Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

An Erotic Fairy Tale



Elliot Silvestri

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Smashwords Edition

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Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

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Excerpts have been taken from the following public domain works:

“The Trooper’s Horse” (traditional folk song)

“Take Your Fingers Off It” (traditional folk song)

“Violate Me, In The Violet Time” (traditional folk song)

“The Maid’s Conjuring Book” (traditional folk song)

“Knife in the Window” (traditional folk song)

“O’Reilly’s Daughter” (traditional folk song)

“The Beehive” (traditional folk song)

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Author’s Note

Yeah, we all know I wanted to title this cycle Geoffrey the Bard and the Horny Dragon but the ‘Zon and other ebook publishers are too uptight about that sort of titling. Other titles I considered were:

Geoffrey the Bard and the Horny Dragon

Geoffrey the Bard and the Horned Dragon

Geoffrey the Bard and the Flaming Dragon

Geoffrey the Bard and Randi the Dragon

Geoffrey the Bard and the Libidinous Dragon

Geoffrey the Bard and Sexy the Double Entendre Dragon

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight’s Fuck

Chapter the First

Wherein our heroes consider their new positions and how to take advantage of them

“Well I’m glad she mounted me,” Geoffrey said to Belledane as they made their way along the narrow path. They had just left the forest where their patron and lover’s tower was situated and were starting to make their way up the mountain path where Maeveen, the Enchantress, had directed them.

Belledane buzzed in the air on her butterfly wings next to him. She gave him a serious side eye and said, “Do you have to put it that way?”

“Of course I do! I’m a bard!”

“Not every song is about sex,” she pointed out.

“Mine are.”

It took all of the pixie’s self-control not to roll her eyes. “I know.” And then she failed in her self-control and rolled her eyes anyway. “I’m starting to wonder why I’m spending all my time with you.”

“And on that note,” said Geoffrey as he slung his lute case from off his back and opened it up.

“Please no,” said Belledane a little too loudly.

“I have the perfect song for the occasion to celebrate my new steed.”

Belledane would have plugged her ears with her fingers, but she was still fascinated by the seemingly endless variety of bawdy songs that Geoffrey had in his repertoire.

It's a landlady's daughter and her name was Nelly

And it's green, O green, the leaves do grow;

And she took sick with a pain in her belly

And it's ha, young man, do you tell me so?

It was a bold trooper rode up to the inn

He's perishing cold and wet to the skin.

The landlady put 'em in the bed together

To see if the one couldn't cure the tother.

"Oh, what's this here, and what's it called?"

"It's my fine nag and they call him Bald."

"Oh, what's this here, and what's it called?"

"It's my little well where you can water old Bald."

"Suppose my nag he should slip in?"

"Just catch on the grass that grows round the brim."

"How can you tell when he's had his fill?"

"He'll hang down his head, turn away from the well."

"How can you tell when your nag wants more?"

"He'll rear up his head and go pawin' 'round the door."

Geoffrey grinned at Belledane as he finished. She gave him no reaction at first other than a slow shake of her head.

“I think I’ll name him Baldy,” he said, “in honor of my song.”

“You’re riding a mare,” Belledane pointed out.

“Then I’ll name her Nelly.”

“You’re naming your horse after a slutty character in your song?”

“Yes. Why not?”

“Oh, Geoffrey,” she said as she alighted on the saddle horn right in front of Geoffrey’s crotch. She couldn't help herself and stared at the generous bulge in his brightly colored pants. He wasn’t erect; not yet. She would know and she’d want to fuck him, of course she was only two feet tall and he was six, so some magic would be needed, but then again it was always magical when they fucked. In frustration, with both Geoffrey’s attitude and her sexual needs, she pushed her purple tinted locks out of her left eye and then repeated the process with the yellow hair hanging in her right eye. She knew she needed to tie it back because it was getting so long, but that was a minor consideration at the moment.

After she didn’t say anything else the silence became too much for him. “What?” he asked.

“Sometimes you are just a clueless human.”

“Is that a compliment?” he asked.

“No.”

“Oh.”

They continued on in silence.

“Do you want to stop for a midday meal or just to fuck?” he asked her after a minute.

“You just had sex with Maeveen this morning!” she protested, but that didn’t do anything to stem the warmth and wetness that traveled to her cunt when he asked. She was trying to get a hold of her sexual urges around humans. She couldn’t just fuck like a pixie all the time now. She was a champion of the Enchantress.

“So did you!” he reminded her. “I was there watching!”

“And participating,” she added with a knowing smile.

They caught each other’s eyes and knew what was going to happen at midday. For the moment, the memory of the morning would have to be good enough.

For all her reputation of being an evil enchantress, Maeveen was quite personable and polite. More importantly she was as sexy and horny as a hellcat.

After Geoffrey and Belledane had given her the Golden Phallacy and she had rewarded them with titles of her personal champions, they spent a few pleasant days in her tower. Most of her goblin servants had run away when she had been bound to her bed after the unfortunate death of her lover and betrayal of her goblin hunter, but a few returned when they found life in the forest difficult after only a day. Geoffrey found them hideous to look at, but they made good servants, so he didn’t complain.

Maeveen had quickly moved on from the death of her lover. She was tight-lipped about the identity of the woman who had expired during their enthusiastic love

making, but Geoffrey got the impression that their relationship was strictly physical and transactional. He didn't say it out loud, but he had his suspicions that perhaps her lover was of the hired variety.

Once she had declared Geoffrey and Belledane to be her champions and lovers, it was surprisingly easy for her to seduce them.

She focused on Geoffrey first. It wasn't difficult for her. The three of them had a meal to celebrate her declaration and she made it more than obvious that she intended to take Geoffrey into her bed.

He regarded the glass of wine in his hand. "Am I drunk or are you magically charming me?" he asked Maeveen.

The beautiful fair-haired woman laughed lightly. "And why would you think that?"

"Because I have an unquenchable thirst to fuck you right now," he said aloud. "My cock is hard and I don't have any interest in fucking Belledane." He looked apologetically at his travel companion. She was seated on a boosted seat at the table with them, her glass and plate and cutlery almost comically large for her. "Sorry, but it's the truth." He clamped a hand over his mouth. "Maybe she cast a truth spell on me," he blurted out.

Belledane's eyes were a little glazed with alcohol. And maybe a bit of lust, but she was a pixie so her eyes were always bright with lust. "It's okay," she said slurring her words a little. "I want to fuck her too." The pixie looked apologetically over at the enchantress. "Sorry," she added and then hiccuped.

The beautiful enchantress raised her glass to both of them. "I take it as a point of professional pride that I never use magic to seduce anyone into my bed. I do it on pure charm alone." She sipped from her glass. "That being said, I will take you to my bed, Geoffrey, because it's been a day since I've had the little magic of physical pleasure." She eyed the pixie whose head was bobbing as the alcohol she had consumed overtook her more than she had anticipated. "Don't worry, dear girl, I'll get to you eventually."

Belledane nodded one last time and rested her head on the tablecloth next to her plate. In a moment she was snoring.

Maeveen circled around the table and assisted Geoffrey to his feet. “Maybe I shouldn’t have used the elf wine. Live and learn. I do believe you know where my bed is.”

What followed was an incredible experience that Geoffrey was certain he would never replicate with another lover.

He had been with more women than he could remember. He had been with more than a few men as well. He had had two elven lovers and Belledane, his pixie companion. None of them compared to the blowjob that Maeveen gave him.

In her bedroom her gown seemed to simply dissipate. She was comfortable in her own skin and Geoffrey felt over dressed in his simple bard’s garb. He had to undress quickly to match her.

She was happily willing to go down on her knees in front of him and take his cock into her mouth. While some women were more than a little reluctant to put a man’s cock in their mouths, the enchantress knew that this was the essence in controlling a man. It didn’t make him dominate her; it made her in control of him. His most prized possession was in her mouth and she could do with him as she pleased.

Geoffrey was more than happy to let her do with him as she wanted. Her artistry at cock sucking was incredible. He was seated on the edge of her bed and she was bobbing her head happily away at him. What she wanted from him he could only imagine.

“I’m gonna cum,” he warned her. “You need to stop.”

She did stop. Briefly. But just to take him out of her mouth long enough to speak. “You need to cum in my mouth. I need your essence.”

That should have scared him, but it didn’t. He was already well beyond the point of trouble. “I don’t want to waste it all in your mouth.”

She smiled at him before putting his hard cock back into her mouth. “It won’t go to waste. And don’t worry, I’ll get you hard again to fuck me.”

Without further discussion she put his cock back into her mouth and began eagerly sucking.

If he had wanted to, Geoffrey could have pushed her away. On one level, he wanted her to stop, but on the more visceral level, he wanted her mouth to stay on his cock for the rest of his life.

When he came, he was certain that she was sucking his soul out of his manhood.

It was a short, sharp eruption of a climax. Her lips remained tightly sealed around the end of his cock while her hand was busy massaging his sack, drawing out as much of his seed as possible. He would have been happy, even proud, to cum inside her and father her offspring if that's what she wanted.

Most women he had been with didn't like him to cum in their mouths; they complained about the taste and the humiliation.

Most whores he had been with preferred that he cum in their mouths; less mess, they told him, and no risk of pregnancy.

He opted not to compare Maeveen to a whore's sexual preferences.

She swallowed his load with great gusto, as if he were giving her some present impossible to acquire elsewhere.

That might have been the truth.

"I...I...I didn't mean to cum in your mouth!" he exclaimed.

She laughed at him and sipped from the wineglass on the floor next to the bed. Had she brought it along with her or had she conjured it up from someplace else with her magic? "I wanted you to cum in my mouth."

"Why?"

Her answer to that was a laugh followed by a kiss as she stood up and crawled on top of him. His hands went to her lovely soft skin. Her mouth tasted of sour grapes and alcohol and, presumably, his cum. He didn't mind at all.

She kept crawling up his body. Her tits wound up in his face and he sucked on each nipple as they went by. And then he found her lovely belly button with a small silver ring through it, and then he found his nose pressing into her sparse golden pubic hair.

Her cunt was pressing into his face and she had no shame about it. Geoffrey didn't mind at all. Her cunt was scented and dripping with amrita. Plunging his tongue into her depth and licking her clit was a pleasure. His arms curled around her shapely thighs and held her in place as she settled in to enjoy what he could do.

It occurred to him that he was being auditioned. It was all well and good to return a magical erotic artifact to a powerful enchantress, but that wasn't going to keep him in her favor or in her bed. He did everything he knew of to please her.

He vibrated his tongue against her clit. He sucked on the little organ. He allowed his tongue to travel down to her light brown and tightly puckered back entrance, making sure it was well-oiled with his saliva before pushing his pinky finger up inside her.

The sound she made was one of satisfaction so the risk that he had taken was worth it. He pressed his luck and inserted his fore- and middle fingers up into her cunt. Sensing no complaints, he focused his energies on her clit, licking and sucking it, while massaging her interior with his fingers.

The wizardess wasn't there to torture him. She was there to take pleasure because she would risk almost anything for her carnal needs.

A minute later she was cumming. Geoffrey was used to all sorts of reactions from his female lovers everything from unabashed screaming to violent trembling to uncontrollable bodily functions.

While Maeveen didn't exactly drown him in her juices, it was a good thing that he had a strong swallowing reflex. The amount of amrita that poured from her cunt would have drowned a lesser man.

Taking pleasure in making a woman cum was one of his points of pride, but even he was surprised that his cock had reawakened so soon after cumming. Yes, her cries of passion was music to his ears, but it was amazing that he had this much lust built up after spending so much time with Belledane, a pixie of almost limitless lust.

Geoffrey was glad she came when she did because his left hand was twisted awkwardly between her legs. That was the hand he used to finger the strings on

his lute. Fingering the enchantress was all well and good, but fingering his lute was his bread and butter, and his source of gold and cunt.

The beautiful woman reached behind her body and found his hard cock. Since her climax had passed, she lifted herself up off his face and looked down at his head between her thighs. “You’ve come back to life.”

“You’ve given it to me,” he told her.

She smiled down at him. It caused the pit of his stomach to tightly contract. Maybe she was just pleased with him or maybe she was up to something more sinister. “You have no idea.”

It made him wonder if her amrita had something in it other than just her pleasure juices.

Her hand was working on his cock and he didn’t know exactly what to do.

“Are you just playing or do you want me to fuck you?” he asked as politely as he knew how.

She laughed at him and he was uncertain as to why she was smiling. “Let’s see what you can do with that cock,” she said as she climbed off his body and got down on her hands and knees, presenting her ass to him.

Moving off his back, he knee-walked behind her and got into position. He was almost positive that she didn’t want to be buggered, even if she had been receptive to having a finger up her ass. Moving in close he probed for her cunt opening with his cock in his hand.

The first time with a new lover is an experiment where neither is familiar with the other. Maeveen was an impatient woman when it came to sex. She reached down between her legs and found his cock out of place.

The moment she touched him he felt a thrill of energy and a magical spark. Maybe he was just imagining it, but it was an unusual thrill, but also one he wanted to repeat.

She guided him inside her cunt.

It was a magical slice of heaven.

Who knew that magic users were so eager to debase themselves to pleasures of the flesh?

Once he was inside her, it was then just a matter of the old usual in and out, sometimes while holding her hips, sometimes while reaching around her body to palm and pinch her tits and nipples. Maeveen panted and moaned in a fashion that was completely normal for any of the lovers that Geoffrey had had before.

He wasn't sure what was stranger, fucking an enchantress who desperately wanted him or fucking an enchantress while making it seem completely normal.

Maybe getting fucked like an animal was her preference. Twice her cunt tightened up on his cock and she cried out as her orgasm overtook her. He knew she wasn't acting, not for him, he was too unimportant. If he hadn't made her cum she would have surely turned him into a frog or a goat or worse.

"I'm gonna cum,"he told her when the point of inevitability was reached. It wasn't much of a warning, but it was good enough considering the circumstances.

"Do it," she encouraged him.

"On your back? Your ass?"

She twisted her head around in a manner that seemed unnatural and gave him a fierce grin. "In my cunt!"

That was all the permission he needed. If she wasn't worried about getting a bellyful, neither was he. Whores and cheating wives were often reluctant to accept his seed where it was so desperately needed—in his opinion, at least—but if Maeveen was looking for him to father her child, he wasn't going to argue.

Cumming in her cunt was like a warrior striding through the halls of victory after passing from this world. Maybe he was too much of poet and was ascribing too much to the moment, but he desperately wanted to fuck her for the rest of his life.

After the moment had passed, Geoffrey found himself completely drained of all

energy. This resulted in him collapsing on top of Maeveen and the subsequent weight pushing her down to the bed.

“I’m not a religious man,” he mumbled into her hair, “but if I was, I’d worship you like a goddess.”

He wouldn’t have described it as passing out, but that’s exactly what he did in her bed.

When Geoffrey awoke his companion was gone, but this wasn’t the first time he had woken up alone in a bed after a particularly fruitful session of sex. He was certain that it was the middle of the night. At the very least it was dark outside and he had the irresistible urge to piss. Unable to find a chamber pot in Maeveen’s bedroom, he simply went to the window, held tightly to one side of the opening in the stones, and let loose his piss into the air in a yellow waterfall to the ground.

He hoped that no one was at the base of the tower at that moment, but didn’t consider it a problem. Who would know?

The second problem he had to contend with was his clothes. He distinctly remembered pulling them off and dropping them to the floor of the bedroom right before he fucked the Enchantress. The stone floor was now spotless and clutter free. There was a warm woollen rug with a complex pattern on the floor and under the bed, but even checking under the bed revealed nothing. The Enchantress was either very fastidious in her housekeeping or one of her goblin servants and picked it up while he slept.

Or maybe Maeveen intended to keep him in her tower as her naked sex slave for the rest of his life.

Geoffrey frowned and raised his eyebrows at such a thought. He’d be happy to go along with the plan. There were worse ways to live his life.

Instead of relaxing in the bed and going back to sleep, which would have been the smart thing to do, he searched the large wooden wardrobe painted with magical symbols for something appropriate to wear.

Inside all he found were silk gown, form-fitting dresses, and shaped leather items that would have been suitable for either a gladiatorial combat or a kinky night at a red light district house. In any event, none of the articles were appropriate for him nor would they have fitted.

There wasn't even so much as a towel to wrap around his waist like a loincloth. What he did locate on a shelf next to the door was the case to his lute. Inside his second most prized instrument, after his cock, was still in perfect condition. That was a relief. Feeling no shame he went to the door and boldly walked into the hallway naked as the day he was born, his lute covering his cock.

To call it a hallway was a bit of a stretch. The tower wasn't that large except at the base. A tight spiral staircase made of iron penetrated the center of the tower. There were several doors on each level. He wasn't sure if there were some magical forces at work, but Geoffrey trusted that the structure was sound.

More importantly he heard the unmistakable sound of passionate lovemaking. Unable to resist, and as if led by his slowly stirring cock, he followed the sound down a level in the tower and through an open doorway.

Would it have killed Maeveen to have closed the door? Probably not, but then again Geoffrey wouldn't have been able to get such a beautiful view.

It took him a moment to understand what he was seeing. There was a strangely familiar set of butterfly wings slowly flapping above a bed in what had to be a guest room. The wings were familiar because they were the same color and pattern (purple and yellow) as Belledane's. They were Belledane's except for the size. They had more than doubled in size. His eyes saw the shapely and familiar curve to Belledane's ass, but those curves were far too large. Not in a fat or unattractive manner, but she was a pixie standing only two feet tall. The ass that Geoffrey was staring at was that of a fully grown human woman.

It was beautiful.

It was also Belledane's.

Looking up her body, he noted that her torso was between the Enchantress's spread legs, her face buried in Maeveen's cunt. The blonde magic user was grinning at Geoffrey even as she breathed and moaned at the attention that Belledane slathered on her cunt.

“Like what you see?” Maeveen asked the bard.

He found he couldn't immediately answer. She was propped up on a pile of pillows as Belledane ate her cunt. Her breasts, not large but not small, perfectly sized, were little hills on her chest, standing proudly upward, capped the pink nipples. She was perfectly gorgeous in contrast to the more earthy pixie, who was beautiful in her own right, but somehow the existence of the wings made her different, but no less attractive.

Geoffrey nodded. It was all he could do.

His lute did little to hide his rapidly growing erection.

Belledane lifted her face from Maeveen’s cunt and looked over her shoulder at her lover. “Are you just going to stand there and stare?” she asked before lowering her face back down and resuming her business. Geoffrey didn’t blame her. He would have done the same thing.

Geoffrey continued to nod even as he stepped forward with his lute in one hand, his cock in the other.

“Stop,” Maeveen ordered.

Just like that he froze. He wasn’t sure if she had cast a spell on him or if he was that eager to follow her commands.

“You can watch, but you can’t touch. This is my time with Belledane.”

As much as he wanted to approach the two women, he didn’t move any further forward. He kept one hand on his cock and slowly stroked it as the two of them lost themselves in their bodies.

“Why...why didn’t you do that with me?” Geoffrey asked Belledane. “Make yourself human-sized?”

Once more Belledane lifted up her face from Maeveen’s cunt. “I didn’t do it. She did.”

Geoffrey focused on the Enchantress. “How did you do that to her?”

The beautiful woman smiled at him, as if smiling to a particularly stupid child. “Magic, my dear. Do you want me to explain the intricacies of the magical arts in a sentence? Now shut up and let her work.”

With those words, Belledane shifted her position and introduced a pair of fingers into her partner’s cunt. The body shift gave Geoffrey a good view of her tits. While pixie-sized her breasts had always appeared to be well-proportioned and large, but he didn’t appreciate the size difference until she was human-sized.

Her tits were enormous. Much bigger than Maeveen’s. To call her a competitor to a cow would be unkind. Unkind but true. Her tits were closer to udders than small mounds of flesh.

“The gods smiled on you,” he whispered to himself. And then louder he asked, “How do you fly with such big tits?”

Belledane had buried her small hand well inside Maeveen’s cunt while she continued to suck on the Enchantress’s clit. It wasn’t so different than what Geoffrey had done with the blonde, but it looked different when it was two women.

“It helps me balance when I’m flying with these,” she explained to him as she flapped her wings and then set to pleasing the other woman.

It was a sight to see two near-perfect beings sharing sexual pleasure and Geoffrey didn’t want to spoil the moment by interrupting further. He kept jacking off, but slowly, not wanting to spend his seed too quickly.

Maeveen was using and seducing Belledane, that became obvious to Geoffrey as they continued to fuck. That was fine with him, but he only hoped that the pixie realized what was happening. The Enchantress’s cunt was more alluring than he had initially given her credit for.

The sex was perfect and in short order Belledane had the Enchantress screaming to her forebears for release from the lovely torture she was enduring. She came and soaked Belledane’s forearm.

“The gods have blessed you!” Geoffrey cried out. Maeveen laughed lightly at him while Belledane licked up some of the amrita that had landed on the Enchantress’s inner thighs after carefully extracting her hand from the depth of

Maeveen’s canal.

“That’s nothing, continue on, girl,” Maeveen commanded.

The pixie put her face back to her partner’s wet and glistening cunt. This time she didn’t bother with her hand or fingers. She just used her mouth on the blonde woman’s clit.

Geoffrey couldn’t help himself. He knew that if he kept stroking his cock while the women sexed together he would cum too soon and waste his seed.

He unslung his lute from his shoulder and strummed a tune. Since neither woman complained he launched into a song designed to enchant both and encourage them to continue fucking.

Take your fingers off it, and don't you dare touch it,

You know it don't belong to you.

Take your fingers off it, and don't you dare touch it,

You know it don't belong to you.

You know it's sad to see a woman, an extra good 'un'

Holdin' back on her sugar puddin',

Take your fingers off it, and don't you dare touch it,

You know it don't belong to you.

Two young maids a-laying in bed,

One turned over toward the other and said,

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it,

You know it don't belong to you.

A nickel is a nickel, a dime is a dime

A house full of children, none of them's mine

Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it,

You know it don't belong to you.

If the pixie and the Enchantress heard or were encouraged by Geoffrey’s song they gave no indication. Maeveen panted and moaned at her lover’s attention. Geoffrey focused his eyes on the enlarged pixie’s upturned ass and wondered if she would appreciate being penetrated by his cock into her tightly puckered bunghole.

He watched closely as Belledane tightly attached her mouth to the other woman’s cunt. Her thin neck and throat pulsed like she was swallowing. There was no way that the Enchantress was producing that much amrita, but he couldn’t imagine why Belledane was so eager to drink from Maeveen’s sex if not to consume her amrita.

He knew that it had to be magical and was probably addictive. He was fine with both of those as long as he got to fuck Maeveen again.

Her second orgasm wasn’t just powerful. That was fine. Geoffrey wanted to see more, but all he got was Maeveen pulling Belledane to her face for a kiss.

Still on her back, Maeveen scooted down between the pixie’s thighs and pulled her cunt down to her face, making Belledane ride her like a queen stifling her protector knight.

Geoffrey caught Belledane's unfocused eyes. He couldn't help himself. "Is she...is she…" he couldn't bring himself to finish the question.

"Her tongue is divine," Belledane reported. "I'm gonna cum…"

Her scream was louder than it had ever been with Geoffrey and the bard was frankly jealous. He started pulling on his cock again and considered just shooting his load on the floor and walking away with what remained of his dignity.

Maeveen pushed the pixie's temporarily sated cunt off her face, making Belledane sprawl in a surprisingly fetching manner on the bed.

"You've been patient, bard," said the Enchantress.

"Yes!" he quickly agreed. "Very patient!"

"Don't push my good humor," she said as she wiped Belledane's amrita from her lips and cheeks. "Would you like to use your cock on something other than your hand?"

He looked down at his enlarged and pulsing organ. "YES!"

She laughed at him. "Have you ever buggered a woman?"

"Yes, of course. A few men as well." Both women looked askance at him but let the moment pass. "Do you want me to bugger you?" he asked proudly, eager to join them on the bed.

The Enchantress scoffed at him. "No. I want to watch while you bugger her."

When Belledane didn't raise an objection, he shrugged. "Of course, if that's what you want."

Maeveen smiled broadly as her hand strayed toward her cunt. "That's exactly what I want."

"Why don't you get on your hands and knees, Belle? It'll be easiest that way with your wings and all."

The pixie was now eyeing Geoffrey's large and erect cock. It was the size shifting that had disoriented her. As a pixie it had looked huge, but now that she was, temporarily at least, human-sized, it looked imposing because of what he intended to do with it. She didn't disobey, but she hedged as to what her lovers wanted.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?"

"It's the best idea I've had all day," said the Enchantress. Her eyes narrowed. "Haven't you ever been buggered before?"

"Of course I have!" she bristled. "Just never by a human before...with such a large organ." She intended it to sound like a compliment, and it was, but it revealed the reason behind her reluctance.

"Don't worry about that," said Maeveen as she kept one eye on Geoffrey. He was still stroking his cock as he climbed on the bed. "I'll make sure this is pure pleasure for the two of you." She leaned forward and kissed Geoffrey, something he hadn't been expecting, but happily accepted. Reaching down she trailed her fingers across his hardness and he felt a magical tingling in his manhood.

While it should have been impossible, he felt his lust rising even more. Or maybe he was just excited to show off in front of Maeveen. Or maybe he wanted to try something new with Belledane. He wasn't going to bother thinking all that deeply about it because it wasn't a problem, it was an incentive.

Slowly Belledane got into position. She wanted to try this with Geoffrey, but she was irrationally scared. Knowing her fear was irrational didn't make it any less so.

The Enchantress glided over to Maeveen and caressed the pixie's upturned ass with one hand and tilted her chin with the other. It was easy for Belledane to accept the Enchantress's kiss, which in turn made it easy for her to accept the blonde woman's fingers probing between her buttocks. She felt the exact same magical tingle that Geoffrey had. Her need for sex rose and she could feel the wetness that Maeveen had left behind.

It would have to be enough.

Pixies were a constantly inventive race when it came to sex and perversion.

Belledane couldn’t remember the number of lovers she had had in her lifetime. She couldn’t remember half their names. For some of them she had never known their names. She couldn’t remember the first time she had had sex, nor the first time she had been buggered, the first time she had sexed with a female, the first time she had been covered in a man’s cum, or the first time she had had sex with another race. She had had all manner of organs, digits, and toys pressed into her cunt, ass, and mouth.

All of this should have made accepting Geoffrey’s cock into her ass a thing of ease, and yet she was still nervous at it.

The moment his cock head was probing between her buttocks, finding her back entrance, she realized why. It wasn’t the act itself, but the realization that she wanted this perverted sexual act to especially please Geoffrey, not because he deserved it or had earned it, but because she had somehow developed feelings for the human bard. Feelings that should have been reserved for someone to begin a lifetime partnership with or, at the very least, someone of her own race.

His cock penetrated into her and she groaned in satisfaction. Whatever else transpired afterwards, she was at least sure to be well-fucked and sexually satisfied.

Geoffrey wasn’t especially enamored of anal sex. It was a nice change of pace and he had practiced it with more than a few of his lovers who either claimed to prefer it (possibly to avoid pregnancy) or didn’t have a cunt to be fucked and their mouths were tired. Pushing all the way into Belledane’s ass made him realize that he wanted to please the small (though temporarily enlarged) pixie and make her as happy as possible. The thought and emotion shocked him. He didn’t want to be bonded and stuck with a pixie—or anyone for that matter—for the rest of his life.

Not wanting to let his feelings on the matter become obvious he grabbed her perfectly curved hips and started fucking her ass like he didn’t care. A little pain mixed in with the sex would drive her away from him and solve the problem, that was his strategy.

Maeveen laid back on the pile of pillows, her hand between her legs, as she watched her unaware thralls fuck. Maybe she had helped the process along, but acquiring two champions who were emotionally stunted was a new level of evil

for her.

The air was filled with grunts and the slap of flesh on flesh. Belledane couldn't help herself and shoved her hand between her legs, fingering her cunt and clit while she was buggered. After sexing with Maeveen it was too easy to cum again.

When she did her bunghole tightened up on Geoffrey's cock and he couldn't help himself. With almost no warning he shot his load into her bowels and hoped she wouldn't hate him for it.

What happened next was the source of her anger.

The climax was more exquisite than he had anticipated and he found himself falling forward onto the pixie's back, crushing her wings against her body.

Belledane groaned in relief as her climax ebbed away, but her groan turned to annoyance when she realized the state of her wings.

"Get off," she ordered, elbowing Geoffrey in the ribs. "You're crushing me."

"Sorry," he muttered as he clumsily climbed off her body, catching her lower left yellow wing in the process. She cried out sharply in pain and kicked at him, unintentionally catching him in his vulnerable balls.

He grunted and rolled away, clutching his sore testicles.

The Enchantress laughed and clapped lightly. "You two are quite a pair. You both fuck beautifully, but need to work on your dismounts."

Chapter the Second

Wherein our heroes reflect on being perverts and outcasts; love will do that

They only spent a few days in Maeveen's tower before she sent them away on the quest. Those days were filled with sex and perversions that neither would have dreamt up on their own. Belledane made a note that perhaps the pixies should form an alliance with the Enchantress if only to get advice on sex from her. Pixies, whose name was synonymous with perverts, could still use advice, pointers, and new ideas.

For his part Geoffrey went along with everything suggested. He wasn't going to complain about getting to have sex with a beautiful Enchantress and randy pixie, even if they did have certain fascinations that he didn't understand.

The memories of time in bed with the two women sustained him through the morning as they headed up the mountain until finding a resting spot on the rocky and broken road where they ate lunch.

After finishing eating, Geoffrey pulled down his pants and jerked off, shooting his load all over Belledane where she sat in front of him, eagerly waiting to be bathed in his cum.

For her part, her fingers were up her cunt, jilling off, as he performed this particular act. In his defense, it was her idea.

In his prosecution, he was more than happy to go along with her suggestion.

After he had cum he watched as she wiped his sticky cum from her body and licked it from her hands.

"Do you really like that?" he asked.

"Of course! Why do you ask?"

With a shrug he said, "Most of the women I've been with have been...reluctant to get it on them let alone actually taste it."

Eyeing him, she replied. "But it's so delicious! And full of energy! What woman

wouldn’t want to eat her...lover’s seed?”

If he picked up on her slight hesitation he gave no indication. “I wouldn’t know.”

“I think you’re lucky to have me,” she told him with a wink. Most of the cum was now off her skin and she flew lightly to the small stream that paralleled the rough track they had been following. Stripping off her camiknicker she threw the cold water on her body and washed the last bits of cum from her skin.

Her little nipples became almost painfully erect in the cool air and freezing water.

Even though he had just cum, Geoffrey had to shift his cock inside his pants as it started to rise.

They didn’t have time to fuck and play around. They had a mission to accomplish at the behest of their liege, the Enchantress.

Fixing his clothes, Geoffrey tore his eyes away from Belledane’s nudity and looked up the mountain searching for the opening to the cave that Maeveen promised was there.

“Wouldn't it be easier for you just to fly to the top of the mountain?” he asked.

“Then I would have to leave you behind.” She put her camiknicker back on and adjusted her pert breasts inside it.

“So scout ahead and report back to me.”

Her eyelids half closed as she considered whether or not he was an idiot or just pretending to be one. “Do you know why pixies live in the forest?”

The mountain they were climbing wasn’t particularly difficult to ascend nor was the broken road all that rough. There was some vegetation growing along the path, watered by the thin stream. Here and there were a few scrubby trees, but nothing like the richness of the forest.

He shrugged. “No.”

“We are small and while we are not defenseless,” she paused and let some of her

magic make her fingers sparkle, “it is safer to fly among the safety of the trees and in large numbers.” She looked around pointedly. “There are precious few trees here and even smaller numbers.”

“Right makes sense. I was just thinking, if you could fly up to the top of the mountain, we could make sure our quarry is up there and this isn’t a wasted trip.”

She laughed at him. “Quarry? Do you really think we’re going to be successful?”

“In capturing the dragon? Sure? Why not?”

Her laughter petered out. “Because it will assuredly kill us. This isn’t a couple of goblins. This is a dragon.”

“I’m sure we’ll figure something out when we get there.”

“You’re bold, I like that. But I think we’re not going to survive this little journey.”

“Then why are you coming with me?”

“Because you need me,” she said carefully. “And Maeveen wanted me to. I can’t say no to her.”

“Is that why you always say yes when she asks you to eat her cunt?”

“Yes...and the fact that I want to eat her cunt.” She smiled and tried not to think about her feelings for the goofy bard. “And I couldn’t let you go alone.” She lightly flew through the air and rested her hand on his cheek before giving him a light kiss on the opposite cheek.

“That’s good to know,” he said as he mounted his horse. The motion gave him the distraction to hide his emotions. “I’m glad you’re with me. But one last question.”

“What’s that?”

“Why, when you fuck Maeveen, is she able to make you larger, human-sized if you will, but you can only shrink me down to your size? Why don’t you make

yourself larger?”

She lounged on the broad back of the horse, in front of the saddle. “Isn’t it obvious?”

“No.”

“Because when I shrink you down, I keep your clothes at their full size. You’re easier to get naked that way.”

He laughed and they were off.

If not for the unsettling knowledge that they were probably going to their doom, the ride up the mountain would have been a wonderful lover’s escape. There was no one else around (because the dragon had killed them) and the sunset from high up the mountain had more colors in it than Geoffrey thought existed (the extra colors being there from the noxious emissions of the dragon, or so he figured).

The day’s journey ended at a flat section roughly halfway up the mountain. The Enchantress had given them a tent that magically popped up and provided them more than sufficient shelter. They slept naked with a blanket, Belledane resting on Geoffrey’s chest.

Chapter the Third

Wherein our two heroes bite off more than they can chew

The day started pleasantly enough. Belledane woke first and she crawled up Geoffrey’s body to push her cunt into his face. He had woken up to worse circumstances. After he ate her to a morning glory, she returned the favor.

It was difficult for her to get any substantial portion of his cock into her mouth, but it wasn't for a lack of trying. Still, pixies were a horny race and she put forth her best efforts. She used her hands to help out.

Cumming was easy for Geoffrey. She took his load to her face without complaint because deep inside she was more than a little sexually twisted. What was worse that she wouldn’t admit to herself was that she was falling in love with the bard and she knew that would come to no good end.

Geoffrey had never had a real relationship with a woman that lasted beyond a two day affair before his partner’s husband came home. He knew that the fact that he was suddenly obsessed with everything about Belledane was a certain sign of doom for him and her.

On the plus side, his feelings for her made cumming for her that much easier.

After sex and breakfast they continued their trek upward. The day passed mostly in silence as they considered their situation.

When the path suddenly flattened out onto an expected level section of the mountain, in the distance they spied a rather large opening in a cliff face that could only be the entrance to a dragon’s lair or a stone giantess’s cunt.

Geoffrey was betting it was a dragon’s lair. He stopped the horse and considered their position.

It was Belledane who spoke first.

“If we’re supposed to go kill the dragon, why do you just have your lute and dagger and I have only my magic? Shouldn’t we be better armed and have been

given at least a magic wand to focus my spells?”

She had a good point, but Geoffrey had been giving their situation more thought than he had ever given anything else in his life.

“Maeveen didn’t specifically tell us we were supposed to kill the dragon,” he said.

Belledane flicked her eyes at him. “Oh really you think that—”

He cut her off. “She specifically said ‘I need the both of you to go take care of my dragon problem’.” He paused and rubbed his nose. “And then we were off and running.”

She considered his words. “You’re walking a fine line.”

“We don’t know what her dragon problem was, specifically.”

“So? Everyone knows that the dragon of the Separa Mountain sends an envoy once a year for a virgin sacrifice to all the surrounding kingdoms and rulers. Maybe Maeveen has a problem with that.”

“So all we have to do is convince the dragon to stop eating virgins. Easy.”

Belledane, while she had great respect for Geoffrey’s musical talents, and even more respect for his talents with his cock, didn’t think he stood a chance against a dragon.

“I don’t think this is going to be all that easy.”

He gave her his customary over-confident smile. “Just you wait and see.”

Dismounting his horse, he made sure his lute was secure on his back and started walking forward to the cave. His stomach was tight and his knees were shaking. He hadn’t been this nervous since he was a young lad, sneaking behind a barn with Mellie Strumpt for his first fuck.

He tried not to think about Mellie Strumpt because he had barely stuck it in her cunt and pumped a couple of times before pulling out and cumming all over her belly.

He hoped this first encounter went a little better.

After only going a few steps, he heard the buzz of Belledane's wings and then she alighted on his shoulder. "You don't have to come with me," he said.

"I've never cum with you," she joked to avoid the tension of the moment. "You've always been a gentleman and made sure I've cum first."

"Now's not the time for jokes."

"We're going to our deaths," she said softly. "Now's the perfect time for jokes. I don't want to leave this world screaming and crying."

"What if I was making you scream and cry because my cock was up your ass?"

"Now who's making the jokes?"

They walked on in silence. They both knew that somehow Maeveen had cast a spell on them both to compel them to confront the dragon. There was no escape.

Once they reached the entrance to the cave they paused. "Well, no bones and no poisonous gas," commented Geoffrey.

"What?"

"No victims bones," he said, indicating the small field full of wildflowers in front of the entrance. As far as they could see inside the cave, there were no bones or dead bodies either.

"Maybe the dragon disposes the bones away from the nest, like an owl," suggested Belledane.

"You aren't helping the situation," he said. Squinting into the darkness, he added, "I can't see shit."

Helpfully, Belledane worked a bit of magic and created a glowing ball that floated just above their heads. "Is that helpful?" she asked trying to keep the snideness out of her voice.

"Yeah, the dragon will be able to see us so much better now."

Still, he entered the cave with Belledane by his side, her small wings buzzing almost silently.

The cave appeared to be a natural formation, sloping down slightly as they walked, when they were a hundred yards in and the entrance was just a speck of light in the distance, the natural cave floor changed from rough rock to smoothly quarried blocks, the sort of which would be found building a city wall...or a castle.

They both stopped.

“I wasn’t expecting this,” commented Geoffrey.

“I wasn’t expecting any of this,” said Belledane.

They continued on in silence. Geoffrey had his lute out and ready to be played. His feet stopped crunching on the floor. The cave turned into an unnatural tunnel and then ended in a pair of heavy wooden doors.

“Okay. Now what?”

“Open them?” suggested Belledane.

He didn’t think he could open the huge doors by himself. They were easily each five feet across and ten feet tall. Still, he pulled on one of the large handles, expecting it either be locked or impossible to move.

It wasn’t locked.

It swung easily, but slowly, open.

The two interlopers glanced at each other and advanced cautiously forward.

Inside was a room much like any large room that would be found in a castle or keep. Magical sconces illuminated the room in a soft light. There was a large fireplace with a small fire cheerily glowing. A long wooden table took up much of the space in the room; it was surrounded by chairs enough to seat a dozen diners. A bookshelf took up one long wall; it was crammed with tomes too numerous to count. On the opposite side of the room was a bed where a young woman in a green dress was sleeping.

Or had been sleeping until Geoffrey and Belledane came in.

She sat up and fixed them with her eyes. “Hello,” she said brightly. “Who are you?”

Her voice was far too loud for Geoffrey who winced. “Shh!” he hissed at her. “Quiet. Do you want to wake the dragon?”

She looked dumbly at him.

“Let’s get her out of here,” said Belledane.

“I’m not going anywhere,” said the girl much louder than the two of them wanted. They winced together.

“Shh!” Belledane hissed. “We need to get you out of here before the dragon…” she casted about looking for the dragon. Other than one ordinary sized door in the far corner, there wasn’t any sign of where a dragon could be in the cave. “...returns,” she finished. “Where’s the dragon?” Belledane asked Geoffrey.

He shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know. I thought he was...sleeping? Isn’t that what dragons do? Sleep on gold. Abduct virgins. Burn down villages?”

The girl laughed at him. “Is that all you know about dragons?”

Geoffrey nervously glanced back and forth between Belledane and the girl. “Yeah. Pretty much.”

“Wait a moment!” Belledane interrupted. “Where is the dragon.”

The girl smiled at Geoffrey. “She’s much smarter than you.”

In the blink of an eye the girl suddenly disappeared only to be replaced by a dragon that took up much of the room. Geoffrey stumbled backwards and landed on his ass, but managed to save his precious lute from being smashed. Belledane gasped and flew backwards, both of her hands glowing with mystical energy.

Even as the dragon took up much of the room—Geoffrey estimated it was roughly the size of three huge warhorses—the room seemed to grow to accommodate the large dragon’s body. His next thought was that the dragon

would properly be classified as a she and not an it. After that he wondered what had happened to the girl's clothes and what she looked like naked. He silently cursed himself for having such lusty thoughts when he was about to die.

"Don't kill us!" he begged, tears forming in his eyes. He told himself he wasn't afraid to die, but that he didn't want to be the reason that Belledane died.

"Why shouldn't I kill you?" the dragon asked. Her voice was oddly feminine and Geoffrey wondered if he was actually hearing her voice or if it was all in his head.

"We didn't come here to hurt you," Belledane called from where she hovered half behind the open door. It wasn't much protection if the dragon attacked, but it was something.

"Why should I believe that?"

"I don't have any weapons!" Geoffrey called out. "...other than this dagger." He winced.

"I only have my magic...and it's useless against dragons," Belledane added.

The dragon gazed at them skeptically. "Then why did you come here at all? Are you two suicidal?"

"No," answered Geoffrey. "We came here to deal with Maeveen the Enchantress's problem."

"She doesn't like paying her tithe?"

Geoffrey opted not to ask what the tithe was. "I don't know. She just sent us without much instruction."

The dragon laughed at them—more specifically at Geoffrey—and said, "I think she just wanted to get rid of you. I kill and eat people, don't you know?"

Belledane popped her head up above the door. "Do you?" she asked. "Do you really? What is Maeveen's tithe? Maybe we can renegotiate with you."

"One lover a year," said the dragon. "Or she spends a night in my bed. I think

that’s very generous considering what I get from other kingdoms and mages.”

The bard and pixie looked at each other.

“Maybe she doesn’t like you eating her lovers,” Geoffrey observed.

“All of her lovers loved it. I’m a very accomplished cunnilinguist.”

Geoffrey and Belledane looked at each other again and blinked. “What?”

“I take one of her lovers every year for a night in my bed,” the dragon explained as if speaking to very small and stupid children. “I don’t kill and eat them. That’s disgusting.”

“But...what happens to these lovers?” asked Belledane.

“Sometimes I return them to where they come from. Most ask to be taken somewhere else. Who would have known that virgin girls that no one wants were so desperate to start their lives over far across the sea?”

“Right,” Geoffrey agreed. He was lost as to what to do.

“Although for the past few years Maeveen has been inviting me into her bed. I think she likes to fuck creatures other than pretty young human girls. The last time I saw her with a male lover was more than a decade ago.”

Geoffrey’s brow furrowed. “How old is she?”

“How old are you?” the dragon asked him.

“I’ve seen twenty summers!” he insisted.

“Yes,” the dragon scoffed. “Maybe next winter. You’re a liar.”

“What about you?” he retorted. “Everyone thinks you’re a scary beast that kills virgins.”

She smiled a toothy, scaly smile and folded her wings tightly to her body. “Well, I am scary when you consider that virgins would rather be with me than their parents and families.”

“Point taken.”

Belledane wasn’t as easily distracted as Geoffrey. “So...if Maeveen is fucking you on your annual visit and you aren’t in the habit of killing people, why did she send us to deal with you?”

“I think she wants a reprieve from my annual visit,” said the dragon.

“Why? I know Maeveen and she’s not going to turn down sex from a young, attractive dragon.”

Belledane might have revealed a little too much in that statement, but the group pushed by.

“I think she doesn’t like me draining her of her magical energy during sex.”

“You do that?” asked Geoffrey.

“It’s part of being a dragon.” She pretended to examine her claws, but really the motion was only to show the sharp dagger-like claws could retract like a cat’s. “I hunt and kill elk and deer. I shapechange into human form. I drain magical energy from my lovers.”

Geoffrey glanced at Belledane. “Well, that would make sense. I suppose an Enchantress like her doesn’t like being drained of her energy.”

“It comes back in a month or so,” the dragon added.

“I’ll sacrifice myself,” Geoffrey said boldly. “I’ll happily have sex with you, you can drain my energy, and we’ll call it even for the year for Maeveen.”

The dragon looked at him and then glanced at Belledane and the two females in the cave burst into laughter.

Geoffrey felt his cheeks redden. “Is there a problem?”

“Yes,” said the dragon. “You have no magical energy about you. You are worthless to me.” Her eyes narrowed on Belledane who swallowed nervously. “You, however, little pixie. I’ve never fucked a pixie before.”

“You...you haven’t?”

“No. I’m happy to try the exchange.”

Geoffrey looked nervously at his lover. “Are you sure?”

“Y-y-yes,” she stammered out.

“Excellent!” the dragon declared and in a blink she changed back to her human form. Whether by accident or design, the dragon was now undressed. Geoffrey’s jaw dropped. Of course, as a shapechanger, she could appear however she wanted, but her body was one of perfection. He wouldn’t have admitted it out loud to Belledane, but he found the dragon much more attractive than the pixie.

“Thank you,” said the dragon as she reached forward and lifted up on Geoffrey’s chin, closing his mouth. “I’ll take that as a compliment.” She was completely at ease in her skin. “My name is Randi,” she said to Belledane. “Would you like to join me in my bed?”

Belledane’s eyes were shining with lust. Her entire body was shining with lust, something that happened with pixies. She nodded eagerly. “My name’s Belledane. This is Geoffrey. He’s a bard.”

“I already guessed that. He’s a bit of a fool and he’s carried a lute to a dragon’s den. Only a bard would be so foolish.”

Geoffrey had no retort to that. Her tits were incredible and he couldn’t pull his eyes away from them.

Randi turned on her toes and walked smoothly to her bed. Both Belledane and Geoffrey stared at her perfectly sculpted buttocks. It was like a goddess had come down from the heavens and inhabited the body of a dragon who could shapechange into a lusty wench.

Belledane zipped over to Geoffrey and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. “Don’t take offense, sweetie, but right now I’d rather fuck her than you.”

“Me too,” he softly replied as he watched the pixie chase after Randi.

In midair she skimmed off her camiknicker and then cast a spell that caused her

to grow to her human-sized dimensions. She’s change to a full-sized human in order to fuck a dragon, but she wouldn’t do it for Geoffrey. He was more than a little miffed.

Geoffrey felt his cock throbbing in his pants as the two women came together on the bed and started kissing. There was only one thing for him to do.

Unslinging the lute from his shoulder, he strummed it a few times and adjusted the pitch of one string while Belledane rapidly kissed her way down Randi’s body. The dragon in human form spread her legs open and Geoffrey saw her kiss the near-goddess’s cunt as he started singing.

Violate me, in the violet time,

In the vilest way that you know!

Desecrate, savage me

Utterly ravage me

On me no mercy bestow.

To the best things in life I am cold and oblivious

Give me a man who is lewd and lascivious, to

Violate me, in the violet time,

In the vilest way that you know!

I'd never go with a man for his money,

Just find me one who will fuck like a bunny,

Desecrate, savage me

Utterly ravage me

Oh! Violate me, in the violet time!

He finished his song as Randi started panting from Belledane's talented tongue. He could only wonder what his lover was doing with the dragon. Randi flopped her head to the side and fixed Geoffrey with a gaze.

"You don't deserve her," she said.

"I know," Geoffrey agreed.

Both human-dragon and pixie started glowing with magical energy and Geoffrey had to put his hand in front of his eyes as he was blinded by the light.

Chapter the Fourth

Wherein a dragon proves she is more dangerous than any woman or man

Geoffrey blinked away the sparkles and flashes in his eyes. The two women were still on the bed together, Belledane's face between Randi's thighs. Both their bodies were still glowing and he wasn't exactly sure why. It didn't appear that the light flash had affected them.

Randi's thighs were up in the air and she was lightly moaning as Belledane ate her cunt. The enlarged pixie's now huge butterfly wings slowly flapped as she concentrated on giving her new lover the best head of her life. Geoffrey could just barely see Belledane's hand between her lover's legs as well.

Turning her head toward Geoffrey the dragon in human skin said, "Thank you."

"For what?" he asked as he adjusted his pants. He wanted to get his cock out, but somehow that seemed rude.

"For your lovely song."

Belledane picked up her head. Her cheeks and chin were wet with Randi's amrita. She was giggling. "It wasn't a lovely song. It was a dirty song. He only knows dirty songs."

Randi used her hand to shove Belledane's face back where it belonged. "It set the mood. Now make me cum." She closed her eyes and focused on the moment.

Seeing that both women were occupied and distracted, Geoffrey took the opportunity to loosen his laces and free his cock enough to start jerking off.

How many more opportunities would he have to see these two gorgeous women having sex together?

"Don't waste it," said Randi in the middle of her panting.

Geoffrey guiltily stopped handling his cock. While he had no intention of cumming while watching and jerking off—he was hoping for a bit more for himself—he wasn't going to piss off the dragon. He didn't want to get eaten or turned into a toad.

The light from the women's bodies started to intensify again. It made him wonder if that was a normal reaction when a dragon and pixie had sex, but didn't risk asking. They didn't seem disturbed by the illumination so he just relaxed.

The noises that Randi made as she approached climax weren't human. That only made sense because she wasn't human. Her legs abruptly scissored closed on Belledane's head as she flopped around, her orgasm suddenly overtaking her control. The noises she was making suddenly erupted into what could only be described as a roar.

She was a dragon after all.

After being released from Randi's scissors lock, Belledane sat up laughing and wiping the dragon's amrita from her face. "You taste like wildflowers!" she announced.

"That's good. You are an enthusiastic lover. I should have bedded a pixie earlier in my life."

Belledane actually blushed and flapped her wings in pride. "Thank you." Looking down at her naked body she noted her glowing skin. "Oh my stars and moons! Look at that!"

"It only makes you more gorgeous," Randi complimented her. "Do you like it?" she asked, indicating her own body that was glowing in a similar fashion.

Geoffrey wasn't certain but he would have sworn their tits were brighter than any other parts of their bodies, but he couldn't directly see their cunts.

"Very much."

"Good. Now it's my turn to please you." Randi reached up and pulled the pixie down to her with surprising strength.

Geoffrey groaned. He wasn't going to be able to take much more of this.

The two women rolled over, crushing Belledane's wings, but the pixie didn't seem to mind. They weren't as fragile as they appeared. Randi quickly got into the position she wanted: her mouth sucking on one of Belledane's big, firm breasts while she had one hand between the pixie's thighs and the other hand against her face, pushing a pair of fingers between Belledane's red lips.

The sound of the dragon fucking Belledane's cunt with her hand filled the air. The wet smacking sound made Geoffrey's cock throb in a need that he didn't dare give in to. It was a passionate, desperate sort of sex that Geoffrey admired. Right away Belledane seemed at the mercy of Randi. She was breathing heavily and making the noises that Geoffrey had come to associate with her orgasming.

When she came, it was lovely. Geoffrey could see a little gush of amrita from her cunt. She arched her back in the moment of passion. She sucked greedily on Randi's fingers.

The cruel dragon didn't give her a chance to recover. She kept fucking Belledane's cunt with her fingers. The pixie cumming only seemed to encourage Randi. If Belledane wanted to stop, she didn't seem capable of doing so. She writhed around, but Randi was in complete control. They couldn't have stopped if they wanted to. The only real change in their actions was when Randi switched which tit she was suckling from.

It all happened so fast that Geoffrey didn't have time to react or say anything. Belledane seemed to go through a series of climaxes, each more powerful than the last. She was completely in Randi's power. And then, almost abruptly, the glow faded from her skin and her wings shrank back to nothing, but she remained a full-sized woman.

Only when she was boringly plain did Randi release her.

"Sorry," the dragon apologized but it sounded insincere, "but I need your magical energy."

Belledane pulled away from the dragon in human form. Geoffrey got a quick glance at her back. Her wings were gone, as if they had never been there. Her skin no longer glowed, not even with magical energy, but even the normal glow she always seemed to have about her was gone.

He didn't want to admit it, but her face, always beautiful to him before, was now

rather plain. She wasn't ugly, but she was...boring. Geoffrey wouldn't have noticed her in a crowd and wouldn't have sung her a song in a pub.

Or maybe he would have if he was that desperate for a fuck.

He pushed that thought aside in shame. "What the fuck did you do to her?" he demanded of the dragon.

"Just borrowed her magical energy," Randi replied casually. "Don't worry. She'll be fine after a few days." The dragon, still in human form, rolled over on the bed and aimed her flawless ass at Geoffrey. He could see the wetness of her cunt and her swollen labia, pink with desire. He could smell her scent—wildflowers as Belledane had announced—and knew what she wanted. "You seem unfulfilled. I think your lover is a bit exhausted. Would you care to spend your lust on me?"

Unable to resist, Geoffrey stepped forward. He laid down his lute and started taking off his clothes as he approached the bed. His cock was fully erect as he kicked off his boots and pulled down his pants.

From where she was panting, exhausted, on the bed, Belledane caught his eye.

"I'm sorry," he apologized to her. "I have to."

"I know," she replied. "It's fine. Really it is."

The bed seemed larger when he got on it than it initially appeared. He crawled up behind Randi, his cock in hand, and got into position behind her. He knew that she wanted something from him, something other than just sex, and she was going to get it whether he wanted to give it to her or not.

His cock fitted easily and smoothly into her cunt. Although he swore this about every woman—or pixie or enchantress or elf or dragon—he fucked, it felt like the perfect cunt to him. It was heaven embedded inside a woman's body. He fucked her hard and fast and didn't have any control of himself.

Though Geoffrey had availed himself to all manner of women...and men...and a pixie…and a couple of elves...and an Enchantress, but never before had he been worried about the consequences while in the middle of the act. He worried, but it wasn't enough to stop him while in the middle of the act. He actually feared displeasing Randi more than he feared what might happen down the road.

It took all of his lusty energy to hold back from cumming right away. After two pumps he was ready to blast his load into Randi's hot cunt, but he reminded himself he wasn't just a bard; he was a gentleman as well. At least when it came to sex and pleasing his partners.

"Do you want me to cum in you or on you?" he asked while aching to cum.

"In me," she grunted. "Make me cum first."

"Of course."

There were only so many images of dead puppies he could summon up before he either went soft or came.

He opted to cum and hoped that the hot injection of spunk into her cunt was enough to get her off at least once.

The moans and groans he let out as his climax abated did nothing to mollify Randi's disappointment.

"Your partner is a better lover than you," the dragon pointed out.

"I'm sorry," Geoffrey moaned. "I held out for as long as I could, but you had me watching you two—"

"You could have turned your back."

"But then my imagination would have gotten the best of me!" he wailed.

Randi pushed him out of her bed with her feet, much to Belledane's amusement. "Get out and sing us another song. Prove you aren't completely useless."

Geoffrey hurried across the room and snatched up his lute. It was still in tune so he quickly started the first song that came to mind.

A young man lately in our town,

He went to bed one night;

He had no sooner laid him down

But was troubled with a sprite.

So vigorously the spirit stood

Let him do what he can,

"Sure then," he said, “it must be laid

By woman not by man.”

A handsome maid did undertake

And into bed she leaped;

And to allay the spirit's power

Full close to him she crept.

She having such a guardian care

Her office to discharge,

She opened wide her conjuring book

And laid the leaves at large.

Her office she did well perform

Within a little space;

Then up she rose, and down he lay

And durst not show his face.

She took her leave and away she went

When she had done the deed,

Saying, "If it chance to come again

Then send for me with speed!"

Belledane was slowly shaking her head to her lover and his misguided attempt at a song that would soothe the dragon's anger but not her ardor. "I told you that every song he knows is about sex, didn't I?"

"No, but he's a bard, isn't he? It only makes sense that's all he knows." Randi smiled at Belledane in amusement. The large pixie had to look away to avoid bursting out in laughter.

"I know songs that aren't just about sex!" Geoffrey protested. He strummed his lute a few times, trying to find the right key, but then realized that he couldn't think of a song he knew that didn't at least touch on sexual innuendo, let alone blatantly talk about sex.

The two females giggled at Geoffrey's impotence and ineptitude. He put down the lute and was about to storm off when he realized he had nowhere to storm off to. Instead he threw himself into a chair and crossed his legs and arms in anger. This served to cover his shriveled cock and communicate his anger.

"Fine. Laugh," he muttered.

They giggled at each other. Randi turned her head to Belledane and reached out, tilting the pixie's face back towards hers. "Care to go again?"

Belledane was torn. She was more than a little angry at having lost her wings and was, temporarily at the very least, trapped in a very drab and boring human body. But she was also a lusty pixie at heart. Nothing would please her more than fucking Randi again. Still, she couldn't make it easy for Randi.

Imitating Geoffrey, she folded her arms over her substantial chest. "Hmph!

You've stolen my magic and my wings! Why would I want to fuck you again?"

Pressing in fast and close, Randi planted a light kiss on the pixie's lips. "It's only temporary. Your magic will return in a few days. Your wings will regrow."

"Doesn't mean I want to reward you with more sex."

Geoffrey watched the exchange with interest from his position on the hard wooden chair. He wanted to encourage the pixie to fuck Randi again, but that was for his own amusement, he told himself. Wisely, he kept quiet.

"I was thinking of rewarding you," said Randi.

"I've already had sex with you," Belledane retorted. "What do you have new to offer me?"

The dragon in a woman's skin considered this a moment and then nodded. "That's a good point." She pulled back from Belledane and started glowing. It only lasted a couple of seconds and then, with another flash of light, Randi worked some magic.

When Geoffrey looked back at the dragon he didn't notice any effects of the spell. Then he took a second look at the dragon and saw the change. Randi was a beautiful woman, but he was an even more beautiful man.

The dragon was still naked, but his breasts had shriveled up to become hard pectoral muscles, his cunt had disappeared and grown a rather impressive cock. His luscious hair was still long, but seemed thicker. Geoffrey wasn't that particular about his female lovers, but he was choosy about the men he fucked.

He would have done anything to fuck the transformed dragon.

"Can I fuck you again?" His voice was much deeper and Geoffrey was jealous because it had to be a beautiful singing voice. He was going to answer the dragon when Belledane took a good look at her bed companion and her reluctance to fuck again vanished.

"Oh my stars and moons!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know you could do that."

"I can take almost any form I wish."

Belledane reached out and cupped the dragon's impressive human cock. It started rising at her touch. "You should have told me this earlier," she said as she leaned forward to take the rising cock into her mouth.

The dragon grinned down at the pixie giving her head and then glanced over at Geoffrey who was gaping at the pair.

"Don't worry, you'll get your chance," he said to Geoffrey.

"Okay, Randi, okay," he replied as he shifted in his chair. His cock was getting hard and it was difficult to sit properly with his legs crossed. It wasn't that he was shy, but he didn't want to be stared at while he got harder. It didn't matter. The dragon in male human skin moved his attention back to Belledane.

"Call me Randy," he said.

"Not Randi?"

"Randy," Belledane breathed as the handsome dragon rolled on top of her. She opened his legs to him and the pair kissed.

Seeing that they were occupied with each other, Geoffrey stood up for a better view and started stroking his cock. He resolved not to make himself cum, but he wanted the entertainment.

It was not exotic or unusual sex the two were having. Other than knowing Randy was a shapeshifting dragon and Belledane was an enlarged pixie, the sex they were having was perfectly ordinary.

Geoffrey wasn't above a little voyeurism, but this was almost dull. The sounds that Belledane were making were commonplace during sex; he had heard plenty of it during his tours through whorehouses. With Randy on top of her, he admired the muscular man's buttocks and technique, but that was about it.

He briefly wondered what would happen if Randy impregnated her. Was even such a thing possible? He wasn't familiar with the reproductive life of dragons or pixies, but they both existed so they had offspring in some manner.

The pixie locked her ankles behind the dragon's back, low on his waist, as he began fucking her in an almost violent fashion. Geoffrey appreciated this but

slowed his hand on his cock. He wasn't going to cum too soon. He was going to wait.

It didn't last all that long. Randy was half trapped by Belledane's legs, but not really because he easily could have broken free. Instead, he just fucked her harder. When he came, he made a weird grunting noise. This seemed to please Belledane and she tightened the grip of her legs around his waist as she came.

Seeing that they were coming down from the orgasmic high, Geoffrey, in opposition to every urge he had in his body, forced his hand away from his cock and peered at them like he had been watching intently the entire time and hadn't been jerking off while doing it.

Finally Belledane's ankles unlocked and Randy was freed. He rolled off her with a heavy flop on the bed. Geoffrey couldn't help himself and found himself staring at the dragon's impressive cock.

"She's a good fuck either way," Randy declared.

"Either way?" Geoffrey asked, still staring at his cock. Belledane was too exhausted to form words.

"Whether I'm fucking her male or female," Randy clarified. He noticed that Geoffrey's gaze hadn't wavered from his cock. "I enjoy it either way. What about you?"

"Enjoy it?"

"Either way?"

Geoffrey nervously licked his lips. Belledane had seemed to recover from her orgasm and was watching him and Randy with interest. Randy's cock had deflated a bit, and was lying heavily against his thigh. It was wet and sticky. Geoffrey couldn't help but wonder what the cock tasted like. It had to be a combination of cunt and spunk.

He wanted to taste the combination.

"Yeah. Either way. Do you...do you want me to?"

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t want you to.”

In the moment Geoffrey wanted it more than anything else. He could feel the compulsion of Maeveen’s spell in the back of his mind, but that was a minor concern at the moment. He was only interested in Randy’s cock. Since Randy was inviting him, there wasn’t any risk in approaching the man.

As Geoffrey padded across the stone floor toward the bed and the wool rug, he reflected on the situation. While he had had more than a couple of male lovers, including Juppar the elf, Geoffrey was always a bit nervous about going into an encounter with a man.

But then again, Randy wasn’t really a man, was he?

Then what, exactly, was he?

Geoffrey pushed that thought aside and joined the two on the bed. He had other, more important, concerns to deal with.

Randy laid back and let Geoffrey take the lead. It was an easy act. Geoffrey knew exactly what he wanted to do.

Picking up the other man’s cock, he could feel the warmth of blood flow through the organ. It was pulsing gently as he lowered his mouth on it. Feeling Randy’s cock in his mouth actually gave him a feeling of relief. Giving head was as good as he remembered. He tasted the familiar musky molasses and vanilla flavor of Belledane’s cunt and a sparkling flavor that had to be Randy’s spunk.

Greedily he sucked off their combined juices. This not only served to feed Geoffrey’s need to consume his lover’s fluids, but also made Randy’s cock grow. While the dragon was a shapechanger, he could have formed himself with a huge, impossible cock, but Randy was a reasonable being and made his proportions realistic.

That didn’t mean he was small. His cock easily filled all of Geoffrey’s mouth and soon he was struggling to keep from gagging. That didn’t stop him from slurping on Randy’s cock and fondling his balls. He was enjoying himself and was going to take every advantage of the moment that he could.

He wasn’t exactly sure where he was going, but the journey was more than

worth it. Geoffrey was having some trouble holding up his body with one arm while he held Randy's cock with the other while giving head. He wasn't sure how he was going to handle Randy's orgasm.

He didn't have to figure it out.

"I don't want to waste it in your mouth," Randy said, pushing Geoffrey away.

"You don't?" Geoffrey was confused.

Randy didn't say anything else. Using his bigger body and its inherent strength, he pushed Geoffrey over on his back. Both men's cocks were fully erect and Randy's was soaked with Geoffrey's saliva and his precum.

It was almost pleasant to be roughly handled by a lover eager to use him. Randy was an experienced lover and quickly got the bard where he wanted him. It was surprising to have another man's cock at his asshole, but Geoffrey went with it. He had fucked other men in the same fashion before, but had never been on the receiving side. This was a new and exciting experience for him.

It took some effort on Randy's part and some forced relaxation on Geoffrey's part, but eventually he felt himself being penetrated in a manner that was foreign and welcome at the same time. Before Geoffrey could fully organize his thoughts, Randy was fucking him like he would a woman. Geoffrey's hand went to his hard cock and he started stroking himself.

"Are you a natural or have you done this before?" Randy asked, but glanced over at Belledane who had her hand between her thighs, jilling off to the sight of the two men fucking in what was both a natural expression of male lust and a completely unnatural expression of sexuality. He nodded at the pixie who was enjoying herself immensely.

"I've done it before," Geoffrey grunted, moving his legs further apart to let the dragon have his way.

Randy nodded, his long hair falling into his face, and said, "You seem like the sort to enjoy being buggered."

"What?!" Geoffrey was a bit offended, though it was hard to be offended when he was naked with dragon-man's cock up his ass while he was jerking himself

off. He was enjoying it, but he didn't like what Randy was implying. "No—" he started to complain, but Randy sank all the way deeply into Geoffrey's ass and the protest devolved into a groan of pleasure.

"No? You just said…" and now Randy leaned down to kiss Geoffrey. His tongue was probing and insistent. Geoffrey's hands left his cock and went to hold the dragon's face. He broke the kiss. "You just said you've done this before."

"I've fucked other men before," Geoffrey panted. "Not been fucked...but I like it."

Randy laughed at him. "I'm sure you do." He pulled back a bit and adjusted his stance. He was on his knees now, and put Geoffrey's thighs over his, sitting up to display his finely chiseled torso to the bard who was on his back. His thrusts weren't deeply penetrating now, but they were hitting the right spot and Geoffrey was having trouble focusing. He grabbed his knees and held on for the ride.

Knowing he was near the end, Randy continued his thrusts and grabbed Geoffrey's cock, stroking it in time with his movements. Geoffrey didn't last much longer. He couldn't. He wanted this to last forever, but that quickly ended with his cock suddenly erupted, shooting his cum all over his stomach and chest and Randy's hand.

His tight asshole clamped down on Randy's cock, signaling to the dragon it was time to finish. He pulled out and pumped his own cock once, then twice, and shot his load all over Geoffrey, adding to the thick white fluid all over the bard's body.

Belledane was there in an instant, licking up their combined spunk.

Geoffrey saw no need to stop her. Besides, her warm tongue on his skin was almost refreshing.

"It's been a while since I've encountered anyone as lusty as the two of you," said Randy as he levered himself off the bed and landed on his feet in a move designed to display his athletic prowess.

"Th-thank you?" Geoffrey said with uncertainty.

"You're welcome," the dragon politely replied. If nothing else, Geoffrey was

confused by the dragon's welcoming attitude. He had been expecting to die in a draconic inferno or be ripped to shreds and consumed. He had never expected to fuck a dragon...even if it was a dragon in human form. Who was both male and female.

Naked with his cock now limp on his stomach, Geoffrey felt incredibly vulnerable, even with Belledane next to him. A being that could shapechange into a dragon and who knew what else in addition to probably being able to work all sorts of magic made one re-evaluate one's life condition. He didn't know what to do or say, so he just lay there, watching Randy who moved easily about the lair, stretching and displaying his body.

For her part, Belledane was watching as well, but she had the advantage of having something to do, namely licking the cum off Geoffrey's body. They were both thinking the same thing: when were they going to be able to fuck Randy again? Their second thought was: is the dragon going to kill us?

Belledane had a third thought: when am I going to get my wings back?

She voiced this thought as Randy turned his back to them, displaying his rock-hard buttocks that strained as he stretched, showing off his back and shoulder muscles. There were worse ways to die, thought Belledane, as she imagined being fucked to death by the dragon in any form.

"The best way to get your magic and wings back is a lot of sex," Randy advised, turning his head to the side so they got to see his hawk-like profile.

"How...how did you know I was going to ask that?" Belledane stuttered out. It was enough to make her stop licking up the cum from Geoffrey's stomach. It was mostly gone at this point anyway.

"Dragons are telepathic," he replied. "Well, mildly telepathic. It depends upon the person I'm trying to talk with. The closer the connection, the better the communication."

"I didn't know that."

Randy smiled. It was the condescending smile of a man who knew he was completely in charge of the situation because the woman talking to him was his physical, intellectual, emotional, and economic inferior. "You do now. I

encourage you to say here and let me fuck you as much as possible. How creative are you when it comes to getting fucked?”

Belledane didn’t say anything, but she blushed. Geoffrey was amazed. He didn’t think the pixie had any shame when it came to sex.

Randy turned fully back to them. His impressive cock started to rise which made Geoffrey wonder how often dragons needed or wanted to fuck. “I’d say that’s pretty creative and perverted.”

Belledane turned a brighter red.

He leveled his gaze at the pair on the bed. I need to leave for a bit. Don’t go anywhere. They heard the words in their minds but didn’t have time to react to that before, with a now familiar flash of light, Randy changed back into a dragon with wings and scales and a long, sinuous neck. He—or maybe she—pushed open the large wooden doors that closed the lair off from the cave and quickly exited.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” said Geoffrey as he scrambled out of bed and started gathering his clothes.

“That it would be interesting to be fucked by him when he’s an actual dragon. What does dragon dick feel like?” Her eyes were unfocused and her expression dreamy.

“No. I was thinking that now is the perfect time to escape.” He started dressing but slowed when Belledane spoke.

“I’m not leaving until I get my wings and magic back.”

“He—she?—said it would return.”

“Yeah. Eventually. I want to fuck her...or him...as much as I can so I get it back faster. Besides, we’re not leaving yet.”

He scoffed at her. “Why not?” His boots were on and he was lacing up his pants. All he had to do was pull on his pack and lute case and they were ready to go.

Except they weren’t.

He sat down on the wooden chair.

“The geas spell the Enchantress put on us,” he muttered.

“Yeah. I want to leave, but I know I can’t.”

Geoffrey sighed. “Fuck! Same for me.” He sighed again. “What do we do?”

“We wait for Randy to come back.”

Chapter the Fifth

Wherein a randy couple meets Randi's lovers...and other strangers

There wasn't much to do in the dragon's lair. Geoffrey and Belledane could have read one of the many books that Randi had collected, but neither were in the mood. What they did have was a large, comfortable bed. They slept. Geoffrey didn't worry about his horse. He was reasonably sure it was a magical horse that the Enchantress had summoned for him and would be fine until he returned to it.

Because of the lack of sunlight, when Geoffrey awoke, he wasn't certain what time it was, day or night, morning or evening, but he was almost positive he was about to die.

Since he was a bard, he had had more than his fair share of blades pointed at him, usually by jealous lovers, but also from those whom he had cheated out of a pot of coins while gambling. It was a testament to Geoffrey's charm and personality—along with his ability to flee on fleet feet—that he was still alive.

This blade was bigger than any he had ever faced before. And probably sharper. It was definitely wielded by a woman who was angrier than any he had ever faced; usually the women that were angry at him were happy to see him go. It was the men who wanted him dead.

He didn't know how to react and couldn't even form words to protest.

"Who are you?!" the angry woman demanded. "What are you doing here? Where is Randi?"

Her words were enough to wake up Belledane, who had been sleeping next to Geoffrey. She scrambled away, clutching the blankets to her body, not out of an act of modesty, but of self-preservation. Geoffrey did take enough time to note that Belledane was still fully human. Her wings hadn't regrown while they slept and she hadn't shrunk back down to pixie size.

“I-I-I-I,” Geoffrey stuttered out. He noted the blade was glowing with a faint yellow light. That detail didn’t make him feel any better.

“Out with it!” the woman demanded. She was wearing leather armor covered with metal studs. Her face was exceptionally plain and she had a faint scar running down the side of her jaw. Her hair was black and her eyes were dark. Her face was sun tanned, and had most likely gotten that way because of all the time she spent outside killing people, or so Geoffrey surmised.

“I don’t know!” he blurted.

Her face soured, something Geoffrey had thought would be impossible, considering how sour her face already was. “What don’t you know!” she demanded.

“I don’t know!” He was terrified out of his mind and wished she would just run him through with her sword.

“We don’t know where Randi is,” Belledane blurted out, trying to save her lover from having his head removed in a most untimely fashion from his shoulders.

“Don’t you mean Randy?” Geoffrey asked, flicking his eyes at the pixie.

“Fucking demons on a trident, Geoff!” she cursed at him. “Now’s not the time! Randi or Randy, does it make a fucking bit of difference?”

Seeing the sharp blade only inches from his throat, he slowly shook his head. “No, I suppose it doesn’t.”

The enraged warrior had been following their conversion but was clearly confused about what she was hearing. Frustrated, she pulled the sword back and grabbed Geoffrey by his face. She was wearing rough leather gauntlets and they scraped against his cheeks. “I’m going to repeat my question because you are obviously very stupid. Who in the name of the five devils of Hogarth are you?”

“Brthry!” Geoffrey managed to say around her squeezing.

The warrior’s eyes narrowed even further. She dropped his face. “Repeat,” she ordered.

“Geoffrey. This is Belledane.” They were both naked and he felt vulnerable, but then he remembered who he was; this was no way to properly introduce himself. Clearing his throat he rubbed his scratched cheeks and clarified. “I am Geoffrey Goodrick, Bard of Renown, I’m sure you’ve heard of me.” He didn’t give his customary pause because it seemed too risky in the moment. “And this is my pixie companion, Belledane Wormhole.” Taking in a breath he asked, “And who are you?”

The warrior ignored his question. “Where is Randi?” she demanded.

“That time I definitely heard Randi,” Geoffrey said to Belledane.

“Whatever,” the pixie said with a roll of her eyes.

“Well!?” the warrior demanded.

“I don’t know,” Geoffrey said with confidence. “The dragon who lives here had to step out.” The moment the words were out of his mouth he realized that was not the right answer.

The sword came back to rest its tip at the notch in his collarbone. “Why would Randi leave you here alone?”

“Haven’t the faintest,” Geoffrey said honestly. Using one finger he carefully pushed the sword aside. “But I’m sure she’s going to return shortly.” He hoped that was true.

“As to your last question, Randi invited us here and well, one thing led to another, you know how it is, and the three of us wound up in bed together.” As if the thought just occurred to him he asked, “If you’re looking to come here and slay the dragon to save an innocent virgin, I can assure you that neither of us are virgins.”

“I’m looking for Randi,” she said. “We are...friends.”

Smiling with confidence he hadn’t earned, Geoffrey said, “Well, any friend of Randi is a friend of ours….I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your name.”

“I didn’t give it.”

“Do you mind if I call you Valda then?” he asked, plucking a name at random.

“Cahira,” she replied.

“Very pretty,” he complimented her. His finger was still on the end of the sword, keeping it at bay. He had no doubt Cahira could kill them both without any difficulty considering that Belledane was currently without magic and he was without his lute.

“It means warrior,” she all but spat at him, abruptly pulling back the broadsword and sheathing it in the scabbard at her waist. Glancing around the room she noted, “No signs of a struggle. No blood. I doubt you two are smart enough to hide a body. I’ll wait until Randi returns.” She backed off and sat down in the wooden chair previously occupied by Geoffrey when he was watching Randy and Belledane have sex.

He didn’t mention that to Cahira.

“An excellent idea. I believe I saw some wine bottles on the shelves,” said Geoffrey as he easily got out of the bed and headed toward the shelves that were stuffed with books, plus the wine he had spied. “How about a drink?”

“You’re a liar,” said Cahira.

“I can assure you that I saw the bottles. They’re right over there.” He pointed, indicating the dark green bottles lined up on the shelf.

“You say she’s a pixie and you’re a bard. She has no wings and is far too...large. You...you’re more of a jester than a bard.”

Standing naked in the middle of Randi’s lair it was hard to prove his earlier assertions. He had been heading toward the wine, but instead he changed directions and found his lute case on the floor.

“I can easily prove I’m a bard,” he said, picking up the lute, giving it a loving caress, and playing the first song that came to mind. It wasn’t the first time he was naked while playing a tune for two women. It wouldn’t be the last either.

Last Saturday night young Nancy laid sleeping

And into her bedroom young Johnny went a-creeping

With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

He said: Lovely Nancy, may I come to bed to you?

She smiled and replied: John, I'm afraid you'll undo me

With your long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to your knee

His small clothes fell from him and into bed tumbled

She laughed in his face when his breeches he fumbled

With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

“My breeches fit tight, love, I cannot undo them”

She smiled and replied: “John, you must take a knife to them”

With your long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to your knee

“My knife will not cut, love, it ain't worth a cinder”

She smiled and replied: “John, there's two on the window”

With your long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to your knee

He picked up the knife and he unrest his breeches

The knife it was sharp and it cut through the stitches

With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled

Before daylight i' the morning Nancy's nightgown he crumpled

With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

Now nine months being past, it fell on a Sunday

A child it was born with a knife-mark in the window

With a long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

After he finished the song with a flourish, his foot up on a chair, his cock waving back and forth with the motions of his body, Belledane explained, “All of his songs are about sex.”

“I’m not surprised,” said Cahira. “He is a bard after all, isn’t he. Isn’t his entire life just a series of attempts at getting women in bed?

“Yes,” Belledane answered far too quickly.

Geoffrey was offended. “Hey! It takes a lot of talent and practice to sing and play at the same time!”

“It certainly does,” Belledane giggled. “I’ll be happy when you’re done practicing and start playing professionally.”

Cahira was more circumspect in her evaluation of Geoffrey's skills. "You have great talent with the lute."

"You should see my work with the skin flute," he commented softly.

If she heard him, she chose to ignore the off-color remark. "You also have a very pretty voice."

Taking this to heart, Geoffrey pretended to doff his hat from his head (it was sitting on top of the pile of his clothing on the floor), and bowed to the warrior. "I thank you kindly. And you are correct, my pretty voice has gotten many a maiden's cunt moist."

"I'm not looking to get laid...by you," Cahira said flatly. She then cast her gaze over at Belledane and gave the naked pixie a meaningful look.

Belledane was both flattered and a bit addled. She didn't have any clothes to put on and was so reluctant to get out from under the sheet that concealed most of her nudity, however, she wouldn't have minded bedding the warrior...if she hadn't just been threatening to kill Geoffrey.

"Who are you looking to get laid by?" Geoffrey asked, willing to work any opening he could if an opportunity presented itself to him.

"Isn't it obvious?" Cahira asked him.

He lifted his chin as if he knew the answer, but then said, "Uh...no, that's why I'm asking."

"I came here looking for Randi," she replied as if Geoffrey was an idiot.

She wasn't completely wrong in his assessment.

"Oh." He was a little miffed that his song hadn't worked on her. "Uh...did you mean Randi or Randy?"

Her eyes narrowed again. "What do you mean?"

"Never mind," said Belledane as she rose out of the bed. She had reminded herself that she was a pixie and she wasn't ashamed of her body or her sexuality.

Perhaps Cahira was just another opportunity for her...and Geoffrey. “We’re temporary guests of Randi and we’re waiting for her to return as well. She said she wouldn’t be gone long.”

“Did you fuck her?” Cahira directed the question to Geoffrey which made Belledane nervous. It meant that Cahira wasn’t attracted to her body or, worse, Cahira was truly in love with the dragon.

Geoffrey held his lute protectively in front of his cock, as if that would do him any good if the warrior decided to attack him with her broadsword. “Why do you ask?”

Cahira laughed at him. “Because she fucks anything that moves, that’s pretty enough, that’s intriguing enough. You’re pretty enough,” she said, continuing to address Geoffrey and ignoring Belledane much to the pixie’s annoyance, “but you’re plainly an idiot. Randi doesn’t suffer fools easily.”

“I think she appreciated my music,” Geoffrey explained.

A nod from Cahira confirmed that theory. “She is a sucker for entertainment.”

“Were you planning a tryst with Randi?” Belledane asked gently as she approached the armored and armed warrior. She moved her body carefully. She wasn’t used to having to move much without the support of her wings; she was off-balance.

“Planning? No. But when I do have an opportunity to journey this way…”

“Would you like me to help you prepare for her?” Belledane continued on her line of inquiry. “Or does the dragon appreciate you in your armor and smelling like you’ve been on the trail for...weeks.”

The warrior laughed at her and nodded. “You are a clever one.” She looked Belledane up and down as if seeing her for the first time, inspecting her body carefully. “And a pretty one at that. Much more appealing than him.” She jerked a thumb at Geoffrey who was beginning to feel left out. “Did you fuck Randi?”

Believing that lying was just going to get her into trouble, Belledane opted for the truth. “I did. It was...it was a life-altering experience.”

“Aye,” the warrior agreed. “That’s why I’m here.”

Geoffrey and Belledane exchanged a glance. “So...you came here to have sex with Randi?” Belledane asked, voicing the question they had both been thinking.

“Yes.” Cahira was honest, at least. “Why? Does it surprise you?”

Belledane rolled her shoulders. “Not especially. I know a pixie who flew through the entire forest, over the Grayhead Mountains and through the Red Desert just for a chance to fuck the princess of the western pixie empire. He said it was worth the journey, but I have my doubts.”

“Why?”

She smiled at Cahira. “He came back home.”

“Oh.”

“But I’m sure it was worth the journey to find out. Would you like me to help you out of your armor?” It was almost a casual question, but it was loaded with innuendo.

“Do you know how uncomfortable it is to wear armor all the time?” asked Cahira.

“No idea. I don’t wear it myself.”

“I only wear it when I have to. I’d love for you to help me take it off.”

Geoffrey took a few steps back and watched closely, but silently, as Belledane assisted the warrior in removing her armor. He’d watched plenty of women perform a strip tease in a whore house before. Those shows were nice. He’d seen plenty of women do a double or triple striptease, those were even better. But neither compared to watching his naked lover undress a warrior in heavy leather armor.

At first it was a bit difficult for Belledane because she was unfamiliar with armor removal, but she quickly got the idea behind it. When the armor was removed and carefully arranged on a stand that Randi must have kept in the lair for just this purpose, Belledane didn’t stop undressing the warrior.

Geoffrey wasn't surprised that Belledane didn't stop. He was surprised that Cahira didn't stop Belledane from assisting her in removing the cotton undergarment she wore to protect her skin from the leather armor.

He was very interested as more and more of her skin was revealed. She was most definitely a warrior. There were scars all over her body, some small, some large. A few that looked like the wound would have killed her. She had a few tattoos as well, one that Geoffrey recognized as the insignia of an army unit from King Vallace's army, a kingdom on the other side of the Red Desert.

The tattoos and scars only served to enhance her body, to make it sexier than Geoffrey would have imagined. Her tits were small, high and firm, with small nipples and dark brown areola. She had more muscles than any woman Geoffrey had ever seen, and more muscles than most men as well. Her stomach was flat and firm showing abdominal muscles rivaling any man's, but her hips swelled out like a woman's. Geoffrey didn't deny himself the pleasure of viewing her cunt. It was mostly hidden by tight black curls, but he swore he could see her dark pink lips pouting between her thighs and dew glistening on the hair.

In her undressing, Belledane hadn't needed to remove the warrior's boots, so she was left wearing knee high suede boots that, instead of making her look ridiculous, only made her sexier in Geoffrey's eyes. He had to lower the lute on his body so that his now hard cock wasn't on display.

He didn't have much to worry about. Belledane had seen his hard cock plenty of times and Cahira only had eyes for the pixie.

She turned around and Geoffrey was suddenly aware of how much she towered over Belledane. Cahira wasn't a beautiful woman, but she had a body that men would die for, literally and metaphorically. Her buttocks weren't saggy and fat, but were as lean and taut as the rest of her body. She reached out to the pixie and tilted up Belledane's chin.

The pixie had to go up on her toes and Cahira had to bend down, but when they kissed, he could feel his cock pushing his lute away from his body. He lifted it up over his swollen organ and settled it back into place. If the women wanted some mood music or a tune for inspiration, he was ready, but for the moment, he just watched.

The kiss lasted a long time and Geoffrey considered jerking off while they

kissed. He had plenty of time, but then the kiss ended and Belledane stumbled back, her eyes glowing with lust.

“Wow,” she breathed.

Cahira looked down at the pixie. “Have you ever been with a woman before?”

“Yes...many, but none like you.”

Her smile wasn’t evil, but it was almost predatory. “None like me?”

“Big and strong and powerful and...and sexy. Different from the other women.” She paused and shyly moved forward again, her big breasts mashing into Cahira’s firm abdomen. She lifted up her chin again and pulled Cahira’s face down to hers for another quick kiss. “Do you think Randi will mind if we…”

“We’re both allowed other lovers.”

Those were sweet words to Geoffrey’s ears.

“I’m...glad to hear that.”

Cahira drew Belledane over to the bed. This was not a first time for either of them but it was the first time they were together. They were going to fuck in a bed that belonged to neither of them but to a lover they had in common.

The warrior laid down on the bed and drew Belledane on top of her. They kissed again, their breasts pressing together. Cahira’s hands went to Belledane’s finely curved ass, gripping it, feeling the other woman’s response.

There was no encouragement needed as Belledane kissed her way down the warrior’s body. She paused at all the right locations: tattoos, scars, nipples, belly button, and then right at the top of the dark triangle of curls.

“Have you ever screamed in battle?” Belledane asked her.

“You see my scars?”

“Yes.”

“Then yes, I’ve screamed in battle.”

“Have you screamed during sex?” Belledane ran her tongue along the top edge of the woman’s pubic triangle.

“A few times,” she admitted.

“With Randi?”

“Yes.”

“Good. That gives me a goal.” Using her much smaller arms and hands, she pushed Cahira’s legs wider, opening up her cunt, and descended to the heaven that Cahira offered.

Cahira groaned a little as Belledane’s clever tongue sought out her clit. A pair of fingers explored the opening to her sex. The room was silent other than for Cahira’s ragged breathing, the moist sound of Belledane’s tongue of Cahira’s cunt, and Geoffrey’s hand slowly pumping up and down on his rigid cock.

Geoffrey was impressed with his lover’s enthusiasm for going down on Cahira, a woman she had just met. While pixies were certainly a lusty race, that couldn’t have been the only reason that she wanted to have sex with Cahira. The adventure of having sex with a human woman? Maybe. Perhaps she was trying to distract the warrior from trying to kill Geoffrey. There was a chance that Belledane wanted to put Cahira in a compromising position. Geoffrey was betting that it was something more, like his music.

It had that effect on women.

And men.

And members of all races.

He could just barely seen his lover’s cunt as she crouched between Cahira’s legs. Her cunt was getting dripping wet just from eating out the other woman. He wondered what would happen if he just approached Belledane on the bed and started fucking her. He had a hard cock. Her knees were on the edge of the bed with her cunt exposed; she was practically offering him the opportunity to fuck her.

At that moment Cahira’s pants changed rapidly in pitch. She didn’t exactly

scream in orgasm but she clutched Belledane's face to her cunt while she sat half upright with an expression halfway between pure bliss and absolute terror.

"Fuck! Yes! Now!"

Far be it for Geoffrey to judge others for their reactions during the little death of sex, but he found Cahira's words rather bland and common.

When the warrior dropped back to the bed, Belledane raised her face, covered in the woman's amrita, and not bothering to wipe away the liquid, asked, "Was it good for you?"

Cahira's response was to shove Belledane's face back to her cunt. "Keep going!"

Belledane complied.

Geoffrey really wanted to jerk off now. Even if he didn't have the opportunity to fuck Belledane or Cahira he needed to blow his load.

"There is very little in this world that is as beautiful as two women making love."

The words weren't exactly whispered in his ear, but they weren't exactly spoken either. Geoffrey turned slightly and was startled to find Randi's large reptilian face next to his. She—or he?—was in dragon form, which was in no way human. She should have been too big to have moved so quietly, but there she was right next to him.

It took all of his self-control not to jump away in fear. He was still shaken enough to move slightly away.

"What the fuck, my guy!" Geoffrey still exclaimed.

"Shh," the dragon hissed. "You'll disturb the ladies."

Geoffrey wouldn't have thought it was possible, but Randi smiled at him with her thin draconic lips and indicated the pair on the bed. They were too self-involved at the moment to take any notice of the bard talking quietly with the dragon.

Lowering his voice to just above a whisper, Geoffrey said, “Where the fuck have you been? Do you know this harlot, Cahira?”

Randi didn’t answer either of his questions. She just asked, “Do you feel left out?”

“A little,” he admitted.

“Do you want to join them?”

“A little.”

She glanced down at his hard cock, which his hand was still wrapped around. Guiltily he pulled his hand away.

“Would you like to watch them while we fuck?”

That appealed to Geoffrey, except that he wasn’t into fucking dragons. He preferred women. Or men. Fucking a literal beast was a little beyond the pale for him.

“Uh...can we just watch them?” he asked cautiously.

A flash of light signaled Randi’s change from her dragon form to the human woman he was much more comfortable with. She was, happily from Geoffrey’s position, naked and beautiful.

How did he find himself in a room with three naked and willing women with an erection that could drill through stone walls, and he wasn't turning down a chance to have sex with the most beautiful of them?

“Are you sure?” the dragon asked him. She sauntered in front of him with the confidence only found in men who ruled empires and dragons who held men in their hands. As she walked by he admired her tits, her hips, her ass, and everything else about her. There was no reason to resist her.

He thought he should, but he couldn't think of a logical reason why he wouldn’t want to fuck a dragon again, especially since her lover had recently arrived looking to get laid. Belledane was an open-minded pixie; she wouldn’t mind him fucking Randi again.

The flash of light and their conversation hadn't distracted the pair on the bed. Belledane's face was still between the thighs of her partner, who was breathing heavily and covered in sweat like she had just survived a particularly brutal battle. Geoffrey saw one of Belledane's hands down between her thighs, playing with herself as she pleasured Cahira.

Randi walked far enough forward to reach the richly woven wool rug on the floor. Once there, she slowly went down to her hands and knees, raising her ass into the air and spreading her legs to expose her cunt. Tossing her hair over her shoulder, she looked back at Geoffrey, unconcerned with the others on the bed, and arched her back a bit more to accentuate the slimness off her waist and the curve of her hips and buttocks. "Are you going to fuck me or not? Do you just want to waste that in your hand?"

He looked down to where she was gazing. His hand was, once again, holding his cock. It was raging red and he was ready to burst. He wanted to fuck anything and everything at that point. Maybe he would fuck anyone and everyone.

Looking back he didn't have any memory of kneeling down behind Randi and slipping his cock into her waiting cunt. He didn't even look at her. She guided him in with her hand. He was focused on Belledane. In the short amount of time that he had been distracted, the two women had reversed positions and now it was Cahira with her face in the pixie's cunt. Her hands were busy and he could only imagine what the strong warrior was doing to his lover.

Belledane's face was screwed up in a rictus of pain but Geoffrey was familiar with her expression. She was on the verge of orgasm.

As was he. Much to his shame he had only pumped his cock into Randi a handful of times before he realized he was well beyond the point of no return. As much as he tried to he couldn't pull back or prevent the inevitability of orgasm.

"I'm sorry," he grunted right before digging his fingers into Randi's generous hips, holding her tightly, and fucking her with all the strength he had.

He was certain that his eyes rolled up into his head while he came. He might have passed out. He wasn't certain. It was a perfect orgasm, as if there were such a thing.

"Really," he heard Randi say when he was recovering. "So soon?"

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. It was too much for me.”

“That’s the problem with men, so weak,” the dragon commented as she crawled away from him. Her ass was still perfect. He wondered what it would be like to fuck her if she was still in her dragon form.

As soon as she moved away from him, he lost all support in his legs and fell to the floor. The impact was slightly softened by the warm wool rug. Moving smoothly to the bed, Randi joined the other two, still distracted by their play.

The first inkling that Cahira had of Randi’s return was when the beautiful human-looking dragon pressed her face into her upturned ass. Geoffrey was watching intently even if he couldn’t move off the floor, but from his position on the floor, he couldn’t tell if Randi was intent on eating out Cahira’s wet and by now well-used cunt or was eating out her ass. The second option wasn’t something that particularly appealed to him, but who knew about the sexual habits of dragons and their lovers.

“Oh!” cried out a startled Cahira when the contact was made. It wasn’t unwelcome. The strong warrior lifted her face from Belledane’s cunt to see what was happening to her. Spying Randi in a compromising and loving position delighted her to no end.

“Darling!” Cahira called out, ignoring Belledane now. The pixie had been used and while Cahira was pleased with her, there was no way for a rather plain human-pixie to compete with a beautiful human-dragon.

She didn’t give Randi a chance to react before catching her face between her hands and kissing her with a passion that made Geoffrey both jealous and made his cock start to stir. He attributed his rising lust to the three women in the room; it was his duty, as he saw it, to make sure they were properly pleasured.

“I see you’ve met my newest conquests,” Randi said after the kiss was broken. Belledane looked on in disappointment. Geoffrey didn’t know if she had cum or not but she was no longer the focus of Cahira’s strong tongue and that upset her.

“The girl tastes of molasses and vanilla,” Cahira replied. “Plus, she knows her way around a cunt. She made me cum almost as good as you.”

Randi laughed and kissed her lover’s cheeks, once again tasting the pixie’s

amrita. She was right in her evaluation. “So you’re pleased?”

“Yes. I haven’t fucked the bard, though,” Cahira admitted, glancing Geoffrey’s way.

“You don’t have to.” Randi’s hand strayed between the warrior’s thighs to cup and then finger her cunt. Cahira shivered. “But do you want to?”

“No…” Cahira was breathing raggedly as she gripped her lover’s shoulders and tried to stay upright on her knees. “I want you to fuck me.”

“Why?” teased Randi.

“Because...because I love you.” Cahira admitted. At first Geoffrey thought that maybe the woman was having troubling confessing her feelings, but that wasn't the case at all. Cahira couldn’t form a coherent thought because she was once again on the verge of orgasm, all because of Randi’s fingers up inside her.

“I know, darling, I know.” The motions of Randi’s arm and fingers got more vigorous. It didn't take much. She was ready. When Cahira came, she all but collapsed against Randi, her body was sweating and shaking. Amrita poured from her cunt as she came, a testament to Randi’s skill in knowing her lover’s body.

Eventually the warrior allowed Randi to lower her to the bed. Randi was on top of her, the smaller woman superior to the powerful warrior. They kissed again. Belledane and Geoffrey exchanged a glance; they were going to get a show perhaps no one else on their world had ever seen.

“Fuck me,” Cahira begged her lover. “Fuck me and force me to cum.”

Randi gave her a little kiss. “How do you want me to fuck you? I already made you cum.”

“Fuck me...fuck me…” she was having trouble forming her words, having trouble admitting what she wanted. “Fuck me...like a man,” she all but sobbed out.

After another sweet kiss Randi said, “I can do that.”

Her skin briefly glowed, not unlike when she flashed to change shape, but much more muted.

Cahira spread her legs wide to allow Randi between them. At first Geoffrey thought they were getting more comfortable, but from his position on the floor he could see something was amiss. At first he thought that maybe it was just Randi's hand oddly positioned, but it wasn't.

The dragon in a human woman's skin had a cock between her legs now. It was most unnatural. It was even more unnatural when that hard cock penetrated into Cahira's cunt. The warrior groaned in pleasure as she was filled up by the dragon's weapon. She arched her back and welcomed Randi deeper into her body.

As the two began fucking, Belledane watched with intense interest. Geoffrey couldn't help himself and his cock started to harden as well. Just being around these lusty creatures was apparently all he needed to rise to the occasion.

Though her hips should have precluded sex in the male superior position, Randi was having no trouble at all fucking Cahira. The warrior might have voiced a disdain for sex with men, but sex with a woman who had a man's cock was just fine.

Whether it was the thrill of the moment or a reunion between two lovers or the fact that Cahira was so excited by her previous activity, it took no effort at all on Randi's part to make her lover cum a second time. Geoffrey had lost track how many times Belledane had made her cum. He hoped that the warrior's lust was limitless. He wanted this to go on forever.

The orgasm left Cahira a weak jelly of a woman underneath Randi's athletic body.

"More?" asked Randi.

"No," Cahira flopped her head back and forth, indicating she was spent.

"But my cock is still hard," Randi told her.

"Do you want to finish in me?"

“Yes. But I want something more as well.” She turned her head and scanned the room. She wasn’t the least bit surprised to find Geoffrey in the exact same location where she had left him.

“Geoffrey Goodrick. Would you care to join us?”

He was glad it wasn't possible for him to cum just from the words alone.

“Y-y-yes!” he stuttered out and found the strength to stand up and approach the bed.

Chapter the Sixth

Wherein our heroes discover the danger of meddling in the passionate affairs of dragons

While Randi had invited Geoffrey to come and fuck her while she had her cock buried in Cahira's cunt, he wasn't exactly sure what the horny dragon wanted him to do. Her equipment had assuredly changed and he needed a moment to figure out what to do.

Randi had stopped in her thrusting and waited patiently with Cahira under her. Seeing Geoffrey's hesitation as he got on the bed with them, she said, "What are you waiting for?"

"Uh...how exactly do you want me to do this?" His cock was hard; that wasn't the problem. Remembering how easily she lubricated, he knew that entering her wouldn't be a problem either. It was how she wanted to be entered that concerned him.

"Put your cock in me and fuck me while I fuck her," Randi said with an emphatic shake of her head that indicated Cahira, who was waiting patiently with a smile on her face. Her hands had strayed to her high, firm tits and she was tugging at her nipples. Geoffrey had no doubt that Cahira was enjoying his confusion and frustration, but she wouldn't be amused for all that long if he couldn't get it together.

"But...where?" Geoffrey asked almost plaintively. "Your ass?"

Cahira couldn't hold it together any longer and started laughing at him.

"Hush, darling," Randi said to her lover. "It's his first time with a dragon."

"No it's not!" Geoffrey protested and then realized that made him sound even more incompetent. "I mean, it's my first time doing something like this."

“Your first time with two women?” Cahira teased him.

“No!” he protested again. “I’ve been with two women—even more than two women!—lots of times!”

“Really?” asked Cahira skeptically. She looked over at Belledane who was watching the exchange with interest but hadn’t moved to assist or say anything. “Can you confirm that?”

“I’ve fucked him with another woman...and me and an elf,” Belledane said after some hesitation. “But never more than two.”

Geoffrey looked at her, pleading with his eyes. He was starting to lose his erection.

Before everything could go off the rails, Randi took control of the situation. “Reach down between my legs,” she instructed. “You’ll find the opening to my cunt is still there.”

He did exactly as she said and found what she had promised. He trailed his fingers down from her tightly crinkled asshole to find the wet lips and slick opening to her cunt.

Curious, he explored further, not pushing his fingers inside her, but reaching up and around to feel her cock. The first thing he found was a set of balls not unlike his own or those of any of the men he had fucked. They were pulled up to her body, lightly haired and encased in a wrinkly sack.

He wasn’t looking to fondle balls, so he reached up further. There wasn’t much more to go. Randi had backed off Cahira a bit but was still well-seated in the warrior’s cunt. Still, it was enough for Geoffrey to wrap his fingers around her shaft and get the heft of her organ. Taking a risk, he ran his fingers down her length and encountered Cahira’s cunt, speared by the dragon’s cock.

“Are you done seeking?” Randi asked him. “I invited you over for a fuck, not an expedition to lands unknown.”

“Sorry. Just getting the lay of the land,” he said with a whimsical twist to his lips. Pulling back his hand, he took his own cock in hand and moved in close to the dragon masquerading as a human woman, but sporting a cock.

She was more than accommodating in waiting for him to get inside her. As he pushed into her foreign cunt, it felt very familiar and very inviting. As strange as this situation was, everything felt normal...or as normal as could be expected.

Randi even sighed a bit as he penetrated her. “Good,” she said. He wasn’t sure if she was complimenting him or asking if he was ready to proceed.

Belledane moved closer and got to her knees. This was a show she didn’t want to miss.

“Ever fuck two men at once?” Randi asked him.

“No.”

“It’s all about the rhythm,” she advised him. He didn’t ask how she knew. “You lead. I’ll follow. Cahira gets the rewards.”

She was right. It was all about the rhythm. He wondered if he should have specialized in drums instead of the lute, but being a musician, he understood rhythm better than most. The old in and out wasn’t that different for him. He was certain that this little game was most difficult for Randi, but she wasn’t complaining. If anything, she and her lover were more than satisfied with Geoffrey’s addition to their play.

Once they found the groove that worked for all three—with Cahira caressing Randi’s face and tits, but studiously avoiding touching Geoffrey—the bard looked over at Belledane who was still watching intently. So intently that her hand was between her thighs masturbating furiously.

As he was in the middle of it—metaphorically speaking—the thought occurred to Geoffrey that fucking in this manner wasn’t adding anything special to the event. It was just a stunt, a trick, a fun distraction, an amusement, an event to later turn into a bawdy song, an epic event that would never be repeated, or perhaps a tale to tell the grandchildren one day.

Still, all of that didn’t matter. He was just here for the fucking. And he was close. So close.

“The moment—” he announced.

“Not yet!” Randi ordered. “Not until I finish.”

He groaned in complaint. He just wanted to cum and be done.

Still, he was afraid of the dragon and went along with her plan. He focused on nothing. It wasn’t too much, but it was close.

Cahira let out a surprisingly feminine cry as she came, shuddering under their combined weight. Only then did Randi allow herself to cum. Geoffrey could feel her orgasm through his cock. He could feel the pulse of it and the way her orgasm caused her pelvic muscles to contract which gripped his own cock in a most unnatural manner. He tried to hold back, but then realized there was no reason to hold back so he let himself cum.

Maybe it wasn't the greatest climax of his life, but it was one of the most memorable. It felt like his cock was being milked by Randi’s cunt as she pumped her cum into her lover.

Disentangling himself from the pair was actually a relief. He collapsed next to Belledane and she immediately pressed her body up against his. “Incredible,” she breathed right before she kissed him.

It was all he could do to accept her kiss. He felt her wet fingers on his face and unconsciously turned his head to get them in his mouth. Sucking off her molasses and vanilla flavored amrita set his mind at ease. This was fine. This was perfect. This was allowed.

They kissed for another minute and then he felt her hand on his cock. “I’m spent,” he complained to her.

“They used you all up?”

“Yeah…”

Belledane moved and he felt her soft lips surround his soft, limp cock.

“No…” His protest fell on deaf ears. She started to suck.

But Geoffrey was completely spent, exhausted. He didn’t last more than two heartbeats before he was snoring.

Geoffrey figured it was the next morning when he woke up. He woke up because he rolled over and was unceremoniously dumped on the floor. It was a rude way to wake up, but the three women on the bed remained asleep. He figured that was a good thing.

Taking advantage of the temporary solitude, he pulled on his pants and padded softly out the double doors and through the cave to the entrance on the side of the mountain. From there he went to the edge of the short cliff and relieved his bladder.

The horse he had ridden to the cave, courtesy of the Enchantress Maeveen was nowhere to be seen. Either it had returned to her on its own or had been taken by wild animals or had been magically dispelled—he figured that Maeveen had created it with her magic. It didn't matter. It was one less thing to worry about.

The morning was beautiful. The view from the top of the mountain let him see down into the forest. He knew the general direction of Maeveen's tower and squinted. Maybe he could see her tower; maybe he couldn't. It didn't matter. He still had Randi to deal with.

Heading back into the cave, the dragon's lair, he stopped at the door. The unmistakable signs of women arguing came from the other side. If his pack, clothes, boots, lute, and lover weren't in the room, he would have turned around and headed back the way he came.

It wasn't worth it.

But all his worldly possessions were now guarded by the dragon. He had to take the risk.

He wasn't sure what to expect when he walked into the dragon's lair, but what he found wasn't it.

A portion of the wall in what he had come to think of as Randi's bedroom had opened up. How he didn't know, but in the hidden chamber was a complete scullery with a fat iron cook stove, pantry, and all manner of cooking equipment. Cahira was standing in front of the hot stove busily cooking a meal of some sort. That would have been perfectly normal and fine...if she hadn't been wearing

only an apron. Since she was facing away from the room, Geoffrey got a good look at her ass, which was very muscular and well-shaped. He wondered why she was only wearing the apron and wondered it even more when she turned around to face him when he made a weird noise upon viewing her ass.

The apron might have protected part of her front, but her firm, upright tits poked out on both sides of the protective white cloth. It was oddly seductive.

Belledane and Randi were still on the bed. Randi had remained in her human form and so was reaching out to the pixie with her long, slim arms. Belledane's legs were parted and her knees were bent, giving Randi easy access to her cunt. While the dragon wasn't exactly going to town on the pixie's genitals, Belledane was clearly enjoying what Randi was doing.

Maybe it wasn't sex, but it certainly wasn't playing cards.

"Wha-wha-what are you doing?" asked Geoffrey of his lover and the dragon.

The two female creatures looked over at him and Belledane gave him a wink. "Just a little play time," she answered.

"Your lover wants her wings and magic back," Randi said as if that explained everything.

"Ookaayy…"

"And Cahira's making breakfast."

Belledane looked a little out of it, as if she had been drinking all night. There was no telling what the dragon had done to her or given her, but she managed to say what was happening better than Randi. "To make me me again, I need to cum as much as possible." She sighed as Randi's hand half disappeared up her cunt. "And it's better if Randi makes me cum."

"Although anyone can help out," Randi added with a sly smile.

Belledane was about to say something else, but then she started breathing heavily and her eyes clamped shut. It was easy to see she was on the verge of climaxing and they all fell silent as Randi helped push her over the edge.

The pixie's very human and very passionate cries filled up the dragon's lair as she came.

"Who wants pancakes?" Cahira called out when Belledane was done writhing about on the bed. The tall warrior brought over a platter heaping with steaming hotcakes. The fact that another woman had just had an intense orgasm on the other side of the room didn't faze her at all.

Geoffrey's stomach rumbled. He couldn't remember the last time he had eaten something other than cunt. "I'm hungry," he announced and headed for the table.

"Give me a minute," Belledane moaned from the bed.

"I don't think so," Cahira said to the warrior cook. "I'm full. But I will have some wine."

"For breakfast?" asked Geoffrey as he sat down. He had put on a shirt before coming to the table, but the women weren't as eager to get dressed. Cahira tossed aside her apron and sat down naked. Randi had put on a thin silk robe that hid little to the imagination and she didn't even bother tying it shut. Sitting directly across from Geoffrey, she made it difficult for him to eat.

"What better time is there to drink wine?" she asked him as he stared at her barely hidden tits. She didn't seem to mind the stare.

Cahira was sitting to his left, and was distracting him with her tits that jiggled every time she moved to take a bite. The only remaining chair was the one to Geoffrey's right, which was where, eventually, Belledane sat when she managed to heave herself out of bed and stagger over to the table.

"I don't know how you manage it," she said as she collapsed into the chair and looked hungrily at the pile of pancakes Cahira had made. She didn't wait and simply transferred half the stack to her plate, poured a generous covering of honey, and attacked them like she hadn't eaten in weeks.

"Manage what?" asked Geoffrey, a little taken aback with her table manners.

"Manage to get around without flying," she said around a mouthful of gooey pancakes.

“I fly as much as possible,” said Randi, sipping at her wine. Geoffrey wondered where it had come from. “Just not in human form.”

“I ride her as much as possible,” Cahira said with an arched eyebrow. The two exchanged a giggle at their private joke.

“You get used to it,” Geoffrey observed.

“I hope not,” she mused.

“Don’t worry, my dear,” said Randi, laying her hand on Belledane’s shoulder. It wasn’t just a friendly gesture, Geoffrey could see that. The dragon was always prepared to seduce anyone. It was obvious to a blind man.

Wanting to change the subject, Geoffrey turned to Cahira. “So...why are you here?” he asked her. “You obviously have some relationship with Randi.”

After glancing at the dragon in human skin and getting her nod, Cahira said, “She saved me.”

“She saved you?”

“The people of my village put me up for sacrifice,” the warrior said angrily to her plate. “They would rather I was dead than curse them with my presence.”

“That’s a little harsh,” said Geoffrey. Belledane said nothing. She was too busy eating.

“My father thought I was too ugly and too big to marry off to some village idiot, so he thought I’d be worth more to him as a dead sacrifice than a live daughter.”

Too late Geoffrey realized that he had stumbled into something he should have wisely avoided. “I wasn’t—”

“But without your father’s decision, I never would have met you,” Randi quickly interjected.

“True,” Cahira admitted with a smile.

“And it wasn’t like I was going to kill you. I couldn’t have. You looked too

tempting tied up in the middle of the village green, naked and vulnerable."

The two women looked at each other. Geoffrey wasn't a complete idiot; just a partial idiot. The two obviously had a deep affection for each other.

Their relationship wasn't any stranger than the one he had with Belledane.

He hoped.

"So wait...you were supposed to eat her?" he asked Randi.

Before Randi could reply Cahira said, "Oh, she ate me all right."

The two shared another laugh.

Geoffrey rolled his eyes.

Belledane continued to eat her pancakes.

"I stole her away from the village. It was the designated location that year for that kingdom's virgin sacrifice. Once I had her back here…"

"Nature took its course," Cahira finished.

"But...then why weren't you here when we showed up?" Geoffrey asked.

He wasn't confused as to what happened when the dragon rescued the warrior, but he wanted to know what happened afterwards.

"Some lovers aren't meant to spend their entire lives together," said Cahira, a little sad.

"Oh don't be that way," Randi said, swatting at her hand. "You wanted to see the world and I can't have someone living with me. I need to have space so that I can have other lovers."

"I'm not chaste when I'm away from here," Cahira said emphatically.

"I should hope not." The two giggled again.

Geoffrey was getting tired of their laughter.

“So...what happened?” Geoffrey wanted an explicit explanation.

“After a few glorious weeks here, I took my lost love to The Queendom of Termagant.”

“I joined the army,” said Cahira, “but after a year I went on my own path. It’s much more lucrative to hire on as a mercenary than to serve a king or queen.”

“Oh.”

“I still get back here a couple of times a year.”

“Not often enough. My loins ache for you,” said Randi as she leaned toward her lover for a kiss.

“Are they aching for me right now?” asked Cahira after the kiss. “Your bed was full when I walked in.”

“You caught me at a weak moment.”

“And with a man no less.”

Randi smiled. “Like I said, you caught me at a weak moment. I prefer variety, you know that, dear. I don’t limit myself just to women.”

All three women in the room looked at Geoffrey. “What?”

“Why are you a tempter of women?” Belledane finally asked after a long silence. She had finished her pancakes and honey.

“Can I help it if women are seduced by my voice and lute and musical talent?” he asked.

Cahira snorted. “It wouldn’t work on me.”

“Oh?” He pushed back his plate and stood up. The lute was still in its case and he tuned it before giving it a couple of thoughtful strums. “Let me see if this wets your loins.”

As I was sittin' by the fire

Tellin' lies and drinkin' porter

Suddenly a thought came to my mind

I'd never fucked O'Reilly's daughter

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O'Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

Up the stair in into bed

There I threw my right leg over

She didn't mind a godsdamn bit

Laughed like hell when the fuck was over.

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

Suddenly a noise upon the stairs,

One-balled O’Reilly out for slaughter

With a brace of daggers in his hands,

Lookin' for the man who fucked his daughter.

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O’Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

I grabbed O'Reilly by the neck

Shoved his head in a bucket of water

Rammed the daggers up his ass

A damn sight faster than I'd fucked his daughter.

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O’Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

Now all you ladies sweet and good

Yours is the choice to make entirely

Take it like a good girl should

Or up the ass like the one-balled O'Reilly

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O'Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

As he finished singing, he noticed that Cahira's hand was under the table, between her thighs. During his performance she had started masturbating, exactly as he wanted, but the true test was to see how far he could push her, how far he could seduce her.

"More?" he asked.

Her eyes were glazed and as everyone looked at her the sound of busy fingers in cunt filled and echoed off the stone walls.

Everyone was now looking at Cahira. She continued jilling off for another uncomfortable moment before she stopped, suddenly noticing everyone looking at her.

"I'm sorry. Did you say something?"

“I asked if you wanted more.” Geoffrey was grinning, confident that his abilities had done exactly as predicted. Of course it hadn’t worked on Belledane because she had seen him perform many times before and had fucked him too many times to count. The dragon wasn’t the least bit stimulated because she was a dragon and resistant all manner of charms and flattery. Besides, he had focused all of his energy on Cahira.

“More what?”

“More of my singing. It got you wet, didn’t it?”

She pulled her hand from between her legs and stuck her middle finger into her mouth, sucking it wetly. “I was already wet. I got myself off.” She focused her eyes on Randi. “I want to fuck my love.”

She stood up from the table and offered her hand to Randi. The dragon, flattered, took her hand and allowed herself to be drawn to the bed.

Frowning, and unable to help himself, Geoffrey leaned over and looked at the hard wooden chair where Cahira had recently been seated. There wasn’t a puddle, but the seat was obviously damp. The warrior had no trouble at all lubricating.

“She’s lying,” he said confidently but softly to Belledane even as he looked toward the bed where the pair was kissing. Cahira was slowly making her way down Randi’s lithe body toward her cunt. The dragon looked confidently over at the two at the table as if she were displaying her sexual superiority.

“About what?”

“About me getting her wet.”

“How would you know?”

He pointed to the chair. “There’s no way that I didn’t cause some, if not most of that,” he said confidently.

Standing up and looking over the table, Belledane shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe. She was a pretty horny fuck. When I went down on her I was certain I

was going to drown at one point."

Geoffrey hadn't had that much time with Belledane at human size. Her tits hung down enticingly. Her hips called out to him as he leaned back to admire her shape. Setting aside his lute, he opened up his pants and got out his cock. It was already hard; the seductive pixie had that effect on him. He wasn't ashamed to admit that.

Belledane wasn't surprised when he grabbed her by the hips and started probing between her legs with his cock.

"You know how to romance a lady."

"You're no lady. You're a pixie."

His cock found the way and slipped into her slick cunt. Belledane grunted with pleasure. "That's a good thing."

He had to agree. As he pushed her forward over the table, she swept aside the plates and cutlery, letting him penetrate her deeply. "Ever been fucked as dessert before?" he asked her.

"Not like this."

That was enough conversation for the two of them. He pinned her hard to the table and fucked her hard enough to make the heavy table jump a tiny fraction of an inch with each thrust. It was made of some unyielding wood and should have been impossible for him to move under normal circumstances.

These weren't normal circumstances.

He ran his hands down her back. It was incredibly muscular. He attributed that to her normally flying around on wings that had disappeared. Each time he slammed his hips into her she moaned a little and the wave of impact traveled through her ass, but seemed to disappear as soon as it reached her back. It was sexier than he would have imagined.

"Ready?" he grunted.

She barely acknowledged his question. If she had cum, he couldn't tell, but he

was ready to flood her cunt. Moving his hands down to where her hips flared outward he thrusted twice more before finishing.

“Fuck...fuck yes!”

He stumbled back after his orgasm and pulled up his pants so he wouldn’t trip over them. It would have been humiliating to fall on his ass after fucking her.

She lay on the table for a minute, gripping the edge. Somehow he had managed to fuck it halfway across the room. Feeling the dripping about to begin, her hand went between her legs, holding her cunt closed. She didn’t want to soil Randi’s floor with Geoffrey’s cum. It seemed rude or worse.

“Come over here,” called Randi from the bed where she was lounging with Cahira. Or maybe she had said Cum over here.

Belledane obeyed, not because she had to, but because she wanted to.

She only made it halfway to the bed before there was a bright flash of light and Randi changed into Randy.

That was enough for Belledane to hesitate for a moment, but considering that she had sex with both men and women—and other species—it wasn’t enough to stop her entirely.

Cahira, however, seeing the sudden and magical change in her lover, pulled away. The warrior preferred her sex partners to be female. The mere presence of a cock was enough to disturb her.

Watching Belledane approach was enough to make Randy’s cock get hard. By the time the pixie reached the bed, he was fully erect. She crawled on top of his body and kept going. Randy was happy to let Belledane take the lead.

The horny pixie was, since she was a pixie after all, still horny after being fucked by Geoffrey. Randy’s cock was hard and that was all she needed. The cum that Geoffrey had deposited into her was starting to slip out now that her legs were spread.

Randy didn’t object when Geoffrey’s cum dripped out of her and onto his cock. Belledane just rocked her hips a bit, finding the correct angle before pushing it

inside her body.

Without any more complex action she was suddenly riding on top of Randy. He grabbed her tits and firmly pinched her nipples causing her to shriek with delight. It didn't stop her from bouncing up and down on the impressive cock.

Cahira, for her part, pulled further away. "I know you have a wide variety in taste of who you like to fuck," she told her lover, "but that doesn't mean I want to see it." Her brow furrowed. "You're hurting her."

Belledane turned her head just enough to look directly at Cahira. "Yeah. He is," she panted with unfocused eyes.

"Stop it," said Cahira. She was put off by the display.

"No," Belledane said emphatically as Randy started to let go of her small nipples. She put her hands on top of his. "Don't stop. Harder." Seeing that he was following her request, she pulled back from him, arching her back.

Randy kept a tight hold on her nipples. The hold stretched out her breasts and he was having trouble holding onto them. The pressure to keep her nipples pinched between his fingers was tremendous. Cahira could see his fingers straining to keep her in place; the knuckles were white and his hands were starting to tremble.

For her part Belledane was leaning back as far as possible, letting her weight pull on her tits as she continued to grind on his cock.

Seeing his lover in pain made Geoffrey step forward, but at the same time his cock started to stir. Her face was a mask of ecstasy and she was near the moment of orgasm. She wanted this even if it was hurting her. That was enough to keep him from interfering.

When she came, the cry was more that of pain than pleasure. Geoffrey was certain she wanted the torture to stop, but her expression told him she would surely do this again given half a chance. Her body trembled and she leaned forward, collapsing on top of Randy.

The dragon wasn't done with her. He rolled on top of her, effectively pinning her down, but she didn't mind in the least. Once she had an orgasm, she needed

more and more. Randy started fucking her hard enough to shake the bed. Geoffrey was impressed considering the size and weight of the bed. Belledane grunted with each impact. He was going to take his time with her, Geoffrey was certain.

Watching Belledane get fucked was more entertaining than he would have thought. It was a surprise when he suddenly heard Cahira's voice whispering in his ear. "I'm not happy Randi is fucking your...whatever she is to you."

"Why not? Just enjoy the show." Geoffrey didn't move his eyes away from the scene in front of him.

"I don't like...men...or cock."

That didn't give Geoffrey a good feeling. While Cahira wasn't mad at him right this moment, he could easily imagine her transferring her anger to him.

"I didn't tell Randi to change into a man and fuck Belle."

"I know," Cahira seethed. "I'll have to speak to her later."

"Her?"

"Randi."

"Oh good. For a second there I thought that you meant Belle." He shifted his cock inside his pants. It had grown to a nearly full erection. If Cahira hadn't been standing right next to him, he would have pulled it out and started jacking off to the pair in the bed.

"She's just Randi's current distraction. I'm not worried about her. She always comes back to me."

"That's good," Geoffrey said encouragingly. "You don't have anything to worry about."

She glared at him. "You don't understand anything, do you?" she spat out before stalking away. He watched her ass shake as she stomped out of the lair. The wooden doors swung silently back into place when she left.

Geoffrey shrugged. “No. No I do not.” He then went back to watching Randy and Belledane.

The dragon with his ropy muscles was sweating from the vigorous fucking he was giving the pixie. She was still calling out with every thrust from his hard cock. Geoffrey regretted cumming with her earlier because it would have been a pleasure to fuck her again, or even to jerk off to her underneath Randy.

Randy lasted only another moment before his body tensed up and Geoffrey sensed the explosive orgasm he had inside Belledane’s cunt. She screamed when he came. That made Geoffrey wonder if she was just putting on a good show, but judging by how her entire body quivered it was probably just the last orgasm she was going to have for a while.

The two collapsed together on the bed in a tangle of limbs and flesh and sweat and bodily fluids.

Geoffrey didn’t know what to do or say. He wasn’t that horny and couldn’t get his cock hard again right away, so moving in and having sex with one or both of them was not an option. He couldn’t think of a song that would be a proper serenade that would signal a temporary halt to lovemaking, so he just stood there awkwardly.

Eventually Randy rolled off Belledane. His big cock flopped onto his stomach. It was wet and sticky with her amrita and his cum. Geoffrey was a little jealous.

Looking around the room the dragon noted Geoffrey’s presence, but not that of his lover. “Where’s Cahira?” he demanded of Geoffrey.

“Uh...I’m not certain, but she left.” He pointed to the door. “She’s probably not going far. She didn’t take any clothes with her.”

Jumping out of the bed, Randy showed more energy and enthusiasm for chasing after a woman than Geoffrey had ever had, especially after fucking a different woman. He watched Randy’s big cock flopping back and forth as he raced out of the lair. He continued to watch the dragon’s retreating ass and hoped that his buttocks looked that good.

“What the fuck was that all about?” asked Belledane. She was still on her back with her legs spread and her cunt exposed. Geoffrey wasn’t the least bit ashamed

to look at his lover's genitals. They were a wet, red, swollen mess, a swamp of amrita and cum and who knew what else.

He wished his cock would get hard so he could fuck her again.

"I haven't the faintest idea...unless Randi is really in love with Cahira and him fucking you is only making things complicated."

"But that was just for fun," she said as she sat up and rolled her shoulders. "There's no way I would ever be the...whatever...to a dragon."

Geoffrey desperately wanted to ask if she would ever consider being his whatever, but he didn't have the courage.

"Right. Plus we need to deal with this issue of the Enchantress."

"Maeveen," Belledane said, suddenly remembering what had brought them to the dragon's lair in the first place.

"Right."

"Right."

They looked at each other cluelessly. Belledane closed her legs and sat up, seeing that she wasn't going to be able to entice Geoffrey into another fucking session.

"I have no fucking idea."

"Neither do I."

"What did she want in the first place?"

"For us to 'deal with the dragon', if I remember her words correctly."

"What does that mean?"

"I guess it means whatever we want it to mean. Maybe it means to fuck the dragon. If so, mission accomplished. Maybe she meant for us to kill Randi."

"I don't see that happening any time soon."

“Or maybe she sent us here to be killed.”

“Well that was a failed strategy if so.”

“Maybe it means she just wants us to invite Randi to a dinner party at Maeveen’s tower.”

“I doubt that.”

“Maybe it means she wants us to work out a formal treaty for Randi and her.”

“They already seem to have that working okay if Randi’s showing up for a fuck every once in a while.”

“Maybe Maeveen doesn’t want that anymore.”

They sat in silence a long moment, their conversation having solved absolutely nothing.

Chapter the Seventh

Wherein plans are made to defeat a dragon...and an Enchantress...and a warrior...all in the bedroom

Geoffrey considered asking Belledane to suck his cock so maybe he could get hard and fuck her again.

Belledane considered asking Geoffrey to go down on her, clean up her messy cunt, and hopefully he'd want to fuck her again.

Before they could say anything to the other, the doors to the lair slammed open, startling them both.

Randi walked back in confidently, like she owned the place, because she did. She was back in dragon form, which for some perverse reason relaxed Geoffrey. Cahira was riding on her long, sleek back. Having touched the dragon's skin, he knew it was much like a supple leather that was pure bliss to touch. He wondered if having her bare cunt on the dragon's back was enjoyable or a distraction or wasn't something that worried her.

Cahira looked triumphant, like she had defeated the dragon and was entering a city as a conquering heroine. The two of them made a sight. When Randi turned her long neck around to peer at her lover, it was obvious to Geoffrey the two were in love. The way they looked at each other evoked an emotion he had never been able to fully express with his music.

He only hoped that Belledane could somehow look at him the same way some day.

"I have returned," Cahira announced. "My lover has announced her eschewment of her physical and emotional affections for the both of you!" This was good news.

At least Geoffrey thought it was good news.

Belledane looked askance at the two. She headed for the chest in the corner and started pulling clothes out of it, trying to find something appropriate to wear. “Well, there’s no reason for us to stay here then, is there?”

The group in the cave looked at her as if she had lost her mind.

“Where will you be going?” asked Randi in her dragon form. Cahira slid smoothly off the dragon’s back in a motion that said she had done it many times before. Geoffrey couldn’t help but stare at the warrior. Even if she didn’t like men, she had a body that attracted them. It had to be a problem for the warrior, but then again, she was certainly used to dealing with such men.

“Back to Maeveen’s tower, where else?” said the pixie. She found a large white cotton shirt that appeared to be for a man. Pulling it on she discovered that it fit loosely, which was good because her large breasts pushed the front of it to its straining point. Geoffrey now focused on the way her nipples dented the fine material.

“How will you get there?” Randi continued with her interrogation. Cahira went over to the pile of her clothes and started dressing. Geoffrey kept an eye on her as well. He was certain that she wasn’t dressing for modesty, but she didn’t put her leather armor back on either.

“Geoffrey and I will...we’ll walk.” Belledane awkwardly pulled on a pair of black pants that were made of leather. Through some miracle of chance they fit her curves almost perfectly or maybe a little too tightly. Geoffrey didn’t mention this. He liked the way the soft leather hugged her very human curves. It left little to his imagination and he had a powerful imagination.

“In bare feet?”

Belledane found some heeled boots in the chest and put them on as well. Geoffrey couldn’t evaluate how they fit, but they looked damn good on her. They even served to push up her ass a bit, accentuating her curves even further. He found himself wishing for her to never change back to a pixie.

“Yes. How else?” Belledane replied with a toss of her chin and took a couple of overconfident steps forward. The first one was fine. She wobbled on the second, tripped on the third, and fell to the hard stone floor before she took a fourth step.

“Not in those heels,” observed Cahira. She was in her form fitting undergarment to protect her from the tough leather armor she normally wore. If anything, it was sexier than what Belledane was wearing. At least that was Geoffrey’s opinion, though he didn’t voice that aloud.

Belledane gamely got back up on her feet. “I’m just out of practice,” she said and tried again. This time she went seven steps before the modest difference in height and surface texture between the stone floor and the wool rug made her go down again.

She screamed in frustration and kicked off the heeled boots.

Geoffrey rushed to her side.

“Maybe you should try walking barefoot,” Cahira teased her.

Belledane picked up one of the boots and hurled it at the warrior, who easily dodged the makeshift weapon and chuckled. “Fuck you!” She walked across the rug in bare feet, a much more natural state for a pixie, and promptly tripped again when she missed the tiny transition from rug to stone. She only went down on her knees but it was enough to make her burst into tears.

Geoffrey was there in a flash to comfort her.

“We’ll be able to make it,” he told her. “This isn’t a problem.”

It was a huge problem, but he couldn’t tell her that.

“When exactly will you be leaving?” Randi asked. She wasn’t taunting, but she was curious. It was intimidating to talk to a dragon in actual dragon form, but Geoffrey wasn’t going to let himself be easily cowed.

“When we’re ready,” he said as if he wasn’t a guest. “We still need to work out what Maeveen was trying to accomplish by sending us here.”

“She was trying to either kill me or work out an agreement where I wouldn’t rob her of her powers once a year. She didn’t want to give up her lovers to me, but at the same time she still wanted to fuck me, but she didn’t want to give up her powers.” Randi rolled her reptilian eyes and smiled. Geoffrey tried not to quake in front of her. “What do you think she wants? I ask because I’m certain she

doesn’t know what she wants.”

“I think she just wants stability,” said Geoffrey.

“Stability?” the dragon said doubtfully. “What stability?”

“Do you think she likes you coming to her tower every year and stealing her magic and leaving her vulnerable?”

The dragon gave a shake of her head and shoulders that Geoffrey interpreted as a shrug. “What do I care? I’m a dragon. She could have said no.”

“To a powerful dragon?”

“She’s a powerful enchantress.”

“Who would win in a fight between the two of you?”

“Me, of course,” Randi said without hesitation.

“Are you sure?” asked a worried Cahira from the other side of the room.

The dragon’s eyes narrowed on her lover. “Of course I am. Why?”

“Because I don’t want to risk losing you,” Cahira told her. “And you’ve told me that you go to her because she’s the most powerful enchantress in the world.”

“I’d still win,” Randi said confidently.

“But would you be injured? Would you still be you?” The warrior, clearly in love with the dragon, was concerned for the love of her life. “And what if...what if you didn’t win?”

“It sounds like she just wants you to stop stealing her magic every year,” said Geoffrey.

“But she still wants to fuck me,” the dragon said. “I’m not one to turn down a roll in bed with a beautiful woman.” She leered at Cahira and then at Belledane.

“I have a solution,” Belledane suddenly piped up.

They all looked at her. “What then?” asked Randi. “What suggestion do you have?”

“Marry Cahira.”

Silence filled the room for a long, uncomfortable moment.

And then the bard, dragon, and warrior all burst out laughing.

Belledane folded her arms under her breasts and glared at the three until they settled down enough to talk.

“What good would that do?” asked Geoffrey. He was honest in his question. “Marriage is just a business contract.”

“The bard speaks the truth,” agreed Randi. “And it’s not like husbands and wives __”

“Or wives and wives,” interjected Cahira.

“Or even husbands and husband,” amended Randi. “It’s not like marriage automatically protects against adultery.”

Belledane was truly surprised at this reaction. “It doesn’t?” she asked.

This caused them all to dissolve into peals of laughter again.

Between giggles, Geoffrey asked, “Why would it, Belle? It’s just a piece of paper, a business agreement between families or maybe between a man who wants a wife and a father who wants to get rid of his daughter.”

Her hands went to her mouth, aghast at what they were saying.
“Why...who...who and why would they do that?”

The three settled down and took a closer look at Belledane. The pixie was truly horrified at what they were saying. Geoffrey just shrugged. “That’s just the way it is. That’s the way it’s always been, as far as I know.”

Belledane was slowly shaking her head. “Not...not with pixies. We’ll fuck and play with whomever we want, whenever we want. Pixies don’t make a

meaningless promise when it comes to marriage or love. You only marry who you love. You only marry if you intend to have that one other pixie as your only partner for the rest of your life. That's what a marriage is supposed to be."

They all looked blankly at her. What she was suggesting was...insane. Still, the dragon had a question for the pixie. "You mean...when pixies marry, they only have sex with each other?"

"Yes," Belledane said emphatically.

"Weird," was the dragon's decision.

"Perverted," agreed Cahira.

"I think it's sweet," said Geoffrey.

It might have been a tactical decision on his part, but Belledane's face turned bright red at his words. Maybe it was because he was a bard and had a vested stake in the idea of true love between a couple. While all of his songs were about sex, there was love in them as well.

"How often do pixies get married?" he asked. "I mean, you're the one who is always saying that pixies are the lustiest of all races."

"Oh, not often at all. I have one set of great-grandparents that was married, but they got married late in life."

"Oh."

"We're just more serious about our commitments."

"I suppose so." Geoffrey gave it a moment's thought and then said, "You're suggesting that Cahira and Randi have a pixie wedding and marriage to stop Randi from fucking the Enchantress on an annual basis and stealing her magic."

That wasn't exactly what Belledane had been thinking, but it worked.

"Yes. That. Exactly."

The dragon frowned, which made her horribly sharp teeth suddenly appear all

that much sharper. On the other hand, Cahira's face lit up like pagan celebrations on Beltane night. "We should get married right away," said the warrior.

"What?" Randi was clearly shocked.

"Marry me or I'll never return to you," Cahira said bluntly.

"What?"

Geoffrey would have thought it was impossible to truly surprise a dragon, but Cahira had easily done it. Twice.

"There are plenty of other women out there and I'll find happiness with them if you won't commit to me," Cahira demanded.

"But...you fuck plenty of other women when you're away from me."

"I don't want to be away from you," Cahira said. "Not any more. I want a life that doesn't involve sleeping on the ground every night and killing just to earn a coin so I can kill again tomorrow."

"Sounds perfect to me," Geoffrey piped up. "Shall we seal this agreement with a song?" Somehow his lute had found its way back into his hands.

The dragon and warrior both turned to him. "No," they said in unison.

Randi, using her claw, grabbed Cahira's hand and asked, "Are you truly serious?"

"I want you and only you. I want a marriage with you. I want a life with you."

There was a flash of light and the dragon transformed into her female human shape and Geoffrey couldn't help but leer at Randi's naked body.

"I want a life with you alone as well," she said and kissed the taller warrior.

Unable to stop himself Geoffrey launched into his song.

My Mistress is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowery garden

To her they come with loaden thighs, to ease them of their burden.

As under the bee-hive lieth the Wax, and under the Wax is Honey

So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her Cunny.

My Mistress is a mine of Gold, would that it were her Pleasure

To let me dig within her Mould and roll among her Treasure.

As under the Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the Mould is Mony

So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her Cunny.

My Mistress is a Morn in May, which drops of Dew down stilleth,

Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down sweetly trilleth.

As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, So under the Mist it is Sunny,

So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her Cunny.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of water sweet

That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under feet.

Her Belly is both white and soft, and Downy as any Bunny

That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her Cunny.

My Mistress has the Magick Sprays, of late she takes such wondrous pain

That she can pleasing spirits raise, and also lay them down again.

Such power hath my tripping Doe, My little pretty Bunny

That many would their Lives forego to play but with her Cunny.

“What the fuck was that all about?” demand Belledane.

“Sex,” Geoffrey said with a shrug.

“It should have been about love or marriage or a wedding!”

“I only know songs about sex.”

The three women shook their heads.

Chapter the Eighth

Where everything goes downhill in a sort of...denouement

Geoffrey had always been fine with riding a woman in bed, or anywhere else for that matter. Riding a horse was just a part of life, as was riding in or on a wagon.

Riding a dragon was fucking terrifying.

“I don’t want to feel your fucking dick against my ass, bard,” Cahira told him as he clutched tightly to her body. Normally when he was wrapping his arms around a woman and facing her back, he had his hard cock buried deeply in her cunt, or occasionally her ass. This was different. He could barely feel Cahira’s flesh through her leather armor. His cock was a shriveled little worm inside his pants.

The distance to the ground seemed impossibly far away. He was certain that if he fell off Randi’s back he would splatter onto the earth like a rotten corpse falling from a gibbet. The saddle and harness that Cahira had attached to the dragon didn’t help him feel any more secure.

“Don’t worry,” he screamed into her ear.

They weren’t flying very fast, at least they weren’t according to the warrior and dragon. It had taken him and Belledane several days to arrive at the cave from the Enchantress’s tower via horseback. Randi had said it would take only two hours at the most to fly to Maeveen’s home. It would take less time if they flew as fast as Randi could sail through the air, but they quickly discovered that her maximum speed was too much for Geoffrey’s constitution and bowels, plus Belledane, now happily back in pixie form, and couldn’t keep up with the dragon.

Even with Randi’s rather leisurely pace, Belledane had to struggle to keep up.

After a short argument Randi reinvested Belledane with her magical power.

Geoffrey wasn't sure how it was supposed to work, but almost instantly Belledane shrunk down to her normal two-foot high stature. Wings sprouted from her back. Changing into her smaller state, she ruined the shirt with her wings and fell out of her pants and boots. The pixie was more than happy to put her camiknicker back on.

Geoffrey would have been happier to see her fly about completely unclothed, but when they said he would have to ride the dragon with Cahira, he didn't bother to bring it up.

After two terrifying hours up in the air, eventually they landed in the large, grassy field in front of Maeveen's tower.

"Should we have landed on top of the tower?" asked Belledane.

"No!" Geoffrey said emphatically as he slid from the saddle and fell to the ground on his hands and knees.

"Why not?" demanded Randi. "That's normally how I arrive when I visit Maeveen."

They all looked at her.

"Well, I change into human form as soon as I arrive," she explained. As if to illustrate her point she did exactly that with a flash of light that easily overpowered the sunlight for a moment. It left her standing naked in the middle of the field, her saddle now on the ground. No one was particularly disturbed by her nudity, but showing good social graces she immediately opened a pack attached to the saddle and pulled out a green silk robe, wrapping it around her body and tying it tightly around her waist.

It was just long enough to cover her ass, but it was thin enough to show every curve of her body. She left it open enough to display the dot of her belly button which made Geoffrey wonder about the reproductive process for dragons.

"Shall we?" she asked.

"Give me a moment," said Geoffrey, still on all fours in the grass. "I think I need to throw up."

The dragon sighed and looked at Belledane standing next to her lover. “You don’t have to remain so small, you know.”

“What?”

“Try growing,” suggested Randi.

“Growing?”

“With magic.”

“I can do that, but it’s a difficult spell for me.”

The human dragon smiled. Her smile was much less frightening when she was in human form. “Not now it shouldn’t be.”

With a sigh and a shrug, Belledane lifted her hands and wove her fingers in a pattern that had become familiar to Geoffrey. The little pixie suddenly shot up in size. She wasn’t suddenly human, she was, at best, four and a half feet tall, but she was much more to the scale of the rest of the little group.

The amazing thing was that her camiknicker grew with her.

That disappointed Geoffrey.

“Are we ready?” Randi asked but didn’t wait for an answer. She started walking with confidence toward the tower’s entrance.

Geoffrey fell in step next to Belledane who was still marveling at her larger size. She experimentally flapped her wings and found that she could still fly. It wasn’t as easy as when she was smaller, but she could still fly.

Grabbing Belledane’s ankle and yanking her back to the ground, Geoffrey asked, “Why do I feel like we’re an invading force?”

“Maybe because we are?” she replied.

“What do you want to do?” The warrior and dragon were far enough ahead that they didn’t hear what the couple was saying, or so Geoffrey hoped.

“I want to get the hells out of here,” was her quick reply.

“Me too.”

As if she had overheard them, Cahira looked back at the pair. Geoffrey gave her a quick, confident smile.

They continued the march. When Randi reached the door to the tower she pounded on the thick wooden wall with a fist. The booming sound it made spoke to the strength she had in her supposedly human form.

It took a minute, but eventually the door was opened. Not by Maeveen, of course, but by a goblin. There were more goblins inside the main floor of the tower. Geoffrey felt like he was walking into a fight he was unprepared for.

“Garflag,” Randi said, greeting the goblin. “Where is your mistress?”

The gob leered at the half-naked dragon-woman. “Upstairs,” he gurgled at her and stepped aside, gesturing for her to enter and proceed up the stairs.

All the goblins were armed. None of them looked friendly.

Randi walked in without fear and full of confidence followed by Cahira. Geoffrey and Belledane hesitated, but followed when they realized they didn’t want to be separated from a powerful, and presumably still friendly, dragon and her warrior lover.

“I have a very bad feeling about this,” said Geoffrey.

“You too?” Belledane tossed back at him.

They said nothing more and followed the pair up the stairs. Geoffrey wished he had been a little quicker so he would have been directly behind Randi. He wanted to look up her very short silk robe to admire her ass, but instead he only got Cahira’s powerful, leather-covered buttocks.

Still, that wasn’t too bad.

Garflag was leading the way and he didn’t bother knocking at Maeveen’s bedroom door. He just flung it open. Geoffrey wasn’t the least bit surprised to find the Enchantress in bed with yet another lover.

He had often made jokes about a short man needing a stepladder to fuck a very tall woman. Maeveen was standing on her bed while a minotaur was down on his knees on the floor in front of her.

The minotaur was facing away from Maeveen. The Enchantress had the Golden Phallacy strapped around her hips, projecting outward like a man's cock. It was halfway up the minotaur's ass. Geoffrey wasn't good at reading the expression on minotaur faces, but judging by the size and firmness of the erection projecting up from his loins, this particular minotaur was enjoying the buggering that Maeveen was giving him.

The expression on Randi's face didn't match the minotaur's. She was livid. "You fucking swore you'd never fuck Daggan ever again!" she screamed at Maeveen.

Geoffrey didn't see Cahira draw her sword, but suddenly it was in her hand and it was swinging through the air at the Enchantress. As much as he would have loved to see a fight of an Enchantress and a minotaur against a dragon in human form and an accomplished warrior, he opted for the wiser side of valor and voyeurism.

Grabbing Belledane he pulled his lover back through the door and behind the wall.

"You've dishonored my wife!" Cahira screamed.

That was an overstatement. They weren't married—yet. As far as Geoffrey knew.

"What did that fucking bard tell you?" demanded Maeveen. This was accompanied by bellowing from the minotaur.

"I didn't do fucking anything!" Geoffrey called through the doorway.

Garflag the goblin came sailing out of the door and crashed against the far wall, crumbling into a dead heap.

"Unholy fuck!" Geoffrey screamed. Either his scream or the ruckus was enough to make the group of goblins swarm up the stairs and into the bedroom.

There were more bellows and screams of pain and passion. Flashes of light

nearly blinded Geoffrey.

Everything became more confused. “I hate you!”

“I fucking loved you!”

“I only hate fucked you!”

“Cunt!”

“Whore!”

“Time to leave,” Geoffrey suggested. They were about to cross the doorway when a couple of bloody goblin bodies came crashing through. More of the little monsters were coming up the stairs. With a quick nod the pixie and bard decided up was the correct direction.

They were halfway up the stairs when there was a tremendous crash. The tower shook. Dust flew up the stairs like a noxious cloud. They ran faster as screams of fighting and the booming crash of powerful spells started flying.

It only took them a few seconds to reach the top of the tower, where Geoffrey realized belatedly they were trapped.

“We’re fucking trapped,” he said clutching his head.

“We can get down,” Belledane said confidently.

“Right!” he agreed, coming to his senses. This was his lover. He had freed them of the geas the Enchantress had placed on them by bringing the dragon back to the tower. He could certainly save the life of Belledane. Pulling his lute case from over his shoulder he pulled out the instrument and strummed it a couple of times. “Maybe I can summon a hippogriff or a giant eagle to fly us down.”

Still at her full height of four and a half feet, Belledane angrily vibrated her wings. “Or maybe I can fly you down,” she said, taking to the air and circling around him before he could react. Her hands went under his arms and she lifted him off the unstable stones of the tower roof.

“This is a terrible idea!” he screamed as his feet cleared the top edge of the tower

crenellations.

“Do you have a better one?” Belledane asked as she pushed her wings to full speed to carry her lover to safety.

“NO!”

The moment they were over the edge of the tower Belledane started to agree with the bard. Even flying as fast as she could, she wasn’t doing much more than slowing their near freefall. Still, it was better than staying on the top of the tower, which was now shaking back and forth as it started to crumble.

Belledane altered the trajectory of her controlled fall away from the collapsing tower. Most of the screams had ceased, but thundering crashes inside the tower continued along with flashes of lightning and flames.

They crashed to the semi-soft grassy field. Geoffrey thanked whatever god had taken mercy on him, thinking that perhaps that god was keeping him alive either to continue to torture him or because he was amusing to watch.

Belledane seemed to be perfectly fine. They both briefly glanced at the tower, still in the middle of falling apart, and, grabbing hands, they ran for the edge of the woods.

By the time they reached the relative safety of the woods, the tower had finished falling apart. No goblins or other creatures crawled out of the wreckage.

“I’ve never seen such an erection disappear so quickly,” Geoffrey observed.

His heart was still pounding and he grabbed Belledane to passionately kiss her.

“What was that for?” she asked when he pulled back.

“Just glad to be alive.”

“I could tell. Your cock was like iron.”

“Thank you.”

They shared another look and both glanced over at the tower’s remains.

“Seems a shame to waste all this energy.”

“And a hard cock.”

Belledane hiked her camiknicker up over her hips while Geoffrey unlaced his pants to get out his cock. He picked her up—she was still incredibly lightweight—and pinned her against a large oak tree. Her wings folded and wrapped around him.

Like old lovers, his cock easily found her wet cunt and slipped inside.

“Fuck yes,” she encouraged him.

“Can I...can I ask you something?” Geoffrey asked as he started pumping his hips back and forth.

“Uh huh.”

“Can you still turn invisible?”

She paused in her kisses she was showering on his face and lips. “Yeah.” Concentrating a moment she suddenly blinked out of sight. Geoffrey could still feel her body, but when he looked down at his cock, it was easily visible. He could feel her cunt around it, but couldn’t see a thing.

“Of fucking gods yes,” he moaned into her neck as he started thrusting faster.

She laughed and let him use her body.

If a random creature had wandered by at that moment he would have seen a hysterical bard humping the air near an oak tree, his bare ass to the collapsed Enchantress’s tower. When Geoffrey came his spunk didn’t splash against the tree, but seemed to hang in the air for a bit before it slowly dripped down his cock and to the forest floor.

The unusual pair snuck away from the disaster they had brought about, both desperately hoping the dragon and the Enchantress had killed each other, or at least cared so little about two minor incompetents they wouldn’t be given a second thought.

END

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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