

How to Train your Girlfriend part 2

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The next day, Hiccup broke the news of the separation to Astrid, not mentioning the kiss. He didn't wanna lie to her, but didn't wanna hurt her more than he had to. Far from her perceptive, clever self, Astrid broke down into tears, devastated. She was bringing him breakfast, dressed in absolutely nothing but a small apron, when he sat her down.

It got even more difficult for Hiccup, as the teary-eyed girl, still pretty much naked, begged on her knees for him to "keep" her, wrapping her arms around his leg and refusing to let go. As saddened as he was and as (more) difficult as Astrid made it, Hiccup stood his ground.

He needed to move on.

But Astrid could not. In the following days, Hiccup caught sight of her lurking around his residence. The distraught girl was sleeping on a bench about half a mile away from the house, cradling the large, leather sack of her belongings. As much as Hiccup offered to help her by paying for an Inn, or any travel expenses, Astrid was adamant. She was not accepting their break-up.

Following Sir Haddock's and former Mrs. Haddock, now Miss Hofferson's split, Hiccup was unofficially seeing Heather. He kept everything on the down low; he didn't wanna make it known and cause the heart-broken Astrid more distress. Despite what had happened, he still cared about her.

So Hiccup met with Heather either at her house or hiding in the shadows of a tavern or between the walls of a modest Inn room. He was the Chief of Berk, after all. Jumping into a new relationship right after divorce would rub people the wrong way.

Eventually, enough time passed that the two announced their engagement, to the joy of the isle to see a new Chieftess in charge. In the meanwhile, a barely sociable Astrid had returned to her father's

place. Different men of questionable background and appearance could be seen going through the girl's door every night. The girl was just satisfying her insatiable lust, even with "lesser" tools.

Until one, late, rainy night, Heather heard an unexpected knock on her large, rounded wooden door. "It is Hiccup!" she thought to herself. His arrival was usually stealthy and unannounced. Heather pulled up the bottom corner of her dress' cleavage, and sprayed a couple of dashes of perfume on either side of her neck, as she rushed to the door.

Instead of Hiccup, Heather laid eyes on a rain-drenched, miserable Astrid, standing at the entrance. Her blonde hair was sticking to her face with the help of the heavy rain. Her clothes were soaked. She hadn't left the grass-covered fields near Hiccup's home all this time.

"Astrid?" Heather was left staring at her surprise visitor. "You're everything I have left, Heather" Astrid spoke, her tears blending in with the rain. "Get in, you'll get sick" the sadistic brunette loved playing caretaker to the girl whose life she had sabotaged. The irony was too delicious to ignore.

After getting rid of her soaked clothing, being wrapped in a blanket and placed in front of the warm fireplace, Astrid's shivering finally stopped. "Can I please stay with you. I'll do anything you wish of me" Astrid grabbed Heather's hand and started kissing it all over, again and again. She hadn't stopped fantasizing about Heather, alternating between her and Hiccup, and often imagining them together, doing things to her.

"Hmmm" Heather pondered the desperate girl's proposition, rubbing her chin. Getting the blonde know-it-all out of the 'throne' picture and stealing her boyfriend was only the first half of her devious plan. "Perhaps if you clean my shoes..." she said to her unbeknownst rival.

She was wearing these cute, black leather shoes, with 2-inch heels that curved inwards. The shoes had a golden-plated square buckle on the bridge. She had put them on for Hiccup, who seemed to like fucking her in them.

"Off course, Heather! Whatever you need" Astrid promptly let the blanket drop from behind her shoulders (exposing her shapely, nude body in the process) and got on her hands and feet, aiming to start scrubbing away at the sides of the leather shoes with her bare hands.

“...with your tongue...” Heather added, looking down at her supposed friend, dead serious and stern. A small beat of silence filled the room. Then, to Heather’s amusement, Astrid shyly put her tongue out and started lapping at the black leather. She was already feeling that delightful shame that got her wet as an autumnal Berk rain. “I don’t have all day” Heather easily slipped into the dominant role she was waiting to play ever since she first saw that lousy whore kissing “her man”.

“I’m sorry, Heather” Astrid’s eyes struggled to find Heather’s, from the steep angle she was in. “It is Miss Heather to you, whore!” the brunette leaned in and grabbed the blonde bitch’s still somewhat wet hair, maneuvering her head. “Open your mouth” she said and once Astrid obeyed (immediately) Heather blew a big gob of spit straight into it! Astrid swallowed obediently, feeling her bare pussy tingle with excitement as soon as Heather’s spit hit the roof of her mouth. Hornier than ever, she then got back to slurping at Heather’s heel, much more enthusiastically.

“I might have a proposition for you...” Heather spoke with folded arms, looking down at her new slut cleaning her shoe. A night of long-awaited domination of the little dragon slut was in order.

At first, Hiccup was skeptical of Heather’s idea. There was no doubt that Astrid was on board, pleading them to join the new couple at any cost. She had explicitly exclaimed her deep desire to be Hiccup’s girlfriend again, even if that meant having to share him (or a far worse deal) with Heather. She wasn’t exactly keeping her cards close to her chest.

Heather reasoned with Hiccup that having Astrid around as a permanent, willing slave toy would spice up their erotic life. In addition, it would give the “misguided” blonde a purpose and would keep her off the streets, where the deranged nympho would probably find herself beaten, gang-raped, or worse.

After a long discussion, and driven more by pity and worry for Astrid (there were no real romantic feelings left for her) Hiccup agreed to the arrangement, seeing how eager Astrid was with this very different role in both his and Heather’s lives. He was slightly curious, too, to see where this would go.

After all, Astrid’s personality might have changed, but her attractive body hadn’t. Maybe he COULD have some fun with this bizarre set of circumstances. And so, Astrid and Hiccup were back together.

“Aaaaaah...aaaaah....aaaaaaaaah...” Astrid is softly panting through a stiff, jaw-spreading metal ring-gag, more so from the uncomfortable strain of her bondage than any active labor. However, that doesn’t mean that she hasn’t been ‘assigned’ a task.

The fair-skinned blonde’s slender body is dangling a good few feet above Heather and Hiccup’s bed (humiliatingly enough, the same bed that Astrid used to share with her ex-husband). Like a living chandelier, her body is dressed only in snug hemp rope that makes her bound body dangle in the air.

Rope wraps over and under Astrid’s perky B-cup tits, squeezing them between the two multi-coiled strands. Her arms are forced to cross behind her back, the tie making her joined wrists almost touch between her shoulder blades.

Astrid’s legs are hogtied, but are connected only at the ankles, which cross over one another. Her legs are bent at the knees, with the hogtie’s tension forcing her feet to be suspended above the back of her slim thighs. With her (very relative) freedom, her curved legs wiggle adorably in both the discomfort of a painfully prolonged suspension, as well as the priceless attempts she’s making to reposition herself and line up her facehole with Master’s organ.

A crotch rope directly linked to the ‘chandelier’s’ base not only offers a constant discomfort on Astrid’s roughly ‘wedgied’ pussylips, but also helps keep the slave’s body parallel to the bed below, along with the ropes connecting to her back, her ankles and finally her lengthened blonde hair, which have been also tied with rope and keep her head perfectly parallel.

All the ends of the ropes meet at a single metal ring above the girl’s body, acting as the strong anchor point. Astrid can only squirm, suspended. Each bound movement makes her form rotate around herself, like a baby’s dangling dragon toy over its crib.

Below her, leisurely lying with his back on the bed, is an equally undressed Hiccup. Marveling up at the pretty ornament, with one of his hands behind his head, the young man observes as his willing, submissive toy is doing her best. Heather has ‘instructed’ the dumb bitch to ‘lube her partner up’ while she is getting ready. But that doesn’t mean Astrid has the privilege of sensing her beloved Hiccup’s 7.5-inch cock (or any other part of his lanky, but nicely fit and lean body).

So what the dangling slut can do is try to ‘guide’ the salivating dribble that (thanks to gravity) is inadvertently pouring slowly through her gaping face-hole, onto her Master’s waiting, standing erection. From the looks of his glistening, wet cock, she hasn’t done a bad job. There are a couple of

careless speckles of drool though, on Hiccup's adductor and another on his (faintly six-packed) lower abdomen.

"Come on, focus" Hiccup says with a relaxed expression, as a large droplet of saliva lengthens as it 'tries' to hang onto the edge of Astrid's ring-gag, before falling onto the man's trimmed pubis. Upon saying that, his other hand tugs at a rope, whose opposite end is tied to the middle of a small chain that links the two iron nipple clamps that are currently crushing Astrid's nipples.

"GAAaaahhh! U' huhu he' Hicu'!" (*I'm sorry sir Hiccup!*) Astrid utters with great difficult something like human words, after a short yelp of pain. She sticks her tongue through the round shape of her gag, trying to line-up the drool that is sliding down her tongue until they leave the tip to fall right onto the 'eye' of Hiccup's cockhead, 'looking' up at her. With terrified concentration (she doesn't wanna be 'reprimanded' again) she manages to land the freefalling droplet right onto her Master's hard gift.

It's a gift she doesn't have the privilege of enjoying. Heather has promised her that if she's 'being good enough' that she'll someday get to 'experience' it once more, but that day hasn't arrived yet. The lust-driven, brain-fogged sex-junkie can only keep trying and hope for the best.

It had been three months since Astrid became a part of this...calling it a 'throuple' would be a stretch. A cucked fuck-pet for Heather and Hiccup was a much more accurate description. Her title as Hiccup's "girlfriend" (the only demand Astrid had made) was a mockery of her actual status.

Astrid's day begun the same way it ended: Locked inside a wooden, metal strapped chest, located next to the fireplace; her bedding for the night. A knitted afghan blanket lining the bottom of the trunk was the only think the naked slave got, besides whatever fireplace warmth made it through the box's walls.

It wasn't like the couple expected their slavegirl to run away; after all, she had begged them to stay with them under virtually ANY conditions (something that especially Heather held over her head often). Rather, Heather and Hiccup did not want any middle-of-the-night disturbances. As one might expect, the chest was not wide enough for Astrid to easily lie inside, so the ex-warriorress always huddled in a fetal position to fit inside.

But she didn't complain. Complaints were a threat to her life 'alongside' her two most adored people. And she didn't wanna jeopardize it, no matter how low her pride sunk.

Whenever she was eventually let out, at some point in the morning, she was mainly bossed around by Heather, who made the unworthy-of-clothing slavegirl do most of her house chores. Astrid obeyed without a hitch, always willing to please Heather and Hiccup in whatever they asked of her.

During less busy moments of the day, when the sun was starting to set, Astrid would more often than not find herself on the floor (representing her lowly status) with her arms lovingly wrapped around Hiccup or Heather's leg, while they sat and enjoyed a good book with some hot cocoa.

Astrid LOVED being able to touch her Master and Mistress. Even something as innocent as a soothing caress of 'Miss Heather's' smooth-shaved, soft calf was often enough to spark fireworks of erotic potential for Astrid. Of course, that didn't mean her sexual needs would be fulfilled. If Heather was feeling like occupying her toy more than usual, she would make Astrid kiss her bare feet.

And Astrid worshipped them like the most precious artifacts Berk had ever seen. In general, the corrupted girl loved nothing more than worshipping her owners' bodies. Whether that was by hungrily eating Hiccup's ass (something that had never even crossed her mind of doing during their relationship) or slurping on Heather's soles, Astrid did it all with a servile smile on her face. She wanted to be useful to them, even if it was just massaging Hiccup's strong, sore shoulders after a busy day. Hiccup liked when the girl was adding to his relaxing massage by also kissing him on his shoulders and back, something that Astrid was more than happy to oblige, trying to restrict moans of lust.

Heather was not a big fan of the sun-haired slut showing too much of her horny side. So any expression of arousal, be it a needy lip-biting moan or a desperate self-fondle, was punished with many 'kisses' from a heavy wooden 'kisses' paddle that Heather had stashed hanging from the living room, in plain sight. It got Astrid's ass a pulsating, bright pink color within only a few strikes, the 'bad girl' having to bent over her former friend's lap and 'take her punishment' without much fuss.

As much as Heather relished the freedom to play with her new, subservient toy, above else, she liked taunting her with the cuckoldry she was inflicting upon her on a daily basis. With Hiccup's hog an all-but-exclusive privilege to his actual girlfriend, Heather, the brunette sadist enjoyed rubbing it in as much as possible.

She'd often make the bitch kneel next to the couple's bed and watch Hiccup and Heather as they made passionate, steamy sex. For the extra salt in Astrid's psychological wounds, she'd make the docile slave hold a tray with glasses of water and towels, for the recently 'spent' couple to refresh themselves with.

These were trying times for Astrid. A cocktail of emotions was surging through her. Watching Heather getting so blissfully 'pounded' by her (no wait, he was Heather's now) boyfriend made her feel an equal amount of deep shame and exhilarating arousal. She was a useful piece of shit cuckquean. And while her mind seemed to detest this reality, her pussy throbbed with excitement at the concept.

Her blue eyes following Hiccup's arms wrap around Heather's slim waist as he braced harder. His strong hands cap, then squeeze the woman's breasts like they belonged to him. Their deep, loving tongues swirling against one another's.

In her potion-drunk eyes, Astrid had her gorgeous, strong, charismatic boyfriend stolen from her and fucked in front of her, but the woman that did this indecency to her was so irresistible, so dazzlingly beautiful and attractive, that it felt like an ancient goddess choosing to take her man up to heavens.

Like a blessing she could never possibly refuse. And so, while she adored Hiccup more than she ever had in her previous, 'normal' life, she fostered a more profound, complicated relationship with her former friend. She was her caretaker, her lover, her abuser. The woman that took everything away from her, but having given her presence (and Hiccup's) in Astrid's life nullified everything.

Despite never stopping referring to Hiccup as her 'boyfriend', he and Heather were much more akin to the girl's patrons or guardians. Closer to owners than equals.

"I hope you've gotten him nice and wet" Heather's voice is heard from the edge of the room, as the smirking fox straddle towards the bed, at the same time disrobing from her wooly robe to reveal her godlike, nude beauty. The curves of her womanly C-cups and her wide hips glisten as they catch the light from the lit fireplace. The dusk outside is peaceful. Unlike the struggling, rope-hung Astrid.

"She's done well enough" Hiccup turns his face to his lover, and Heather does not waste more time, gently getting her one leg over the lying man, and loving straddling him. She grabs her man's hard cock at the base, steadying it in order to slowly take a seat on it. The shaft is covered from top to bottom with her cuck-toy's drool.

Hiccup is correct, it slides in her hole nice and easy as she lowers her milky, feminine hips over it. "Don't you dare drool on me, whore, got that?" Heather tilts her head up to warn the bound and ring-gagged chandelier, as she starts 'cowgirling' the man that a few weeks ago was the love of Astrid's life.

"Gaaaahaaaah..." Astrid tries to nod, but her ring-tethered hair-rope stops her from doing much of the actual motion. As the first pleasurable moans are heard from below her, Astrid retrieves her tongue inside the strict, round metal hole that's wedged behind her front teeth, trying to gather any falling drops of saliva.

In this 'first row' seat, her eyes cannot help but fall on Heather's lovely back and her hips and ass, which slowly gyrate with intension onto Hiccup's pelvis. He enjoys the view, of Heather that is. Astrid seems like a fun background. Something to sneak a peek at or 'toy with' if sexual 'inspiration' drops.

Hiccup did not see Astrid with the eyes that looked into a smart, competent, skilled person. For him, her image had drastically, irreversibly shifted. But he could not just erase the memories he had made with this person. He still wanted what was best for Astrid.

So as long as the...troubled girl was with him, under his surveillance and protection, as long as she was happy, then Hiccup also felt good about this bizarre arrangement. At first, he was worried about taking advantage of her. He asked her countless times whether she consented to this... extreme treatment, and her response was a wholehearted, almost begging 'yes' each time. Her blue eyes glistened each time he paid any attention to her and they gloomed with sorrow and fear at even the prospect of her 'going away' from him and Heather.

Dependent was a light word to describe her feelings towards the two.

Heather has been 'riding' Hiccup for a good 10 minutes now, having already gotten a great orgasm out of grinding the inner walls of her pussy against his 'fulfilling' manhood. Astrid is shifting her boxed arms and hobbled legs, trying to find any position of comfort. Under the ropes that bite into her soft flesh, the skin has gotten red with the rope-burn of her prolonged suspension and inadvertent struggling. Putting her 135 pounds onto these few concentrated points has been hurting for a while now.

As she pants from both exhaustion and a shimmering horniness from what her Masters are doing (being deathly envious of Heather's exact position) Astrid lets go of her concentration and a gulp of drool leaves her pried lips, falling onto Heather's left shoulder.

The dark-haired alchemist is brought out of her pleasant coursing through these 'waves', turning to see where the concentrated humidity came from. "I told you to keep your trap shut" she says, half-annoyed. Hiccup smirks, knowing that Astrid LOOOOOVES being humiliated like that. It is true, but for all the wrong reasons.

"Geeeeeaaahhh! UUh huuuuuu Eeh!" (*Please! I'm sorry Miss!*) 50% of Astrid plays up the part of the horny damsel in distress, since it always drives her madder with lust, while the other 50% is ACTUALLY distressed at the prospect of an added 'hardship'.

Emotions are always perplexed in her alchemically altered brain.

Heather is not swayed in the least by her frenemy's pleas, getting immense enjoyment out of the. She momentarily 'hops off' Hiccup's nicely swollen hog and comes back with a dildo, made of dark brown wood. It's perfectly straight with even a skillfully carved cockhead at its end. "That oughta put a stop to your...face-leak" Heather has to stand up on the bed, Hiccup watching in the midst of this relaxing break, as his brunette lover grabs a steady hold of Astrid's already rope-taut hair and shoved the phallic plug through her ring-gag. "Guulnnggkhh!" Astrid gags at the rough invasion, as the

long thing slides perfectly through the round metal opening and triggers her gag reflex. The penis-gag's base has two u-shaped hooks, facing outwardly on the sides. Heather pushes the wooden cock all the way until the two hooks snap onto the ring-gag, making Astrid's 'pacifier' irremovable.

"Kuuuh....kuhhhh..." a much quieted Astrid struggles to 'accommodate' it in her throat. One thing's for sure. She won't be 'dripping' any more. At least from her mouth. Despite what her expression might suggest, her cunt is sopping wet at this violation. The little whore secretly loves it.

"Better, but still you haven't learned your lesson" Heather says, producing a ginger root. With a sharp little knife she peels the outer layer off, revealing the caustic layer underneath and forming a bulbous end that's wider than the middle of the root. Heather positions herself behind Astrid, inside the circle that her ankle-tied legs have formed with the rest of her body.

"Gukh...Nngghhuuh!" a throat-plugged Astrid shifts nervously in mid-air, trying in vain to look over her shoulder at what she knows will happen. "Eaaaasy, now, if you relax it will go in faster" Heather smirks, capping the girl's firm, round asscheek. Astrid's crotch is on perfect display to her, as she 'screws' the ginger root in the poor girl's asshole. "MNNNNnnnnmmmm!" Astrid yelps in clear discomfort, as both the internal pressure of the girthy plant and its burning abilities become immediately obvious.

"Ok, now where were we?" with her toy adequately dealt with, Heather turns to Hiccup again. As the two pick up from where they left off, passionately making out and fondling each other, their cuckquean toy is left to dangle miserably above them, without a shred of dignity left.

As Heather and Hiccup's 'cohabitation' with Astrid settled further and further, so did his initial apprehensions about their deal. He was now 'using' (though he never referred to it that way) Astrid more carefree, and therefore, he was enjoying her more.

Heather was adamant about him fucking the little bitch (his cock should be reserved for her) especially without her presence, but Hiccup had no issues with this limitation. Besides, he was in love with Heather, not Astrid. He always preferred making love to his wife (they had officially tied the knot) than busting a nut with his gimp of an ex-girlfriend.

Despite how much Astrid begged him from time to time to "destroy her with his cock", Hiccup always reminded her that he wouldn't do that. It got to the point where too much persistence led Astrid to be rope-bound, gagged with a large, metal ballgag and 'stored' in her chest until she 'cooled off'. Simply being touched by Hiccup as he was tying her up elicited horny moans from the nympho slave, who tried rubbing her ass up against him each time he fixed her arms behind her back.

Astrid's cuckoldry was a main aspect of her owner's sexual games. Especially for Heather, whose green eyes sparked with cruel joy at the sight of a suffering, shamed Astrid being forced to relent her 'cock privileges'.

It is yet another of these 'fun' sessions. Heather is on her knees, sensually stroking and fellating her standing husband's equally standing dick. As for Astrid, she's in a much more precarious position. The crafty Hiccup has put together a wooden 'Spanish donkey' for their little girl to ride.

A few feet from her owners, with her legs frog-tied with rope on either side of the triangular horse and her arms strictly box-tied behind her, Astrid struggles to find any angle that's not harshly splitting her poor, sensitive cunt-lips in half. The sharp wood digs into her cunt, which has been sore for a while. Two round, heavy iron plates are hanging from her folded knees, via two short ropes that connect them, 'dragging' Astrid's poor pussy further onto her pointy seat.

"Please Miss Heather! Can I...can I also suck my boyfriend?" with a lasting grimace of crotch-ly discomfort, the naked Astrid pleads, watching how tasty, how savory, how yummy Hiccup's swollen meat looks, wrapped in Heather's fingers.

"Uh-uuuh. That is only for me. Your boyfriend's cock is mine" Heather teases, her eyes staying stuck at Astrid while giving nice, patient tongue-laps across Hiccup's 'flush' cockhead. Upon witnessing that, Astrid whines like a child that can't have what she wants. She can only watch as Hiccup's 'actual' girlfriend pleases him, sensually swallowing his shaft, moving her soft grip in synch with her lips,

seducing him further with her charming eyes. Meanwhile, the lean guy looks lovingly down at her, caressing her dark hair and enjoying the blowjob she's giving him.

Astrid wishes nothing more than to wrap her own lips around him in this moment. She hasn't blown him ever since the two were a 'proper', official couple.

"Tell you what" Heather pops Hiccup's erection out of her mouth. "Since you want to be a part of me and your boyfriend's fun... -Heather loved sneaking Astrid's 'relationship status' whilst addressing her- ...we'll play a little game. I'll only suck Hiccup off as well as you do fucking your cock with your face" she pointed at "Astrid's cock".

The front of the triangular horse features a small pole with a rather realistic iron replica of an 8-inch erect manhood. It is jutting vertically from the pole, facing Astrid a few inches away. "Uhhh..." Astrid looks confused in her mind-numbing discomfort.

"You do want Hiccup to feel good, don't you?" Heather snaps her back to attention. "Yes, Miss Heather, I do!" Astrid replies with something she has no doubts about.

"Then you should do a good job on that dick, so that Hiccup feels good, too" Heather smiled sardonically and very patronizingly. "O...ok" the dumbed-down damsel nods and leans her bound upper body forward to reach the proxy of Hiccup's cock. "GGhhhhhhhgggg!" she grinds her teeth as her off-center position puts extra weight on her 'split' pussy, especially on her poor clit.

"Come on, we don't want your boyfriend's erection to deflate, now do we?" Heather keeps twisting the knife, her face only a couple of inches away from a spectating Hiccup's slong. "I'm sorry Miss! I'm sorry Sir!" Astrid musters out through clenched teeth, finally able to reach over and wrap her lips around the cold, hard (way too hard) penis. The metallic taste of the iron and copper fill her mouth as much as the phallus does. Hiccup's cock does not taste like that. Nor does it feel as cold, and....impersonal.

No matter. It's the best she can hope for.

Scrunching her blue eyes tightly shut to drown out the pulsing pain on her sex, Astrid starts swaying her neck back and forth onto the inhuman erection. Her lips barely make a seal around the dark-blue-colored, rigid shaft. Heather also starts fellating Hiccup again, but not too good. At one point, her teeth slightly scrape her man's cock. "If I see any teeth on that cock I'll have to do the same to Hiccup, remember?" she says to Astrid, who is sincerely trying her best. The pain on her crotch is ringing in her head now. But she wants to be good. She wants to please Hiccup, with everything she has.

“MMnggffff....mnnngfff....MMMNNGGFFF!” the blonde goes to town on her metal cock, slurping it and deepthroating it like a skilled whore, her cheeks puffing inwards with the suction she’s giving it. Each face-thrust is followed by a pained, dick-gagged moan, as the girl’s inevitable movement causes her further torment.

Seeing the dedication, Heather proceeds to really please Hiccup. The sight of her beloved, the one and only man that matters in her life, looking excited, flush in the face, closing in on an orgasm, brings similar orgasmic euphoria to Astrid.

“Yes, Heather, suck my boyfriend off, suck him well, make him cum in your mouth...God i wish that was my mouth! But only you are worthy of him, I’m just a piece of shit, a lowly whore, I don’t deserve him! Make him feel good, he deserves it! You deserve him!”

Astrid’s mind is spiraling with a cuckold’s bliss, and a few moments later, as Hiccup shoots his load into Heather’s mouth, then then second ‘shot’ onto her presented, waiting tits, Astrid also climaxes, squealing into the phallus that still fills her mouth and convulsing with both self-inflicted pain and a cuck’s ecstasy on her little horse.

Over 6 months had passed since Astrid permanently moved in with Heather and Hiccup. Moved back in would be a more accurate way to phrase it, since the home that now Heather and Hiccup share, used to be hers and Hiccup's. Only thing that 'belonged' to her essentially was the snug chest she slept in.

But Astrid was more than content. In her twisted perception of reality, the only thing that mattered was that she was with Heather and with Hiccup. That she had the chance to worship them, to serve them and to be around them.

Astrid is bound in a rather provocative, rather revealing position. There's no one that lives around the hillside cottage for a mile or so, but from a certain direction, the odd traveler will be able to catch a glimpse of a far-way, naked lady, strung up right outside the place's back yard, near the back door that leads to the kitchen.

Back when she was a skilled warrioress, Astrid would use these metal posts she and Hiccup had planted into the ground. She'd hung targets from them and practice her aim. Now a roped noose has been tied from one of them and underneath it is a squirming, bound damsel. Astrid is struggling to balance, her single foot forced to rise to its ball and cute toes, in order to avoid the noose digging around her neck.

Her other leg has been rendered useless, frog-tied strictly with leather strap. Another strap brings that folded knee up as high as it can go, going around her waist and synching the two closely. A 'casual' box-tie to get these pesky arms out of the way completes her bondage, which presents her pussy generously to whoever stands in front of her.

Heather occasionally gives her a spank or a nipple pinch, as she moves in and out of the house, hanging her and Hiccup's clothes out to dry on a string. Astrid seems more focused in not choking, her feet killing her with pain, cramping ever now and then. But it's what Miss Heather's wants, no ifs or buts. Even in her less than lucid headspace, Astrid knows Miss Heather doesn't like when she complains.

But suddenly, Astrid feels a rush of...clarity, as if some invisible clouds slowly part from her mind. The constant horniness that feels like a natural, ever-present feature in the bimbofied warrior's mind gradually subsides as Heather's potion wears off and her old self re-emerges from within.

"What is this? What...what is happening?" the suddenly alert Astrid looks at her very compromised position, feeling the morning breeze on her exposed crotch and all over her bound body. Soon she gets her answers, as Heather walks out in the yard, holding a woven basket of laundry.

“Heather! You have to help me!” Astrid is relieved to see her best friend, emerging from Hiccup’s house, from her house. The past 6 months all feel hazy, like a weird dream of sorts. “Hmm” Heather eyes her bound ‘friend’ with a pondering look. It seems that her potion has worn off.

“What are you waiting for? Untie me!” Astrid feels completely ashamed, involuntarily flaunting her whole nudity to the dressed girl.

“I don’t think I’ll be doing that” Heather says with another mischievous smirk, walking up to the confused blonde in a relaxed, but menacing fashion. Before Astrid can respond, Heather shoves one of her thick, winter dirty socks, visibly brown with dirt and pretty smelly, in the defenseless girl’s mouth. “NMMGg!” FFNNMMNGhh!” Astrid attempts to scream in angered confusion, but Heather is quickly wrapping one of her dirty stockings around the damsel’s face, keeping the sock from being spat out.

“I’m afraid you’re not feeling well, my dear Astrid. So while you gnaw on that, I’ll go and get your medicine” Heather teasingly caressed the girl’s cheek, who groans into her gross gag, before entering the house and returning soon after with a tiny, cork-sealed, glass bottle of ‘emergency’ potion she has saved up. She finds Astrid struggling and moaning, trying to free herself or alert someone to her rescue.

“Huuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuugh! (*Hiiuuuuup!*) Astrid calls out to her boyfriend. But he is away, in the town center for some leadership manners. “Are you searching for your boyfriend? He doesn’t come home until noon. I’ve come to know his habits very well, you know” she winks at her betrayed friend, who furrows her blonde brows in indignant rage. But her simultaneous struggles to balance on her toes and not asphyxiate on the noose undercuts her attempts to be menacing.

“Down the hatch!” Heather pulls the gag down from her bitch’s mouth and quickly pours the contents of the vial in it, before clamping Astrid’s lips shut with her hand. “MNNgg! NNnn!” Astrid shakes her head, trying to avoid swallowing the dangerous liquid. Whatever it is, Heather is not on her side anymore. “Come on, don’t be a baby about it!” Heather keeps the squirmy bitch from spitting her precious potion out, pinching Astrid’s nose shut with her free hand.

Fully devoid of air and without any way to back off Heather, Astrid can only wiggle and voicelessly groan in her bondage, trying to rotate her noosed body away from Heather, as the brunette has no issues keeping the one-legged whore steady.

“Hiccup likes to deep-dick me whenever he returns home from his chief duties. Maybe I’ll make you eat my ass while he’s fucking me” Heather puts her face right up against the suffocated Astrid, who eyes her terrified. She had never imagined Heather’s true intentions.

With her air running out, and her survival instinct kicking in despite her wishes, a purple-faced Astrid downed the dreaded potion. “Oughta girl” Heather gave her two patting slaps in the face, then stood

and watched as the panting, noose-hung girl's blue eyes started becoming more and more relaxed, more and more peaceful and an blissful emptiness filled her mind once again. "Can you pinch my nipples again, Miss Heather? I really like it" a higher-register, meowing Astrid begged, fully transformed 'back' to her shameless, bimbo self.

"Can't, I'm busy..." Heather lied and went back inside, leaving her publicly displayed fuck toy to sway around the axis of her noose.

From that incident forward, Heather was cautious to feed her little slut her potion about once a month, 'sealing' her away from her true self indefinitely. She just made sure to do whenever Hiccup was away, and not keep her potion stash a secret.

The added doses only intensified Astrid's previous state. She became more shameless, more dependent and more adoring of her two Masters.

Heather had trained Astrid to be a good cunt-licker, and the little slut was extra eager to shove her face down Heather's cunt, if Hiccup had fucked Heather earlier. The sheer promise of getting some of his dick-oil on her tongue, or even - if she was lucky - some cum leftovers from Heather's recently creampie'd pussy, excited Astrid to no limits.

She gave Heather countless orgasms that way, worshipping her cunt at any time Heather demanded. For Astrid, it was the closest thing to heaven.

Finally, after many months of being a good, obedient and faithful little fuck-slave, Astrid was allowed to experience her own boyfriend's cock. The thing that you'd assume someone takes for granted in a relationship.

"Please, Sir...give it to me, this slut needs it!" a hyperventilating-from-anticipation Astrid begs, with her sight taken away by a leather blindfold. There is a big, wooden beam in the middle of the couple's main room, and it is there that the blonde slut is tightly bound on.

With her face at Hiccup's pelvic level, Astrid is tied onto the beam, upside down. Her arms are secured to the back of the beam with rope. More of it binds her ankles, which causes her legs to wrap around the square-shaped, large beam, before the ankle-rope is attached to a metal ring on the beam's backside. Hiccup has hammered in a second ring that currently holds Astrid's rope-constricted waist, holding her ropey waist belt that's also attached on the backside. The two metal rings keep the bound whore from falling, steadied onto the beam, the distance between them forcing her bound legs to bent at the knees as they go around. For the final touch, a few more coils of rope wrap snugly (but not chokingly) around Astrid's neck, prohibiting any neck or head movements.

"Patience cuck...you'll get it when I say you can" Heather puts her whining to bed. Astrid cannot see the lit candle Heather's holding. It has a deep, red color.

"Of course, Miss, anything you wish!" the blinded Astrid remains submissive even as her heart is pounding like crazy. She can almost smell Hiccup's cock, which has been 'brandished' in full attention. She's been waiting for this honor for so long.

The way her thighs part in order for her legs to wrap around the beam, Astrid's wet cunt is right under Heather's nose. The dark-haired alchemist tilts the candle enough for a few drops of hot wax to fall on an unsuspecting Astrid's tight, smooth-shaven labia lips. "AAaaah!" the girl lets a surprised yelp as the wax droplets immediately leave some faint pink marks of sensitive skin, right where they fell and solidified.

"Aaaaaaawwwwwww!" Astrid squirms in her inverted bondage, as her pussy is burned once again by more wax. Hiccup approaches and starts rubbing his hard cock on her cheeks, leaving his precum on them. "Yes, YES! Thank you Master Hiccup! Thank you!" Astrid blindly turns towards the meaty gift, trying to take it in her lips, but the rope-collar doesn't allow for much ...initiative. Heather and Hiccup exchange a playful look, speaking without words.

"AAAAaaGguummmm!" right as Heather 'paints' Astrid's pussy with more wax rain, Hiccup pushes his hard-on in her mouth, stifling his girlfriend/slave's moan. Holding on to the beam as if Astrid is an equally soulless part of it, Hiccup starts fucking the girl's face, while Heather 'spices' things up by sizzling the BJ-giving slut's cunt with wax.

"MMMMNNGGGgggg!" Astrid moans between vicious lip smacking sounds. She has her pink lips wrapped like a vacuum around Hiccup's sloshing member. Despite the very real pain in her increasingly more sensitive pussy, she could not be happier. When Hiccup gives her a deeper, throat-filling and holds it in for a few seconds, not letting any air for the upside down slut, the blinded Astrid feels fireworks popping inside her wax-coated pussy. Her writhing is one of immeasurable arousal, verging on a penetration-less, stimulation-less orgasm.

Astrid has come many times, especially when her hands are left free to rub herself (strictly whilst pleasing her owners). But nothing compares to this moment that has built up in her mind for so long.

As Hiccup fucks her mouth faster and faster, Heather dumps the remaining melted wax onto Astrid's ceiling-facing pussy. "GAAAAAAKh.....Gaaaaaaakh.....*gulp*.....!" Astrid's loud scream of pain is stopped in its tracks as Hiccup shoves his 'unloading' cock deep in her throat, shooting his seed straight down her throat. In her upside-down position, half of his load comes out of the girl's nostrils.

The closest Astrid has been to a "dragon girl" in a while.

EPILOGUE

Back in that serene, beautiful morning, under the shade of the tree, Hiccup has made Heather come twice, with his wonderful cock and stallion's stamina. They two are now half-napping, spooning on the soft grass. As for Astrid, she's lifting one knee, then the other, trying to cope with the standing soreness that her crotch-bondage enforces.

"Let's get you here" Hiccup gets up and cuts the rope that links her crotch to the tree trunk. He's always been the kinder, more empathetic of her two Masters. "Mmmff" Astrid lets a sighing moan of gratitude, her perky titties wet with her involuntary drooling.

By the cut end of that same crotch rope, Hiccup leads Astrid to his and Heather's spot. She follows more than obediently. The brunette beauty is asleep, laying gracefully on her side. Hiccup seats back on the table cloth and gently holding the girl's naked hips, guides Astrid down with him. Again, she follows, her blue eyes stuck at his, 'hanging' from them.

"This'll be our little secret" Hiccup says with a wholesome smile. As he lying with his head resting on his hands, he raises his right knee so that his right leg is bent. He then pulls the skinny, straitjacketed girl closer towards him by her crotch-leash, so that her (still snuggly roped) pussy meets the curve of his (clothed) knee. "Mmm!" Astrid's eyes spark wide with the realization of the rare gift she's been granted!

Without the slightest self-respect, the kneeling whore starts grinding against Hiccup's knee, humping it with voracious intensity, like a bitch in tremendous heat. Hiccup simply watches the pleasing sight, getting a nice power trip from watching the hot dragon tamer hump his leg. "I'm touching Master, I'm touching Hiccup! I can't believe it! His knees feels so divine, I could rub it all day!" Astrid thinks, her submissive blue eyes getting more gratification just from meeting Hiccup's.

"Better be quick, cause if she wakes up, I don't think she'll like to see you come" Hiccup warns her with a cheeky tone, glancing at the sleeping Heather next to them. Astrid furrows her brows in a sad, nervous way. Master Hiccup isn't wrong. Heather would never let her get such joy without some serious payback.

As his 'girlfriend' is gunning for a knee-humping orgasm, Hiccup enjoys her slender, nude form, moving seductively up against him. He'll get a wet spot in his pants with her cunt juices, but it's ok. He feels absolutely content.

After all, this is what Astrid wants.