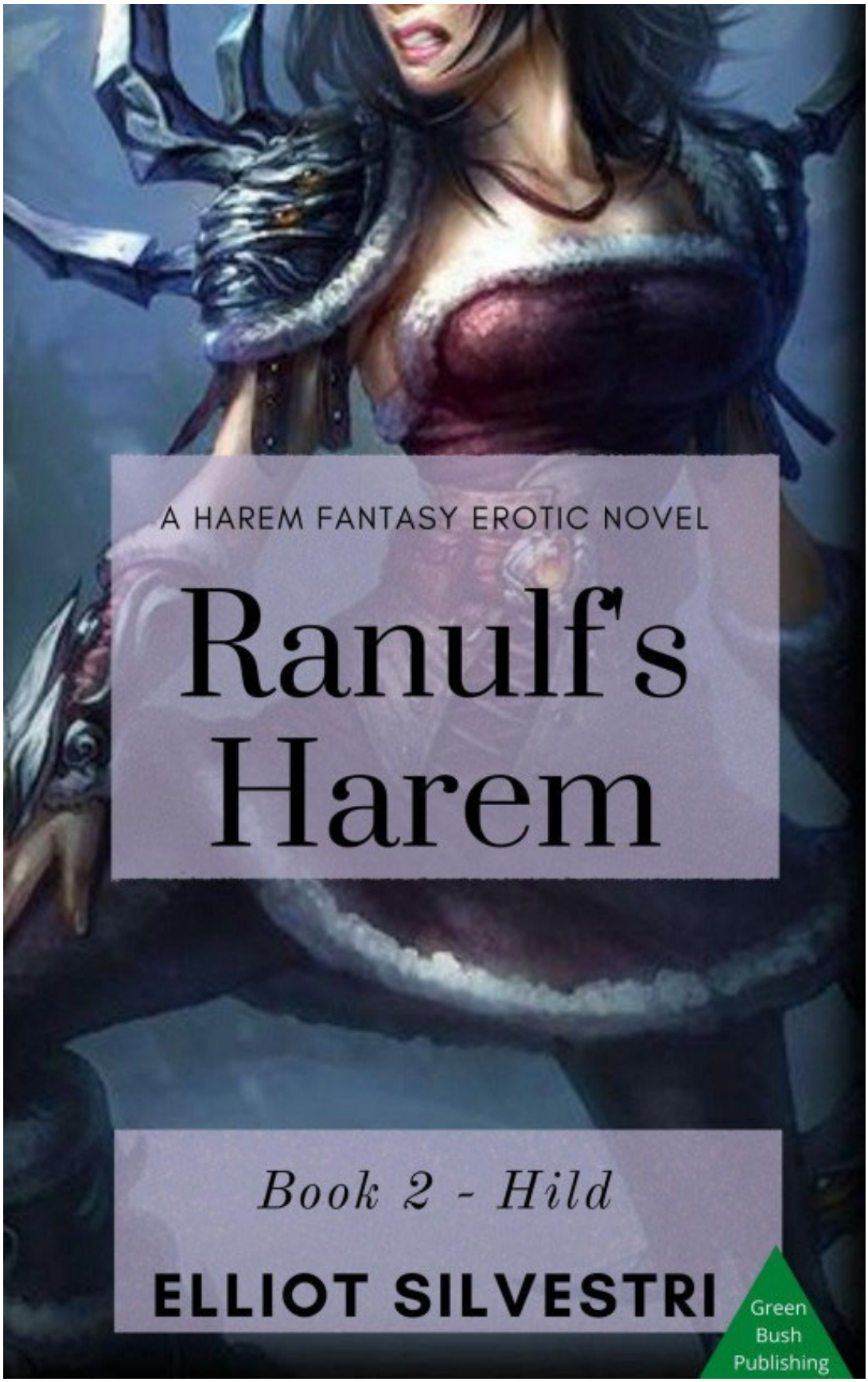
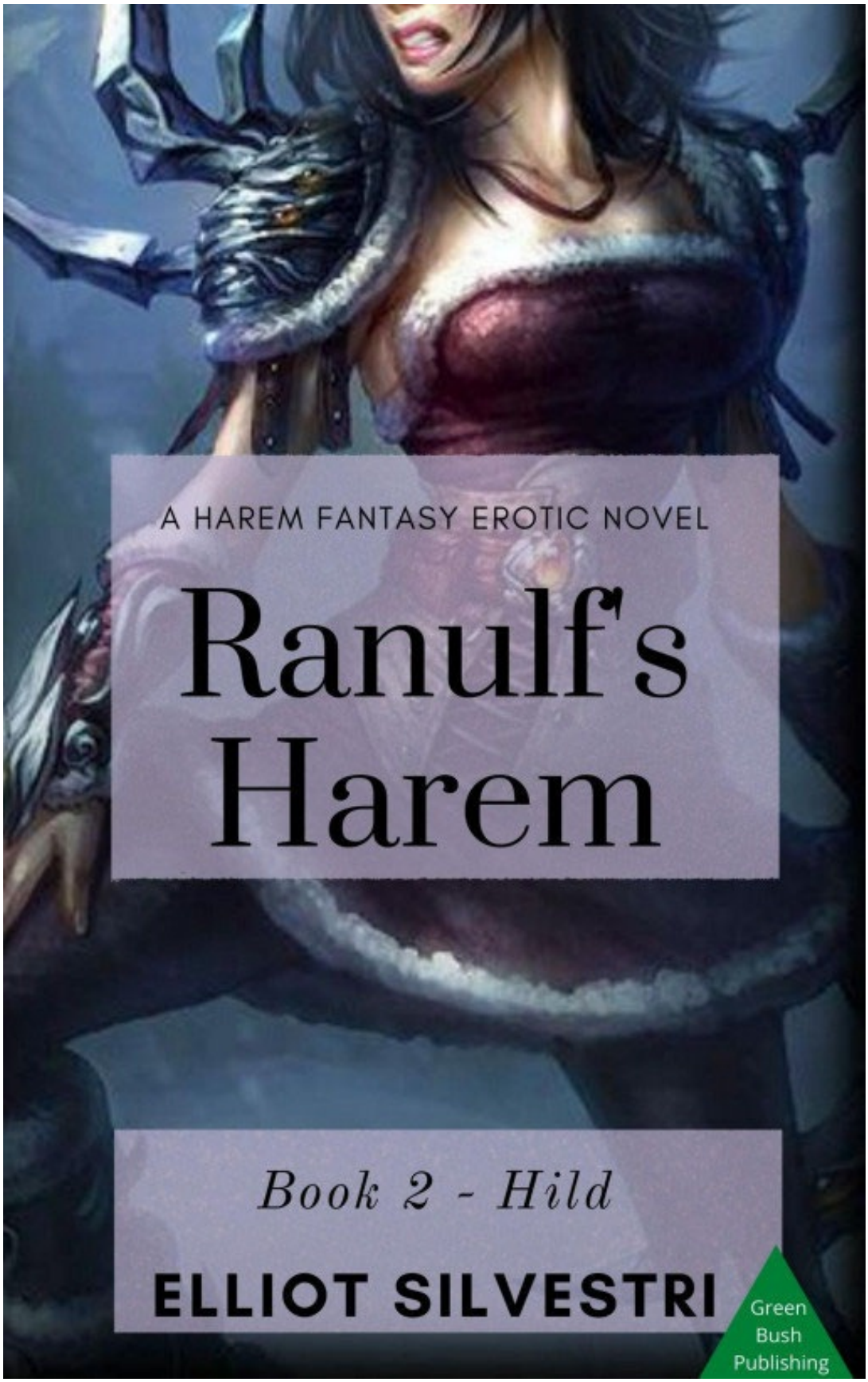

A HAREM FANTASY EROTIC NOVEL
Ranulf's Harem
Book 2 - Hild
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Ranulf’s Harem

2: Hild

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Ranulf’s Harem 2: Hild

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

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Second Edition

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

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Chapter 6

Thome woke up with what felt like a blinding headache. He wasn't sure if the room was too bright or pitch black. His head throbbed and he groaned as he tried to sit up.

"You're alive. Good."

Trying to speak was more painful than sitting up. Thome just groaned again.

"I'm not surprised you're in pain," said Beka's now-familiar voice. "Sit up. I have something that will help you."

He wondered if the help would be welcome death.

Beka slipped an arm under his shoulders and, showing surprising strength, lifted him up to a sitting position. He complained the entire journey. Then he found a cup pressed to his lips and was forced to drink or drown.

The drink was bitter at first and then incredibly sweet, but he gulped it down. By the time it was gone, his headache had disappeared along with all the other body aches he hadn't realized he had.

"What was in that?" he marveled at Beka.

She smiled charmingly at him. "It's better you don't know."

He wasn't sure if she was teasing him or if it was truly better that he didn't know.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I saved your life. Again."

"That seems to be a theme for me." The memories of what had happened rushed back to him. "The children! Hild!"

Beka gave a reassuring gesture to him. "They're fine. A little banged around, but no worse than rough play for rambunctious waifs. Hild and Amella were stunned but you took the brunt of it on your back. Hild carried you back here."

He groaned but wasn't sure why. Everything was fine…except for the situation

he was in.

“It’s good they all survived, but why would a brown drake attack the village?” he pondered aloud.

“You tell me. You’re the knight and protector of humanity.”

“Right. Except I’ve never heard of a drake attacking a village or any established settlement. Maybe a lone farmer’s shack or cabin, but…they’re ambush predators.” He thought back to the attack. Beka brought him a wooden cup. “More potion?” he asked her.

“Just mulled wine.”

He sipped it. The wine warmed his body against the chill in the stone cabin. “How long have I been out?”

“Just since yesterday.”

“I have an unsettling thought,” he pondered aloud.

The door slammed open and Hild barged in. “Has he died yet?” the half-orc demanded of Beka.

The healer just pointed at Thome sitting up in the bed. Quickly taking stock of himself, Thome realized that he was wearing pants if nothing else. His boots and shirt and armor were gone. Again.

“Ha!” the blacksmith cried out and crossed the room in two quick steps before grabbing the knight in a bone-crushing hug. “Good to see you alive! We showed that drake not to fuck with us!”

“Yes,” he wheezed out, unable to breathe because of her massive muscles. She was dressed in slightly warmer clothes but he was unsettled that he was mostly naked in front of two women he had recently had sex with. There was no way this was going to end well.

“Please, Hild, don’t crush him to death. I’ve brought him back from the brink twice now.” Beka placed a hand on the half-orc’s shoulder.

“Right. Forgot. Sorry.” Hild released Thome who slumped to the bed. Despite having nearly died fighting a brown drake, Thome felt rather well. “Amella sends her thanks for savin’ her kiddos. I’m sure she’ll be by sometime soon.”

“Why are you here, Hild?” Beka prompted the smith.

“Right. Well, first to check in on our protected. He’s alive. Good. Second, to send Amella’s message. Done. Good. Third, to ask what you want done with your armor, Thome.” She grinned at him, her large lips curling around her prominent lower incisors.

He winced. “Is the cuirass ruined?”

Hild gave him a wink and a wave of her hand. “Nah. Some impact damage on the back, but nothin’ I can’t fix. This time it’s on the house. Just a thanks for not lettin’ the drake rampage through the village.”

“Hmm. Thank you. But I’ve been thinking about that?”

“The cuirass? Don’t worry about it! I’ll make it like new!”

“I meant the drake.”

Hild just waved aside his concern. “Don’t worry about that beast. I already dragged the remains out of the village.”

Thome shook his head slowly. “No. That’s not what I meant. I’ve never heard a drake ever attacking a village or settlement. And now that I think about it, correct me if I’m wrong, it wasn’t attacking. It was running through the village.”

Hild stopped and thought for a moment. “It had cornered Amella and her kids! It was gonna…” She paused. “I’m not sure what it was gonna do.”

“Were they really cornered?” asked Thome. “Or were they just in its way? I think the thing was fleeing from something else.”

“Through our village?” asked Beka who had been listening closely. “That seems unlikely.”

Thome shrugged. “Maybe something was driving it. The whole thing doesn’t sit

well with me."

Hild and Beka exchanged a glance. Thome was no fool. "What are you two thinking?" he demanded of them.

"I'll get Sparrow on it right away," Hild said to Beka.

"Who's Sparrow?" Thome demanded as he slowly got out of bed. Beka's potion had worked wonders, but he wasn't back to perfect yet.

"A hunter who lives in the village," said Beka as Hild slipped out of the cabin, but slammed the door behind her, completely destroying any stealth she might have employed.

"And what'll he do?"

"She'll find where the drake came from," Beka assured him. "She's the best hunter and tracker we have."

"Except maybe for me," he said as he looked around the cabin for his clothes. They weren't hanging on the pegs next to the door. Spying the chest he went to it. Beka didn't try to stop him.

"She's better than you," Beka told him. "I can assure you of that."

"How would you know?" Thome challenged her. He found his clothes. They had been washed and repaired while he had been in the bed recovering. "You know next to nothing about me."

"I know enough," she shot back. "And I know Sparrow like a sister. Unless you can become one with the forest, she'll be the one to find where the drake came from, and quicker than you, I can assure you of that."

"Try to stop me from helping," he said as he pulled on his boots.

She didn't try to wrestle him back into the bed. Beka simply moved in front of the door and loosened the laces to her dress. It fell around her feet. Underneath she was wearing underclothes that Thome had never seen on her. It gave him pause. He wasn't just going to shove her to the side and barge out of the cabin when she was looking like that.

Her breasts were mostly hidden by the fine silk, but he could see her nipples, brown and erect, through the thin material. It was one piece of clothing that was held to her shoulders by straps, covered her breasts, and descended to her hips. The dark triangle of her quim was visible through the ghostly white of the silk.

“I’m not going to stop you from leaving, but can I entice you back to my bed?”

Thome paused without wanting to pause. “Why…why are you wearing that?” he managed to say.

Her lips pulled into an amused smile. “Because wool dresses itch my skin,” she said as she stepped around him and headed to the bed. He turned to watch her. From the rear the small silk garment hid none of her ass. The tattoo on her right cheek was visible. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from her rolling flesh.

Beka paused at the bed, putting one knee on the wooden frame while resting her hands on the fabric-stuffed mattress. The position was nothing more than an invitation to Thome.

But he was no fool, either.

“Why…why are you keeping me from investigating?” he managed to say as he moved toward her and the bed.

“Because Sparrow is a better tracker than you. This I know. Because I like to fuck. Because you like to fuck. Because I need to let Sparrow do her job while you wait patiently.”

He heard the words but didn’t fully acknowledge them. Stepping behind Beka he pressed his body to hers and kissed the back of her neck. His hard cock, trapped by his pants, wedged against her buttocks and she pushed back against him. When his hands went to her tits, she shivered in anticipation.

“You’re allowing some woman to track a dangerous drake?” he asked Beka. “Instead of me?”

“Sparrow knows what she is doing, just like I know what I’m doing.” She shifted her body and reached behind herself, gripping his cock through his pants. He groaned and pushed one hand under her garment to squeeze a breast. With the other he grabbed her neck and turned her face for a kiss.

She struggled out of the silk camiknicker wanting it off as quickly as possible but not wanting to damage the guarantee either.

“Right here,” she said, bending forward all the way and offering her ass to Thome. “Right now!” She was panting like a bitch in heat.

Thome was barely able to get his cock out of his pants. The laces seemed too complicated and his fingers fumbled everything. Finally it was out.

There was no foreplay. It wasn’t needed. He just shoved his cock forward into her. Beka grunted as she received him and braced her hands against the mattress, locking her elbows as he held her hips in place, not allowing her to move.

It wasn’t their most elegant encounter. Thome found his desire and need for sex was far too intense given the moment, but that, of course, didn’t stop him from using her body.

Beka had no complaints.

Her hand was between her legs, rubbing her clit as he fucked her as fast as he could. He started cumming before she could peak. When he didn’t stop thrusting as he climaxed she rubbed herself much more fiercely and managed to eke out a small orgasm as he finished depositing his seed in her.

Once he was spent, he found he was truly spent. All the energy left his body and he found himself slumping toward the bed. Beka used her body to ease him down, joining him on the soft mattress.

“That was…that was…that was almost painful,” he finally said, breathing heavily as if he had just finished another fight for his life.

“You should have just stayed when I said so,” said Beka.

“What? Why?”

“It’s getting easier to seduce you, but sometimes the intensity…” She let her thought trail off, realizing she had revealed too much.

“You’re seducing me now?” he asked, almost scoffing.

“Of course. What woman doesn’t do that to a man?”

“I can see right through you,” he said.

“I’m sure you can.”

He was about to claim that it had been his intention to fuck her regardless of the circumstances, but then realized it wasn’t true. She had some sort of hold over him.

“You’ve been using your potions to control me!” he abruptly accused her.

There was a moment’s pause and then laughter from Beka. “As if a woman needs to use magic or potions to control a man. Your cock controls you. I have the quim you want and that’s all I need.”

Thome had his doubts about that but he didn’t have the will to argue. What he needed was a few minutes rest and then he’d straighten things out.

Thome was woken when the door opened and a figure in a cloak walked in. The lull after the snowstorm when they had fought the drake had been replaced by bright sun and a driving wind.

The figure slammed the door behind her and pulled down her hood to reveal a face that was almost familiar to Thome. He sat up in the bed, glad to have his clothes on, and stared at her for a moment.

Beka, naked in the bed next to him, sat up and then climbed out, picking up her dress but not her camiknickers, in the process. As she pulled the dress over her head, Beka said, “Why am I being honored by a visit from you, Amella?”

“The woman with the kids!” Thome exclaimed, snapping his fingers, her face suddenly making sense to him. She had sharp, well-refined features. Her high cheekbones were complimented by her ruby-red lips and brilliant green eyes. Her hair was a dirty blonde pulled back in a simple ponytail that revealed her ears.

They were pointed. The points weren't high and outrageous, but they were obvious and were unnatural for a human. But at a glance Thome could tell that Amella was no elf. She was too tall, too big-boned, and too human.

One of her parents was a human and the other was an elf.

Between Hild and now Amella, Thome was starting to wonder how many mixed races the village contained, but he didn't ask. It would be beyond rude.

As rare as half-orcs were, half-elves were ten times rarer. He was unsure exactly why. It had to do with the long lifespans of elves, their delicate bone structure that often caused problems in mixed-race pregnancies, and the general disdain that elves had towards humans. Of course, many humans disliked elves to the point of a war between the Elven Empire and the Three Kingdoms less than a century ago.

"Yes," said Amella in a soft voice. "I came in person to thank you for saving my children." She glanced at Beka who was still in the process of straightening her dress. "I'm not arriving at a bad time, am I?"

"Of course not," Beka reassured her. "Can I offer you something to eat or drink or both?" She was being a gracious, almost deferential, hostess to the half-elf, which puzzled Thome.

"Some wine would be perfect. The children are with Jan now and I have a few moments to myself."

Beka gestured to a chair and Amella seated herself at the small kitchen table while the healer found a bottle of wine and poured the rich, red liquid into the rough wooden cups.

Thome struggled out of the bed after making sure his cock was tucked away and joined the sorceress at the table. There were only two wooden chairs in the small stone cabin but the table was close enough to the bed that Beka could perch on the frame and still have access to the table.

Once they were settled, Amella focused on Thome, "I know I already sent my thanks through Hild and I've said it once, but now, with some wine, I would like to formally thank you for rescuing my children from that monster." She raised her wooden cup to Thome. "Thank you, Sir Thome of the Order of the Devoted

Guardians.” She drank from the cup and both Thome and Beka followed suit.

While he didn’t want to stare, Thome found it hard to tear his eyes away from the woman. Not wanting to seem like he was addlepated, he spoke. “It was my pleasure to serve the village,” he said formally, falling back into the language used to great effect by all knightly orders to obscure their meanings and intents. “It is my duty to protect all life in the Three Kingdoms from dangers.” He knew he was still staring at the half-elf and it didn’t make the situation any less uncomfortable.

Seeking to ease his nerves, Amella reached up and touched her left ear, turning her head just enough to let him get a good look at it. “Yes, as you’ve no doubt figured already I am a half-elf.”

He forced his eyes away from her face and looked to Beka who had an amused smile on her lips. “Forgive me. I did not intend to cause you discomfort.”

Beka sniggered.

Thome then looked at the wall wondering how he had found himself in such a ridiculous situation. He preferred to fight to settle problems, not sit around and discuss them.

“I’m used to the stares. It comes with being who I am.”

“Are your children unhurt?” he asked.

“They are fine, thanks to you.”

“What about their father…your husband? I would like to meet him.” As soon as he spoke the words, Thome knew he had made a mistake.

The women exchanged a glance. “Their father is no longer with us. I doubt you had time to make a full evaluation of them during the drake’s attack, but they are half-elf as well.”

“Uh…it makes no difference to me,” Thome stuttered out.

“Well, quarter-elf, but most in the Three Kingdoms consider any being with a drop of elven blood in their veins to be half-elf. And of course pure blooded

elves don’t care for us either.”

“It’s none of my business,” he muttered.

“Really?” asked Beka archly. “I thought the Order of the Devoted Guardians took a strong stance against the treaty that ended the war between the Empire and the Three Kingdoms. I thought they pushed for the clause in the treaty that all those of mixed human and elven blood would have to leave the Three Kingdoms?”

Thome winced as he remembered his history. “That is true…however I do not agree with that particular part of the treaty.”

Now it was Amella who challenged him. “And I thought that all members of the Devoted Guardians had to publicly swear allegiance to all tenants of the Order’s bylaws and affirm the Three Kingdom’s mandate?”

“That’s true but…” He didn’t finish his statement.

Amella tilted her head to the side. “Do you, Thome of the Devoted Guardians, have a difference of opinion with the leadership of your order?”

She was giving him an out. He could easily see that. But he couldn’t say that out loud, even if there were no members of the order around.

“Why do you think I’m all the way out here on the edge of civilization?”

“Mmm.” The women exchanged glances again.

“What?” he asked nervously. He had seen Amella use sorcery against the drake. She didn’t seem to be an especially powerful magic-user, but there was no way to be certain. There was no way to judge how powerful she could actually be. She could have come to the cabin well-prepared with all sorts of powerful spells.

“I think you need to prove something to me,” said Amella as she stood up from the table.

She had already removed her cloak shortly after she entered the cabin. Amella was wearing a dress similar to the one that Beka favored. Thome watched in disbelief as she untied the laces on the bodice, allowing the neck to open up. A

moment later she yanked down the top, revealing two small breasts.

They were little more than half spherical bulges on her chest capped with tiny pink areolas and nipples. Her body had all the signs of a woman, but only barely just a woman who had left maidenhood. She was thin and beautiful. He had to force himself to remember she was a mother and a half-elf.

“What…what are you doing?” he asked nervously as Beka looked on impassively.

“I’m thanking you again in a more material way,” she said as she continued to shimmy her dress down her body. “And you’re going to prove something very important to me.”

She wore an undergarment around her hips. It wasn’t made of silk like Beka’s camiknickers and didn’t reveal what it was supposed to be hiding. It didn’t matter because she slid these down her legs a second later, leaving the half-elf wearing only a pair of boots that laced up to her knees.

Thome just stared. His cock hardened in his pants and he shifted in the chair. The sorceress allowed him to view her body; it was like she wanted him to view her body. He knew she was doing this to entice him and he knew it was working. Her body was slim, lithe, and bore not a hint that she was a mother. But Thome barely understood that. His eyes went right to her quim. It was as naked as the rest of her body. She had not a single hair between her legs which confused him because she was obviously a woman with curvy hips and firm breasts. It made him wonder if she removed the hair on her own or if it was an elven thing.

“What are you waiting for?” Amella asked him.

He looked at her blankly. “What do you want me to do?”

That made both Beka and Amella laugh.

“She wants you to fuck her,” said Beka. She stood behind his chair and encouraged him to stand. He did so automatically and the healer’s hands went to his waist, unlacing his pants. Before he knew what was happening, his cock was out and standing up proudly.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he started to ask, but Amella went down on

her knees in front of him, taking his cock into her mouth, sucking it. Her gesture was entirely unnecessary because he was already hard. He realized it was something that maybe she wanted to do, but he didn't realize it was something she was doing to control him.

Taking his shaft from her mouth, Amella said, "I love a man with a big cock. It's been too long."

Before he could ask what that meant, Beka was pulling off his shirt and then they were bringing him to the bed. Amella was on her back, moving to accommodate Thome as he was pushed forward by Beka, winding up sprawled between her legs.

Since his face was only inches away from her quim, he had to know. She invited him forward and, as Beka started unlacing his boots to remove his pants, he licked the half-elf's quim from bottom to top.

She moaned at the attention.

"Oh…fuck…it's been too long," she moaned.

"You could have come to me," said Beka.

Thome ignored the women and focused on Amella's quim. Her outer labia were soft and pink. Using his tongue, Thome parted these thick lips and found her hidden inner lips that were already wet and glistening. She opened up easily for him. After only a few seconds between her legs with his face buried in her quim he realized that she was naturally hairless. It only added to the slickness of her sex.

"More," she panted.

Moving away from the silky smoothness of her lips, Thome moved up and found her clit. The little organ was hidden away at the apex of her lips. Like so many other parts of her, it was small. With a bit of gentle sucking he drew out the little nubbin and, in the process, made her squeal with delight.

"More, more," she begged now.

Slipping a pair of fingers into her tunnel, Thome explored her depths. Amella

squirmed a little at the attention, but it might have been from his sucking on her clit.

Beka had now gotten off Thome's boots and pants and since he was on his knees eating Amella's quim, it was easy for her to massage his engorged cock. He tried not to think about what she was doing to him. He focused on Amella's quim.

Thome thrust his fingers into the half-elf's tight sex rapidly as he licked and sucked on her clit. She grabbed his head with her hands holding him directly where she wanted him to focus. Since she was so small in stature, even as she squirmed under his attention, he was able to hold her in place easily with his arms wrapped around her slim thighs.

As he ate her, Thome reflected that her quim tasted like every other one he had encountered in his life. Salty. Musky. Slightly sweet. She loved having her quim eaten, that was obvious from the start. It didn't take all that much effort for him to get her to her peak. All it took was a firm suck on her clit while pumping a pair of fingers in and out of her to make her cum.

She rewarded his efforts by drenching his face in her amrita as she screamed during her orgasm.

Thome had never seen such a reaction from a woman before.

Amella's climax had left her limbs trembling. Thome licked her quim one last time, lapping up the last of her expelled amrita, savoring the liquid, before he released his hold on her thighs.

Beka was chuckling. "You always cum so hard, Amella."

"Sorry," the sorceress apologized. "It's been so long."

"It's been longer since you've had a cock."

Thome started to clue in as to what the two were talking about. He was being used, but he could appreciate being used in this way. Beka's hand was still holding his cock, not so much masturbating him now, but simply controlling him, not allowing him to leave.

"I know," Amella said desperately. She licked her lips while looking at Thome's

naked body. “Can I…?”

Thome was confused and said nothing. That was fine because Beka answered for him.

“Of course you can.” She firmly tugged on Thome’s cock, pulling him forward and toward Amella. “You need to fuck her.”

Thome didn’t know what to do. He was thrilled that he had had so much success with the women of the village—Beka and Hild and now Amella—but he had never had sex with more than one woman at a time before. It would be exceedingly strange to fuck Amella while Beka watched, even if it was her bed and her cabin.

“Uh…should I?” He didn’t know how to phrase all the questions he had rolling around in his head.

The women laughed at him. “Of course you should,” Beka replied. “She wants your cock.”

“I need his cock,” Amella moaned.

“She needs your cock,” Beka corrected herself. “And this will be interesting to watch. Why? Is there a problem?”

“I should tell you that I had sex with Hild,” he confessed. While he and Beka didn’t have a formal relationship of any sort, she had been taking care of him since he had arrived at the village and he felt a certain sort of responsibility to her. That hadn’t stopped him from fucking Hild, but now seemed the time to confess everything before the situation became confused and weird. Weirder.

“I know,” Beka said easily. “I wanted you to have sex with her.”

“What? You did?” Thome couldn’t comprehend that.

“Yes. Just like I want to you have sex with Amella.”

“You want me to prove something, don’t you?” He had a sneaking suspicion that something else was going on, but he wasn’t sure what.

“Indeed. I want you to prove you’re a man by fucking Amella. She needs cock. Can’t you see that?”

There were many things about the world that Thome didn’t understand. This was one of them, but if the woman he had been fucking was suddenly eager to see him fuck another woman after he had just confessed to bedding a third woman, who was he to question his good luck or why the gods had smiled upon him.

He positioned himself between Amella’s spread legs. She was still on her back, luxuriating in the aftershocks of the orgasm he had recently given her. Cock in hand, he ran it along her wet and swollen lips. Right away he saw the problem.

While eating her out he hadn’t noticed how her slight stature translated to her quim. She was small and tight. Most men would have loved that.

Thome immediately worried about hurting the half-elf.

“What are you waiting for?” asked Beka. She was kneeling next to the pair, her eyes shining in anticipation of what was to come. It felt strange to Thome to be so closely observed by anyone while in the act of lust, but the women weren’t upset by it at all.

“I’m pretty big and she’s pretty small.”

“I can take your cock,” said Amella. “I’ve birthed two babies!”

“Shove it in. She’ll love it!” Beka’s unrestrained enthusiasm gave Thome pause.

It only infuriated the women. Amella placed her small hand over his and tried to draw his cock into her quim. Beka’s hand was on his buttock and she pushed him forward.

Without doubt it was the most unusual sexual encounter of his life.

Realizing the women were either crazed or wanted this more than him, he gave in to their desires. The head of his big cock just fit between Amella’s bulging labia.

“Yes!”

When he started to push forward, the slight half-elf groaned at the assault that opened her up. She cried out in pain before he was a quarter of the way into her depths.

He froze. “Too much?”

“Not enough!” cried Beka. “Shove it in her!”

He locked eyes with the suffering sorceress. She was panting and sweating, but the look in her eyes was pure lust. She wanted it as much as she feared it. Not knowing what else to do, Thome soldiered onward and deeper.

She moaned and cried as each inch of his cock opened her wider and deeper but she didn’t beg him to stop. In fact, she hooked an ankle behind his leg to pull him deeper.

“Yesss,” she hissed as he appeared to bottom out, filling up all of her tight, hot quim with his cock. The look on her face was halfway between lust and pain. There wasn’t much of a difference.

“Give it to her,” Beka instructed. “Fuck her like she deserves!”

Thome wasn’t certain this was the best idea, but he had been holding out for too long. Eating her quim had gotten him hard. Carefully easing his big cock into her had put him at the extreme end of his control. It was impossible to not fuck her. In the space of a few breaths, he was fucking her like a Telemerian whore.

She was screaming like she loved it.

Thome would only groan his appreciation for her quim and her body and what Beka had done for him.

Beka hiked up her dress and applied her fingers to her clit and quim, rubbing as she knelt on wide knees, delighting in what she had wrought.

Thome was determined to hold out as long as possible. He didn’t want to just make Amella suffer. He wanted her to cum from his cock.

Since he had done his preparatory work with his mouth, pushing her over the edge a second time was easier than he had anticipated. Her hungry quim took his

cock, made her cum, and then Amella's quim swallowed Thome's load when he orgasmed deep in the half-elf.

His grunts and groans as he climaxed were Beka's signal to finish herself off. Her fingers danced on her quim right before shoving them as deeply as posing upwards. The little climax she had was nothing like Amella received, but that was to be expected.

Thome collapsed on Amella's small body, pinning her down. She didn't even attempt to push him off. Beka languidly lay down next to them and offered her fingers to Amella who greedily sucked on them, tasting the healer-witch's amrita. Thome watched this in confusion. It was strange and arousing at the same time.

"It's been too long," Beka said to Amella as the half-elf finished sucking her fingers.

"You should have invited me to your place. I'd be glad to keep your bed warm."

Beka glanced at Thome who now found the energy to roll off Amella. "You know I prefer cock."

"I like both," said Amella, not at all sated even after two orgasms delivered by Thome. "It must be because I'm both elf and human." She inched over toward the other woman and Thome looked on with wide eyes as they kissed passionately.

Showing strength that Thome wouldn't have guessed she had, Amella rolled the other woman to her back and quickly slithered down her body, placing her face at the apex of Beka's legs. Beka reached out for Thome's cock. "Care to join us?" she asked as she tugged on him.

Thome moved closer to Beka's mouth and she took him between her lips, sucking off his cum and Amella's amrita, savoring the rich mixture.

This was something Thome had never done or considered. He preferred sex with his whores to be simple. Still, there was no reason to say no to the two women.

Amella ate Beka's quim as eagerly as she had fucked Thome. He didn't have a burning desire to cum again—Amella had seen to that—but he couldn't say no to

Beka's willing mouth. He was amazed that Beka was able to concentrate on his cock while having her quim eaten by Amella, but he got the distinct impression this wasn't the first time that Beka had had sex with a woman, or with a third person in her bed.

He had so many questions and urges, none of which were answered because Beka briefly paused in her fellatio as Amella's mouth urged her over the cliff into orgasm. The healer panted heavily while holding Thome's cock in her hand. She cried out as she peaked and then, without missing a beat, put Thome's cock back into her mouth, eagerly sucking again.

He looked at her in amazement. "How can you do that?"

His eyes went down to where Amella was still eagerly lapping at Beka's quim. The sorceress's face was soaked with Beka's amrita. That only seemed to encourage her to keep eating Beka.

"It's a skill and a talent," Beka said right before she licked down from the top of his cock, all the way along the underside, where she took his balls into her mouth, sucking hard.

He gasped at the unusual sensation. Her hand continued to pump on his shaft. An objection rose on his lips but then his cum was rising in his cock and he couldn't stop it. The thick, white liquid shot from his cock all over Beka's face, neck, and chest. He wanted to stop it but he couldn't.

He realized the only reason he wanted it to stop was because it was going to waste. Sex with Beka usually wound up with his cum being collected from her quim or in her mouth. This seemed wasteful. Then he remembered that she already had everything from him she needed.

And that thought frightened him.

But a moment later he was distracted as Amella gave Beka another orgasm, causing the healer to release his balls from her mouth and cry out her passion.

He was done. He couldn't hold himself up any longer and he slumped to the bed next to the women. Devoid of energy, he watched in amusement as Amella traveled back up Beka's body and licked his cum from the other woman's skin. They shared his seed by exchanging kisses.

Before he fell asleep he wondered how much he would have paid the whores of Telemere for such a show.

Chapter 7

He hadn’t intended to fall asleep, but he was so drained by the two women it had been impossible to keep his eyes open.

The sunlight that poked through the gaps in the window shutters was weak and from a low angle. It was late in the afternoon.

Somehow the two women had arranged themselves on either side of Thome before they fell to sleep. Both were naked next to him and as a consequence he had become overheated under the heavy blankets.

After realizing the sunlight was fading Thome spied a cat sitting on the foot board of the bed. It was a large cat with gray and black striped fur that was long and elegant. It swished its long fluffy tail back and forth while it squinted at Thome with its green eyes.

Thome nudged Beka. “I didn’t know you had a cat.”

She groaned and rolled over, taking much of the blankets with her. “I don’t,” she muttered.

“Hey!” Amella protested, finding herself naked and uncovered. The cabin wasn’t cold due to the cheery fire burning in the hearth, but it wasn’t exactly a hot spring house either. A short battle erupted between the two women, with Thome between them, as they struggled for the blanket.

Not wishing to get involved in the fight, he took advantage of a moment when Beka had the upper hand and he moved over Amella’s body. Instantly the two women drew together and shared the blanket.

Naked and feeling the chill in the air, Thome went to the fireplace and added some wood to heat the room. The cat observed his every motion. Feeling self-conscious he ran his fingers over the scars on his chest.

“Don’t worry, kitten,” he said to the elegant cat. “These scars were left by a drake, not a mountain lion. I don’t blame your cousins.”

He felt ridiculous talking to a cat while naked so he went looking for his pants. Passing by the cat he said, “Pretty kitty,” while stroking it on the head.

There was a flash and the cat abruptly changed into a woman who perched on the foot board.

“Devil of the gods!” Thome cried out and stumbled back, catching himself at the last moment before falling into the fire by grabbing the rough rock that formed the fireplace. His wild gesticulations knocked some of the tools and pots Beka stored there onto the floor with a great clatter.

The women in the bed both sat up together at the ruckus.

“She’s a monster!” Thome shouted, pointing with one hand at the woman with long black hair who crouched, cat-like, on the heavy foot board of the bed. With his other hand he covered his soft cock.

It would have made more sense to him if the woman had been naked. She wasn’t. She wore soft fawn-colored leather pants, matching leather boots that reached her knees. A white woolen shirt kept her warm and to this she added a leather vest. Over all of this she had a heavy woolen cloak that was now thrown back. A bright smile played on her lips.

Beka blinked and sighed. “That’s no monster. That’s just Sparrow.”

“That’s a cat,” Thome contradicted her.

“Her name is Sparrow. She can just change into a forest cat.”

“‘Tis true,” said Sparrow. She had a light voice that exuded a superiority she hadn’t earned.

“But a Sparrow is a bird,” Thome protested. He spied his pants on the floor and grabbed them, covering up his cock.

Sparrow gave him an arch look. “I’ve seen better.”

He stopped himself from sneering at her. Obviously Beka knew the strange woman. Instead he just pulled on his pants and stood up. “You shouldn’t sneak into people’s houses,” he admonished her.

“I was invited,” said Sparrow.

“And who names a cat-woman after a bird?” he added.

“My mother,” said Sparrow. “And she was right for it. I love catching and eating sparrows.”

Thome didn’t know how to process that information.

“What are you doing here?” he asked as he found his shirt and pulled that on. He noted that neither Beka nor Amella bothered to get dressed. Amella just rolled over and went back to sleep. Beka lounged on the bed.

“I asked her to be here,” said Beka as she casually got up from the bed and, not bothering to hide her nudity, she went to Sparrow, giving her a light embrace and a peck on the cheek before picking up her dress and pulling it over her head. Sparrow got down from the bed’s foot board and looked up at Thome.

Thome wasn’t an exceptionally tall man, but he positively towered over Sparrow. For a moment he thought that perhaps she was still a youth, a maiden, but that wasn’t the case. She looked very young and her vest just barely contained her full breasts and the soft leather pants she wore highlighted her hips. She was just short for a human. Then he started to wonder if the woman was an elf or half-elf, but unlike Amella she didn’t have the angular eyes and fine bone structure. She did have long, luxurious black hair that fell nearly to her waist. Other than the way she carried herself, there was nothing cat-like about her at all.

“You did?” asked Thome, confused.

“She’s the tracker we asked to find where the drake had come from,” said Beka as she sat down on the kitchen chair. Thome tried not to think about what had happened the last time he sat down at the table with two women.

“Right,” agreed Thome. “What did you find?” he asked Sparrow as she took a seat as well. The cups of wine were empty and the tracker frowned as she examined each empty cup.

“Not much,” she sourly answered. “Don’t you have any wine?”

Beka folded her arms across her small chest. “Not until you’ve given us a complete report.”

That answer didn’t change the cat-woman’s expression. “Fine. I tracked the drake. It came from the northeast up the mountain.”

Beka looked at Thome. “The same direction you arrived at the village,” she noted.

Sparrow’s eyes narrowed on the knight. “Yeah. What does that mean, Sir Thome?”

“How do you know my name?” he demanded, trying to avoid the implied issue that he was somehow at fault for the drake.

Sparrow laughed gaily. “Everyone in the village knows all about you and your name and who you’ve been fucking and—”

“Sparrow!” Beka admonished the tracker.

Sparrow’s lip curled back and Thome got the distinct impression that Sparrow wanted to hiss at the healer.

“Sorry,” she apologized softly. “But there are no secrets in a small village.”

“True enough,” agreed Beka. “Continue.”

“Tracked it from the northeast. It came from up the mountain. I didn’t find a lair or den.”

“Why not!” demanded Thome.

“Drakes leave little scent. I tracked it through the snow, but snow doesn’t cover everything on the mountain. The tracks ended at the loose shale on the eastern escarpment. It could have come from anywhere.”

“That’s less than useful.”

Sparrow shrugged. “Since drakes are usually controlled by some powerful magic user, I’m just as happy not to find its lair.” She looked meaningfully at Amella who slumbered in the bed.

“You know that Amella had nothing to do with this.”

“Her type,” said Sparrow.

“You’d better leave,” said Beka, standing up. “Before something goes…awry.”

“The only thing that could go awry is me stealing Sir Thome away from Amella.”

This statement puzzled Thome and angered Beka. “You aren’t stealing anything.”

Sparrow bared her teeth. “Jealous?”

Beka’s expression was icy. “No. And I’ll say it again, leave before there is a problem.”

Sparrow wrinkled her nose at the healer, but stood up, pulled her hood over her head, and quickly exited the cabin. The blast of cold air woke Amella again.

“Is she gone?” the sleepy sorceress asked.

“Yes,” replied Beka.

“Good.”

“There’s no reason to be rude to her.”

“She’s a bitch.”

“She blames all magic users for her…condition.”

“Except you.”

“I don’t use that sort of magic.”

Thome’s ears had perked up. “What’s her condition?”

The two women fixed him with steely gazes. “Did you not see her transform from a cat to a woman?” asked Beka.

“Oh. Right. That. I just thought it was some magical ability she had.”

“No. It’s a curse.”

“Seems sort of useful.”

“She hates it so it's a curse.”

“I see.”

“We need to make a plan,” Beka said to Amella who now, finally, got out of the bed and stretched luxuriously. Thome couldn't take his eyes off her.

“You’re right. I’ll start alerting everyone. Should it be tonight?”

Amella glanced at the window where the light had faded to almost nothing.

“Short notice, but yes. In the meeting house.”

“Right.”

Under Thome’s watchful eye Amella quickly put her clothes back on and exited the cabin after giving Beka a quick peck on the cheek and Thome a more intimate kiss.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized to the healer.

“For what?”

“I’m not sure if I should be having sex with you…and Amella.”

Beka laughed at him. “Don’t forget Hild.”

He blushed. “Right.”

“And it’s fine. In this village we share many things. Sex with more than one partner is one of them.”

“Right.”

“Did you not see her eating my quim?”

Thome nodded. “Yes, I definitely saw that.”

“Good. Why don’t you go outside to the woodpile and bring in some more logs. I have work to do to be ready for tonight.”

He nodded and did as she asked.

Thome had just gotten an armload of firewood when a voice spoke behind him.

“They didn’t want me in there.”

The firewood tumbled onto his foot and Thome stifled a grunt of pain. He turned around to see Sparrow confronting him.

“I thought you left.”

“I did,” she said. “But I came back to see you.”

“Why?”

She moved so quickly that he didn’t see her until she was on top of him. Sparrow had been ten feet away and suddenly her body was pressed up against his.

Not just her body, but her hand, specifically against his crotch. She was trying to fondle his cock through his pants. Even though he had just had sex with Beka and Amella, his cock got hard at her touch.

“I want to fuck you,” she said and climbed up his body for a kiss.

She was a good foot shorter than he was, but her nimbleness was astounding. It seemed like she climbed up his body to engage him. Before Thome could react, her tongue was in his mouth and she was trying to get her hand inside his pants.

He found he didn’t want to resist, but his better judgment took over.

Thome pushed her away and regretted doing it which made no sense because he had recently bedded three other women. He didn’t need a fourth.

He wanted a fourth but he didn’t need one.

“What’s the matter?” Sparrow asked, releasing her clinch on Thome and lowering herself to the ground. “Is it too cold out here? Do you want to fuck in the cabin?”

Thome didn’t know how to answer her.

“Or do you want to fuck in my cabin?” Already her cloak was open and she started popping open the closures on her shirt. “We can do such wonderful things there…”

“No!” he said firmly, remembering himself. “This is a terrible idea.”

Sparrow leaned forward and inhaled deeply, taking his scent in through her nose. “Ahh…you’ve already fucked the healer witch today. And the sorceress. I suppose that you might be fucked out for the day.” The disappointment in her voice was obvious.

Thome latched on to that one bit of hope. “Yes, I don’t think I could please you the way that you deserve,” he said.

Her hand moved quicker than he could track. He wondered how he would defend himself against her in a fight, not that he wanted to fight her. Sparrow’s fingers cupped his crotch, feeling his hard cock.

“And yet you are hard and ready for me.”

“Another time,” he said, trying to extricate himself from the situation.

“Promise?” she asked, pressing her body against his again and stealing another kiss.

Without thinking he said, “Yes, I promise.”

He immediately regretted the words.

She gave him another kiss. “I’ll hold you to that,” she declared and then scampered away.

After picking up the wood, Thome trudged back to the cabin. Beka said nothing as he placed his load into the box next to the fireplace. Only after he sat heavily on the wooden chair did she take notice of him. Thome stared off into space, his eyes unfocused.

“What’s the matter with you?” Her eyes were narrow and concern permeated her

words.

“Sparrow was waiting for me at the woodshed.”

Beka snickered. “Horny little minx couldn’t control herself. I’m not surprised. Did you fuck her or just get her off?”

Thome slowly shook his head. “Neither.”

“Huh. You should have. Couldn’t get hard?”

He looked at her. “No! Wait. You wanted me to fuck her? What is wrong with this village?”

“A shortage of men. Well, a shortage of working cocks.”

He stared at her blankly. “Are you serious?”

“Of course I’m serious. And you turning her down was terribly rude. Sparrow did the village a favor and you should have serviced her.”

Thome chuckled ruefully. “Have I become a Telemere whore in a gilded cage?” He looked around the simple stone cabin. “This isn’t even a gilded cage.”

“How has the sex been?” she asked him smoothly.

A slow realization came over Thome. “Good. It’s been great even.”

“As long as you stay in this village, you need to contribute. Your cock is your contribution.”

Thome wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

“You want me to fuck other women?” He was confused. It wasn’t like they were married or had a legal hold on each other. Thome wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do or think.

“Yes. Of course. But right now I need to get ready for the evening meeting with the rest of the village.”

He blinked. “Should I go with you?”

Beka chuckled. “No. That’s not necessary. The village would be upset if a man suddenly showed up and wanted to talk to all the women.”

Something wasn’t sitting right with Thome. “What about the men?”

She fixed him with a steady gaze. “Right now you are the only man in the village.”

“I am?”

“Village of women,” she said easily. “Right now I have a favor to ask of you.”

“What?” He couldn’t comprehend a village of just women.

“I need you to take a rest and then go fuck Sparrow.”

“Why are you asking this of me? What sort of village is this anyway!?”

“I’m asking you because you’re the only man here. And Sparrow…Sparrow is a special case. She doesn’t actively engage with the village. It’s just how she is. But we owe her now. And she wants you. And I need her away from the village meeting because she’ll just be disruptive the entire time.” Beka laid a hand on his arm. “Please do this for me.”

Thome shrugged. “I can try my best, but I can’t guarantee results.”

“Oh, Sparrow will want to fuck you, trust me on that.”

“No, I’m not sure I’ll be able to get it up for her.”

Beka smiled. “I have a solution to that.”

Chapter 8

As it turned out Beka had two solutions for Thome. The first was to help him sleep for a few hours before the meeting. The second was to get him ready for his meeting with Sparrow.

He looked doubtfully at the little flask she handed him. “This will make me hard?”

“Not exactly. But it’ll put you in the right mindset and it’ll get you harder than you’ve ever been before.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“To keep Sparrow out of the meeting. You’ll understand later.” She went up on her toes and kissed him lightly on the lips. “Now go. I want you to intercept her before the meeting starts.”

He followed the directions she had given him. The sun had set and only weak lights from the cabins and houses of the village along with the light of the half-moon illuminated his journey.

Sparrow lived much like Beka: at the edge of the village, only her home was on the opposite side of the collection of houses. He was forced to take the long route around the village center before appearing at her door.

It was the most ramshackle building of the village and he wondered if she preferred it that way or if no one wanted to help her repair the place.

Right before knocking he pulled the flask from his pocket and downed the contents. It tasted like mineral-rich water and nothing else. After he knocked on the door it only took Sparrow a few seconds to open in for him. “What are you doing here?” she asked suspiciously.

“I’m keeping my promise,” he said, stepping inside and closing the door behind him. He was forced to push her back a bit so he could enter, but she didn’t protest.

“Did you lie to Beka about coming here?” she asked nervously. She was wearing the same clothes as before, but in the lantern light that filled her small cabin, it suddenly seemed that she had bigger breasts and hips. Even her hair looked more

luxurious in the light.

“No.” He decided not to give her any more details. Words could only hurt him and her.

Sparrow bit her lower lip. That action alone was enough to make Thome’s cock stir.

“I can’t, not right now, but if you want to wait until after the meeting, I’ll fuck your cock right down to a stump.” Sparrow pressed her body up against Thome and hummed in the back of her throat. It wasn’t exactly a purr, but it was damn close for a human.

“No,” he insisted. “Now. I want you now.”

He grabbed her face between his hands and kissed her, pushing her body back until she was pinned between him and the cabin wall.

She could have fought. She could have tried to escape. She didn’t. For just a second Sparrow resisted, and then she gave herself over to his kiss.

Their bodies melted together. He felt her full breasts pressing against his chest and she ground her hips against his rising erection. There was no resisting it; Thome knew he had to fuck her and had to fuck her now.

Sparrow didn’t fight back when he began pulling off her clothes.

She helped him strip her body.

The vest and shirt he yanked over her head. Underneath she wore a supportive corset that only covered the bottom portion of her tits.

He grabbed her hips and lifted her up so he could kiss the exposed portion of her tits.

“Fuck,” she moaned softly.

Putting her back down they were forced to take a moment to unlace and kick off their boots. Thome was already down on his knees so it was easy for him to manipulate her belt and pull down the soft leather pants.

Once she was naked but for the corset, he saw in the strange light of the lantern that downy fine hairs covered most of her body, not just her quim. Still, he focused on that patch of glossy black hair. Pressing his face into her lower stomach, he breathed in her musky scene and searched out her clit with his tongue.

“Not like that,” she said firmly, pushing him away.

He was dumbfounded for a moment, but then she moved quickly to the small bed against the far wall. He watched the play of muscles in her legs and ass as she moved and found himself entranced.

The bed was small, barely big enough for her but that didn’t discourage Thome. As he approached her on the bed, she crouched on the lumpy mattress, her ass pointed at him, swaying her hips back and forth, giving him just a hint of her quim.

He was momentarily distracted by the small tattoo on her right buttock. It was the same one that Beka wore. That only made sense. Maybe everyone in the village worshiped the Goddess. Maybe they were so isolated because of their outlandish religious beliefs.

It wasn’t enough to stop him, of course.

When he wrapped his arms around her from behind, she pressed her ass against his crotch, looking for friction against his hard cock. As much as he wanted to release it and plunge it into her quim, he was just as interested in exploring her body with his hands.

Her breasts filled his hands completely. The moment he touched her nipples, they contracted to hard little nubs. On her tawny skin he could feel every little tiny and invisible hair that seemed to cover her. Once he put a hand between her legs she gasped and pressed back against him with a burning urgency.

“Fuck me,” she begged. “Fuck me like an animal.”

He didn’t. Instead he pushed a pair of fingers up into her wet quim. She moaned in response as he began using his fingers like a cock, plunging in and out of her, rasping each finger joint over her clit while pinching a nipple with the other hand.

Her breathing and passionate cries made it obvious she was right on the edge, but she wasn't completely distracted. She had enough focus to reach back between their bodies and loosen his pants' laces. It was an effort to fumble out his cock, but he allowed her the privilege and shortly she was rubbing him in time with his attentions to her.

Thome found her passion and responses electrifying and, as much as she wanted him in her, she couldn't deny what his hands were doing to her body. Her fingers stopped pumping his cock and merely gripped him. His fingers went faster and she was just flesh controlled by him.

With a scream that should have summoned all her neighbors, Sparrow came hard. Her legs spasmed and she gushed amrita all over his fingers, her inner thighs, and the bed. Sparrow became a boneless body for a second and then Thome found himself stumbling backward as she transformed in the space of a few seconds from a normal looking human into a biped that was a mix of a forest cat and a woman.

A long tail sprouted from the base of her spine, swishing back and forth over her still shapely ass. Her ears had elongated into triangle shapes and a row of sharp teeth filled her mouth. The transformation had given her face, especially her eyes, a much more angular appearance and her pupils became slits instead of circles.

The shape of her body largely remained the same and was undoubtedly humanoid, except for the tail, but her fingers and toes were longer and had sharp claws. A light gray fur covered her entire body.

"What…what are you?"

"Tabaxi curse," she said, her little pink tongue darting out between long incisors. "I'm cursed. Didn't Beka tell you?"

"No." He was stunned and didn't know what to think.

"You can leave now." She flicked her tail back and forth while twitching her ears. "I'm sure you don't want to fuck me now. You should have stuck it in when I was still human."

They both looked at his cock.

It hadn’t gone soft at all.

“If it’s all the same to you, I’d rather fuck you anyway.”

Sparrow let out a lilting titter of a laugh and leaned forward on her arms, arching up her hips and ass. “If you want.” She flirted her tail back and forth, teasing him, hiding her quim and quickly revealing it again.

Thome wondered if Beka had given him the potion because she knew this would happen. At this moment, he didn’t care. Accepting her invitation, he pushed his pants all the way off, grabbed her hips, and knelt behind her. She reached between her legs and guided him in.

Her quim felt like any other woman’s. Maybe it was tighter and hotter, but even if it was, that was fine.

She grunted as he shoved his cock into her all in one go.

“You’re so big,” she complimented him.

“Thanks. Like it?”

“Love it!”

Sparrow hissed a second later as he started thrusting his cock in and out of her.

There had been times before when Thome thought sex with a woman had been animalistic. He had been wrong. This was.

Sparrow howled. She hissed and spat as he fucked her. She tried to claw at him but he caught her wrists and pinned them behind her back. He held her down and fucked her from behind as hard as he could. Her tail twitched rapidly. It was strange seeing a tail on a woman he was fucking. Her vocalizations increased. If for a moment he thought she didn’t like what he was doing, he would have stopped, but every time he paused, even for a second, she looked expectantly over her shoulder and demanded he keep going.

Making her cum was easy. In the space of a few minutes she had suffered the little death of passion multiple times. He didn’t know why he was holding back. It was almost as if he was having difficulty cumming.

He started to wonder if it was because of Beka’s potion or because he had already cum twice that day.

He didn’t have to wonder for long. Eventually he focused on fighting the catgirl and reveling in the unique sex, he filled her quim with his seed, bringing an end to their struggle.

To Be Continued

Preview

BULL 3: Filled

Watching Diane put Jimmy's cock back into his chastity cage wrecked my mind. I didn't have to watch, but I did. I don't know what is wrong with me.

I learned that putting a chastity cage on is a fairly simple matter. Ring behind the balls, curved shaft carefully slid up Jimmy's small, thin cock. A small, simple padlock secured everything away.

After watching I was one hundred percent positive I did not want that happening to me.

To each his own, but I liked having my cock out where I could use it anytime I wanted.

Once he was locked up, Diane made Jimmy strip the sheets off the bed. We went to a guest bedroom for some privacy while he did his domestic chore.

It felt like I was about to get a lecture from a teacher about adult responsibilities.

"Would you like a blowjob?" she asked me.

"Uh...normally I'd say yes, but I'm a little confused after seeing his small cock and the cage you make him wear."

"I don't make him wear it."

I blinked. "Come again?"

"I'd love to, but you'll have let me give you a blowjob first," she joked.

"What?"

She rolled her eyes. "I don't make him wear it. He wants to wear it. Something about wanting to prove he's faithful to me while I fuck other guys. He says he loved the feeling of it on his cock and the psychological mindfuck it gives him."

“Okay then.”

“So would you like a blowjob?”

“Uh…”

“You can spend all night with me,” she offered. “We can fuck in my bed once Jimmy puts the sheets back on. He’ll spend the night here in the guest room.”

“That’s very generous.”

She laughed at me. “You mean that’s very kinky. We haven’t done this before. An overnight guest with both of us in the house. It’s something that Jimmy really wants. He’s got a bunch of fantasies he wants to live out.” She smiled at me. “He told me he loves your cock and how big it is and how it stretched me out.”

“Thanks?”

“Want to hear some of the other things he wants to do?”

“I know I’m going to regret saying this but...sure. Why not?”

Her smile was sly. “I’m not going to tell you. If he wants a special fantasy fulfilled, he’s going to have to ask you.”

“Ask me? Why?”

She just smiled. “How about that blowjob? Or would you rather go home without one?”

“Can I fuck you in the ass?” I asked her just to see how far I could push her.

“Maybe. But we can do that on the big bed. Not in here.”

We went back to her bedroom. Jimmy was just finishing making the bed. No one was wearing clothing but it was strange to see Jimmy’s cock mostly hidden by the cage he wore.

It was only then that I noted he was basically devoid of pubic hair.

Glancing over to Diane I noted that her pussy was hairless as well. She had

shaved for me and I hadn’t noticed at all.

In my defense, I was trying to stuff my cock into her pussy at the time, so I was distracted.

“You shaved for me,” I said happily.

“Well! You finally noticed!” she laughed, half-complaining. “Jimmy hates my bare lips, don’t you, honey?”

Jimmy frowned. “It’s fine. Your bull has the right to tell you how to style your pubes.”

“You don’t have any either,” I pointed out.

“It’s easier to wear a cock cage without any pubes,” Diane answered for him. “No pinching or pulling and it goes on easier.”

“I hadn’t thought of that.”

“You need to spend the night in the guest room dear,” Diane said firmly to her husband. “Justin is spending the night and he wants to fuck me in private.” She smiled.

I thought I saw Jimmy’s lower lip quiver. “But…”

“No buts! If you’re good I’ll let you eat me out in the morning.” She gave him a quick kiss on the lips and gently, but firmly, showed him the door.

Spinning around she asked me a question I never thought I’d hear in my life. “Want to take out my princess plug and fuck me in the ass?”

Oddly, the answer to her question was yes.

She hopped back on the bed and wiggled her ass at me.

“Pull it out, but be careful,” she said to me just as I reached for the brightly colored jewel between her cheeks.

I paused and immediately thought of a dozen different scenarios that could end in disgusting misadventure.

“Why do I need to be careful?”

“Don’t just yank it out. You need to ease it out.”

“Oh. Right. That makes sense.”

“The first time I used anal beads, I pulled them out a little fast.” She laughed ruefully. “Never again.”

“It didn’t seem to stop you from ass play,” I commented as I curled my fingers under the edge of the big fake gem. It was slippery, partly from her amrita, but I suspected that she had greased up the plug with something to get it in her ass in the first place.

She wiggled again and I lost my grip on the device. “No. It didn’t. I love being fucked in the ass. I’m just afraid to take something as big as your cock up inside me.”

“You offered…” It would be the first time I ever had anal sex. I was more excited than I wanted to admit.

“I know. That’s why I’ve had this plug in for hours! I’m good and horny and worked up and this is my biggest plug so I should be able to take you.”

“Your biggest plug?” I was dumbfounded.

“Yeah. I’ve got several of different sizes.”

“For all occasions?”

“Depends on what I’m looking for.” She looked over her shoulder at me. “What are you waiting for?”

I tried again. This time I knew what I was doing. Sort of. I got my fingers under the gem and started pulling.

Her anus puckered and started opening up but the stem from the gem pulled out the shiny silver vaguely lava-lamp shaped plug from within her.

It seemed like I was pulling forever. The diameter of the plug seemed to grow

and grow to some horror movie ridiculous size until finally it crowned at the largest size and her body suddenly seemed to expel the huge toy.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed. Maybe it wasn’t the best choice of words.

“Ooh,” she moaned. “I love it going in. And I love it when it’s in. And I love it coming out.”

I briefly inspected the toy. Its shine was slightly diminished by the lube that clung to it, but it appeared to be feces-free.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” asked Diane. “Are you going to stick it where the sun doesn’t shine or what?”

I didn’t want to admit I was nervous and I didn’t want to tell her I was worried about hurting her. The princess plug I had just extracted from her was large, but in comparison to my cock, it wasn’t that large.

“Lube?” I asked like a pro. Diane’s pussy didn’t need lube, but I’d been with plenty of women who had needed that extra bit of slipperiness. Not that I was going into Diane’s pussy again.

I was going to fuck her ass. Lube didn’t just seem like a good idea. It seemed entirely one hundred percent necessary.

With a groan of annoyance, Diane crawled across the bed, reached into an overly elaborate nightstand, and pulled out what seemed to be an industrial sized bottle of lube. She took a generous handful before handing it over to me.

I watched as she applied it to her ass. Knowing what was expected of me, I greased up my cock and we got back into position.

“Just take it easy on me,” she said as I lined myself up.

“Will do.”

“I love your monster cock,” she said as I pressed the head against her anus.

“That’s the sex hormones talking.”

“I hope so.”

“Scream if this hurts,” I said before pushing forward.

It wasn’t like entering a pussy at all. It was...strange.

I was glad that she was experienced in this sort of sex. I had no clue what I was doing.

“Keep going,” she encouraged me.

Getting and staying hard had never been a problem for me. That was good because in this situation I was more focused on not failing than I was in enjoying it or in pleasing Diane.

I wasn’t more than a quarter of the way in when Diane said, “Oh my fucking god…”

“Yes?” I smartly answered. It was nice that she considered me a god. A sex god.

“Don’t go any further. I’m completely full up.”

“I’m barely two inches in.” I wasn’t telling the full truth.

“Jimmy hasn’t been this deep before.”

“His cock isn’t that small,” I told her. “Just a little deeper.”

I wanted to be inside her. All the way inside. I didn’t want to hurt her, but she needed my cock in her. At least, that’s what I thought.

I pushed.

She screamed.

I stopped.

“Sorry.”

Diane said nothing, but I suddenly realized that her hand was extremely busy between her thighs. She was obviously playing with her clit and I didn’t fault her

for that. Hell, getting fucked in the ass and masturbating at the same time probably felt incredible to her.

“That was a pleasure scream,” she said.

“Okay,” I agreed.

I had already decided that anal sex, while interesting, wasn’t nearly as fun or satisfying as regular old penis in vagina.

I didn’t tell Diane that however. It was a good thing that I didn’t.

“How much of your cock do you have in me?”

I looked down closely at the intersection of our bodies. “Uh...half maybe. Four or five inches.”

“Okay, don’t put any more in me, but keep fucking me. It feels really good.”

I shrugged. “Can do.”

While it would have felt great to plunge all the way in and feel the entirety of her body against mine, I respected her wishes.

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

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