Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

An Erotic Fairy Tale



Part 1

Elliot Silvestri

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Smashwords Edition

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Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest Part 1

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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)

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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.

To Be Continued

Preview

Stepping Out: Cuckold Cheat 2

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

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

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

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

But at the same time, I wanted it off.

Emotions are confusing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No, I’m not,” I lied.

“You are,” she insisted.

“I don’t have time for this.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not that I minded that.

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

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

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

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

Still, I needed something. “What reward?”

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

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

It sounded like torture.

I hated and loved it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first one was just her pussy. It shouldn’t have gotten me hard and it didn’t,

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

That something was physical and emotional torture.

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

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

It was an almost perfect and foolproof system.

I was a fool.

I complimented her on the picture and eagerly awaited more.

Her next text was just a name.

Dennis.

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

Who is Dennis?

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

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

I expect quicker replies in the future.

I promise I will.

She waited ten minutes to text me back. It wasn’t torture, but it was close.

Dennis was the first guy I fucked after I promised to go exclusive with you.

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

I don't want to know this…

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

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

It also hurt because it might have been true.

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

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

But to be negatively compared to someone else still hurt.

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

It still hurt.

Knowing it wasn't true still made it hurt.

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

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

That hurt me again. I liked it.

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

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

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

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub