Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

An Erotic Fairy Tale



Part 1

Elliot Silvestri

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

An Erotic Fairy Tale



Part 1

Elliot Silvestri

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

Part 1

An Erotic Fairy Tale

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy Part 1

Copyright © 2020 Green Bush Publishing

Version 2.0

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written

permission of the publisher.

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)

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you’re reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use

only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Caged and Milked

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian's Contract

Selassie Service

The Key holder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Love Sweet Sex Magic

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Marge Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Mike & Cookie

Milking the Alleyways

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Mentally Milks Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odets Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Propellants Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sexy Preg

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarcane Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Bibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter the First

Chapter the Second

Preview

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.

To Be Continued

Preview

Jaysen: Milk Slave 2

“I’m not going to do it,” I told her flatly. “It’s not going to happen.”

Disappointed, Paige dropped her tits back down from the height she had been cupping them and pouted. That was when I realized I was in real trouble because Paige wasn’t the sort of woman to pout. She was playing a game and she was going to get her way whether I wanted to play or not.

She turned her face partly away and looked at me from the corners of her eyes. “I thought you liked Isla’s milk. Isn’t that why you bought a slave? To have your own ready supply of milk whenever you wanted it?”

That was one of the reasons, but I wasn’t going to tell Paige that. I gave her the more obvious reason. “I wanted a slave, so I bought a slave. Easy access to sex. And she doesn’t complain or object like some women I know.”

Paige ignored the insult. “I doubt that’s the only reason.”

“Yeah, but the primary reason I’m not going to help you lactate is because it will surely fuck up your relationship with your husband. And that’s the best-case scenario.”

“I barely have a relationship with my husband. It’s been…I don’t know how long since he fucked me. He only married me for a financial alliance between our families, you know.”

“I know. You’ve told me a hundred times. I know.”

“And you don’t have any trouble fucking me.”

“Sex is one thing,” I said. “Participating in kink like lactation…that’s something else.”

“What if you get me pregnant.”

“That’s not going to happen, and you know it. You love going to have your flushy-plucky done. You’ve told me. Again, a hundred times.”

“I just don’t like getting my period. Monthly cycles are such a hassle. James is going to impregnate me soon enough. It’s a matter of timing…” She looked

unsure of herself, but I didn't bother to press that issue.

"So can we agree that we're not going to do anything stupid?"

I know she didn't like the way I phrased that question, but I wasn't going to risk my life and hers over something so stupid that I was already getting from Isla's tits.

Paige looked away from me. "Sure. We can do that."

It was Isla who spoke next. She spoke rarely because she knew her role as a slave. She knew it well because she didn't want a rift to form between us.

I'll be the first to admit that I had a certain deep affection—you might even call it love—for Paige. But I'd never admit it to her or out loud to anyone.

"Would you like to fuck me, sir?" Isla asked me. "Or have some more of my milk?" She was seeking to make peace between Paige and me. I couldn't blame her. She had no power and if there were problems with me or between me and Paige, there were problems for Isla that she could do precious little about.

I angrily grabbed my cock. "I'm soft. I'm fucked out. Your tits are empty." I rolled off the bed and headed to the bathroom for a shower. "I'm done for the night."

Right before I slid the door shut behind me, I glanced back into the bedroom. There were two beautiful women on my bed. A blonde lactating slave and a raven-haired goddess currently cheating on her husband. It was a fantasy come true for any man. I walked away from it.

By the time I got down showering, Paige was gone. Isla had cleaned the bedroom—not her job but she did it anyway because she wanted to keep me happy.

"Did she say anything to you before she left?"

"No sir."

"Figures."

“What would you have me do?”

Isla stood up before me. Her pale body was perfect. Or nearly perfect, I could overlook the minor flaws because I didn’t want artificial perfection. I was willing to live with flaws. Breasts small but full, a little deflated now that her milk had been drawn out by Paige. Her body was completely hairless because that’s the way I wanted it. I could just see her pouting lips protruding ever so slightly from her pussy in the tiny gap between her thighs. Her blonde hair was bed-messy but still hung halfway down her back. A fantasy come to life and my cock wouldn’t even stir at the moment.

“Nothing,” I said as I continued to look her body up and down. I felt no lust for her just then. I wanted to, but I was too angry. “Tomorrow we’ll go out. Get you some clothes. We’ll be a couple.”

She nodded in agreement.

Braking with my tradition of never seeing the light of day before noon, Isla and I got out of bed and my apartment before that extremely early hour. She was wearing a form-fitting dress that hid nothing of her body. Maybe it made her look like a tawdry woman or a prostitute, but I didn’t care. She was my legal slave and I’d display her however I wanted. As long as I wasn’t cited for breaking any indecency laws, I wasn’t concerned.

We went shopping. I bought her clothes and lingerie that had little chance of being used even for decoration, let along being seen by anyone other than myself. We ate at a fashionable restaurant. I could tell Isla was uncomfortable; where we were was well above her station, but she was my slave and performed admirable. I liked the looks she garnered from men and women alike. Some were jealous. Some were aroused. Some were disgusted. I relished them all. Isla withered under the attention.

I was sorely tempted to pull up her dress and fuck her in the middle of the restaurant, but my power and influence didn’t go that far.

I called her out on her discomfort.

“I’d rather be alone with you,” she said, self-consciously adjusting her dress.

“We’ll fuck when we get home.”

“Of course.” She pulled at her dress more and only then did it occur to me that her tits must be full of milk. I had kept up the hypoinjection schedule even though her milk was flowing. That was the advice from the med tech and I wasn’t going to vary from it. I valued her milk too much.

“Tits full?” I asked, lowering my voice only slightly.

For the first time she I had bought her, I saw Isla blush. She was human and could suffer embarrassment. Not alone with me, but out in the public. It made me wonder about her life before she became a slave.

“Yes,” she admitted.

“We could go to the restroom together. I’d be happy to suck them dry.” I grinned at her.

Isla was having none of it. “Not in a bathroom,” she dismissed. “That’s disgusting.”

She was right. I paid the check and called for an autocab. I wasn’t the sort of arrogant asshole who had to own a private vehicle that had to be manually piloted. Once the autocar appeared I was somewhat relieved to see that it didn’t have a human pilot. Not many did, but computer controlled were cheaper—and usually better. Only über-rich pricks liked to have chauffeured cars so show off their money even more.

I tossed the bags into the autocab, admired Isla’s ass as she climbed in and the door was barely closed before I was pulling down the top of her dress. She wore a bra underneath. Strictly speaking, she didn’t need it—her tits weren’t that large—but she was worried about leaking and the bra held the modesty pads in place. Once I had the bra pushed out of the way, I latched my mouth onto her fat nipple and started sucking happily.

Her milk let down immediately and I had to focus on sucking and swallowing as quickly as I could. She pressed both of the pads to her other breast. She was leaking and there was no effective way to stop the milk. I could have pinched the

nipple to stem the flow, but that would be painful and I wanted to pleasure her at the moment.

The windows to the autocab were tinted but weren't blacked out. Anyone with an intense interest—or the right snooping equipment—could have spied upon us. It was the middle of the day, but who would think to look. When I was a teenager we would rent autocabs or borrow self-drivers from friends and family, and have them drive around the city while we fucked and performed all sorts of lewd acts on one another. But that was at night. And we were stupid teenagers. And we half wanted to be caught and half wanted to show off.

Even with the right, I didn't fully care now that I was an adult and it was the middle of the day. I shoved my hand up Isla's short skirt and found her bare pussy. She wasn't wearing any panties. She didn't have a need for them and I told her to leave them off before we went on our excursion. Since she was a good slave, she obeyed.

I had been sucking on her tits for a minute and that was long enough to get her pussy wet with little effort. A pair of my fingers slipped up into her and she moaned as I rubbed her engorged little clit with my thumb.

She was mine and I could do to her whatever I wanted. I got a huge thrill from that. Being a slave was a good life for her because she was the sort of person who enjoyed being used for other's pleasure. If her family had been rich, she would have been a renown slut, popular in bed with men and women alike, but that wasn't her destiny.

The autocab ride home wasn't very long, but I wasn't in the mood to deny myself the pleasure that I wanted. When her tits were half empty I shoved up her skirt, fully exposing her pussy and ass. She spread her legs as she leaned back against the semi-reclined seat of the autocab. I opened up my pants and got out my cock.

The posted rules in the autocab—and in the short-term contract agreed by my hiring the autocab—strictly forbade sexual relations in the cab. I ignored the rules. I could afford to pay their penalty. The pleasant hum of the autocab along with its motion made penetrating Isla in the large passenger compartment that much more fun.

A warning bleeped at us. There were cameras and sensors to look for illegal

activity. I ignored the warnings. I wasn't sure if Isla was so far gone that she didn't hear them or if she—like me—didn't care.

We were fucking at full speed when the autocab arrived in the basement garage of my apartment building. The doors automatically popped open waiting for us to exit. I was close. I wasn't going to stop just because the obnoxious autocab already had another appointment. I was going to finish fucking my lactating slave and only then would I leave.

There were sounds from the garage. I ignored them. Isla moaned prettily and then in a panicked tone. I ignored her as well. Or rather, I used the noise she was making to help get me over the edge to where I wanted to be.

Isla was pushing and hitting at me as I came. I didn't mind. A little rough, illegal sex was always better than perfectly timed and efficient sex in the privacy of my bedroom. I came. I wasn't sure if Isla came, but that wasn't important.

"Fuck that was good," I told her as I pulled out. We had left an unsightly and probably unsanitary wet spot on the upholstery of the autocab. It would be a minor cleaning charge; one I was happy to pay for.

"I hope it was. That sort of illegal display isn't one you want to be known for." I turned my head as I tucked my cock back into my pants and Isla unsuccessfully tried to pull her dress back into position. I was annoyed that my sex-filled autocab ride ended with the judgmental tones of my lover.

"What the hell are you doing in my building's garage, Paige?" I asked as I exited the autocab. A moment later Isla followed me, still putting her clothing back into place.

"I have the fortune of good timing. I'm here to see you, of course. Why else would I be in this sleazy sector of the city?"

There were two other apartment buildings in the city more exclusive and expensive than mine. Paige was being a bitch.

"What do you want?" I asked as I headed to the elevator. Paige followed, naturally. Isla brought up the rear. She was a good slave that way.

"What do I always want?" she asked me. Her overconfidence was always

charming…but not now. Now it was annoying.

“Go online. Rent an escort. I think we’re done.”

“Done?”

We paused at the elevator and waited for the doors to open. “Done,” I repeated for her benefit. “You have too many problems for me.”

Paige was suitably annoyed. Pissed off even. “You can’t be serious. We’ve got a three-year relationship here. You can’t throw that away now.”

The elevator doors opened and I walked in followed by Isla, who remained silent. “I’m not throwing anything away. If you want sex, got pick up some random prick and get fucked.”

The doors started to close and her face briefly turned to a mask of anger. Just before the doors were about to close she lithely slipped between them, trapping Isla and me in the small space with her.

Her actions had pissed me off. “What the fuck are you doing?” I demanded.

“This.” She went down onto her knees in front of me and yanked down the zipper to my pants. That was made easier by the fact that I hadn’t gotten it fully up after fucking Isla in the autocab. I didn’t exactly resist when she pulled out my cock and started sucking away.

All her efforts were for naught. I had literally just fucked Isla and I’m not superhuman. I could get it back up again, but not in an elevator two minutes after cumming. I needed a little bit of recovery time. Still, it was nice of Paige to clean my cum and Isla’s juices from my cock. Very polite.

The doors to the elevator slid open when we arrived at my floor. It would take more than a minute to get me fully hard even under the best of circumstances. I gently pushed Paige away.

“Thanks but no thanks,” I said to her and did my best to deftly slip around her and out of the elevator.

Click here to continue reading Jaysen: Milk Slave 2 on XXX

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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub