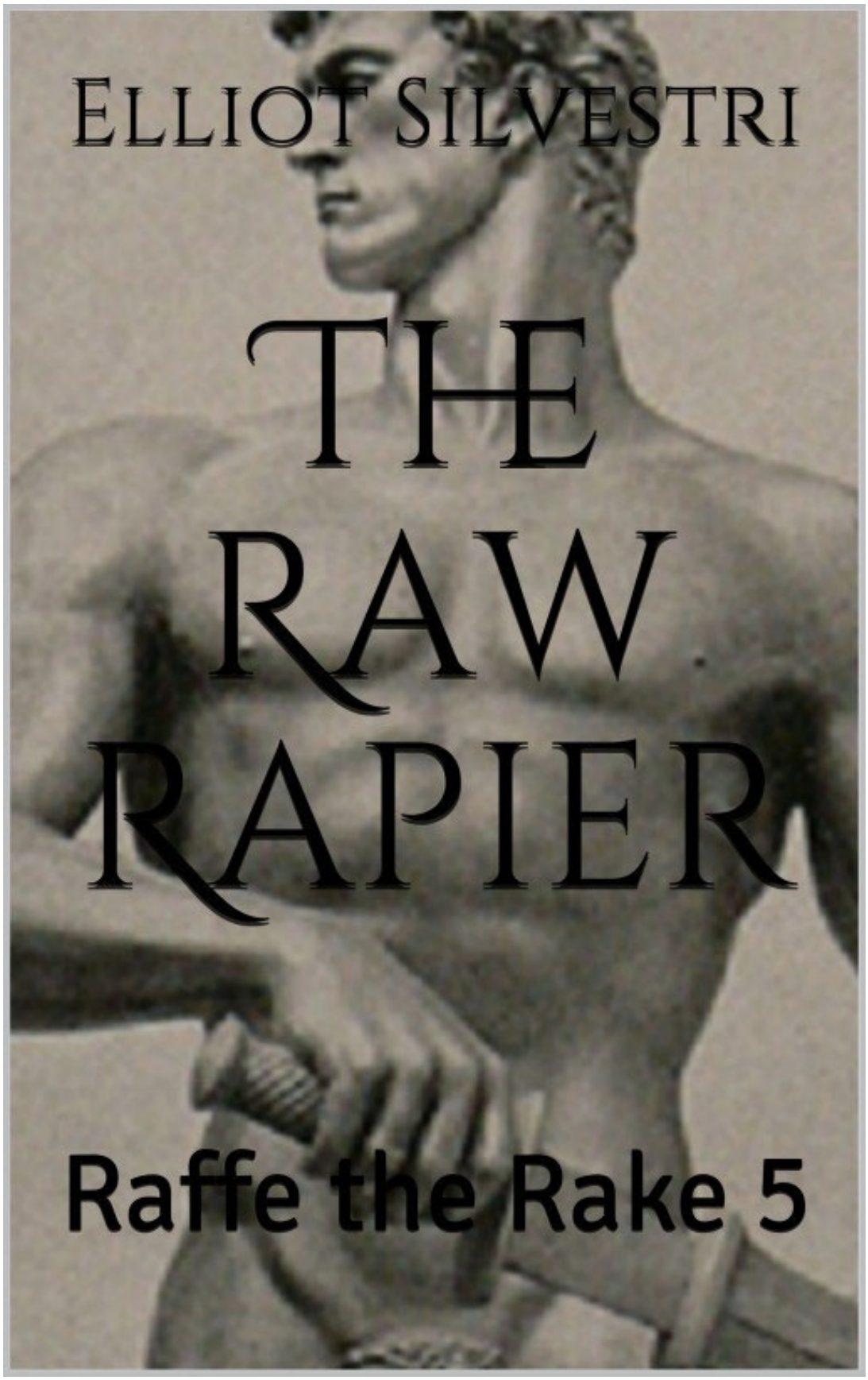
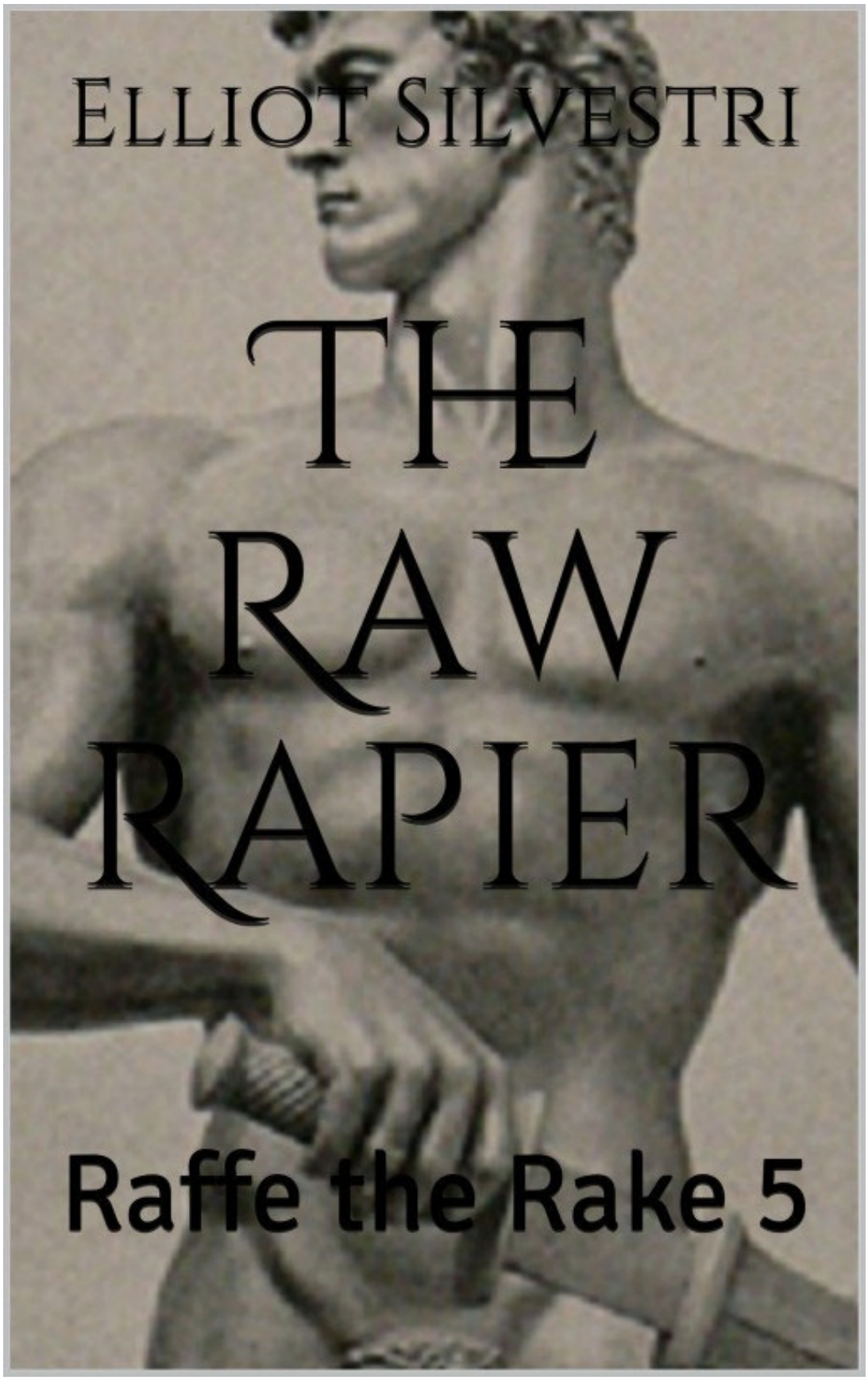

Elliot Silvestri
THE RAW RAPIER
Raffe the Rake 5


Elliot Silvestri
THE RAW RAPIER
Raffe the Rake 5

The Raw Rapier

Raffe the Rake 5

A Magical Erotic Fantasy

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

The Raw Rapier

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Part Five

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Preview

About the Author

Part Five

Chapter One

Vanda slipped through the castle. It was the middle of the night and there weren't that many people—guards or staff—about and when she encountered passersby, she didn't acknowledge them and they said nothing to her. She wasn't sure if it was because they perceived her as a prostitute and she was beneath their notice or if they simply didn't see her because she blended into all the background activity of the castle. She was just another moving body.

Even if they had said something, there was nothing to worry about. Vanda wasn't doing anything wrong. She was just going to see her occasional lover who lived in the worse accommodations of the castle. Raffe, being the nephew of Lord Raymar, could have had his pick of rooms, but he instead had his pick of women. He even chose to turn down some of them.

Her gait was stilted and she didn't move as smoothly as she normally did. No one noticed. No one could see the little secret she had hidden up inside her body. That made this little adventure all that more exciting.

At Raffe's door for half a second she considered knocking, but that seemed unnecessary. There was no reason to give him time to prepare and if he already had company…well, she'd have to deal with that. Improvisation wasn't her strong suit, but in matters of real desperation, she'd make do.

Raffe's door was locked, but that meant nothing to her, not with the magical assistance she had earlier in the night. Opening the lock was as easy as a thought. Raffe was asleep in his bed and much to her delight and surprise, he was alone. Either he had expended himself earlier or had kicked out his latest partner. It didn't matter to Vanda. She slipped out of her dress, stood gloriously naked in the middle of the tiny room for a moment, and then got under the blankets with Raffe.

Her hand went right to his cock and she found that he was turgid, but not fully hard. Not yet.

With a moan he rolled over and offered his cock to her. Raffe was nothing if not predictable in bed, or at least predictable in the sense that he'd fuck whoever was available and willing. Vanda was both of those things and so much more.

Not wanting to wake him and risk breaking the glamor, she slowed the pace of her busy hand on his cock and instead slid under the blankets. Her mouth found

his growing hardness and it was easy to understand why he had so many willing partners. Everything about his manhood was perfect. The way it filled her mouth. The way it smelled and felt. The way it pulsed and throbbed with readiness.

What she was doing was wrong, That she knew. It still didn't stop her. Some things were necessary and men didn't always need to know why women did certain things. Men were simple creatures. Women were complex.

Vanda felt no shame as she released his hard manhood from her mouth and carefully mounted him, carefully sliding his tool into her cunt. That was enough to wake him.

"Vanda," he murmured.

"Yes. It's me."

"I'm tired," he complained.

"I'm horny," she said, shifting her position slightly. What was up inside her cunt wasn't causing a problem, but it took some getting used to.

Even though he complained about it, Raffe didn't push her away or otherwise reject her. He could always be depended on to take the right course of action in any situation. He allowed Vanda to ride his cock, even encouraging her with upward thrusts into her cunt. She reflected that he didn't know the true purpose of her being there and the deception she was running on him. If he had known it would have made things worse. As it was, the sex was rote and mechanical at best.

It wasn't the best sex Raffe had ever had, but it was good enough. Vanda continued to ride him until he came, emptying his balls into her with two grunts and a sigh of exhaustion. When it was over, Vanda realized she hadn't cum, but that hadn't been her goal when she had gotten into bed with him.

"I'm not paying you for tonight," he mumbled at her.

"I wouldn't dream of it," she said, but then remembered who she was. "But I should charge you anyway."

“I didn’t ask you to get into my bed.”

“Sometimes a woman has needs.”

He chuckled lowly. “Your only need is your purse.”

She was about to reply, but noticed he was breathing slowly and steadily because he was already asleep. It made her wonder what purse he was talking about.

Vanda waited for a bit before slipping out of the bed and putting her dress back on. This was assuredly the most immoral thing she had ever done in her life… and she had done more than she cared to admit to. But she heeded the warning given to her. It was one thing to use deception to get what she wanted, it was another thing entirely to get caught using deception.

No one would question Vanda wandering the hallways of the castle in the middle of the night. They might question Zussanna, but she wouldn’t have to answer them.

Arriving back in her room Vanda saw herself lounging on the bed. It would have caused too many problems for there to be two Vandas wandering about. And it was strange to thing of the real Vanda as herself. Or was she the real Vanda. She had been warned about this loss of self and even with the warning she was having trouble processing what she was supposed to be thinking and doing.

The other Vanda stood up from the bed. “Come here, girl. Did you get his seed?”

“Yes,” Vanda automatically answered.

“Lift up your skirts.”

Vanda did as the other Vanda told her. It was easier to obey, that way she didn’t have to think.

The other Vanda reached up into the first Vanda’s cunt. She was still slick with Raffe’s cum so the passaged was easy. The other Vanda rooted about for a minute before extracting the little charm she had implanted there hours earlier.

“Will it work?” she asked. “Did it work.”

The other Vanda held the charm in the palm of her hand. “Of course it did. I wouldn’t give you a bad charm. My magic is perfect…when used correctly.”

“So I’m with child?” she asked.

Vanda tucked the charm away and stood up. She kissed herself and when their lips parted she beheld Zussanna in front of her.

Zussanna sighed and stepped back. “That was so confusing. Was I you?”

“No. You were an imitation of me. You must have been convincing enough. Raffe believed you were me, did he not?”

“Yes. He didn’t seem eager to fuck me though.”

“Did you speak with anyone else?”

“No. Just Raffe.”

“Good. The glamor is only so powerful. The more perceptive the person, the more likely they are to pierce the veil.”

“What should I do now?”

“Wait,” advised Vanda. “Let nature take its course. The goddess has blessed you. In short order you will have a child.”

“Is it actually…actually Raffe’s?” Zussanna was now starting to have doubts. It was the wrong time for doubts.

“Does it matter?” asked Vanda. Her eyes were alive and sparkling. Zussanna didn’t know what to think.

Winter came on the castle hard and fast. Like a soldier eager to spend all his pay at the whorehouse commented more than one of the sergeants to the delight of the men.

Zussanna didn’t announce her pregnancy right away.

There were no more incidents from the mountain pass. No invading orc army came through, but neither did any spies or elven refugees.

Raffe spent his time as captain of the guard seducing various solider and interrogating the two elves they had rescued. The interrogations went well. Raffe didn't like using torture. He found it didn't work well and it was rather disgusting. Since there was plenty of time he decided to make the most of it and get all the information from Amaranth and Larkspur that he could.

Amaranth was the female, Larkspur was the male. It took him some time, but Raffe was eventually able to tell the two apart but only because Amaranth had slightly lighter colored hair and Larkspur had a small scar under his right eye.

Like all elves they responded well to two things: wine and sex.

Supplying them with wine was easy. Supplying them with sex was only slightly less easy. They were somewhat reluctant to go off alone with Raffe, but they were happy to drink and tell him all about their tortures and abuse. They gave him more information than they realized. He quickly concluded there was no orc invasion coming. The orcs were still trying to get the goblins to do their bidding but the creatures were inconstant and difficult to work with. At most, Amaranth and Larkspur were a probe to see what the human defenses with.

Raffe was certain the two were simple pawns. That didn't prevent him from getting them into bed with him.

All it took was a few bottles of wine and his sweet talk.

The relationship between two elves Raffe was never able to fully establish. He wasn't familiar enough with elf families and marriage customs. They might have been casual acquaintances who were thrown together by circumstance. They might have been cousins by marriage. They had some sort of connection, but every time Raffe brought it up, they were vague and confusing.

"But…you seem to be…" Raffe paused. "Very familiar with each other."

"The orcs had us captive for a year," said Larkspur. "But we…"

"We were lovers before then as well," Amaranth said. They were sitting at the small table sharing a third bottle of wine for the evening after a meal.

“Lovers?” Raffe asked. He was slightly tipsy from the wine, but he was sober enough.

“Well, only in the sense of elf relations,” she told him. “We participated in the group joining more than once.”

“Group joining?” asked Raffe. He knew exactly what she meant, but he wanted one of the two of them to say it.

“Humans call them orgies.” Larkspur said, his words slightly slurred.

“Have you fucked her?” Raffe asked crudely with a laugh.

“Of course,” Larkspur laughed back.

“He hasn’t,” Amaranth contradicted him.

“Have so!”

“You never put your…thingie inside me.”

Raffe laughed at her lack of vocabulary to describe exactly what she meant. “You mean a cock,” he supplied her.

“Right,” she giggled.

“Well, maybe,” Larkspur concluded. “But I’ve tasted your…girl part.”

“Cunt,” Raffe helpfully offered.

“Cunt!” Larkspur crowed.

“He was very good at tasting cunt,” Amaranth loudly whispered to Raffe.

“Eating cunt,” Raffe said, once again supplying the lingo.

She understood perhaps too well and violently shook her head, making her fine hair float around her face. “No. He didn’t eat me. He only licked. And some sucking.”

“Did you suck his cock?” asked Raffe.

“No,” said Larkspur glumly.

“I never got a chance,” she said defensively.

“I’d like to see that,” Raffe said. “I mean, I’ve fucked elves before, but I’ve never seen two of your race going at it.”

“I’d rather suck your cock,” said Amaranth, trying out the new word she had learned. “I’ve heard that humans have huge cocks. Do you think you could get it in my cunt?”

Those were the words that Raffe wanted to hear. “There’s only one way to find out.”

Raffe stood up from the table and unbuckled the wide belt that was part of the castle guard uniform that he had taken to wearing. Dropping his pants he exposed his cock which immediately caught the attention of the two elves, not just because his cock was mostly erect but because it was so large compared to what they were used to seeing,

“It’s huge,” Amaranth breathed.

“It’s not so big,” Raffe said modestly. “I’m sure it’ll fit into your mouth or cunt quite easily.”

She didn’t need any further encouragement. Amaranth pushed away from the table and went down on her knees in front of Raffe. It turned out he was correct. She had to open her jaws wide and tilt back her head, but she was able to get all of his cock into her mouth. Larkspur watched a moment before he joined his clanmate kneeling in front of Raffe. He took his turn sucking on Raffe’s cock while Amaranth looked on in approval as she caressed his balls.

By unspoken agreement the two took turns sucking on Raffe’s cock, alternating sucking on the large member and his balls. It wasn’t the first time Raffe had two people competing for his affection and he hoped it wouldn’t be the last. He wasn’t averse to sharing himself with two or more people at the same time, but he wasn’t overly fond of fellatio. For him it was just a warm up to a much baser act.

Pushing back on Amaranth ’s shoulder he stepped back and started removing the

rest of his clothes and kicking off his boots. “Is your cunt wet?” he asked the elf.

Before she could answer Larkspur shoved his hand down her loose-fitting pants and found her cunt. She let out a little gasp but let her clansman explore her sex. “She’s very wet,” he reported. “She’s always wet though.”

“Rude,” she commented.

“It’s not rude if it’s the truth.”

Raffe pulled her up to her feet and helped her strip off her clothes. They weren’t elaborate; they were spare items that no one else wanted. She was much more beautiful without any clothing on. Larkspur followed suit, eager to be part of their play.

Since they were in the room the two had been forced to share it was only few steps over to one of the beds. Amaranth was lightweight and easy to pick up. Larkspur happily followed them over. He deposited her on the bed and climbed on top. The eager little elf spread her legs and guided his cock to her cunt’s entrance. Raffe discovered that Larkspur hadn’t been exaggerating at all. She was wet and flowing like a river.

“Ready?” he asked her.

She nodded eagerly and tilted her hips. Raffe only got halfway into her before she started screaming. He immediately stopped and withdrew. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“I know, I know. It’s just so…big.”

“It certainly is,” Larkspur agreed. He hadn’t let this be a lost opportunity. His slender and deft hand was already on Raffe’s cock, keeping his hard and interested. “Should we warm her up a little more first?”

“No!” Amaranth bluntly stated. “I’m ready. I just need…I just need…”

Both of them looked at her expectantly, Larkspur with amusement and Raffe with concern. Both had fucked elves before and they both suspected the same thing. Many female elves were just too small to take on a large human cock. Raffe wasn’t overly large, but he was big enough to possibly thwart their eager

plans.

“I need to be on top,” she firmly announced. “And you need to get his cock wet and hard,” she told Larkspur.

The elf was more than happy to accommodate her command. They shifted positions so that Raffe was on his back and Amaranth straddled his thighs with her legs while Larkspur lowered his mouth to the man’s cock, making sure he was good and hard while leaving behind a generous amount of saliva to ease his passage into Amaranth.

Eventually she pushed her clanmate out of the way and got herself into position with her tight hairless cunt right above Raffe’s cock. The head slipped between her lips and she wiggled her hips to assure herself that his cock was more than well-lubricated. From there it was just slow going.

Amaranth had to squat over her lover and ease herself down a fraction of an inch at a time, before lifting up and then lowering again, stretching herself and making Raffe well-lubricated. Raffe had no difficulty staying hard through the process. He focused on how her little cunt slowly swallowed up his manhood and when he tired of that, he focused on her tiny tits with her hard nipples. He even reached out and caressed Larkspur’s small cock that was happily erect and looking for attention.

Eventually Amaranth let out a long, low moan. She was able to rest her taut buttocks on Raffe’s thighs, panting and stressed delight on her face. “You’ve filled me all the way up.”

Raffe looked down at his cock and saw that she wasn’t using all of it, but that was fine with him, the important part was being used. “You’re in charge,” he told her. “You do what you need to.”

Nodding, Amaranth started pumping her thighs, slowly at first, but with increasing speed. For his part, Larkspur stood up and offered his cock to her. She merely had to turn her head and take his slim, elegant cock between her lips. Raffe marveled at her skill at handling two cocks at the same time, but from what he knew of how elves like to fuck, it was more common for them to have multiple partners at once rather than exclusively pair off with one. That was to say, orgies were the norm.

They continued on this way for some time, Raffe occasionally thrusting up into her cunt, but restraining himself for fear of hurting her. She managed to handle the two of them quite easily and skillfully. Raffe even allowed her some respite by letting her withdraw Larkspur's cock from her mouth and masturbating the elf's cock for her.

It wasn't the strangest group grope that Raffe had participated in, but it was one of the more pleasurable ones. Uncle Raymar thought he was still interrogating the two elves so officially he was fucking while on duty. He was fine with that.

He had filled up Amaranth completely and he was afraid to move too aggressively into her. Letting the small elf take the lead was an excellent decision on his part. He loved the way her cunt gripped and slid down on his cock. She pushed his hand aside so she could suck on Larkspur's elegant cock. It was only the matter of a lick or two before she lost herself and came, her body shaking in just the right way on top of Raffe's cock.

"Are you ready for me to fill you up?" he asked her when she rested both her hands on his chest after recovering.

"You've already filled me up."

"With my seed," he clarified.

"Oh…yes."

He grabbed her slim hips and carefully thrusted upward while she kept her hand busily moving on Larkspur. His little cock hadn't lost any of its rigidity and his breathing became faster and more intense.

The amount of cum that Raffe produced was enough to flood her pussy. With each thrust after he was done and still hard he forced out thick fluid, making it drip down his shaft and onto his balls.

They weren't done. Amaranth turned her head toward Larkspur and increased the speed of her rubbing.

"No," he begged. Raffe grinned realizing the elf wanted to cum in her mouth or cunt, but she wasn't going to let that happen.

“Yes,” she said, not stopping. Raffe wet his lips expectantly and a moment later the elf’s slim, elegant cock shot out a small load of cum. It hit Amaranth in the face. The second shot caught her just above her right nipple. The final two shots landed on Raffe’s body. He immediately wiped up what the elf had left behind and first offered it to Amaranth, who eagerly sucked his fingers, and then tasted it for himself. Except for a brighter tone, elf cum was almost exactly the same as human cum.

“He wanted to fuck me,” she unnecessarily reported to Raffe.

“I know.”

“Are you disappointed?” she asked Larkspur.

“Yes,” he said, annoyance filling his words.

“Maybe I’ll let you fuck her later on,” Raffe promised as he sat halfway up and licked the blob of cum sliding down Amaranth’s breast. She wiped away the glob on her face, but didn’t try it herself; she offered it to Larkspur.

He took it eagerly and without complaint.

Chapter Two

Winters in Castle vanRivenscuv always passed slowly. Raffe amused himself with the elves and seducing various soldiers into his bed. Some refused because they knew it was a bad idea to fuck the captain of the guard. Others accepted because they thought the captain of the guard would help them advance their careers.

Vanda made a good living in the castle. She spent her time traveling between the beds of the sergeants and Raffe and the few soldiers willing to pay her cunt price. No one complained. It had been a long time since the castle had had its own private whore who was willing to sleep with all comers…as long as they had the gold. The maids and scullery workers and cooks were more than happy not to have to fend off so many advances from unwanted soldiers.

Toward the end of the winter when it became obvious what was happening, Zussanna announced that she was with child. All were thrilled.

Raffe was suspicious. Zussanna had stopped pursuing him at the beginning of the winter, for which he was grateful. But when she announced her pregnancy, he started to wonder if somehow he had fucked her and forgotten about it. There was no way to call her out on it without arousing suspicion of his uncle, but he welcomed the news regardless. An heir to Uncle Raymar meant that he, Raffe the rake, would not have to worry about taking on additional responsibilities in his life. Already being captain of the guard was too much and most of his duties consisted of seducing soldiers and fucking the elves.

In the north winter storms came by every week and the snow piled up. It seemed a miracle when the weather turned and one day the storm was mostly rain, not snow. The men knew this was the turning point and looked forward to the spring melt.

The day after the storm ended the weather was indeed warm and the melt started furiously. And the day after that an army appeared at Castle vanRivenscuv.

Neither Raymar or Raffe immediately panicked because the army came from the south and was human. Raffe took it as a good sign that the army was from Ashton Queendom and not the Novarn Empire.

The army sent a small party to parlay with the castle. It was still cold so Raffe didn’t find it all that surprising that he didn’t recognize General Cahira at first.

She was wearing a heavy winter hood and cloak. She was out of uniform and not wearing any armor.

And she was hugely pregnant.

After they went through the usual greeting rituals and the army asked for Lord Raymar's permission to begin an excursion into the northlands and permission was granted, the usual small banquet was held before the formal invasion. Cahira and Raffe eyed each other through the ritual and the banquet. It wouldn't have been out of place for the captain of the guard to ask for a private audience with the general, but Raffe avoided doing just that. It was only after everything was said and done and they were all bedding down for the night did Cahira come seek him out.

She was escorted to his cell, for he still hadn't changed his quarters because he had become accustomed to his tiny little room, by a soldier and they were left alone. The soldier didn't question either of them. It wasn't his place.

Raffe found himself staring at her bulging stomach.

"Congratulations?" he said.

"Thank you," she said stiffly.

"I suppose I should inquire about Alma."

"She's well," Cahira reported. "And she is not with child."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"We are married."

"I'm glad to hear that." He still hadn't moved his eyes from her stomach.

"Ask the question," she said to him.

"What question?"

Cahira waited expectantly.

Raffe cleared his throat. "Well. Um. Ah. I don't suppose your child is also

mine?” he asked hesitatingly.

It was impossible to track the speed of her hand. The slap across the face took him by surprise but he wasn’t fazed by it. “Of course it’s yours! I don’t fuck men.” She calmed herself. “But I don’t blame you. I blame Alma.”

“Good choice,” he said. “Always better to blame the spouse and not the former lover.”

They glared at each other for a minute. “I thought you said you couldn’t get pregnant.”

“Obviously I was wrong. I don’t make it a habit to fuck men, so when the doctor told me…I didn’t give it a second thought.”

“What do you want from me?” This was the question that Raffe most feared to ask.

“Nothing.”

Raffe breathed a sigh of relief.

“The child is mine and Alma’s. You don’t matter.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

“I still thought you should know.”

“Thank you. I would like you to know I don’t make it a habit of mine to go around impregnating women.”

“Really? The way you sling your cock around I’m surprised half the children among in the Free Folk aren’t yours.”

“That’s grossly exaggerating what I do.”

“I think not! But we’ll have to assume that this is your only offspring. I’m sure most of the women you fuck are careful to drink pennyroyal tea once you’re done with them.”

It was an insult and Raffe felt it, but he didn’t let it show. “As you say. Well,

good luck on your invasion. I don’t suppose you’ll be directly involved in the battle?”

“No. I promised Alma I would conduct myself safely.”

“Glad to hear it.”

She turned to leave but stopped at the door and looked over her shoulder at him. “How many women have left this room without you fucking them?”

“I think you’re the first.”

She sniffed and left, her head held high.

Raffe hoped that she survived whatever insane plan the Ashton Queendom had for the orcs.

Ten minutes later the soldier who had escorted Cahira to Raffe’s room reappeared.

“Is she really the general of the entire Ashton army?” he asked.

“The entire army? Dear boy, I don’t know. Is she the leader of this army? Yes. And you’d be wise to stay out of her way. I wasn’t and look at me now.”

The soldier looked Raffe up and down, a hungry look in his eyes. “Does she hate you?”

“Yes, but not for the reason that you’re thinking. Now take off your clothes so I can suck your cock. Or maybe you can suck mine. I need a little relief.”

Being a young, impressionable man the soldier did what Raffe asked, just like he had done the previous two nights. Raffe did feel a little bad about forgetting the boy’s name, but it wasn’t important.

“Where are they going?” Larkspur asked Raffe the next day as they watched the Ashton army slog through the mud and into the mountain pass.

“To kill orcs,” Raffe replied. They were on top of the guard tower. It had the best

view of the fields and the pass.

“With that small an army?” he asked.

“Don’t doubt what the women of Ashton can do,” said Raffe, unconcerned.

“Don’t they know that there are thousands of orcs in the north? How many soldiers are in that army? Five hundred?”

Raffe looked askance at the elf. “You seem awfully concerned and knowledgeable for an elf who should be glad to be alive.”

Larkspur rolled his shoulders trying to imitate the casual gesture of humans. “I just don’t want people to die unnecessarily.”

“That’s great. But right now I’d like you to get down on your knees and suck my cock.”

It was the reason they had come to the top of the castle watchtower. Raffe wanted to have a blowjob while he observed the sunrise. He had learned that as a leader, it was the small privileges that were worth the most.

Getting down on both knees, Larkspur eagerly took Raffe’s cock into his mouth. Raffe had learned over the long winter that the male elf gave much better blowjobs than his female counterpart. Fucking Amaranth wasn’t pure pleasure. It took work and care, but the sensations her cunt created on his cock were more than worth it. Still, when he was looking for oral attention, it was Larkspur he turned to. Blowjobs weren’t his favorite, but they were nice to mix into his repertoire just to keep things from getting stale.

In short order Larkspur had Raffe’s cock at full attention and was looking to finish the human off. Raffe had not promised the elf anything in return, he hadn’t even implied anything, but Larkspur had readily agreed to the risky activity.

Truth be told, it wasn’t that risky. An army had just marched into the pass so there wasn’t an imminent orc invasion. Everyone in the guard knew that Raffe fucked men, women, and elves without discrimination. No one would say a word about Raffe using the watch tower as his personal love nest.

Unable to help himself, Raffe started rocking his hips back and forth, making

Larkspur gag on his cock. Not wanting to make the elf puke all over his manhood, Raffe withdrew.

“Sorry. I thought I could finish you off that way.” Larkspur had been trying that with Raffe for the past two months. For the past two months he had been failing.

“It’s fine,” said Raffe. “Turn around and drop your pants.”

There was only a moment of hesitation before Larkspur obeyed. Raffe had come prepared. He took a small flask of oil from his shirt uniform pocket. It wasn’t the fine olive oil that he preferred, but it would do in a pinch. After oiling up his cock, Raffe roughly shoved Larkspur against the parapet and bent him half over. The elf grunted and allowed himself to be roughly handled.

“Guide me in,” Raffe ordered.

Larkspur obeyed. He was used to obeying after his time with the orcs and then with Raffe. The captain of the guard’s cock was slippery with the oil, but it was easy to get him into position and when Raffe penetrated him, it went in without much effort.

“Not as good as your clanmate’s cunt,” Raffe told him, “but you’ll do in a pinch.”

There was nothing to say and Larkspur let Raffe do as he pleased. He wasn’t ashamed when Raffe reached around and found his small cock was fully erect. Raffe’s slippery fingers wrapped around the elf’s cock and started tugging on him. “We’ll cum together, do you like that?”

“Uh-huh,” Larkspur agreed. It was the truth. He liked it when Raffe fucked him. His shame wasn’t in preferring sex with males, but with how easily he let himself be used by the men who liked to fuck him.

It didn’t take Raffe very long but he didn’t let himself cum until Larkspur had cum first. The elf’s cum was left behind on the cold stones of the parapet wall. Raffe’s cum was left behind on in Larkspur’s ass.

“Let’s go see what kind of trouble we can find,” said Raffe.

Larkspur went along with the captain. He had to.

Chapter Three

“I’m ashamed of you, Raffe,” Vanda said as she pressed in close under his arm

“What did I do?” he asked in innocence. They had just finished fucking and he was proud of the fact that she hadn’t charged him. That meant she was either horny from a lack of soldiers hiring her, or she was horny because the soldiers were lousy lays.

“You’ve been fucking the elf cousins and haven’t shared them with me.”

“They’re cousins?!” This alarmed Raffe.

“After a manner of speaking, yes. Sixth cousins once removed. Or something like that. All elves in the same clan are cousins of one sort or another.”

“Oh. You had me worried there for a minute.”

“Why would that worry you?” she asked innocently. “You have no blood relation to them. They don’t have blood relations either.”

“It just seems…wrong.”

“It’s not,” she reassured him. “I wouldn’t expect you to have such concerns over something that shouldn’t bother you when you should have concerns over things that you do not know about.”

“What things?” he asked.

“The imminent destruction of this world in one thousand three hundred twenty-two years, the larger than average amount of snow that fell this year and its overly rapid melting causing flooding in the south, the orc invasion that will come in the middle of spring, and your six children that you have never met.”

“Wait. What?”

She tilted her head. “Which of those do you have an interest in now?”

“All of them!” he burst out. “One moment. How would you even know any of that. You’re just making up shit to annoy me. No one could know the world is going to end in two thousand years.”

“One thousand three hundred twenty-two years,” she corrected him. “Plus a few weeks and day.”

“You’re still making up shit. No one can know that.”

“A goddess could,” she said.

He laughed at her. “Sure. A goddess could. But you’re not a goddess. You’re just a whore from Lady Bellechose’s bordello.”

“I am that too,” she admitted. “And you are right. I’m not a goddess. I am her avatar. I’m a demi-goddess at best.” She tilted her head to the side. “At least I think that’s how it works. It’s sometimes confusing being in this state.”

Raffe just shook his head at Vanda. “Have we been drinking? You don’t sound drunk. I know that sometime the men lace their beer with cultivated mushrooms, but you would have known if you were drinking that.”

“I am not drunk or delirious, Rafferty vanRivenscuv.”

“Oh really? Prove it.”

She sat up in bed. He was momentarily distracted by her perfectly shaped breasts. And then she started to glow and sparkle. Without thinking he backed up to the edge of the bed and left around for his rapier or dagger. Or both.

She continued to glow brighter and brighter.

“Fucking hells and demons,” Raffe cursed.

“Demons and hells has nothing to do with this,” Vanda proclaimed. The walls started reverberating with her voice. Raffe was certain the castle was going to start coming down around his head and he’d be crushed to death.

That would, he reflected, be the end of most of his problems.

“You won’t escape your fate so easily,” Vanda said. Her entire body was glowing except for her perfectly black eyes. That was more unsettling than her glowing.

“You…you…you know my thoughts?” he managed to stammer out as his fingers

blindly found his dagger and he brandished it front of him even while he knew that it was a stupid and useless gesture. Vanda--or the goddess she was now--seemed unperturbed by his implied threat. That's when he realized that a simple dagger was no threat to a goddess.

"Of course. Nothing is beyond the ken of a goddess."

Abruptly she stopped glowing and reappeared in her natural state, only this time she was dressed in a loose-fitting white silk robe, her hair was carefully coiffed, and she was sipping golden liquid from a crystal vessel. She looked every inch a goddess as she knelt on his bed. Somehow the kneeling was more threatening than her existence as a being of pure energy and ego with no limits placed on her other than the ones she gave herself.

"Stop being so melodramatic," she told.

"Stop listening to my private thoughts," he shot back. Then, remembering the stories told to him when he was young by grizzled soldiers and old nannies, he added, "Please."

"Don't be such a sycophant," she replied. "I get too much of that from the priestesses who still carry out my rituals. That's why I--and most of my brethren--haven't been active on this world in years."

"Sorry," he apologized.

"Stop apologizing."

Raffe opened his mouth to apologize for apologizing, but thought better of it and said nothing. An uncomfortable silence developed between them. "Why…why are you here?" he finally asked her.

"I grew bored. Humans and your ilk are silly creatures, but you are fun to play with," she said as she opened her thighs, exposing her pussy. Raffe couldn't help but look at her sex. How many times would he have the opportunity to look at the cunt of a literal goddess. And then he realized he had seen it many times in the past and had failed to recognize it as such. He had fucked it many times in the past and missed it then as well. He felt unworthy.

"Oh stop that."

“Stop reading my thoughts!” he snapped back trying to remember her as the prostitute he was more accustomed to.

“Very smart reply. That’s why I liked fucking you, Raffe. You didn’t put on airs about who you were. You always tried to please your lovers. You gave them what they wanted and allowed yourself pleasure because of that.”

“Thanks?” he said cautiously.

“You’re welcome. But it was a compliment you well deserved. Now, would you like to fuck?” She brushed open her robe and put a hand between her legs, letting her fingers slip into her cunt. The gesture made Raffe wonder if gods and goddesses needed to masturbate or if they could just summon up a perfect lover or seduce a human or other partner to fuck.

That made Raffe question his own existence. Had Vanda created him as a sexual plaything only to be dismissed the moment she grew bored with him?

She didn’t verbally reply but Raffe took the slow shake of her head to mean that she hadn’t created him for her own amusement.

“I don’t think I can,” said Raffe.

“Why? Because I’m a goddess. I’m too good for you to fuck? I literally had to become a prostitute to experience sex with men and women of all types. Did you know that generations ago when I was worshipped in the temples I’d appear when the mood struck me to fuck an ordinary human just to remember what it was I existed for, but the priestesses and rules started making up stupid rules as to who I could fuck? Me! Vanda! Goddess of love and sex and the holy cock and even holier cunt, I was told by humans as to who I could fuck. I went along with it because I was curious, but then it became an antithesis to my existence and I stopped appearing to them. Those annoying priests just went on without me, choosing a dumb but pretty girl to act out my role and suddenly I was a goddess without any true followers. I was an eternal being without a purpose. It gave me a reality check. Is that why you don’t want to fuck me?” she asked. “Because I’m a goddess?”

Raffe slowly shook his head. “No, because we just got done fucking. It takes me a little while to get hard again.” He gestured at his limp cock. Even being the goddess of love and sex and virginity and marriage wasn’t enough to make

Raffe’s cock rise to the occasion before it was ready.

Of course, Vanda was a goddess and could alter the rules of reality. She reached out and touched Raffe’s cock. Instantly it was hard and his lust had returned.

“Holy shit!” he exclaimed looking down at his cock. It was probably his imagination but he was certain it was larger than it had ever been before.

“It’s your imagination,” she told him.

When he opened his mouth to protest her reading his thoughts again, she put a finger to his lips and then kissed him. That was enough to change his thought process. He pulled her down to the bed with him and rolled on top of her. The silk robe disappeared and his cock just found its way between her thighs, like it was a dog seeking out a bone.

“Don’t think that way,” she told him.

“Sorry. I’ve never fucked a goddess before.”

“Yes, yes you have,” she reminded him. “You’ve fucked me many times.” She gasped as he entered her.

“But…I didn’t know you were a goddess then.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

By then Raffe was past words. When they fucked it wasn’t a human fucking another human, it wasn’t even a human fucking a goddess or a man worshiping a woman he loved. It was raw, visceral sex more akin to two animals rutting in a desperate need to mate and reproduce to continue the existence of their species. Vanda didn’t act like a goddess and Raffe didn’t treat her like a deity.

It was better that way.

When he came, depositing his seed into her he gasped at the gloriousness of it and the intense pain it caused. But the pain was passing and was more than worth the pleasure it brought to him. She responded like a woman would, nothing more and nothing less. His gift she kept inside her, maybe to use later, maybe to cherish as a memento of their time together.

“Oh goddess that was good,” he panted as he rolled off her body and collapsed next to her.

“It was very nice,” she agreed.

Raffe laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation. “I suppose I should be flattered. I mean…the goddess of love and sex and that milieu, when she gives you a compliment about your fucking skills, it’s the best compliment I’ll ever receive, right.”

“Please don’t call me that,” she said.

“Goddess of sex?” he teased her.

“Yes.”

“Why not? Isn’t it true?”

“Yes, but…I am so much more…and I’m so much less in this form.”

“You could never be less in any form.”

“Stop. You don’t know what it’s like. You don’t need to do this.”

Raffe fell silent. What does one say to a goddess?

When the silent became too much for him to endure, he finally asked, “Was all that stuff you told me true?”

“What stuff?”

“The world ending. Flooding in the south. The orc invasion. That I have six children.”

“Yes. All of it. Well, the future it difficult to predict, but the world will eventually end. There will be flooding. There will be an orc invasion this spring. Or an attempted one. You do have six children. With two more to come.”

“Two more?! Who?”

“You left Cahira with child. A clever one, she. It goes against what I should

admire in humans, but I like the general. I made love to her once. I highly recommend it."

"But you were a woman when you fucked her, right?"

"Yes."

"I'm a man. She won't fuck me." He sighed. "And Zussanna. Her child is mine. Not Raymar's."

"Correct. How did you know."

"Well, once you told me you were a goddess, it all just made sense." He scratched at his beard and pursed his lips.

The goddess of love and sex and marriage and all the earthy concerns that came with humanity's obsession with emotion and reproduction easily picked up on Raffe's discontent.

"You are upset."

"Did you trick me into having sex with Zussanna?" he asked, trying not to make it sound like an accusation, but making it sound exactly like an accusation.

"Trick? No. I just allowed her to exploit your very human, very male nature in order to give her an opportunity to fuck you."

"So you did trick me into fucking her."

"It's not a wise decision to anger a goddess."

"How did you do it?" Raffe had lost whatever slight fear of Vanda he had developed. As a goddess she could do whatever she wanted to him and he had little recourse to protect himself.

"I sent her to you with a glamour that convinced you that she looked like me."

"Goddesses need to resort to such lowly chicanery to get a man to fuck a woman?"

"You were refusing her."

“It was none of your concern.” He wasn’t sure if he was truly angry or not, but he didn’t like being a pawn being used for the amusement of a goddess.

“It was my concern,” she countered.

“How could that possibly be?”

“She prayed to me and I couldn’t refused such a simple and loving request from a worshiper. I think I might make her my newest acolyte.”

Raffe scoffed at her pronouncement. “That desperate are you?”

“Not at all,” Vanda replied. “There are still people who actively worship me, but I ignore them. They only worship me for their own goals. Zussanna’s prayer request came out of a selflessness I have not heard in years.”

That made Raffe burst out laughing. “Selflessness? Zussanna? She only wants a child so that her family can become more powerful than being simple farmers. She wants glory to her name and this was the only way she could do it.”

Vanda rolled on top of him and shook her head back and forth. “No, Rafferty vanRivenscuv, you could not be more wrong. Her family is nothing more than her old parents who are slowly dying. She seeks to continue her family legacy the only way she can.”

“Uh-huh.”

“And your refusal to take part reflects poorly on you.”

“On me. Huh. Bold words for a goddess.”

“You have a critical role in the coming fate of your world, Raffe. Your children will shape the outcome of humanity’s existence on this sphere.”

That made him laugh. He wasn’t trying to insult her, but it came naturally. “Oh really. According to you I’ve sired six, soon to be eight children and they’re going to save the world?”

“Nine,” she said.

“What?”

“You will have another child to make a total of nine. These nine will be critical to humanity.”

“The continued existence of humanity is up to my cock?”

“Yes. Crudely put, but yes.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Your belief is not necessary to make the sun rise every morning. Your belief is not necessary to save humanity.”

“Maybe I’ll stop fucking women and won’t have a ninth child.”

Her smile was sly. “You’d limit yourself just to men the rest of your life in order to spite a goddess and humanity.”

“Yes.”

“You are not that strong-willed, Raffe. That’s why I chose you in the first place.” Vanda smoothly stood up from the bed and willed into existence a dress she didn’t have earlier. It was pretty but wouldn’t stand out in the castle.

She spoke. “Kyleen. A milkmaid. You were her first. You son works on a farm with his mother and step-father. He becomes a fearsome warrior.

“Rissa. Third daughter of a minor lord. She was married. She thinks her husband fathered little Marsa. Marsa becomes an assassin.

“Merada. A soldier in the Ashton army. She fucked many men and doesn’t know who sired Nasen. He will be an incredible sorcerer…if he can keep his humanity.

“Dtanaj. A pretty whore in the city of Yort. Certainly she doesn’t know Duray’s father, but she remembers you. Duray will be a bold leader but no one knows that yet.

“Joya and Jaia. Twins. You fucked them both when you began to seek out more adventures because you had become bored with your existence. Their husbands

threw them out for their infidelity. They live with Saren and Taren in a cabin in the far west. Together they are mystics who can see the future.

“I know not the fates of Cahira and Zussanna’s children. Nor the one that is still but a thought. These children are your legacy, Raffe. I advise you to find them.”

She walked across the small room and out the door.

Raffe scrambled out of the bed and ran, naked, after her. But the moment he opened the door he saw the corridor was empty. She was gone.

Chapter Four

Dana was a cute scullery maid that was all too receptive to Raffe's charm and the promise of an adventure she couldn't find anywhere else.

"I've fucked more than one soldier in my time," she said to Raffe, teasing while playing along. "I know you'll fuck me once and forget me. Why should I let you bed me?"

"Ever fuck an elf?" he asked her.

Raffe had accurately judged the lusty big-breasted maid. From there it was easy to convince her to come back to the elves' room. The wine helped. Still, she looked back and forth at Amaranth and Larkspur. "How do you tell them apart?" she asked. It was a rude question, but she was drunker than she let on and she had never actually met an elf before, let alone fucked one.

"Do show her, won't you?" he asked the two elves. They had been privy to his plan. Since they weren't being allowed to go back to their homes just yet due to the spring flooding, they had grown bored in the castle and sex was a good way to pass the time.

The two elves stripped off their clothes, showing off their lean bodies. Dana peered at Amaranth's small breasts, barely bigger than Larkspur's, and then stared at his cock, which was much smaller than any human's she had ever held.

"They're tiny," she said, indicating both elves.

"But they get the job done," said Raffe as he nudged her forward and encouraged her to go down on her knees to take Larkspur's cock in her mouth. Dana knew her role in the castle and her position in this little scrum. She did what Raffe wanted while he and Amaranth helped the scullery maid out of her dress, pulling it down to expose her big tits and her generous thighs.

"She's well fed," Amaranth commented at seeing the ample curves on the girl.

"The advantage of working in the kitchens," said Dana, taking Larkspur's cock from her mouth. It had grown admirably. It would never be huge, but it was easy to tell that it would adequately pleasure her once it got into her cunt.

"That and she fucks soldiers for gold, food, and drink," added Raffe. He brought

Amaranth over to the bed, putting her down on it with her thighs wide so that he could see what Dana did to Larkspur while he feasted upon the hairless elf cunt.

Amaranth twisted her head to watch her clanmate getting blown by Dana. “I want her over here. I want to play with her big tits.” Raffe had noticed a demanding tone to the female elf when her lust was aroused. As captain of the guard and the likely heir of the castle, they all looked to him.

“You heard her,” he said to Dana and Larkspur. “Get over here.” Larkspur laid down next to Raffe, his elegant cock pointing to the ceiling. Dana got on top of the elf, her thick thighs nearly as big around as his whole body. It was easy to fit his cock into her cunt. To her surprise she found that there was nothing wrong with a small cock. Every man she had been with had always wanted to be bigger but she found a certain pleasure in not being stretched out to the point of discomfort.

Dana had barely gotten into position and started to ride Larkspur’s cock when Amaranth reached out to caress her breasts. It was a mild surprise because she had never sexed with a female before, but she was willing to do whatever Raffe wanted because he was the lord.

Since he had fucked Amaranth many times before, Raffe decided to expand his repertoire. Temporarily leaving Amaranth he knelt behind Dana and felt between her buttocks. It was easy to find her cunt already filled with Larkspur’s cock. His fingers trailed up higher and found her tightly puckered asshole. She paused and tensed as he explored.

“What are…what are you doing?”

“Every woman deserves as many cocks as she can handle,” said Raffe as he smeared Dana’s copious lubrication from her cunt to her ass. Dana knew exactly what was going to happen and was delighted to realize that she wasn’t afraid and was eager to see how it felt.

The lusty maid was pleased with herself when she felt Raffe’s cock push into her. She wasn’t overwhelmed like she thought she would be; it was more enjoyable than she thought it would be to have two cocks in her, one from the front and one from the back.

Those two cocks worked her back and forth for a minute, one in and one out,

alternating filling her up. Dana couldn’t do anything more than gasp and pant through the wonderful torture. Then they altered their pace and suddenly they were withdrawing together and penetrating her together.

It was harder to endure, but much more rewarding. After only a minute of that Dana’s body shook with a delightful climax. When she came back to herself, Dana found Amaranth manipulating and sucked on her tits. It was almost too much to handle.

“Do you like this?” the female elf asked her.

“Uh-huh, uh-huh.” Dana didn’t trust herself to speak.

The elves worked well together. Both Larkspur and Amaranth took turns playing with the maid’s tits. It didn’t take Dana much effort to figure out that the two of them must have done this with other partners before.

“I’m going to finish,” Raffe said abruptly.

His hard cock in her ass was both a reward and a distraction so she was happy to have him cum. Raffe dug his fingers into her fleshy hips, held her still, and pounded her tight entrance like he was fucking a cunt. It didn’t take lone. Raffe came and deposited his seed exactly where it would be useless.

That was intentional.

Raffe didn’t want to be a pawn in whatever grand scheme that Vanda had planned for him. If it meant only fucking asses and mouths for the rest of his life, he was fine with that.

The sensation of her ass being full of cum was a new one to Dana, but one that she didn’t have time to reflect on. Raffe pulled his cock out of her and moved away. Larkspur grabbed her hips from below and started thrusting up into her.

It was almost too much for the young scullery maid to take.

The elf’s elegantly slim cock found a secret little spot inside her cunt that she didn’t know she had. It made her body tremble when his velvety cockhead slid across it. While each touch wasn’t an orgasm, it was so damn close that when she did cum, she barely noticed that he was pumping his seed into her as well.

Her orgasm was too much and she collapsed on Larkspur. Together with Amaranth the two elves rolled her off him and onto her back. Amaranth wasted no time in crawling on top of the maid's wonderful curves. They kissed and Amaranth ducked her head down to Dana's breasts. The maid liked that. She liked whatever attention anyone paid to her tits.

She was disappointed that the elf soon left them and kissed her way further down her body, headed for cunt.

"You don't have to do that," Dana said, suddenly embarrassed not of what she was doing, but what they were doing to her. Larkspur was on his side, watching the two females intently, his wet cock laying limply on his thigh. Amaranth was already down between Dana's legs, her face a few inches from Dana's wet and well-used cunt.

"I want to do this," said Amaranth right before she licked Dana's slit from bottom to top, wiggling her tongue-tip against Dana's clit making her squeal with delight. The elf happily traced her tongue through the fine curly hair that decorated the top of her cunt.

"Why?"

Amaranth looked at Dana from between her thighs. "Making love to a woman… that's like touching the heavens. Making love to a woman when she's been fucked by my clanmate, that's like touching the heavens and discovering you are a goddess."

Dana found it hard to argue with that. She didn't complain when Amaranth suddenly reversed herself and planted her knees on either side of Dana's head. There was no reason to complain when Amaranth lowered her cunt down while continuing to lick and suck at Dana's clit.

Giving herself over to the moment, Dana grabbed Amaranth 's slim hips, held her cunt steady and proceeded to do to the elf what was being done to her.

By the time Amaranth was done with her, Dana was covered with sweat and panting as if she had run for her life from an ogre. She had lost track of the number of orgasms Amaranth's clever tongue had given her and she was proud of the fact that she had made the elf tremble with delight at least once.

“You put on a good show, cus,” Larkspur told his clanmate.

Amaranth kissed to top of Dana’s mound one last time and rolled away. “It’s easy with a good partner.

Dana wanted to thank Raffe for giving her this opportunity and looked around for him. “Where’s Raffe?” she asked when she realized it was just the three of them in the room.

The elves were as puzzled as she was at Raffe’s disappearance.

Chapter Five

Raffe had retreated to the top of the watchtower. He didn't feel bad about using Dana and the elves for his pleasure. They all knew what they were getting into and there was no reason for him to remain in the room.

It wasn't that he was bored. It wasn't that he was upset or angry. He had done what he needed to do--satisfy his base urges--and left his partners. He had left them in a happier state than when he had seduced--or rather, convinced--the three of them to join him.

"Glad to have you visit us up here, Captain," the soldier on the top of the tower greeted him.

Raffe nodded, acknowledging the soldier. "Is this the worst duty you can be assigned?"

"Hardly, Captain...my lord," he added as he realized that the man he addressed filled both role. "Er…what do I call you, sir?"

"Just call me Raffe. I hate the fucking formality and stupid rituals we have to go through just because I happen to have a different father than you."

"Right you are, sir," the soldier said with a salute.

Raffe shook his head.

The sun was setting and the fields up to the pass were pretty in the soft light.

"Do you like being up here?" Raffe asked the soldier. "It seems rather lonely and isolated."

The soldier grunted. "Too much time of a fighting man's life is spent with annoying comrades," he said. "I enjoy the time to myself. And I have Grand Gertrude here if I get really bored," he added with a laugh as he toed the long barrel of the blunderbuss. The cold iron rang hollowly.

Raffe smiled and let his eyes drink in the scene. It would have been perfect if not for the handful of figures he spied marching out of the pass.

"Shit."

The soldier looked out at the plain and squinted. “What do you see?”

Sparing the soldier a glance Raffe asked, “You can’t see?”

“I can’t see very far.”

“And you’re on the watchtower?” Raffe was incredulous but then realized he was the one who was supposed to be aware of this sort of thing.

“No one else wants this duty,” he replied with a shrug.

Raffe didn’t know what else to say. There was a spyglass on the watchtower and he snatched it up to peer at the running figures. He did a quick count and figured there were maybe two score of them. Humans and obviously the remains of the Ashton army that had recently gone up the pass.

“We’re about to be up to our necks in orcs,” he said.

“How do you know, Captain?”

Raffe passed him the spyglass and looked at the blunderbuss. It was mounted on a swivel point. “Is this thing loaded?”

“Always.” The soldier brought the glass down from his eye and Raffe could see the tremble in his hand as he answered the question.

“Prime it.” Raffe reached out and grasped the alarm pull. The rough rope bit into his hand. He hesitated for just a moment, thinking that maybe he was panicking, but then he realized that he was the captain of the guard and he’d have to report this to Uncle Raymar one way or another.

He pulled the rope. The bell rang out clearly through the castle. He kept pulling it.

It took less than a minute for every inch of the walls to be covered with soldiers. He could see the corner towers also loading and prepping their blunderbusses. They were heavy and normally stored safely away. It took four men to move and load them.

By the time they were loaded the first survivors of the human army were at the

castle gates. By the time they were loaded the lead riders of the orc army had appeared out of the pass.

“Fire, sir?” the soldier asked. Raffe didn’t know his name but the veteran was holding a smoldering punk stick, ready to touch off the weapon.

“Not yet. Closer.”

The corner towers were looking to them to take the lead. Raffe didn’t know what to do, but he wanted to be sure the blunderbusses were used to maximum effectiveness. It made his knees want to buckle when he saw the number of orcs pouring out of the pass, but he didn’t fire, not yet. He was familiar with the range and effectiveness of the blunderbusses. Too early would be a waste. Too late would be pointless.

There were stone markers on the open field. Raffe let the orcs pass the first marker. He let the leaders pass the second marker. Only when the first marker was obscured from sight did he touch off the blunderbuss. The rest of the weapons on the castle towers responded to his first strike.

The powder explosion was deafening. He barely heard the screams of the falling orcs.

Those soldiers with heavy crossbows now loosed their quarrels sending death accompanied only by the subtle twang of the strings.

By now the watchtower had been filled with a handful of soldiers all of whom were busy reloading the blunderbuss. Their leader indicated they were ready and Raffe lit the fuse. It fired again. Smoke filled the air. He heard the other weapons start to fire a second time as well. A few of the orcs reached the bottom of the castle and were cut down by the heavy crossbows and in two incidents by having heavy rocks dropped directly on them.

The battle was barely a skirmish. Raffe lost track of how many times the blunderbusses fired but eventually the orc horde retreated. The castle was lucky and suffered only one loss—a man who lost his footing and fell to his death from atop the parapet wall.

Raffe climbed down from the watchtower and confronted Cahira. Somehow she had survived. She was carrying a bundle in her arms. “Why in the name of all

the hells did you bring them back here?”

She looked at him angrily. “Because I knew you could drive them off. Because of this.” She showed him what she held in her arms. It was a child. A monstrous child.

It took Raffe some time to comprehend what he was seeing.

The monster was an amalgam of orc and elf.

He grabbed the nearest passing soldier. “Find the elves, Amaranth and Larkspur. Put them in the dungeon. Now!”

When Raffe finally got down to the dungeon hours later after dealing with all of the dead orc bodies and reports from the guards and reporting to his uncle, Amaranth and Larkspur were both strung up spread eagled in the middle of the torture chamber. Both were naked.

He didn’t like seeing their beautiful, slim bodies in that state. Being smaller than humans the chains that held them in place had to be let out to the maximum in order to hold them in place.

They had only a few marks on their bodies showing that they resisted their arrest —or maybe they were just roughly handled by the guards. Raffe wasn’t interested in hurting them; the was interested in getting information from them.

There were some red stripes on their bodies. Perhaps they were marks from being manhandled. Perhaps they were whip marks from an over-eager guard. Raffe had questions about pure torture; it was a terrible way of gathering accurate information. Too many interrogators were simple sadists. He didn’t know the men in the castle that well.

Upon seeing him walking in, Larkspur’s eyes lit up with relief. “Raffe! Thank the goddess and the moon. Get us out of here. What’s gone wrong?”

He stopped in front of the two of them. They were side by side and even naked from the waist up they were almost indistinguishable from each other. With her hands stretched high Amaranth’s already small breasts practically flattened to

nothing. Larkspur's small cock was shriveled up with the cold and anxiety which made their genital look disturbingly similar.

They were still beautiful and it was disturbing.

"Do you know why you're here?" he asked, looking not directly at either of them but in the space between them. He couldn't face them directly.

"N-n-n-no," Amaranth stammered out. "What's going on, Raffe?" she said, her voice trembling. "I thought we were safe here, and now we're to be tortured? Why?" Tears started to form in the corners of her eyes.

"You were supposed to be simple quislings, used by the goblins and orcs. Once you were free, you should have told me everything."

"We did!" Larkspur insisted. "We did! We told you everything. We don't know anything." He started to hyperventilate; his eyes were glistening with liquid.

"Please, please," Amaranth begged. "In the goddess's name, don't do this."

"Are you quislings or something else?" Raffe pondered. He reached out and fondled Larkspur's cock and balls, not hurting, but twisting the package just a little to let the elf know he was helpless. With his other hand Raffe's strong fingers found Amaranth's already erect nipple, standing proudly in the cool air. He pinched, no harder than he had when they had fucked, but hard enough that she gasped and tried to pull back.

"By the goddess, no!" "Please!"

Raffe didn't hear the words. He was angry but he was keeping his anger under control.

Barely.

The two were scared.

They weren't goblins or orcs in disguise. Raffe had made them cum too many times for that trick to hold.

Maybe they were something worse.

He started to squeeze Larkspur’s delicate organs.

The elf twisted his hips but that didn’t help.

Raffe let go of Amaranth’s nipple and rudely inserted his middle digit into her cunt. It was rough and she was dry. He didn’t know what he was going to do next but it was not good.

The door to the dungeon banged open. Raffe expected his uncle or maybe one of the officials that seemed to hang around the old man all the time.

“Don’t do this Raffe, they are innocent.”

“How do I know?” He refused to turn his head and look at Vanda.

It wasn’t clear to him if the others in the dungeon could see her. The light from her skin told him she was in full goddess mode—or avatar or demigoddess or whatever she was. The guards in the dungeon wouldn’t have said a thing if he killed the elves right then and there.

That scared him.

“Could you live with yourself if you did hurt them?” she asked.

“No. But I wouldn’t be the first man to fall on his sword or accidentally trip off the top of the watchtower.”

“You won’t do that.”

He knew she was right, but it didn’t abate his anger. It would be too easy to have the elves tossed into the oubliette and forget about them.

But he couldn’t do that either.

“They know more than they are telling,” he said to Vanda.

“You aren’t asking the right questions.” This statement came not from his right where Vanda was standing, but from his left. Cahira was next to him.

He looked at her in surprise for he hadn’t heard her come in. He wouldn’t have, not over the noise and glory of Vanda, the goddess.

“What is the right question?”

Cahira nudged the basket at her feet in front of Raffe. He looked down and saw the half-orc/half-elf beast it contained. He couldn’t help but think that it shouldn’t be a wicker basket, but one of iron to prevent it from crawling out and killing innocents in their sleep.

“Explain this,” said Raffe. “Explain this…thing.”

They both looked down. Amaranth burst into tears. Larkspur gasped and looked away.

“I’m not one for long silences.” Instead of hurting them he pulled his hands away from their sexes and withdrew, but walked pointedly toward the rack of wicked looking instruments.

Raffe was afraid to touch them, but apparently the gesture was enough.

“They’re experimenting,” Larkspur said. “Orc and elves, you know they aren’t’ supposed to be able to breed but…but there it is.”

“Dark magic,” said Vanda. The illumination in the dungeon abruptly dimmed.

“Dark magic?” he asked.

“Obviously,” said Cahira. “Why else would we risk an entire army just to capture…this.”

Raffe looked around the dungeon. Vanda was gone. He was cold. “But you knew about this,” he said to the elves.

“There were rumors,” said Amaranth. “Only rumors nothing else.”

“How many elves have they taken?” asked Cahira.

The two hung their heads in shame. “Many.” Raffe was reasonably certain it was Larkspur who said it.

Taking Cahira by the elbow he moved her out of the dungeon, out of earshot of the guards and the elves. “We have a problem.”

“I know.”

“Do you worship the goddess?” he asked abruptly.

“The goddess?” she asked, puzzled.

“Love. Sex. Marriage. Childbirth.” He looked pointedly at her bulging stomach.

After wetting her lips she answered, “What woman doesn’t?”

“I think the goddess has engineered all this. I’ll need your help.”

“Of course.”

“You aren’t going to like the help I need.”

“The resources of the Ashton Queendom are at your disposal,” she said quickly, making the pledge unhesitatingly.

“I need your personal help,” said Raffe.

Chapter Six

Cahira and Raffe naked and alone in the room previously occupied by the elves was unusual enough. Though the two of them had been naked in each other's presence before it was different without Alma. It was unsettling to them both. Raffe because he knew that is was his child inside her belly. Cahira because she was contemplating doing something that was anathema to her until a few hours earlier, but she was willing to make a sacrifice in the line of duty to the queen… and to Alma.

They both knew it was crazy, but that wasn't enough to stop them.

"You're soft," said Cahira.

"I was ready to torture those two to get what we need. I'm not soft."

"Your cock is," she pointed out.

He looked down. "Yeah. I might not be in the mood for this."

"Don't expect me to help you out."

Taking a moment to consider his options, Raffe said, "Maybe this isn't necessary at all."

"How so?"

"It's easy enough to make Vanda appear, but to get her to do what we want…a sacrifice must be made."

Cahira nodded. "That's why I'm sacrificing my virginity to her. What's your point?"

"Maybe she's more interested in another sacrifice."

"Such as?" Vanda asked.

Neither of them had heard her enter the room. Raffe disliked how she was doing that now. It was disturbing enough knowing she was a goddess but hadn't revealed herself to anyone else other than Raffe. He didn't know why Cahira believed him when he was certain that his insane plan would work.

Cahira had said nothing. Raffe wasn't sure if she saw the goddess standing there. Still, he answered her. "I'm willing to give up fucking anyone for the rest of my life if you'll do this for me. For us. For all of humanity."

"No," said Vanda.

"What? Why not?" The question came from Cahira so Raffe was reassured that the woman had heard and seen the goddess.

"Stopping yourself from having sex isn't something that I want. It's a sacrifice that's worthless to me. But for you, Cahira, to give up your virginity, that is something that interests me."

"I'm not really a virgin," said Cahira. Her nipples shields proclaiming her dedication to Sapphic love were still in place. Her belly was distended with her unborn child. Both of these were in conflict with her statement, but Vanda knew the truth.

"You've never had a man inside of you. Making love to you was a wonderful moment, but you are making a sacrifice for yourself, your wife, and your country. That's something I can appreciate."

"Raffe's sacrifice would be as great," she pointed out.

Vanda smiled. Her body was literally shimmering with the light coming from her body. "It would be a great sacrifice, but it would bring much sadness to me because of the lack of pleasure he spreads to the world."

Cahira didn't like that answer. "Two standards?"

"My own standards," replied Vanda.

"What do we get out of this?" Cahira asked.

"I'll make sure humanity isn't wiped out by the impending orc invasion," said Vanda.

"I'm willing but…" Raffe said looking down at his still-limp cock.

"I can help with that," the goddess told him. She reached out and found his soft

cock. All it took was a simple touch from her finger. A heartbeat later he was hard enough to use as a battering ram. Raffe had never had trouble with his lust; it was always there. Vanda's touch was enough to make it impossible to ignore.

"I don't suppose you'd do the same for me?" Cahira asked.

"Do you need it?"

"I've never fucked a man before," she admitted, though everyone already knew that truth.

"To alter your mind and to make this more pleasurable for you would destroy the purpose of the sacrifice."

"I know, but a bit of wetness would help."

Raffe was unable to hold himself back. "I've got precum to spare," he said, pushing Cahira down to the bed. He wasn't rough; he didn't want to risk the life of her child—and his. She gave herself over to his manhandling of her when it was her normal reaction to fight any man who would risk putting his hands on her. Raffe had fucked pregnant women before. Most of them weren't nearly as big as Cahira, but he knew the drill. She got on her hands and knees, ass in the air. Sex with Alma had been limited since the start of her pregnancy, but Cahira wasn't an idiot. She knew what to do.

Kneeling behind the ardent lesbian, Raffe angled his cock downward, at her open slit. She was lightly glistening from her natural lubrication. Maybe she was more excited than she planned to be. Maybe Vanda had given her a secret gift. Taking his cock in hand, Raffe found her entrance and immediately found himself stymied.

"Never had a man before, but what about a fucking fist, maybe even a finger?" he grunted at Cahira.

"Shut up. You're insulting the goddess."

If Vanda had an opinion on their fucking, she was quiet about it.

Raffe ran his cock up and down the length of Cahira's slit, spreading his slippery precum and getting a better idea of her geography. She adjusted her stance and

arched her back.

“Maybe if you went down on me?” she asked.

“I’m sure it’s bad enough for you to have a man’s cock up your cunt, do you really want a man’s face in your cunt as well?”

Before Cahira could answer Raffe found the right angle and pushed all the way into her mostly virgin cunt in one smooth movement.

The moan she let loose said more of pain and suffering than of pleasure.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked, pausing before doing anything else.

“No. A little. It just feels…so different from what I’ve done with Alma.”

And others, Raffe thought, but he didn’t speak it out loud. “Sorry. I’ll make this as quick as possible.”

“That’s…that’s okay. Do what you have to.”

Raffe smiled to himself. Apparently even a fierce lesbian warriors devoted to her wife was no match for Raffe’s cock. He could have made it slow and languorous and taken his time, partly to abuse the position of power he temporarily held over Cahira, and partly just because he wanted to fuck the general who had never taken a male lover, but that wasn’t the person he was.

He pumped and fucked her like he would any other woman. He enjoyed himself, but he didn’t take any pleasure in making her suffer. If she wanted it to be over as quick as possible, he was happy to do that for her.

The little gasps she started making caused him to slow down. “Too much? Am I hurting you?”

“No. It’s good. Just not…used to this.”

“Want me to stop?”

“No. Just finish me off.”

Cahira’s hand was down between her legs. He could feel her playing with her

clit. Each time he plunged into her cunt, he could feel her tighten up on him. He could feel that he was hitting her secret spot.

They both knew the arrangement. He wasn't supposed to stop until he came. She was supposed to cum because that's what the goddess wanted.

It was almost too much to resist. He dug his fingers into her hips and kept pounding away, holding back, wanting her to cum first, and then it was too much and he came anyway…

…and so did she. It was wonderful and glorious and it was not what either had expected.

"It's nice to see such devotion in a young acolyte," said Vanda. "You will be rewarded," she added before vanishing. To Raffe it wasn't the least bit strange to have sex in front of a goddess.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Raffe asked as Cahira pushed him away. Even after being fucked to the point of exhaustion while fully pregnant, she was radiant, even with her scars and hard attitude.

She spared him a glance. "It means I've made a deal with a goddess. She's going to give me what we—the Ashton Queendom—wants." She smirked at Raffe as she pulled on her modified uniform. "Did you not make a deal with her as well?"

"No."

"Fool."

"She told me I have six children," he said. "Plus two more on the way."

"Me and…?"

"Zussanna."

Cahira tilted her head to the side. "Your uncle's wife?"

"It's a long story."

"I'm sure. I'm not surprised either."

“Thanks.” He sighed. “And one more that she says I’m going to sire.”

Cahira finished dressing and looked at his once again flaccid cock. “If I were you I’d get to work on number nine. I’m not going to give you another.”

“Yeah. I know.”

“I’d appreciate it if you wouldn’t tell Alma about…this.” Cahira nodded at him and he understood. Sometimes discretion was the best was to live.

“Of course.”

“Good luck on finding the mother of your last child.”

Raffe laughed ruefully at her parting words.

Raffe the Rake will return…

Preview

Red-Headed: Rhette is Red 3

Rhette watched in fascination as Nick gave head to Riordan. The silver-haired man kept his gaze focused on Helena who slowly undressed for him. Rhette kept glancing at Nick's cock cage, the only bit of clothing he wore, but the black metal enclosure didn't move. It was designed to keep his erections under control.

After being placed in the corner, the anal hook still up her ass and held in place by the ropes braided into her hair, Rhette didn't know what to do or think. She wasn't upset by what was going on, but she was intensely curious.

When Helena finished removing her clothes, Rhette couldn't help but look at her. The tall blonde, while being at least ten years her senior, had a body of a twenty year old athlete. While not muscular, she was well-toned and perfectly proportioned. Her skin was nearly flawless and had a hint of a tan that complimented her blonde hair. Naturally there wasn't a single hair on her body below her shoulders. Rhette wasn't sure about that look. She liked to show off that she was a natural redhead.

Nick didn't seem the least bit put off at sucking another man's cock. Rhette didn't know much about his sexuality, but to learn he was bisexual was hardly the biggest revelation of the evening. She didn't know how to stand in her corner. Her ass was burning with the whipping that Nick had given her, but she didn't want to touch her sore skin because that would make it worse. What she wanted was to ask for a salve or balm to cool her skin, but interrupting Riordan and Helena seemed a bad idea.

And if she were honest with herself, it was exciting to watch Nick suck cock and it was exciting to see Helena naked, ready for sex. She wanted to see Helena and Riordan fuck. It distracted from her from thinking about the pain in her ass.

"He's a good cocksucker, isn't he?" Helena asked ask she draped herself onto the bed. Laying on her side she bent her knee slightly, hiding her bare pussy, but her small tits were on display, and enticement to Riordan.

The older man pushed Nick's mouth away. His cock was once again standing up

proudly from his crotch. Unlike Helena he didn't remove all his body hair. Other than the silver on his head, his body hair was still a dark brown and formed a frame around his cock. "Maybe it's knowing I'm going to fuck you that got me hard," Riordan said as he approached Helena on the bed.

She laughed and started to say something, but he silenced her with a kiss. They started rolling around on the large bed, getting into position, playing with each other, trying to assert dominance. Rhette looked to Nick. His eyes were riveted to his wife as she prepared to fuck another man. His hand was on his cock, but not really because the cage prevented him from masturbating and from getting hard. Rhette almost felt sorry for him.

But she wasn't limited like he was. She put her fingers to her pussy and gently massaged her flesh; she was dripping with anticipation. While it might have been her own juices, she was certain the Riordan had left some of his essence behind as well.

Eventually the two people in the room free to make their own sexual decisions settled down with Helena on top of Riordan and both of the holding his cock as she slowly slid down his hard pole. From her position Rhette got a perfect view of their bodies joining. For no reason what so ever, she was certain that Nick had witnessed this at least once before, probably many times before.

That made it better.

Porn was fine, not that Rhette watched a lot of it. A live sex show? That was something else entirely and she found it much more intense. They both made the usual noises and went through the motions. It wasn't anything special other than the fact that Rhette got to witness it firsthand and, even better, it was being done by a woman cheating on her husband.

And for all Rhette knew, Riordan was also married to someone.

The sounds that Helena made when she came were beautiful. It took Riordan a little longer to get off, but eventually he came as well. Helena slumped off his body once he had completed.

Riordan looked at the two semi-bound submissives in the room and grinned at them like a wolf before looking back at Helena. "Did I give you a full cunt?"

“As always,” Helena said with an exhausted smile.

“Who do you want to clean your precious cunt?”

She hooked her fingers under his jaw and drew him down to her face for a kiss. “You choose,” she said after their lips parted.

“The girl,” he quickly decided. “I’ve seen Nick clean you out more than once. I crave the novel.”

Helena rolled to her back, bent and parted her knees, showing off her well-used pussy. “Elisabeth,” she called. “My pussy is a mess. You need to clean it with your mouth.”

It took Rhette a second to remember that Elisabeth was her pseudonym. It took her another second to realized she wouldn’t be able to properly perform cunnilingus on Helena with her head permanently tilted back, her braids tied into the rope attached to the anal hook that still followed the curve of her lower back and penetrated into her most secret part. She wasn’t sure if she could perform cunnilingus at all.

Nick came to her rescue…or her doom. It was one thing to have another woman lick her clean between the legs, but it was another to do it herself. He loosened her braids from the anal hook but didn’t remove it. He reattached the lines to her collar which gave her a much greater range of motion. Taking her hand, he brought her over to his wife where Rhette was expected to perform her first lesbian act in her life.

Rhette didn’t hesitate. She was more than happy to see where this adventure took her and didn’t care what anyone else thought of her after the fact. Helena looked at her expectantly between raised knees and smiled. That made it easier. Rhette lowered her face to Helena’s pussy, inhaled her scent, and licked Helena along the length of her pussy. She must have recently shaved her pussy because there was no stubble or resistance on her labia. It was a rather pleasant way to begin. Helena’s pussy opened like a flower and Rhette got to work. She knew how she liked her pussy to be eaten, so it was easy to apply that to Helena.

At first all she tasted was Helena’s pussy, but then the familiar flavor of semen infiltrated her mouth. It wasn’t bad at all tasting Riordan’s leavings and it was a unique way to help another woman clean up after sex. After having been the

recipient of a similar cleaning just a few minutes earlier, it wasn't hard to do. She had a template to follow.

The only thing she wasn't sure of was if she should be cleaning Helena's pussy or if she was supposed to be pleasuring her, so she did both.

"Your little bit of entertainment has a talent for eating cunt," Riordan said to Helena while bending down to kiss her. Rhette flicked her eyes upward to see the overly familiar expression of affection between the two. Rhette couldn't imagine kissing another man in front of her husband, but Helena apparently liked it. Or maybe she did it because Nick had some perverse desire to see his wife cheat on him. At this point Rhette would have believed anything.

"She does," Helena moaned in agreement. "You should fuck her again."

Riordan laughed. "I've come twice tonight. I'm spent."

Helena tangled her fingers in Rhette's thick red hair and pulled her face back from her pussy. "I deserve to cum again," she said. "She's going to make me cum. I'd have Nick fuck her, but his dick is useless."

"You could free his cock," Riordan pointed out.

That made Helena laugh and she pulled Rhette's face back to her pussy where the redhead got back to work, this time focusing on Helena's throbbing clit. She wanted the hook out of her ass and a cock in her pussy, but she knew that neither was going to happen any time soon.

When Helena arched her back and cried out, Rhette smiled to herself. It was the first time she had made a woman cum. She was certain it wouldn't be the last.

Click here to continue reading Red-Headed: Rhette is Red 3 on Smashwords

About the Author

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

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub