Bani Karl’s Secret Slashfic Stash vol 3

Mauve x Scenery

You’re gonna hate me for this one.

Mauve languished alone in the house that currently served as her and High Noot’s safehouse. High Noot was out collecting money from one of his bounties and buying some food for both of them. So Mauve was left alone and had to occupy herself with something other than her favorite little penguin. She had cleaned and performed maintenance on her guns until the long hard shafts started reminding her of, other things. Then she had settled down on the couch with a romance novel so steamy it gave her third degree burnt loins. She needed something to scratch her new itch and without her boy toy present she would have to, make do.

“Ohhhhh yes, now I know why they call it a *love seat~*” Mauve moaned into the air as she ground herself onto the arm of the sofa where she had been lying a moment before. After a few moments though the arm started to wobble precariously and threw her off onto the floor. She lay there for a moment with her back against the wooden floor and a blank expression on her face. Then, slowly, a devilish smile stretched across her face.

“I like it rough and rugged!” Mauve yelled as she rode a carpet cowmare style.

“You are the light of my life!” She said as the lamp cast lewd shadows onto the walls.

“You are my comforter in my time of need~” She moaned as she rolled around on the bed leaving wet patches all over the blankets.

“Mail me a package baby!” She said as the mailbox outside shuddered and shook under the weight of her grinding.

“Ohhhhhh yeaaaaahhhh.” She said in a juddering voice as she went down on all the stairs.

“I’m bristling with anticipation.” She said breathily as she brought a toothbrush to her lips.

After several more hours and at least seventeen other horrible puns Mauve was exhausted and on the brink of satisfaction. The only problem was she had used everything in the house that she could think of and now it smelled like a mire of sweat and sexual fluids. She trudged into the bedroom and flopped unceremoniously onto the sheets. It was only after she did that she remembered that the sheets were a tad damp. She groaned, both in annoyance at having wet sheets and at needing to scratch her itch more than ever now. She rolled all over the bed trying to find a spot that wasn’t soaked in love juices and then she saw it. The perfect solution to all her problems, it had been staring her in the face the entire time and she had just never considered it. She thought of what her little noot might think of her if she decided to go through with this, his little heart might break if he thought she was trying to replace him. Another wave of heat sent shivers throughout her body.

“Fuck it.”

High Noot knew something was up when he saw all the hoes on the street outside his house. Then he saw the mailbox that had been snapped in two and the rain gutters that were bent beyond repair. He rushed into the house, tripping over all manner of hoes and rakes. He set the Pingwinese takeout outside the front door and drew his revolver. The house looked like it had been ransacked but as he sniffed the air the scene warped in his mind. This was no ransacking, it was a struggle, they’d gotten Mauve and were doing unspeakable things to her. High Noot followed the trail of destruction to the bedroom where he saw something he never expected. Mauve held up her hooves, trying to shield herself from his eyes.

“Honey, It’s not what you think.” She said with a cigarette still hanging from her lips.

The one night stand underneath the covers said nothing as a cigarette burned into its woodwork, furniture doesn’t usually talk after all.