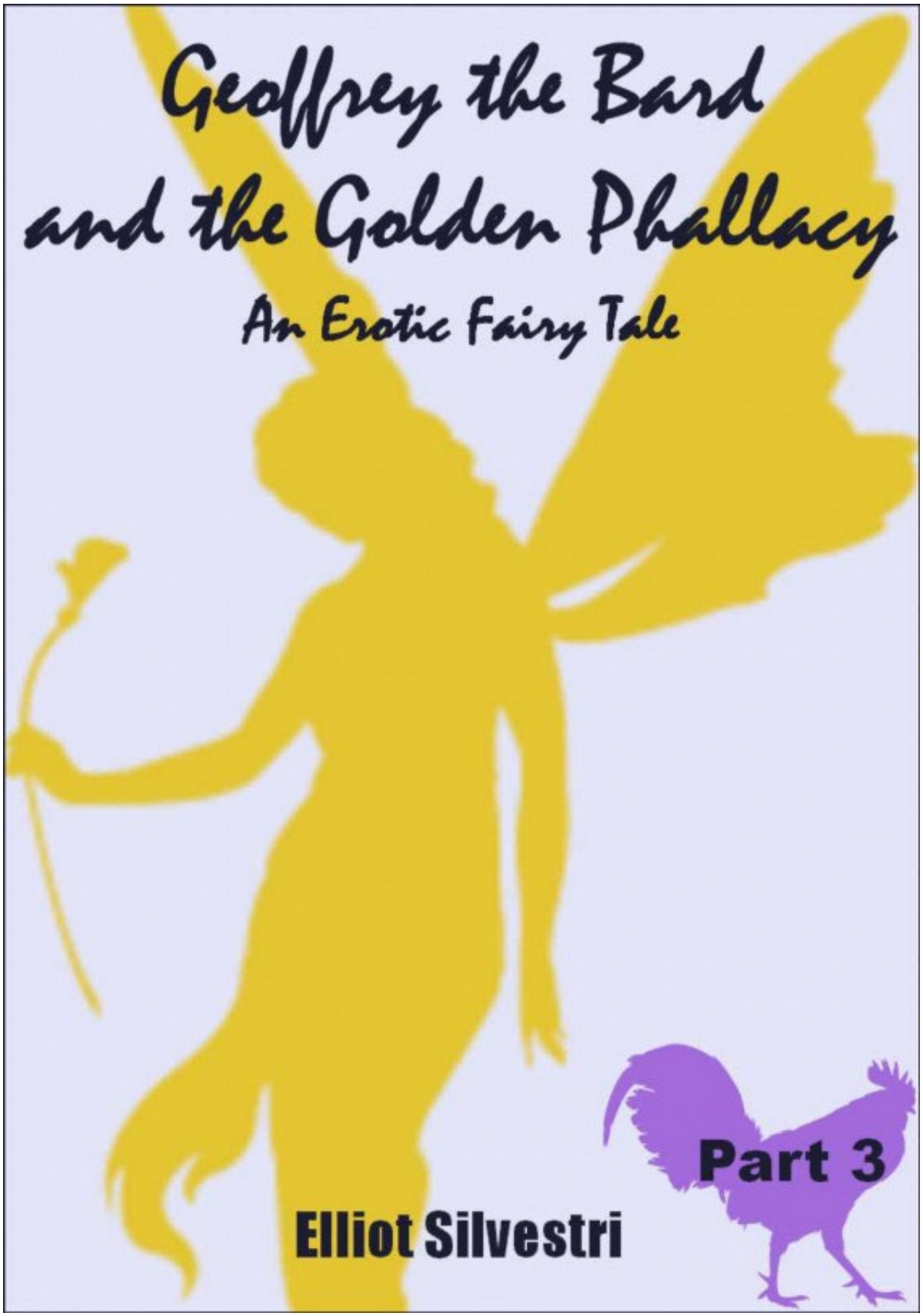
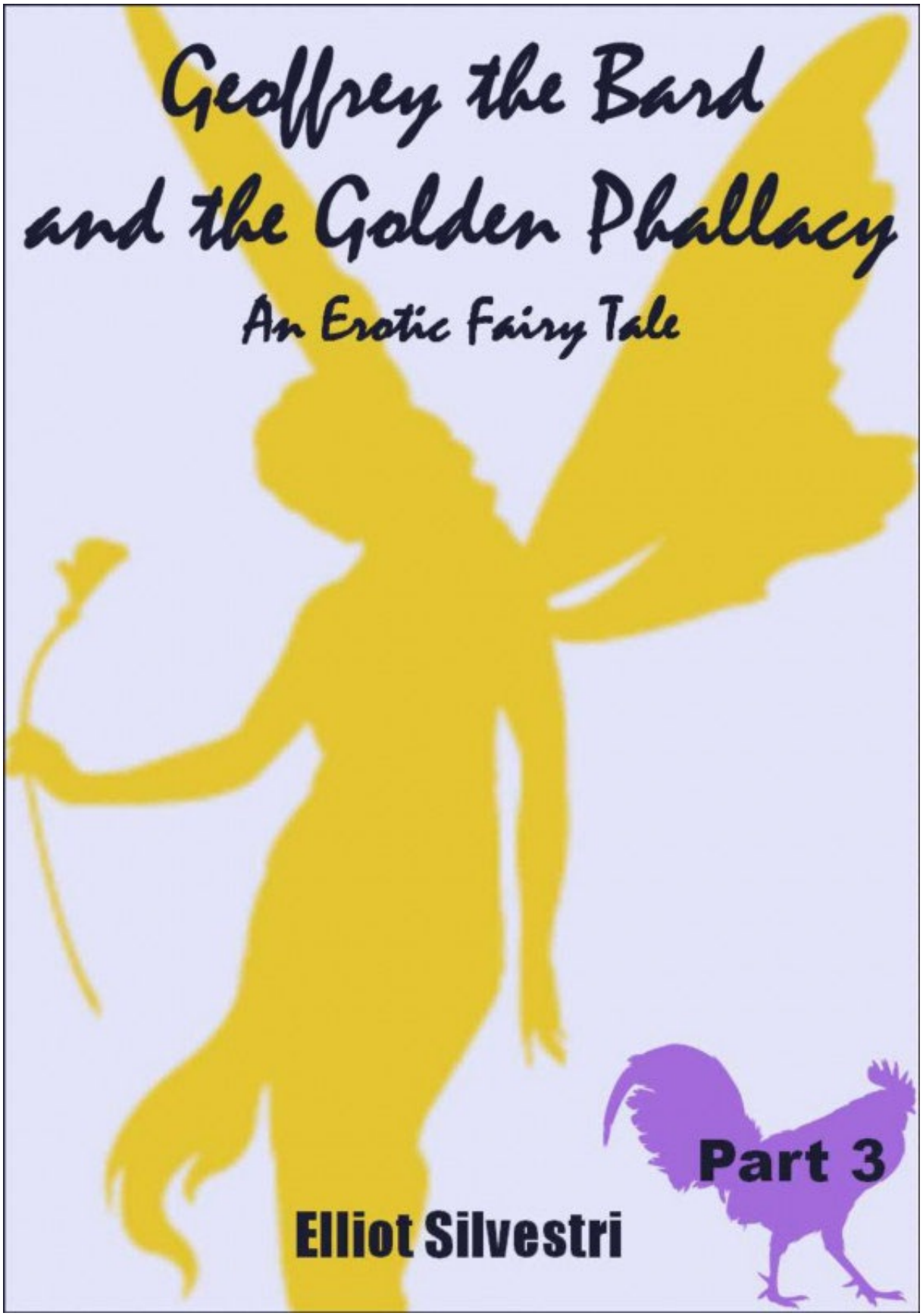

Geoffrey the Bard
and the Golden Phallacy
An Erotic Fairy Tale
Part 3
Elliot Silvestri


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Smashwords Edition

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Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy Part 3

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

“Keyhole in the Door” (traditional folk song)

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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

Preview

Stepping Out: Cuckold Cheat 2

“Don’t you want to hear about the times I’ve cheated on you?”

That was the question that Perrin asked me the next morning. I had to get to work first. She had a much shorter commute from my place to her office than she did from her apartment which meant she could lounge around my bedroom, unclothed and unconcerned, as I raced to get showered, dressed, eat something for breakfast, and get on the road.

All while wearing a cock cage that she refused to take off me.

In all honesty, I didn’t want her to take it off.

But at the same time, I wanted it off.

Emotions are confusing.

I poked my head back into the bedroom when she called out the question as I was rushing about. “I’m sorry, but what did you just ask?”

“I asked if you wanted to hear about the times I’ve cheated on you,” she repeated for my benefit. Perrin was naked, but mostly covered up. Mostly. I could see the top edge of one areola and the clear outlines of her nipples through the sheet that covered her. Just viewing her body through that flimsiest of material was enough to make me want to call in to work and claim illness.

My cock not working wasn’t a very good excuse, though. I’ll be the first to admit that.

“Why would I want to hear about that?” It was as much an answer as it was a question. I was glad I was fully dressed and she couldn’t see my cock. A few seconds before she asked the question, I was soft and getting ready as normal. Wearing the cage to work was no big deal. I had been doing it for a week.

But the moment she asked the question and hinted at all it implied, I was straining against the bars and trying to get hard. Somehow I managed to keep my wits about me.

“Because it’s hot and you enjoyed watching me fuck Shane last night,” she explained as she slowly got out of the bed and walked my way.

I couldn’t take my eyes off her. Perrin moved with a perfect grace that was impossible to describe without the use of the words “goddess” and “dancer”. Her nipples were erect and I couldn’t help but let my eyes rove all over her body. The dark triangle at the apex of her legs just barely hid her pussy. Even in the early morning her skin was honey gold and maybe her body wasn’t perfect, but I couldn’t see any flaws with it.

“That’s...that’s something we need to talk about,” I began.

“It’s going to happen again,” she informed me before I could begin a conversation.

I opened my mouth to protest. It was one thing to play with chastity just between the two of us, but it was another to drag other people—willing people—to our bedroom kink. But before I could say anything, Perrin grabbed my cock through my pants. Or rather, she grabbed my cock cage through my pants and gave me a little squeeze. Or what should have been a squeeze, but she didn’t have a crushing grip because she wasn’t the Incredible Hulk. I sensed she was squeezing and then gave me a little shake. “You’re hard for me already, I see.”

“No, I’m not,” I lied.

“You are,” she insisted.

“I don’t have time for this.”

“You don’t have time to get me off?” she asked as she brought my hand to her pussy.

The space between her legs was warm. I pressed my fingers against her swollen labia and I could feel her heat. Unable to help myself, and with the encouragement of Perrin pressing her fingers on top of mine, I slipped one finger between her labia. She wasn’t soaking wet, but she was getting there.

“See how I’m ready for you?” she asked, whispering in my ear.

I was trying to get hard and failing. I wanted to get her off, but I didn’t have the time.

And yet my finger still went up inside her, exploring her tunnel, seeking out her

clit.

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled back into her hair.

She opened her legs wider to admit my fingers deeper. “Just get me off quickly,” she begged. I knew she was acting, but I couldn’t help myself. I was completely under her spell. “Just get me off and then go to work...because I’m not unlocking you today.”

That was probably a good thing because if she had released me, I would have wanted to fuck her all day. I was horny. The little caged orgasm she gave me the night before was nothing. It barely took the edge off.

I started pistoning my finger in and out of her pussy while rubbing her clit with my thumb. Her arms encircled my head and she clung to me, letting me do all the work because that was my job.

The way her body clung to mine as she quivered with pleasure was pure bliss. I was in control of her pleasure the way she was in charge of my cock. Only after I made her cum, she’s be in charge of herself once again and I would still be her emotional and romantic and sexual prisoner.

Not that I minded that.

Somehow Perrin managed to remain on her feet while I quickly guided her up the scale to an intense orgasm. She didn’t scream and carry on, but the way she peaked had her completely dependent upon me to keep her upright and dependent upon me to finish her off. I was completely in love with her at that point.

When she came, she soaked my hand. I wouldn’t say she squirted like a cheap porn video, but she was so excited and over-lubricated that my hand came away from her dripping. I didn’t mind.

After kissing me on the cheek, she said to me, “Thanks. I needed that. You might get a reward tonight.”

I was as hard as it was possible to be inside the cage. I needed to know more. I wanted to fuck her right then and there, but I knew it wasn’t going to happen, and if I pleaded for her to unlock me, it would be much longer before I was

released.

Still, I needed something. “What reward?”

If she answered the question, it was her choice. If I begged for release, I would be cursing myself.

“I’ll tell you all about who I fucked when I was being unfaithful to you.”

It sounded like torture.

I hated and loved it.

“I don’t...I don’t want to hear that,” I said, pulling away from her.

She stood there confidently in front of me. She was naked and panting from having just cum. Her skin was shiny with light perspiration from her orgasm. Her smile was one of those who took pleasure in hurting others.

“I’m going to tell you anyway and you’re going to love how it makes you feel.”

I couldn’t reply to that because I knew she was right. I loved the feeling of my cock getting hard in my cage. I loved how I got that tight sensation in my stomach when things weren’t going my way and I knew she had been unfaithful to me and I wanted to beat off at the very thought of it.

But I couldn’t beat off because she had the key to my cock.

Throughout the day I got periodic text from Perrin. They were designed to tease and annoy me. They worked.

The first one was just her pussy. It shouldn’t have gotten me hard and it didn’t, not really. I couldn’t get fully hard; I could only feel the fullness of my cock swelling against the bars. I had seen her pussy dozens of times but this one, a shot of it with one leg raised at her desk chair, the walls of her office in the background, up her skirt with no panties on...it just did something to me.

That something was physical and emotional torture.

It felt good to get hard and not be able to do something about it.

If nothing else it motivated me to focus at work so I could get out on time and get home to where she would release me from my cage, tell me a dirty story, and then fuck me.

It was an almost perfect and foolproof system.

I was a fool.

I complimented her on the picture and eagerly awaited more.

Her next text was just a name.

Dennis.

At first I thought the text was a mistake, something she had intended to send to someone else or just the first word of a longer text. I waited patiently but she didn’t send anything else for the next half hour and it was too much to take. I had to reply.

Who is Dennis?

Her reply came quick, as if she were waiting. That wasn’t a good sign. It took you fucking long enough to reply.

I was just as quick with my response. Sorry. I was in the middle of a meeting. That was a lie but I wasn't going to let her know I had inadvertently annoyed her.

I expect quicker replies in the future.

I promise I will.

She waited ten minutes to text me back. It wasn’t torture, but it was close. Dennis was the first guy I fucked after I promised to go exclusive with you.

My cock started leaking precum along with trying to get hard inside the cage. I didn’t want to hear more but I needed to hear more.

I don’t want to know this…

Perrin wasn’t going to let it go that easily. His cock was bigger than yours.

It was a simple insult, the same sort of insult one would hear on an elementary school playground. It still hurt. It probably hurt more because it was the sort of insult that one would hear on an elementary school playground and it was being used by an adult woman.

It also hurt because it might have been true.

I didn’t know this Dennis. Maybe she was making it up and Dennis didn’t exist. (I didn’t believe that for an instant.) But maybe Dennis did have a nice thick cock that filled her up just the way she liked and it made me somehow inadequate in her eyes.

I wasn’t inadequate. At least Perrin had never complained about my cock. In fact, more than once during sex she had burst out with the compliments of “I love your cock” and “Fuck me with your perfect cock” or other such statements used in the heat of passion. Those weren’t insulting to me in any way. And I knew I wasn’t inadequate because I had measured my cock more than once. I’m six inches long, slightly above average, and just above five inches in circumference. There’s a reason most men are average, because that’s what millions, if not billions, of women have selected for their mates as someone they want to fuck them on a regular basis to get them pregnant while having recreational sex. Men with extremely small or large cocks are outliers, freaks, and men that most women don’t want.

But to be negatively compared to someone else still hurt.

I even wore one of the larger sizes of chastity cages.

It still hurt.

Knowing it wasn’t true still made it hurt.

Did you like having a big cock fuck you? I asked her, unable to help myself. That’s the sort of mind-fuckery that having a chastity kink will play on you. You’re always fearing that you’re inadequate in some way, whether it be in cock size, cock skill, or volume of ejaculation. There’s very little than can be done to change any of those. (Yeah, yeah, I know: fewer ejaculations will modestly increase volume, first ejaculations during a period of abstention will increase

volume, and sufficiently hydrating will help as well.)

Her reply was almost instantaneous. Yes. Of course. It’s good to feel something in my pussy instead of whatever it is you have.

That hurt me again. I liked it.

I’ll fuck you with my cock tonight to prove just how good I am.

I could sense her smug smile as she sent back an answer. You can try.

That made me determined to get my work done as quickly as possible and leave work early.

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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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