Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

An Erotic Fairy Tale



Part 3

Elliot Silvestri

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Smashwords Edition

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Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest Part 3

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

“The Beehive” (traditional folk song)

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Chapter the Sixth

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Your first time with two women?" Cahira teased him.

"No!" he protested again. "I've been with two women—even more than two

women!—lots of times!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She was more than accommodating in waiting for him to get inside her. As he pushed into her foreign cunt, it felt very familiar and very inviting. As strange as

this situation was, everything felt normal...or as normal as could be expected.

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

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

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

“No.”

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

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

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

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

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

“The moment—” he announced.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“They used you all up?”

“Yeah…”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It wasn't worth it.

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

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

A portion of the wall in what he had come to think of as Randi's bedroom had opened up. How he didn't know, but in the hidden chamber was a complete scullery with a fat iron cook stove, pantry, and all manner of cooking equipment. Cahira was standing in front of the hot stove busily cooking a meal of some sort. That would have been perfectly normal and fine...if she hadn't been wearing only an apron. Since she was facing away from the room, Geoffrey got a good look at her ass, which was very muscular and well-shaped. He wondered why

she was only wearing the apron and wondered it even more when she turned around to face him when he made a weird noise upon viewing her ass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ookaayy…"

"And Cahira's making breakfast."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Give me a minute,” Belledane moaned from the bed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You get used to it,” Geoffrey observed.

“I hope not,” she mused.

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

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

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

“She saved you?”

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

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

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

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

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

“True,” Cahira admitted with a smile.

“And it wasn’t like I was going to kill you. I couldn’t have. You looked too tempting tied up in the middle of the village green, naked and vulnerable.”

The two women looked at each other. Geoffrey wasn’t a complete idiot; just a

partial idiot. The two obviously had a deep affection for each other.

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

He hoped.

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

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

The two shared another laugh.

Geoffrey rolled his eyes.

Belledane continued to eat her pancakes.

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

"Nature took its course," Cahira finished.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffrey was getting tired of their laughter.

"So...what happened?" Geoffrey wanted an explicit explanation.

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

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

“Oh.”

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

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

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

“You caught me at a weak moment.”

“And with a man no less.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

As I was sittin' by the fire

Tellin' lies and drinkin' porter

Suddenly a thought came to my mind

I'd never fucked O'Reilly's daughter

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O'Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

Up the stair in into bed

There I threw my right leg over

She didn't mind a godsdamn bit

Laughed like hell when the fuck was over.

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

Suddenly a noise upon the stairs,

One-balled O’Reilly out for slaughter

With a brace of daggers in his hands,

Lookin' for the man who fucked his daughter.

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O’Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

I grabbed O'Reilly by the neck

Shoved his head in a bucket of water

Rammed the daggers up his ass

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

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O’Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

Now all you ladies sweet and good

Yours is the choice to make entirely

Take it like a good girl should

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

Giddy I ay, giddy I ay

Giddy I ay for the one-balled O'Reilly

Giddy I- ay, no balls at all

Rig-a-jig-jig, fuck on!

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

"More?" he asked.

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

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

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

"I asked if you wanted more." Geoffrey was grinning, confident that his abilities

had done exactly as predicted. Of course it hadn't worked on Belledane because she had seen him perform many times before and had fucked him too many times to count. The dragon wasn't the least bit stimulated because she was a dragon and resistant all manner of charms and flattery. Besides, he had focused all of his energy on Cahira.

"More what?"

"More of my singing. It got you wet, didn't it?"

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

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

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

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

"About what?"

"About me getting her wet."

"How would you know?"

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

Standing up and looking over the table, Belledane shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe. She was a pretty horny fuck. When I went down on her I was certain I was going to drown at one point."

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

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

“You know how to romance a lady.”

“You’re no lady. You’re a pixie.”

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

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

“Not like this.”

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

These weren’t normal circumstances.

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

“Ready?” he grunted.

She barely acknowledged his question. If she had cum, he couldn’t tell, but he was ready to flood her cunt. Moving his hands down to where her hips flared outward he thrusted twice more before finishing.

“Fuck...fuck yes!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Without any more complex action she was suddenly riding on top of Randy. He

grabbed her tits and firmly pinched her nipples causing her to shriek with delight. It didn't stop her from bouncing up and down on the impressive cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dragon wasn't done with her. He rolled on top of her, effectively pinning her down, but she didn't mind in the least. Once she had an orgasm, she needed more and more. Randy started fucking her hard enough to shake the bed. Geoffrey was impressed considering the size and weight of the bed. Belledane grunted with each impact. He was going to take his time with her, Geoffrey was

certain.

Watching Belledane get fucked was more entertaining than he would have thought. It was a surprise when he suddenly heard Cahira's voice whispering in his ear. "I'm not happy Randi is fucking your...whatever she is to you."

"Why not? Just enjoy the show." Geoffrey didn't move his eyes away from the scene in front of him.

"I don't like...men...or cock."

That didn't give Geoffrey a good feeling. While Cahira wasn't mad at him right this moment, he could easily imagine her transferring her anger to him.

"I didn't tell Randi to change into a man and fuck Belle."

"I know," Cahira seethed. "I'll have to speak to her later."

"Her?"

"Randi."

"Oh good. For a second there I thought that you meant Belle." He shifted his cock inside his pants. It had grown to a nearly full erection. If Cahira hadn't been standing right next to him, he would have pulled it out and started jacking off to the pair in the bed.

"She's just Randi's current distraction. I'm not worried about her. She always comes back to me."

"That's good," Geoffrey said encouragingly. "You don't have anything to worry about."

She glared at him. "You don't understand anything, do you?" she spat out before stalking away. He watched her ass shake as she stomped out of the lair. The wooden doors swung silently back into place when she left.

Geoffrey shrugged. "No. No I do not." He then went back to watching Randy and Belledane.

The dragon with his ropy muscles was sweating from the vigorous fucking he was giving the pixie. She was still calling out with every thrust from his hard cock. Geoffrey regretted cumming with her earlier because it would have been a pleasure to fuck her again, or even to jerk off to her underneath Randy.

Randy lasted only another moment before his body tensed up and Geoffrey sensed the explosive orgasm he had inside Belledane's cunt. She screamed when he came. That made Geoffrey wonder if she was just putting on a good show, but judging by how her entire body quivered it was probably just the last orgasm she was going to have for a while.

The two collapsed together on the bed in a tangle of limbs and flesh and sweat and bodily fluids.

Geoffrey didn't know what to do or say. He wasn't that horny and couldn't get his cock hard again right away, so moving in and having sex with one or both of them was not an option. He couldn't think of a song that would be a proper serenade that would signal a temporary halt to lovemaking, so he just stood there awkwardly.

Eventually Randy rolled off Belledane. His big cock flopped onto his stomach. It was wet and sticky with her amrita and his cum. Geoffrey was a little jealous.

Looking around the room the dragon noted Geoffrey's presence, but not that of his lover. "Where's Cahira?" he demanded of Geoffrey.

"Uh...I'm not certain, but she left." He pointed to the door. "She's probably not going far. She didn't take any clothes with her."

Jumping out of the bed, Randy showed more energy and enthusiasm for chasing after a woman than Geoffrey had ever had, especially after fucking a different woman. He watched Randy's big cock flopping back and forth as he raced out of the lair. He continued to watch the dragon's retreating ass and hoped that his buttocks looked that good.

"What the fuck was that all about?" asked Belledane. She was still on her back with her legs spread and her cunt exposed. Geoffrey wasn't the least bit ashamed to look at his lover's genitals. They were a wet, red, swollen mess, a swamp of amrita and cum and who knew what else.

He wished his cock would get hard so he could fuck her again.

“I haven’t the faintest idea...unless Randi is really in love with Cahira and him fucking you is only making things complicated.”

“But that was just for fun,” she said as she sat up and rolled her shoulders. “There’s no way I would ever be the...whatever...to a dragon.”

Geoffrey desperately wanted to ask if she would ever consider being his whatever, but he didn’t have the courage.

“Right. Plus we need to deal with this issue of the Enchantress.”

“Maeveen,” Belledane said, suddenly remembering what had brought them to the dragon’s lair in the first place.

“Right.”

“Right.”

They looked at each other cluelessly. Belledane closed her legs and sat up, seeing that she wasn’t going to be able to entice Geoffrey into another fucking session.

“I have no fucking idea.”

“Neither do I.”

“What did she want in the first place?”

“For us to ‘deal with the dragon’, if I remember her words correctly.”

“What does that mean?”

“I guess it means whatever we want it to mean. Maybe it means to fuck the dragon. If so, mission accomplished. Maybe she meant for us to kill Randi.”

“I don’t see that happening any time soon.”

“Or maybe she sent us here to be killed.”

“Well that was a failed strategy if so.”

“Maybe it means she just wants us to invite Randi to a dinner party at Maeveen’s tower.”

“I doubt that.”

“Maybe it means she wants us to work out a formal treaty for Randi and her.”

“They already seem to have that working okay if Randi’s showing up for a fuck every once in a while.”

“Maybe Maeveen doesn’t want that anymore.”

They sat in silence a long moment, their conversation having solved absolutely nothing.

Chapter the Seventh

Wherein plans are made to defeat a dragon...and an Enchantress...and a warrior...all in the bedroom

Geoffrey considered asking Belledane to suck his cock so maybe he could get hard and fuck her again.

Belledane considered asking Geoffrey to go down on her, clean up her messy cunt, and hopefully he'd want to fuck her again.

Before they could say anything to the other, the doors to the lair slammed open, startling them both.

Randi walked back in confidently, like she owned the place, because she did. She was back in dragon form, which for some perverse reason relaxed Geoffrey. Cahira was riding on her long, sleek back. Having touched the dragon's skin, he knew it was much like a supple leather that was pure bliss to touch. He wondered if having her bare cunt on the dragon's back was enjoyable or a distraction or wasn't something that worried her.

Cahira looked triumphant, like she had defeated the dragon and was entering a city as a conquering heroine. The two of them made a sight. When Randi turned her long neck around to peer at her lover, it was obvious to Geoffrey the two were in love. The way they looked at each other evoked an emotion he had never been able to fully express with his music.

He only hoped that Belledane could somehow look at him the same way some day.

"I have returned," Cahira announced. "My lover has announced her eschewment of her physical and emotional affections for the both of you!" This was good news.

At least Geoffrey thought it was good news.

Belledane looked askance at the two. She headed for the chest in the corner and started pulling clothes out of it, trying to find something appropriate to wear.

“Well, there’s no reason for us to stay here then, is there?”

The group in the cave looked at her as if she had lost her mind.

“Where will you be going?” asked Randi in her dragon form. Cahira slid smoothly off the dragon’s back in a motion that said she had done it many times before. Geoffrey couldn’t help but stare at the warrior. Even if she didn’t like men, she had a body that attracted them. It had to be a problem for the warrior, but then again, she was certainly used to dealing with such men.

“Back to Maeveen’s tower, where else?” said the pixie. She found a large white cotton shirt that appeared to be for a man. Pulling it on she discovered that it fit loosely, which was good because her large breasts pushed the front of it to its straining point. Geoffrey now focused on the way her nipples dented the fine material.

“How will you get there?” Randi continued with her interrogation. Cahira went over to the pile of her clothes and started dressing. Geoffrey kept an eye on her as well. He was certain that she wasn’t dressing for modesty, but she didn’t put her leather armor back on either.

“Geoffrey and I will...we’ll walk.” Belledane awkwardly pulled on a pair of black pants that were made of leather. Through some miracle of chance they fit her curves almost perfectly or maybe a little too tightly. Geoffrey didn’t mention this. He liked the way the soft leather hugged her very human curves. It left little to his imagination and he had a powerful imagination.

“In bare feet?”

Belledane found some heeled boots in the chest and put them on as well. Geoffrey couldn’t evaluate how they fit, but they looked damn good on her. They even served to push up her ass a bit, accentuating her curves even further. He found himself wishing for her to never change back to a pixie.

“Yes. How else?” Belledane replied with a toss of her chin and took a couple of overconfident steps forward. The first one was fine. She wobbled on the second, tripped on the third, and fell to the hard stone floor before she took a fourth step.

“Not in those heels,” observed Cahira. She was in her form fitting undergarment to protect her from the tough leather armor she normally wore. If anything, it

was sexier than what Belledane was wearing. At least that was Geoffrey's opinion, though he didn't voice that aloud.

Belledane gamely got back up on her feet. "I'm just out of practice," she said and tried again. This time she went seven steps before the modest difference in height and surface texture between the stone floor and the wool rug made her go down again.

She screamed in frustration and kicked off the heeled boots.

Geoffrey rushed to her side.

"Maybe you should try walking barefoot," Cahira teased her.

Belledane picked up one of the boots and hurled it at the warrior, who easily dodged the makeshift weapon and chuckled. "Fuck you!" She walked across the rug in bare feet, a much more natural state for a pixie, and promptly tripped again when she missed the tiny transition from rug to stone. She only went down on her knees but it was enough to make her burst into tears.

Geoffrey was there in a flash to comfort her.

"We'll be able to make it," he told her. "This isn't a problem."

It was a huge problem, but he couldn't tell her that.

"When exactly will you be leaving?" Randi asked. She wasn't taunting, but she was curious. It was intimidating to talk to a dragon in actual dragon form, but Geoffrey wasn't going to let himself be easily cowed.

"When we're ready," he said as if he wasn't a guest. "We still need to work out what Maeveen was trying to accomplish by sending us here."

"She was trying to either kill me or work out an agreement where I wouldn't rob her of her powers once a year. She didn't want to give up her lovers to me, but at the same time she still wanted to fuck me, but she didn't want to give up her powers." Randi rolled her reptilian eyes and smiled. Geoffrey tried not to quake in front of her. "What do you think she wants? I ask because I'm certain she doesn't know what she wants."

“I think she just wants stability,” said Geoffrey.

“Stability?” the dragon said doubtfully. “What stability?”

“Do you think she likes you coming to her tower every year and stealing her magic and leaving her vulnerable?”

The dragon gave a shake of her head and shoulders that Geoffrey interpreted as a shrug. “What do I care? I’m a dragon. She could have said no.”

“To a powerful dragon?”

“She’s a powerful enchantress.”

“Who would win in a fight between the two of you?”

“Me, of course,” Randi said without hesitation.

“Are you sure?” asked a worried Cahira from the other side of the room.

The dragon’s eyes narrowed on her lover. “Of course I am. Why?”

“Because I don’t want to risk losing you,” Cahira told her. “And you’ve told me that you go to her because she’s the most powerful enchantress in the world.”

“I’d still win,” Randi said confidently.

“But would you be injured? Would you still be you?” The warrior, clearly in love with the dragon, was concerned for the love of her life. “And what if...what if you didn’t win?”

“It sounds like she just wants you to stop stealing her magic every year,” said Geoffrey.

“But she still wants to fuck me,” the dragon said. “I’m not one to turn down a roll in bed with a beautiful woman.” She leered at Cahira and then at Belledane.

“I have a solution,” Belledane suddenly piped up.

They all looked at her. “What then?” asked Randi. “What suggestion do you have?”

“Marry Cahira.”

Silence filled the room for a long, uncomfortable moment.

And then the bard, dragon, and warrior all burst out laughing.

Belledane folded her arms under her breasts and glared at the three until they settled down enough to talk.

“What good would that do?” asked Geoffrey. He was honest in his question. “Marriage is just a business contract.”

“The bard speaks the truth,” agreed Randi. “And it’s not like husbands and wives __”

“Or wives and wives,” interjected Cahira.

“Or even husbands and husband,” amended Randi. “It’s not like marriage automatically protects against adultery.”

Belledane was truly surprised at this reaction. “It doesn’t?” she asked.

This caused them all to dissolve into peals of laughter again.

Between giggles, Geoffrey asked, “Why would it, Belle? It’s just a piece of paper, a business agreement between families or maybe between a man who wants a wife and a father who wants to get rid of his daughter.”

Her hands went to her mouth, aghast at what they were saying. “Why...who...who and why would they do that?”

The three settled down and took a closer look at Belledane. The pixie was truly horrified at what they were saying. Geoffrey just shrugged. “That’s just the way it is. That’s the way it’s always been, as far as I know.”

Belledane was slowly shaking her head. “Not...not with pixies. We’ll fuck and play with whomever we want, whenever we want. Pixies don’t make a meaningless promise when it comes to marriage or love. You only marry who you love. You only marry if you intend to have that one other pixie as your only partner for the rest of your life. That’s what a marriage is supposed to be.”

They all looked blankly at her. What she was suggesting was...insane. Still, the dragon had a question for the pixie. “You mean...when pixies marry, they only have sex with each other?”

“Yes,” Belledane said emphatically.

“Weird,” was the dragon’s decision.

“Perverted,” agreed Cahira.

“I think it’s sweet,” said Geoffrey.

It might have been a tactical decision on his part, but Belledane’s face turned bright red at his words. Maybe it was because he was a bard and had a vested stake in the idea of true love between a couple. While all of his songs were about sex, there was love in them as well.

“How often do pixies get married?” he asked. “I mean, you’re the one who is always saying that pixies are the lustiest of all races.”

“Oh, not often at all. I have one set of great-grandparents that was married, but they got married late in life.”

“Oh.”

“We’re just more serious about our commitments.”

“I suppose so.” Geoffrey gave it a moment’s thought and then said, “You’re suggesting that Cahira and Randi have a pixie wedding and marriage to stop Randi from fucking the Enchantress on an annual basis and stealing her magic.”

That wasn’t exactly what Belledane had been thinking, but it worked.

“Yes. That. Exactly.”

The dragon frowned, which made her horribly sharp teeth suddenly appear all that much sharper. On the other hand, Cahira’s face lit up like pagan celebrations on Beltane night. “We should get married right away,” said the warrior.

“What?” Randi was clearly shocked.

“Marry me or I’ll never return to you,” Cahira said bluntly.

“What?”

Geoffrey would have thought it was impossible to truly surprise a dragon, but Cahira had easily done it. Twice.

“There are plenty of other women out there and I’ll find happiness with them if you won’t commit to me,” Cahira demanded.

“But...you fuck plenty of other women when you’re away from me.”

“I don’t want to be away from you,” Cahira said. “Not any more. I want a life that doesn’t involve sleeping on the ground every night and killing just to earn a coin so I can kill again tomorrow.”

“Sounds perfect to me,” Geoffrey piped up. “Shall we seal this agreement with a song?” Somehow his lute had found its way back into his hands.

The dragon and warrior both turned to him. “No,” they said in unison.

Randi, using her claw, grabbed Cahira’s hand and asked, “Are you truly serious?”

“I want you and only you. I want a marriage with you. I want a life with you.”

There was a flash of light and the dragon transformed into her female human shape and Geoffrey couldn’t help but leer at Randi’s naked body.

“I want a life with you alone as well,” she said and kissed the taller warrior.

Unable to stop himself Geoffrey launched into his song.

My Mistress is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowery garden

To her they come with loaden thighs, to ease them of their burden.

As under the bee-hive lieth the Wax, and under the Wax is Honey

So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her Cunny.

My Mistress is a mine of Gold, would that it were her Pleasure
To let me dig within her Mould and roll among her Treasure.
As under the Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the Mould is Mony
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her Cunny.

My Mistress is a Morn in May, which drops of Dew down stilleth,
Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down sweetly trilleth.
As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, So under the Mist it is Sunny,
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her Cunny.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of water sweet
That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under feet.
Her Belly is both white and soft, and Downy as any Bunny
That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her Cunny.

My Mistress has the Magick Sprays, of late she takes such wondrous pain
That she can pleasing spirits raise, and also lay them down again.

Such power hath my tripping Doe, My little pretty Bunny

That many would their Lives forego to play but with her Cunny.

“What the fuck was that all about?” demand Belledane.

“Sex,” Geoffrey said with a shrug.

“It should have been about love or marriage or a wedding!”

“I only know songs about sex.”

The three women shook their heads.

Chapter the Eighth

Where everything goes downhill in a sort of...denouement

Geoffrey had always been fine with riding a woman in bed, or anywhere else for that matter. Riding a horse was just a part of life, as was riding in or on a wagon.

Riding a dragon was fucking terrifying.

“I don’t want to feel your fucking dick against my ass, bard,” Cahira told him as he clutched tightly to her body. Normally when he was wrapping his arms around a woman and facing her back, he had his hard cock buried deeply in her cunt, or occasionally her ass. This was different. He could barely feel Cahira’s flesh through her leather armor. His cock was a shriveled little worm inside his pants.

The distance to the ground seemed impossibly far away. He was certain that if he fell off Randi’s back he would splatter onto the earth like a rotten corpse falling from a gibbet. The saddle and harness that Cahira had attached to the dragon didn’t help him feel any more secure.

“Don’t worry,” he screamed into her ear.

They weren’t flying very fast, at least they weren’t according to the warrior and dragon. It had taken him and Belledane several days to arrive at the cave from the Enchantress’s tower via horseback. Randi had said it would take only two hours at the most to fly to Maeveen’s home. It would take less time if they flew as fast as Randi could sail through the air, but they quickly discovered that her maximum speed was too much for Geoffrey’s constitution and bowels, plus Belledane, now happily back in pixie form, and couldn’t keep up with the dragon.

Even with Randi’s rather leisurely pace, Belledane had to struggle to keep up.

After a short argument Randi reinvested Belledane with her magical power. Geoffrey wasn’t sure how it was supposed to work, but almost instantly Belledane shrunk down to her normal two-foot high stature. Wings sprouted from her back. Changing into her smaller state, she ruined the shirt with her

wings and fell out of her pants and boots. The pixie was more than happy to put her camiknicker back on.

Geoffrey would have been happier to see her fly about completely unclothed, but when they said he would have to ride the dragon with Cahira, he didn't bother to bring it up.

After two terrifying hours up in the air, eventually they landed in the large, grassy field in front of Maeveen's tower.

"Should we have landed on top of the tower?" asked Belledane.

"No!" Geoffrey said emphatically as he slid from the saddle and fell to the ground on his hands and knees.

"Why not?" demanded Randi. "That's normally how I arrive when I visit Maeveen."

They all looked at her.

"Well, I change into human form as soon as I arrive," she explained. As if to illustrate her point she did exactly that with a flash of light that easily overpowered the sunlight for a moment. It left her standing naked in the middle of the field, her saddle now on the ground. No one was particularly disturbed by her nudity, but showing good social graces she immediately opened a pack attached to the saddle and pulled out a green silk robe, wrapping it around her body and tying it tightly around her waist.

It was just long enough to cover her ass, but it was thin enough to show every curve of her body. She left it open enough to display the dot of her belly button which made Geoffrey wonder about the reproductive process for dragons.

"Shall we?" she asked.

"Give me a moment," said Geoffrey, still on all fours in the grass. "I think I need to throw up."

The dragon sighed and looked at Belledane standing next to her lover. "You don't have to remain so small, you know."

“What?”

“Try growing,” suggested Randi.

“Growing?”

“With magic.”

“I can do that, but it’s a difficult spell for me.”

The human dragon smiled. Her smile was much less frightening when she was in human form. “Not now it shouldn’t be.”

With a sigh and a shrug, Belledane lifted her hands and wove her fingers in a pattern that had become familiar to Geoffrey. The little pixie suddenly shot up in size. She wasn’t suddenly human, she was, at best, four and a half feet tall, but she was much more to the scale of the rest of the little group.

The amazing thing was that her camiknicker grew with her.

That disappointed Geoffrey.

“Are we ready?” Randi asked but didn’t wait for an answer. She started walking with confidence toward the tower’s entrance.

Geoffrey fell in step next to Belledane who was still marveling at her larger size. She experimentally flapped her wings and found that she could still fly. It wasn’t as easy as when she was smaller, but she could still fly.

Grabbing Belledane’s ankle and yanking her back to the ground, Geoffrey asked, “Why do I feel like we’re an invading force?”

“Maybe because we are?” she replied.

“What do you want to do?” The warrior and dragon were far enough ahead that they didn’t hear what the couple was saying, or so Geoffrey hoped.

“I want to get the hells out of here,” was her quick reply.

“Me too.”

As if she had overheard them, Cahira looked back at the pair. Geoffrey gave her a quick, confident smile.

They continued the march. When Randi reached the door to the tower she pounded on the thick wooden wall with a fist. The booming sound it made spoke to the strength she had in her supposedly human form.

It took a minute, but eventually the door was opened. Not by Maeveen, of course, but by a goblin. There were more goblins inside the main floor of the tower. Geoffrey felt like he was walking into a fight he was unprepared for.

“Garflag,” Randi said, greeting the goblin. “Where is your mistress?”

The gob leered at the half-naked dragon-woman. “Upstairs,” he gurgled at her and stepped aside, gesturing for her to enter and proceed up the stairs.

All the goblins were armed. None of them looked friendly.

Randi walked in without fear and full of confidence followed by Cahira. Geoffrey and Belledane hesitated, but followed when they realized they didn’t want to be separated from a powerful, and presumably still friendly, dragon and her warrior lover.

“I have a very bad feeling about this,” said Geoffrey.

“You too?” Belledane tossed back at him.

They said nothing more and followed the pair up the stairs. Geoffrey wished he had been a little quicker so he would have been directly behind Randi. He wanted to look up her very short silk robe to admire her ass, but instead he only got Cahira’s powerful, leather-covered buttocks.

Still, that wasn’t too bad.

Garflag was leading the way and he didn’t bother knocking at Maeveen’s bedroom door. He just flung it open. Geoffrey wasn’t the least bit surprised to find the Enchantress in bed with yet another lover.

He had often made jokes about a short man needing a stepladder to fuck a very tall woman. Maeveen was standing on her bed while a minotaur was down on

his knees on the floor in front of her.

The minotaur was facing away from Maeveen. The Enchantress had the Golden Phallacy strapped around her hips, projecting outward like a man's cock. It was halfway up the minotaur's ass. Geoffrey wasn't good at reading the expression on minotaur faces, but judging by the size and firmness of the erection projecting up from his loins, this particular minotaur was enjoying the buggering that Maeveen was giving him.

The expression on Randi's face didn't match the minotaur's. She was livid. "You fucking swore you'd never fuck Daggan ever again!" she screamed at Maeveen.

Geoffrey didn't see Cahira draw her sword, but suddenly it was in her hand and it was swinging through the air at the Enchantress. As much as he would have loved to see a fight of an Enchantress and a minotaur against a dragon in human form and an accomplished warrior, he opted for the wiser side of valor and voyeurism.

Grabbing Belledane he pulled his lover back through the door and behind the wall.

"You've dishonored my wife!" Cahira screamed.

That was an overstatement. They weren't married—yet. As far as Geoffrey knew.

"What did that fucking bard tell you?" demanded Maeveen. This was accompanied by bellowing from the minotaur.

"I didn't do fucking anything!" Geoffrey called through the doorway.

Garflag the goblin came sailing out of the door and crashed against the far wall, crumbling into a dead heap.

"Unholy fuck!" Geoffrey screamed. Either his scream or the ruckus was enough to make the group of goblins swarm up the stairs and into the bedroom.

There were more bellows and screams of pain and passion. Flashes of light nearly blinded Geoffrey.

Everything became more confused. “I hate you!”

“I fucking loved you!”

“I only hate fucked you!”

“Cunt!”

“Whore!”

“Time to leave,” Geoffrey suggested. They were about to cross the doorway when a couple of bloody goblin bodies came crashing through. More of the little monsters were coming up the stairs. With a quick nod the pixie and bard decided up was the correct direction.

They were halfway up the stairs when there was a tremendous crash. The tower shook. Dust flew up the stairs like a noxious cloud. They ran faster as screams of fighting and the booming crash of powerful spells started flying.

It only took them a few seconds to reach the top of the tower, where Geoffrey realized belatedly they were trapped.

“We’re fucking trapped,” he said clutching his head.

“We can get down,” Belledane said confidently.

“Right!” he agreed, coming to his senses. This was his lover. He had freed them of the geas the Enchantress had placed on them by bringing the dragon back to the tower. He could certainly save the life of Belledane. Pulling his lute case from over his shoulder he pulled out the instrument and strummed it a couple of times. “Maybe I can summon a hippogriff or a giant eagle to fly us down.”

Still at her full height of four and a half feet, Belledane angrily vibrated her wings. “Or maybe I can fly you down,” she said, taking to the air and circling around him before he could react. Her hands went under his arms and she lifted him off the unstable stones of the tower roof.

“This is a terrible idea!” he screamed as his feet cleared the top edge of the tower crenellations.

“Do you have a better one?” Belledane asked as she pushed her wings to full speed to carry her lover to safety.

“NO!”

The moment they were over the edge of the tower Belledane started to agree with the bard. Even flying as fast as she could, she wasn’t doing much more than slowing their near freefall. Still, it was better than staying on the top of the tower, which was now shaking back and forth as it started to crumble.

Belledane altered the trajectory of her controlled fall away from the collapsing tower. Most of the screams had ceased, but thundering crashes inside the tower continued along with flashes of lightning and flames.

They crashed to the semi-soft grassy field. Geoffrey thanked whatever god had taken mercy on him, thinking that perhaps that god was keeping him alive either to continue to torture him or because he was amusing to watch.

Belledane seemed to be perfectly fine. They both briefly glanced at the tower, still in the middle of falling apart, and, grabbing hands, they ran for the edge of the woods.

By the time they reached the relative safety of the woods, the tower had finished falling apart. No goblins or other creatures crawled out of the wreckage.

“I’ve never seen such an erection disappear so quickly,” Geoffrey observed.

His heart was still pounding and he grabbed Belledane to passionately kiss her.

“What was that for?” she asked when he pulled back.

“Just glad to be alive.”

“I could tell. Your cock was like iron.”

“Thank you.”

They shared another look and both glanced over at the tower’s remains.

“Seems a shame to waste all this energy.”

“And a hard cock.”

Belledane hiked her camiknicker up over her hips while Geoffrey unlaced his pants to get out his cock. He picked her up—she was still incredibly lightweight—and pinned her against a large oak tree. Her wings folded and wrapped around him.

Like old lovers, his cock easily found her wet cunt and slipped inside.

“Fuck yes,” she encouraged him.

“Can I...can I ask you something?” Geoffrey asked as he started pumping his hips back and forth.

“Uh huh.”

“Can you still turn invisible?”

She paused in her kisses she was showering on his face and lips. “Yeah.” Concentrating a moment she suddenly blinked out of sight. Geoffrey could still feel her body, but when he looked down at his cock, it was easily visible. He could feel her cunt around it, but couldn’t see a thing.

“Of fucking gods yes,” he moaned into her neck as he started thrusting faster.

She laughed and let him use her body.

If a random creature had wandered by at that moment he would have seen a hysterical bard humping the air near an oak tree, his bare ass to the collapsed Enchantress’s tower. When Geoffrey came his spunk didn’t splash against the tree, but seemed to hang in the air for a bit before it slowly dripped down his cock and to the forest floor.

The unusual pair snuck away from the disaster they had brought about, both desperately hoping the dragon and the Enchantress had killed each other, or at least cared so little about two minor incompetents they wouldn’t be given a second thought.

END

Preview

Dorinne's Cream: Sexy Preg 1

I’m only looking for a hookup.

The picture of Dorinne on the app showed her as very pretty, but who the hell doesn’t edit, touch up, crop and do whatever else is necessary to make themselves look good in a dating app.

Hell, I was using a picture of my doggo Herman licking my face.

Women like dogs, right?

I had swiped on I don’t know how many women’s pictures hoping for a match. I’d say I looked for a connection in almost ninety percent of those I viewed.

Yeah, sleazy, I know. And I still only got a tiny handful of responses.

That’s why I was surprised that the very attractive Dorinne replied to me. I was even more surprised at her message to me.

I’m only looking for a hookup.

Are any words more welcome to a guy just looking to get laid?

Like any smart couple looking for a hookup, we met at the local Starbucks because it’s the early 21st century. She arrived before me and was seated at a booth. In person she was as pretty as her picture; better even.

I slipped into the booth across from her and after our initial greeting and awkward introductions, she asked the question that I’d been waiting for. I admired her bravery.

“Do you know why I sent you a message?” she asked.

“No idea.” I had an idea.

“I liked your picture. Including a dog was a nice touch.”

“His name was Herman.”

“Was?”

“He died last year.”

“Ah. Sorry to hear that.”

“Thanks.”

“I should be honest. My picture isn’t very recent either.”

I shrugged. “You look even better in person.” I wasn’t lying.

“Really?” she asked and scooted to the end of the booth’s bench. Before I could say anything, she stood up and turned her body.

Dorinne wasn’t a very tall woman and had her brunette hair cut to a practical length. Her face was round and pretty. The black and white striped sundress she was wearing was a little snug, but I thought that was intentional in anticipation of our date. Maybe it was. Maybe it wasn’t. But it hugged her body, hiding absolutely nothing and showing off her curved stomach.

I was no expert, but she was definitely pregnant.

“What do you think of me now?”

“Uh…” was my witty response.

Without waiting for me to say anything else, she slipped back into the booth. “I’ve gotten really horny in my second trimester,” she said with an apologetic grin. “Which explains why I’m here.”

“Right,” I agreed. “But...what about your husband?”

“I’m not married.” She displayed her left hand. All the fingers were ringless.

“Boyfriend?”

“Let me cut to the end of this little line of questioning, the father isn’t in the picture and I need a little physical relief.”

“Oh. I see.”

“Ever fuck a pregnant girl before?”

I stared at her blankly for a minute. “No. At least not to my knowledge.”

“Well, here’s your chance.”

“Oh.”

She looked up at me apologetically. “I don’t put this on my profile.”

“Yeah, you’d never get any replies.”

Dorinne shook her head. “No. Almost the opposite. I’d attract guys who have a kink for pregnant women. That’s worse than a pity fuck.”

“Oh. I don’t think I have that kink.”

“Good. Wanna fuck me. My place isn’t far and you don’t have to use a condom. I’m already pregnant and it’s not yours.”

I have to admit, I was more than a little curious. I mean, she was cute. She was willing. She was sexy. She propositioned me. She wasn’t looking for anything long term.

I was horny. I was a guy. I had a cock. I was clean.

What could go wrong?

“Do you like doggy style?”

Her smile was voracious. “I love it.”

Her apartment was nice. I didn't get a tour of it. We went right to her bedroom, which was also nice, but I wasn't there for the decor.

"Help me with my dress?" she asked. Without me realizing what she had been doing, she had her dress hiked up to mid-thigh and was struggling to get it over her slightly bulging stomach. Not knowing what else to do, I grabbed the hem and pulled it upward, over her hips, stomach, breasts, and finally over her head. I tossed it aside.

We were standing close together and I wasn't sure if I should stare down at her body or look her in the eyes. I watched to look at her body, but that seemed rude, even though she was eager to get naked. And presumably she was eager to fuck.

What I discovered right away was that it was impossible to get close for an easy kiss because of her stomach. I glanced down and couldn't help but admire the way her bra made her tits look huge. I wasn't sure how big she was exactly, but she wasn't small. It made me wonder how much she had grown since she got pregnant.

Bulging out further than her tits was her stomach. It was a nice curve that somehow made her sexier than she normally would have been. Of course, she was only wearing bra and panties at the moment, so it was easy for her to be sexy just standing there. The bra was on the practical side, spandex rather than lace and silk, but it was a nice peachy color that matched her panties.

When I moved forward for a kiss, her bulge kept up apart. We both laughed nervously as we bumped together. "Were you trying to kiss me?" she asked.

"Uh...yeah. I thought that would be a good idea, rather than just ripping off your clothes and fucking you."

She turned her head slightly and lifted her chin. "Maybe I want you to rip my clothes off me and fuck me like an animal."

"Do you?"

"Maybe."

I didn’t think all but assaulting Dorinne was a good idea, so instead I moved slightly to her side, put my fingers under her jaw and turned her head just enough for me to bend down and kiss her.

Her lips were soft and willing. She parted them just enough for me to slip my tongue between them and explore the wet warmth of her mouth.

As much fun as kissing can be, it isn’t nearly as much fun as sex; it’s only prelude.

“Take off my bra,” she told me.

“Can do,” I replied, reaching around her back and deftly releasing the hooks. It had taken me years of practice on many women and many bras to get that good.

She was surprised at how easily I got it off her. I was surprised at how it managed to sit on her breasts and not fall free.

“Can I?” I asked and took hold of the straps. She merely nodded and allowed me to finish the job.

Her tits weren’t as big as I had imagined. Maybe it was her small frame or maybe it was because they settled down when free of the bra, but they were still impressive. They were pert and topped with light brown nipples and small areolas. At first I thought that maybe she had had a boob job done but then I realized they were swollen because of her pregnancy. They made them stand up even more proudly than normal.

“Wow.”

My small compliment made her grin. “Thanks. They’ve grown since I’ve been pregnant. Hormones and food will do that.”

“Hell yeah they will.” I was unabashedly staring at her tits, completely unmindful about how creepy I was being.

Dorinne crossed her arms in front of her chest. “Why don’t you take off your clothes now.”

I came back to myself. “Oh. Right. Good idea.” She watched as I undressed.

Since I had an active enough casual sex life, I tended to keep myself in good shape. The women I dated appreciated my efforts. At least I hope they did. When Dorinne's eyes went wide when I took off my shirt, it was worth it. I could tell she was pleased. Her hands temporarily dropped from her chest and she started to reach out to touch me, but she showed some restraint.

"Take off your underwear," she said, flicking her eyes downward.

I wasn't hard. Not yet. But I was well on my way. The only way we could get down to business was to get naked.

The smile on her face when I was finally completely naked was worth everything in the world. "Do you mind if...I...I...uh…" She didn't finish her question. She just went down on her knees in front of me, took my cock in her hand, and put it in her mouth.

A blowjob from a pregnant woman isn't any different from a regular blowjob, but emotionally it felt a lot more intense.

Under Dorinne's ardent attention, I quickly rose to the occasion. I quickly figured out that maybe—just maybe—Dorinne got pregnant because she was a bit of a slut. If nothing else, she really knew how to suck cock.

Sadly, I actually had to pull back from her, forcibly ending the blowjob. "Sorry," I said. "But I don't want to finish in your mouth."

It took her a few seconds to stand up. I had to assist her. Apparently pregnancy throws of a woman's sense of balance. Who knew?

"That's okay. I didn't want you to finish in my mouth anyway." Her hand went to cup my balls. My cock was standing up proudly and when she grasped me, I wanted nothing more than to fuck her hard and raw right there.

I didn't. I managed to contain myself.

"Where would you like me to finish?" I asked, playing along with her game.

"I'm a pregnant slut," she replied, running her other hand over the stretch of her belly. "Where do you think I want you to finish?"

Her hand started to move up my cock so I rapidly whirled her around and pushed her toward the bed. “Your pussy, obviously.”

Dorinne yanked down the sheets to the bed and climbed up on it. The sheets were pale yellow and covered in flowers every color of the rainbow. I’ll never forget that image of her moving onto the sheets. Her interior decorating skills only temporarily distracted me. A second later my eyes fell to her ass, lovely and rounded. It took a few more seconds for me to realize that she was wearing a thong which was an odd contrast to what I imagined pregnant women wore under their clothes.

Not that I minded. I loved the view and what it did to her ass, but it seemed out of place.

She got into position on her hands and knees and my fingers went to the sides of her thong. I lightly traced the way it cut into her skin, admiring her commitment to being an erotic woman.

“You going to take off my panties or do I need to help you?” she asked. “Or are you one of those guys who like to fuck women just pulling the panties aside. I’ve always thought that was weird.”

“It’ll be my pleasure to take them off you.”

I eased the tiny garment off her hips and down her legs, She assisted me by lifting her knees and feet to completely free herself of any clothing. “I wanted to dress for the occasion,” she said as I tossed aside her panties.

“What?”

She looked over her shoulder at me. I barely glanced at her face; I was too focused on the cleft of her buttocks. Her anus was tightly puckered and I could just barely see the dark pink of her pussy lips between her legs.

“A good girl wears bikinis or briefs. A bad girl wears a thong. I’m a bad girl. I wanted to make sure I was dressed just right in case...in case I wound up back here, just like this.” She paused and licked her lips. “Well, are you going to fuck me or not?”

“Right. The business at hand.” I got onto the bed, kneeling right behind her,

wondering what I had gotten myself into. Figuring she probably needed a little warm-up, I reached between her legs to check to see how ready she was. I like eating pussy and while doing it kneeling behind a girl was tough, I was willing to do so for an attractive woman like Dorinne who was eager to get down to fuck.

She was sopping wet. My finger slid right inside her. The little moan she let out made my cock throb.

“Keep doing that,” she encouraged me. “I love cumming from fingers or cock or lips. Are you going to give me all three?”

I dodged her question. “Wow. You’re really fucking wet!”

“I’m really fucking horny,” she moaned again. “Put those fingers to work or shove your cock in me. I need it now!”

Who was I to say no to a woman obviously in need of assistance?

After that moment of fumbling about as we aligned ourselves and found the right angle, I slipped right into her pussy. I was amazed. It shouldn’t have been that easy or welcome and inviting, but it was. Dorinne was horny and ready to fuck much more so that I would have imagined.

Fucking a pregnant woman wasn’t much different from fucking any other woman. Maybe her hips were a bit wider than what I was used to, but I was fine with that.

“Oohhh...yeah. That’s what I needed,” she moaned into the pillow she was hugging. “Fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

I obliged the best I could. I didn’t pound into her, but I was vigorous in my thrusting. I love the sound of flesh slapping on flesh during sex. Call me wild.

I didn’t just kneel behind her and fuck like some lame asshole. I altered my stance and angle of thrusts, looking for one that she particularly liked. What she really seemed to love was when I planted my hands next to hers on the bed, basically getting on all fours over her body while we fucked. I think she liked it when my cock rubbed up against her g-spot, but what do I know of female anatomy?

Because I’m a man and I couldn’t help myself, I balanced myself on just my knees and ran my hands up her arms to cup her tits. They were full and firm and fit my hands perfectly. Her nipples fell between my thumb and forefinger. I pinched and rolled them. When Dorinne was excited, apparently her nipples swelled because they were large and long.

She moaned loudly. “Oh...yeah. Just like that.”

I, being clueless, stopped playing with her nipples and focused on the steady thrusting I was doing.

“Fuck! No! Play with my tits!”

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About the Author

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