. Bending it up to her chest as he leans away. The tip of his cock just inside of her, she flexes her ass to try to get him to enter her again. Jonny's hand slides down along her calf. He wraps his strong hand around her ribbon-covered ankle and lifts it to his shoulder. He thrust forward.

She twists her hips to allow him deeper access.

His cock slides in another inch. He began gyrating his lower body again. Loving the pull of her walls along his shaft. Each thrust made him sweat a little more. He felt Molly's hand holding him to her breast as he sucked. Her other slick slid all over his body exploring his muscles.

"Mmm. Fuck you're in further." She moans. "Go faster, I'm close."

She felt her toes curling as he pressed himself into and out of her. Gone was the image of the dragon. Her mind jumped between the little boy that had followed her around for years and the man fucking. Soon only the man filled her thoughts.

One leg resting on his shoulder. The sweat drips from him as he rocks his hips back and forth. Each movement slid him in and out of her. With each cycle, he gains speed.

*Clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack.* Each time he drives his cock into her small body he feels and hears, the lounge chair rock on the concrete patio.

"Ahh. ah.. Faster Jonny!" She moans.

The clacking increases.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, ll'mmm cummming. Cummmmin." Molly screams as an orgasm rocks her body. Her legs wrapped around his body, locking him in her.

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

“Oh god! Fuck Molly! I lllloovveee yyoiuu! Ahhhggg! Ahhhg!” Cum soaking into her pussy as each line of his sticky juice rushes out of him. Three thick ropes of cum drench her spasming vagina.

Breathing hard, she leans up and kisses him for the first time. Her tongue wraps and slips around his. His hand pawing at her right breast he was being gentle but clearly had no idea what to do with it. He sinks down and to her side, wrapping his leg around hers.

Molly shifts onto her side and continues kissing him. Her free hand squeezing his ass. Her leg slipped off his muscular shoulder. The fabric from her shoe dragged along his sweat-soaked skin. Her calf pressing onto his bicep and finally resting on his hip.

Their tongues search each other's mouths as his cock softens and cum begins leaking out of her. She moans quietly. He ran his fingers through her short hair and their wet warmth juices run all over her lower leg.

“Jon?! Where are you? Are you gonna finish the yard today?” Mrs. Wells called out. From the other yard, her voice sounded like it was nearing with each word she shouted.

‘Inside, inside.’ Molly whispers. They both rush through the open doors. The magazine and his clothes were both forgotten.

Jonny pulls one door closed as he looks out to see if his mom saw them. Seeing her look all over but not at where they had just fucked he breathed a sigh of relief. ‘I think we're safe.’ he turns to Molly.

Her tongue is in his mouth before he can say anything more. She starts pulling him through the house. Molly leads him to the laundry room. Turning as she enters, she grabs both of his arms and pulls him in for a long kiss. Her ass bumps into the washer. Between kisses, she shoves herself onto the front loader.

“Can you go again?” Molly spread her legs and pulled the bikini to the side.

Jonny's cock went from half mast to full in a second. He took hold of it and started guiding it to her. Just as the tip pushed in Molly's hand found the Start button.

“Ahhh. fuck yeesss.” she moaned as he slid in and the machine started vibrating her ass. The small room quickly began heating up.

Kissing the side of her neck and he licks her sweat rolling down her skin. He quickly started rocking his hips in time with the washer's rotation. His left-hand holds the other side of her neck, his fingers weaved into her short hair. When she moved to fair back on the washer he cupped her ass with his right hand. Sliding her back across the vibrating washer he thrust into her.

“FFuucck. yaa.” She moans. Her arms both around the back of his neck and head pulled him in deeper to her neck as he bucked. His ear pressed into her cheek. She felt his tongue and lips caressing her skin. She lifted both legs over his hips, their skin slipped along each other's wet flesh. Locking her ankles together they rested on his lower back.

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

Between Jonny and the washing machine, Molly had three mind-twisting orgasms. He was like an animal. Never relenting and just thrust after thrust as she shook. After the third one, she pushed his head to her breast.

Jonny quickened his pace as Molly pushed him to her tits. He would suck and kiss one of them, then the other as his hips plowed into her. He loved the way her pussy contracted around his cock as he pushed into her. Minutes later he began moaning.

"Ohhh! Fuc.. Mol.. molly! Ill'm cu.. Cumming!" He slammed his hips into hers.

Molly tightens her grip on his head and back, pulling him into her.

The first rope of cum filled her with its heat. She screamed as it triggered an orgasm. Spikes of pleasure crackled through her body. The second and third rope of cum unloaded into her as she orgasmed.

They both rested on the washer breathing heavily. Molly on top of it legs still locked around him. One hand slid to the metal surface. Jonny pressed into her and the washer for balance. Both his hands rested on her ass cheeks. His cock still deep in her. Every few seconds she would contract, milking him for more.

After five minutes of a short rest, Molly pulled Jonny's head up to hers. She kissed him. Her tongue playing with his.

Afterward, she leaned her forehead to his, she whispered, 'That was fucking great. Better than all the college guys I have fuck.'

"Ya, you were amazing. Are you sure you like it?" he asked. "I've only been with one other girl."

Molly looked into his eyes; he got worried. His muscles tensed.

"But it was only one time. I swear."

"Don't worry. I liked it a lot." She felt the worry fade from his strong frame.

Pulling him into a kiss the two sat there as the machine continued its cycle. On the second kiss, she felt him easing out of her as his cock softened. Their cum started pouring out of her.

He took a step back and watched their mixed juices run out of her pussy. His eye followed her hand unsure of what was going to happen next.

Reaching down she scooped the juices into her hand. Streams ran through her fingers, her hand as fully coated as she moved it upward. Glistening she brought their sweet juices to her lips; his eyes followed her slimy hand. Molly started sucking each finger clean one by one. Her eyes watched as his cock stopped softening. Molly slowed her licking down as he watched.

On her second hand full she remembered something he had said early, before she sucked him off. Finishing cleaning her hand she hopped off the washing machine.

"Did you say you still role-play?" Her hand was rubbing his chest.

"Ya, every Friday, same time." His hand matched hers rubbing Molly's boob. "Do you want to join?"

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

"Sounds fun." she replied. "Let's go together. But how about tonight you sneak over? We can play this new game, I learned it in college." she runs her hand along his half-limp cock.

"Ok. how wil-"

"MOLLY! Are you home?" Betty Tompkins calls out from the front door.

"Ya, Mom. I'm just in the laundry room."

'Oh! Shit.' Jonny mouthed. One hand trying to cover his cock.

"Good, I'll order dinner and we can start planning our shopping trip."

"Great, I'll be right there." Molly said. She starts straightening her microkini.

'Ah, Molly?' Both of his strong hands were failing to hide his cock and balls.

Jonny stood before her naked, half-hard cock swinging.

Molly said, "Guess you'll just have to surprise my mom."

He looked at the half-closed door. Like a baby deer caught in headlights. She almost laughed at him as she picked up a pair of her dad's gray sweatpants.

Shoving the pants into his hands, she whispered, 'The other door leads to the garage. You can get your shorts back tonight. When you pull them off me.'

Pointing at a pair of her father's old tennis shoes she kissed him on the cheek and slipped out to find her mother. Wiggle her ass just before pulling the door shut.

"Hi, Mom."

"Why are you wearing that?" Looking at her daughter in an ill-fitting white micro bikini. She was taller in her mother's black four-inch ribbon wedges. She was also covered in a sheen of sweat. A musky scent of sex follows her daughter into the room.

"I was washing clothes and thought I would sunbathe." Molly hugged her mother.

"Well, don't let Jonathan see you. He's not little anymore."

"Really?" A large smile on her face. *You got that right*, she thought.

*Brrrrzzz, brrrrzzz, brrrrzzz*, They both hear a lawnmower start up from the open living room door.

Betty looks at her daughter's loose-fitting bikini. Her eyes linger for a second as cum oozes out of her daughter and runs down her legs. With a knowing smile she looks up, she says, "Ya, he has grown into a heartbreaker. Your father might have to watch out."

Molly raised her eyebrow as if to say, 'He is too young for you.'

Betty pulls on the loose strap over Molly's right breast. "You'll need a new bikini, go take a quick shower, we don't want Jonny seeing anything extra. I've been having him take care of the yard for me on weekends after he gets done working. I'll get the food ordered. Then we can plan tomorrow and bankrupt your dad."

"Love you, Mom." Molly says walking off. *This is gonna be a fun summer with Jonny*, she thinks.

# Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

The End...

**By Neo Mint City**  
2023

## Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

### **About the Author**

What is Neo Mint City? Neo Mint City is a fictional city on a fictional Earth. NMC enjoys writing fun and provocative stories and sharing them with you.

The city is part of a world of interconnected stories. They happen in... you guessed it, Neo Mint City. You can enjoy each NMC storyline as a stand-alone or as a whole. Plus thrilling tales of supporting characters from the mainlines.

NMC also writes non-canon tales. Molly and Jonny's adventures are non-canon to NMC. We have considered adding them to the canon world and may do so in the future if the right story comes along. For now you can enjoy them in their stand alone series. Jonny's Turn is next up.

Thank you for reading my story. I appreciate you taking the time to read my spicy words. Truly you are awesome!

Sticky regards,  
Neo Mint City

# Molly's Initiative: Molly's turn

## Links

Daily Updates:

<https://twitter.com/NeoMintCity>

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Free Tier Available

## Released Stories:

As of 10/13/2023

### Citizen Tier and above:

Legends of the Forgotten Idols: Katy Kent and the Cinnabar Maiden  
(*NMC Prequel, Original Story*)

Ahsoka Tano Dreams of a Temple (*FanFic, Full Version*)

Syd's Hookup (*NMC, Original Story, Oct. 13th Release*)

### Free Stories:

Draculas & Dragons Chapter One: Mist Travelers (*Crossover, FanFic*)

Jewel in the Air, A Neighborly Affair (*Original Story*)

Gwen Tennyson and the Domi-Matrix (*FanFic*)

Ahsoka Tano Dreams of a Temple (*FanFic, Free Version*)

Molly's Initiative (*Original Story*)

Spider-boi: Okay, Let's Cum One More Time (*FanFic*)

Golden Stag (*Original Story, Fantasy*)

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Molly's Initiative: Jonny's Turn (*Sequel, Original Story*)

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