

## Displacement

### Chapter 3

When people think of Robin Hood, they imagine a devilish rogue. A nobleman who turned to a life of crime, became a champion for the weak and poor and helpless of society. Earl Robin of Loxley, sometimes with the name Robert or Richard. Sometimes not an Earl at all, but a baron or lesser noble. Sometimes, the stories paint Robin Hood as a mysterious figure – not a real person at all, but more of a phantom or ghost.

What the stories all have wrong, however, is Robin Hood's gender.

Chinese whispers. With every telling of a story, the original becomes a little more distorted. The truth gives way in favour of fantasy.

Robin Hood. Not a man named Robin. Not even close. Robin wasn't the thief's name. It was her title. The hood her trademark. Robbing Hood – the hooded robber. And it makes total sense. If you were a female criminal working solo, you would do all you could to hide your real identity – wearing a hood would be necessary to your survival.

It took much research, many resources and a great amount of wealth, to collect all the data I had. If I was going to snatch a legend right out of history, I had to do it right. No mistakes.

Truth be told, I didn't even know if this woman – whose real name I still hadn't learned – would be worth my time. For all I know, she wore that hood to hide hideous ugliness. But I'd come this far, dug through the histories and records so much, that it really matter all that much if Robin Hood was an ugly, horrid spinster. I was going to snatch her out of time regardless. Pluck her right out of the history books and have my way with her.

Who else, after all, can say they've fucked a literal legend?

My machine whirred to life, ripples in the air beginning to form almost immediately. To a layman, the air warping like that would look interesting but unremarkable. Like little heat-waves, the same you'd see desert air. It took a genius like myself to see the true beauty in those distortions. It wasn't just air that was rippling, it was time and space itself.

I closed my eyes as the process reached its peak. An energy spike, a bright, rainbow-like flash of light. And then it was done.

Opening my eyes, I looked to the centre of my workshop.

And there she was. Robin Hood. In the flesh.

To say she looked surprised would have been an understatement. I couldn't see much of her face – the famed hood paired with a thick, red scarf hid most of her features. But her eyes. Wide, stunned, beautiful eyes. They told me everything I needed to know.

This woman was going to be fun.

Robin's eyes darted around my workshop quickly. She reached for the quiver on her hip, slid an arrow free and nocked it. And, before I could quite register what was happening, she actually pointed the damn thing at me.

"Who are you?" The woman said, obviously trying to make her voice sound gruffer and deeper than it naturally was. "Where am I?"

"I," I said, doing my best to ignore the fact I currently had a loaded bow aimed at my chest, "am an angel. And you are in purgatory."

Robin's eyes narrowed at me.

"You're dead," I told her.

She didn't move, stared hard at me with her bow drawn.

"And," I continued, eyes quickly running over the girl's body. "As I said, you're in purgatory. The middle-ground between Heaven and Hell."

She was lean, slender. Wearing what looked like old, worn leather armour and muddy, green clothing. I couldn't see much of a chest on her, but that could well have been intentional. Perhaps she bound her chest to hide her womanhood. When I got those

clothes off her, I'd know either way.

"You have committed too many crimes in your life to be allowed easy access to Heaven. Yet neither are you worthy of an eternity in Hell. You have been brought here, to me, that I may punish you for your sins and cleanse your soul of wrongdoing."

"Do you *really*," the girl said, no longer hiding her natural, soft voice, "expect me to believe that you're an *angel*?"

I shrugged, smiled. "You're welcome to believe whatever you want, woman. Just know this; if you try to kill me, the only thing that will die is your chance at redemption. Attempt to slay me and you will spend all eternity bathing in hellfire."

And then I took a gamble. I turned around, loaded bow pointed right at my back, and began walking away.

That movement could have cost me my life. Or, at the very least, led to some very interesting questions from some doctors. Explaining away why I had an arrow in my back did not sound like my idea of a good time. Fortunately, Robin didn't shoot.

When I reached my workshop's exit, I glanced over my shoulder at the girl.

"Well?" I said loudly, rolling my eyes at her. "Are you coming or not?"

I showed Robin things that were impossible. Walls with moving faces and voices, windows to other places. I showed her a magical device that was able to tell the time of day, even without the sun overhead to judge the hour by. I treated her to delicious dishes and offered her living quarters that would make kings envious.

With every impossible thing, I saw the doubt in her eyes fade a little bit more, witnessed the fear grow.

She was beginning to believe.

And, thankfully, she'd put her damned bow away.

More than that, though, she'd pulled down her hood and scarf, revealed her face fully. And, to put it simply, Robin most definitely *had* been worth all the effort I'd gone through to find and displace her.

A natural redhead, hair cut short and messy. She had the face of an angel. The kind of cute, innocent face you expect to see on a 'good girl'. Not what you'd expect on a legendary criminal. She looked like she'd fit more at home surrounded by teddy bears than she did as weapon's master. The only hints of her lifestyle on her face were two little lines on her left cheek – thin, little scars.

Pretty. And probably well aware of the fact. A face like hers was not easy to forget.

"Your punishment," I said, after the tour of my home – Robin's new prison - was concluded. "I supposed we should discuss what you'll have to do to earn your redemption, Hood."

The girl pursed her lips, glanced around the room I'd led her to. The master bedroom. My personal fuck-dungeon.

"You've brought untold shame and disgrace upon countless men," I told her, watching her face closely. I didn't want to push her too hard. "You've stolen, humiliated and dishonoured more men than I could even begin to list. And, for that, your punishment is to submit yourself to a man that you may be shamed and disgraced and humiliated in return. You are to bed me at least once for each and every man's life that you influenced negatively during lifetime."

The girl's eyes shot open, horrified.

And horrified she should be. With the large number of men she'd wronged in her life, she'd be spreading her legs for me for a very long time indeed.

"We'll start today," I told her. "Or really any time you wish. Just know, even though you're already dead, you can still die here. And if you die before your punishment is complete, you'll be sent straight to Hell. Best not to dally, yes?"

It's almost disappointing how easily some women break. When threatened with eternal hellfire, they'd do anything and everything I wanted them to. All I had to do was show them enough 'magic' to convince them that I was legitimate.

What a bunch of idiots these women were.

Stupid, zealous fools.

And attractive. Oh so very attractive.

I left the master bedroom as Robin changed out of her rags, put on the clothes I'd set out for her. In future, I'd have one of my maids doll the legendary thief up – put some make-up on that cute face of hers. But, for tonight, I'd have her as natural as I could. No make-up, messy hair, a bit of dirt here and there. Authentic.

I was going to fuck Robin Hood.

The thought made me want to laugh out loud. A mythic hero bouncing on my cock. I could barely wait.

After a few minutes had passed, my impatience got the better of me. I pushed open the doors to my master bedroom and let myself in, strode over to the bed where my new fuck toy awaited.

She was wearing a slutty 'Robin Hood' Halloween costume. Barely more than a green corset, a black miniskirt, and a silly little feathered hat. She watched me advance on her, eyes filled with determination and resentment. No doubt, she'd gotten over her shock my now, was outraged at the things her 'angel' wanted to do to her. Angry that she was powerless to resist.

It was either this or Hell, after all.

"Lay back," I commanded her, unbuttoning my pants. "Spread your legs."

Robin grudgingly obeyed.

She truly was a prize. A beautiful, obedient, passionate girl like her? A rare find, indeed. Even if the 'passion' she possessed was mostly silent aggression and resentment towards me. Not that I minded, of course. Such emotions simply added spice that made the meal all the more delicious.

I climbed atop Robin, yanked the little skirt up. She wasn't wearing any panties.

"Until your debt is paid," I told her, cock in hand, "I am your master. Do you understand?"

The girl glared up at me. Probably, she was thinking about shooting me with an arrow or something. Unfortunately for Robin, the only object that'd be penetrating anyone tonight wouldn't be one that belonged to her.

My cock-head came into contact with the girl's slit. And, slowly, I began to tease her with it. Toy with her lips and clit and opening, holding back from actually sliding inside her.

Before long, the hatred in Robin's eyes morphed into something else. A confused lust, detached pleasure.

When the first soft sighs and heavy breaths began to escape Robin's open mouth, I knew she was ready for more. The haze in her eyes, while not completely taking over the loathing, had certainly dulled it.

Slowly, firmly, I pushed forward.

Robin gasped, her entire body tensing. Her eyes widened, though they were no longer focused on me.

Inch after inch, I slid inside her. Right down to the hilt.

Her back arched, body trembling.

"Robin Hood," I smiled at her. "Are you ready to begin your redemption?"

I sat up in bed, a legendary hero curled up beside me. A myth in the flesh. A fairy-tale panting heavily, with a tiny river up cum leaking out of her recently abused pussy.

"You did well," I told her, reaching out and cupping one of her breasts. "Very well. Just a few hundred more nights like this, and you'll get your happily ever after up in

Heaven.”

The girl's head turned, eyes as hot as her fiery hair.

“The only one here that deserves hellfire,” she said softly, irises filled with contempt. “Is you.”

I gave her tit a painful squeeze.

“See, you've just gone and offended me. Now you have one more sin to make up for,” I leaned down, gave the pretty girl a little peck on the cheek. “Speaking of which,” I whispered into her ear, “I'm ready to go again if you are.”

The second time I took Robin Hood was from behind.

Doggy-style, the most fitting way to fuck a bitch. Not that I was upset by Robin's words or attitude. If anything, I found them endearing. I wouldn't have expected anything less from a daring, courageous thief.

Breaking her – turning her into just another cunt to play with – would be an amusing hobby.

And, when I was done with her, I'd go ahead and pluck another historical hottie out of the past. Cleopatra, perhaps. Or maybe Joan of Arc. Who could say? History was so full of sexy minxes that I'd never grow tired of capturing them and adding them to my ever-growing collection.