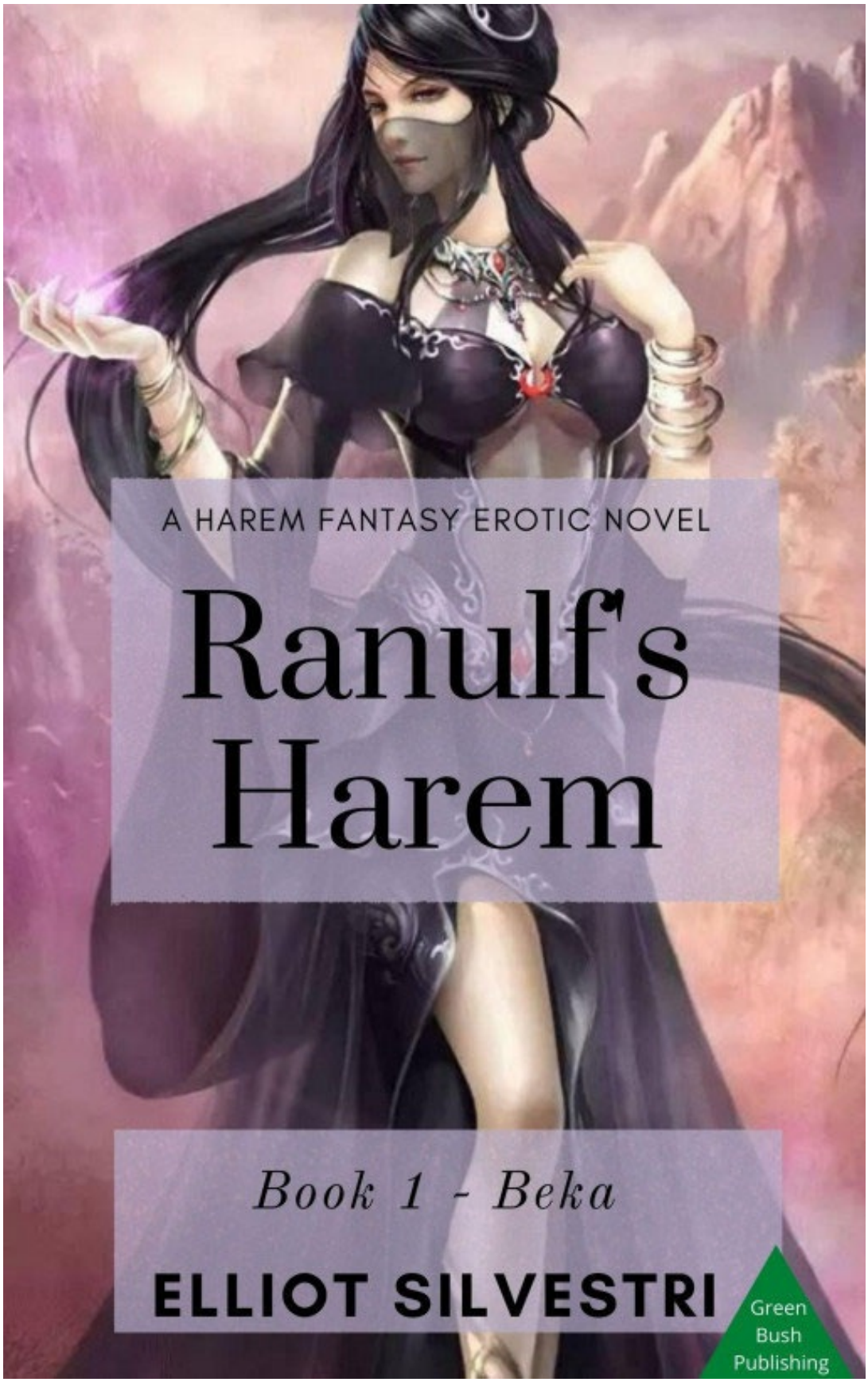
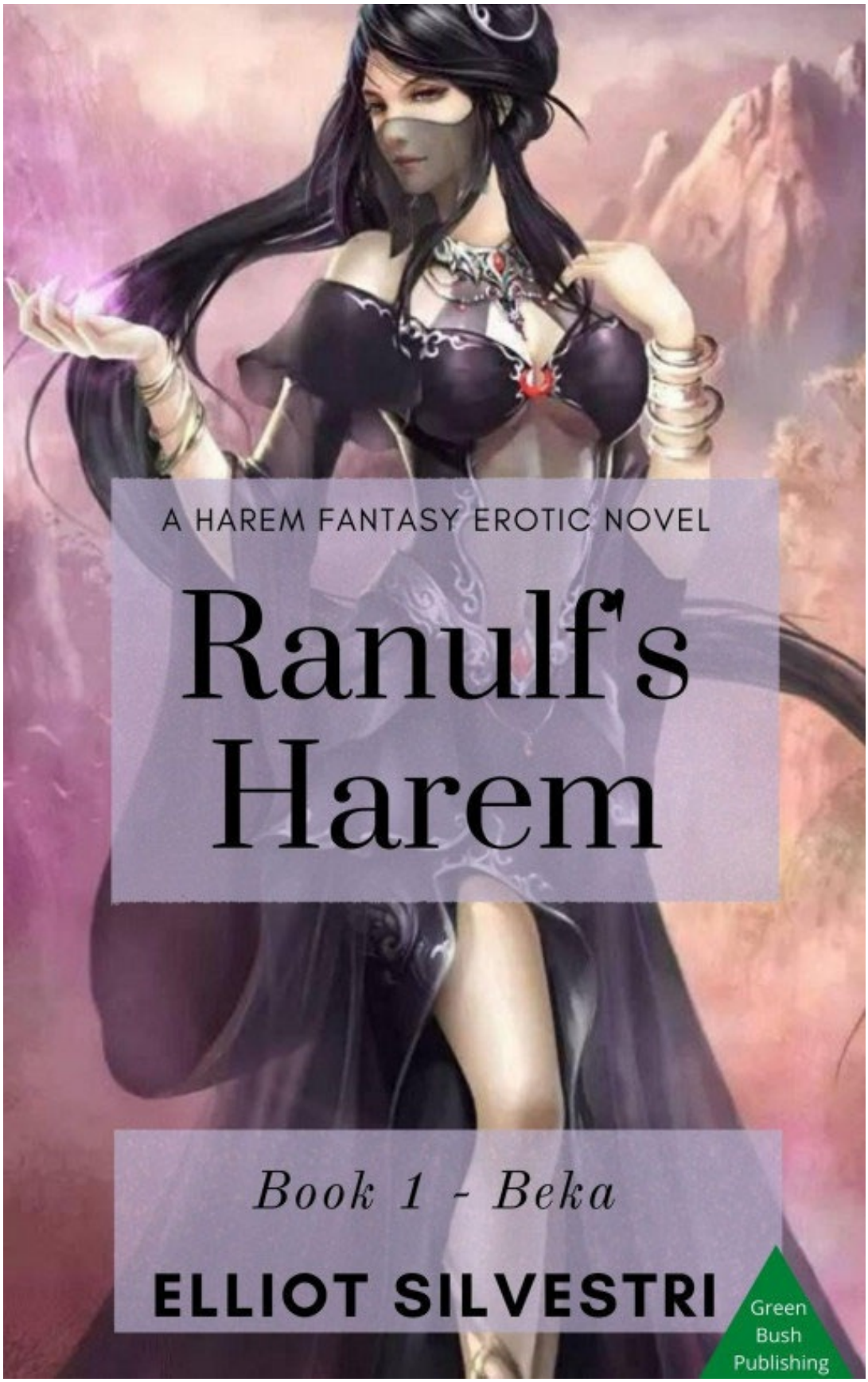

A HAREM FANTASY EROTIC NOVEL
Ranulf's Harem
Book 1 - Beka
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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Ranulf’s Harem

1: Beka

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Ranulf’s Harem 1: Beka

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

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Second Edition

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Prologue

Ranulf could see the other knight pursuing him. The hills were giving way to mountains and it was easy enough to look downward to see the man in his armor on a white horse. The knight was carrying less gear than Ranulf and had a fresher horse. He would catch Ranulf before the sun set. It was Ranulf's choice as to where the confrontation took place. He could keep running and the knight would most likely catch him at the edge of the mountain pass or he could find a place to prepare an ambush.

Or he could confront the knight directly.

Urging his exhausted horse upward where he could see a relatively flat clearing Ranulf prepared himself.

It took the other knight less than half an hour to reach the clearing. Ranulf was as rested and ready as he ever would be. He had dismounted and drawn his sword. The other knight's horse stumbled into the clearing and was brought up short by the rider.

Before he could react, Ranulf spoke. "I have no quarrel with you. I am leaving the Three Kingdoms. I will never return. I swear this as Ranulf, Knight of—" His words caught in his throat. He reminded himself that he was no longer a member of the Order of the Black Pyre. "I swear this as a free knight."

The other knight sat on his horse a moment before dismounting. He wore the distinctive armor of the Order of Devoted Guardians. It was shiny and new. Ranulf wondered if the knight had ever seen battle. He didn't need to look at his own armor to know it was battered, scarred, muddy, and hadn't shone in years.

Ducking his head, the other knight removed his helmet to reveal a face that was youthful and handsome. Like most knights he wore his dirty blond hair short. Above high cheekbones he had piercing blue eyes that promised they had once been naive.

"I am Thome the Innocente, Knight of the Devoted Guardians. Surrender to me, villain, and I will make sure you are given a fair trial in front of the Battle Tribunal." He paused for a moment. "You cannot fool me. I see by your armor and cloak and crest and banner you are a member of the Black Pyre. Surrender."

Ranulf cursed himself for not completely removing the partially obscured icon

on his shield. He hadn't given up his overcloak because it offered a little warmth against the biting wind.

Shaking his head, Ranulf said, "No. Former member. I swear this is the truth. I leave the Three Kingdoms never to return."

"I cannot allow you to flee justice. Either surrender or draw your weapon." He gave Ranulf no chance to answer as he drew his sword and started marching across the clearing.

Brandishing his sword, Ranulf said, "Don't do this, Thome. I have no quarrel with you."

The other knight put his helmet back on and slipped his shield off his back. Ranulf cursed to himself, hurriedly put on his own helmet, grabbed his shield off the horse, and instead of waiting to receive Thome's charge, he abruptly ran forward, carefully timing his attack so that he leaped on a large rock, launched himself into the air, and brought sword and shield down heavily on the younger knight.

Thome wasn't a complete fool or novice. He withstood the attack and in short order the two were slamming and slashing away at each other.

It only took Ranulf a few seconds to realize the other knight, though he looked young and untested, had some skill. Unfortunately for Thome, that skill wasn't nearly enough to match Ranulf's many years on the battlefield.

And still he didn't want to kill the young knight.

Ranulf had trained too many squires who sought to join his order. He could spot a novice's weaknesses right away. It was the same with Thome. Not wanting to kill the young man, Ranulf used a move that brought him inside Thome's guard, put him off balance and Ranulf, using his shield as a blunt instrument, slammed the knight's sword out of his hand.

Thome stumbled back, quickly drawing a dagger from his belt.

"Don't," Ranulf warned. "Let me leave and—" his words were cut short by a fearsome roar. "Shit," he cursed loudly. His eyes left his enemy and scanned the scrubby pine trees. There was snow on the ground along with plenty of leaf litter.

He didn’t see the monster—yet.

“What was that?” asked Thome, realizing that while Ranulf was dangerous, something else in the woods was much more deadly.

“Fire drake.”

The knight’s eyes widened. “Are you sure? Aren’t they—”

“I’m sure. Pick up your fucking sword, move back to back. If we’re lucky, we might just live.”

Ranulf turned around, putting his back to the knight. It wasn’t a matter of trust. Ranulf knew if Thome struck him down, the young knight wouldn’t survive the fire drake. Though the Order of Devoted Guardians claimed high chivalry as one of the primary tenets, he had seen plenty of Devoted Guardians stab man, boy, woman, and monster alike in the back.

Thome wasn’t a great fool. Ranulf felt the boy’s presence behind him.

“What do we do?” The other knight’s voice was shaky and was projecting the other direction. Thome was back to back with Ranulf.

“The fire drake will get as close as possible before a rushing attack. Block the thing’s head with your shield, stab its underside where its scales are weakest.”

They were both breathing heavily, scanning the edges of the clearing, looking for signs of the monster.

“Maybe we didn’t hear it,” said Thome.

Before Ranulf could reply, the fire drake howled again. The roar echoed off the exposed rock faces of the mountain. Ranulf ran his eyes back and forth across the clearing’s edge. The attack would be swift. He expected it to come head on at one of them. The creatures were bold.

He was wrong. The attack came from their side. He only caught the movement at the last moment, too late to warn Thome. Its claws raked along Ranulf’s armor as its body slammed into Thome.

All three went down in a tumble. Somehow Ranulf managed to keep his sword and shield in hand. He was on his knees when he felt the sudden burst of heat.

The fire drake spit fire at Thome who caught the attack on his wood and hide shield. The round shield caught fire and Thome threw it away. In a flash the fire drake was on him. Its long, snake-like body slammed Thome to the ground again. Claws scrabbled at Thome's armor. The knight screamed.

Ranulf rushed to aid the boy, bringing his sword down heavily on the thing's back, but the blade didn't bite. The drake's back claws raked at Ranulf's chest. The impossibly hard claws ripped the steel plates to shreds.

Thome was flailing about with his sword, annoying the drake more than anything else. The drake swiped Thome across the face; the knight screamed again.

Ranulf disengaged from the claws, moved to the side and tried stabbing the thing's underbelly.

It was too late for Thome. The fire drake slashed again with its claws. Blood geysered. Thome's scream died with him, his head all but severed from his body.

But there was an opening. Ranulf shoved his sword forward burying it deeply in the monster's gut.

It screamed in pain and turned on Ranulf. The knight caught its attack on his shield and stabbed a second time.

The drake, an opportunistic ambush predator, started to flee. Ranulf managed one slashing attack that opened up its side. The drake made it to the edge of the clearing before it too died.

"Fuck," Ranulf cursed, collapsing to his knees.

His armor was destroyed.

Thome was dead.

The horses had fled.

He only realized now there were wounds on his chest.

He was certain he was going to die.

Breathing heavily, he took stock of his situation and realized the cuts, though bad, weren't immediately fatal.

He needed help.

He needed armor.

He needed to survive.

There was only one way.

He had passed a village earlier in the day, but he couldn't go there as a disgraced member of the Black Pyre.

In his belt he had a potion. Taking out the silver flask he drank the mouthful of liquid. It would sustain him until he reached the village, or so he hoped.

But he couldn't leave Thome's body to scavengers.

He stripped off the man's armor after removing his own. The land was broken enough that gathering enough stones only took a few minutes. The body was hidden from all but the most determined of carnivores.

Using a bit of sticky blood on his finger he painted both the symbol of the Devoted Guardians and the icon of the Black Pyre on one of the rocks covering Thome's body.

A prayer would be appropriate in the moment, but Ranulf didn't have it in him.

"You were a brave man," he said after a moment's reflection. "I'll honor your memory."

Ranulf stumbled out of the clearing, hoping to find the village where he might be given succor.

Chapter 1

He woke up with a start and didn't know where he was. That wasn't unusual because he often traveled and woke in unfamiliar surroundings. The last thing he remembered was the cold. It had just started snowing.

The room where he woke was dark, lit only by a busy fire in a hearth on the far side of the room. It was an old stone and mortar cabin that was warm with dirt floors and a thick, thatched roof.

He realized right away his armor and clothing had been taken off. That didn't make sense because he would have remembered it.

His chest hurt and he put a hand to his skin. There were mostly healed scratches and he started to remember everything.

"You've been asleep for the better part of five days. I was certain you were going to die."

Looking around, he spotted the source of the words. A woman was sitting in a chair as far from the roaring fire as possible. He only then became aware that he was under many heavy blankets and furs. The room was like an oven. She was likely trying to avoid the worst of the heat.

"I suppose you saved my life," he said carefully, not wanting to give anything away.

"I suppose I did." She stood up and he was better able to see her face. She was a slight woman with long brown hair falling in a braid down her back. She wore a simple dark green dress. Her appearance was plain but she had sharp eyes. "Your armor and weapons are outside. They were underfoot."

"My clothes?" he asked, now fully cognizant that he was fully naked.

She smirked at him. "Ruined. Mostly. A few of the pieces I was able to wash and repair are in the chest." She indicated the chest with a slight tilt of her head.

“Thank you…I don’t know your name,” he said politely.

“Why are you thanking me?”

“For saving my life.” He sat up and was pleased to realize that he could move without pain. He held the blankets over his body.

She scoffed at him. “It’s my job. I’m required to do so.”

“I give you my thanks anyway.”

Her sharp eyes, dark pools of brown, focused narrowly on him. “What is your name, knight?”

Of course she knew he was a knight. He had been wearing his armor and carrying his weapons.

“Thome,” he said after a moment. “Thome Innocente.”

She scoffed once more. “I doubt the name is accurate. Beka.”

“Beka? Is that your name?”

“You gave me yours. I gave you mine.”

He nodded. “Again. I give you my thanks. How can I repay you?” He started to move off the bed and slumped to the side. He was weaker than he had realized. He was also incredibly thirsty.

“Right now I doubt you could stand up.” She brought him a wooden cup full of water. He drank it greedily. “You’ll pay us back.”

“Us.”

“The village. I don’t live here alone.”

“Right. Where is your husband?”

She scoffed again. It was starting to annoy him. “I have no husband. I neither want nor need one.” She filled his cup again and he downed the water just as quickly. He was feeling better.

“Then you are a healing woman.”

“You can say it: a witch.”

“I would never accuse—”

She laughed at him. “As if brothers from the Devoted Guardians do anything else.”

It took him a moment to process what she was saying.

He tried again. “I came here to protect—”

Once more she cut him off. “And inspect and judge and arrest. We all know the routine.” She scoffed again. “What animal waylaid you?”

“A fire drake.”

Her eyebrows went up. “And you survived. I’m impressed.” She took the cup away from him. “Are you hungry?”

“You think I’m going to arrest you and yet you healed me and offer me food and water?”

She looked at him skeptically before moving to the fire where an iron pot hung on a pivoting hook. She scooped up some of the contents into a wooden bowl and brought it to him. It was some sort of stew.

He ate it like a starving man.

“It is our duty to offer everyone who comes to our village food and drink and safety,” she said. “We believe in the tenets of the Three Kingdoms even if its protectors don’t.”

The knight said nothing. He was busy chewing the vegetables and meat in the stew.

“I’ll leave you in peace as soon as I am able.”

Thome found he had just enough strength left to finish the stew before falling back onto the bed.

He awoke the next day. Or maybe it was just hours later. There was some weak light coming in through the windows closed shutters.

Thinking for a moment, Thome called out, “Beka?”

His hostess didn’t reply.

He was feeling much better. Taking a risk, Thome carefully swung his feet out of the bed and cautiously stood up.

He wasn’t back to his usual self yet, but he was close.

He was also naked.

Remembering what Beka had said, he went to the chest where she indicated his clothing was being stored. He reflected for just a moment that it made sense to remove his armor, but why did he have to be stripped completely while she healed him?

The chest was held closed with a simple hasp. He flipped it aside and opened up the lid just as Beka opened the small house’s door and walked inside.

Thome had been squatting down to open the chest. He immediately stood up and remembered that he was naked. His hands went to cover his manhood.

“I’m back,” she unnecessarily announced.

“I was just looking for my clothes,” he said too quickly.

Beka eyed him up and down. “You don’t seem to need them.”

Thome didn’t understand her meaning. “It’s freezing out.” With one hand he pointed at the snow she had brought in with her. “And snowing. I’ll need my clothes to finish my journey.”

“And where are you going?” she asked, brushing snow off her cloak before hanging it on a peg next to the door. There were other pegs. They were all empty.

“Back…back to Telemere,” he said, naming the capital to the Three Kingdoms.

“Hmm. It’s snowing. You might want to wait a day before leaving. You’ll die in the storm.”

“Right,” he said and started sidling back to the bed. He intended to wrap a blanket around himself to hide his nudity.

Beka rolled her eyes. “You don’t have to hide it,” she said. “I’ve seen more of them in my life than I care to remember.”

Thome’s first instinct was to apologize, but he bit his tongue. “I didn’t want to offend,” he said.

Beka merely rolled her eyes and moved past him to the chest. “You could hardly offend me,” she said, kneeling in front of the chest so she could rummage through it. Finding what remained of his clothes, she pulled them out and pivoted around.

She was eye level with his crotch. While he didn’t have anything she hadn’t seen before, she was impressed with what she saw. Doubly so considering the chill in the air.

“Oh my,” she muttered. “You’re an impressive one.”

Realizing he had exposed himself, Thome backed away, but Beka was too fast for him. She reached out and took his manhood into her hand. He paused, not knowing what to do.

Her small fingers manipulated him for a moment. His cock started to rise and harden.

“Very impressive,” she said, glancing up at him.

Thome stared back. It wasn’t like he hadn’t been with women before, but this was somehow different.

“Let me be a gracious hostess,” she said before leaning forward to take him into her mouth.

Thome gasped and then groaned.

The healer was talented with her mouth. Her tongue was doing things to him he couldn't describe. In short order, he was fully erect.

"I can't," he said softly.

Taking his cock from her mouth she insisted, "You can. You're healthy. I can tell."

Still, she eased him back to the bed where he sat down heavily.

His cock stood up from his lap and he didn't know what to do. It wasn't that he didn't fully want to but he didn't know if he should.

Beka stood up and pulled her dress up over her head.

In the weak light, Thome's eyes went wide, not that he was shocked, but to better take in her body. Her body was slim and lithe. Her tits were almost too small, but her dark brown nipples were prominent. Her skin was pale but freckled. Between her legs was a small triangle of brown curls that drew his attention.

How had her dress been warm enough outside if she was wearing no underclothes? That was the only thought he had as she climbed onto the bed and on top of him.

Thome wasn't as strong as he thought he was. It was easy for Beka to push him onto his back.

Her lips met his for a kiss and she forced her tongue into his mouth. His hands went to her waist where he found her skin was soft under his heavily calloused fingers.

Breaking the kiss he said, "We don't need to do this."

Her laughter filled his ears. "You said you'd repay me for healing you. You're going to repay me now."

She didn't kiss him again, but instead pushed her hand down between their

bodies. She found his cock, still hard and pressed against her abdomen. Her knees went to either side of his hips and she adjusted the angle of his erection.

Much to his surprise, when she pressed his cock against her quim he discovered she was already wet. The only women he had been with who got wet so quickly and easily had been whores, and they were probably cheating at it.

He had no idea of her wants and abilities, but Beka only had to rock her hips back and forth twice before first the head and then the rest of his large cock filled her quim.

She grunted in satisfaction as she sat all the way down on him. Thome gasped at how quickly he had filled her. Many of the women had been with in the past had complained about his large size. The whores often wanted to charge him more to accommodate him.

Beka had no complaints. He looked up at her in admiration as she continued to ride him.

“Most men would pay for this,” he breathed heavily.

She just tossed back her head and laughed as she fucked him.

It wasn’t that Thome was too exhausted to participate. He was just surprised. And happy. He held her hips to steady her motions as they fucked in silence.

Thome wanted to do so much more but didn’t know what was allowed so he just held her hips and watched as her small breasts bounced with her movements.

Beka seemingly was thrilled with how this was going and used her legs to enthusiastically ride on him like a wild stallion. Her face periodically scrunched up as she suffered through the ordeal.

It was only toward the end that he realized she was climaxing.

“Oh,” he blurted.

She grinned down at him. “You like that?” she asked as her quim tightened on his cock. Beka then tilted her hips and it was like nothing he had ever experienced before.

“Oh!” he exclaimed and she grinned at him with a triumphant glint in her eyes.

A moment later he was cumming. His spunk forced its way out of his cock and bathed her insides. She continued riding him throughout his climax.

Only after he collapsed back on the bed, panting heavily, his cock deflated, did she lift her body off his.

He expected her to lay down next to him and enjoy the relief for a moment.

She didn’t.

Instead the healer got off the bed and stumbled over to a table filled with dried herbs, various bits of glassware and jars, and iron tools. It looked like something between a cook’s kitchen table and an alchemist’s workbench.

“What are you doing?” he asked her.

Beka ignored him. He watched, fascinated, as she grabbed a glass jar off the rough wooden table and placed it on the dirt floor, squatting over it.

He wanted to say something, but from her attitude, Thome knew to remain silent. She flexed her thigh and abdominal muscles as she squatted. It only took a few moments, but eventually his spunk came sliding out of her quim. Beka used her fingers to manipulate the outside of her quim, forcing more of the sticky white fluid out, pooling at the bottom of the jar.

“Why?” he asked when she finally stood up.

“I need raw materials,” she replied, coolly placing a wax seal over the top of the jar.

“Raw materials?”

“There are no men in this village. You have something I need.”

Thome gave her a weak half smile. “I sure gave you something you needed.” Surely he had heard her wrong. The village couldn’t be populated only with women, could it?

She smirked at him. “I believe I did all the work. Why don’t you rest now?”

He was about to object, but he realized just how tired he was.

“That’s a good idea.”

Chapter 2

Waking up next to another warm body was a pleasure that Thome hadn't experienced in many years. Most of his bed partners had either been hired and were eager to leave as soon as possible, or were battle brothers whom he didn't want to have next to him other than for their warmth.

Beka's body was warm and soft. He felt her naked skin against his. He woke up with morningwood and as he tried to shift his position so that it didn't press uncomfortably against the covers, her hand came down to his crotch. As her fingers curled around his cock, he gasped at the touch.

"Problem?" she asked.

"N-n-no," he stuttered out.

"Good," she said, shifting her position so that she was on top of him again. He had the most urgent need to piss, but seeing her naked body in the half-light of the morning, he decided that bodily function could wait.

"You don't have to," he said again.

She laughed. "I most certainly do. You have an unending supply of cum and I need as much as I can gather for my potions. This is how you will repay me."

He wanted to object, but couldn't find a reason, especially after her warm, wet quim found his hard cock and she eased herself down on him. Rocking her hips back and forth, she got into a position she liked and started working her body on his.

Beka paused when she saw him staring up at her in confusion. "Is there a problem?"

He shook his head. "No…I just wonder why you're doing this."

"It's the most efficient way right now." She shifted around so that he was fully seated in her. "I'd suck you off or have you jerk off into the jar, but you aren't strong enough yet."

Offended, he replied. “I most certainly am!” Grabbing her hips and using his considerable skills acquired in hand-to-hand combat, he flipped her off his body and onto her back, all without pulling his cock free of her quim.

She let out a surprised grunt and pulled her legs up to her chest, hooking her ankles behind his back. “Go ahead. Fuck me, Thome.”

He winced and did as she instructed. He didn’t like being told what to do by anyone but a superior. Thome didn’t want to start thinking of Beka as a superior.

Still, her quim was warm and wet and he was already inside of her.

It was good to be fucking a woman again. Thome railed her with all the need of a young recruit on his first visit to a whorehouse.

Beka made all the right expressions and noises while he railed her. Thome quickly found himself on the brink of exhaustion and climax. He gave himself over to both, cumming in the healer’s quim before collapsing on top of her.

Her hands went up and down his sweaty back. She luxuriated with his muscular body weighing her down and eventually unhooked her legs from behind his body.

Showing surprising strength she rolled him over and moved off the bed.

Thome felt like he had just been through a battle. He was breathing heavily and barely able to move. Sweat covered his body and his limbs were trembling.

“Why am I so weak?” he asked Beka, watching as she moved to the work table where her healing equipment was.

“You were poisoned by the fire drake’s claws. It’s a miracle you survived at all.” She hadn’t bothered to put a robe or cloak or any clothes on. The small house was warm enough from the fire and he admired her shapely ass as she repeated the process with her quim and collecting his spunk from it.

“What are you doing?”

“I already told you: collecting raw ingredients.”

“My cum?”

She returned to the bed and bent over him, giving him a kiss on the forehead. “Yes. Virile men are a rarity around here.”

He stared at her small tits and wanted to reach for them, but he didn’t have the energy.

“Why…why am I so tired?” He closed his eyes and tried to summon up some strength.

“Because I just fucked the shit out of you, because you’ve been poisoned by the fire drake, because you suffered serious injuries,” Beka told him. She pressed a flask to his lips. “Drink this. It will help you heal. It will restore you.”

Thome wanted to resist. He was certain she was corrupting him, but he couldn’t fight her. The sweet liquid poured down his throat and he fell to slumber.

When he awoke later that day, Thome felt re-energized. The room was warm and he knew it was still the middle of the day. Beka was at her table, busily working, but she was wearing clothing now.

Thome realized he was still naked. That only made sense.

He managed to get out of the bed on his own. This time he had no shame of his nudity. If Beka heard him, she didn’t acknowledge his existence in any way. On the small table near the bed she had left a pitcher of water and a pair of wooden cups. He poured himself water, greedily drank it, and repeated the process several times.

Only then did he become aware that he needed to piss.

“Where are my clothes?” he asked her.

Beka’s hands were moving rapidly on the table, grinding some herb. “Why do you need to get dressed?” she asked, not looking up.

“I need to go outside to piss.”

“There’s a chamber pot under the bed.” Her eyes didn’t stray from her work.

Thome wasn’t the least bit shy about pissing in front of other men, but he couldn’t remember the last time he had done so in front of a woman. With a shrug he reached under the bed, found the chamber pot, and proceeded to empty his bladder.

The moment she heard him filling the chamber pot, Beka put down her work and crossed halfway over to him. Thome was half turned away from her, but made no motion to hide himself and what he was doing from her. He took a certain pride in how much he filled the chamber pot, only stopping when the pot was nearly full.

“Do I save it or dump it out the window?” he asked her after shaking off the last few drops.

“Neither. Give it to me.” She took the pot out of his hands and covered it with a lid. “I need it to separate it out later.”

“It’s going to stink up the entire room.”

“It’ll be fine. It’s sealed.”

Thome didn’t see any seal, but he just shrugged. An argument wasn’t going to help him.

“Could I get some clothes at least?” he asked, looking at the chest.

She looked him up and down, her eyes lingering on his cock. “Why? Are you cold?”

He saw where she was looking and twisted his lips. His cock wasn’t huge but in its soft state, neither was it small.

“No. I’d just be more comfortable dressed. You’re dressed.”

She stepped over to him and pressed her body against his. At once he started to stiffen. Thome was convinced she was a witch with a preternatural control over his libido. There were advantages to that, but he didn’t want to be stuck in a cabin fucking a witch the rest of his life. Though there were worse ways to die.

While there was honor to die on the battlefield he was sure it was more pleasurable to die in the arms of a woman determined to fuck him to death.

“What if you got to fuck me again?” she asked him. Before Thome could answer, her fingers curled around his cock. For just a second he tried to resist, but his body betrayed him and he started to thicken and rise.

“I can only wear clothes if I fuck you again?” he asked, his voice deep and husky.

She didn’t answer him. Instead, Beka tilted up her face and kissed him.

Her hand brought his cock to full attention.

“You’re a witch,” he murmured into her neck.

“And a healer. Do you want to fuck me or not?”

He didn’t give her a verbal answer. Instead he fell to his knees and lifted the hem of her dress. She allowed him to kiss her thighs and then her belly before leaning back on the edge of the table, spreading her legs for him.

Thome didn’t hesitate to lick her quim and its fat lips. She tasted musky and sweet and salty all at the same time. She moaned as his tongue explored her folds and found her clit.

Then she giggled in pleasure.

“Lick and suck it all you want, but I need your cock.”

Some men in his order would have mocked him for eating a woman’s sex, but there was a certain enjoyment in the act.

Still, he could do what she wanted. Standing up on shaky legs, he took his cock in hand and ran the bulbous purple head along her slit, gathering her amrita on it before abruptly shoving it in her.

Beka gasped in delight and once again wrapped her legs around him.

“You have a wonderful cock,” she complimented him as he began ramming her.

She made little gasps with each thrust. “You shouldn’t have been a warrior. You should have worked in a whorehouse.”

Thome didn’t know how to take that unusual compliment. He stayed silent and focused on fucking her.

Beka wasn’t a complicated woman when it came to sex. Thome didn’t need to use some arcane technique or position with her. She just wanted his cock. After just a minute of thrusting, she had her first orgasm.

Thome wondered if she would have been angry with him if he had cum that fast.

“Fuck! Yes!” she cried out. “Fill me up! Use that big cock!”

She leaned back on the table and allowed him to do as he wanted.

What Thome wanted was some sense of control.

Moving quickly, he grabbed her around the hips, pulled her off his large cock, and twirled her around, bending her over the table as he yanked the dress back up, exposing her ass in the process.

She made no motion to stop him. “Just put it back in my quim. Don’t fuck my ass. We can’t waste your seed.”

For a moment Thome wanted nothing more than to use her ass. Some of the men in his order did that with whores—and occasionally each other—so as not to leave behind unwanted children, but Thome had never seen its appeal. He shoved his cock back between her legs. It quickly found her slit and he went back to where he had been before.

From behind he found he could fuck her harder.

Beka grunted with every impact of his body against hers. He looked down to see the shock wave travel through her ass. Her skin was smooth and soft, but even in the dim light of the cabin he could see a blemish on the right cheek. It was a dark mark that didn’t seem to be a bruise or birthmark.

It certainly didn’t stop him from fucking her as hard as he could.

She was loving it and came a second time as he rammed her as hard as he could.

“Fuck me,” she begged. “Fuck me hard!”

“I am!”

“But don’t cum in my quim.”

That almost gave him pause.

“What?”

“Cum on my ass. It’s easier to collect that way.”

Her words made him angry. There was nothing normal about sex with this woman.

Instead of doing what she asked, he instead pulled out, whirled her around, and yanked her dress all the way up before he pumped his hand on his cock a few times. She waited for a second before his seed landed on her chest and tits.

Beka took the load of spunk on her body like it didn’t surprise her. She allowed Thome to fully finish, waiting patiently for him to get every drop of spunk out of his cock.

“Done?” she asked when he stumbled back a step.

“Yeah…”

“Good.” Moving carefully she moved over to her work table, got yet another empty glass jar and collected his leavings.

“How much of that are you going to save?” he asked her as he seated himself on the edge of her bed.

“How much do you have in your balls?”

He chuckled. “An unending supply. Are you going to keep me trapped here forever, fucking you?”

“Maybe,” she allowed as she sealed the jar. “But I have plans.”

He didn’t ask her about her plans. “I was wrong about you.”

“Wrong in what way?” she asked as she pulled her dress back into position after wiping her chest with a rag.

“I thought you were a witch.”

“I am,” she confessed as she moved to the storage chest and opened it, pulling out a set of men’s clothes.

Thome didn’t recognize them.

He shook his head at her as she approached. “No. You’re a whore.”

“Humph. I haven’t been called that in a while. If I am a whore, I should charge you more to fuck me.” She placed the clothes on the bed next to him.

“You have a whore’s tattoo on your ass. I’ve seen the same on whores in Telemere. Did you get tired of the life or did you just run away?”

Her previously amused face abruptly became serious. “You fuck and pay whores but you hate them as well?”

He shook his head. “I don’t hate them. I just observed you were one. Had been one. You’re a witch and healer now.”

She stepped back and hiked up the skirt to her dress, exposing her bare ass. “Does this look like a whore’s tattoo to you?” she asked.

The way she stood now let the firelight clearly illuminate the blemish he had seen previously.

He saw now that she wasn’t sporting a whore’s tattoo. He was well familiar with the design all women working in the red light district of Telemere had to wear. It was a design that was vaguely familiar but he couldn’t place it.

“No. That’s not a whore’s tattoo,” he said slowly.

Beka dropped her dress and turned around to face him. “No. It’s not. It’s the symbol of the Goddess.”

“Which goddess? The Triumvirate Mother?”

She rolled her eyes at him. “No. The Goddess. The Goddess of All.”

Thome shrugged his shoulders. “Sorry. I’m not familiar with her.”

“It doesn’t matter. Most men wouldn’t be interested in worshiping her anyway.”

“I’m sorry for thinking you were a whore.”

“It’s fine. Some of the women in the village here are former whores. Some of them still are whores.”

He blinked. “Oh.”

“I’ll have to introduce you around the village when this snowstorm finally ends.”

Chapter 3

The snowstorm continued for another two days. That wasn't unusual in the Edgetooth Mountains. It wasn't that great an accumulation, but the wind made sure to scatter the snow about making it all but impossible to leave the cabin.

Beka informed Thome that safety ropes were strung between most of the village's buildings, but her cabin was on the outskirts and so they were semi-isolated.

That was fine with Thome. He had plenty of opportunity to fuck Beka in every position and location possible in the small cabin. There wasn't much variety considering half the cabin's space was taken up by her work table, but they used that and the bed and the floor and the small kitchen table and the one chair. They tried it up against the wall, but the stones were too cold and uncomfortable.

Beka proved she was an accomplished fellatrix and performed the act with enthusiasm. At first Thome thought it was because she preferred sucking cock to getting fucked. That was common with the whores in Telemere. They didn't want to get pregnant and so were eager to allow men to use their mouths or be fucked in the ass. Actual sex using their quim was rare and expensive.

Thome quickly figured out she preferred sucking him off not because of a pregnancy risk, but because she continued to collect his cum. He didn't complain.

She was appreciative of his efforts to eat her quim on a regular basis. She didn't complain when he wanted traditional sex. He offered to fuck her ass, but she declined.

"You're getting stronger," she commented after one particularly enthusiastic session that left them both panting and covered in sweat.

"Thanks."

"You were lucky you didn't die from the fire drake's poison. Many think its fire breath is the most dangerous weapon the monster has. I've seen more deaths from their poisonous claws."

He kissed her neck. "Thank you for saving my life."

“You need to tell me everything that put you at my door,” she said, trailing her fingers over the now mostly faded scars on his chest and down to his cock. It was soft and he doubted he’d be able to get hard for her again, not right away, but her fingers still tried to persuade his flesh.

“There’s not much to tell,” he said, trying to avoid the subject. “I was traveling through the Edgetooth Mountains with a brother in my order, we were accosted by the fire drake, we managed to kill it…but only at the expense of my brother's life.”

She snuggled closer to him, her fingers released his cock but now trailed lower, under his sack, not to his back entrance, but onto the sensitive skin between his legs. Thome had learned that the witch-healer was an expert at physical and emotional manipulation.

“And you two had been sent into the mountains to our village to root out those who worship the Goddess?” she prompted him.

“No,” he was quick to say. “We were on another mission, over the mountains.”

“You can tell me,” she whispered in his ear as her finger teased at his puckered entrance.

He groaned in the back of his throat and spread his legs wider for her. He should have resisted but her touch enthralled him.

“It has nothing to do with this village,” he managed to say. “I only arrived here by chance.”

Her face was over his now, studying his expression. Her finger pressed against his anus and penetrated ever so slightly. He wanted this more than he would admit.

“You wouldn’t lie to me, would you?”

He violently shook his head. “Please…” he begged.

“Please what?” she giggled at him. “Please this?” Her finger went all the way in where it didn’t belong. As if by magic his cock started to rise. A second later her lips were wrapped around his impressive girth and he was certain he had

survived her interrogation.

What Thome didn’t realize was that she knew he was keeping a secret from him.

That didn’t stop her from continuing to suck his cock with her finger up his ass.

Thome had never had this done before. It was a service frequently offered by the Telemere whores, but he always declined. All his battle brothers said they never accepted the offer either, but they must have been lying judging by how often it was offered up to patrons of the brothels.

He shouldn’t have been able to get hard again right away, but Beka was an expert in the bedroom arts. He was certain the potions she was giving him didn’t just help with his healing, but intensified his sexual drive. He didn’t complain.

Still, it was exhausting trying to keep up with her need for his spunk.

It wasn’t all sex for the pair. When Thome said he needed to check his weapons and armor, Beka brought him to the small lean-to just outside the cabin door where she stored firewood and his equipment.

Dragging the mail and steel plates inside, along with the weapons, he took stock of the damage. It wasn’t that bad, much of the damage was cosmetic, but there were a couple of dents that needed to be addressed and the cuirass would need to be fixed by an armorer or at least a talented blacksmith.

Mentioning this to Beka, she nodded in agreement. “The storm is winding down. Tomorrow morning I’ll take you to Hild. She’s our blacksmith.”

Thome had never met or even heard of a female blacksmith, but he wasn’t going to complain about it now.

Chapter 4

They made their way through the thick snow. In some places it nearly came up to Thome's knees, but in other locations the wind had all but scoured away the snow. Against some of the village buildings the drifts reached all the way to the roofs.

It was easy to distinguish the smithy. There was a clanging of metal on metal and thick smoke poured from a chimney. Beka pushed open the door. A blast of welcome heat greeted Thome.

"Close the fuckin' door!" a voice called from within the smithy.

Thome moved inside the building. Beka was already there, standing off to the side. Inside, the building was no brighter than Beka's cabin, but Thome was sweating the moment he set foot inside. The furnace was glowing with burning coal. Thome saw two figures working metal on an anvil. One was a tall thin woman with black skin and hair while the other was a green-skinned monster.

He automatically reached for his sword at his waist. But his sword wasn't there. He had left it behind in Beka's cabin. He was only carrying the cuirass with him and no weapon. His reaction was from years of training. He had fought so many orcs in his life he considered them all a threat.

Except this wasn't an orc. Upon a moment's reflection he realized he was facing a half-orc. She had bright emerald skin instead of the usual gray-green skin of full blooded orcs. Her eyes were bright red, however, just like every other orc Thome had met. She was also just as muscular as every orc he had seen. On average orcs were slightly shorter than humans, but not this one. She was Thome's height.

"Hild, this is Thome, the knight I rescued."

Hild rested the hammer she had been using on the anvil. The other woman pulled back the tongs that held a twisted piece of metal.

"Mebbe you shoulda let him die in the storm," Hild suggested, a wild look in her eye.

"Too late for that now," Beka said firmly. "He needs you to fix his armor."

Thome was intimidated despite himself. He had faced worse odds and more terrible enemies on the battlefield. Why was he unable to find his voice? Instead of speaking he just held up the cuirass to indicate the damage from the fire drake's claws.

"Does it speak?" asked the smith.

"Hild…" Beka warned.

"Does he speak?" Hild corrected herself.

"Yes!" Thome nearly shouted. "I need you to fix my armor. I can pay."

Hild snorted. "Pay." Acid dripped from her voice.

"I can!" he insisted. Thome's eyes had adjusted to the dim light and noted that Hild was wearing a variation of a traditional blacksmith's uniform. She had a heavy leather apron, but wore a bandeau around her large breasts. She smartly wore hobnailed boots to protect her feet, but only had leather shorts to cover her hips and thighs. Her lower legs were exposed. Thome didn't worry about her exposed skin; orcs had tough skin. He did worry about the other woman who wore protective clothing like Hild did, but she appeared to be a stock human.

"Oh, you'll pay for it," Hild agreed.

"Don't," Beka warned and once again the half-orc was cowed. Thome found that interesting. How much influence did Beka have over the others in the village?

"Lemme see it," said Hild and glanced at her assistant. "Jan, gimme me a hand."

Thome handed over the armor to let Hild inspect it. She ran her eyes and then her fingers over the steel, closely examining the rent in the metal.

"You a Devoted Guardian?" asked Hild, curling her lip back.

There was no way to disguise the distinctive design of the Guardian's armor. Thome couldn't lie about it.

"Yes."

“Yer sort only causes problems here for us,” Hild said.

Before Thome could speak, Beka interrupted. “Can you fix it, Hild?”

The half-orc glanced at Beka and then peered back at Thome. “Yah, I can fix it. It’ll take a few days. Why’re you helpin’ the Guardians?” she asked, addressing Beka.

“I saved his life. I’m responsible for him now.”

Hild snorted at that proclamation and her assistant let out a low laugh.

“His sort don’t need savin’.”

“I’ll be the judge of that.”

“Send him over tomorrow with payment.”

Beka nodded once and grabbed Thome by the elbow, pulling him from the smithy.

Once they were back outside in the bitter wind, Thome turned to her. “You didn’t tell me the smith was a halfie.”

Beka gave him a withering glare. “We don’t use that term here.”

Taking a moment, Thome corrected himself. “You didn’t tell me she was a half-orc.”

“Why would it matter? She’s the only smith in the village. You don’t have much of a choice if you want your armor fixed.”

Thome bit his tongue and they went back to her cabin in silence.

“Why did you save me if the Devoted Guardians are hated so much here?” he demanded of her after they took off their cloaks. He looked down at his clothing. It was unfamiliar. Some of it was his, some of it Beka had simply had in her chest. He started to worry.

“You have something I need.”

He looked at her a long moment before saying, “My seed.”

She nodded. “Your spunk. Your cum. Your essence. Your seed. Whatever you want to call it.”

“I see.”

She loosened the string around the neck of her dress, letting it open up enough to reveal the space between her small breasts.

“Don’t try to distract me,” Thome admonished her.

“Why not? There’s nothing else to do here. My potions need time to simmer. We’ll eat the last of the cheese and bread for dinner tonight. What else would you like to do?”

Thome tried to focus as she pushed down the shoulders of her dress to fully expose her breasts. Her nipples were hard and pointing directly at him. They were beautiful.

“I need to do the minor repairs on my armor and weapons. They need to be sharpened.”

She shimmied her hips and the dress briefly caught on the widest flare of her body, but then fell all the way off. Thome couldn’t pull his eyes away from her brown-curl covered quim.

“Would you like to worship the Goddess?” she asked him as she slowly backed up until her ass rested against the small kitchen table. She spread her legs just enough to let him see heaven.

“Fuck,” he cursed as he fell to his knees in front of her. His cock was already getting hard in his pants and he knew she had some control over him but as much as he tried to resist, he couldn’t.

She laughed gaily as he pressed his face in between her thighs. “I love to hear it when a knight of the Devoted Guardians curses.”

“Fuck,” Thome repeated. “Cunt. Cock. Quim. Slut. Witch.” His tongue reached out and licked her from her glistening hole up to her tiny clit.

Beka moaned as he rasped against her clit and then shivered as he sucked the tiny organ.

“Worship me,” she whispered softly to him. “Worship me. Worship the Goddess. Lose yourself in the pleasures of my flesh.”

Thome didn’t need to be told more than once. He completely focused on her quim, licking her clit, penetrating her tunnel with his fingers, even going so far as to press against her back entrance asking if she needed that perverse pleasure as well.

She didn’t, but she brought up her feet and rested them on his shoulders as he venerated her body and the Goddess Herself though Beka.

The witch-healer didn’t need all that much attention to bring her to climax. She happily allowed him this honor but the moment after she had peaked, Beka pushed Thome’s face away from her quim.

“Are you hard?” she asked him.

He nodded.

“You may fuck me,” she told him. “Hard and fast. I want you to cum in me. I almost have enough of your seed for the moment. I’ll indulge myself just this once.”

Thome hurriedly opened up his pants and pushed them down, getting out his large cock. Together they slid it into Beka’s quim. Even well-prepared and wet from Thome’s earlier worship, she gasped a little as he penetrated her. It wasn’t that he was huge, but he was just large enough to remind her that she wasn’t superhuman. She followed the gasp with a moan as he started pumping his hips.

Right away she could tell from his trembling and his hardness and his throbbing he wouldn’t last long. That was fine with her. He was shoving her back against the cold stone wall and his cock was so big and hard it was a pleasure to suffer for the Goddess.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” he exclaimed as he came.

She could feel his seed burst forth and flood her quim to overflowing. He didn’t

stop thrusting as he came. He couldn’t stop himself until his body was trembling and his legs gave out.

His cock slipped free of her quim and he stumbled back to the ground.

“You should be thankful you’re allowed to fuck this holy quim,” she told him.

Thome just nodded in agreement. He didn’t have the energy to talk, let alone argue.

Chapter 5

Thome felt like he was being set up the next morning when Beka instructed him to go to the smithy and pay Hild for her work.

“Alone?”

Beka smirked at him from her work table. “A knight is afraid of delivering a payment to a blacksmith?”

Earlier he had found his leather coin pouch in Beka’s chest. It contained every gold piece that he owned. He was sure it was enough to pay Hild, but he didn’t know what she would charge.

“No, but…you trust me to do this on my own?”

She shrugged. “Why wouldn’t I? Are you going to run away without your armor? Are you going to go on a rampage and slaughter the entire village? Are you going to arrest random women for made up crimes?”

“No. I just…” He didn’t finish the thought. “I’ll be back soon.”

“No rush. I’ll be here. Tour the village. The snow makes everything beautiful.”

He nodded and left, following the path they had taken the day before.

It took him only five minutes to get to the village proper. There wasn’t nearly as much smoke coming out of the smithy’s chimney as the day before, but that didn’t stop him. Since the smithy was on the edge of the village he didn’t encounter any other villagers, though he did see a few women moving about near the central square of the buildings.

He knocked firmly on the door though he didn’t hear any sound coming from inside the smithy.

“Come!” a voice shouted through the thick oak planks.

Thome moved inside, quickly shutting the door behind him, keeping the cold outside. It took his eyes a moment to adjust to the dim light; outside the sunlight had reflected brightly off the fresh snow.

Hild was at the anvil, but she wasn't using a hammer nor was the furnace roaring to heat metal. She was polishing her latest work.

"I came to pay you for my armor repair," said Thome. Hild's back was to him so he couldn't see her expression. She was wearing the same clothing as before: leather apron, bandeau, leather shorts, and hobnail boots. Two things struck him at once. First, Hild's ass was large and impressive; the leather shorts only complimented her body. Second, her assistant—Jan?— was nowhere to be seen.

Hild turned around and put down her project. "Oh, you'll pay all right," she muttered with a smart grin on her face.

Thome studied the half-orc carefully. He had always been wary of half-orcs because they couldn't be trusted, in his experience. They were frequently the products of rape after a battle or raid. It was rare for a half-orc to make it to adulthood if they couldn't easily pass for human. A particularly ugly human. There was no way that Hild could ever pass for human, but there she was in front of him. He wondered what her background was.

"What's that supposed to mean?" he asked warily. The pouch of gold was in his hand and he was reasonably certain she didn't intend to attack and murder him.

Reasonably certain.

Her red eyes narrowed on him as she picked up a small hammer and twirled it in her hands.

"It means I'm gonna need more than just gold for this service."

"All I have is gold," said Thome. "And silver."

Her pink tongue darted out between her dark green lips. The tips of her bottom incisors rested just outside her lips, giving her the distinct appearance of a full-blooded orc. As Thome watched, she removed her leather apron and hung it on a hook set into the wall.

"I'll take both, but I'd gladly accept another form of payment." She eyed him up and down.

Thome was momentarily confused…and then he was worried.

“I don't think I have anything else I can pay you with,” he said cautiously.

Hild’s black hair was pulled back in a ponytail. That made it easy for her to remove the bandeau from her breasts.

Thome stared. They were huge, easily bigger than any woman he had ever bedded in a whorehouse or elsewhere. Despite their size, they managed to seemingly defy gravity and point directly toward the knight. Instead of being pink or brown, Hild’s nipples were dark green like her lips. Oddly, they were gorgeous in their own right, but being attached to Hild’s characteristic and unconventionally attractive face made the erection they gave Thome a confusing one.

“You’ve been fuckin’ Beka,” Hild said. It wasn’t an accusation or a question.

“Yes.”

“Do the same for me and work is…well, I’ll give ya a discount.”

“I don’t think I could.”

“Why? Beka got yer cock in a jar?” Hild stood a few paces from the knight. She wasn’t the least bit ashamed of her body. She had no reason to be ashamed. While she was assuredly muscular, her curves were feminine in a way that Thome had never seen before.

“No!”

“Prove it. Show me yer cock.”

Thome’s back stiffened. His cock was already stiff enough. He didn’t need to be showing it to the half-orc.

“No. Don’t be ridiculous.”

“Show me yer cock…if you have one. If ya don’t, the armor repair is free. If ya do, and yer hard, well…we’ll work things out from there.”

Never in his life would Thome had thought that he would be attracted to and aroused by a female half-orc. And at the same time, he had no desire to fuck her

or show her his cock.

“I’d better come back some other time,” he said, backing toward the smithy’s door.

Moving quicker than he would have given her credit for, Hild was suddenly pressed up against him, pinning him between her body and the smithy door.

Her tits were pressing into his chest. He could feel the hardness of her nipples. He wondered what they would feel like under his fingers.

“Just give it a try,” she suggested before pressing her full lips against his.

It was the first time he could ever remember being kissed by a woman who wasn’t human. Thome’s sexual interests had always just been for human women. The Three Kingdoms didn’t have the best relationship with the elf and dwarf races, though there were plenty of whores from both of those races to be found in Telemere. The on-again/off-again war that had boiled between the kingdoms and the Orc Empire kept their numbers low where Thome traveled. He had never seen an orc or half-orc whore.

He found the kiss more arousing than he wanted it to be.

He also found Hild’s hand searching between his legs. She found his hard cock and chuckled as she broke their kiss.

“I have this effect on many people,” she growled at him.

“You want me to fuck you for a half-price armor repair?” he asked contemptuously.

She grinned. “Make me scream when I cum and I’ll make it completely free.”

Thome violently pushed her back. She was easily as strong as he was and it took all the effort he could summon to shove her away. Hild stumbled back against a heavy wooden table holding her tools.

Before she could react, Thome was pressing her against the table, one arm wrapping around her waist and the other mauling her breast as he kissed her, pushing his tongue into her mouth. It was strange to feel her large lower incisors

guiding his tongue to hers, but that was a difference he suddenly appreciated.

Her hands scrabbled at his clothing. She yanked and pulled on the material trying to undress him. She was frustrated by the slow process that she simply ripped off his shirt.

Thome pulled down his pants, getting out his cock.

Hild's red eyes went large at the unveiling. "You're huge," she exclaimed when she looked down at him. "Bigger than most orcs I've been with."

Before he could comment on that, Hild went down on her knees and took his largeness into her mouth.

His words died in his throat. He was temporarily frightened that she'd damage his cock with her sharp teeth. Once he realized that she wasn't going to damage him, he relaxed and moaned as she managed to get his entire length down into her throat. Her nose rested softly against his pubic hair before she allowed him back out.

"You're a goddess," he gasped at her.

She laughed. "Do I suck cock better than Beka?"

"I don't want to answer that."

To distract her, Thome exchanged positions with her, going down to his knees after pulling her back to her feet.

His lust and his curiosity got the best of him. Working together they unbuckled the belt holding up Hild's leather shorts and pulled them off her legs.

Her quim looked like every other quim Thome had ever seen. Oddly, the black hair that decorated it was sparser than most women's and was in a sharp isosceles triangle. It wasn't curly, but slightly wavy. None of that stopped him from leaning in and kissing her mound.

Hild's scent was strong but not overpowering. Musky but pleasant. He pressed his face to her mound and extended her tongue, licking the apex of her slit, trying to find her clit.

She leaned back against the table and spread her legs. The action caused some of her tools to fall to the ground but neither paid that the least bit of attention. As soon as her meaty thighs were parted, he pressed in close and worshiped her quim.

The half-orc's body shook with pleasure. "Suck my clit," she begged.

The little organ was impressive. In this position it stuck out prominently and Thome eagerly sucked on it making her mewl with pleasure. He wondered if all half-orcs had clits like hers. It was the largest he had ever seen or touched or sucked.

Sliding a finger into her moist tunnel, he started preparing her for his cock. She was warm and wet and he quickly figured out her quim was much larger than any human woman's.

"You want my cock?" he asked her.

"Fuck yes!" She reached down and pulled him up, grabbing his cock in the process. The heat from the forge, though coal embers were banked, made them both burst out in sweat, though some of it was from their passion.

She was much bigger in every sense than any woman he had been with before, but once Hild guided Thome's cock into her quim, everything was right with the world.

"Fuckin' big boy!" she exclaimed as he entered her.

It took a few pushes but eventually seated his cock all the way inside her.

"You've got the size cock I need!" she cried out as he started thrusting into her.

"You like big cocks?"

Hild kissed him. "I love huge cocks!"

He was smart enough not to comment on her quim's particular needs. They fucked in relative silence for a minute. He was banging the table against the wall but neither of them noticed. He could feel her large clit mashed up against his pubic bone. She loved it every time he slammed into her.

“And they say…they say…Knight of the Devoted Order have little cocks and can’t fuck,” she gasped right before she came.

He felt her strong quim tighten up on his manhood and squeeze. He wasn’t being strangled but massaged in a most unusual manner.

“Use that monster on me,” she told him. “Fuck me harder!”

He did as she demanded, using all of his strength to pin her between himself and the table. She couldn’t move and she loved it, going so far as to wrap her muscular legs around his body, accepting his thrusts even deeper.

Thome’s cock was reaching places no man had ever gone before. And then he put his hand on top of her mound, using his thumb to manipulate her clit.

It only took a few seconds and then she climaxed again, this time howling out her pleasure. It all became too much for Thome and he finished with another pair of rough thrusts before emptying his balls into her quim.

They panted heavily as he recovered from his orgasm, both clinging to each other.

Then they heard a howl that seemed to echo Hild’s pleasure.

“That wasn’t you, was it?” he asked her, already dreading the answer.

“No.” She pushed away from him. “This isn’t good. This is no fuckin’ good!”

“Fuck no it isn’t!” he agreed.

She rushed over to the door and, still naked, stuck her head out to look around. Thome pulled up his pants and discovered his shirt was partially destroyed because Hild had ripped it off him.

“Is it?” he called to her as he made sure his boots were correctly tied.

“Fuckin’ drake! Can’t tell what type.” She slammed the door and rushed to the back of the smithy. He heard clanging and clashing of metal on metal but Thome didn’t bother to investigate. He pulled on the cuirass that Hild had repaired and tightened up the leather straps. There was no time to find other bits of armor or

to put them on. He was also sorely short of a weapon.

A moment later Hild came out from the smithy's depths wearing some old studded leather armor and carrying two shields. One she passed over to Thome.

"Sword?" he asked.

The half-orc grabbed a heavy war hammer off a table and pointed to a chest. "There's some weapons in there." Only then did Thome realize that he had fucked Hild with her hobnailed boots on. He wondered what that meant, if anything.

In the chest she had indicated he found a motley collection of old swords. None of them matched the trusty weapon back in Beka's cabin. He grabbed one that looked close to the length and weight he was used to.

They were unprepared but Thome knew his duty.

"Ready?" he asked her as she stood at the door, breathing heavily.

"This ain't yer fight," she said.

He realized she wasn't breathing heavily because of the hurry in getting ready. She was scared. She wasn't a warrior. She was a smith, but she was ready to defend the village.

"I'm…I'm a Knight of the Order of Devoted Guardians, of course it's my fight. We protect the people of the Three Kingdoms." The words sounded hollow in his mouth.

Her lip curled back in contempt. "I've only ever seen Devoted Guardians arrest my friends and take 'em away. I've never seen a knight do anything for me."

"Maybe I'm different than the others," he said. "Are we going to argue or are we going to fight?"

"Ya ever fight a drake before?"

He paused. "A couple of times."

“Well…yer alive so…”

“Their armor is weakest along the seam of scales between belly and side. Distract it and I’ll kill it.”

“That’s a shitty plan.”

“You got a better one?”

She shook her head. “Let’s go!” Taking another deep breath she flung open the door.

Thome didn’t like fighting alongside someone he barely knew, but Hild seemed to have decent instincts. The lane down the middle of the village was narrow, but they were able to keep some space between each other as they ran through the snow, following the drake’s footprints.

It was cold but Thome barely noticed. They were halfway down the village lane and the drake was still out of sight—it was presumably around the bend—when they heard screams and more roaring.

“Shit!” he cursed and doubled his running speed.

Hild kept up with him and the two of them went skidding around the corner to see a brown drake hissing and snapping at a woman protecting two young children. Had they not heard the roars? Why hadn’t they fled inside?

Before Thome could pointlessly ask these questions the woman shouted an incomprehensible word and light lept from her fingertips. The light didn’t strike the drake but merely turned it aside. In response, the monster breathed a thick cloud of smoke at the woman.

Thome had never encountered a brown drake before. It didn’t matter. He still rushed up to the thing, readying his sword. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Hilda dash by him and slam her heavy hammer into the drake’s side.

It was more than enough of a distraction for the drake to scream in pain and turn on Hilda. Its long, snake-like body was nearly the size of a horse, but mounted

on thick, squat legs. Its triangular head with a mouthful of teeth snapped at Hilda who managed to catch the attack on her shield which started to splinter.

Thome knew an opportunity when he saw one and darted forward. The drake was distracted and twisted around. It never sensed Thome's quick, fierce attack until he buried his weapon up to the hilt in the soft patch of scales along the side. It screamed again and began flopping violently about. Thome lost hold of his sword and barely managed to use his shield to protect himself from the dying creature's spasms.

"Is it dead?" asked the woman who was huddled against a stone cabin, shielding the two children.

"I think so," said Hild as she first kicked the beast with a boot and then smacked it with her hammer, delivering an unnecessary coup de grâce.

A sudden thought flashed in Thome's head. "Get back," he screamed as he moved to the side and grabbed one of the children from the magic-using woman. "Run!"

"What?" Both the woman and Hild were confused.

"It's going to burst!" he called as he dropped the shield and grabbed the other child

When they looked at the dead drake they both realized its body was inflating at an unnatural pace. Hild ran and so did the other woman.

He had barely taken a half dozen steps when the explosion knocked Thome to his feet. He didn't see what happened to the others.

To Be Continued

Preview

BULL 2: Deeper

“Oh my fucking god!”

“You know how to really impress a girl,” Diane said when she pulled into the driveway and got out of her car. “I didn’t know you were a billionaire.”

“I’m not. I just work here. You know that.”

“Still…”

“I’m just a chef.”

“A personal chef to a billionaire,” she amended. “I should have known that you were a chef when I saw your tattoo.” The one tattoo I had—and sometimes I regretted it and sometimes I loved having it—was on my chest, it wasn’t overly large but it said everything about me. It was a stylized image of a pair of crossed French knives with a skull wearing a chef’s hat above it, sort of like a Jolly Roger.

The house, with its stone walls and everything overly fancy, even on the outside, and the acres of fields and landscaping. It was impressive, I had to admit that.

But I just worked there.

Coming to her senses, Diane asked, “Is it okay if I’m here?”

I nodded. “It’s fine. I’m allowed visitors. I have my own rooms in the building. I’m allowed to use all the facilities. I’m supposed to keep an eye on everything. It’s part of my job.”

The McCarthy’s had too much money. The upstate horse farm was impressive, but to them it was just a way to spend money to impress people. Yes, they had some horses they ran at Saratoga, but to them this was just another house they owned.

“But what if the owners show up?” Clearly, this worried Diane.

I had to suppress a chuckle. “They won’t. They always give me a week’s notice before they show up so everything can be ready.”

“If you say so…”

“Want me to make you a gourmet meal?”

“Yes!”

This was all planned, of course. I had everything ready for Diane. It was our romance date. Our third date. We shared a kiss. We went to the kitchen where she watched me finish preparations for the meal. It was light. Just enough to impress her but not so much food that it would sit heavy in our stomachs.

We had plans for afterwards.

It was fun playing at being an actual couple.

We weren’t.

We were just two people using each other for sex.

We were both good with that.

“Should I help with cleaning up?” she asked after we were done eating.

I shook my head. “No. Leave it for later. Let’s go on to the evening’s entertainment.”

Diane licked her lips. “I’m all for that.”

“Well then follow me.”

Instead of leading her to my small suite of rooms, I brought her to what I thought of as the “horse room.” I didn’t have any special love of horses, but it was perfect for what I had planned.

“This is...not what I imagined,” said Diane.

The room was decorated like a barn with lots of horse paintings, jockey equipment, horse tack, and the like. The McCarthys used it as a locker room of

sorts to store their riding equipment where they could change from their normal, expensive clothes to riding wear.

“I’m glad,” I said to her. “I want to keep you guessing. Now strip.”

“Strip?” she asked nervously, looking around. “Anyone could walk in.”

“No one is going to walk it. I’m the only one who lives here.”

“You want to fuck me over a horse saddle?” she asked, looking at one of the antique and highly shined saddles that decorated the room.

“Not at all.”

“You just like fucking in random rooms in this house?”

“Partly. Don’t tell me the thrill of possibly getting caught doesn’t appeal to you.”

Diane kicked off her shoes and unzipped her pants, and pulled them down before I knew what was happening. She was wearing a pair of green and pink polka dot panties. A moment later she unbuttoned her blouse and tossed it aside.

I was glad to see that she matched her bra to her panties.

“Where do you want me?”

I brought her over to the middle of the room. “Do you want to take off your bra or should I do it for you?”

A smirk fixed firmly on her face, Diane reached behind her back, unhooked her bra, and let it slip from her shoulders.

Her tits were still great. They would never not be great.

“Are you into bondage?” I asked her.

She lifted her chin a bit. “Anyone who is anyone is into bondage, aren’t they?”

“That’s the answer I was looking for. Put your hands behind your back.”

She did so and I stepped behind her, picked up a leather thong from a box I had

prepared, and twisted it around her wrists, not enough to hurt, but just enough to restrain them so she couldn't get away easily.

"You forgot to take off my panties," she said as I made sure the strap of leather wasn't too tight.

"No, I didn't. And you're wearing a thong," I told her as I patted her soft bottom.

"It's hard to fuck me if I'm wearing a thong."

"True. But I'm not going to fuck you right away."

Stepping back, I took a couple of quick pictures of Diane from behind, showing off her generous ass and her wrists bound above it.

"You're taking pictures of me?"

"Can't resist a beautiful sight."

"Make sure to send them to me so I can pass them along to Jimmy."

"Will do." I walked around in front of her and took a couple more pictures. She didn't shy away at all.

"Now what?"

I went up to her and kissed her before diving back into the box of my supplies.

She gasped a little when I showed her the toy. "You know how to treat a girl right."

I smiled and took the first nipple clamp, opened it up, and carefully attached it not to her nipple itself, but to the flesh behind the nipple, firmly on the areola. I didn't want them pulling off too easily. Since I was using clover clamps, the ones that tightened the more they were pulled, I wasn't worried about them coming off too easily.

As I placed the first clamp, Diane gasped.

"Too tight?"

She carefully shook her head. “No...just right.”

I put on the second one and she let out a long, low groan.

There was a chain connecting the clamps and I flicked it now, tugging ever so slightly at her nipples. Diane closed her eyes and focused through the odd sensation.

“Now what?” she asked.

“Don’t move.”

“I won’t,” she said dreamily.

The horse room was all raw polished wood including the elaborate trusses that supported the roof. It was easy for me to throw a long, thin chain over one of the trusses. Diane saw what I was doing and said nothing. I clipped the hanging chain to the middle of her nipple chain.

“I know what you’re going to do,” she said to me.

“Good,” I said. “Since you aren’t objecting, I’m sure you’ll love it.”

The other end of the chain I passed through the leather thong around her wrists. I pulled on the chain until it lifted up her nipple chain, slightly lifting her nipples, before I stopped.

“Oh,” she said softly.

“Oh indeed. Do you like that?”

“I’ve never done this before.”

“Neither have I,” I told her. “Don’t move because you’ll pull on your nipples if you do.”

Diane gave me her usual smirk and carefully took a step back. The chain pulled on her nipples and she let out an involuntary gasp.

“Did you like that?” I asked her.

“No...and yes.” She licked her lips. “How long are you going to make me stand here? I mean, I like the pain.” She looked down at her nipples. “But this isn’t going to make me cum.” Diane shifted around a little, looking for a location where the tension on her nipples wasn’t that strong.

“I need to take a few more pictures.”

“Don’t take too many. You’ll give Jimmy ideas.”

I pulled out my phone and tried to carefully capture the tension on her tits and the strain on her face. I liked that Diane was the sort of woman not afraid of a little sexting and dirty pictures.

As much as I didn’t want to think about it, I couldn’t help but think about Diane cheating on her husband.

Not really cheating, but fucking around with his permission.

According to her.

“Do you like your little predicament?” I asked her.

“Sort of. I mean, I know if I pull hard enough, I can get the clamps off, but that’ll hurt, but I like the pain, but I also just like the pressure too…”

“Let me see if I can help you.”

I gave Diane a kiss and ran my hand down her body, over her slightly convex tummy all the way to her panty-covered pussy.

She moaned audibly for my benefit.

I dipped my fingers inside her thong. She quivered in anticipation.

I didn’t have to go very far to realize her panties were soaking.

“You little slut. You like this, don’t you?”

I hadn’t even reached the top of her slit yet.

“Maybe,” she half laughed. “Maybe I hate it. Are you going to make me cum or

not?” She tried lifting her hips to get a little friction on my fingers against her clit.

The only thing to do was to pull my fingers back to further torment her.

“No…” she moaned.

“Do you want to cum?”

“Yes. Of course. Always. Make me cum. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll suck your big cock. I’ll be your slut forever. I’ll let you fuck my ass.”

I couldn’t help myself. I had to laugh at her. “You’re promising an awful lot for someone who was going to fuck me tonight anyway.”

“I wasn’t going to give you my ass,” she asserted.

I loved the way her face was strained. She was obviously having problems concentrating because of the clamps, but when I looked down at the front of her thong, her strong desire was apparent from the dark, wet stain she was sporting. I almost felt bad for her.

Almost.

“I’m sure there are things I can make you do that you’ve never thought of,” I told her.

“Please,” she begged.

I wasn’t sure if she was begging for me to make her cum or if she was bragging that there was nothing I could do that she hadn’t already done or wanted to do.

She lifted one foot from the wooden floor to press her thighs together, trying to get some friction on her clit.

It was adorable the way she was so frustrated.

I took pity on her and pressed my hand to her cotton covered pussy, pressing in just enough.

“Do you want to cum?” I asked her.

“More than anything in the world. More than I love my husband.”

I laughed and kissed her. She kissed back eagerly. I saw the clamps pulling painfully on her nipples. Unable to resist, I pushed her back a little, forcing the clamps to pull tighter.

She moaned in the back of her throat.

“Make me cum,” she begged.

I pressed my finger into her slit. I still wasn’t actually touching her pussy. Her thong was in the way, but she got the message.

“Make yourself cum. Ride my finger.”

Diane moaned in frustration but started rocking her hips against my finger.

I saw the clamps pulling painfully at her nipples. She shifted her shoulders around, trying to get comfortable, but that only increased the pulling. It didn’t stop her from sawing her pussy on my finger. Her thong was sopping wet. It was like it wasn’t there at all.

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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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