

# **Deadpool Dreams of Darkstalkers**

**By**

**James Lucien**

Shao Kahn's cavernous throne room is hellishly lit by flaming torches and cauldrons of fire that give me the heebie-jeebies. The polished marble floor below my feet is a bloody Slip 'N Slide blinging with mutilated corpses, and the stone pillars holding up the high ceiling are chipped and cracked from all the Mortal Kombat I been getting down on.

Damn, I'm as hungry as Spidey is downright lovable. Too much Kombating, not enough snack Kramming. If someone doesn't push a burrito cart through here soon, I'm gonna have to hitch a ride on down to the Netherrealm to hunt down an all-night Tex-Mex restaurant.

A Naruto kunai attached to a length of chain plunges into my chest, and the knife-chucking Ninja dude with a serious case of cataracts bellows, "*Get the fuck over here!*"

"Sure, no problem, on my—" He yanks back on the chain, hurling me through the air, and I scream like a schoolgirl with Down's, "Weeeee!"

As I soar across the room, he crouches to perform an uppercut, but I pull both my katana from my back and scissor the blades together just before we clash. "Snip!" His dismembered arm flies over my shoulder while his head rolls one way and his body tumbles the other. "Dang, I didn't get to hear Dan Forden say, 'Toasty!'"

I grip the kunai protruding from my chest and tear it free. "Owie." Then toss it aside as the gaping wound seals, healing quick like a bunny. I turn to the Emperor with the stupid horned helmet sitting atop his 'must-be-compensating-for-a-penis-so-tiny-cocktail-wieners-point-and-laugh-and-high-five-each-other-with-triumphant-glee' throne, and cock my head. "*Really?* Ya saved the spicy brown mustard samurai for last? Even Nubian Sissy-Puss the walking talking BP oil disaster had more pizazz. Did ya finally put your shapeshifting wizard into an old folks home?"

Shao Kahn clutches his hammer, so mighty Thor would swoon, and rises to his feet with evil-green tendrils of stolen souls wavering angrily about him. "You *penetrated* Princess Kitana and *murdered* my daughter Mileena. These transgressions merit *death*." He sighs with frustrated exhaustion. "Yet I haven't any more warriors on hand and I will not sully myself by consuming your wretched soul. Forget eternity. I cannot bare to listen to your *insufferable* blabbering for another moment. Instead, I'll banish you to a realm of demons to seal your miserable fate."

The big-boobied princess totally wanted my D. Her skimpy blue outfit told me so, I swear. And her evil twin didn't warn me about her Indominus-Rex teeth before gobbling on my meat-stick, so she got what she deserved. I like crazy bitches, but not chew ya dick off crazy. I gotta draw a line somewhere.

I sheath my bloodied katana. "Can I get a Jade or Skarlet for the road? I'd even settle for that loudmouthed bride of Frankenstein bitch."

With a furious roar, the Konqueror charges across the room, green shadow trailing behind him, and swings his roid-juiced-Mjölfnir hammer.

Darkness swallows me, chokes, coughs, and finally, spits me out.

Head propped on a fat pillow, the reek of a Nightcrawler *bamf* heavy in the air, I open my eyes to see a feisty feline in a frisky French maid's dress, including a headpiece and choker, merrily dusting the candle-lit bedroom. She seems completely out of place in this eerie setting. Her outfit is little more than ribbons of white lace and strips of black satin, which leaves her midsection bare and seizes my gaze in a tractor beam of *meeeeeee-ow*. Her thick blue hair whips about and her long white tail sways as she skips around the room, singing a cheerful song as she whisks her feather duster here and there, brushing cobwebs from the stone walls. Her round rump, bisected by a white fur thong, plays peek-a-boo with me as she frolics about, taunting me

for a spanking, and suddenly I understand what Destiny's Child was bragging about in *Bootylicious*. I don't think *I'm* ready for this jelly.

I sit up in bed and note my costume is good as new and I no longer stink of battle. "Hey Mittens, didn't I offer ya a line of catnip off my dick behind the scenes of *Marvel vs Capcom*?"

She spins around with a shrill cry of excitement, her bodacious boobies bouncing, straining the limits of her scandalous top. She looks like the voluptuous porn goddess Black Angelika, but with pale skin and the demeanor of a Care Bear. "Ooo, you're awake! I must inform my mistresses at once!"

I hop out of bed. "Mistresses? I like the sound of that. But first," I glance over my left shoulder, then my right, before leaning in and whispering in a conspiratorial tone, "where am I?"

She arches forward, and whispers, mimicking me. "Castle Aensland in the Makai."

I arch an eyebrow in confusion. "Castle who in the what now?"

She blinks, dumbfounded by my apparently idiotic question. "Royal home of Princesses Morrigan and Lilith Aensland in the demon realm."

I scratch the back of my head. "I kinda-sorta remember a big lug saying something about banishment to a realm of demons. I envisioned fewer catgirl maids, more pits of agony where Hilary Swank movies play for all of eternity but with Hilary Clinton playing her roles and the scores replaced with a polka rendition of *Smells Like Teen Spirit*." I grin. "So princesses, huh? I haven't had one of those in a few hours." I rub my rumbling tummy. "Who's pussy I gotta lick to get fed around here?"

Beautiful blue eyes wide, white fur pointed ears pinned back, she muses, "You sure do talk a lot, but I don't understand most of it."

"The Merc with the Mouth." I jab my thumbs at myself with a proud, toothy smile. "That's me."

"Oh, nice to meet you, Mr. Mouth. I'm Felicia." She curtsies and her bountiful boobs bound, nearly toppling her over, but lucky for her I'm here to help. I grip a firm hold of her mountainous melons to steady her on her paws, and she hisses in surprise and lashes her tail back and forth as she extends her claws, flinging her feather duster away.

Releasing her bitties, I throw up my palms. "*Whoa* there kitty, don't turn me into a scratching post."

It's at this point in the story that a massive cloud of chirping bats swarm in through the window, filling the room with flapping wings. The weatherman is fuckin' up! The bat storm condenses and then solidifies into the adorable porn cherub Little Caprice, dressed as a slutty schoolgirl, and the gorgeous porn seraph Elena Grimaldi, dressed as a naughty nurse, only they look like devious devils rather than angels.

Demonic Caprice has small scarlet membranous wings on her head and large ones on her back, as well as pixie-cut magenta hair and smoldering crimson eyes. Vampira Elena has purple membranous wings on her head and back, and long jade hair and effulgent emerald eyes. Together they radiate excessive lust so potent it's palpable, and I've got the tent-poled stretchy pants to prove it. Yowzers!

A chill zips up my spine as the purple-winged Italian Bella purrs seductively. "Wade Winston Wilson, I formally welcome you to my home. I am Morrigan Aensland." She motions to the scarlet-winged cutie beside her. "And this is Lilith Aensland."

Lilith blushes and looks away bashfully. I'm not sure if I wanna flee or pounce.

Morrigan sneers at Felicia. "Mr. Wilson is our guest and you should have abided his desire to grope your bosoms. Now I must punish you."

Felicia presses her paws together in a prayerful manner. “*Please*, Morrigan, don’t punish me! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

Morrigan ignores her pleas and strokes Lilith’s cheek. “Show our guest some *proper* hospitality, while I deal with this unpleasantness.”

Lilith nods. “Yes, sister. It’ll be my pleasure.” And she ambles over to me, black chunky heels clacking on the stone floor, as I admire her schoolgirl outfit while drooling through my mask. Violet thigh-high stockings lead to slim, milky thighs that I wanna lap like a happy puppy. Her fuchsia plaid microskirt leaves her purple panties peeking, which I hope to take home as a snifferific souvenir. Her petite waist and tight tummy are bare. I’ve never wanted to blow a raspberry so badly in my life. And her bantam boobies are scarcely covered by her white, front-tie halter top, which I plan to pull open ASAFuckingP. And yet my ‘zoinks-Scooby-like-let’s-skedaddle’ sense is tingling!

Lilith coos, “Please, Mr. Wilson, if you will, take down your pants and sit on the edge of the bed so I may service you.”

I gulp and my heart hammers at my breastbone. “Sure thing, kiddo, but ya don’t look old enough to flutter across a lava stream on your own. Possessed Chris Hansen isn’t gonna jump out with a hellborn Pedobear, is he?”

She smiles shyly. “I’m a few hundred years older than I appear.”

“Well, in that case,” I yank my pants down around my ankles, “forget the Mr. crap and call me Daddy.”

With a timid grin, Lilith replies, “Yes, Daddy.” And pecks my cheek over my mask before sinking slowly to her knees, while dragging her girlish fingers down my muscular chest and abs. Gripping the base of my footlong, she laps gingerly at my bald sack, as casual as if she were serving me tea and crumpets on a silver platter.

“Ooo, Daddy Deadpool likie, yeah.”

Lilith plants gentle sucking kisses up and down the sides of my beaver cleaver, glides the flat of her tongue gradually up the broad underside, then twitters her tongue over the tip. Finally, looking up at me with a demure expression, she bats her crimson eyes as she stretches her lips around the bulbous head of my prick with a soft sigh of serenity. Continuing to gaze up at me, she twists her velvety palms up and down my shaft as she bobs on the head with slurping moans, her tongue darting from her suckling lips with each leisurely bop.

I groan, “Sweet *jailbait*, that feels fucking good.” And reach down and pull open her halter top to fondle her baby buds as she sucks me so sweetly. They’re perfect little handfuls of boobelicious joy.

Meanwhile, Felicia trembles and weeps as Morrigan whispers hotly into her ear, jabbing Felicia’s breasts with an angry finger, causing them to rebound higher and higher and higher, until her minuscule maid’s top tears open, unleashing her jumbo jugs to bounce and jiggle and sway.

In a hapless pursuit of futile modesty, Felicia attempts to conceal them with her paws, but Morrigan whacks her paws away, then smacks her fun bags back and forth, setting them swinging to and fro.

Returning my attention to Lilith, I grip the little wings on her head and pull her off my cock as she whines in protest. “Nooo.”

With a wink, I command, “Stick out your tongue and say ahh.”

Lilith obeys and I playfully spank my doinker on her tongue, before slapping it lightly all across her smiling face as she giggles so cutely.

Her childlike innocence fills my tank with jet fuel, sparks my ignition, and revs my engine all at once. So clutching her scarlet wings, I plunge my throbbing erection into her welcoming mouth and down her taut throat. Rolling my hips, I fuck her gullet as she cries and gags, yet her tender smile never leaves her precious little face.

This blissful nirvana of aggressive tonsil tickling goes on for awhile before the story takes a turn for the ‘super-freaky-kinky-dear-God-that’s-weird-but-totally-awesomesauce-wow!’

One of Morrigan’s large purple wings morphs into ribbed dildo tentacles that rip the remainder of Felicia’s maid’s outfit away. Slithering tentacles wrap around her waist and her titanic titties, and Felicia screams as she’s lifted into the air and slammed against the stone wall. Her cry is muffled as two dildos cram into her mouth. Another two squirm into her little kitty. And another worms into her pink balloon knot. Holy hentai, that’s hot!

As I gawk at Felicia thrashing and mewling, pinned high on the wall, her monumental maracas flopping hypnotically, Lilith takes it upon herself to expel my sausage from her seizing throat. As she pants for air, she removes her purple panties, and I nonchalantly steal them from her and shove them into my boot for safekeeping. Lilith then climbs onto my lap and mounts my mighty steed with a shuddering moan of pleasure tainted with pain. Her scarlet wings flutter as she rises and falls on my flesh spear, impaling herself again and again. Her puss is tighter than Cyclops’ clenched ass-cheeks in bed with Emma after a chili dinner. *Ooo*, I could really go for a big bucket of hot chili right about now.

I ignore my grumbling gut, and enjoy the tentacle rape show as little Lilith rides my dick with increasing desperation, moaning louder and louder, “Ooh, Daddy! Ooh, Daddy! Ooh, Daddy!”

Just when I think Lilith is gonna squeal and squirt, Morrigan’s other wing magically morphs into more snakelike ribbed tentacles, which coil around Lilith, pulling her off my dipstick and pressing her to the ceiling before stuffing her throat, pussy, and ass with thrusting dildos. Thank Mephisto she only has two large wings. I’m not a fan of octopi; fried, sushi, or in my butt.

Morrigan saunters over to me, ivory high-heels clicking, in her white tight tiny teddy with red trim with a heart-shaped cutout below her mammoth mommy-pillows, and a matching nurse’s cap. “Now that’s you’ve sampled the appetizers, Mr. Wilson, allow me to present the main course.”

My stomach gurgles at the thought of food, but then the sultry she-devil spins around and my one-eyed willy leaps in delight as she pulls her g-string aside, splays her plump cheeks, and winks her pink puckered starfish at me. Timberlake in a banana hammock!

I grasp her hips and jerk her back as I thrust forward, spiking her deep with a grunt of exertion. Without any dilly-dallying, I begin to pound her ass, my pelvis spanking her cheeks as I knead her tremendous tatas.

Morrigan moans, “Ahh yeah, give Mommy’s asshole a good beating.”

I clobber her keister for  *fucking*  hours, sweating and panting and starving, until at long last, I roar and quake with jubilation as I pump her rump with hot man chowder, while her pillaging tentacles spew pearly goo into Felicia and Lilith’s every crammed orifice, and Morrigan howls in rapture.

In a flash of surging energy, Spiral appears, her tight-fitting outfit tattered, her silver hair cum matted to her face. “Wade, *finally*, I’ve found you.”

“Damn, what happened to you?”

“I fucked a sizable man *and* his hammer. Don’t ask. Your porno, it’s record breaking. Mojo wants to finance another.”

“I have one question. Will there be—”

“Yes, all you can eat. Plus, sexcapades with succubi will overwhelm your healing factor eventually.”

I pump my fist in the air. “Chimichangas baby, chimichangas!”