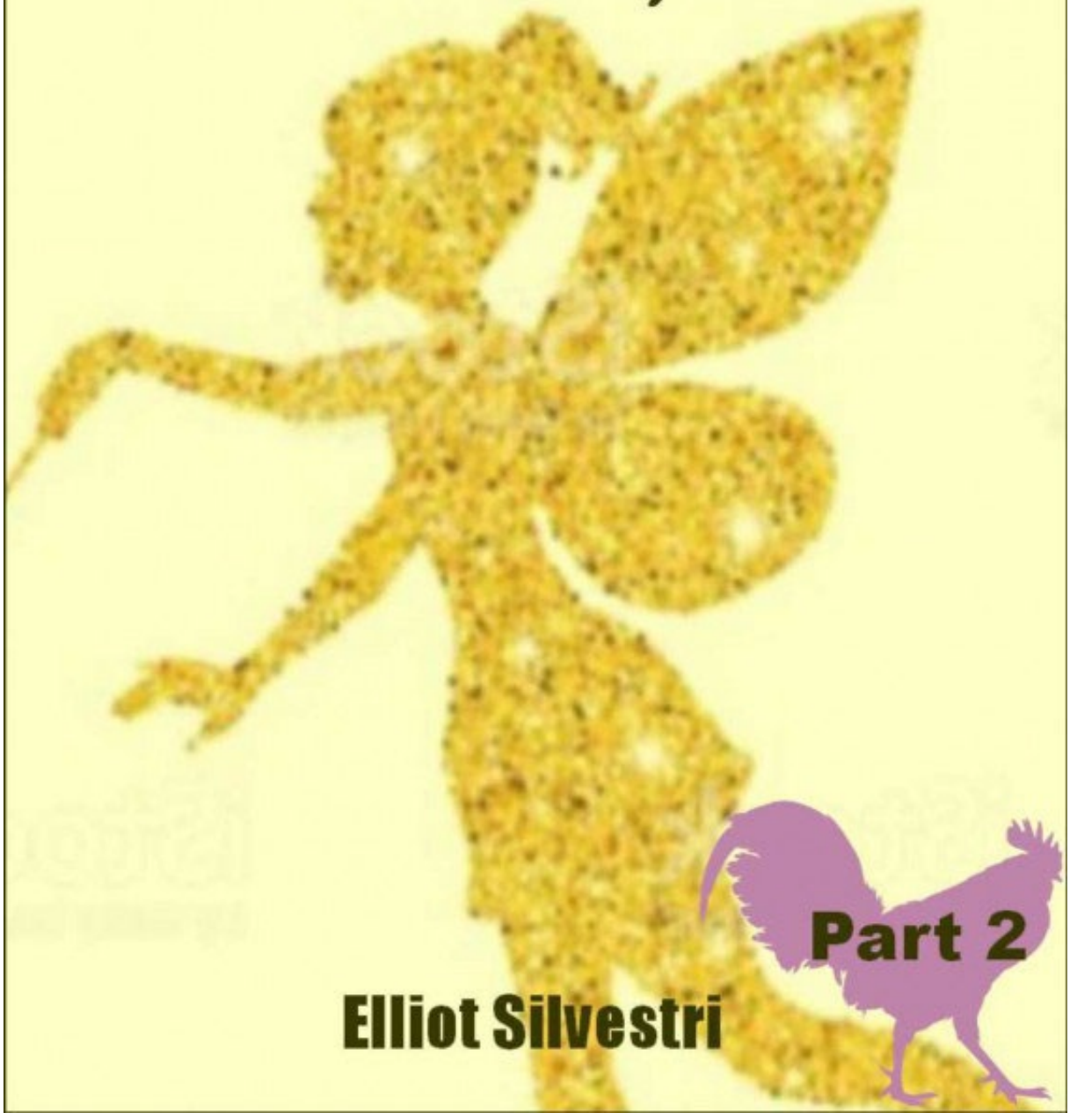
Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

An Erotic Fairy Tale

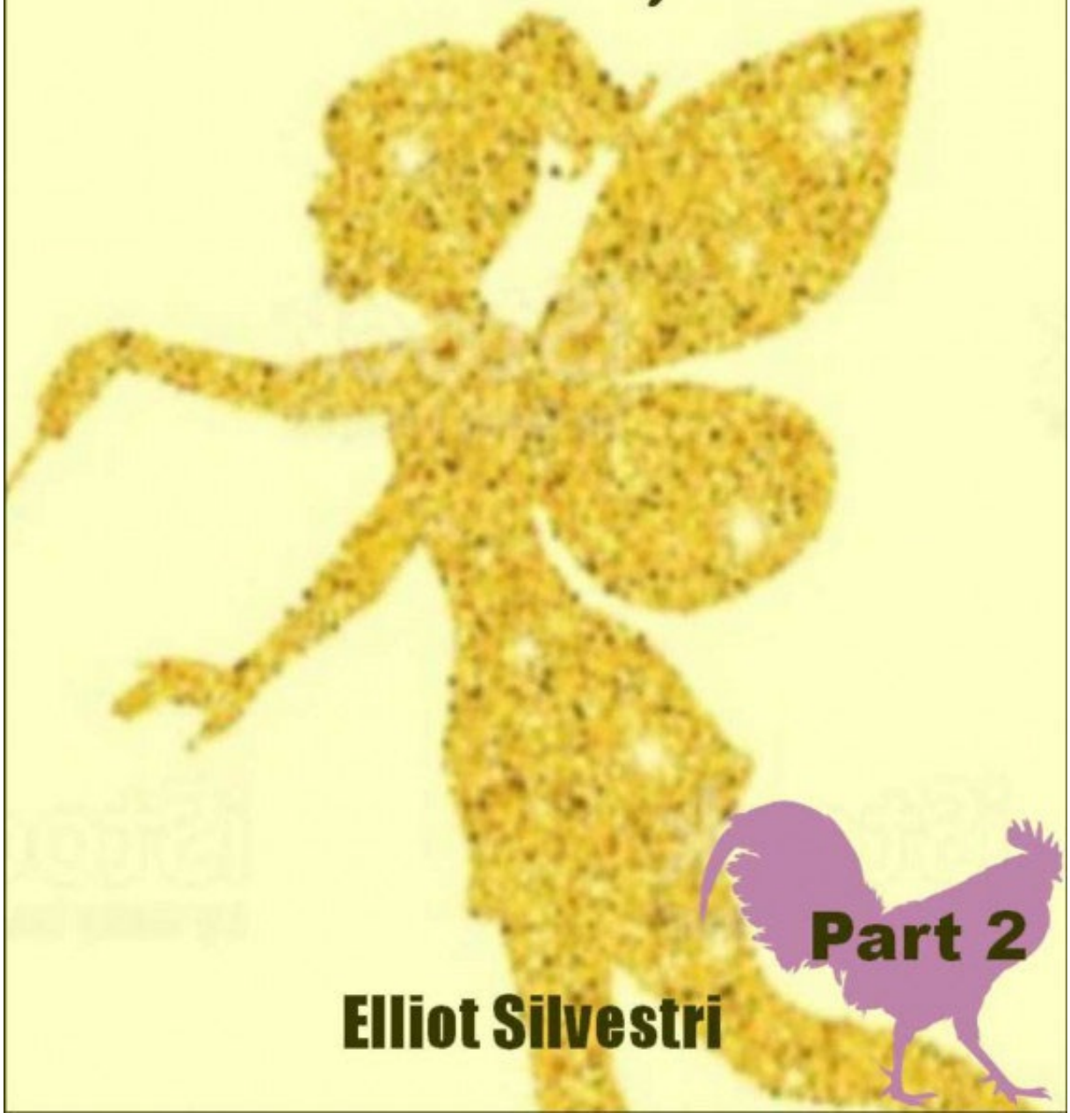


Part 2

Elliot Silvestri

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

An Erotic Fairy Tale



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Smashwords Edition

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Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy Part 2

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“Grey Cock” (traditional folk song)

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

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Chapter the Third

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

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

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

And fucks.

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

It was a conundrum.

He was also cold.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Your clothes are over there.”

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

And the voice was that of Belledane.

“Wh-wh-who are you?”

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

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

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

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

“You did?”

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

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

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

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

Her nose wrinkled in disgust.

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

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

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

“No, I mean when you’re full sized.”

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

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

“What now?”

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

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

Slyly, she smiled at him. “Sure.”

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

appropriate for the moment.

Saw you my father, saw you my mother

Saw you my true love John?

He told his only dear that he would soon be here

But he to another is gone.

I saw not your father, I saw not your mother

But I saw your true love John

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

But he will be here ere long

When I came to my true love's door

I gently twirled the pin

My true love she arose and she slipped on her clothes

And so softly she let me in

All the forepart of the night

We did both sport and play

And all the last part of the night

She slept in my arms till day

Fly up fly up my bonny grey cock

And crow when it is day

Your breast shall be like the bonny beaten gold

And your wings of the silver grey

The cock he proved false and untrue he was

For he crew an hour too soon

My love she thought it day and she hastened me away

And it proved but the blink of the moon

The wind it did blow and the cocks they did crow

As I tripped over the plain

I wished myself back in my truelove's arms

And she in her bed again.

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

“I don’t believe so.”

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

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

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

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

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

He wasn’t sure he liked it.

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

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

“Haven’t the faintest.”

“We like to fuck.”

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

Unfortunately he couldn’t see her cunt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His stomach rumbled at the lack of real food.

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

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

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

Geoffrey very much would have liked that.

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

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

"Why wouldn't I?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Uh...are you sure about that?”

“Yes!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Elves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“He’s my bodyguard,” Belledane lied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Under his bed he found his lute in its case.

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

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

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

As if by magic the door opened.

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

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

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

More importantly, they looked unhappy.

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

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

The pair just glared at him.

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

Maybe elves were hermaphroditic, Geoffrey pondered.

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

They seemed...annoyed.

“Come with us,” one repeated.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Belledane sighed in frustration.

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

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

"I know. Fucking elf spells."

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

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

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

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

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

"That too," he amended.

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

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

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

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

“It’s magical?” asked Geoffrey.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Surprise me,” she all but purred.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To say that in another place it meant another game.

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

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

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

For all the world I do defy the like felicity;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“How so?”

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

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

The two elves looked at her, eyebrows raised.

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

“Just a touch of magic and imagination.”

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

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

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

Chapter the Fourth

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

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

“Simple. We walk in.”

“That’s stupid.”

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

“True!” Belledane piped up.

“And the bard?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Your Honors?” asked the guard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What's your name?" asked Kherym.

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

"Just answer the godsdamned question!"

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

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

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

"Why?"

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

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

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

“Lie to you?”

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

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

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

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

“I’m sure you would,” she said dryly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He did, however, admire the craftsmanship.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You have a point.”

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

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

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

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

Kherym snickered.

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

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

“Okay, you have a point.”

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

They all looked at her.

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

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

“How do you know that?”

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

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

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

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

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

“There is?” Geoffrey’s interest redoubled.

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

“Is it dangerous?”

“No.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone looked expectantly at her, waiting for the answer.

“Not me!” she protested.

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

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

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

“Failed?”

“It killed her,” Kherym clarified.

“Oh.”

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

“A dangerous magic item, to be sure.”

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

“We’re all feeling it,” said Kherym.

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

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

Maybe more than occasional.

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was all the invitation the pixie and bard needed.

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

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

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

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

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

And Kherym.

And Juppar as well.

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

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

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

Both Kherym and Juppar were naked.

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

Or if either were either.

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

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

genitals.

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

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

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

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

And why elves had such tiny genitals.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It barely fit.

That was a good thing.

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

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

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

"Are you sure?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Uhhrghh,” she moaned as he pressed forward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She cried out her pleasure, her entire body shaking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the Golden Phallacy.

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

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

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

At once he responded getting hard again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now what?" asked Belledane.

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To Be Continued

Preview

Trapped: Cuckold Cheat 1

I met Tomassa at one of those horrible work-related conferences that no one wants to go to but the company dropped a ridiculous amount of money on the meeting, so everyone in the office had to go. I only half paid attention to the workshops. I'll admit it. I was scanning the crowd for attractive and likely women. Tomassa was rather plain, but she had long, straight blonde hair and I couldn't resist flirting with her. Maybe she was a few pounds overweight, but that would be overly critical and judgmental of me. It wasn't as if I had a perfect body. Yes, I tried to stay in shape and work out, but I wasn't gym obsessed.

Still, Tomassa played along when I approached her after one of the workshops.

"That's an unusual name," I said pointing at the tag right above her breast.

Okay, sorry. I admit it. I aimed my finger more at her breast than her name.

I can be an over ass more than I like to admit.

"My friends call me Tomi," she replied.

"So...can I call you Tomi?" I asked.

She laughed.

It was that easy.

We sat next to each other at the terrible lunch that was served. It was edible, but just barely.

We talked more than we ate. Half the conversation was about how terrible the food was.

"Want to cut out of here and get something decent to eat?" I asked her.

She looked around nervously. None of my coworkers were in my afternoon workshops. "Aren't we supposed to stay the entire day."

"I'd rather go home and get something good to eat."

"How far is your place from here?" she asked.

Suburban sprawl is weird. It's easier to measure distance is drive time as related to the time of day. "Right now? Fifteen minutes. After the workshops at five o'clock when everyone else leaves? Easily half an hour. Or more."

She was reluctant. I could tell. Anyone could tell. But still she played along. "What do you have to eat at your place?"

"Mostly leftovers."

She laughed again. "You know how to romance a girl."

"I'm sure they're delicious." I got up from the table and headed to the exit. She caught up to me by the time I reached the door.

On the way out to the parking lot I gave her my address and she promised to follow behind in her car.

My heart was thudding in my chest and I couldn't believe my good luck. We kept things cool as we headed to our cars. We weren't leaving a club where you were supposed to hook up with strangers. I saw her just as she got into her Honda Civic. Her face was flushed as if she were blushing.

I hoped that was a good sign.

I didn't live in some super-exclusive place. I rented a place in a garden apartment complex. It was nice but not fancy. Tomi didn't comment on it at all as we went into my place.

"So...what do you have to eat?" she asked as she looked around my rather plain apartment. The living room was little more than a nice couch, huge television, and every gaming system known to man. I'm sure it didn't impress her. I didn't care.

"I was hoping you'd supply that," I said, moving too close to her.

She went back one step, pressing her back against the wall, but she didn't look afraid and she didn't protest.

When I ducked my head to kiss her, she lifted her chin so that our lips met.

The kiss was intense.

She willingly accepted my tongue into her mouth. I sparred with her tongue and stroked the inside of her cheek for a little preview of what she had below.

I don't know which of us broke the kiss, but when we both stopped for a breath of air and a moment's reflection, she looked me right in the eyes. "You want me to supply the food?" Clearly she was bewildered by me. I didn't blame her.

"Uh-huh," I said before sliding down her body, landing on my knees in front of her.

Tomi, like myself, was dressed casually because that's what conference day was all about. She had a thick black belt that cinched her jeans tightly around her waist. The button-up blouse she wore did a terrible job of hiding her large tits. I hoped that was intentional.

I ran my hands down her hips and to her thighs, feeling the soft flesh underneath the denim. I fantasized a minute about what her skin would feel like and then I moved on to find out exactly what it felt like. I fumbled a moment with her belt and she took over to loosen it. I helpfully popped the button open and unzipped her jeans.

"I'm sorry I'm so fat," she apologized.

I hated her for just a second when she said that. She was looking down at me with her round face that was flushed red with embarrassment, or maybe with lust. Her blond hair perfectly framed it. Yes, she wasn't perfectly proportioned with a model's body, but that didn't make her any less sexy to me.

"Don't say that," I told her. "You're beautiful." I wondered if she had Polish ancestry with her hair and face. Maybe Danish. It didn't matter. I wiggled her jeans over her hips. Yes, she was a little fleshy, but I loved that and kissed her tummy right above her cotton panties that were decorated with sheep. I glanced up at her questioning her sartorial choice.

"I wasn't planning on getting laid today," she explained.

"They're cute," I commented before pressing my face into her crotch. I could smell her pussy. She was clearly aroused and I grabbed the elastic band of her

underwear between my teeth. It was an ineffective way of stripping her, but I hoped it showed that I was playful as well.

“Fuck,” she cursed.

I wasn’t sure if she was worried or eager.

“Problem?” I asked.

“It’s been a while since I’ve...since I’ve had sex with someone.”

“Do you not want to?”

“Hell no,” she declared and yanked her blouse up over her body.

I was right. She had huge tits. They were barely contained by her bright pink bra that didn’t match her panties. Still pressed against the wall, Tomi kicked off her shoes and I yanked her jeans all the way off, leaving her in just her undergarments.

My cock was hard and uncomfortable in my jeans. I wanted to go down on her to taste her pussy before we went any further. That was the way I judged women: by how their pussies tasted.

I’m sure there are worse ways to judge.

Before I could press close again and ease her panties down, she tugged at my shoulders, trying to get my shirt off. I helped her and pulled it off, tossing it aside.

“Stand up,” she said. “I want to see what you look like.”

“Really?” I asked, getting back to my feet, but taking the opportunity to get my sneakers off, stepping on their backs to expedite the process.

“I’m not going to fuck you unless I like what I see.”

That was a reasonable request and I unbuckled my jeans, opening them up, before pushing them down. Just like that I was naked in front of her. My hard cock bobbed around a little while I stepped clear of my jeans. I felt a little

foolish in just my socks, but I'd take care of that soon enough.

"Wow," she said, reaching out for my cock. She gently ran her fingers up from my balls that were tight against my body, up along the shaft, all the way to the head that was just starting to leak some precum. Circling the head with one finger she let her hand slid back down a bit to lightly grip my shaft.

I shivered at her control.

"I like your cock," she complimented me.

"Thank you."

Her fingers curled around me and slowly went up and down. She wasn't masturbating me like I would do myself, but that was the point. Tomi wasn't trying to get me off; she was trying to tease me.

It was working.

"Is this too forward?" she asked.

"No...it's perfect." I closed my eyes and let her manipulate me for a minute, but then I grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "Except I don't want to cum that way."

"Do you want to fuck me?"

I opened my eyes. "Yes."

"Here?" she asked looking around the living room.

"Bedroom." I took her hand off my cock and started to lead her through the apartment. It wasn't that big. It didn't take long. My bed was a mess but I didn't care and she didn't comment. Only when we were in my bedroom did I notice the ring that pierced her belly button. There was a small charm dangling from it.

Tomi didn't protest when I moved her onto the bed, shoving the sheets and blankets aside. She was on her back and I was on top of her. We kissed for a minute, my hard cock pressing on her thigh before I started kissing my way down her neck. I planted a bunch of kisses in her cleavage, but I didn't remove her bra, not yet. It was still too soon.

With more kisses I worked my way down her body, briefly tonguing her belly button and the little ring and charm which made her gasp, before I stopped at the edge of her sheep-covered panties.

This time I used my hands to pull them down her hips and legs.

She helped.

Her skin was perfectly smooth and pale except for her shoulders and chest which were generously covered with freckles. It was still early spring. Her body was still white from having been hidden from the sun all winter. There were faint red marks on her hips where her underwear, just a little too small, cut into her skin.

Between her legs she had shaped her pubic hair into a neat strip, a couple of inches wide. For a woman claiming that she hadn't had sex in...a few weeks? Months? A year? I didn't know. For a woman claiming a lack of sex, her pussy was well-groomed. I kissed above her mound and then to the side. She didn't shave. It was perfectly smooth. Maybe she waxed or had it laser removed.

Just that little detail let me know she took some pride in her body and was a sexual woman.

That was perfect.

I pushed her legs apart and her scent rose up from her pussy. Running my tongue through the blonde curls, I found the top of her slit and then her clit.

My cock throbbed when she gasped at the touch. I wiggled my tongue against the tiny bit of flesh and she tensed up, squeezing her pillowy thighs against me.

"Should I stop?" I asked her.

Her eyes were clamped tightly shut. "Nooo," she moaned.

I moved my tongue lower, into her pussy. She was wet. She was tart and sweet and musky all at the same time. The inside of her tunnel was as smooth as the inside of her mouth.

Her knees went up toward the ceiling, giving me better access to her pussy.

“Can you cum from oral?” I asked her, taking a quick break.

She answered me by enthusiastically nodding her head. I traveled back up to her clit and got to work on it. I sucked. I licked. I slipped a pair of fingers into her pussy and stroked the front wall searching for her little hidden spot behind the pubic bone.

Tomi was a very sexual woman. I brought my best game to her pussy and it only took a couple of minutes before she was gasping for air. When I sucked hard on her clit she pounded the mattress with her fists before her entire body shook and a little trickle of her natural juices filled my mouth.

It was only polite to swallow.

Pulling my face up from her pussy I smiled at her. “Did you cum?” It was a cliché question, but I wanted to ask it because I knew I had made her cum. Unless, of course, she was the best actress I’d ever been with or seen.

I’ve seen a lot of porn.

“Fuck yes,” she answered. “Are you going to use your cock on me?”

I knelt up and moved to the side of the bed. I was good and hard. She was wet and panting to be penetrated. “Yes. Just let me get a condom.” I opened the drawer next to my bed and got one out.

“You don’t have to use one. I’m safe,” she said as I rolled it on.

“Better safe than sorry,” I said as I got back into position. Her hand went right to my cock and guided me in.

I had no regrets about fucking her or going down on her.

There are lies and then there are lies. Lies of omission aren’t as bad of a lie, but that’s my opinion.

And what’s cheating really? Looking at another person’s body? Flirting? Kissing? Mutual masturbation? Oral sex? Penetrative sex with a condom? Penetrative sex without a condom?

Pick a line. Wherever you put the line, someone has cheated.

Once I was inside Tomi, I realized that not only did her pussy look perfect and taste perfect, but it felt perfect to my cock.

It might have felt better than my girlfriend's pussy. Or maybe it was the thrill of fucking someone new for the first time combined with cheating. Either way, the sex was, to use the cliché, fan-fucking-tastic. I didn't regret fucking her at all.

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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