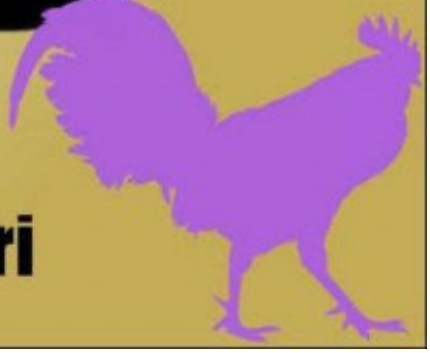
Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

An Erotic Fairy Tale



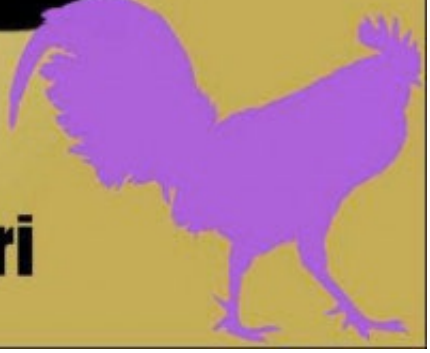


Elliot Silvestri

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

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Smashwords Edition

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Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

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Excerpts have been taken from the following public domain works:

The Fairie Queene, Edmund Spenser, Book I, Canto I

“Seasonal Sex” (traditional folk song)

“A Maiden Bathing Did Go” (traditional folk song)

“The Creation of a Pussy” (traditional folk song)

“Grey Cock” (traditional folk song)

“She Lay All Naked In Her Bed” (traditional folk song)

“Wind Up Her Little Ball of Yarn” (traditional folk song)

“Keyhole in the Door” (traditional folk song)

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Tart

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Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter the First

Chapter the Second

Chapter the Third

Chapter the Fourth

Chapter the Fifth

Chapter the Sixth

Chapter the Seventh

Chapter the Eighth

About the Author

[1]

Chapter the First

Wherein our hero gets lost in the woods and gets a helluva handy from a pixie

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,

Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,

The cruel markes of many'a bloudy fielde;

Singing the ancient song didn’t make Geoffrey feel any better.

Geoffrey didn’t consider himself a knight and he wasn’t carrying any arms or armor. Further, he had no visible wounds after any battle. Nor was he riding a horse across the plain. He was running the best he could through the forest on a path that only a very generous man would call an animal trail.

Still, it was better than being dead.

Or worse.

Having lived in cities all his life Geoffrey wasn’t used to the strange sounds of the forest. Whenever he had left the cities, he had always been in a large group and felt protected. Now he was alone. Outside. Exposed. Naked.

Metaphorically naked, he told himself. He was still fully dressed.

Just to make sure, he glanced down at his clothing. The left leg and right sleeve were covered in bright red and white stripes while the right leg and left sleeve were green and blue diamonds. A pair of brilliant yellow boots combined with a matching belt made the clothing. The clothing made the man.

Geoffrey liked to dress conservatively.

In addition to his small pack, Geoffrey carried a lute case. It was how he managed to survive. Songs saved his life.

He was certain that he was being watched. It wasn't just paranoia. He could feel eyes on him. He was certain he could hear...something...being said...whispered on the mild breeze that filtered through the trees. There was a heavy buzzing of insect wings. That he didn't like. Geoffrey hated bugs.

The buzzing was getting louder. The bugs must have been giant sized. Had he wandered into a magical forest?

Geoffrey wasn't without means of physically defending himself. He pulled out the dagger he wore on his belt and waved it around. While he might have had a dagger to defend himself, it didn't mean that he knew how to use it.

"Fuck off!" he shouted at the empty air that he knew wasn't empty. He slashed the dagger back and forth to intimidate whoever was there.

The blade just cut through empty air.

After a few swipes, laughter began to fill the air, which only served to annoy Geoffrey further.

"Show yourself!" he demanded. "I'll cut you from chin to cock!"

His threat only made the peals of laughter increase in intensity.

"Play me a song and I'll do something with your cock," came back a teasing answer. The voice was high-pitched and sweet, almost like that of a child. His best guess was that it was female, but with all the monsters that were rumored to inhabit the forest, it could have been a trick.

"I'm a talented musician, a traveling bard," said Geoffrey. "When I play, I'm heavily rewarded with coin...and wine...and women."

"From your mode of dress I would have guessed you would prefer men," came the voice. Geoffrey was certain it was right in front of him, but he was damned if he could see anything or anyone.

Geoffrey's mood darkened. "Anyone can see that I am a stylish bard. This outfit

has gotten me more pussy than a witch's stewpot."

He was met with silence.

"A witch's stewpot," he repeated to more silence.

"Because witches attract cats as familiars," he explained to the air. That seemed silly so he focused on a low-hanging branch of a pine tree a few feet away. Talking to a tree was only slightly less crazy than talking to the empty air.

"You're implying that witches eat cats," the voice said, clearly a little disturbed at Geoffrey's comparison.

"Okay, so it's not the greatest metaphor."

"This conversation is going nowhere. You bore me, bard. Goodbye."

The buzzing returned to the air.

"Wait! Don't go!" he sounded pathetic but he didn't want to be all alone in the forest. He wouldn't admit it, but fear was growing in his heart. And after what he had recently been through, that was more than he wanted to deal with.

Since he was a bard and pathetic pleadings didn't go well without a song and music, he quickly slung his lute off his back and started strumming. The words came to his lips automatically.

Now freezing cold does shrink my cock

And I have heard a woolen sock

Will do man a better deed

Than wicked spillin of his seed.

The buzzing halted and seemed to return, this time stopping on the branch that had caught Geoffrey's attention. He launched into the chorus.

When the frost is on the punkin'

Tis the time for the dicking dunkin'

That elicited peals of laughter from his invisible audience that mixed with what Geoffrey realized were tiny hand claps.

As he continued strumming while trying to remember the next verse, he was interrupted by the high-pitched voice. "Again, again! More, more!"

Doffing his red and yellow hat, Geoffrey paused in his strumming to say, "I'm sorry, my invisible audience, but I can't for the life of me remember the next verse. To a different song would you be averse?" He smiled at his word play.

A small popping sound announced the sudden appearance of a tiny woman sitting on the branch of the tree to which he had been addressing his words. "You're a funny man."

"Th-th-thank you?" he said without certainty. The little woman in front of him couldn't have amazed him more. The first and most prominent feature about her was she was only two feet tall. The second thing that struck Geoffrey was the pair of butterfly-like wings sprouting from her back. He couldn't decide if her hair or her outfit—of lack thereof—was her third most striking feature. Her hair hung down past her shoulders. The left side was colored a bright purple while the right was a brilliant yellow, not blonde, but yellow. Her tiny outfit covered her—barely—from her tiny breasts down to her hips. He didn't know what the outfit was called but it seemed more akin to a lady's undergarment for a gown than actual, practical outerwear.

Feeling ashamed about it, Geoffrey stared between the pixie's thighs. He couldn't see her cunt, but wished that he could. She was sitting on the branch at

a slight angle to him. He imagined her garment would barely cover her ass. As it was, the sheerness of the tiny gown did nothing to hide the prominent bumps of her nipples. Her skin was so very pale that Geoffrey was certain he could see her pink nipples underneath the gossamer fabric. Summoning up a memory of his older sisters, he decided that the outfit was called a camiknicker, even though it hugged the pixie's body like a second skin.

"My name is Belledane. What's yours?" she asked in her lyrical voice.

"G-g-geoffrey?" He spluttered out his name like it was a confusingly pronounced word in a foreign language.

"It must be awfully hard to be a bard with that stutter," she observed.

Remembering who he was and what he was supposed to be doing, Geoffrey cleared his throat, stood up straight, and repeated his name. "Geoffrey Goodrick, if it please you, m'lady," he said doffing his hat once again and bowing to the pixie.

When he stood back up she let her eyes rove over his body and he couldn't help but notice she was staring at his crotch.

It took all of his pride not to cover the front of his pants with his hands. As it was he shifted his lute to hide his bulging erection. She had certainly seen the evidence of his arousal, but she was polite enough not to say anything.

"It pleases me," she said, licking her lips.

Maybe she wasn't that polite, Geoffrey reflected.

"Are you a pixie?" he asked already knowing the answer but he needed some way to move the conversation forward that didn't involve talking about his hard cock.

"Of course I am," she said, delighted. She flapped her wings and flew up slightly. Geoffrey found his eyes going to the hem of her camiknicker again but he still couldn't see her cunt. She hovered a few feet in front of him.

"Delighted to meet your acquaintance," he said.

She gave him a mid-air bow. He looked down the top of her outfit. He couldn't see anything.

"We don't have many visitors to our forest," she said.

"We?"

"My friends and family."

"Right!" Geoffrey replied. Of course she wasn't alone. "Are they around right now?" he asked.

"No. Why?" Her eyes narrowed on him.

"Because you were invisible a minute ago. I was just wondering if anyone else was watching."

"No. I'm alone. With you," she smiled, hinting.

Immediately Geoffrey started thinking about what she was implying. He was a bard, after all, and more than once he had seduced a young lady of low self-esteem and poor morals. Those young ladies always seemed to be attracted to a man who could sing and play a lute. But looking at Belledane's tiny but impressive body, he wasn't sure if she would be able to accommodate him.

Physically accommodate him.

"That's good to know," he said, with a sly smile. He was willing to experiment if she was.

Belledane turned her head slightly and said, "I have a question for you. Is your next song as dirty as your first?"

"I'll let you be the judge of that," he said as he launched into his next song. It had nothing to do with his previous ditty, but that was fine.

The four and twentieth day of May, of all days of the year, sir,

A virgin lady, fresh and gay, did privately appear, sir.

Hard by a riverside got she, and did sing loud, the rather,

For she was sure she was secure, and had intent to bathe her.

With glittering glancing jealous eyes, she shyly looks about, sir,

To see if any lurking spies were hid to find her out, sir.

And being well resolved that none could see her nakedness, sir,

She pulled her robes off, one by one, and did herself undress, sir.

Into the fluent stream she leapt, she looked like Venus' glass, sir.

The fishes from all quarters crept to see so fair a lass, sir.

Each fish did wish himself a man, about her all were drawn, sir.

And at the sight of her began to spread about their spawn, sir.

A lad that long her love had been and could obtain no grace, sir,

For all her prying lay unseen, hid in a secret place, sir.

Who had often been repulsed when he had come to woo her,

Pulled off his clothes and furiously did run and leap into her.

She squeaked, she cried, and down she dived, he brought her up again, sir.

He brought her up upon the shore, and then, and then, and then, sir.

As he did her to enjoy, you may guess what I mean, sir;

Because she all uncovered lay, he covered her again, sir.

With watered eyes, she pants and cries, "I'm utterly undone, sir,

If you will not be wed to me by the next morning sun, sir."

He answered her, he would not stir out of her sight till then, sir.

"We'll both clasp hands in wedlock bands, marry, and to it again, sir."

The little pixie frowned as Geoffrey finished his song with a flourish.

“What’s troubling you?” he asked nervously, worried that she might have been upset with the content of the lyrics.

“But I’m not a sir,” she said. “I’m a pixie.” She leaned forward, giving him a view of her tiny cleavage. “But I’m most definitely a female pixie, if you take my meaning.”

It took all of Geoffrey’s control learned over years of playing the lute not to strum down too hard on his strings and break all of them.

“It was just a song,” he managed to get out. “And I can see that you are female.”

“Good,” she happily told him and proceeded to do a mid-air loop. He got a quick flash between her thighs, but still couldn’t see anything. “I loved your song.”

“Thank you kindly.”

“Can I see your cock?” she asked.

“Wh-wh-what?”

“Boy pixies have such tiny cocks. You’re a human. You’re a giant! You must have a giant cock!”

Geoffrey didn’t know what to think. While he had never had a complaint from any of his lovers, he was a realistic man when it came to the art of love and knew his cock, while more than measuring up against any other man, was by no means giant-sized.

Then again, from her perspective, a cock the size of his pinky finger would be enormous.

“All of my lovers have found me well-equipped,” he said with a smile, but didn’t know how to proceed. She was pretty, but so tiny. He had serious doubts he could get his pinky finger in her tiny cunt, let alone the instrument he had in his pants.

“Can I see it,” she breathed with shining eyes. Her eyes seemed to grow two sizes with the question, which was an impressive feat considering that her eyes were already huge in comparison to her head.

“Uh...sure,” said Geoffrey. What could it hurt to get his cock out for her to admire?

“Show me, show me!” She clapped her hands together.

While Geoffrey was never normally shy about getting his prick out for women to admire, this was a slightly different set of circumstances. The pixie was only two feet tall and he didn’t see how his hard prick could be used with her. Still, it seemed rude not to pull out his cock, if only for her to admire it.

“Are you sure?” he asked warily, his hand already going to the ties of his trousers.

She nodded her head vigorously. “Yes. Pretty please?!”

And still he hesitated. He had pulled his prick out plenty of times in the middle

of nowhere to take a piss, but now that it was for pretty pixie he had just met...that made him more nervous than it should have. Still, he was proud of his prick and there was no reason not to...unless she was an evil pixie in which case he was doomed anyway.

That's the logic he used to argue with himself.

Opening up his pants, he pulled them down just enough for the purple head to come out. Belledane gasped like she had spied a dragon swooping down out of the sky to devour her. That in itself would have been impossible—the canopy of the forest was far too dense—but the gasp was enough to embolden Geoffrey to lower his pants further, revealing the whole of the length of this prick, even his pendulous ballsack as well.

"It's beautiful," Belledane declared.

"Thank you," he replied and was about to pull his pants back up to restore some dignity to himself, but she shot forward in the air, striking Geoffrey in the chest. The impact wasn't that great, but it was strong enough to make him stumble backwards. That, combined with an unfortunately placed tree root along with the disadvantage of having his pants halfway down his legs was enough to make him fall on his ass.

Geoffrey started to panic. The pixie had obviously been waiting to make himself vulnerable so that she could attack and kill him.

While he wasn't all that familiar with pixies he had heard all sorts of stories. He didn't know what to believe. Seeing her small form diving down, he scrabbled for the dagger sheathed at his side.

He was too slow. She went directly for his most vulnerable bits: his cock and balls.

Unable to unsheathe his weapon, Geoffrey tried swatting at the pixie, but he was too slow.

A second later Belledane had wrapped her hands around his cock and rubbed it against her cheek. "It's beautiful," she cooed and then stuck out her tongue to lick the underside.

Geoffrey was frankly shocked. Her tongue was somewhere between the sensation of a young lass's mouth organ and that of a cat, just rough enough for a little extra stimulation.

"Wha-what are you doing?" he asked, staring at the pixie making love to his cock.

She seemed to remember where she was and that she had just met the bard. "Pleasuring you," she said boldly.

His cock started to wilt. Everything seemed out of place. "Are you sure you want to do that?"

She laughed at him. Her laughter sounded like peals of a silver bell. "Of course I do. Pixies live for pleasures of the flesh. And my friends and cousins will be so jealous when I tell them that I gave a handy to a human."

"What?" Geoffrey blurted out. She needed both of her little hands to completely surround his cock, and even then they didn't quite go all the way around, but even though she was a tiny woman, she was no innocent babe in the woods. Her technique was that born of practice, innate skill, and learned techniques. "Oohh," Geoffrey moaned as he became a slave to his cock.

If she was going to kill him, she would have done so already, he reasoned.

Or if she was just trying to get him off-guard, this was undoubtedly the best way to die.

The vigorous handy that Belledane was giving must have been physically difficult for her, but Geoffrey was already too close to the edge of orgasm. He couldn't remember the last time a woman had pleasured him without him paying her.

Getting a handy from a pixie was more fun than he ever would have guessed.

He could have fought it, and he was approaching orgasm a lot faster than he liked—Geoffrey took pride in pleasing his partners first—but fighting it was a waste of time. Instead he just put his head back and allowed the moment to take him.

Her skill was advanced and before he knew it, she pushed him over the edge. He came and it felt like he was cumming for the first time. The amount of spunk that shot out of his cock took him by surprise. It was so voluminous Geoffrey was certain that Belledane had worked some pixie magic on him.

The cum spattered on his cock and belly and spread out to his jacket and shirt. As a bard Geoffrey tried to take care in his appearance because it was easier to charm people if he didn't look like a serf digging in the mud. He figured that a little cum stain on his shirt was a small price to pay.

After taking his eyes off his slowly withering cock he focused on Belledane. Cum was an inevitable byproduct of sex, regardless of the variety, but what he had done to the little pixie was almost a crime. She seemed to be covered in his liquid emissions from her face down to her chest and completely soaking the top to her camiknicker.

"Sorry about that," he told her in all sincerity. He'd cum on plenty of women and so he just figured most of them were used to men cumming on them.

Belledane's reaction was almost the complete opposite of the women he had accidentally came on when they were blowing him. She was delighted. Her shoulders were shaking with laughter that she held in while licking her fingers, tasting his leavings.

"It's saltier than I thought it would be," she commented.

"Saltier?" Geoffrey didn't know what else to say. He wasn't used to having conversations about his semen after cumming with his pants halfway down his legs. He felt exposed.

"Pixie cum is much sweeter," she told him.

"Oh."

"I think it's because of all the fruit we eat."

"Okay…"

"Did you know that you can get drunk on elf cum?"

Belledane had continued to lick her hands, consuming as much of Geoffrey's cum as possible. While visiting brothels he had seen shows of women who pretended to worship and savor the cum a man had just ejaculated on them, it was the first time he had seen it in real life.

She was waiting expectantly for an answer to her question. "No. I did not know that one could get drunk on...elf cum?" He ended the statement as a question. How would that even work?

Belledane nodded enthusiastically. "I think it's from all the wine that they drink."

"That would make sense." His brow furrowed. "When have you been sucking off random elves?"

The question caused her to laugh at him. "I'm a pixie princess. It's part of our diplomatic ceremonies."

"You're a pixie princess?" While Geoffrey had bedded a lot of women, this was the first time he had ever had carnal relations with a person claiming nobility. His milieu tended toward whores, barmaids, singers, and actresses. Plus the random adventurer. It would be truly epic if the first pixie he had fucked—well, gotten a handy from—was a princess.

"Well, yes. I'm two hundred and thirty fourth in line for the throne."

"Oh." Barely a princess, but it was a brag he could make in a self-referential introduction song.

The second part of her previous statement caught his attention. "And as part of diplomatic relations with the elves...you give them blowjobs?"

"Yes. Of course. I mean, you're much bigger than all the elves that I've fellated, don't worry about that. Small and thin, that's an elf cock for you." She paused. "I like something a little more...girthier." Her eyes went directly to Geoffrey's cock that was now shrunk down to its normal size. He felt exposed and vulnerable, especially because he was still covered in his own cum.

Wanting to change the subject from his cock, Geoffrey said, "I didn't know that pixies and elves had diplomatic relations." He would have pulled up his pants

and tucked away his cock but she was kneeling on his legs. Her weight was negligible, but it seemed rude to pick her up and move her away. Worse would have been just to shove her aside.

Not wanting to admit it to himself, he knew the real reason was he wanted to actually fuck her. The lust he had been feeling a minute ago was mostly gone, but he could feel it lurking in the background. He didn't know how he was going to make the logistics of sex work with a pixie, but he was determined to make it work.

He just didn't know how he was going to make it work.

Belledane laughed at him again. She laughed at him a lot. For good sex he was willing to allow that. "Of course we have diplomatic relations. How else do you think we keep humans out of our woods?" Her eyes suddenly narrowed and she launched herself into the air and landed on his chest.

Geoffrey had started to sit up and when her little feet landed on his chest, the wind got knocked out of him. He gasped for breath, but even that wasn't enough to stop him from trying to look up the bottom of her camiknicker. Still, her cunt was hidden enough from his prying eyes.

He was starting to wonder if she even had a cunt the way she kept it hidden.

"What exactly are you doing in our woods?" she demanded of him. Her eyes blazed with anger. They were literally blazing. He could see fire within them. Geoffrey remember that pixies were real, but also magical creatures. The air around her started to sparkle.

It was quite attractive.

"Well?!" she demanded of him, shaking the fist of one hand and pointing at his face with the other. Her pointing finger started to glow with blue energy and Geoffrey started to fear for his life. Again.

"Can—" he managed to wheeze out.

"What? Speak up!"

"Can—" he wheezed again. "Can't—"

“Can’t what?”

Unable to think of a better way out of the situation, as gently as possible he shoved her off his chest and sat up to suck in a lungful of air. “I can’t breathe with you standing on my chest!”

Belledane let the energy building in her hand dissipate and then fluttered her wings so she was clear of his body.

“I’m so sorry!” she apologized.

“I’ll live,” he managed. “Just need to breathe for a minute.”

Seeing that she hadn’t inadvertently killed the bard, Belledane let her eyes start blazing again and started gathering up her energy. “You haven’t answered my question. What are you doing in our woods?” An inadvertent murder was apparently a crime, but to kill him straight out intentionally was fine.

“It’s a long story,” he said weakly.

“I’m listening. And the only reason I’m listening is because you have a lovely, thick cock that I’d be happy to play with again, but not if you’re here to cause problems for the pixies.”

“Why are you being so defensive?” he asked, buying some time as he gathered his thoughts, trying to come up with an excuse to be in the pixie woods.

“I am a defender of the woods!”

“I thought you were a pixie princess.”

“That too! Every pixie is a defender of the woods and the faith. I’m honor bound to make sure you pose no ill or evil intent when you are within our borders.”

“I swear I’m not here with any evil intent. I’m just looking for the Golden Phallacy.”

She tried not to let her emotions betray her, but as soon as Geoffrey said “Golden Phallacy” he knew that something was amiss. Her eyes narrowed. The beat of her wings became a staccato rhythm instead of a smooth thrum. Her face became

flushed. She even stopped cleaning his steadily drying cum off her skin. “The what now?”

Sensing something was up, Geoffrey chose his words carefully. “The Golden Phallacy.”

“What’s that?”

She was trying to play innocent, but if there was one thing that Geoffrey was certain of in his short acquaintance of Belledane was that she was not innocent about anything. “I don’t know,” he replied. “But I need it to save my friends.”

“Save your friends?” she prompted him.

“Uhh...yeah.”

“Care to explain?”

He opened his mouth to answer, then a revelation popped into his head. “Why are you so interested in you don’t know what the Golden Phallacy is?”

“I’m worried about your friends,” she easily lied.

She was a terrible liar.

“You don’t know my friends.” He stood up and gracelessly pulled his pants up and tied the laces.

“But I know you and I like you.” Somehow she managed to insinuate with those few words that she was ready to fuck him and do other dirty, nasty, and vile things with him.

He wanted to do those things.

An act of violence seemed like a good idea but he didn’t act on it. “I was with a few of my friends. We were tasked with recovering some stolen goods from the Enchantress of Islode and...and we failed.”

The pixie smiled at him. “So you and a few friends tried to sneak into the Enchantress’s tower and rob her blind, but got caught. Were they all rogues like

you or did you think ahead and bring some muscle as well?”

“I’m not a rogue,” Geoffrey bristled. “I’m a bard. And we didn’t sneak in under dark of night, we parlayed with her.”

“And she saw through your bullshit and captured the lot of you.” He wouldn’t have thought it possible but Belledane’s eyes narrowed further. “Why did she let you go? Or did you escape?” She clapped her hands together. “Tell me of your escape.”

Her eyes shone.

Geoffrey was amazed at how quickly her emotions shifted.

“Uh...okay. I don’t know how to lie—”

“That’s rich coming from a bard.”

“—but the plan was for me to distract the Enchantress while everyone else…”

“Robbed her blind?”

“Uh...yes.”

“And what went wrong?”

“Everything went right!” Geoffrey complained. “We were invited inside her tower. Our entire party had a wonderful meal with her. I had just gotten the Enchantress alone in her bedroom when—”

“Wait. You succeeded in seducing her?”

He hesitated to answer. “Almost.”

“Almost,” Belledane repeated.

“She had me in a compromising position, which I was enjoying, when she stopped and left me...tied up.”

Belledane laughed gaily. “Please tell me you were literally tied to her bed.”

He paused. “Close. I was...uh...tied to what she called her pleasure rack.”

“Go on. And then what happened?”

“She left me alone for a few minutes. Just long enough for me to get nervous, it was a bit chilly in her bedroom and I was having some trouble maintaining the full structure of my manhood.”

“You couldn’t keep your cock up,” she helpfully supplied.

“I was getting bored waiting for her.”

“And then?”

“And then she comes back into the room with my friends under some enchantment. She told me they’d be waiting in the dungeon until I returned with the Golden Phallacy.” He paused and cleared his throat. “And here we are.”

Belledane laughed at him.

“You don’t have to insult me,” he grumbled.

“Do you know where your plan went wrong?”

“I probably should have tied her to the rack and pleasured her with my mouth and cock while my friends were busy.”

Belledane was suddenly very serious. “No. You shouldn’t have tried at all. The Enchantress prefers the company of women.”

Geoffrey said nothing.

“You didn’t know that, did you?”

“Well I know it now!”

She laughed again. “If only you had a woman with your friends who could have seduced the Enchantress.”

Looking away Geoffrey said, “I know Lissa should have made the play.”

“Why didn’t she?” inquired Belledane.

“For a northern barbarian warrior Lissa still likes to fuck men.” He cleared his throat. “And they didn’t think I would be able to kill a guard if it came to that.”

“Oookaaayyy...maybe you should try that strategy next time.”

“Duly noted.”

“So you need the Golden Phallacy to save your friends.”

“That’s right. Though I would hesitate to call them my friends.”

“Just a moment ago you said—”

“I know what I said,” he quickly interrupted. “Let’s just say that I was roped into this scheme against my will.”

“Then why not walk away?” suggested Belledane. “If they’re not your friends and the Enchantress has freed you, why not just leave them?”

“Because...because…” Geoffrey hated to appear weak. “Because even though they were probably going to cheat me out of my share of the reward...I still gave my word and that means something.”

Belledane let that hang between them a moment. “Your parents raised you right.”

“If you ask them, they wouldn’t say so.”

“Do you know what the Golden Phallacy is?”

Geoffrey shook his head. “I haven’t the faintest idea. That makes it a more difficult quest.”

“It’s a treasure currently held by the elves,” she explained to him.

“Oh. Great. So why did the Enchantress send me into these woods?”

“Maybe she doesn’t want you to recover it for her.”

Geoffrey shook his head. “No. That can’t be it. She seemed pretty damned

enthusiastic about getting it back. She said it was originally hers."

Belledane let out her cheerful laugh. "That's a lie. It's an ancient artifact."

Rolling his shoulders, Geoffrey said, "Great. Well, point me in the direction of the elves and I'll be on my way."

She looked blankly at him. "What's your plan for stealing it from the elves?"

"I don't have a plan," he readily admitted.

"Then let me help," she said eagerly.

Right away Geoffrey was on his guard. Just because the pixie had given him an incredible handjob didn't mean that he was willing to trust her to help him complete a quest that he didn't have his heart in, but felt compelled to do it anyway.

"Why?"

The little woman was bouncing up and down in the air, her brightly colored butterfly wings keeping her aloft. "I'm looking for an adventure!"

"I thought you were supposed to be guarding your...Tribe's? Clan's? Kingdom's? Whatever. Your woods against invaders."

She brushed aside his concern with her hand. "There are dozens of guards here. There's no possible way they'll miss me."

"You're going to help me steal an ancient artifact away from the elves," said Geoffrey with more than a dose of skepticism. "Elves that apparently you regularly give blowjobs to as part of your diplomatic relations."

"Yes," she said innocently. "Why do you sound so concerned?"

"Seems like you're betraying an alliance with the elves at best and maybe your… Tribe's? Clan's? Kingdom's?...trust as well."

"It's a queendom," she corrected him. "And have you ever sucked off an elf?"

Geoffrey's spine stiffened. "No. Why would you ask that?"

She ignored his question. “Elves are selfish and rather terrible lovers. Let’s just say this is a bit of personal revenge.”

“Okay,” he agreed.

“Really? You’ll let me help?”

He shrugged. “If I don’t let you help I doubt I’ll be able to complete the quest.”

Chapter the Second

Where our hero discovers the randiness of pixies and the extent they are willing to go to for a metaphorical roll in the hay

Geoffrey was glad to have Belledane leading him through the forest. Before he had just been running away from the Enchantress's tower. While she had given him some basic supplies and his lute, he had been completely lost. With Belledane at his side he felt like she was leading him somewhere. They had a goal in mind and for the moment that was good enough for him.

Plus he couldn't help but think about her previous enthusiastic handjob and the implied promise that she'd be doing other, more exciting things with him later.

That, of course, caused him to sneak glances at her while she bobbed and weaved in the air next to him, her wings buzzing. The tiny outlines of her nipples were obvious through the camiknicker, but that wasn't where Geoffrey was focusing his eyes.

The tiny outfit barely came down over her hips. He was determined to get a look at her cunt.

More than once she had to buzz on ahead to lead the way, and Geoffrey ducked his head to see what she was offering from behind. Other than the bottoms of her ass cheeks, Geoffrey didn't succeed in seeing anything.

It was by equal measures exciting and frustrating.

"Are you trying to look up my skirt?" she abruptly asked him when he was climbing over a fallen tree trunk. Belledane was buzzing in the air a few feet ahead of him and almost at eye level. He could have jumped over it, but he chose to climb so that he could get another peak.

"Uh…"

"You've been trying it for the past hour," she said.

Geoffrey felt his face burning as he blushed in embarrassment. "Sorry. I

apologize.”

“Are you trying to get a look at my cunt?”

“Uh...yes?” Her knowing what he had been trying to do only made it worse.

“Did you see it?”

“Uh...no.” Luckily she wasn’t upset by his half-assed attempt.

“Do you want to?” she teased him, her hand straying down to her hip and pulling slightly at the hem, promising a peak into the heavens.

“Uh...yes!”

“You might have to earn it,” she said, turning around and buzzing away.

He hurried after her. “How do I earn it?”

The flapping of her wings increased in speed and she zoomed forward, this time instead of slowly hovering vertically, she suddenly went horizontal and allowed her legs to briefly part.

Geoffrey wasn’t sure, but he thought he got a peek at her cunt. It was probably his imagination, but that was good enough for him.

He took off running after her.

“Hurry, hurry!” she called as she zipped through the forest. “Catch me and I’ll show you my cunt!”

While it was all good fun and games to play chase the pixie in the woods. Geoffrey had had his fair share of maidens who wanted to play slap and tickle, and then chase the lady, before finally hiking up her skirts for a good fucking. He wondered what he was chasing after, exactly considering that even if he caught her and got her naked and willing, there was no way he was going to get his cock inside her without literally splitting her in half.

He lost sight of her as she rounded a tree. The forest was strangely silent as he pursued her into a clearing. The thrum of her wings filled the air, but he couldn't

see her.

“Belledane?” he called. “Where are you hiding?

“Right in front of you,” she called.

He didn’t see anything. “Where?”

For just half a second she blinked in and out of sight. He had forgotten that she could turn herself invisible, a trick that any pixie could accomplish.

He grabbed the air near where she had just been and missed.

Laughter filled his ears.

“Missed!”

It was a game, but one he was determined to win. Her wings and her voice weren’t silent and he could feel the air being displaced by the beating wings.

He grabbed again but again missed. This time he just felt something on his fingertips. He was close and he knew it.

“Where are you?” he called out. “Turn visible and I’ll get out my big cock and let you have your way with me.”

“Do you want to shove it up my ass too?”

He heard exactly where the voice was coming from. Moving quicker than he had any right to, he reached and grabbed.

His fingers curled around her small torso. Her wings started beating as she struggled to get away. He refused to let go, but between her struggles and the uneven forest floor, he stumbled and the two of them fell together, hitting the dirt harder than he had anticipated.

“Gotcha!” he called out as she stuttered back to visibility. Apparently staying invisible was a trick that she needed to focus on in order for it to work.

Except it wasn’t Belledane. It was a pixie, all right, but this one was male and was bare-chested, wearing only a tiny pair of briefs around his hips. For a pixie

the little creature was incredibly strong as he struggled to free himself from Geoffrey's grip.

"You're not Belledane!" the bard exclaimed as he looked down at the pixie he was pining into the dirt.

"No, I'm not. Filthy human!" Though Geoffrey was pinning down the pixie, he wasn't immobilized and his hands were free. Geoffrey froze as the pixie pointed at his face. The little creature's hands glowed with bright red energy before he was zapped in the face.

A small shriek filled the clearing as Geoffrey was knocked out.

"You didn't have to do it that way!"

Geoffrey recognized Belledane's now-familiar voice as the pixie complained to...to something.

He didn't want to open his eyes because the light was seeping through his closed lids was giving him a headache. Or maybe he had a headache from whatever magic the pixie had used on him.

"He was attacking you," came another voice. This one was distinctly male, even if it was as highly pitched as Belledane's. "And you were supposed to be protecting the woods."

Groaning and rolling over Geoffrey thought his head was filled with bumblebees. Was that a magic spell that pixies could cast? Head of bees? It sounded painful. It was painful.

There was a collective gasp as he sat up. Forcing his eyes open he realized he was surrounded by a dozen pixie, all of them unfamiliar except for Belledane.

"Would you mind not screaming when you're arguing?" he asked. "It hurts my head."

A pixie rushed over to him and attempted to kick the dazed bard, but Belledane

zipped down and blocked his path. “Don’t you dare, Appleseed!” she spat at him. “He’s under my protection!”

“You were supposed to be protecting the woods from invasion!” said another pixie. This one was female and had black hair spotted with white dots. She wore a costume similar to Belledane’s. He realized they all did, except for the ones that appeared to be male. Those just had tiny briefs that covered what seemed to Geoffrey to be an impressive package for each. While they were still smaller than what Geoffrey had in his pants, relatively speaking they were proportionally bigger. Assuming they weren’t stuffing their codpieces.

All the females were as attractive as Belledane, if not moreso. He saw more half-exposed nipples and barely visible cunts than he had ever before in his life. Except for maybe that trip to the bordello in Cindain’s high-class red light district.

“I was! He’s no threat. He’s a human bard!”

Geoffrey felt slightly offended at Belledane’s defense of him, but said nothing. His head was too fuzzy and full of bees. “She helped me,” he heard himself say.

“I’ll say she did,” commented one pretty pixie with long red hair with blue tips. Her giant blue eyes captivated Geoffrey. The redhead leaned forward and sniffed at Belledane. “She’s covered in his cum or my name isn’t Beepollen Toadstool.”

“Shut up, Bees,” Belledane snapped, zipping up to the other pixie. “I thought your name was Shitstool.”

The red-haired pixie gasped and shot a bolt of magical energy at Belledane. What followed was an in-air dance of two pixies fighting with magical bolts zipping here, there and everywhere. The gathered collection of pixies cheered on the fighting pair, all but forgetting about Geoffrey.

He saw an opportunity and started crawling away. They were on the edge of the clearing where he had been knocked out and he intended to make a break for it, but was suddenly paralyzed in the right buttock by an angry hornet sting.

Crying out from the sting he twisted around. It wasn’t a hornet that has stung him. It was a small arrow from a pixie bow. Moving quickly, he plucked the arrow out of his ass and continued crawling.

He didn’t get very far. Three sets of feet suddenly planted themselves right in front of him. They had landed from above him and their wings folded up against their backs. Normally Geoffrey wouldn’t have been afraid of two-foot tall creatures, but there were three of them and two sported short, sharp and deadly looking rapiers at their hips. The third’s hands were glowing with magical energy. Geoffrey found that he didn’t have the courage to challenge these three.

“Going somewhere?” the female of the trio asked, her hand not-so-casually resting on the hilt of her rapier.

“Just trying to get more comfortable,” Geoffrey easily, and unconvincingly, lied.

“Belledane says you’re a bard...and on a quest. Is she lying like you are?”

Geoffrey briefly considered making a pun of him lying on the ground instead of admitting he had been caught in an untruth, but the weapons around him somehow provoked truthfulness to come out of his mouth. “No. She’s telling the truth. I’m a bard.”

“Bards don’t go on quests, Engle,” commented the male with glowing hands. “He’s obviously lying.”

“Let’s see where this goes, Stemberry,” replied Engle. “What are you questing for, Sir Bard?” she asked him mockingly.

Geoffrey sighed. “For the Golden Phallacy,” he admitted, knowing that it would be a problem.

All of the pixies burst out in laughter. After a moment Geoffrey realized that the laughter wasn’t directed solely at him. With her flaming red cheeks, Belledane was admitting she was being scorned by her tribe.

“You weren’t lying,” Engle said to Belledane. “I always thought you were stupid, Belle, but I didn’t realize you were this stupid.”

“Shut up, Engle. Just because you’re a Sunbeam doesn’t mean shit!” Belledane buzzed above the pixie that was challenging her and seemed to be in charge of the group.

Not willing to put up with even implied insults from Belledane, Engle launched

herself into the air but at the same time managed to defuse the situation. “Tell you what, Wormhole, if this bard can play us a halfway decent tune, we’ll let the two of you go to your certain doom. The elves aren’t going to be happy, but one dead rogue pixie and a stupid human aren’t worth an argument.”

Geoffrey wasn’t certain if they were being offered a good deal or not, but seeing an out, he quickly pulled himself to his feet and then immediately stumbled, almost falling down again.

The pixies laughed at him.

“There’s a mild poison on the arrow,” Belledane explained sadly. “It causes paralysis.”

“To make me an easier target?” asked Geoffrey.

“No. To hopefully kill. It’s supposed to paralyze the heart, but you’re pretty big and got hit in the ass.”

The pixies around them continued to titter and hover, waiting to see what would happen next.

Geoffrey struggled to his feet and found that his right leg was tingling all the way down. He could walk, but it felt like he had slept on it wrong all night and it moved slower than was normal.

“I can’t walk,” he informed her. It was information she had already gathered.

“Sit down on that rock and play a song,” she whispered to him.

Stumbling over to a moss covered rock that made a rough but serviceable seat, he managed a decent sitting position. “Are they serious about the song?”

“Yes. And letting us go too.”

“I’m sensing some history between you and that Engle girl pixie.”

Belledane frowned. “Family history. The Sunbeams and Wormholes haven’t always gotten on well and…”

“And this?” he asked.

“Play them a damn song,” she hissed at him. “And make it a good one.”

“A good one?”

“A dirty one at least.”

“Really?”

“They’ll think it’s funny.” She sighed. “I hope.”

Nodding, Geoffrey pulled his lute into position and absently strummed the strings a few times, gathering his thoughts, trying to remember a song that would do the trick.

Seven wise men with knowledge so fine,

created a pussy to their design.

First was a butcher, with smart wit,

using a knife, he gave it a slit,

Second was a carpenter, strong and bold,

with a hammer and chisel, he gave it a hole,

Third was a tailor, tall and thin,

by using red velvet, he lined it within,

Fourth was a hunter, short and stout,

with a piece of fox fur, he lined it without,

Fifth was a fisherman, nasty as hell,

threw in a fish and gave it a smell,

Sixth was a priest, whose name was McGee,

touched it and blessed it, and said it could pee,

Last was a sailor, dirty little runt,

he sucked it and fucked it, and called it a cunt!

Seven wise men with knowledge so fine,

created a pussy to their design.

It takes seven wise men to design

An organ worth fucking so fine!

Geoffrey finished with a flourish and looked up at the audience of pixies. Belledane's expression was neutral. Everyone was looking at Engle Sunbeam.

"I've heard better," she commented.

Adan Stemberry couldn't hold it in any longer and burst out with a stifled snigger. "That's because no one would ever call your cunt fine, Engle."

The two quickly fell into a heated argument.

Beepollen Toadstool flapped her wings up to Geoffrey and Belledane. "You two had better leave," she commented.

"You're letting us go?" asked Belledane, amazed.

She jerked her thumb at the arguing pair. "These two have been at it ever since she caught him with his dick up Kris Snowfrost's ass." She nodded. "I liked the song, bard. Might be we can make accommodations later on, if we meet again."

Belledane inserted herself between Geoffrey and the pixie. "He's mine, Toadstool." She grabbed Geoffrey's hand and, floating on her wings, pulled the human away from the group of pixies too focused on the lovers' spat.

"What's going to happen?" asked Geoffrey, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, indicating the mass of pixies that seemed on the verge of turning into a riot.

His companion didn't even spare a glance over her shoulder. "Probably nothing."

"Probably?"

"Either that or they'll start an orgy."

Geoffrey briefly paused in his semi-hasty retreat from the clearing. He was still dragging his leg behind him, but it seemed worth the risk to tarry a few moments longer. How many more opportunities would he have to witness a pixie orgy?

"I've never seen a pixie orgy before," he called to Belledane. She had disappeared into the woods and, upon noticing that he was no longer right

behind her, she turned around with an annoyed grunt and lighted on his shoulder.

“You don’t want to,” she told him as he tried to figure out exactly what was happening with all the pixies buzzing around. It didn’t look like fighting or fucking, but he couldn’t be sure. Not yet.

“Why not?”

“They won’t take kindly to you leering at them.”

“I’m willing to take the risk.”

“Even at the loss of not getting to fuck me?”

His attention was temporarily torn away from the scrum of pixies. “How the fuck would that even work?”

Belledane buzzed away. “Follow me and find out!”

He was temporarily caught between participating in what seemed to be a sure—though impossible—thing and observing what was also a sure—though unlikely—thing.

His cock won out.

His cock always won out.

He chased after Belledane.

She kept him running for a few minutes, until they were deep enough into the woods and far enough away from the pixies who might have been about to start an orgy or might have been about to murder each other, before she found a decent enough place to stop.

It took him a moment to figure out where they were. He didn’t know exactly, of course, but it was the ruins of some old building. Large white blocks of stone were arranged in lines or had fallen down into crumbling piles. There had been something there many years and lifetimes ago—a castle, a tower, an outpost, a fallen monastery—but was nothing any longer. The stones were crumbling and

covered with moss.

It was the perfect playground.

Lost in the woods with a horny pixie seemed an ideal place to be.

Belledane zipped in and landed lightly on one of the stones. She cocked her hip to the side and stared saucily at the bard. “Well? Take off your clothes.”

Geoffrey shook his head. “No. You’ve already seen my cock. I want to see what you are hiding under your clothes.”

“This old thing?” she asked. “It barely qualifies as clothing.” She didn’t hesitate at all to roll the thin garment down her body.

The reaction from Geoffrey was dumbstruck. He didn’t know what to think. He couldn’t think. Her small body was lithe and sexy and fulfilled every promise that the filmy garment had made.

Her breasts were small and pert, topped with bright pink nipples that jutted straight out. Geoffrey had no way of judging a pixie’s age, she could have seen a dozen and a half summers, or she could have seen a hundred. They were magical creatures, he knew, and maybe lived forever.

Her skin faintly glowed in the filtered sunlight as her wings fanned behind her back. Proportionally she was perfectly shaped, with her hips inviting attention. He almost wished that she would fly up and turn around so that he could admire her bare ass, but he was too mesmerized by her cunt to make that request. Just like on her head, the hair covering her cunt was purple on the left and yellow on the right. It was a full triangle and he could just see pouting pink lips not quite hidden between her thighs.

He wanted her right then and there. His cock rose to the occasion.

“Is this what you’ve been wanting to see?” she asked indicating her naked body, but left her hand pointing at her cunt.

“Yes,” he breathed at her.

“Then come here and claim your prize. You’ve earned it.” She crooked her

finger at him and he mechanically walked forward, still dragging one leg behind, the lingering effects of the poisoned arrow. “I want you to show my cunt some attention first.”

“How is this going to work?” he asked as she sat her pert ass down on the edge of the mossy stone. Splaying her legs wide open she gave him a full view of what he had been lusting after for the bulk of the day. She was opening the gates to paradise and he was going to be the devil to knock them down.

“It’s going to work just fine,” she said. Her crooked finger suddenly pointed at him and a ray of bright light shot out and hit him in the chest.

For half a second he was sure that he was dead. It didn’t hurt but something was going wrong. He could feel it in his body.

There was more than a moment’s terror as he continued to move forward, still lusting after his goal, but it seemed that Belledane was getting further and further away.

He stumbled, and not because of his lame leg, but because he was suddenly tangled up in his clothes and his feet were hobbled by his pants. After another couple of steps he realized the problem.

He was half the size he used to be. There wasn’t any sure way to check it, but now he was certain that instead of being an impressive specimen of just over six feet tall, he was barely three.

Worse, she had only changed his body. His clothes remained their usual size and he was like a child trapped in his father’s suit.

Belledane laughed as he struggled out of his now oversized suit and shortly found himself naked in the glade. His cock was still standing upright, pointing the way toward the fairy. He had hoped that her magic would not have affected his manhood at all, but it had. While, relatively speaking, he was still impressively blessed, he wasn’t carrying around a massive tool.

But, he supposed, that was the whole purpose of her spell. Maybe she could have shrunk his cock, but that would have been humiliating. It was better to shrink his entire body.

Even at his new, reduced height he was almost a head taller than her. But now his face was even with her cunt as she stayed perched on her stone.

He knew exactly what to do.

Pressing his face in between her inviting thighs, Geoffrey inhaled her scent and momentarily paused, unlike human women with their slightly bitter and musky aroma, pixie cunt smelled slightly sweet with notes of molasses and vanilla.

Geoffrey was fine with that.

He pressed his face into her hair-covered cunt and licked it from bottom to top. It tasted much as it smelled. When he reached the apex of her slit, she moaned. It was here that Geoffrey learned an interesting anatomy lesson. Either Belledane had an extremely prominent clit or pixies in general had large clits.

Either way, he was fine with this newly discovered variation. Her clit was big enough for him to suck into his mouth.

That was enough to send her into a paroxysm of pleasure. Her body shook and spasmed like she was having an epileptic fit, which he had first witnessed when his great aunt was on her deathbed. But this wasn't a real death, just a little death, the best kind of death.

"Oh fucking hells and devils and demons!" Belledane cursed after her orgasm passed. "I needed that."

Geoffrey raised his face up from between her thighs. "You already came?"

"Of course. Why? It was lovely, by the way."

"Uh...some human women have trouble getting the little death. Some can't cum at all."

Belledane gasped, horrified. "You lie!"

He shook his head. "It's the truth. Some men take great pride in being able to make a woman cum and cum and cum again."

She laughed at him. "You jest. Any female pixie can easily be blessed by the

goddess. It’s nothing special. It’s a wonderful feeling, but it’s not like it takes some extraordinary talent.”

“I guess pixies are different from humans,” Geoffrey shrugged.

“I feel so sorry for you. Can human males only cum a few times a day like male pixies?”

“Yeah, we’re the same that way,” he admitted. “But I can easily cum four or five times in one night. Six is my personal best.”

Her expression changed slightly. “Well, let’s see if you can beat your personal best.” She reached down to pull him up on the mossy stone with her. It should have been a terrible bed, but it turned out to be perfect.

Geoffrey started to climb on top of her, but she pushed back, showing surprising strength for a pixie. “You can’t be on top of me. You’ll crush my wings.”

“Oh. Right. Sorry. What should we—”

“Sometimes we pixies fuck in the air while flying. I’ll just get on top of you.”

He wanted to point out they could fuck like animals, but it didn’t seem the right time to make that suggestion. It turned out to be the right call because she expertly took his thick cock in hand, gave him a lascivious look when she felt his largess in her small palm, and then mounted him, sliding his large member into her brightly decorated cunt.

There was still a significant size difference between them, but they made it work. Belledane might have been a princess of pixies, but she proved to Geoffrey that more than anything she was a size queen.

The little pixie pumped her thighs and bounced up and down on his glorious cock. She used her wings to help stabilize her motions and even give her a little extra lift. Geoffrey was impressed. Fucking a pixie was better than fucking a human.

He grabbed at her tits and pinched her nipples. When he tried to hold her hips, she slapped his hands away so that she could ride him like a wild bird. Nothing held the little pixie back. Either she was the greatest actress of her generation, or

she wasn’t lying about the lustiness of pixies. By his count she came five times as she rode upon him.

“I’m...gonna...cum…” he warned her.

“Finally!” she encouraged him

He grabbed her hips again and this time ignored her slaps as he shoved his cock hard up into her cunt once, twice, three more times before he blasted his cum deep into her womb.

The little pixie shrieked with delight. Her eyes literally lit up with pleasure and her wings fanned them. It only lasted a few seconds, but if Geoffrey died right then, he knew that his life had reached an apex that could never be duplicated.

She collapsed down on his chest and sighed. “That was wonderful. When can we do it again?”

“I’ll need a bit of a rest.”

“That sounds perfect,” she said sleepily. “We’ll fuck again and then go find the Golden Phallacy.”

And with that she passed out on his chest. Geoffrey wondered if it was worth it to abandon his friends and just fuck this sweet pixie for the rest of his life.

Chapter the Third

Wherein our hero seduces Belledane with a song and gets an unexpected nap

Geoffrey woke up to several unusual sensations. His back hurt because he was laying it with both his head and his feet hanging off the moss-covered stone. His chest hurt because Belledane was lying atop him. For a moment he thought that perhaps his eyes weren't working but then realized it was the middle of the night and he was seeing moonlight and starlight filtered through the trees.

The first thing he realized when he came fully awake was that he was back to full size. Six glorious feet tall, which was why his head and feet were hanging over the edge of the stone. It was slightly disorienting to fall asleep at three feet and wake up at six, but Geoffrey had had worse nights.

And fucks.

The pixie on his chest was so lightweight that at first Geoffrey didn't realize she was there. The weight was pleasant and when he tried to move he realized that it was Belledane. He didn't want to wake her but he needed to get up to take a piss.

It was a conundrum.

He was also cold.

Fucking on top of moss-covered stone was fine as those sorts of things went, but to sleep on all night, or close enough to the dawn, was not fun. Picking her up was easy. Belledane stirred but did not wake. He stumbled down and headed away for a bit of privacy. Not knowing if pixies were offended at a little watering of the garden, he decided to err on the side of caution.

Stumbling about a bit, he found a little alcove, took his cock in hand, and let loose his urine.

It seemed to take forever. He aimed carefully, making sure not to get any on his bare feet.

When he returned to where he had left Belledane, she was no longer there.

He started to panic. “Shit! Did I get drunk and fucking dream that?”

He wasn’t left pondering that question for very long. The sky above him ignited into a brilliant fireball. Stumbling backwards, Geoffrey fell on his naked ass. He scrambled about, looking for weapon to defend himself. A few stones were on the ground and he managed to grab one. It would make a decent enough club or missile when it came down to it.

Still, he felt vulnerable without anything on. He didn’t have any armor or a shield, but even his smallclothes would have been adequate.

“Your clothes are over there.”

Geoffrey hesitated. Looking into the light was like looking into the sun. He squinted against the glare. It was much brighter than a torch or lantern.

And the voice was that of Belledane.

“Wh-wh-who are you?”

The light moved downward a few feet. Holding his hand up against the intense rays he managed to shield his eyes just enough to see Belledane holding a small stone in her hand. The stone was the source of the light. “I’m Belledane Wormhole, the pixie you just fucked.”

Recovering whatever dignity he still had, Geoffrey casually half-hid his now shriveled cock with one hand. “Sorry. Didn’t see you in the dark. And then you blinded me with your light.”

“I saw you stumbling around. I thought you might need some help.”

He noted that she was back in her camiknicker, leaving him the one who was naked.

“You did?”

“Pixie eyesight is incredibly good, even in the dark.”

“How did you know I was looking for my clothes?”

“Why else would you be stumbling about in the dark in the middle of the night?”

“To take a piss,” he said so quickly that he regretted it.

Her nose wrinkled in disgust.

“But thanks for telling me where my clothes are.” Using the light from her stone he moved back to where he had shed his garments when she had shrunk him. It took some effort to get them untangled and the laces untied. Belledane continued to watch him.

“I wish I could get your big human cock into my cunt.”

“I think we just did that,” he observed.

“No, I mean when you’re full sized.”

“I don’t think that’s physically possible.”

When he finished dressing her turned around to look at her. She was still perched on the moss-covered stone still wearing only her camiknicker. Her nipples were prominent under the thin material. Despite everything they had already done, he felt his cock starting to stiffen. While he had always been ready to satisfy a lusty lady, this felt like something else. It seemed almost too forward to ask if she wanted to fuck again, but he would hint at it.

“What now?”

Belledane looked up at the little patches of sky visible through the branches. “We have a couple of hours before moonfall. It’ll take a couple of days to get to the elves. What do you do you want to do?”

He realized he was more tired than he thought. “How about we sleep for a bit?” He pulled open his small pack that contained a blanket that had served him well. He laid it down on the ground, pulled his lute into his lap, and asked, “Would you like a song to go to sleep?”

Slyly, she smiled at him. “Sure.”

Taking a moment to tune his lute, Geoffrey launched into a song that seemed

appropriate for the moment.

Saw you my father, saw you my mother

Saw you my true love John?

He told his only dear that he would soon be here

But he to another is gone.

I saw not your father, I saw not your mother

But I saw your true love John

He's met with some delay that causeth him to stay

But he will be here ere long

When I came to my true love's door

I gently twirled the pin

My true love she arose and she slipped on her clothes

And so softly she let me in

All the forepart of the night

We did both sport and play

And all the last part of the night

She slept in my arms till day

Fly up fly up my bonny grey cock

And crow when it is day

Your breast shall be like the bonny beaten gold

And your wings of the silver grey

The cock he proved false and untrue he was

For he crew an hour too soon

My love she thought it day and she hastened me away

And it proved but the blink of the moon

The wind it did blow and the cocks they did crow

As I tripped over the plain

I wished myself back in my truelove's arms

And she in her bed again.

“Do you know any songs that aren’t dirty?” asked Belledane.

“I don’t believe so.”

“Good. Because I’ll want to fuck you again in the morning.”

She rested her head on his shoulder and immediately fell to sleep. Geoffrey was far too hard inside his pants to fall asleep himself. He contented himself to strum his lute in the relative silence of the forest.

When the light of day was seeping through the tree trunks and started illuminating the dim forest, Belledane woke up suddenly, fully refreshed and ready for the day.

She literally zipped up into the air which caused Geoffrey to slump to the side. He had been dozing without realizing it. “Are you ready?” she asked far too brightly and far too loudly for this early in the morning.

It was the first time in a long time that Geoffrey had woken up without being hung over.

He wasn’t sure he liked it.

“Give a man a minute to wake up,” he complained, scrubbing at his face trying to come to life.

“Do you know what pixies like to do in the morning to wake up?” she asked him, alighting on the stone he was leaning against.

“Haven’t the faintest.”

“We like to fuck.”

He twisted he neck around to look at her. From where he was seated on the ground and where she was perched on the edge of the stone, he could see right up the skirt of her camiknicker.

Unfortunately he couldn’t see her cunt.

“Give a man a moment to wake up,” he complained to her.

“I can see your cock all but bursting through your breeches,” she told him.

It wasn’t necessary for him to look down to confirm that, but he still looked down at what he thought was an impressive bulge in his pants, even without using a codpiece.

“Just because I’m hard doesn’t mean I want to fuck,” he said, not believing his own words.

“Why not?” she asked not so innocently as she stood up on top of the stone and rolled up her short skirt above her hips exposing her cunt to him.

“Either you’re going to need to grow by about two feet or you’re going to need to shrink me down again,” he told her.

“Can’t waste that much magic on you just for an early morning fuck,” she said as she turned around and got down on her hands and knees.

For a pixie she was perfectly proportioned, even if she was only two feet tall. Her hips swelled outward to present a lovely valentine-shaped ass. Her cunt lips puckered at the apex of her legs. He was certain he could smell her desire even above the rich scent of the forest.

“Wha-wha-what are you doing?” he asked her, unable to tear his eyes away from her ripe and ready cunt.

“You don’t have to fuck me with your prick,” she said over her shoulder, her face partially obscured by her translucent butterfly wings. “But why don’t you use your tongue on my cunt.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to fuck like a rabbit,” she said. “Why the fuck do you think? I want your big tongue against my magic button.”

She made a good argument, Geoffrey reasoned to himself. He had eaten plenty of cunt and ass in his time. He bet that with their size difference he could not only get her off very easily but probably give her the orgasm of a lifetime.

Experimentally he curled his forefinger up between her legs, parting her tiny

cunt lips and making her shiver with desire. Her wetness coated his finger. She was ready for something, even if it didn't involve his cock.

Unable to resist, he tasted the amrita she had left behind on his finger. It was still as he remembered it from the day before: slightly sweet with notes of molasses and vanilla. The only thing to do was to go all the way, so he pressed his face in between her buttocks, stretching his tongue forward to encompass the whole of her cunt. It tasted even better fresh.

The pixie moaned in her high-pitched voice as Geoffrey wiggled his tongue up into her cunt, then found her tiny clit and got to work on it.

While he preferred to eat cunt from the other direction, there was a certain pleasure in making her lift her hips up as he lapped away at her sex. It didn't take much to get the little creature going and soon she was moaning and trying to wiggle away. Geoffrey was forced to grab her hips and hold her in place, subjecting her to pleasure that she wanted but threatened to overwhelm her body.

When she came, she flooded Geoffrey's mouth with her sweet amrita. It was a better breakfast than he had had in a long time.

His stomach rumbled at the lack of real food.

Rolling over onto her hip, Belledane looked at him with appreciation in her eyes. "Get your cock out!"

"Why? It's not like you can do anything with it."

"I can jerk you off again, if you like."

Geoffrey very much would have liked that.

"But I want to watch you jerk yourself off."

"You do?" he asked as his fingers started loosening the laces to his pants.

"Why wouldn't I?"

He didn't have an answer to that. All the blood was rushing out of his brain and into his cock. It took him a few second to get his cock out and he immediately

started pumping it with his fist. He knew it wouldn’t take long.

She watched him, fascinated. It was too much for her to just watch. She put her hand down between her legs and gently rubbed herself. While she knew she wasn’t going to be able to get herself off, it was enough extra pleasure just to watch.

Geoffrey generally didn’t jerk off much. He always had plenty of women to share his bed, but if his current partner wanted a show, he was glad to give it to her. He didn’t even have to whip up some ridiculous fantasy about getting married and raising kids while fucking his wife every night to reach orgasm. Just staring at Belledane’s cunt was enough.

He shot his load of white cum against the side of the stone. It made a mess of the moss and stone and he was briefly embarrassed at what he had done, but Belledane immediately started clapping her hands enthusiastically at his performance.

“Next time can you shoot it all over me?” she requested.

“Uh...are you sure about that?”

“Yes!”

“It’ll make a hell of a mess...and might even drown you.”

She laughed at him. “There are worse ways to die.”

“Most human women don’t like to have cum all over their face and body.”

“Do I look like a human woman to you?” she asked, floating up into the air on buzzing wings as she tugged her skirt down, once again hiding her cunt from easy view.

“Not at all. You’re much more beautiful.”

Her sudden angry expression quickly faded to adoration. “Oh...thank you. You’re charming.”

He finished putting his cock away and tied his pants shut. “Now if you only

knew a good pub or inn where we could stop for breakfast."

She shook her head scornfully at him. "In the middle of the woods? I think not. But there is a nice grove with fresh strawberries I know of."

It turned out that Belledane knew of every berry patch and mushroom grove in the forest. Geoffrey was as well-fed as he had ever been. He could have used some alcohol or mushrooms that provided at least a mild hallucination, but he was content for the moment.

"Will it really take us two days to get the wherever the hell you're taking me?" he asked her as they continued their trek through the forest, now along what seemed to be an animal path.

"Maybe less," she said abruptly, going from a gentle progress through the woods to a motionless hover.

It took Geoffrey a moment to see the cause of her concern, but once he saw the figures hiding in the dim light of the forest, he couldn't stop seeing them.

Elves.

There were over twenty of them, armed with swords and spears and bows. They weren't threatening them. Yet.

"What are you doing out of your territory, pixie?" demanded a tall elf with long blonde hair, high cheekbones, golden skin. Like all the elves this one wore fine leather armor, but this one had gold trim. Obviously the leader.

Geoffrey couldn't tell if the elf was male or female. Either way, the elf, or maybe all the elves, were giving him a boner in his pants.

"We're looking to parlay with the council," said Belledane, confidently.

"A minor princess and a...human...derelict."

"Hey!" Geoffrey was offended at their evaluation of him. "I'm a bard!"

The elf’s lip curled back. “That’s even worse.”

“He’s my bodyguard,” Belledane lied.

“Let’s see how good he is,” said the elf. He—or perhaps she—raised a hand and said, “Sleep.”

Though it was the middle of the day and the exercise of the day’s walk had him wide awake, a moment later Geoffrey fell on his face, snoring.

A second later Belledane collapsed next to him, her wings slowly fluttering to a stop.

When he woke up he was in a room that wasn’t exactly a jail cell, but he had been inside of enough jail cells to know exactly where he was.

He was in the nicest jail cell he had ever been in.

The walls weren’t stone but wood. No windows. There was one door without a handle on his side. The bed he was sleeping on was comfortable with silk sheets and warm woolen blankets. A magical light stone in a sconce on the wall illuminated the room. There was a shutter around the sconce so that he could adjust the brightness to his pleasure. A small table and chair was against the wall opposite the bed.

It was larger than his room when he had been a child.

He could have retired here happily if he had his lute and a steady supply of food and drink.

Unable to just stand around doing nothing he started searching the room for some possible path of escape.

Under his bed he found his lute in its case.

His mood brightened immediately. Opening it he found it in perfect condition. Going a step further he looked around to make sure no one was watching. He didn’t see any spying eyes, but if he was being magically observed, he wouldn’t

know. Taking the risk, he opened the small secret compartment where he stored his lock picks. Under the lock picks he had a bit of phlax pipeweed. He didn't have a pipe or way to light it, but he was a clever man and would be able to figure out those problems soon enough. But he didn't want to immediately set to work with lock picks. A bit of patience would be to his advantage, he was certain. Being fuzzy-headed wouldn't help formulate an escape plan. He stuffed both back into the secret compartment and drew out the lute instead.

"Now if I had a little something to eat and perhaps some wine, I could easily tolerate this imprisonment."

As if by magic the door opened.

He briefly thought that maybe he had stumbled across the magic words that opened the door.

That wasn't the case. Two armed elves pressed inside the small room.

"Hello!" Geoffrey waved as eagerly and politely as he could. The elves were barely four feet tall and extremely thin, almost emaciated. From a certain perspective they almost looked like skeletons.

More importantly, they looked unhappy.

"Come with us," one said gruffly. They were dressed in the leather armor that the group that accosted him and Belledane had been wearing. Elegant swords hung from their hips. Geoffrey briefly considered grabbing one and fighting his way out, but he barely knew how to hold a sword, let alone use one.

Out of habit, Geoffrey grabbed his lute case. "Where are we going, fellas?" The dagger that Geoffrey normally carried on his belt was gone. It wouldn't have helped him; he knew that.

The pair just glared at him.

"Gals?" he tried. For the life of him Geoffrey couldn't tell the difference between male and female elves. He assumed they had both male and female, but he could have been wrong. There were none of the usual giveaways that humans sported: brow ridges, the prominent voice box, breasts, curved hips, beards.

Maybe elves were hermaphroditic, Geoffrey pondered.

They didn’t seem offended or angry at his inability to distinguish gender.

They seemed...annoyed.

“Come with us,” one repeated.

Carrying his lute case, Geoffrey eased himself out of the door. They followed behind him.

He hadn’t been sure what to expect outside the jail cell, but this wasn’t it. He felt like he was inside some giant tree that had been bored through and filled with hallways and rooms. Everything was highly polished and stained wood. It was beautiful and unlike anything Geoffrey had ever seen before in his life.

“It’s beautiful,” he breathed. The two guards were leading the way. As soon as he exited his cell, two more fell in step behind them. Though they were almost two feet shorter than he was, he was certain there was no way he was going to be able to overpower or outrun them.

He didn’t want to. Not yet. He was being treated ever so politely for being a prisoner and someone who had supposedly trespassed on their territory.

“Silence,” the one who appeared to be the leader said. Geoffrey was fine with that. He was admiring the craftsmanship that went into the elf home. It was obviously done with magic, but certainly there had to be some hands on manual work as well.

It wasn’t a long walk to their goal, which slightly disappointed Geoffrey because he wanted to see some more of the painted artwork that adorned some walls.

A pair of thick, wooden doors opened silently on wooden hinges admitting the bard to a large room.

He had been expecting a judge’s courtroom or perhaps even a throne room. What he got was obviously a conference room of some sort. Inside were two elves seated at a large, round wooden table of the same high craftsmanship as the rest of the building. Geoffrey was starting to suspect that perhaps the entire complex had been grown from living trees.

On the table stood Belledane and Geoffrey breathed a sigh of relief. Seeing his new companion took some of the weight off his shoulders.

The only problem was that she was arguing with the two elves.

“And I expected to parlay with the council,” Belledane was saying. “I don’t think it is in the best interest of the pixies and the elves for such important matters as these to be addressed by only two member of the council.”

The elves had been looking at Belledane, but the moment Geoffrey was escorted into the room, their eyes went to him and he just managed to see a wince on the pixie’s face.

“Ah. The human we’ve been waiting for,” said one of the elves in a smooth voice which gave away nothing. Once again Geoffrey couldn’t tell if either member of this beautiful race was male or female or other.

Trying to act like he was accustomed to this sort of thing, Geoffrey doffed his cap, bent low in a reverent manner, and introduced himself. “Geoffrey Goodrick, bard extraordinaire, at your service. How may I help?”

“Why are you and the pixie in our woods?” asked the one of the left. He—or maybe she—was the more beautiful of the pair. She—or maybe he—had long blonde hair caught into a ponytail, almond-shaped eyes of brilliant blue, and golden skin that seemed kissed by the sun but not damaged by it. The one on the right had hair with highlights of red, green eyes, but the same tone of skin.

Geoffrey was glad that he was carrying his lute case. He was able to hide the bulge in his pants from these elves. Maybe they weren’t a king or queen but they seemed to be the ones who were going to decide his fate, and maybe Belledane’s as well.

“We are on a quest,” he said, intentionally keeping the details vague. “One might say we were just passing through.”

The elf on the right sighed in annoyance. “Bards.” She—or he—pointed a finger at Geoffrey and simply said one word. “Truth.” There was a shimmer in the air and Geoffrey felt his tongue loosening.

He was always an eloquent and loquacious man, which was a testament to his

bardic abilities, but here it seemed that saying less was better.

Except now he couldn't help but talk when he knew he shouldn't. "We're here to steal the Golden Phallacy," he declared and then slapped his hands over his mouth, much too late.

Belledane sighed in frustration.

"They knew the truth spell wouldn't work on me," she explained sadly to Geoffrey.

"I couldn't help myself." His explanation didn't help with his guilt.

"I know. Fucking elf spells."

"Please," interrupted the elf who hadn't cast the spell. "The truth is always better than deception."

"Then can I borrow the Golden Phallacy to take to the Enchantress of Islode so I can rescue my friends."

The elf on the right sighed loudly. "Do you even know what the Golden Phallacy is?"

Geoffrey smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't the faintest. That's why I brought Belledane along with me."

"And here I was thinking I was your fuck toy," mumbled the pixie.

"That too," he amended.

"It's an extremely valuable artifact," he—or maybe she—explained. "We just don't loan it out to wandering bards and minor pixie princesses to appease the Enchantress of Islode."

"Officially we're at war with the Enchantress," added the other elf. "Besides, the Golden Phallacy isn't just a valuable historical artifact, it's a powerful magic item that rightfully belongs to the elves."

The first elf said, with rolled eyes, "Here we go again with this argument."

“Just because we don’t know what it can do, doesn’t mean we should just toss it in the vault and forget about it.”

“It’s magical?” asked Geoffrey.

The elves didn’t hear him. They were well into their argument.

“So legend has it that the Golden Phallacy is a unique magic item of unknown origin but is incredible powerful and can either destroy the world or grant wishes or imbue the owner with unlimited magical ability or—”

“Or it is a conduit to the gods or it can control the weather and the movement of terra firma or any of a hundred other theories,” said the doubting elf.

Geoffrey was confused no. “I’m sorry, but...well, first off, what is your name. You have me at a disadvantage because you know my name but I don’t know yours.” He gave the doubting elf his most winning smile.

“Juppar,” he said with a frown. Geoffrey decided that Juppar was the male of the pair—not that they had to be male and female, they could both be male or both be female—

“Why, Juppar, is there so much speculation about this Golden Phallacy. If it’s supposed to be so powerful, why hasn’t a wizard or sorceress done whatever to figure out its purpose?”

The other elf answered. “Every enchantress and warlock going back a thousand years has tried. They have all failed.”

Belledane interjected, “All anyone has been able to figure out is that the Golden Phallacy is magical, because they can detect it, but that’s it.”

“Could I see this Golden Phallacy?” asked Geoffrey of the elf on the right. “And I’m afraid I don’t know your name either.” he smiled at her with a wink.

Somehow that worked on the pretty elf. “Kherym,” she said. “Why?”

“Because maybe I can determine what the Golden Phallacy does.”

The elves and Belledane laughed at him. “Don’t be ridiculous, Geoffrey,”

sniggered Belledane. “If hundreds of wizards couldn’t do the task—”

“Why shouldn’t I be given the opportunity?” he asked.

Kherym wiped away a tear of laughter. “He has a good point. I’ll allow it.” She paused. “For a song.” She leaned forward and gave him a sly smile.

At once Geoffrey pulled his lute case around his body and opened it. “Do you have a song in mind, O Honored Elf?”

“Surprise me,” she all but purred.

“He’ll surprise you, all right,” muttered Belledane, but Geoffrey had already started strumming his lute and covered up her words.

She lay all naked on her bed and I myself lay by;

No veil but curtains about her spread, no covering but I.

Her head upon her shoulder seeks to hang in careless wise,

And full of blushes were her cheeks, and of wishes were her eyes.

Her blood still fresh into her face, as on a message came,

To say that in another place it meant another game.

Her cherry lip moist, plump and fair, millions of kisses crown,

Which ripe and uncropt dangled there and weighed the branches down.

Her breasts, that well'd so plump and high, bread pleasant pain in me.

For all the world I do defy the like felicity;

Her thighs and belly, soft and fair, to me were only shown:

To see such meat, and not to eat, would anger any stone.

Her knees lay upward gently bent, and all lay hollow under,

As if on easy terms, they meant to fall unforc'd asunder;

Just so the Cyprian Queen did lie, expecting in her bower,

When too long stay had kept the boy beyond his promis'd hour.

"Dull clown" quoth she, "Why dost delay such proffer'd bliss to take?

Canst thou find out no other way similitudes to make?"

Mad with delight I, thundering, threw my arms about her,

But pox upon't 'twas but a dream, and so I lay without her

“I liked it,” Kherym declared when he was done. “You have talent bard.”

Once more Geoffrey bowed. “I thank you kindly,” he replied. “My talents aren’t limited to just singing and playing.”

“How so?”

Geoffrey cast his eyes around the room. “This isn’t the place to show my other talents. I would need a...a bed.” What he was hinting at wasn’t subtle.

“He doesn’t need a bed for that,” Belledane said.

The two elves looked at her, eyebrows raised.

“How would that even work between a human and a pixie?” asked Juppar.

“Just a touch of magic and imagination.”

“So can I see the Golden Phallacy?” asked Geoffrey, trying to get the conversation back on track.

After a brief pause Juppar and Kherym looked at each other. If there was some communication between the, Geoffrey didn’t hear it, but it was also possible they had some secret telepathy impossible for him to detect.

“I don’t see how it could hurt,” Juppar hedged.

Chapter the Fourth

Wherein our hero finds the Golden Phallacy and the suffers the consequences

“How will we get them into the vault?” asked Kherym.

“Simple. We walk in.”

“That’s stupid.”

“We’re allowed in. The pixie can turn herself invisible.”

“True!” Belledane piped up.

“And the bard?”

Juppar smiled. “We tell the guards we’re interrogating him.”

The path the elves took them through the palace or underground keep or whatever the hell it was elves lived in was confusing and Geoffrey was quickly lost. No one questioned them because Belledane was riding on Geoffrey’s shoulder so the beat of her wings wouldn’t be heard and his wrists were bound in silver manacles behind his back.

“Why silver?” he asked when the restraints were put on him.

“Silver takes magic more readily than iron,” Juppar informed him.

The vault was unimpressive. There was a single guard outside the rather plain door. Many other doors in the manor had two guards and were closed and barred.

“Your Honors?” asked the guard.

“Prisoner to be interrogated on the Throne of Truth,” Kherym explained.

That was good enough for the guard. He—or maybe she—admitted them.

Inside was a truly stunning array of jewels and items that looked ordinary but Geoffrey was certain had to be magical. There were crowns and bracelets and

necklaces and rings amongst more jewelry. For weapons there were swords and daggers and bows and axes and maces, some with jewels on their hilts, some with a glowing aura that was magical. More than a few shields hung on the walls along with helmets of every conceivable design, most of them not of elvish origin. There was armor of every size, shape, and design conceivable. There were furred cloaks and silk cloaks and boots and hats.

Geoffrey wasn't sure why all of this was being displayed rather than being used.

He was led through the vault, which was really just a treasure room, and eventually was brought to a rather plain wooden chair. It was of poor design and needed to be stained. Even an untrained eye, such as Geoffrey had, could tell that one of the legs was too short, which made it sit at an angle.

"Sit on the Throne of Truth," said Kherym.

"That's the Throne of Truth?" asked Geoffrey skeptically. "It looks more like the Apprentice's Stool for the Rubbish Heap."

Belledane popped back into view. "He's right," she agreed. "Looks like garbage."

"Just sit on it," said Juppar, pushing the taller human down into the chair, showing surprising strength, though Geoffrey's hands were bound.

"What's your name?" asked Kherym.

"What? I've already told you my name," said Geoffrey.

"Just answer the godsdamned question!"

"Geoffrey Goodrick, bard extraordinaire," he answered quickly.

Juppar asked the next question. "Why are you here?"

"To steal the Golden Phallacy," he answered and wished he hadn't been so honest. It would have been better if he had said to acquire the Golden Phallacy but it was already too late.

"Why?"

“To give to the Enchantress of Islode to free my friends.” That was the truth. He was comfortable with that.

“Perhaps he’s telling the truth,” said Juppar.

“Perchance,” Kherym nodded. “Tell me a lie.”

“Lie to you?”

“Yes. Lie to me. Tell me you find me ugly.”

It seemed like a simple test. All elves were attractive to humans; everyone knew that. Geoffrey opened his mouth and tried to lie. “I find you incredibly attractive and want to fuck you.”

She laughed at his helplessness. Juppar and Belledane joined in her laughter. “It’s the Throne of Truth, not the Throne of Unrestrained Honesty.”

“Sorry,” he apologized. “I couldn’t help myself.” He found his eyes drawn over to Juppar, who Geoffrey assumed was male, but he could have been wrong. That didn’t matter to the bard. He was partial to either. “I want to fuck you too,” he found himself saying. “I’d love to fuck your ass,” he said to Juppar, “and eat your cunt at the same time,” he added, turning his gaze back to Kherym.

“I’m sure you would,” she said dryly.

“Or fuck your cunt and suck his cock at the same time,” Geoffrey went on, unable to stop himself. He wanted to clamp his hands over his mouth but the way they were bound behind his back, that was impossible.

“Maybe you should stop talking, Geoffrey,” Belledane said nervously, worried about what might spill out of his mouth next. She didn’t know all that much about the bard but he seemed the sort of man who did what was necessary to accomplish what he wanted in life.

“No, no,” giggled Kherym. “Go on. What else would you do?”

“I’d be happy to fuck your ass as well,” he continued. “Whatever you want. To be honest, I don’t know which of you is male or female or what. I’m not picky. You’re both so beautiful. It would be an honor to jerk off onto your tits and lick

it off. Do elves even have tits? I can't tell. If you have a cock I'd be happy to let you fuck me in the ass. I've never done that with an elf. To be completely honest, I've never done anything with an elf. Whatever you want. I love fucking. I love fucking new people. That's half the reason I fucked Belledane. I've never bagged a pixies before. More than worth it. Pixies are fucking wild. Have you ever fucked a pixie before? What would the offspring of an elf and a pixie be? A fairy?"

Worried about what foolish thing he might say next, Belledane zipped behind Geoffrey and gently zapped him with a minor electrical spark. It didn't do any damaged to him, but it made him jump out of the chair like he had just sat down on a tack.

Realizing he had made a fool of himself, Geoffrey's face turned bright red. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean any of that. I do apologize."

Both elves were shaking their heads at him. "No. It's the Throne of Truth," said Juppar. "You meant every word."

Belledane held her hand over her face and eyes. Geoffrey looked at the floor.

"I promised you that you could see the Golden Phallacy," said Kherym. "Follow me."

She walked away and Geoffrey followed. He couldn't help himself. Her leggings tightly hugged her body, displaying her ass in an obscene manner.

The bard still couldn't tell if she was male or female.

He still didn't care; he'd fuck her either way.

Juppar and Belledane followed. Geoffrey could hear the buzz of the pixie's wings. They went further back into the treasure vault and eventually wound up at a small display stand.

"May I please present to you the Golden Phallacy," said Kherym, speaking in a tone that indicated she was used to this sort of formal presentation.

The Golden Phallacy was a large cock made of what appeared to be solid gold.

“That’s a huge prick,” Geoffrey declared and wondered if the Throne of Truth had some lingering effects on him.

It was a huge prick, easily twice as large as Geoffrey’s manhood, probably more than twice his size if he was being completely honest with himself. Even for the most experienced of whores or the sluttiest of barmaids or the tartiest of noble ladies it would have been too huge to fit into a cunt.

There was no practical use for the Golden Phallacy, Geoffrey could see that right away. A blind man with a bag over his head could have seen that.

The bard leaned in closer to study the object. It was exquisitely made, almost as if it had been sculpted from real life, which lead Geoffrey to think one of two things had happened. Either the artist was reproducing a cock personally admired, presumably that of a lover, or it was a real cock turned to gold and removed from the owner’s body.

Both thoughts were disturbing and he didn’t want to pursue thinking about either.

He did, however, admire the craftsmanship.

“What in the name of the nine hells is the purpose of it?” he asked, straightening up, realizing that perhaps gazing a little too closely at a giant golden cock while bent over wasn’t exactly the most masculine of activities.

The elves gave him skeptical looks. “If we knew that, you wouldn’t be here,” said Kherym.

“Haven’t you been paying attention to what we’ve been talking about?” added Juppar.

“It’s obviously a noble lady’s dildo,” declared Belledane.

“What woman would be able to take that up her cunt?” asked Kherym.

“Obviously a woman of the goliath race,” declared Geoffrey.

“Except they aren’t known for their crafting of magical items.”

“You have a point.”

“Can I touch it and examine it?” asked Geoffrey.

The group looked askance at him. “I’m not judging you,” said Juppar, “but…”

“There’s probably a way to change the size of it,” Geoffrey declared.

Belledane smirked. “Well, yeah. Right now it’s hard and erect. Make it go soft and it’ll get smaller. I can think of two ways to make a cock go soft.”

Kherym snickered.

“There’s probably some magical switch or trigger,” Geoffrey explained.

“That hasn’t been found by dozens of magic users over the centuries?”

“Okay, you have a point.”

“But maybe Geoffrey’s right,” said Belledane, changing her tune. “It might be capable of changing size.”

They all looked at her.

“I have several simple spells that can alter someone’s size.”

“It’s already been tried,” said Kherym.

“How do you know that?”

“My fellow councilor is a bit of an expert on the Golden Phallacy,” Juppar said proudly.

“Really?” asked an over-eager Geoffrey. “You’ve touched and held it?” He leaned in and over the elf.

Never before had she felt intimidated by the bard. “Yes,” she said boldly, proudly.

“And you’ve found no special properties or triggers?”

Kherym looked away. “Well, there is one…”

“There is?” Geoffrey’s interest redoubled.

Exchanging a glance with her fellow elf, Kherym said, “You might not like it?”

“Is it dangerous?”

“No.”

“Then let me hold and touch it,” he demanded.

Smirking, Kherym pressed her fingers to the glass case that protected the Golden Phallacy. It silently slid down and she reached in to pick it up.

While bright and reflective the moment before, as soon as she touched it, the metal surface began to shine with its own light.

“That’s new!” Geoffrey all but shouted.

“That happens any time someone touches it,” Kherym told him. Juppar waved his finger and the manacles on Geoffrey’s wrists slipped off and fell to the floor.

The huge cock looked even bigger in her small hands. She quickly passed it over to Geoffrey’s outstretched hands that were fairly shaking with anticipation.

It was heavy, but no heavier than he would have expected a realistic gold cock to weigh. The surface was smooth, but he could feel every bump and bulge and realistically carved vein along its length. The base from which it stood was a pair of equally realistic balls that were obviously put there as a support structure so it could stand upright.

It was slightly curved upward, if it had been attached to a person’s body. The head was bulbous but beautiful. It took all of Geoffrey’s self-control not to start stroking it and hope that it would start acting like a real cock.

He trailed one finger on the underside. “Has anyone ever used it as a dildo?” he asked Kherym.

Everyone looked expectantly at her, waiting for the answer.

“Not me!” she protested.

The Golden Phallacy was twice the thickness of her trim thigh and easily longer.

“I wasn’t asking if you had,” Geoffrey said, trying to remain focused on the question and issue at hand.

“Some enchantresses have tried, or so they claim,” she answered, her eyes slightly unfocused. “As you can see it is too large for such use. Mistress Shiara’s apprentice claimed she tried and failed.”

“Failed?”

“It killed her,” Kherym clarified.

“Oh.”

“Hegatha Heccunta wrote that she hired the finest whores from the legendary red light district of Veganna but none of them succeeded in inserting it beyond the head.” Kherym paused and swallowed. “She didn’t record if the whores survived the attempt.”

“A dangerous magic item, to be sure.”

The all stood in a rough circle, staring at the Golden Phallacy. They were all silent for a moment too long.

“We’re all feeling it,” said Kherym.

“Feeling what?” asked Geoffrey as he shifted his stance. He had been moving his fingers over the surface of the dildo. He didn’t want to put it down but he needed to shift his now hard cock that was swelling inside his pants. What he really wanted was to get his cock out and start jerking off, but this didn’t seem to be the place or time for such an activity.

“Feeling the lust for the Golden Phallacy,” said Kherym as she caressed the back of Juppar’s neck. He looked at her with barely restrained desire. Looking back and forth between them Belledane understood that these two councilors were also occasional lovers.

Maybe more than occasional.

Closing her eyes Kherym pressed her body against Juppar's. "We need to go to my quarters," she said. "The only way to disperse the lust of the Golden Phallacy is to act upon the need."

"Go ahead," said Geoffrey as he stared at Belledane with lustful eyes. She looked back at him and wondered if the elves would be offended if she pulled up her camiknicker so Geoffrey could eat her cunt.

"You need to cum with us," said Juppar.

"Don't you mean that we need to come with you?" asked Geoffrey. He tried to think of a way to hold the heavy dildo with one hand while reaching up under Belledane's tiny skirt to finger her cunt.

"Both," said Kherym. "The effect of the Golden Phallacy extends to all of those in the immediate area when it is held." She turned her body and pulled Juppar's lips to hers for a passionate kiss. Watching them Belledane reached up under her skirt and finger her tiny pleasure button.

"Put it back," said Juppar, not looking at anything other than Kherym's eyes. "We'll take you with us and fuck you both."

That was all the invitation the pixie and bard needed.

"Let me just grab the manacles first," said Geoffrey, picking up the silver restraints from the floor. "I'll be honest. I like restraining my lovers."

The elves barely acknowledged his words or actions. Belledane turned herself invisible and was distracted when Geoffrey used a simple sleight of hand to place the manacles in the Golden Phallacy's display case while slipping the large dildo into his waist pouch.

The guard said nothing as the group hastily exited. No one in the many hallways of the secret elf manor challenged them as they hurried to Kherym's living quarters or bedroom. Geoffrey felt certain that everyone was either staring at his obvious erection hidden by his pants that were bulging out in a completely unnatural manner.

It would have been worse if they saw the bulge of the Golden Phallacy inside his waist pouch.

If Geoffrey could have focused for half a second he could have appreciated the richness and beauty of the apartment that Kherym lived in. But he only had eyes for Belledane when she popped back into view.

And Kherym.

And Juppar as well.

Geoffrey realized his thoughts were all over the place and he didn't care.

The moment they were safely inside the bedroom and, more importantly, they were alone, Belledane pulled up her camiknicker, displaying her naked body to the two elves and Geoffrey. Not knowing what else to do, Geoffrey started taking off his clothes. He had enough presence of mind to carefully drop his waist pouch on top of his discarded jacket and shirt, so it didn't clunk heavily to the floor.

By the time he turned around to take a quick look at the elves because he had an insatiable curiosity about other people having sex, even when there was a naked pixie who wanted to have sex with him.

Both Kherym and Juppar were naked.

And he still couldn't tell which was male and which was female.

Or if either were either.

Without their clothes they were still both incredibly beautiful, even moreso. The only way Geoffrey could tell them apart was by Kherym's red highlights. They were still both thin and maybe Kherym had breasts that were little more than bumps, but Juppar's pectoral muscles were almost equal. Maybe she had slightly large nipples and areolas, but there wasn't much of a difference.

Both were slim hipped, which made Geoffrey wonder about the dangers of elf pregnancy and childbirth, and their bodies were hairless. Perfectly hairless. Neither had any pubic hair, which explained why every elf Geoffrey had seen didn't have beards either. Looking closer, he was ashamed at examining their

genitals.

This gave him more than a small dose of pride. Maybe Juppar didn't have a tiny dick, but it wasn't much bigger than Geoffrey's thumb. He certainly wasn't a grower because he was already erect. To be fair, Kherym's cunt was barely visible between her legs. She was showing only her slit: no pouting lips were showing.

He could easily imagine why Kherym didn't want the Golden Phallacy anywhere near her cunt.

And he was nearly overcome with the urge to put the Golden Phallacy in her cunt.

It was only pushed aside by the thought of what it would be like to fuck her.

And why elves had such tiny genitals.

Before he could ask anything of the two elves, Belledane buzzed into his face crotch first. Her cunt made contact with his lips and he did what he did best with his mouth...other than singing.

Eating her out was a more than pleasant distraction. She wrapped her legs around the back of his head and rode his tongue like a knight would ride his horse. Geoffrey was happy to provide the service for her.

Through Belledane's moans and sighs he could hear the two elves getting down to business. He wished he could see them, but his vision was obscured by Belledane's small body.

She supported herself partly through the flapping of her wings, but he was unable to resist cupping his hands under her thighs and buttocks. From that almost innocent bit of help he found that he was unable to resist wiggling his pinkie up into her asshole.

The lovely moan she let out when he was fully inserted to the first knuckle told him all he needed to know all about her needs and desires.

He fucked her ass with his pinkie and fucked her cunt with his tongue. It seemed to be exactly what she wanted. Belledane was clutching his head with her arms.

Her legs were in a scissors lock around the back of his neck. The high pitched squealing of her passion filled his ears.

To go on like this for very long would be impossible because she was certain to cut off his air supply. Luckily he didn't suffer such a fate. Maybe she was just extra horny at not having been fucked in almost a day, or maybe the Golden Phallacy was somehow spreading some special influence.

It didn't take very long to make her cum and when she came, she came hard.

Geoffrey was certain she was going to crack his skull at the peak of her orgasm. That didn't turn out to be the case, but it felt awfully close.

"Was it good for you?" she asked him, laughing.

"Good enough," he replied, massaging the back of his neck and moving his head around awkwardly. It gave him a chance to gaze at the elves who were in the middle of coitus.

For a few seconds he couldn't figure out which one was which. Moving a little he determined that Kherym was riding on top of Juppar's cock. Both were too far involved with each other to take any notice of the bard watching them.

It helped stiffen Geoffrey's cock a little more, not that it needed additional stiffening. While eating Belledane's cunt and fingering her asshole had been fun, he need a little more relief.

Showing great athletic prowess, Kherym was squatting over Juppar's body and pumping her body up and down on his cock. Geoffrey resisted the temptation to shove his face down between their bodies to get a close-up of their working genitals. That would have been rude.

Instead he went down on one knee for a better view. This he did a few feet away from Juppar's head. Neither elf seemed to notice.

"She has tiny tits," said Belledane as she alighted on Geoffrey's shoulder.

He glanced briefly at the pixie and her, relative for her body size, huge tits and then back at the elf. Kherym did have small tits. That was fine. Geoffrey wasn't focused on her mammalian protuberances. He was more interested in her cunt.

It was currently busy with Juppar's cock. He grabbed the other elf's hips and they both suddenly went after each other vigorously. A few seconds later they both climaxed with screeching groans that alarmed Geoffrey, but he let the moment pass without reacting.

After all, how many more opportunities would he have to see elves fucking?

Once her orgasm had passed, much to Geoffrey's surprise, Kherym didn't collapse upon her partner. Instead her eyes popped open as she remained crouched over Juppar's body. She focused on Geoffrey's cock.

"I want that," she said, pointing directly at the bard's large and erect member.

"What make you think you can have it?" demanded Belledane. Geoffrey put his hand over the pixie's mouth.

"Let's not be so hasty. I think the elf deserves to find out what it's like to be fucked with a properly large prick."

"I'm eager to find out as well," said Kherym as she stood up, letting Juppar's small cock slip free of her cunt.

Geoffrey didn't want to judge, but elf cock was so much less than impressive that he felt sorry for the entire race.

The two females of their small group made eye contact and exchanged knowing glances. They weren't in competition with each other. They were working together.

Kherym stood all the way up and approached Geoffrey. At the same time Belledane launched herself into the air and landed next to where Juppar still lay on the floor. They could have used the bed, but that was too much effort. Just as she was bending over, showing her cunt to Geoffrey, and reaching out for Juppar's cock, the bard suddenly found himself distracted by Kherym doing the same to his cock.

She was barely four feet tall so there was some size disparity between the two that didn't work to their advantage. Going down on her knees would render her a little too short to suck his cock, but standing upright made her too tall. She split the difference by bending over like Belledane and putting her mouth to his cock.

It barely fit.

That was a good thing.

Even though she should have struggled with it, Kherym showed remarkable skill in bobbing her head up and down on Geoffrey's cock. He didn't need this, but he wanted it more than he realized.

She only fellated him for a minute at most. "You're too big. I want you in my cunt."

Geoffrey was eager to fuck her, but he was also worried about hurting her. While he was reasonably well-endowed for a human, when using his cock on her it might be a struggle, assuming that Juppar's cock was within elven norms. If the biggest thing ever in her cunt was Juppar's cock or her finger, he was going to split her in half.

"Are you sure?"

She jumped to her feet, turned around, then jumped on the bed, got down on her hands and knees to wiggle her ass at him. "I've never been so sure about anything else in my life."

Unsure of what to do, he glanced over at Belledane. If she had any doubt in her mind as to what the correct thing to do was, she was hiding it will. Her ass was up in the air and she was sucking and licking Juppar's cock back to life. The male elf caught Geoffrey's eye and nodded knowingly at him.

"Everyone knows that pixies are the biggest sluts in the world," he said very clearly to the bard. If Belledane was offended she gave no hint.

Seeing there was no reason to hold out, and his cock was plenty hard and wanted to be used, so he joined Kherym on the bed.

Her hips were slim. Slimmer than anyone he had ever been with. She arched her back enticingly, opening up both her ass and her cunt to him. He briefly considered buggering her just to see if she would invite him in or if she would protest.

Taking a look at her now puckered cunt lips he quickly made his choice. She had

asked to have his massive cock in her cunt and that was what she would get.

Steadying her with one hand on her hip and holding his cock in the other he guided himself into position. As he made contact with her cunt he quickly assessed that she was plenty slick and ready to receive him. Finding her entrance proved to be a bit of a problem, but her small hand appeared between her legs and she grabbed the tip to guide him in.

“Uhhrghh,” she moaned as he pressed forward.

Geoffrey froze. “Too much?” He didn’t want to back off but he didn’t want to dive deeper either.

“No...you’re stretching me the way I need,” she panted. “More! Give it all to me!”

He didn’t just shove it all the way in one go. He treated her like a lady. Geoffrey eased his cock into her with a series of back and forth thrusts that had her howling with pleasure.

Never before had he had such a reaction from any lover.

He only wished that it had lasted longer. Her cunt gripped his cock like it had never been fucked before. She was warm and tight and wet. It was impossible for him to tell if she had cum or not and after eating Belledane’s cunt then have Kherym suck on him for a while, it was too much.

He came inside her tiny cunt and flooded it with his spunk.

She cried out her pleasure, her entire body shaking.

The quivers that shook her body actually pulled his cock out of her cunt. Some of his spunk splashed onto her back. Kherym didn’t seem to mind.

“I think I’m only going to fuck humans from now on,” she sighed as she sagged down to the mattress.

“I can help with that,” Geoffrey told her while panting.

Turning his head he saw his pixie companion curled next to Juppar. Her hand

was wrapped around the elf's small cock. He was soft now and somehow her hand seemed the perfect size for him. Small puddles of cum dotted his stomach and Geoffrey could see yet more cum leaking from between her swollen cunt lips.

"Are we done?" asked Geoffrey. He looked down at his cock. It had lost some of the rigidity it had a moment earlier, but none of his lust had abated.

"Elves are never done," said Juppar with his eyes closed.

"I want to watch this time," said Kherym.

"Watch what?" asked Geoffrey, confused. Did they want to see him fuck Belledane? He was willing to do that, but she'd have to do something to change their sizes otherwise it wouldn't work.

Kherym propped up her head on her hand, her arm bent at the elbow. "I want to watch you fuck him," she said to Geoffrey.

"I've never fucked him before," Geoffrey said quickly, wanting to make sure no one misunderstood the situation.

"I know," the female elf said with a sigh. "I've seen him fuck other men before. Male elves. I want you to fuck him. I want to watch."

"Why?" asked Geoffrey and he wondered why he didn't just immediately say no.

"Because I want to see it. Because if you fuck him, maybe I'll let you...borrow...the Golden Phallacy."

Geoffrey was glad that he hadn't said no right away. He was also glad that he hadn't let her know the Golden Phallacy was already in his bag. Rolling with the situation was the only way to go.

"Sure," he said. "Do elves like to get fucked in the ass?"

He had done it before with other men when he was younger; Geoffrey was fairly certain the he didn't want to be fucked in the ass by Juppar's tiny elf cock, but then again that would be better than having to get buggered by a cock the size of

the Golden Phallacy.

“I don’t know about all elves, but Juppar has been buggered more than a few times,” she smiled sweetly.

“You can’t tell all my secrets,” Juppar said crossly but didn’t protest beyond that.

“Don’t tell me you wouldn’t want this wonderful cock up your ass, cuz,” she said softly as she moved around to take Geoffrey’s softening cock in her mouth.

At once he responded getting hard again.

“Do not treat me like a cuzin,” Juppar said as he pushed aside Belledane and pulled his knees up to his chest, offering his ass to Geoffrey.

After a quick check to see what Belledane thought—she gave him some eye contact and a quick nod of her head—Geoffrey moved off the bed and knelt down between Juppar’s legs.

His cock was slick with Kherym’s saliva and his precum, or maybe it was his regular cum, that wouldn’t stop leaking. Smearing this around Juppar’s back entrance was necessary. Still, he wasn’t certain that he was going to be able to bugger the elf until he pressed forward.

Geoffrey’s big cock slipped inside the elf’s ass with surprising ease. Juppar gasped but didn’t complain. He rested on upraised leg in the air along Geoffrey’s muscular chest and used his now free hand to start jerking off his cock.

It was too easy to be swept away in the moment of sexual heat, Geoffrey realized when he started thrusting. The last time he had done something this crazy he had both the Vidilane twins in bed with him. They claimed to be sisters, but he was certain they were just two whores who looked enough alike with some makeup and hair dye to get men to pay extra to fuck them together.

Geoffrey was fascinated to watch Juppar’s busy hand on his small cock. He was fully erect now and even completely hard he wasn’t that large.

Fucking elf ass wasn’t as good as fucking elf cunt, but Geoffrey wasn’t going to complain. He hadn’t felt this randy...ever. Even when he was in his middle teens. This wasn’t an opportunity he could pass up.

Juppar came first. His spunk wasn't that great. He had just cum a few minutes earlier, so that was to be expected. Still, he managed to decorate his hairless stomach and chest with a good amount of droplets. Geoffrey pumped a few more times before pulling out of Juppar's ass and shooting his load over the elf.

It wasn't the largest load he had ever shot, but it was still damn impressive. Geoffrey wondered where he was getting all his energy from.

"Gods and monsters," he breathed. "I didn't think I could cum so fast twice."

The two females of the group giggled at the other two.

"I knew you were a horny goat," said Kherym, "but I didn't realize how horny."

Geoffrey managed to stumble to the bed and flop on it in near exhaustion. The bed was a little too small for him, being built for elves, but that was fine. He rested with his feet on the floor and his cock pointing to the ceiling.

"Now what?" asked Belledane.

"I suppose you two can spend the night here in my quarters and then be on your way in the morning," Kherym suggested.

Geoffrey remained silent on the issue of the stolen Golden Phallacy.

"I didn't think we'd fuck like that," commented Juppar as he struggled off the floor.

"Yeah...I knew it was going to happen," said Kherym far too casually.

All three sets of eyes in the room went to her.

"What?"

She shrugged off their concern. "It's a known reaction to being near and holding the Golden Phallacy."

"You knew that holding the Golden Phallacy would make us want to fuck one another?!" This came from Belledane, which surprised Geoffrey a little. She was one who was always eager to get down.

“Well, the effect seems to be just the desire of the holder on those whom he or she wants to fuck.” Kherym looked around the room. “Apparently Geoffrey wanted to fuck us all.”

Geoffrey managed to blush at that a bit. “I didn’t know I had it in me.”

Kherym smiled. “I know I had you in me. There’s only so much tiny elf dick I can take.”

“Hey!” protested Juppar, but she ignored him.

“What did you think about fucking a pixie?” asked Belledane.

The female elf’s smile didn’t fade. “I’d like to do it again.”

Chapter the Fifth

Wherein our hero and his companion make the best of their sexual situation and make good their withdrawal.

“I think I have a problem,” interrupted Geoffrey.

“What’s that?”

He silently indicated his cock. It was still standing up proudly erect. “Not that I mind having a huge, hard cock...but I don’t think it’s supposed to stay like this after cumming twice.”

Kherym’s eyes furrowed. “Didn’t you fuck all of us?”

“Yes. Well, you and Juppar. I just went down on Belledane.”

“You’ll need to fuck her,” said Kherym. “Otherwise your cock won’t go back to normal.”

“Really?” Geoffrey sat up, suddenly very interested. “What would it be like to go through life with an always hard cock?”

“I don’t think that would be a very good idea,” suggested Juppar. “Think about it for a minute.”

“Uh...wha-what should I do?”

Juppar laughed at him. “What the fuck do you think you should do? Fuck her and move on with it.”

Geoffrey looked at the pixie. “Well?”

The naked pixie gestured to herself. “You’re six feet tall and I’m two. Are you seeing the problem here?”

“Just use your magic on me,” he told her.

“How about a handy instead?”

Geoffrey almost violently shook his head back and forth. “That won’t work. You heard what Kherym said. I have to fuck you.”

Looking to the elf for support to her side, Kherym just shrugged her shoulders at Belledane. “Fucking would be best.”

“Fine.” Without warning, she abruptly zapped Geoffrey with a spell. He shrunk down quickly and was grateful he was still naked.

“Pixie magic,” Kherym said dismissively.

Juppar was stating at Geoffrey’s still hard cock. “I wouldn’t want that now.”

That gave Geoffrey something to think about but he was more interested in Belledane flying up and landing next to him on the bed. She reached out and grabbed his cock. “I’m already wet and you’re already hard. Do you just want to fuck?”

She didn’t bother waiting for an answer. She just mounted him, sliding his once-substantial but now merely proportionately sizeable cock into her wet cunt.

The elves watched with interest.

As she had done before with their couplings, Belledane started moving up and down on Geoffrey’s cock.

“No. I don’t want you this way.”

“Oh? Would you rather have my ass? I haven’t done that in a while.”

“No. I want you from behind.”

She made a sour face. “Like animals?”

“Yes! Exactly!”

Kherym was mildly surprised. “Why wouldn’t you want that?”

Her attitude didn’t change Belledane’s opinion. “That’s for animals. I’m a pixie,

not an animal."

"Try it," Kherym encouraged her. "You'll like it."

"I don't think so."

As it turned out, she didn't have much of a choice. Geoffrey was still big enough and strong enough to easily push her off him, flip her over, and grab her hips before she could move away.

"Wait. No. I'm not ready," she protested as his cock probed between her legs. Her protests were weak at best and even she didn't believe them as his cock eased back into her cunt.

"Oh fuck…" she cursed as she bit her lip. It wasn't that the sex was that much better, but it was that much different. "I can't…" she gasped and tried to crawl and then fly away.

Just holding her by the hips wasn't going to be enough. Geoffrey was in the middle of his peak of lust and he didn't want the pixie to fly away. There was only one thing to do.

He grabbed her wings right where they connected to her back. That was enough to stop them from beating and it held her in place while he fucked her with abandon.

Belledane's protests had faded away. She didn't want to protest now. She just wanted him to fuck her as hard as he could. She wanted him to fuck her like an animal.

It was much more enjoyable than she had imagined.

The peak he gave her was enough to make her nearly pass out.

The next thing she knew he was cumming inside her. The cum dripped out of her cunt, past her lips, and down her thighs. She could feel every pulse of his ejaculations. She wanted more and shivered as she savored every sensation.

"I wish he had fucked me that hard," commented Kherym.

“Me too,” agreed Juppar.

Geoffrey didn’t relinquish his grip on Belledane’s wings. He was still in the midst of cumming and he was determined to get the most out of his climax. The little pixie could have complained about what he was doing to her but she was enjoying it too much...and she too wanted to savor every last ounce of bliss from their connected genitals.

Kherym couldn’t pull her eyes away from Geoffrey’s small but muscular buttocks as they continued to thrust into Belledane. While she preferred the bard to be full sized, she could see the attraction of a female who wanted to fuck the bard. He was easy upon the eyes and he was happy to share his affections with men and women...and elf and pixie...and presumably human as well.

“Would you like to spend the night here in my bedrooms?” she found herself asking as the pair slowly collapsed to the firm mattress. Due to the pixie’s unique anatomy it was necessary for them to turn on their sides, but that only made it easier for Kherym to admire their naked bodies.

Juppar looked askance at her but didn’t contradict the councilors offer. While he felt that his physical lust had been fully slaked by their recent, frenzied couplings, he could sense that both he and she would want to fuck again once he had a little time to recover.

“That would be delightful,” said Geoffrey.

The pixie looked like she had been ready to decline the invitation, but since her companion was so agreeable, she decided that he must have a plan of some sort.

Geoffrey looked around at the space available. “You have wonderfully large bed,” he said. “Are we all to sleep together?”

The elf smiled at him. “If that’s what you want. It makes sex so much easier if you were to awake in the middle of the night and needed a willing cunt to spend you lust into.” It wasn’t exactly smooth seductive talk, but it was the best that Kherym could manage in her exhausted state.

“What make you think he won’t want to use my cunt in the middle of the night?” Belledane challenged her female rival. The two eyed each other like they were about to fight.

Apparently the Golden Phallacy's magical influence didn't extend much beyond lust. Jealousy was something it also engendered.

"Ladies, ladies, please. There is plenty of Geoffrey Goodrick's cock to go around." He looked down sadly at his now soft manhood that had just slipped free of Belledane's cunt. "But not right this moment. I might be a bard of renown, but even I have my limits." He pulled a pillow closer and rested his head upon it. "A good night's rest is what I need right now. I promise you both the sun and the moon in the morning."

He closed his eyes and trusted that all would work out from there.

While he wasn't exactly feigning sleep, it was something close to it. It was Geoffrey's profound desire that everything he knew about elves—which was precious little—was correct and he'd be able to use that to his advantage in the morning.

There was some movement on and around the bed. He kept his arms wrapped around Belledane. She didn't protest because she too was exhausted.

Geoffrey felt someone's body pressing against his back and he sincerely hoped it was Kherym's, though he wouldn't have objected to Juppar embracing him again. Both were flat-chested and Juppar's cock was hardly impressive. It could have been either.

It took only a few minutes for the little group to fall to sleep.

Geoffrey's eyes snapped open. The small windows at the tops of the walls that formed the room were lightly illuminated with a soft, pink light. He didn't know exactly where they were, but his best guess was that it was still very early morning. While he wanted to wake up earlier, this would have to be good enough.

It took but a moment of concentration to determine the other three were still asleep and breathing regularly. One person behind him was snoring lightly. Since Belledane was in his arms, it had to be one of the elves. He filed that under useful information: elves could snore.

Placing his hand carefully over Belledane's mouth, he tightened his grip around her with his free arm and entwined her legs with his. It was almost sexual...except for the fact that he didn't want to start anything right this moment, even if his cock was in its morning glory. Her spell hadn't timed out yet; he was still only three feet tall. That was a good thing; it worked to his advantage.

Readying himself, he took a deep breath and pinched her nostrils closed. It only took her a second to wake up. She woke up panicking, but that he expected. The moment her eyelids shot up he turned her head and released her nose, letting her breathe but didn't allow her to scream or call out.

"Shh!" he warned her softly. "We're sneaking out of here, okay?"

It took Belledane just a second to realize what he was asking and what he was planning.

With a nod she indicated she was on board with his plan, however crazy it might seem.

Together they slipped off the bed, taking great care as to not wake the elves. They were both naked, but Belledane quickly found her camiknicker and slipped it on. Geoffrey, still being only three feet tall, didn't bother dressing and just gathered up his clothing and stuffed it into the ever-expanding sack that held the Golden Phallacy. His boots he tied together and hung over his shoulder.

Belledane lightly took to the air and landed on Geoffrey's shoulder that didn't have boots. Putting her mouth close to his ear she asked, "How are we getting out of here?"

Geoffrey smiled and held a finger up to his lips. Walking silently over to the door where they had entered the night before, he grabbed one of the cloaks he saw hanging from a series of pegs. It was a little large for him in his current state, but it would do to hide his nudity. His boots made an odd lump under the cloak, but he evened out the odd shape by slipping his lute case inside the cloak and hanging the strap on the shoulder opposite the boots.

Gesturing Belledane over he softly whispered to her, "Turn invisible. Follow me."

She blinked out of sight and he silently opened the door.

It glided smoothly on the hinges. No eerie squeaking.

And just like that they were out in the hallway.

“You’re a short elf,” commented Belledane from her invisible state just above his head. He could just barely hear the beating of her wings.

Putting on a confidence he didn’t feel, he started walking down the wooden hallway. The light from the tiny round windows in Kherym’s room were his only real guideposts.

It wasn’t much but it was something.

“I’m an adolescent elf,” he said confidently.

“I’m not buying it.”

“You’re not an elf,” he replied.

“That’s my point.”

Geoffrey pulled up the hood. “Better?”

“No.”

“Then I’m a disfigured elf. A hunchback. A mutant.”

“I’ve never seen an elf look anything other than perfectly beautiful.”

“Stop shitting on my plan.”

She was about to say something else, but they rounded a corner and there was a group of three elves approaching them.

Geoffrey kept his head down and walked forward, dragging one leg a little as part of his bluff that he was injured or disfigured.

It didn’t matter. The elves completely ignored him. It might have been because they were wearing the insignia of the royal honor guard...or it might have been

because they were still half drunk and hung over from their celebrations last night.

Elves were all borderline alcoholics, this is what Geoffrey knew.

Elves were all sex addicts, this is also what Geoffrey knew.

Elves, when sleeping, were next to impossible to wake, this is also also what Geoffrey knew.

Elves didn't care about anyone of lower status than they, this is the last thing that Geoffrey knew.

As a crippled, short, and unimportant elf that he was pretending to be, Geoffrey was beneath the notice of any other elf.

Or so he hoped.

The hallways wound around and around. Every once in a while they would pass other elves. The others pretended not to notice Geoffrey.

"Where are we going?" Belledane asked.

"Out."

"Where's the exit?"

"I'll know it when I find it."

His answer didn't fill her with confidence.

Eventually the hallway they were following ended in a spiral staircase that went down. Geoffrey looked back the way they had come. They had passed a series of doors, all exactly like the one to Kherym's room. This was a residential part of the manor, he figured.

Down was the better option than going back. Down the stairs they went. They were dumped out into a large lobby.

Here there was much more activity than the hallway. Elves were passing from one doorway to another. Some went down stairs, some went up. There were a

handful of entrances to stairways and a dozen nondescript doors. Everyone seemed to know exactly where they were going.

Steeling himself, Geoffrey picked a direction and walked that way.

No one took notice of him even if he was a foot shorter than every other elf in the lobby.

And then he saw it.

Daylight at the end of the tunnel. It was at a sharp angle from where he had been walking, but he didn't care. He saw his opportunity and took it.

Abruptly changing direction, he received a minor curse from an elf he cut off, but that was the end of it. The exit of the elf manor was guarded by two armed guards who faced outward.

Luck was with Geoffrey. There were plenty of elves exiting and they didn't receive a single glance from the guards, only those going in.

As soon as they stepped through the large doorway, light blossomed all around them. It was early morning and they were unceremoniously dumped into the middle of a thick woods. The elves moving around them quickly disappeared, some by magic, some into the forest, others just seemed to vanish away.

Using all of his resolve, Geoffrey marched into the woods in a direction that none of the elves seemed to be taking.

He risked one glance over his shoulder. The elf manor was an enormous stand of oak trees. Geoffrey couldn't tell if it was magic that made a residence for them, or if the trees were carefully grown over a thousand years. It didn't matter. They were free.

Not watching where he was going because he was still staring over his shoulder, he nearly fell down a ravine. He would have if not for Belledane who turned visible and gave him a mild zap from her magical powers.

"Fuck! What was that for?" he protested and then his foot was over the ravine.

Somehow he managed not to fall the roughly hundred foot drop off, but he

scrabbled at the curved edge and had to climb out with his heart pumping.

“Watch where you’re going,” Belledane told him sourly.

“Good advice,” he said as he opened up his cloak. She was certain the he was going to put on his clothes, but instead he took his cock in hand and pointed it at the ravine.

“What are you doing?”

“Watering the earth.”

Geoffrey had been saving up his urine, unable to risk relieving himself in the elf manor. Now he made an impressive yellow rainbow that arced down into the ravine like a salty waterfall.

“You should do that against a tree,” she commented.

“I’m sure anyone down there won’t realize what’s happening to them,” he said with an amused grin.

Just to make things more difficult on him, Belledane abruptly ended the spell that had kept him short. He shot up three feet in two seconds which startled him and altered his stream enough that he wound up pissing on his face.

She laughed at him. “I hope you learned a lesson.”

“I learned something,” he complained as he finished pissing. Throwing aside the cloak that was now more like a hip cape, he dug into his pack and pulled out his clothes. Shortly he was dressed and ready to travel. “How about some marching music?”

“Is it a dirty song?” she asked, both interested and mildly annoyed already.

“Yes. Of course.” Pulling his lute from the case he gestured to the pixie. “Tell me the direction back to the Enchantress’s tower and we’ll be done with this quest.

“Because you stole the Golden Phallacy?”

“Yes.”

“The elves are going to figure out you stole it.”

He smiled. “I’m counting on it.” He strummed the lute and indicated for her to pick the direction. She did so and he launched into his song.

It was in the month of May, when the lambs do sport and play

And the birds sing sweetly at the dawn

I met a country maid and unto her did say

"Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

"Oh, no" says she to me, "You're a stranger, I can see

And though I admire your Northern charm

I prefer to let one of those with fine manners and fine clothes

Wind up me little ball of yarn"

I took her by the waist and gently laid her down

Not meaning to do her any harm

She looked up into my face, locked her legs around me waist

and says, "Wind up my little ball of yarn"

Then she stood up, took her skirt from round her waist

And she went happily down the lane

I went skipping o'er the green for fear that I'd been seen

Winding up her little ball of yarn

So come all you young maids and hark to what I say

And don't go out walking in the morn

But like the blackbird keep your head beneath your wing

And your hand upon your little ball of yarn

Geoffrey finished the song and checked over his shoulder. There was no pursuit. Yet. He knew they would need to hurry.

“The ball of yarn was her cunt,” he told Belledane.

“Yes. I got that.”

“Some scholars think that it might be referring to her virginity but I don’t think so. She seems a little to randy to be so innocent.”

Belledane rolled her eyes. “Right. Don’t you know any songs that aren’t about sex?”

“No.”

Chapter the Sixth

Wherein our hero and heroine take some time to relax in the woods.

Their journey through the woods was largely uneventful. It only took Belledane an hour or so to get oriented and put them on the right path and correct direction towards the Enchantress's tower. She estimated it was several days journey. The weather was pleasant. They slept in the outdoors using the small shelter in Geoffrey's pack combined with Belledane's magic to shrink them both down to make the tiny tent seem huge.

The sex was incredible.

"It's a lot more effort," Belledane explained calmly to Geoffrey as they were resting next to a pool that filled from the small stream they were following through the woods. They had eaten a midday meal. Geoffrey had taken off his clothes and bathed in the refreshing water while Belledane watched. His cock had shriveled up to almost nothing, which amused her to no end.

After he made his request, she got serious. She got even more serious when he put his hand to his cock and started stroking it, bringing his manhood to life.

While she hated to admit it, Belledane was enthralled by his big cock. She wanted it as much as he wanted to give it to her.

"I'm willing to make that effort," he said with a grin on his face.

"I wont have enough magical energy to shrink you down tonight," she warned him. Already her resistance was melting away.

"I'm willing to make that sacrifice." He was now completely hard and his cock stood up proudly. Maybe she'd seen him bigger but that didn't matter. A little jewel of precum was forming at the head and she unconsciously licked her lips.

"There won't be any advantage. The sex won't be any better."

"Indulge me," he said as he stood up from the blanket they had spread on the forest floor and approached her.

Belledane was perched on a low-hanging branch. She was still in her camiknicker which just barely covered her from her tits to her hips, but in the moment it felt like too much clothing.

The branch put her face roughly at the level of Geoffrey's cock. He stopped right in front of her and she couldn't resist.

She didn't want to resist.

Leaning froward she licked the length of his cock from his velvety ball sack to the tip where she removed the pearl of precum and swallowed it.

"For me?" he begged.

He didn't need to beg, but it seemed polite.

Maybe she wasn't going to admit it, but Belledane was curious to try it as well and here and now was as good as any other time or place.

"Embiggen," she whispered to herself.

The magic took a few seconds but she enlarged and grew to almost human proportions. As a pixie Belledane stood at just about two feet tall. When she worked her magic on herself she more than doubled that height, but that still only put her a few inches shy of five feet.

Geoffrey looked down at her. "I was hoping for a little more," he said flatly.

"This is as good as it gets," she told him. "If you want I can shrink back down and just give you a handy—"

"But it's perfect," he quickly interrupted her, bent down and planted his lips on hers.

Kissing wasn't something they much indulged in because of their size differences. It felt strange to kiss when their mouths were of such different sizes.

But now, with her body much larger than normal, they indulged.

Geoffrey pushed down on her camiknicker, freeing her—now huge—tits. He

palmed them and rubbed his thumbs across her nipples. She shivered and shimmied her body, pushing the camiknicker the rest of the way down her body.

It felt much more natural to be completely naked.

Geoffrey's hard cock was pressed between their bodies and it felt to her like there was a bar of iron separating them. It was against her stomach and that's not where she wanted it.

Jumping up, buzzing her wings a little, she wrapped her legs around his waist. Geoffrey found her much lighter than he would have thought, but that only made sense because she was already thin and lithe, but to get airborne she would need to be as light as possible.

"Fuck me with your big cock," she whispered in his ear.

It took a bit of work, but eventually after a bit of tentative probing he found the entrance to her cunt. He thrusted up and she ground her hips down and his big cock entered her well-used cunt.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, a bit startled at how well he filled her up.

"That's the biggest you've ever had, isn't it?" he asked her, a smirk on his face.

"Bigger than my lover who I met in the woods," she replied, moving up and down on his cock was more difficult than she imagined, not because of the awkwardness of their position, but because he filled her up so much. It was just a bit painful, but it was a good sort of painful and she savored it through the pain. If anything the little thrill of pain made the sex better.

As hard as he tried, Geoffrey couldn't set up a good hard rhythm where he could fuck her to his content. Luckily they were in the middle of the woods and he walked on unsteady feet over to the closest tree and pressed her back up again the trunk. The bark dug into the skin of her back and she had to fold her wings lest they get crushed, but that gave him the leverage that he needed and shortly he was thrusting happily away into her wet cunt.

Belledane's eyes rolled up into her skull and she groaned a noise that would have mortified her if she wasn't in the throes of passion. She couldn't wait to get back to her clan and tell them all about being fucked by a human bard in the woods

with his full-sized and huge—HUGE!—cock. They'd all think she was a slut.

She knew they'd be right.

She knew they'd all be jealous.

The wet squishing of his cock into her cunt filled the stillness of the woods as the two of them fell into their own little world. There were dangers of fucking a human but Belledane was more than willing to take on those dangers.

"Fuck me harder," she begged, tears forming in the corners of her eyes. It hurt, but it felt so wonderful at the same time. She needed to take out some of her frustration and pent-up sexual energy. All she could think of to do was bite down on Geoffrey's muscular shoulder.

He grunted in surprise and pain. Pixies had surprisingly strong jaws and sharp teeth. It hurt, but it was a pain he was willing to deal with. It was worth it.

"Almost there," he grunted. She couldn't have protested if she wanted to. He had her well-pinned against the tree and she was going to cum one way or another. "Almost there."

"Give it to me," she begged, ashamed of the tone of her voice. She was a sexually free pixie, happy to indulge in all sorts of perversities with pixies and elves and humans (and given a chance she knew she'd try fucking a dwarf, a gnome, or a halfling. Hells, half-orcs and goblins weren't completely off her list) and begging a human to make her cum was beneath her dignity.

But for an incredible orgasm she'd debase herself like a two-copper whore.

She earned her two coppers. The orgasm that shook her body was one unlike she'd ever had before. Maybe it wasn't better, but it was certainly different. She had been wrong. Sex at human size was definitely worth it.

And then Geoffrey came. She could feel his cock pulsing within her. It was wonderful. The first spurt of hot cum seemed to flood and overfill her tiny cunt. It was almost too much.

Almost.

Her orgasm was winding down when he came. His lust was enough to bring her back up from her downward spiral and before she knew it, she was cumming again, his cock pumping cum into her and her body relishing it.

And then it happened.

As a pixie she was more accustomed to shrinking things down to her size. While she had enlarged things before, she had only increased her size a few times. Maybe it was her inexperience with the spell or maybe it was because she overestimated how long the effect would last.

Or maybe she didn't have as good control over her magic when she was fucking.

That was probably it.

She shrank down with alarming speed. That was fine. The alarming thing was how she shot off the end of Geoffrey's cock. He wasn't done cumming—the bard seemed to have an endless supply of spunk—and when she tumbled through the air he managed to shoot her once with a last spurt. It soaked her face and she wiped the thick fluid from her eyes and she landed hard on her bottom. The impact was only slightly cushioned by the moss on the forest floor. Her bottom—and maybe her cunt—was going to be bruised.

"Sorry about that," Geoffrey said, looking at her. He was leaning up against the tree they had been fucking against. "I didn't know I could force you to shape change like that."

She casually shrugged and licked her hands. Maybe something was wrong with her, but she loved the flavor of human cum. Her increasingly long tryst with Geoffrey was indulging in her favorite sex-based food. "I've had sex end in worse ways."

Her cunt was a sticky mess and she was covered in Geoffrey's cum. His cock was now back to its normal softness, but she could see the glittering slickness of her amrita she had left behind.

"Was it worth it?" he asked her as he headed back to the pool.

"Changing size so I could fuck you like human whore?" she asked him, zipping through the air and dipping into the water as well. While she could lick and

swallow all of his cum, it still felt good to bathe in clear water. Her hand dipped down to her cunt and she washed away the last of his cum. She was sad to see it go, but there was plenty more where that came from.

“Yes. That. Exactly.” He only waded out in the pool far enough to wash his cock and balls before walking back to where he had piled his clothes.

“I’d do it again,” she told him honestly as she flew back to the shore, landed next to her camiknicker, pulled it back on and made ready to leave their picnicking spot.

“Tonight?” he asked her.

She laughed at him. “I’m all tapped out for magic for the day. You’ll have to wait for tomorrow.”

They left the glade with her riding on his shoulder.

Neither of them saw the goblin spying on them.

The hideous creature hiked up his leather pants and tied them closed with the rope that served as a belt. He looked down with some shame at the greasy green pile of spunk he had deposited on the ground. Using his clawed foot, he quickly covered it up. If the Enchantress knew he had pleasured himself to the pixie and human fucking he’d be well punished. Well punished indeed.

Feeling the scars on his back, he grinned a toothy, tusky grin.

He might just tell her anyway to be punished.

But now wasn’t the time. He took off running into the woods. He could travel much faster and easier than a pixie and human. He’d be back at the tower in no time at all.

Chapter the Seventh

Wherein our heroes sneak into the front door and find a prisoner in a compromising position.

Belledane and Geoffrey crouched in the woods at the edge of the large clearing. In the middle of the large clearing was a large tower. It was a typical tower erected by magical means. Stones formed its rather girthy circumference. It was rather pretty, if imposing. It stood out in the middle of the forest, like it shouldn't be there, but proud to be stand up bold and strong among the little trees around its base. Geoffrey estimated that it had to be over two hundred feet tall.

Belledane guessed, much more accurately, that it was a little over a hundred feet and not nearly as thick around as he was stating.

The problem was that even if he had been running full-tilt it would have taken Geoffrey a few minutes to reach the door of the tower. Then there was the door to contend with. Plus any guards. And spells. And wards. He couldn't remember if there was a moat around the tower or not.

A one man and one pixie assault on the Enchantress's tower didn't seem the wisest of tactics.

"If we're this close, she knows you're coming," Belledane said authoritatively.

"How would you know," replied Geoffrey. "I think I'm rather quiet when I cum." He winked at her.

She rolled her eyes. "How far did you and your friends get before you were captured?" the pixie asked.

"Pretty far," he answered. "Almost as far as I got with the virginal girls back in my village when—"

Belledane cut him off before he veered directly into bold-faced lying. "And I bet when you got inside the tower things went awfully easy until they didn't?"

Opening his mouth to answer her, Geoffrey found that she was completely correct. "Okay. So what does that prove?"

"She let you in."

“We slipped into the secret entrance at the back of the tower,” he told her. “You could say I slipped into her backdoor without her realizing it until it was too late.”

The only thing to do was ignore the sexual innuendo. She and Geoffrey just had sex that morning, only a few hours earlier. The bard was insatiable. But she was a pixie and her sexual appetite was also insatiable; that was the nature of pixies. But even so…

A thought suddenly occurred to her.

“Maybe the magical function of the Golden Phallacy is to cause an irresistible urge to have sex all the time?” suggested Belledane.

Geoffrey had been studying the top of the tower. Certainly Belledane could fly up to the top of the bulbous turret but the real problem was getting him up there. It took him a moment to acknowledge her out of the blue statement. “You’re a little off-topic,” he told her.

“We’ve been having a lot of sex.”

“I always have a lot of sex.”

“Do you really think that carrying around a magical item of unknown purpose is a great idea?” she asked him. “Wizards and kings and armies have fought over it.”

“Well...maybe the magical function of the Golden Phallacy is to cause an orgy?” he countered. “That’s what happened when we had it out with Juppar and Kherym.”

“That’s what I’m saying,” Belledane burst out, more than a little exasperated.

“So why does the Enchantress want it?” Geoffrey was truly puzzled.

The pixie rolled her eyes again. Geoffrey was charming and pleasant, but the obvious missed him far too often. “For the sexual power she can have over other people...and magic users...and kings...and queens.”

“Sounds kind of hot,” Geoffrey grinned. “But that can’t be it. The only other

living things she has inside that tower of hers in a bunch of goblins."

Belledane's eyes went wide. "You're just telling me this now!"

"Uh...yeah. Why? Don't all evil enchantresses and sorcerers have scads of goblin slaves and soldiers?"

"Goblins are the sworn enemy of pixies!" She started turning bright red with Geoffrey found fetching with her purple and yellow hair. He wondered if they had time for one more quick fuck before their assault on the tower…

He was brought out of his dirty thought by her slapping him across the face. "Pay attention! This isn't safe!"

"I know. But I have an idea."

"I'm not sure I like your ideas."

"You liked my ideas when I was licking your clit last night while fingering your little asshole."

It shouldn't have been possible but Belledane turned even brighter red. "What's your idea?" she asked angrily.

"We just walk up to the front door right there," he said pointing. "Give a nice knock, offer the Enchantress the Golden Phallacy—it's what she wants, after all—and have her release my friends."

"I don't think that's going to work." It took all of Belledane's self-control not to roll her eyes again.

"Why not?"

"Because she's an evil enchantress with a goblin horde at her disposal. She'll take the Golden Phallacy from you and either toss you in the dungeon with your friends or just flat out kill you."

"I doubt that. She seemed like an honest woman."

"Don't forget you and your friends were trying to rob her."

He winced. “I had forgotten that.” He straightened up and adjusted his lute case on his back. The sack with the Golden Phallacy hung secured to his belt. “I like this plan. What could go wrong?”

With that he stepped out into the clearing and started marching toward the giant tower. He acted before Belledane could stop him.

She turned herself invisible and zipped through the air in front of him. “Stop!” she told him, her voice coming out of thin air.

“Too late,” he told her. “Whoever is at the top of the tower has seen me by now.” He continued his march across the field that was only broken by the rough path of field stones that were easier to walk through than the tangle of weeds.

Belledane considered that route to be especially dangerous and flew full speed into Geoffrey’s chest in a vain effort to stop him. “Go back!” she ordered.

He barely felt the impact. “No. This is good. I like this plan.”

“You must be under some enchantment!” She paused in her physical efforts and considered what spells she had at hand. Nothing presented an easy solution.

“Just want to save my friends and get the hell out of here.”

“No!”

Their argument continued as Geoffrey approached the tower. It only stopped when he reached around her invisible body and knocked on the wooden door. There was a small moat, but he thought it was mostly ornamental because the clear water couldn’t have been more than a foot deep and was filled with goldfish swimming lazily in circles.

“You’re a fucking fool!” she hissed in his ear and moved behind him as he stared at the door. He could hear the beating of her wings. He wouldn’t have blamed her if she had flown away and left him to his own devices.

Geoffrey had to admit, the pixie had a point, but he was on a mission to save his friends, and sex with a pixie or fear of an enchantress wasn’t going to stop him.

After a minute there was no answer at the door. He banged again on the heavy

door, this time with his fist.

“Maybe no one is home,” Belledane suggested.

“I don’t think so. Even if the Enchantress is out, she would have left a couple of goblins behind to guard the place. You’d think the first thing they would do is drop a rock on my head.

He looked up at the top of the tower. The only thing they saw was the clear blue sky.

“Well then why isn’t anyone answering?” she asked.

He shrugged. “I haven’t the faintest idea.”

“Maybe we should just camp here until someone comes by.”

“Nope. I’ve got a better idea.” He unslung his lute case and opened it.

“This is a terrible idea.” she told him.

“It’s a perfect idea. I’ve got the song that will open the door.”

I had just come home and I took a room,

I was all settled down to recline,

When I saw a delectable maid go by,

To the room next door to mine

Like a bold adventurer,

I set out to explore,

And I took up my position by

The keyhole on the door.

The keyhole in the door,

My boys, the keyhole in the door

I took up my position

By the keyhole in the door.

She first took off her slippers,

Her dainty feet to show,

And then she took her panties off

And revealed her so-and-so,

And when she stretched out on her bed,

I couldn't stand no more,

It was one, two, three, I turned the key

In the keyhole in the door

The keyhole in the door,

My boys, the keyhole in the door

I took up my position

By the keyhole in the door.

She didn't say a single word.

But she took me in her arms,

And pretty soon I was much engaged,

In charting all her charms

But just in case some other man

Did see the sights I saw,

I hung my trousers right above

The keyhole in the door.

The keyhole in the door,

My boys, the keyhole in the door

I took up my position

By the keyhole in the door.

That night I rode in glorious style,

And other things besides,

And on her lily white stomach, boys,

I had such lovely rides

But when I woke next morning, boys,

My instrument was sore

As if I had been using it

On the keyhole in the door.

The keyhole in the door,

My boys, the keyhole in the door

I took up my position

By the keyhole in the door.

Be warned by this, young sailormen

And listen unto me,

What I caught then, no fishermen

Have ever caught at sea

Beware the pox, the hidden rocks,

That lie in wait ashore,

It's safer far to bend your spar

In the keyhole in the door.

The keyhole in the door,

My boys, the keyhole in the door

I took up my position

By the keyhole in the door.

There was a moment of silence as he finished the song. Belledane was just about to tell him his song had been a giant waste of time, when the heavy iron latch on the door clicked up and the door swung halfway open.

Geoffrey smiled boldly. “Told you it would work.”

“Every song you know is about sex, isn’t it?”

“Can I help it if I grew up in a tavern of...shall we say less than good repute?”

Belledane wanted to ask more about his youth, but already Geoffrey was pushing the door all the way open. She was certain that a pair of goblins were going to spring out and attack them, but the entry hall to the tower was empty of any living thing.

There were tapestries on the wall and some furniture, but that was it. Not a sound. No evidence of a struggle. It was like the tower had been abandoned.

“Nobody’s home,” commented Geoffrey.

“Great. Let’s leave.”

“No. I have to rescue my friends!”

“Great. Where are they?”

“In the dungeon. Where else?”

Belledane shivered. She didn’t relish going down underneath the tower. She was a pixie, fierce and free. She needed the sky above her, not the weight of stones.

“Let’s grab them and get out then,” she said.

Working from his admittedly very hazy memory, Geoffrey worked his way

through the bottom floor of the tower. Even as large as it was and enhanced inside with magical energy, it wasn't that large and finding the heavy iron door the was the entrance to the dungeon was easy.

But it was a large iron door with an equally hefty lock.

"I don't suppose you know how to pick locks?" asked Belledane.

"No."

"Want to try your magical keyhole song again?"

"I'm sure it won't work. Don't you have some magic that could open the door?"

Belledane had turned visible now and was resting on Geoffrey's shoulder. "No. It's iron. My magic is very weak against iron."

Doing a quick search of the area, Geoffrey didn't find a hidden key anywhere. "There must be a key somewhere!" He pounded his fist against the door.

"You're right," said Belledane firmly. "We just have to search the tower for it."

"That'll take forever!"

"It'll give us something to do until the Enchantress comes back."

He had to admit that was a better plan than giving up.

It wasn't like the tower was that large. The key would be easy to spot. From his memory of his time in the dungeon he remembered it being a large key, easily a foot long. Maybe it was supposed to be intimidatingly large.

It also gave Belledane the opportunity to not have to go down into the dungeon.

For the most part the tower was disturbingly mundane. There were guest rooms, a library of innumerable books, a room that smelled like it was the barracks of her goblin slaves, a kitchen, a grand dining room, and other expected support rooms for a tower. But it was empty. And silent.

And the key didn't present itself.

“We could search every book in the library,” Belledane suggested. “It might be inside one of the books, hollowed out.”

Geoffrey shook his head. He had one foot on the spiral stairs going up to the top floor. They had already covered the bottom floors. There was only one left. “It’s got to be upstairs in the...in her…”

After waiting a respectful second, Belledane prompted him. “Yes?”

“In the Enchantress’s bedroom.”

“Okay then.” Belledane took to the air and zipped up the stairs, eager to get the search over.

Geoffrey chased after her. “No! Wait! She might be—”

But it was already too late. In the air she was much faster than he was.

At the top of the stairs was a landing and a doorway. The wooden door was closed but it opened at a gentle push from the pixie.

She zoomed in with Geoffrey close behind. What she found brought her up short and she immediately regretted her boldness.

A huge four poster bed dominated the middle of the room. Gauzy curtains hung from the posters giving some privacy, but not nearly enough. There were restraint racks on the walls along with sexual torture devices: whips, cat o’ nine tails, clamps, irons, leather restraints and gags.

There were some magical items on the shelves and a table. Belledane spotted a crystal ball and several glowing tombs. Unnatural light glowed from scones on the curved walls.

On the bed was the Enchantress. She was incredibly beautiful and Belledane was at once jealous of the woman. But she was also very naked and restrained to the four posters by magical bindings. In her mouth was a gag that prevented her from calling out for help.

The bard and the pixie just stared at her for a long uncomfortable moment. Of all things that Geoffrey had imagined he might find in the Enchantress’s

bedroom...this was not it.

Well, not exactly.

The moment she saw them, the Enchantress made some noises behind her gag and struggled against her restraints.

This didn't propel Geoffrey into action. Or rather, the action it compelled was to make his cock hard.

He hoped she couldn't see that through his trousers.

"Do you think we should free her?" Belledane repeated.

"What?" Geoffrey asked, startled back to reality. He had been staring at the Enchantress's cunt. She was an incredibly beautiful woman and seeing her naked for the first time had caused his brain to freeze. It would have been an incredible advantage to the Enchantress...if she hadn't been restrained.

While he knew that undoubtedly the Enchantress was using magic to enhance her appearance, he didn't mind that. Her body was flawless. Perfectly curved hips, shapely thighs, a smooth belly, high mounds for tits that didn't collapse back onto her chest like pancakes, pink nipples that stood up—for the life of him Geoffrey couldn't tell if they were erect from the cool air or if she was aroused or if that was the normal state for her nipples—without shame. Her cunt was neatly covered with a pie-shaped decoration of curly blonde hair. Her cunt lips were as pink as her nipples...and slightly pouting...and slightly glistening with arousal.

Her face was beautiful with slightly angled eyes that were a brilliant sapphire blue that seemed to pierce into his soul. His cock got stiffer. Her blonde hair was a messy tangle on the bed, but that only seemed to make her more attractive. He wanted to kiss her high cheekbones. He was certain that removing her gag would reveal cherry-red lips made for kissing...and probably hiding a tongue that could curl around his cock and—

"Do you think we should free her?" Belledane repeated for the third time.

The Enchantress had an opinion on that. The noise she was making behind her gag could have been "Yes" but Geoffrey was just as partial to leaving her fully

restrained. More than a few thoughts occurred to him as to what he could do to her body…

“Geoffrey!” Belledane admonished him.

“Right. Sorry. Distracted. I suppose that’s a risk we’ll have to take, right?” Striding purposefully across the room his boots crunched on the rough stone floor covered with bits of grit and gravel. He reached for the Enchantress’s gag. He hesitated just a moment before pulling it down. She was still physically restrained, but certainly she wouldn’t attack them. They were rescuing her.

Glancing one last time at the glowing, magical bindings around her wrists and ankles, he pulled down the gag.

“Took you fucking long enough,” the Enchantress spat at him.

“That’s the thanks I get?” Geoffrey said, offended and more than willing to gag her once again.

The beautiful witch smiled at him, showing a bit of appreciation. “My apologies. I’m a bit frustrated and annoyed.”

Looking down at her body, Geoffrey said, “I think I could help you with that frustration.” He balked at touching her without permission because she was still a powerful magic user and who knew exactly what she could do?

Her smile turned to a smirk. “Perhaps later,” she demurred. “Right now I’d like you to free me.” She paused. “Please.”

“Maybe that’s not such a good idea, Geoffrey,” Belledane called from across the room.

The tone of her voice caused him to turn his head. They had missed it when they first entered the room because it was half-hidden by the door and was against the wall from where they entered.

The body of a dead goblin was splayed against a large wooden X made from heavy timbers, restrained by chains and glowing with magical energy. Geoffrey recognized the device: it was the pleasure rack he had been restrained against not so long ago. The goblin was naked and sported a large—and still erect—

midnight black cock. The creature's body was covered with scars but Geoffrey was certain the scars weren't the cause of his death.

"Did you kill that goblin?" Belledane demanded of the Enchantress.

"It was an accident. He performed a valuable service for me and wanted a reward."

"You rewarded him by killing him?" Belledane was aghast. Geoffrey wasn't surprised.

"Like I said, it was an accident."

"What sort of accident causes that?" asked Geoffrey, pointing at the dead goblin. Except for the whole death thing, he would have been willing to take a turn on the cross as long as he could be naked with the equally naked Enchantress.

The beautiful witch gave a half-shrug—she was limited in her movements by the restraints—and said, "Goblins are aficionados of masochism. I went a little far." She smiled a tiny bit. "I think he died happy."

"You're a sick woman," Belledane declared.

"I didn't know pixies were such defenders of goblin rights. Now are you going to release me or not?" Her eyes blazed with a blue energy that caused a frisson of fear to run down Geoffrey's spine and went right to his cock. Sex with the Enchantress would undoubtedly be dangerous...but the payoff had to be wonderful.

Not wanting to free her and not wanting to refuse to free her, Geoffrey instead changed the subject. "I brought what you wanted!" he exclaimed and dug into his pack.

She was about to protest but when he produced the Golden Phallacy her eyes lit up not just with magical energy but with sexual delight.

"The Golden Phallacy!" she declared and then did a double take. Her eyes narrowed. "Are you the bard I let go a month back?"

Geoffrey was offended that she hadn't remembered him right away, but then

again, she undoubtedly had other, more important, matters on her mind.

“Geoffrey Goodrick, Bard of Renown, at your service,” he said doffing his hat and bowing to the still naked and bound witch. He used the Golden Phallacy as dandy’s cane, enhancing his bow.

The Enchantress caught Belledane’s eye. Belledane shrugged and rolled her eyes. The Enchantress nodded in agreement.

“I never expected you to return,” said the Enchantress.

“Why not?” Geoffrey was miffed to say the least.

The woman hesitated in her answer. “I gave you an impossible task.”

“Nothing is impossible for me,” Geoffrey said with his customary and completely undeserved confidence.

“I’m starting to believe that,” muttered Belledane.

“What?”

“Nothing,” the pixie blurted. “I’m starting to get nervous,” she covered up.

“About what?” asked Geoffrey.

“About me,” interjected the Enchantress.

“Why?”

“She thinks I won’t keep my word if you free me. That I’m an evil woman intent on killing and destroying anything in my way as I slowly gather power to become a powerful ruling force in this world.”

“Oh.”

Silence.

Geoffrey broke the silence. “Is that true?” he asked the Enchantress.

“I fully intend to dominate this world, but I promise no harm will come to you if

you give me the Golden Phallacy."

Geoffrey considered the giant cock in his hand and half wished it was his own cock. He would have loved to jerk off over the Enchantress's body, shooting his load onto her face and tits.

"I don't know. It's a powerful magical artifact. Seems like giving it to you would be a bad move on my part."

The Enchantress rolled her eyes. "I swear to you that I'm not the sort of witch that wants to lay waste to the world. I just want to rule it. I'll rule it one way or another. And you can either be in my favor or be out of favor. Which will it be?"

Once more Geoffrey changed subjects. "If you're so powerful, why are you tied up in your bed this way?"

It was the first time that the Enchantress looked like she wasn't in control. Her face flushed pink and her perfectly curved ears turned bright red.

She was embarrassed. It made Geoffrey's cock harder.

"While I was delightfully torturing my goblin minion I was also playing with a lover," she admitted and looked to the floor where Geoffrey stood. "You're standing on her remains. I might have disintegrated her by accident."

The bard's eyes went wide. The pixie's eyes—already unnaturally large—went wider.

"You killed her!"

"It was an accident," she said, brushing aside Geoffrey's concern. "It happens when you play sex games with me. I can assure you that she died happy and is in a happier place now."

Geoffrey had his doubts.

"Maybe I'll just put this gag back in place and leave you here."

Belledane nodded enthusiastically. Geoffrey reached for the gag to put it back on her.

“You don’t want to do that,” the Enchantress said firmly in a low voice. “You want to free me.”

Geoffrey recognized right away she was trying to charm him. He knew he couldn’t resist. He did what he was best at. He turned the conversation to sex.

“What I really want is to fuck you...with this,” he said, brandishing the Golden Phallacy at her.

Her eyes went wide.

“YES!” she declared. “Fuck me with the Golden Phallacy! Ravage my cunt with it!”

There was only so much that a human bard could do to resist the charms of a powerful Enchantress like her. The spillover from the spell that the Enchantress was casting affected Belledane as well. She wanted to see the large object inserted into the Enchantress’s small cunt.

Now that they were all in agreement, it was easy for Geoffrey to climb on the bed between the blonde-haired woman’s legs. He wasn’t certain what was going to happen but was doubtful the Golden Phallacy would go inside the Enchantress. It was just too big. He resolved just to run it along her lips, get it wet, rub her clit with it, make her cum. It was better than no plan at all.

The Golden Phallacy started glowing with a warm light when he touched it to the Enchantress’s cunt. It was much thicker than Geoffrey’s forearm. There was no way it would fit inside the bound woman’s cunt.

After moving it over her drooling cunt a few times, the Enchantress moaned and writhed about. That’s the reaction Geoffrey had been hoping for.

It wasn’t an accident, exactly, but when it happened, Geoffrey hadn’t been trying to make it happen. The bulbous head of the Golden Phallacy found its way between her cunt lips and then it just slipped up inside the Enchantress.

She screamed in pain and pleasure.

Belledane zoomed backwards, crashing into the wall next to the dead goblin and then falling to the floor.

Geoffrey didn’t know what to do. Not wanting the Golden Phallacy to disappear all the way inside the Enchantress’s cunt, he grabbed it by the balls and pulled back.

The golden witch groaned in pleasure.

Taken away by the moment, he pushed it back into her.

“Yesss…” she moaned.

Casting aside concern for the Enchantress’s life and cunt, he pulled it out again and then shoved it deeply forward.

It wasn’t as good as fucking her with his cock, but it was almost as good.

The whole process took only a couple of minutes, but the Enchantress was bucking against the bed, pulling on her restraints, not so much trying to escape but to get the most pleasure out of the moment as possible.

He attributed it to his incredible skill at pleasuring women, but the Enchantress came and came hard. There was a little gush of liquid from her cunt as she climaxed and then a bright flash of light.

And then nothing.

Chapter the Eighth

Wherein our hero encounters denouement.

Geoffrey was glad that he woke up in a bed and that he didn't wake up dead. Of course, if he had been dead, he might not have woken up at all. If the Enchantress had been a necromancer she might have woken him up as an undead construct, but he didn't want to think about that.

"You're finally awake."

Geoffrey's eyes opened. It was day. Light was coming in the window of the small room. It didn't seem like a dungeon cell, but one never knew.

"Am I dead?"

"Do you feel dead?"

It wasn't the Enchantress he was speaking to. It was Belledane. She looked none the worse for wear.

He, on the other hand, felt awful. He groaned and started to get up. The blankets he was under were warm and inviting.

He also realized that he was completely naked. Since it was just Belledane in the room, he got up and went across the small room to the chamber pot. Picking it up in one hand and holding his cock in the other, he relieved himself.

Belledane wrinkled her nose and flew to the other side of the room.

"No, I don't feel dead. What happened?"

"You fucked the Enchantress with the Golden Phallacy and there was…"

"An explosion?"

"Actually, I don't know. Something. I woke up a few hours ago." She indicated the smaller bed on the other side of the room.

“Are we prisoners?”

“No. Maeveen is actually a nice person once you get to know her.”

“Maeveen?”

“The Enchantress? Most men would get the name of the woman they’re fucking with a giant golden cock before doing anything that you did.”

“I’m not most men.”

“Obviously.”

“Anyway, something happened when you fucked her. She freed herself. We were knocked out. We woke up here. I had breakfast with Maeveen and Lissa and Gord and Kharlg and Zhephin.”

Recognizing the names of two of his friends he had been on a quest to rescue, Geoffrey nearly dropped the now full chamber pot.

Placing it carefully on the floor, he said, “Where are they? I’ve got to talk with them!”

Belledane winced. “Yeah...they already left.”

Geoffrey stiffened, and not in the good way. “Why?”

“I don’t know exactly...but Lissa said something along the lines of…”

“Yes?”

Belledane did her best to imitate the gruff Lissa’s voice. “Tell that fucking asshole thanks for taking so fucking long. Good fucking bye!” She cleared her throat again.

“I rescued those fuckers and that’s the thanks I get?!”

“Yeah...they also added something about you fucking up and causing them to get caught in the first place.”

Geoffrey raised his finger to protest, but before he could, the door to the small

room flew open and Maeveen, the Enchantress, walked in like she owned the place.

She did own the place so Geoffrey didn’t protest, but he did put his hands in front of his soft cock. He didn’t want to be small when she first saw him naked.

Maeveen barely glanced at his cock. She was dressed in a filmy white gown that barely hid her body. If anything it made it more visible. The material clung to her skin. Her prominent nipples clearly showed through the translucent silk. It defined her thighs. The gown plunged down to her belly button but only hinted at what her cunt was like.

Geoffrey couldn’t help but wonder how it enhanced her ass.

“Good, you’re awake.”

“And alive,” Geoffrey added.

“I have need of a champion. There is a quest I need completed.

“I’m no knight,” Geoffrey protested, moving his hands away from his cock. When he was excited he always talked with his hands waving about. It was the attribute of a bard.

The Enchantress’s eyes went to his cock. Just putting his eyes upon the beautiful Maeveen’s body was enough to make it stand fully erect.

“And yet you wield a lance unlike any other I've ever seen.”

He was certain she was flattering him.

“I’m no hero.”

“I don’t need a hero. I need a champion. Kneel before me.”

Geoffrey did so, telling himself he didn’t do it because she ordered it, but because he wanted to see up her short gown and stare at her cunt.

To his surprise Belledane floated down to land and kneel next to him.

Maeveen touched them both on first the right and then the left shoulders. “Rise

Sir Geoffrey and Lady Belledane, my champions and lovers."

"Lovers?" Geoffrey and Belledane asked each other.

End Cycle 1

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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