Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

An Erotic Fairy Tale



Part 2

Elliot Silvestri

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Smashwords Edition

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Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest Part 2

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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.

To Be Continued

Preview

Caged: Cuckold Cheat 3

As strange as our relationship was, Perrin and I still tried to maintain a somewhat normal outward appearance. She had a family party or gathering that weekend that she couldn't avoid and she insisted that I attend with her. All she had to do was ask and I was compelled to say yes, but she wasn't on the best of terms with her family so when I hesitated just a moment to think if I had any obligation that I had to show up for, she took it as reluctance on my part.

"Please come with me," she almost begged me.

I should have pointed out she was almost asking me to cum with her, but I didn't.

I should have pointed out that she could have ordered me to, and I would have.

I should have pointed out that I was willing to do anything for her if she'd take off my chastity cage, but I wasn't that quick thinking.

I opened my mouth to answer, but didn't know what to say. She automatically sweetened the implied reward that I would have gotten if I had said yes.

"I'll let you out of your cage," she hinted.

My eyes went wide and for just a brief moment I was scared. It had been a few weeks since I had been out in public without my cage on. It shouldn't have been scary, but it was. I liked being her possession and going out unarmored was perhaps something I wasn't brave enough to face.

Realizing the small modicum of power that I suddenly had, I smiled at her. "Maybe I don't want that," I said. "Maybe I want something else."

"What do you want?" she asked it quickly and too eagerly. She was desperate and that was bad for us both. She was offering something that I shouldn't even

been allowed to contemplate. It was wrong. An inversion of our dynamics.

I hated it.

“I want to fuck you like a real man,” I said too quickly, the words tumbling out of my mouth.

The deal made and all but sealed, a little smile appeared on her lips and I wondered if I had been trapped into something I should have completely avoided. “I can do that,” she promised, moving close to me. Her hand cupped over the front of my pants, feeling the hidden cage within, where I was safe. “But I’m not sure if you’re big enough to fuck me like a real man, but we can try.”

The family gathering was nothing more than a birthday party for a young child, but for Perrin to appear without an escort of some sort, a boyfriend to prove that she wasn’t going to be spinster. Apparently there was a great shame in her family not to be married and having children by age thirty. If there was anything the two sides of her family agreed upon, it was that she was not living up to family expectations. The blonde Norwegians and the dark-haired Vietnamese elders made strange companions especially as I caught snatches of conversation all evaluating Perrin’s life choices.

Apparently I was a good choice in that I appeared somewhat stable and normal, compared to all the other men she had dated.

Or fucked, I silently added. I tried not to think about whether or not my kink made me normal.

The younger part of the family was mostly disinterested in whether or not Perrin had children. Or got married. Or even had a boyfriend.

Most of the party was me quickly meeting a family member, me immediately forgetting their name, a quick quiz on who I was and if I had a good job and, if Perrin allowed the conversation to go on long enough, if I was the marrying type.

On the few instances where the question was asked, Perrin quickly ended the conversation and steered me elsewhere. I was starting to get annoyed and amused at the same time. I wanted to tell someone, anyone, that I was wearing a cock cage at the moment and Perrin was wearing the key to the lock on a chain around her neck that was hidden inside her very modest—for Perrin—dress.

I also would have been stupid enough to say that Perrin could marry me at any point. She had the key to my cock and that was close enough to the key to my heart.

The cake was good. I avoided the ice cream. The little kids ran around like crazed kangaroos. The elders silently judged; I wondered how their judgement would change if they had all the information on the relationships in front of the. After being in chastity and giving into my kink I started to wonder about the secret sex lives about everyone around me. They were all hiding something, I was certain of this.

Because she was flustered and tired and annoyed, Perrin accidentally introduced me to Denise. I recognized her immediately from the pictures Perrin had shown me on her phone. Denise was pretty with long honey-brown hair swept back from her face and fastened into a ponytail. She had striking green eyes and a little birthmark on her left cheek that was unforgettable.

Of course it was unforgettable; the first time I had seen that birthmark it had been in the picture where she was eating my girlfriend's pussy. I glanced at her left hand and saw both a wedding ring and engagement band on her ring finger.

I hadn't heard the words that Perrin had spoken, so I stupidly asked the first question that came to mind. "How do you two know each other?" I asked innocently.

"Jesus fuck," Perrin cursed at me. "Don't you pay attention. I swear, a pretty face makes all the blood rush out of your brain and into your dick." It was the friendly sort of insult any woman would make about their randy boyfriend. "She's cousin Donny's wife."

I smiled. I couldn't help myself. I had just met the one woman that my girlfriend had gone lesbian with and Perrin had half-lied to me about how they knew each other.

“Oh,” I said blankly. “I thought you said you met her through the same hookup app we met on,” I was looking at Denise when I said the words, but quickly flicked my eyes to Perrin.

Right away she realized her error. Her face flushed red, a rare occasion for her. Denise put her hand to her mouth but tried to maintain her composure. For my part, I could feel my cock swelling in the cage. I hurt, but it was a wonderful sort of pain. I was enjoying the discomfort of the situation—both my physical pain and Perrin’s emotional humiliation—far too much.

Denise tried to recover, but she only made things worse. “We didn’t meet on a hookup app. We barely know each other?”

“Really?” I asked. “I’m positive I’ve seen your face buried in Perrin’s pussy.”

Denise gasped.

“Shut up, Den,” Perrin hissed at her. “Fuck! Don’t say anything.”

Denise didn’t listen and spoke in an accusing tone to my girlfriend. “I thought you said you had him under control. That you had a cage on his...you know!”

“I do!”

I was enjoying the situation too much. I couldn’t resist. “I’m wearing it right now. Want to see?”

Denise’s eyes went wide. “Fuck no! Not here!”

“Want to feel it?” I asked and pressed ahead. “Want to go someplace private and see?”

Denise hesitated just long enough that I quickly figured out that she was interested in a private viewing.

“Shut up, Travis!” Perrin now hissed at me. “Or I won’t let you out of that cage to fuck me.” It was a not-so-subtle way of letting me know she intended to reneg on her promise. That was okay. I was punch drunk and lust struck.

“How about letting me out to fuck Denise then?”

“Hell no! We’re leaving!”

I resisted as she pulled on my arm. Whatever else the situation, I was still a lot physically stronger than her. “Let’s not make a scene,” I said softly.

“You’re the one making a scene.”

“Do you really want me telling cousin Donny that you fucked his wife?” I asked.

“You don’t even know which one is Donny,” she said.

I knew I had been introduced to him and quickly scanned the crowd. I did a rapid process of elimination and made my best guest. Pointing across the backyard of the very nice home of Perrin’s aunt and uncle, I indicated a good-looking Vietnamese man. “Him.”

“Fuck.” Perrin’s curse let me know I guessed correctly.

“I kind of want to see his caged cock,” Denise said softly.

I grinned. “See?”

“Not here!” Perrin snapped.

“Of course not here,” Denise agreed. “In private. Later.” She smiled at me. “We did meet on a hookup app, though. Just lucky we were both looking for women, right?”

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

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