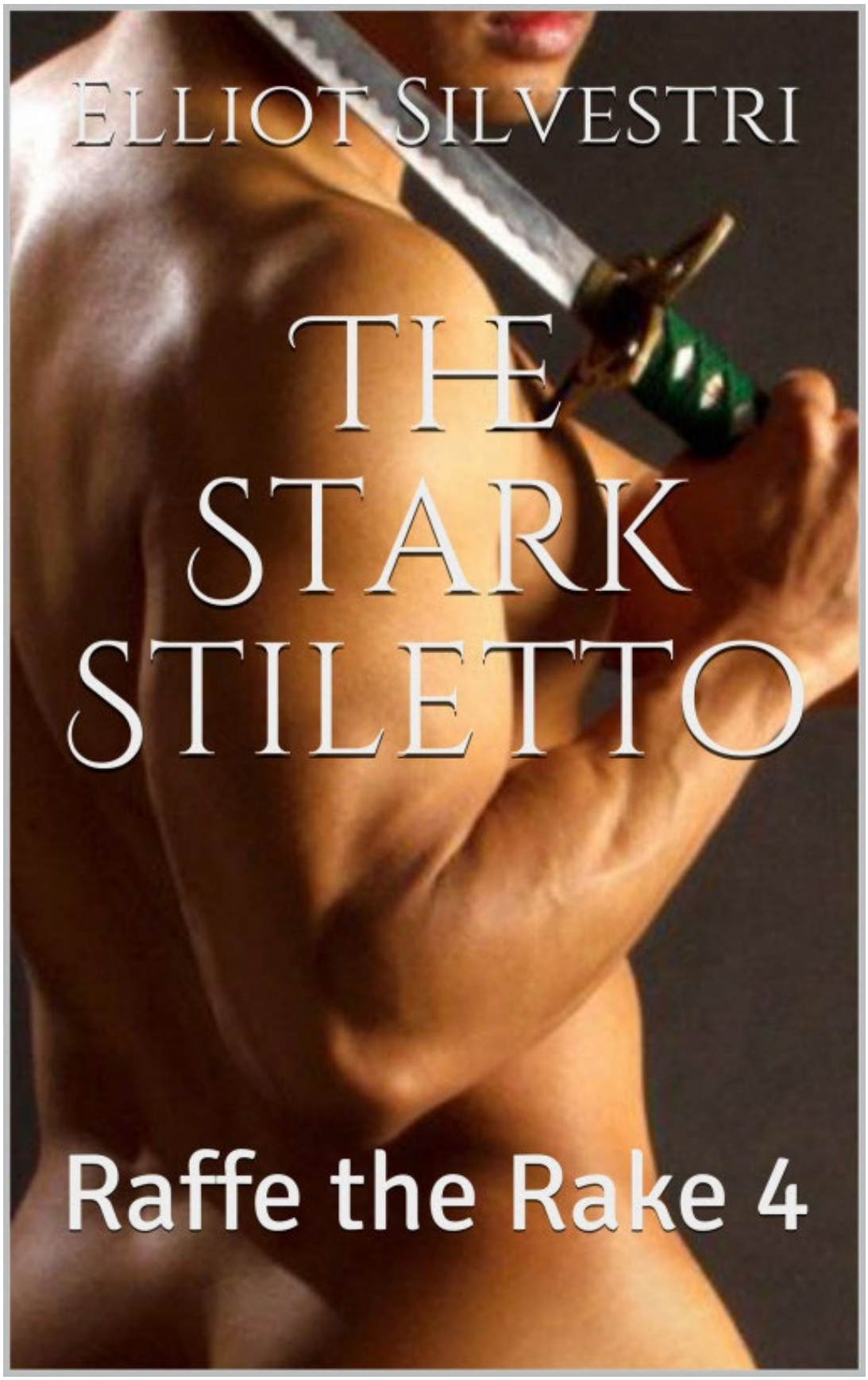
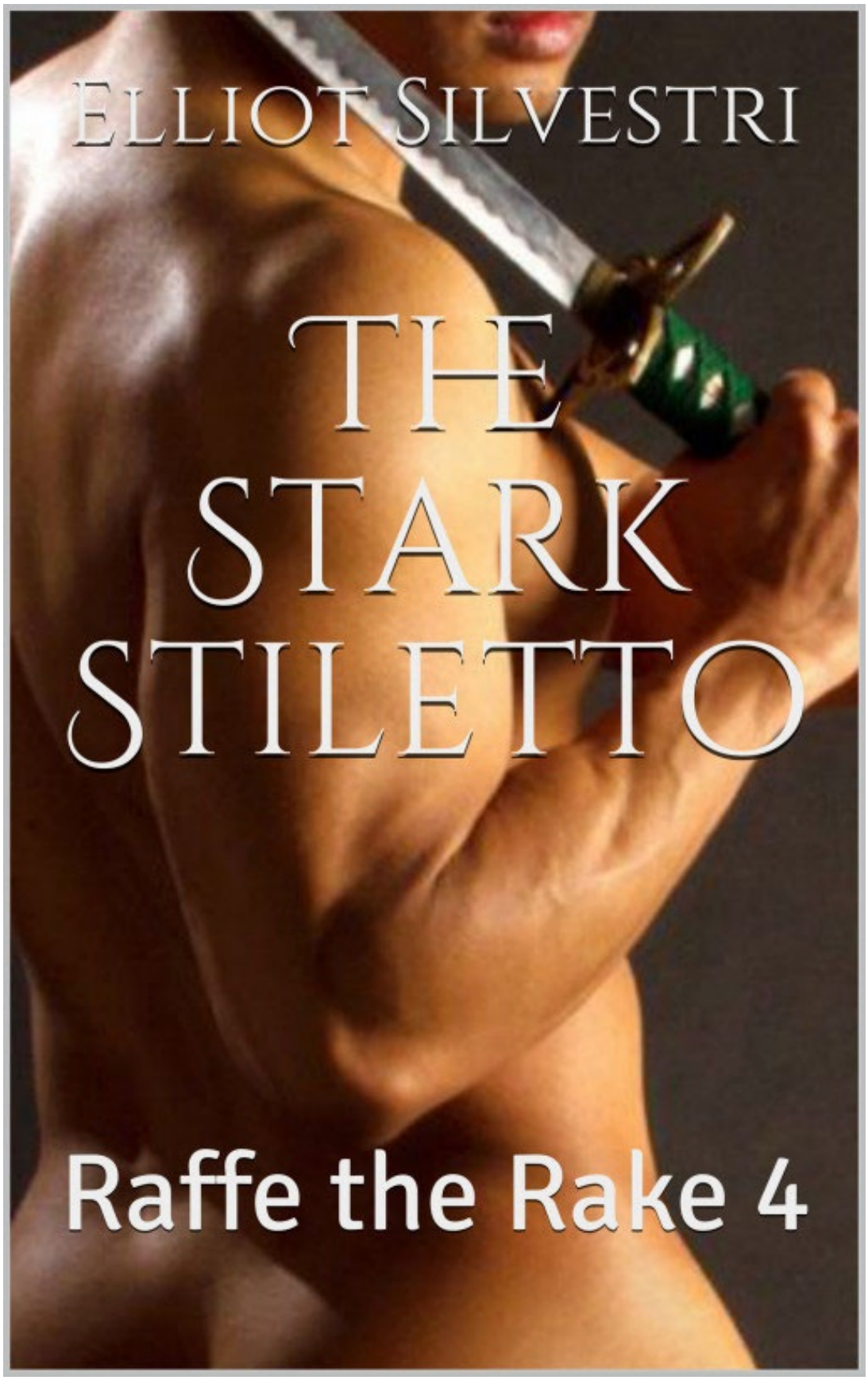

ELLIOT SILVESTRI
THE STARK STILETTO
Raffe the Rake 4


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The Stark Stiletto

Raffe the Rake 4

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 Stark Stiletto

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Chapter One

The caravan that was definitely not fleeing to the vanRivenscuv castle came upon a slower moving coach on the road. It was pulled by a single white pony and Raffe told the ambassador to slow down and offer them assistance. He was in a mood to be helpful to someone after killing two men in recent duels that could have been avoided.

“The Murderous Raffe of vanRivenscuv?” asked Vanda when their coach pulled even with the smaller one. “Should I be fleeing for my life.”

Raffe smiled sadly at her. “You’re perfectly safe with us.”

She pretended to visibly relax. “Oh. Very true. The way the rumors say it, Murderous Raffe only kills men with his sword. It’s the sword in his pants that women need to fear.”

Not wanting to engage her in a pointless debate, Raffe said, “Isn’t it a little unsafe for a woman of your reputation to be traveling these road alone?”

Vanda patted the hand of the ancient man next to her who held the reins to the white pony. “Tandril is all the protection I need. He can fight off any threat to me.”

Raffe had his doubts Tandril was able to hold back the pony from a mad dash down the road, but he held his tongue. “Would you care to travel with us? Strictly for the unnecessary protection?”

“Surely, good sir,” she said with a wry smile. “But I’ll warn you. I’m no longer in the employ of the queen. If you want my cunt tonight, you’ll pay for it.”

The vanRivenscuv family didn’t travel fancy mostly because of a lack of money, however there was an inn along the way home that night and Raffe dipped into his own purse to have a decent bed in which to sleep. He invited Vanda to join him. She agreed, for the usual fee.

He was happy to pay.

Vanda was always willing to do whatever he wanted. Chances were she was that

way with all her regulars, but he pretended it was something special on the road with her. He didn't as for anything special from her, just straight, normal sex. It was almost too much to contemplate doing something exotic after all the misadventures in Ashton. Straight sex was what he needed. He greatly disappointed himself when, after he came, he broke down in tears. She held him and let him cry himself out.

It wasn't that he was ashamed to cry. It was the he was ashamed to have to make her comfort him because of his tears. It was that he was paying her for the privilege of crying.

"You wouldn't be the first man to cry after sex with me," she told him.

"Liar."

"I could make almost as much gold letting men cry on my shoulder as I can letting them fuck me."

"Again, you're a liar."

"It's the pretty boys in the bordello that only have men fucking them, no conversation and no crying," she went on, not hearing them. "Men like to fuck pretty boys, not talk to them."

"Which would you prefer?" he asked her.

"It doesn't matter," she said.

He rolled off her and stared at the bare wooden beams that held up the ceiling. They had left a small oil lamp burning while they had fucked. "How do whores keep from getting pregnant?" he asked her, thinking back to what had happened with Alma and Cahira. And worse: what had happened with the marquess. All the women he had fucked, except for Vanda, had resulted in the deaths of two other men. Maybe it was a stretch to think of his copulation with Alma and Cahira had resulted in him bedding Vastiv and then killing the Novarn, but Raffe's mind worked exactly in that fashion and he blamed himself.

Maybe fucking a whore was really the best thing for him and he would limit himself to just whores the rest of his life. They didn't have jealous lovers or spurned husbands or complicated political goals. They only wanted one thing:

gold.

“I should make you my wife,” Raffe said in a rare moment of vulnerability.

Vanda burst out laughing. “Never. I’m not the marrying type.”

“Neither am I. That’s what makes it perfect.”

“A minor lord marrying a whore?” She sniffed. “Probably not the first time that ever happened, but not what your uncle wants.”

“I don’t give a fuck what he wants.”

“But he’s going to get it anyway.”

“He’s not,” Raffe said petulantly.

“If you think I’m going to carry your child, you’re sadly mistaken. I have better goals in my life.”

“Can you even have children?”

“Yes. Of course. I just choose not to.”

Raffe had his doubts about that, but he kept his mouth shut. Sometimes he knew when not to talk.

The ambassador looked across the coach at Vanda with a jaundiced eye. He knew what she was and he didn’t like her in the coach with him and Raffe. For his part, Raffe couldn’t let Vanda journey all the way back to Lady Bellechose’s bordello in the cool weather in her open-air coach. The one he and the ambassador were using was covered and much more comfortable.

Besides, Raffe wanted to see the ambassador squirm.

“Do you two know each other?” Raffe politely asked the ambassador. They were sitting across from the prostitute, traveling backwards, Raffe because he was overly polite to everyone, especially his bed partners, and the ambassador because he refused to sit next to Vanda, and because he knew who she was, and

because he didn’t want to seem rude. He was that sort of man.

“No,” said the ambassador quickly.

“Yes,” she contradicted him just as quickly.

The ambassador glared at her, she smiled sweetly back at him.

“I see,” said Raffe, amused.

“I know what she is, but not who she is,” the ambassador clarified.

“He doesn’t know me in the commerce sense,” said Vanda. “He’s more familiar with Millene.”

The look of wrath on the ambassador’s face was would have been amusing if the three of them weren’t going to be trapped in coach together for the next week of travel.

“That was years ago,” he fumed.

“Yes, but she still tells the tale,” teased Vanda.

“She is?” the ambassador asked, suddenly interested.

Raffe burst out laughing. “How old is she now?” he asked.

“Old enough to know better,” said Vanda.

Raffe continued to laugh.

The ambassador turned the conversation. “How do you know Millene?”

“She’s still at Lady Bellechose’s.”

“She still works there?” Clearly the ambassador was amazed.

“In the kitchens. There’s almost no demand for her in the bedrooms.”

“Almost no demand?” asked the ambassador. It seemed unlikely to him that there would be any demand for her at all.

“Lady Bellechose’s brings in those who have certain refined tastes,” Vanda answered him in all seriousness. “If you want I’m sure arrangements can be made for her.”

The ambassador was offended. “No. Such a thing is not necessary.”

Raffe continued laughing, looking directly at the ambassador.

“What?” the old man demanded of his charge.

“I’m astonished that you visited Lady Bellechose’s.”

“It was years ago,” he said defensively.

“It is the best bordello in the three lands,” Vanda said, pride in her voice. “I wouldn’t work anywhere else.”

The look on the ambassador’s face caught Raffe’s attention. It took him a bit to figure it out, but eventually it dawned upon him. “On the gods and stars! You haven’t forgotten her!”

“Of course not. Haven’t we just been discussing her?”

Vanda spoke up. “He wouldn’t have forgotten her. Lady Bellechose’s only employs the best. We are all unforgettable.”

“You just haven’t not forgotten her. You’re in love with her,” Raffe accused.

“Don’t be ridiculous!” the ambassador burst out, a touch more anger than necessary.

“Well, maybe not love,” Raffe allowed, but pressed on. “Great affection? Infatuation? Obsession?”

“I’m past that,” the ambassador reminded him.

“I’m sure Millene isn’t.” Raffe couldn’t tell if Vanda was teasing or not. Still, the ambassador fell for the bait.

“She isn’t?”

Raffe started laughing again. Before Vanda could press the issue, the coach came to an abrupt halt, saving the ambassador from further embarrassment. He banged on the coach's ceiling with his walking stick. "What's the problem?" he bellowed up at the driver.

"You'd better come out and take a look, my lords," the driver said nervously.

Raffe was the first out of the coach and what he saw made him stop short, preventing the ambassador's exit. "Leave the lady inside," Raffe said softly. Seeing what gave Raffe pause, the ambassador insisted Vanda stay inside.

The small caravan from vanRivenscuv had been stopped on the open road by a small party of orcs. Raffe thought they didn't operate this far too the south, but the group wasn't carrying a war banner and they didn't seem particularly aggressive, but they were blocking the road and they number of warriors in the party outnumbered the few vanRivenscuv soldiers by a two to one ratio.

"What do they want?" Raffe asked the driver who was resting his hand on the butt of the crossbow next to his seat. Under the driver's feet was a blunderbuss but Raffe wasn't sure if it was loaded and if he could use it effectively.

"Haven't asked them yet," the driver replied tersely. "I rounded the bend and they were just there…waiting. They haven't done anything."

"Yet," Raffe pointed out.

"Let's ask them," the ambassador said.

Raffe looked askance at him. "Ask them what?"

"Ask them what they want."

Before Raffe could think of an appropriate reply, the ambassador started walking toward the ancient enemy of humanity. There hadn't been a war with the orcs in years. There were still occasional skirmishes and wild raiding parties on both sides of the border, but nothing notable. Raffe couldn't think of a single reason why this small group, not even a full score, were so far through the Free Folk lands and into Ashton.

Realizing the old man might not be in his right mind, or might be eager to show

Vanda that he was virile enough to take her on—let alone Millene, his old love—Raffe trotted after the ambassador. He felt oddly naked with only his rapier and the ambassador carrying no weapon at all. The orcs were heavily armed, albeit with old swords and short bows. They weren't as technologically advanced as humans but they made up for that shortcoming with their strength.

Dying at the end of an orc sword in the middle of nowhere after a semi-successful conference to secure the next round of nobility to rule the realms of humanity was as good a death as Raffe could wish for.

The two men walked up to the orcs, still mounted on their large and shaggy horses, before the ambassador stopped, held his hand directly in front of him, as if stopping an approaching stranger, and let out a series of barks and grunts.

Raffe didn't speak orcish himself, but he had heard the language before. He had no clue what the ambassador was saying.

The leader of the orcs replied back with some grunts and noises that Raffe couldn't comprehend.

"What are you saying to them?"

"Hello."

"That's a long hello."

"Would you rather I tell them to fuck off and die. That's short and simple in orcish."

"I suppose that would end in our untimely deaths."

"It would."

"Carry on then."

If listening to a man and an orc bark back and forth to each other was part of being a leader of men, Raffe was glad he was the nephew of the man who held the vanRivenscuv title. Standing there was the most boring conversation Raffe had ever had to suffer through, and he once spent an hour listening to an attractive milkmaid discuss bovine husbandry techniques. Once he got her into a

bed and her clothes off, it was worth it, but it had still been more effort than it should have been.

“We’re at an impasse,” said the ambassador abruptly announced.

“What’s the problem?”

“We don’t have the payment they want to let us pass.”

“This isn’t their land. We’ll just go around them.”

“There are twice as many of them as there are of us. What do you think our chances are?”

Raffe thought about the blunderbuss sitting on the floorboards of the coach. “Not good. What payment do they want?”

“We don’t have it.”

“What is it?” Raffe insisted on knowing.

After an uncomfortably long pause the ambassador finally said, “They want to fuck a human woman.”

“What? All of them?” Raffe didn’t know how to process that information.

“No. Just the leader.”

They were stuck. There were some unusual bordellos scattered throughout the Free Folk lands that catered to all sorts, including orcs, but they weren’t anywhere near one of those placed. Raffe knew. He had frequented them on a regular basis. Judging by where the two groups currently were in the land north of Ashton, the orcs were probably lost.

“I’ll do it,” Vanda announced from behind them.

Both men whirled around to confront the one woman who was traveling with them. Even though she was a prostitute, Raffe didn’t think it was appropriate for her to offer to do such a thing. He knew a little about orc anatomy and no human woman should have to subject herself to such risks and pain.

“No,” said the ambassador and Raffe together.

“Or what?” Vanda asked them.

They didn’t have a reply. Once she appeared, the lead orc had perked up, baring his fangs and focusing on her entirely.

“There are other solutions,” the ambassador said smoothly.

Vanda ignored him and called out in the orc’s native tongue. Raffe was impressed. The ambassador was scandalized.

The chief orc nodded and dismounted his giant horse.

“Easily done,” she said to Raffe. “Now we just need to build a bonfire.”

“What?”

They had to wait until evening which was an uncomfortable few hours with the human soldiers facing off against the orc warriors, but the time passed without incident and eventually the sun went down and the bonfire was built.

There was great interest in what was about to happen. The orcs had insisted upon certain parameters, and while Raffe thought they were a bit ridiculous, he didn’t have any objection to the details, though he did have great reservations about what Vanda was risking to herself. When it became obvious that the human soldiers were just as eager to see the rite as the orc warriors were, Raffe wanted to draw a line.

“You’re not doing this for their amusement,” Raffe told her.

Even though her life and limb was at risk, Vanda was strangely calm. “No, I’m not. But all the orcs are going to watch and I’ve certainly had voyeurs watch me before. This is nothing new.”

“It’s unseemly,” the ambassador stated. He was unhappy with her decision as well.

“I’m a whore,” she told them. “Very little of what I do is seemly. Don’t worry, sweetie,” she said to the ambassador while laying a hand on his cheek, “it’s not like I’m going to marry the nephew of your liege lord. I’m just a trollop he fucks for money.”

With those words she stepped around the two men and into the circle that had formed around the bonfire, the orcs on one side and the men on the other. The warlord of the orcs was waiting for her. The ambassador and Vanda had both told Raffe the orc’s name but it was untranslatable being nothing more than a series of growls to Raffe’s ear, so he decided to name the ugly mug Huk, which was a close approximation of the thing’s name in his language and the noise that men made when vomiting.

The orcs let out growls of approval and joy when Vanda entered the firelit circle. Their cries only increased in intensity as she swirled off the cloak that had been hiding her body. Underneath the leather and fur cloak she was naked and ready.

Raffe had seen Vanda naked a hundred times. He could close his eyes and see her perfectly, but the way the firelight played on her skin was amazing. There was just enough moonlight coming down to make her skin twinkle.

And she was going to be violated by an orc.

The cloak became their bed and Huk was her lover of the moment. She got down on all fours and presented her ass to the creature.

Huk grunted in approval and raised his hands above his head so his warriors could call out their war cry. Once their howling drove away every animal for miles around, Huk undid the massive leather belt around his waist and dropped his leather trousers, unleashing his large cock.

There were stories. There were painted and drawn pictures. Raffe had seen them all, but it was something else entirely to see an orc’s cock in person. It wasn’t that it was huge—though it was—because orcs generally stood a good two feet taller than most men. And it wasn’t that it was thick—though it was, easily as thick as Raffe’s forearm. It was because of both of these and it was covered in thick ridges and bumps that made it look more like a weapon of war than a refined cock worn by a man who was ready to make love to a woman, and not destroy her most prized and precious possession: her cunt.

Right away Raffe saw a problem. While Vanda was an average sized woman, Huk was enormous, not just his cock but his entire body. That wasn't going to stop this from happening.

The crowd pressed closer and Raffe forced his way to the front. If anything was to go awry, he was going to be there to save Vanda from disaster.

For her part the pretty prostitute was remarkably calm and composed. This was her profession, her one skill in life and she was now going to use to it save the little group of travelers.

In the distant past there had been stories about orc raiding parties killing, raping, and cannibalizing human travelers and settlers. While Raffe had his doubts about the veracity of those tales, he could certainly see why some of them made reference to orcs literally raping their victims, both male and female, to death.

The fact that the orc was immediately erect was disturbing. While Raffe prided himself on his prowess, he still took some time and able assistance from his partners to get fully hard. If the truth were told, Raffe was a little jealous. Not of Huk's size, but of his ability to get hard so easily. On the other hand, Raffe didn't worry about Vanda being ready. Every time Raffe had the opportunity to fuck his favorite whore, she had always been wet and ready. That was an advantage in her profession. It was now a survival instinct.

When Vanda reached down between her legs to guide his massive tool into her entrance, Raffe started to believe those rumors of orcs using their cocks as weapons. Vanda didn't seem the least bit disturbed at handling the cock off another species. In fact, she seemed eager to see what would happen.

The expression on her face quickly went from eager exploration to shock to delight to one that Raffe could only describe as loss of self and then finally settling on ecstasy. Huk put his massive hands on her hips and settled into a lower position. It was impossible to see the true joining of their bodies, but Vanda took the vast majority of his tool into her body and didn't seem the least bit disturbed by it. There was no escape, pinned as she was between Huk's cock and hands, but it didn't look like she wanted to go anywhere.

Huk wasn't a crude monster in fucking her. He started out slowly, getting the feel of her cunt, but then slowly built up the speed of his thrusts. Vanda called out her approval of his technique with vocalizations that started soft and low but

quickly moved up to a higher register and was loud enough to silence the gathered men. She didn't mind at all being fucked by an orc in front of a group of soldiers. Raffe wondered if this was something truly unique for her. She had certainly performed in front of groups before, but such a large group? Under the stars? With an orc?

Would this be the highlight of her life or would it be what destroyed her?

The crowd fell silent and soon the only sounds were that of Vanda's very audible appreciation of Huk's cock, the crackle of the fire, and the slap of orc flesh against human. From where he stood, Raffe was certain he could see the steady swing of Huk's ballsack slapping up against Vanda's clit.

Their copulation didn't last very long, but it was more than long enough for both them and the crowd. Huk quickly approached his climax and judging from the expression on Vanda's face, she was more than satisfied for with the quick conclusion to their short affair. Still, the sounds she was making indicated she had climaxed several times in the short amount of time she had his cock inside her.

The muscular orc abruptly let out a noise that was something between a grunt and a war cry. He thrusted so hard that he forced Vanda flat down on her cape, but then he yanked her back up on her knees and planted her hard before unleashing his orgasm inside her.

It might have been more impressive to see the giant amount of cum Huk produced arc through the air and land on Vanda and presumably everywhere else, but he was an orc and had sought out a human female for a specific reason.

The spunk he pumped into Vanda overflowed out of her cunt and down her legs. It was easily visible to all those watching. The steady squishing sounds became a squelching as he turned her cunt into a swamp. When he finally withdrew from her cunt his cock was deflated and hanging limply, but it was still impressively sized. It glistened in the firelight while dripping from her juices and his spunk.

The contented expression on Vanda's face told Raff that she wasn't any worse the wear for her short adventure with orc cock. Still, he pushed forward and helped her up. She had been displaying her well-used cunt to the crowd, ripe and raw and red and dripping with cum. Her chest was to the ground but her ass was up in the air. Raffe had to steady Vanda as she got to her feet. Her body swayed

back and forth as he wrapped her cloak around her body.

“How was it?” he asked as if she had just tried a novel new cocktail from the bordello’s innovative bartender.

“Incredible,” she breathed as he parted the crowd of admiring soldiers. Someone took it upon himself to begin applauding and the entire group joined in. Shortly their applause was combined with the victory cries of the orc warriors.

“I’m glad you survived,” he told her conspiratorially as he eased her into the tent that had been set up for their sleeping quarters for the night.

“Survived?” she asked with amusement. “I’d do it again if he asked.”

Chapter Two

Raffe barely slept that night. Vanda went right to sleep. The ambassador decided it was best to sleep on the opposite side of the tent, as far away as possible from the heir apparent of the vanRivenscuv lands and his favorite prostitute. When the sun was above the horizon Vanda finally woke from her rest and smiled at Raffe.

“Sorry I didn’t give you a chance last night, but if you had ever fucked an orc, you’d understand.”

“I don’t think I’d ever want to fuck an orc.”

“You should try it,” she encouraged him as she sat up and stretched. The blanket he had wrapped around her slipped down, exposing her breasts. In the cool morning air her nipples quickly erected and were prominent enough that Raffe was compelled to reach out and caress one. She indulged him for a minute and then pulled away.

“I don’t think I could get a cock that big in my mouth or up my ass,” said Raffe, falling back to the pile of blankets on the ground.

“Maybe you should try fucking a female orc,” suggested Vanda. “I heard their cunts are like heaven hidden inside hell.”

“Heaven hidden inside hell?”

The ambassador sat up and told him in an irritated voice, “Female orcs rarely leave the home, but they are vicious fighters. They have poisonous spurs on their knees they use as a deadly weapon against unwanted lovers.”

“Oh,” said Raffe.

“I don’t need to hear pillow talk from the two of you so early in the morning.”

“How in the three cold hells did you know that?” Raffe marveled.

“I’m an old man. I’ve lived more than a little.” He scrubbed at his face and beard with his hands. “Now shall we get moving for the day or are you going to lounge here all day and talk about the sexual habits of other species?”

Raffe and Vanda disentangled themselves from the blankets and crawl from the

tent, to see that the orc war band had packed up in the middle of the night leaving the crushed grass from their temporary camp and the smoldering remains of the bonfire.

“Huh. I guess Huk was a love ‘em and leave ‘em type of guy,” Raffe commented.

“Slam. Bam. No thank you ma’am,” Vanda agreed.

The rest of the journey home passed without incident. As much as he wanted to discuss what she had done with Huk in the middle of the field, Raffe didn’t find another opportunity to talk privately with Vanda, or even out of earshot of the ambassador. When they approached the fork in the road that Raffe knew was a direct route to Lady Bellechose’s bordello, he expected her to say little and keep the parting ritual short and sweet.

She didn’t transfer back to her own coach. She continued on with them.

“I don’t think that Uncle Raymar would want a prostitute visiting his castle,” Raffe remarked mildly.

“You don’t have to tell him everything,” Vanda smiled.

“I will,” said the ambassador.

“I have business with the good Lord vanRivenscuv,” Vanda said smoothly.

The old man sniffed. “I doubt his wife will be happy to learn that.”

The ambassador was correct. Zussanna looked at them with a curled lip and jaundiced eye at the great banquet created for their triumphant return. The banquet went well and Uncle Raymar was satisfied with the results of the marriage conference, even though he would have been happier for Raffe to come home with a wife rather than a prostitute.

He didn’t know Vanda’s identity right away, but the castle was an even smaller place than the Ashton palace. Rumor and then truth quickly arrived at Raymar’s ears. Soldiers loved to talk and not only had all of the protective detail that

accompanies Raffe and the ambassador seen what Vanda had done to protect them from the orcs, but another handful had seen her in Lady Bellechose's bordello. None claimed to have hired her, but in such matters, doubt ran rampant.

The party went on for far too long. Raffe stumbled back to his little cell in the small hours of the evening. His head was spinning from too much drink and his stomach was overfull of rich food. The last thing he wanted to find was Zussanna waiting for him.

"You've got to be fuckin' kiddin' me," he slurred to her.

"The wine flowed freely tonight?" she asked sharply.

"Not tonight, dear. I have a headache," he complained as he collapsed on the old mattress that was his bed.

Zussanna had seated herself on the rickety chair in front of the wooden desk that threatened to collapse at any moment. "I'm sure the headache wouldn't be a problem," she replied. "If I checked, would you be as soft as the morning light?" She held out her hand, upwardly cupped, fingers curled just so to manipulate a better man's cock.

"Leave, Zussanna. I have no need of you in my room tonight."

"You call this a room? The gaol in the cellar has better accommodations than this. Why don't you take one of the rooms upstairs—"

"To get the fuck away from you!" he didn't bellow the words, but it was loud enough to fill the room.

"I see."

"Zussanna, please leave." He flung an arm across his eyes to blot out the little bit of light that came from the oil lamp Zussanna had brought in with her.

"I had to marry your uncle," she said quietly.

"I know. And I don't care. I've moved on. I've had a hundred women since you."

“And probably a hundred men as well.”

“Naturally.”

Her lip curled in distaste. Besides her social ambitions Zussanna wasn’t nearly as open to Raffe’s choice of sexual partners as others were.

The room was silent a moment. Finally Raffe asked, “Why are you still here?”

“I’m still not with child.”

“This again.”

She kept her voice low and tight, obviously trying to control her emotions. “I’m not sure if it’s me or your uncle. I was hoping you’d help me…find out.”

Raffe laughed loud and long before finally saying, “No.”

“But why not?” she asked too quickly.

“Because we have too much history.”

“So much the better.”

“I’ll not betray my uncle.”

“You’ve forced dozens women to cheat on their husbands.”

“I didn’t force them to do anything.”

“The next heir of the vanRivenscuv castle should be of the line.”

“I care not. If you have a brat, I won’t inherit.” He removed his arm from his eyes. “Please have a brat. I don’t want to inherit. Find some eager young stud who wants to fuck his liege lord’s wife and give Uncle Raymar the child he—and you—so desperately want. You won’t be the first woman to do the same.”

“You’re such a bastard,” she spat at him.

“I wish I was, then I wouldn’t be in this terrible position.”

She stood up and left, taking the lamp with her. Raffe was grateful for the darkness…and the lack of her presence.

He awoke to warm wetness wrapped around his hard cock. He groaned, but not from the attention he was receiving, but from the pounding in his head. Despite the pain he managed to force open an eye to make sure it wasn't Zussanna sucking his dick.

It wasn't.

It was Vanda.

"What are you doing here?"

She let his hard flesh pop free of her lips. "I would think that is obvious."

"Besides giving me some unsolicited fellatio."

"Making the pain go away," she replied coolly and then licked his length down from the head, along the underside, before taking both his balls into her mouth.

"I think the only thing that will make my pain go away is my death," he said.

He wished he was joking. He wished the joke he was making was about his headache.

"I'm sure that's not the case," she told him as she continued to slather her tongue around his cock. How she found him in his little hole in the castle was beyond him at the moment. Why she would seek him out was another matter. He didn't want to think about that either. He just wanted to think about her mouth on his cock and as he did he slowly realized that the pain in his head was slowly fading away.

When she crawled up his body and mounted his cock with her cunt, the pain seemingly disappeared. There were worse cures to the common hangover. Raffe's hands went to her hips and slowly slid up her body to cup her breasts. Only after he had done that did he realize she was fully naked. Not that this really surprised him, but it made him wonder all the more.

“Why are you here?” he asked her, his eyes still closed but enjoying the warmth of her body and the slow motions she made that slowly made the pain ebb away.

“To make you feel better,” she told him, giving him a kiss he didn’t deserve. “To fuck the pain away.”

“Liar,” he accused her. “Did Queen Froanta not pay you enough to service all the cocks visiting her palace?”

Vanda lightly laughed. “Oh, Raffe. Always so suspicious. Can’t sex be nothing more than the exchange of pleasure between two people?”

“Sometimes,” he admitted. “But not with a known whore.”

“I’m more than just a whore.”

“I know. That’s why I’m wary.”

He opened his eyes to see her smiling down at him. She sat up and let him toy with her breasts as she continued to ride him.

“But I will admit this is the best way to wake up.”

“Would you believe me if I told you that Zussanna came to me for help?”

Raffe burst out laughing. “Now I know you’re a liar.”

“She did,” Vanda insisted.

“What kind of help?” Raffe asked, fearing he already knew the answer.

“She wants a child. An heir for your uncle.”

“Give her all the help she wants,” Raffe suggested. “Just leave me out of it.”

“She thinks her husband can’t get her pregnant and she wants to enlist the help of your…virile cock.”

The compliment fell flat on Raffe’s ears. “No.”

“Why not? No one will ever know.” Vanda started riding him harder and faster.

If that was her strategy to get him to change his mind, it wasn't going to work.

"I'll know."

"But you'll get out of having to be your uncle's heir," Vanda pointed out.

Raffe couldn't remember when he told her that. Of course, it was obvious in his behavior that he wanted nothing to do with his family title. Vanda was a perceptive woman. She was good at hiding it, but she knew much more than she let on. She was much more intelligent than anyone knew.

Without giving her any warning, Raffe seized her shoulder and hip and flipped the two of them over so that he could more strongly thrust into her. She was an accomplished lover, but Raffe didn't need gentle technique at the moment. He pinned her down and used her like he would a woman he had no intent of ever seeing again. "Shut up and let me fuck you."

Vanda did just that, giving him exactly what he wanted and needed without letting him know how much he was giving up.

He came hard and squeezed as much cum out of his cock was possible, just because it felt so good and it kept the effects of the hangover at bay.

"You aren't going to steal my seed and use it to impregnate Zussanna, are you?" he asked after he rolled off Vanda to stare at the stone ceiling.

"Why would I do that?" she asked innocently. "Who does that?"

"You obviously haven't met Alma and Cahira."

"The sapphic lovers, niece of the Ashton queen? Do you think I'm that stupid, Raffe?"

"Right. I forgot. To make a long story short, I fucked Alma—Cahira wanted nothing to do with my cock—and she scooped my cum out of her cunt and put it inside her lover."

"Odd, but not all that unusual considering how strange humanity behaves when it comes to their sexuality and their reproduction rites."

“Yeah. Well. I thought it was more than passingly odd. Cahira had no desire to have children, but there they were playing goddess of fertility with each other. But she says she can’t get pregnant so what does it matter?”

“She can’t get pregnant?” Vanda asked doubtfully.

“Yeah. Old war wound. I saw the scar myself. Why would she lie about that?”

“Why would anyone lie about anything?” Vanda asked.

As a philosophy went, it was oddly accurate.

Chapter Three

Vanda left his room, apparently without incident or anyone noticing, not that it matter and not that Vanda cared, but it was easier for him not to have to deal with a series of annoying and probing questions. Raffe didn't have a plan for the moment. He had returned to the castle just as winter was setting in. The marriage conference was supposed to last for months, not weeks. His abrupt return to Castle vanRivenscuv was unplanned and unexpected.

Naturally the first morning he woke in Castle vanRivenscuv it was snowing. This wasn't unexpected.

What was unexpected was the small group of refugees fleeing through the narrow passage Castle vanRivenscuv. The trio came into view of the castle running as if their lives depended on it. The sentry on the watchtower expected a horde of orcs to come around the corner of the gorge and had the blunderbuss mounted at the top of the tower ready to fire.

Nothing came behind the trio of fleeing figures.

The castle had a procedure to deal with this. As the trio came within reach of the castle all soldiers had their weapons out. The main gate was opened and the refugees were ushered into a holding pen surrounded by soldiers brandishing crossbows and spears.

Raffe had heard the alarm sounded and went to one of the arrow slits to observe. The trio were all elves and not only did they look exhausted, they looked emaciated, like they hadn't eaten in days. Their clothing and cloaks were tattered and filthy. They responded to the commands barked out by the sergeant and were happy to be taken into custody.

Something was amiss. Raffe could feel it. He left the murder hole where he had been watching and raced to the watchtower.

The soldier there acknowledged Raffe with a nod. "Who are they?" he grunted.

Raffe didn't answer him and instead scanned the open field between the castle and the gorge. There was nothing there except snow. It was only a few inches and it wasn't falling heavily right now. That would happen later in the evening. And the next day. And the next.

The relative quiet of the snow didn’t make him rest any easier. “Just elves.”

“Running from the orcs?”

“I would presume.”

“I thought all the northern elves were dead.”

“They are,” said Raffe. “Except the ones taken as slaves.” Or worse, but he didn’t want to think about that.

He didn’t want to think about how the elves were being used. He didn’t like thinking that way.

Raffe stayed up on the watchtower for most of the morning, listening to the near-silent hiss of the light snow falling and wondering what would happen next.

It was hunger that eventually drove him down into the castle, not the cold or the wind or the snow. The first person he encountered was Vanda. She was angry.

“I see you’ve engineered it so I cannot leave,” she accused him.

“What? I’ve done nothing of the sort. You’re more than welcome to take your coach and your old driver—”

“Tandril.”

“Tandril.—and ger the hells out of here. I’m not stopping you.”

“It’s snowing.”

“Thanks for the weather report,” he snapped at her. “I have eyes. Go anyway. You wouldn’t be the first to leave during a snowstorm. You won’t even be the first to die while leaving here during a snowstorm.”

“And you have refugees.”

“I have nothing to do with them.”

“The captain of the guard closed the castle to everyone, leaving or going, until further notice.”

“There you go,” he said triumphantly.

They glared at each other expectantly.

“Well?” she finally prompted him.

“Well what?”

“Only the captain of the guard can change the order.”

“Then go to the captain of the guard and ask him to let you leave. Fuck him if you have to. I’m sure he’s not above taking bribes or whatever.”

“I already fucked him,” Vanda said.

A creeping sense of dread started to fall on Raffe. “Were you that bad or does he prefer cock to cunt?”

She tilted her head to the side. “You do everything you can to shirk any responsibility, don’t you?”

He closed his eyes and tilted his head back. He would have glared at the ceiling if his eyelids weren’t closed. “Who, exactly, is the captain of the guard you fucked and spoke with to leave this frozen tit on the breast of the seven hells?”

“Why, you are Lord Rafferty vanRivenscuv. Didn’t you know?”

“Who told you that?”

“Your uncle.”

Without another word Raffe whirled around and left Vanda behind. It didn’t take him long to find his uncle who was busy consulting the ambassador and other faceless advisors in his office. “When did you make me captain of the guard?” he demanded of the lord of the castle interrupting his important business.

Lord Raymar wasn’t shaken by his nephew’s interruption. “Last night at the banquet. Congratulations. I thought some responsibility might do you some good.”

“You thought wrong!” Raffe raged.

Despite his heir's upset, Lord Raymar remained calm. "It still suits you. As captain of the guard you have three refugees to interview. The safety of the castle is at stake. You need to know their stories. And as lord of the castle I'm ordering the captain of the guard not to remove the travel restrictions until we know everything."

Raffe raised his finger to threaten his uncle, to quit as captain of the guard, to abdicate his title, to declare his intent to walk away from everything.

No words came out of his mouth. He turned heel again and left the room in silence.

Knowing what he had to do didn't make the task any easier. Stalking through the castle the next person that he encountered was Zussanna. He would have sooner it been an assassin, that way all of his problems would have been solved.

"I still intend to get what I want," she told him, blocking his way through the narrow passageway. He could have shoved by her. He could have lifted her up bodily and placed her to the side. Hells, with no witnesses around he could have smashed her in the face with his fist and be done with the problem. Instead he sighed and listened to her because his good manners were his downfall.

"I'm sorry, Princess, but that's not going to happen. Ever."

Her face soured. The Free Folk weren't especially adherent to the other countries use of titles and status. Her family was nothing more than farmers, well off farmers, but farmers nevertheless. Calling her a princess was as great an insult to her as it would have been taking a razor to her face.

"You'll fuck anyone, Raffe, but you won't fuck me? Again? We used to do it all the time."

"And then you married my uncle. I don't do that to him. I wouldn't betray him."

"Think of it as giving him a present her deserves, but we can't tell him about," she said with a seductive smile.

"No."

"What would convince you to fuck me again?"

“Nothing.”

“Oh, come on. You can come up with a better answer than that.”

“Sure. Why not? Let me fuck you in the ass then.” He titled his head to the side and awaited her answer.

“That’s not what I want. That wouldn’t accomplish what I need.”

“Your ass and your ass only,” Raffe told her.

“You’re an ass.”

With that he grabbed her by the upper arms, lifted her up, pivoted around, and deposited her back on the floor. “Thanks,” he said and continued on his way.

“You’re a giant ass!” she screamed at him.

“I’m oddly okay with that.”

The refugees were being held in the largest cell of the dungeon. It wasn’t quiet being imprisoned, but they weren’t free to wander the castle either. This procedure had been developed after years of dealing with quisling refugees fleeing the orcs.

The trio looked glumly at him. As was typical for elves, Raffe couldn’t tell the which was male and which was female. Their features were completely androgynous. He knew from experience at Lady Bellechose’s the only way to tell was to get them naked. Their genitals were human compatible, only slightly smaller. The females had tiny breasts that were little more than bumps but were fully functional as far as Raffe knew.

“Who’s going to tell me the story.”

Silence filled the dungeon.

“That’s what I’ve gotten out of ‘em since they arrived,” said the guard.

“Food? Water?” Raffe asked.

“Offered it. They drank water and ate a little bread. That’s about it. Do elves eat

what we eat?”

“Mostly. They like vegetables. Mostly.”

“How are you going to get them to talk?”

“There’s more to life than bread and water.”

It took a while and most of Raffe’s personal supply, but the bottle of elven wine that he had hidden in his room was enough to loosen the tongue of the trio’s leader. The tale he told—at least Raffe thought the leader was male—wasn’t all that extraordinary. Captured months ago, used by the orcs as slaves, they took the opportunity to escape, and were certain that they being pursued by the orcs, but somehow made it to the safety of Castle vanRivenscuv.

“I’ll see what I can do about getting you released,” Raffe said, making no promise. He went to his uncle’s office, this time to make a respectful report.

“Do you believe them?” Raymar asked.

Raffe shrugged. It was hardly a definitive answer. “They aren’t any different from any other elves we’ve rescued.”

“Which means they are no less dangerous.”

“True.” Raffe sighed. “I’ll take care of it.”

“You don’t have to,” Raymar said.

Raffe frowned at him. “I’m the captain of the guard, aren’t I? Isn’t it my duty?”

“But you…can assign the task to someone else.”

“Laceleaf seems honest.” He tried his sly smile on Raymar. “And he’s very attractive.”

“A male, is he?” Raymar asked.

Raffe shrugged. “I think so. But it doesn’t matter.”

With a little wine in him, Laceleaf was indeed a vivacious elf. Raffe took the trio

to one of the available rooms in the castle, telling them that they were welcome but their movements were restricted and a guard would be posted at the door. After that, Raffe had food brought along with plenty of wine and ale.

It didn't take all that much to get them drunk. Raffe was feeling the effects of the wine as well, but not nearly as much as Laceleaf. Their leader was beautiful with his fine features, smooth skin, and highly angled eyes. Elves were a mostly secretive race that had an intense curiosity about humans and their rituals. It wasn't terrible hard to seduce an elf, it was easier with alcohol. It was easier if the human seducer was confident and attractive and not overly aggressive.

Raffe hated it was so easy to separate Laceleaf from his companions and bring him back to his room. The other two were too stupefied by the alcohol to care.

Once the door was closed, Raffe did what Raffe did best. The exchange of kisses with Laceleaf was heavenly. His lips were soft, his pink tongue darted eagerly into Raffe's mouth, and when Raffe caressed the elf, Laceleaf was happy to let Raffe take the lead.

They had been allowed to bathe when they were brought into the castle. Raffe could smell the strong soap on Laceleaf's body. It was a pleasure to strip the oversized human clothing from his body. Laceleaf, like all elves, was hairless below his scalp. He couldn't grow a beard or any body hair. The smoothness was a pleasure to stroke. Laceleaf's lips eagerly kissed Raffe's body, sucking on his nipples and licking his way down to Raffe's stomach,

The elf was submissive, which wasn't surprising for an elf that had been in captivity. Raffe felt bad about what he had to do, but it didn't stop him from doing it. Pulling off the elf's breeches, he released Laceleaf's cock, which was hairless and slim and hardly impressive in any sense. Still, Raffe stroked it and the small thing responded by growing, but even fully erect the elf couldn't compete with a human's cock. That's why employment at bordellos was easy for elf whores. They were desirable to the men who wanted just that look in their partners.

It was hard for Laceleaf to wrap his lips around Raffe's cock, even as Raffe continued to stroke his small cock.

"I want to fuck you," Raffe said. He wasn't being overly commanding or dominant, but he needed to know. Everyone in the castle did.

The worry on Laceleaf's appeared without guile. "But you are so big," he said softly.

Raffe laughed lightly. "I'm not that big. And I've got oil to ease my passage. You've done this before?"

"No," said Laceleaf with a shake of his head. "Maybe we shouldn't…"

"No, we should. We really should." But Raffe knew that fucking the elf's ass wasn't entirely necessary. Instead he went to his knees and put the elf's slim, elegantly curved cock into his mouth and sucked. It had been a while since Raffe had fucked an elf in any way. They were a lusty race and so Laceleaf was helpless to resist what Raffe did.

The little ballsack the elf wore easily fit into Raffe's hand and he massaged the tender bit of flesh while he bobbed his head up and down, sucking and licking, trying to get a full response from his partner.

When Laceleaf moaned and let his head fall back, unable to resist the way that Raffe fellated him, Raffe knew that he had the elf exactly where he wanted him. He desperately wanted to taste the elf's hot spunk on his tongue. He wanted the elf to return the favor. He didn't need Laceleaf to suck him off, he didn't need to fuck Laceleaf's ass. He just needed Laceleaf to use his hand and made him cum. Maybe one of the elves in the room above them was a female who'd be more than willing and happy to accommodate Raffe's cock within her body.

Raffe wasn't sure if Laceleaf was resisting or was just trying to get the full experience of good sex with a human. He started hyperventilating and then it happened and Raffe once again hated himself.

Laceleaf's orgasm shook his body and he screamed and only then did the change come.

Raffe fell back and drew the dagger that he kept handy under his broken-down desk. He didn't need it right away.

Watching a transformation was gut-wrenching. It looked painful and Raffe judged from the screams it was extremely painful. They weren't interrupted. Any chance passerby in the hall would merely assume that Raffe was having over-vigorous and violent sex with a partner. They wouldn't have been wrong. The

creature that had been Laceleaf changed back to his goblin form and was left panting and exhausted on the floor, barely able to move.

He had to make a quick decision because if he let the situation linger it would only get more complex and annoying. The goblin was huddled on the floor, vulnerable. With a quick thrust from his dagger, Raffe ended it.

“The other two are actually elves?” Raymar asked.

“Yes, as far as we can tell. I’m too exhausted right now to make either one of them cum, but traditionally that’s how it’s been. One quisling and two distractions.”

“Keep them contained and under guard,” Raymar ordered the sergeant in his office. “Why didn’t you keep the goblin alive? We could have interrogated him.”

“Fucking became fighting. I wasn’t going to risk my life for useless information.”

Raymar regarded him for a minute and then nodded. “We’ll interrogate the other two later.”

“Excellent idea, uncle,” Raffe declared.

At one of the isolated rooms, one of the few with privacy away from the rest of the castle’s prying eyes, Vanda slipped through the door, though it should have been barred to anyone and everyone, and silently closed it behind her. Waving a hand over the oil lamp, the flame came to life and cast a warm glow throughout the room.

Zussanna was instantly awake. This was her private bedroom, away from her husband, her one place in the castle that was hers. She didn’t like her private space invaded by anyone. There was a dagger under the pillow, but she didn’t pull it out. She recognized Vanda and relaxed. The other woman might be a whore, but she was not threat.

“I’m sorry if I startled you,” said Vanda.

“I don’t like it when people come into my room in the middle of the night… especially without an invitation.”

“You invited me,” Vanda reminded her.

“I did? When?”

“Last night, but you probably don’t remember.”

“It’s my job to be polite to everyone,” Zussanna said with a sigh. “Sometimes I forget what I say to everyone. But I’m sure if I invited you to visit me, I didn’t mean in the middle of the night.”

“What I have to say is best said in the middle of the night.”

Zussanna shivered and drew the blankets up to her body. “What can you only tell me in the middle of the night?”

“You want a child?” Vanda asked.

“Yes. Everyone knows that.”

“I can help you with that.”

“I’ve already had help…and it hasn’t worked.”

“I can make it work. But you have to trust me…and you have to be willing to dabble in the veiled arts.”

“I’m willing,” said Zussanna too eagerly.

“And you must make a sacrifice.”

“A sacrifice? Like to the old gods?” Even with this question Zussanna seemed a little too eager.

“Exactly.”

“What sort of sacrifice?”

“I can help you with it,” said Vanda, skipping over her answer.

“You can?” Asked Zussanna. She should have been more credulous. “How can you?”

Vanda moved closed to the lord’s wife. She wasn’t uncomfortable doing what was necessary, but there was no way to correctly gauge Zussanna, and her reaction would tell all.

“I need something from you.”

“What do you need? You already said a sacrifice.”

“Something simple. Just a kiss.”

“A kiss?”

“Just a kiss.”

Zussanna knew it wasn’t just a kiss, but she was willing to do whatever it took to have a child to please her husband…and herself. A kiss was something simple. Very simple. She closed her eyes and leaned forward, he lips lightly puckered.

It was all too easy for Vanda. She hooked a hand behind Zussanna’s neck and pulled her forward into the kiss. Their lips touched lightly and Zussanna found her lips parting, allowing Vanda to slip her tongue into Zussanna’s mouth.

This wasn’t supposed to be. Zussanna hadn’t ever exchange sexual favors with other women. It was a way to strengthen friendships and declare alliances, but it wasn’t for her.

Until she kissed Vanda. The prostitute was beautiful and charismatic, but that alone wasn’t it. Zussanna found herself irresistibly pulled to the other woman. The kiss became deeper. The kiss led to caresses. The caresses led to clothing being shed. Their nudity led to so much more.

At first Zussanna was more than happy to let Vanda take the lead. Her kisses and touch wasn’t any different from a man’s, except maybe softer. It was easy to close her eyes and concentrate on what Vanda was doing to her and it was wonderful. Zussanna was well beyond being worried about cheating on her

husband. She was willing to bed a former lover to have a child, so sex with a woman was just another step in the process.

And she had to admit that Vanda's kisses were like sparkles on her skin. They made her body come to life. Maybe, she admitted to herself, denying herself sex with another woman had been a mistake.

It was easy for Zussanna to open up her legs and let the other woman kiss her way down from her breasts to her cunt. Men had done this to her. Raffe. Delvan. Raymar. Others. It was the first time a woman had kissed her cunt and it was the best she had ever had. It was easy to lie back and enjoy what Vanda was doing to her. She didn't even have to imagine it was someone else. She just let herself float with the sensations Vanda was giving to her and it was beautiful. It was even more beautiful because Vanda was a woman. What need of a cock did she —or any woman—have?

Vanda brought her slowly and steadily to her peak and she cried out happily when she came. The walls of the castle weren't perfect so she knew that others could hear her, but she didn't care. Zussanna considered it her right to fuck anyone she wanted. If the truth were fully known to her, Raymar wouldn't have minded her infidelity as long as she was happy—and pregnant.

"See how perfect and beautiful it can be?" Vanda asked, lifting her face from Zussanna's cunt and kissing her inner thigh. Her face glistened and not just with Zussanna's juices.

"I want more," Zussanna begged.

"And I can give you more…but you have to do something for me first."

"Yes. What? Anything!"

"Anything?"

"Yes! Anything!"

Vanda crawled up Zussanna 's body. "You know what to do," she whispered in her ear as the two of them rolled over.

Though she thought it would be difficult, it turned out to be surprisingly easy to

go down on another woman. To touch her cunt. To slip fingers up inside her body. To feel her heat and her pleasure. To taste her soul. To make her cum.

She felt no shame and Zussanna was proud of that.

Making Vanda cum was a great accomplishment. “What was it…what was it that I wanted?” she asked Vanda.

“Of course it was,” the prostitute replied.

“But I…but I wanted to have a child. I wanted Raymar’s child. Or Raffe’s. It doesn’t matter.”

“And I promised to help you with that,” said Vanda. “And I will help you with that. I just needed your help so I could work the magic that you need.”

“Magic?”

“Everything comes at a cost.” She pulled Zussanna up to her so they were face to face. She first took Zussanna’s hand and placed it between her legs, encouraging her to slip a finger up into her cunt. She did the same to Zussanna and looked at the pretty lord’s wife, looked deeply into her eyes. “Kiss me.”

They exchanged another kiss. It was softly intimate.

“I can give you a glamor to fool Raffe. Is that what you want?”

“What glamor?”

“It’s a simple spell. He’ll think you’re me. Nothing more. He’ll make love to you and none will be the wiser.”

“How…how will he know it’s not me. How will he think I’m you?”

Vanda began working her thumb against Zussanna’s clit. That silenced her questions, but she still answered. “Glamor. Magic. The simple spells of the universe.”

“Uh-huh.”

“The spell only lasts a short time. You’ll need to go to him tonight.”

“Will he…will he want to fuck me? Will he get me with child?”

Vanda laughed low in her throat. “Of course he’ll want to fuck you. He’ll think you’re me. And of course he’ll get you with child. I wouldn’t allow anything less for you, my disciple.”

“How do you know how to do this? Why are you doing this?”

Vanda didn’t answer the first question. “Because you prayed for it to happen.”

End Part Four

Preview

Red-Handed: Rhette is Red 2

Helena got a towel from one of the cabinets and ran it under the hot water from the corner sink. Rhette was apprehensive at first because she didn't see the logic in a hot compress on her reddened ass, but Helena insisted, so she bent over the spanking bench again and allowed the older woman to do was she wanted.

There was a flare of pain when Helena applied the hot compress to her ass, but then it quickly faded. It wasn't bad at all. "This will bring out the bruising," she said with a smile. "Just let the heat work for a minute."

Now that she was up close and facing her, Rhette could see that Helena was about ten years older than her. She had some lines on her face but amazingly her hair was still a brilliant blonde; or perhaps she had the best dye job in the world. Behind her Nick was pulling up his pants, tucking his still-limp cock away, and then he disappeared from Rhette's view.

Uncomfortable with the silence, Rhette felt she had to say something. After seeing Helena peg Nick after getting fucked by her, Rhette had a lot of questions. The older woman had taken off the strap on cock she had worn to fuck Rhette and Nick and had pulled her dress back down over her hips. She almost looked like someone who had merely walked in from an office somewhere. "How long have you and Nick been partners?" She used the term that Helena had used because she still wasn't sure what was going on.

Helena smirked and sat down on one of the stools scattered around Nick's workshop. "How long? Shit. I've known him almost twenty years now. We've been fucking for…eighteen I guess. Business partners for ten. Does that answer your question?"

Rhette thought she had somehow managed to fuck up a simple question. "Yes. Sorry. I didn't mean to pry."

Her response managed to make Helena laugh. "I usually keep our relationship… quiet. But since I just fucked you, I suppose you are entitled to some information."

“It’s none of my business,” said Rhette, eager to get off the topic.

“We’ve been married for twelve years.” She displayed a silver band on her finger. It was modest and there was no engagement ring. “Didn’t you see the ring he wears…not that a ring means anything nowadays.”

Giving it a moment’s thought Rhette realized she had seen several rings on Nick’s fingers. None of them had registered as a wedding band. “Uh…I guess not.”

“His is black because he thinks that’s cool. It tends to blend in because it doesn’t look like a wedding band. He wants to make women think he’s not married.”

“But the…the…” Rhette didn’t know how to proceed with her sentence.

“But the cage I have on his cock prevents any fun for him? Yes. Irony that would be, I suppose.” She lifted the hot towel from Rhette’s ass. “Very nice. Time for a cold compress now.”

At first the cold towel hurt worse than the hot one, and then, just like the hot towel, it started to soothe. “You have beautiful skin,” Helena said running her fingers along Rhette’s back, admiring the younger woman’s pale color. “But it isn’t the flawlessness of skin that makes beauty, it’s the tiny flaws that draw out the beauty. That’s why so many men admire the bruises a woman can carry after a spanking or paddling.”

Rhette jerked slightly as Helena ran her fingers over her skin, but managed not to freak out.

“Redheads are highly desired among spanking aficionados and in the BDSM community, did you know that?”

“No, but Nick said as much.”

“It’s because you can take the pain better than anyone else. You can take the pain and you can sport the bruises. I’m a little jealous. I hate receiving pain, but I love giving it. I’m pale enough, but you’ll never see me with a bruise.”

Rhette was confused by Helena’s short speech. “I don’t understand.”

Helena smiled. “You will soon enough.”

It took a day for her to set up a time with Jordan. They both had separate lives, even if they both had physical needs.

“I never expected to hear from you again,” he said when she let him into her house.

“Why is that?” she asked sweetly. Jordan was nicely dressed in a pair of tan Dockers and a golf shirt. He looked like he just left the office on casual Friday. That was fine with Rhette; she wasn’t interested in what he was wearing. For her part, she was wearing a dress she hadn’t worn in a year. It was black and tighter than she would normally wear. Jordan didn’t know it, but Rhette was purposely imitating Helena’s style, minus the yellow highlights. What he didn’t know wouldn’t hurt him.

“I sent you a bunch of messages. You never responded.”

She had gotten the messages. She didn’t tell him that she had purposely ignored them. It was too much to explain. Yes, she was using him for sex, but if he didn’t want to fuck her, he could just say no. Nancy Reagan’s terrible advice didn’t just apply to drugs.

“I was trying to decide if I wanted to see you again,” she said.

“You could have decided quicker.” He put his hand on her upper arm, running his fingers up and down her lightly freckled skin. It was forward and presumptuous of him, but she allowed it anyway. She couldn’t wait to fuck him.

“It’s a girl’s prerogative to be picky,” she said. She looked around the kitchen. It was clean, but she hadn’t set out any snacks or drinks. She hadn’t invited him over for socialization; she had invited him over for sex and sex alone. “Shall we go to the bedroom?”

Jordan blinked and laughed. “I forgot how forward you are.”

“I know what I want. Why waste time.”

“I was hoping to take you out on an actual date,” he said.

Rhette was horny but she gave it some consideration. “Tell you what. We’ll have sex now and if it’s good enough, I’ll let you take me out.”

“Deal!” he said, taking his hand from her arm and putting it between them instead. She looked down at his proffered appendage and shook it as if agreeing to a bargain.

“You’ve better make me scream,” she told him. “Otherwise no date.”

“Where’s the bedroom?” he asked, eager to prove himself.

Because she knew what she wanted, the moment they walked into the bedroom, Rhette grabbed the bottom of her dress and pulled it up over her head, dropping it to the floor. Jordan’s eyes roved over her body, taking in the semi-transparent bra and panties she was wearing in addition to the stockings. Maybe she knew what she wanted, but she didn’t mind putting on a little show for him as well. When Jordan opened his mouth to say something, she quickly approached him and silenced him with a kiss.

Kissing was nice. She was eager to fuck, but kissing was a nice warm up. It gave her the opportunity to feel his body through this clothing. It gave them the chance to undress him together. Before Jordan knew it, he was down to his underwear and Rhette was kissing her way down his body. “Wow,” he said.

“Wow what?” she asked, her fingers at the edge of his waistband. Her forearm was purposely pressing against his erect cock that threatened to burst out of his briefs.

“I just didn’t ever expect anything like this.”

She smiled at him and took pulled down the last piece of clothing he wore. By putting his already hard cock into her mouth, she stopped any possibility of a conversation.

Giving head was fine, but Rhette wanted to fuck.

She backed off and said, “You taste wonderful. Shall we fuck?”

He blinked at her. “Uh. Yeah. That’s why I’m here, right?” He grinned and tried to adopt an attitude of confidence, that he wasn’t being used by her for sex, that he was an equal participant.

Rhette got off her knees and turned around. The bed was only two steps away, but before she crawled onto it, she shimmied out of her see-through panties. But Jordan’s eyes were already stuck on her ass before she removed the panties.

“Holy fucking shit!” he exclaimed looking at her ass.

Rhette peered over her shoulder to see what he saw. “Aren’t they pretty?” she asked. “I’m surprised at how well they came out.”

“Came out?” Jordan asked.

“After Nick paddled me. I like the pain and I like the bruises. They tell me who I am.”

“Do they…do they hurt?” Jordan asked.

“A little. But they are worth it.”

Jordan didn’t know what to think. His cock was starting to droop because he was distracted by her bruises. “How…how did you get them?” He didn’t know what to say. He was afraid to have sex with her and possibly hurt her.

“I already told you?” she said, exasperated. “My dom gave them to me. Nick paddled me.”

“Why?”

“Because I wanted him to. Because I like to be spanked. Because it makes sex better.”

In truth she had never had sex with Nick either before or after being spanked. Helena had fucked her with the strap on after being paddled, but that wasn’t really the same thing. Masturbating after being paddled wasn’t the same thing after. What she really desired was to be fucked and spanked at the same time.

“I mean…I know some women like to be spanked during sex…but not so hard

that it hurts. That it leaves bruises."

"You don't know everything," she told him. "Now are you going to fuck me or are you just going to stand there with a limp dick?"

Jacob looked down at his cock. He had faded. He wanted to fuck her, but Rhette's unusual sexual desires had made him…confused and distracted. He put his hand to his cock, pulling on it, masturbating to make it bigger and harder. "How do you…I don't want to hurt you any more than you already are."

She laughed at him. "I'm not hurt. I'm not carrying any scars. I'm carrying trophies of achievement." Crawling onto the bed, she made sure to keep her legs apart so that he could see the opening of her pussy. He was a man and would respond, of that she was confident. Maybe her ass was a little large, but he liked it well enough the first time.

Arching her back, Rhette reached between her legs, making sure Jordan could see her fingers going into her pussy, drew them down along her slit, and splayed open her nether lips. "Come on and fuck me," she begged.

Jordan stepped out of his underwear, his cock almost back to its previous glory, and joined her on the bed. When he touched her she felt the thrill of pain from the bruises. It wasn't much, but it was a pleasant reminder of the paddling. His cock slipped between her thighs and she guided him inside. "Ooh…isn't that better," she purred at him.

"You're crazy," Jordan said with absolute sincerity.

"Crazy sex is the best sex," she laughed. "Now fuck me."

He did. Gently at first, but when she demanded that he do it harder, he grabbed her hips and fucked her like he would any other woman. Every impact of his body against hers sent a thrill of pain to her head. It was glorious. When he pounded into her with all his strength, she could feel his balls slapping against her clit.

"Fuck yes!" she cried out. "Harder! Faster!"

"Do you want me to pull your hair too?" he asked, half sarcastically.

She looked over her shoulder at him. “If that’s what you want, then fuck yes!”

It took little effort to tangle the fingers of one hand in her long, thick hair. Pulling back he started fucking her harder and the noises that Rhette made were inhuman. It was violent sex. That was the sort of sex that Rhette loved, but it was new and disturbing to Jordan.

Rhette came first. The tightening of her pussy on his cock made him cum shortly afterwards.

“I think I need more hair pulling during sex,” she told him as she curled up under his arm.

“Okay,” he agreed, exhausted by the exertion of sex. “Was it good enough?”

“Good enough for what?”

“For me to take you out on a date?”

“Uh-huh.”

They didn’t go out on a date that night. They slept in.

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About the Author

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

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