

Elena's problems started seconds after Ebony finished summoning the Phantasm Lover and pointed it towards its target. The ethereal dildo hardened into an impressive erection as if to salute its mistress then flew toward the illustrious street fighter. The dark-skinned faerie watched, folding her arms across her bare chest. If those idiots kept coming to her favorite spot to fight each other, she might as well teach them about the power of love over war.

The first sign Elena was in trouble was an unexpected sensation between her legs. It felt as if something long and hard slipped horizontally between her thighs. Without thinking, she reached down but found nothing. Whatever it was, it was gone. The young African princess suddenly realized what it must look like to her audience—proper ladies didn't grab their crotch in public! She blushed furiously, returning her attention to her opponent, a fierce American with blond hair and a red karate uniform. A crowd of her people cheered her on, shaking their fists in the air. She returned to her fighting stance, waiting for the handsome young man to get up from his last fall and take his position across from her on the precarious wooden bridge. She focused her attention on the noise of the nearby raging waterfall, settling down her nerves before the fight resumed.

As the fight announcer yelled "Round three, FIGHT!" the intrusive feeling down her crotch started again. Her opponent was rushing toward her. She was too busy fighting him off to stop whatever it was from slipping through the leg opening of her white bottom and wiggling its way toward her slit. As she swept her opponent's feet and knocked him to the ground, the invader found her opening and slipped in. She gasped and closed her legs, leaving herself off-balance and vulnerable to her adversary's kick. He hit her square in the stomach and she flew back several yards, landing on her back and rolling away.

As she pushed herself up to her feet, Elena realized a few things all at once. First, there really was something inside her, and it was beginning a slow back-and-forth motion that didn't feel bad at all. Second, the intruder had somehow pushed her bottom away, exposing her labia to the crowd around her—most of whom probably thought it was the result of the tumble she'd just taken. And third, her blond opponent was once again charging her, his fist cocked and ready to deliver a powerful blow.

First things first. She launched herself into the scratch wheel, a powerful backflip kick that caught him in the face and sent him reeling back. She landed with the grace of a panther, dropped to one knee, and quickly readjusted her bottom to cover her exposed sex. She hoped no one had noticed, but from the way the crowd roared, she doubted her modesty was preserved. The "thing" inside her was speeding up, and there was no denying it was hitting all the right spots. She was even getting a little wet.

The American launched himself against her once more, attempting to hit her with a flurry of blows that she struggled to block, dodge, or deflect. The invisible cock inside her was increasingly distracting, slipping in and out of her warm snatch with great vigor and skill. Elena's breathing was more labored than it should be. Her chest heaved in a way that made her feel self-conscious. She knew her nipples were hard and probably visible to the people cheering her.

Her opponent was landing more blows against her than she did against him. The pain was no trouble, she was used to it. It was just flesh and it would heal. Her real issue was with the serious fucking she was getting. What made it worse was that the shame and embarrassment of her condition struck a chord deep inside her. It made her *hornier*, not less. Her legs were trembling and she didn't know how much longer she could keep from moaning out loud. Then everyone would know! She couldn't let that happen.

The American shouted something in Japanese, then launched into a jumping uppercut that lifted her off the ground and threw her on her back. Elena was dazed for a moment. The combined stunning power of the attack and the flaring heat between her thighs summoned stars and fireworks before her eyes. She rolled onto her front and planted her hands against the ground, fully intending to get up. She didn't, however. The savage cock that was reaming her seemed to have grown, both in girth and length. She felt it stretching the skin of her belly with every thrust. It should have hurt, but it felt...so *good!*

"G-God, no," she muttered through clenched teeth. "G-gotta f-fight... NGH!"

A sharp burst of pleasure burst with that last thrust, then another, and another. It was too much! She was going to cum... No, this was it! She was cumming! Again! And again! Each shove of the invisible dick between her long thighs brought yet another climax, and it wasn't stopping. She collapsed on the wooden surface of the bridge, legs spread in a lewd diamond shape that exposed her covered snatch. The relentless climaxes were causing her to squirt a flood of juices that left no doubt as to her current condition. She was making a public display that would be the talk of the village for years to come.

Ebony smiled with satisfaction.

"Well done, my Phantasmal Lover." She clapped her hand, signaling it was time to leave that woman's pussy alone. "Now, why don't you take care of that American man for me?"

As always, the Phantasmal Lover was its mistress' obedient servant, and it immediately got to work.