
A HAREM FANTASY EROTIC NOVEL
Ranulf's Harem
Book 3 - Amella
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


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3: Amella

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Contents

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Preview

About the Author

Book 3

Amella

Chapter 9

“You’re crushing me,” said Sparrow as Thome rested atop her body. The sex had been vigorous for both of them and they were still panting heavily.

“Sorry,” he apologized and rolled off her body.

“That was good,” she said. “Better than a woman’s mouth or fingers. Better than the fake cocks that Hild makes. I haven’t had a real cock in for as long as I can remember. ”

“Really?” he asked skeptically. “How long? A few months? A year?”

He meant his words to be teasing.

She took them deadly seriously.

“Ever since I arrived at the village…I suppose that would be five summers ago.”

Thome didn’t take her seriously. “And you haven’t been able to entice even one man in this village into your bed in five years?” He scoffed at her.

The glare she gave him through her slitted cat-like eyes caused a shiver to run down his spine.

“I could have,” she said boldly, “but there aren’t any men in this village.” She let that hang in the air between them for a long, uncomfortable moment. “Except you. For now.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, shaking his head.

“No men,” she said simply, examining the sharp claws on her left hand. “There are very few boys—children, toddlers—but this village is only for women.”

Thome had been trapped in Beka’s cabin for the time he had been in the village. It hadn’t been long, less than two weeks, but when he reflected on it, he realized that all the people he had met were women. Not an indication at all that there were men in the village.

No wonder they had been so eager to get in bed with him.

“Where are the men?”

“The village of Nonmondaine is just for women. Most of us were banished here by the Three Kingdom’s judges. Some have no other place to go. Mostly they leave us alone. Mostly.” She bared her teeth at him. “Sometimes knights of the Devoted Guardians come to arrest one of my sisters. You’re the first one that any of the women have fucked. Well, the first one that I know of.”

“That’s so wrong,” he breathed.

“And yet you are a member of the Devoted Guardians.”

“I was sent into the mountains for a mission that has nothing to do with Nonmondaine,” he insisted.

“So you say,” she purred. “If true, fine. If not…you were a good fuck. I thank you for that.”

“It is true!”

Sparrow shrugged her narrow shoulders. “So you say. Maybe you’re here to arrest another of my sisters. Maybe you’re just taking advantage of the weather and our needs to fuck me and the others.” She paused and thought for a moment. “What was your…mission?”

“I can’t tell you.”

She laughed at him. “Like there are any secrets in this village.”

A dread thought suddenly occurred to Thome. “I need to speak with Beka.”

Once more Sparrow scoffed at him. “You aren’t welcome at their meeting. Why do you think she sent you to me?”

Thome got out of the small bed and looked for his clothes.

“Are you sure I can’t keep you in my bed for just another minute?” she asked. “I want to spy on them. They’re keeping something from me.”

“Why would they do that?” He found his pants and started pulling them on.

Sparrow bounded out of bed and knelt in front of him, using her hand to prevent

him from pulling his pants up all the way. “Look at me. Why do you think they keep me from knowing things? I'm shunned more than I am accepted. At least we know why you are kept isolated.”

She parted her lips and showed her sharp cat teeth. Using her hand she batted playfully at his soft cock.

“Hey!” he protested, but his protests faded when she took him between her lips.

He knew he should leave, but Sparrow’s warm mouth kept him from moving. His cock slowly started to rise. The danger of her teeth next to his manhood gave him some trepidation, but that made her act all that much more exciting.

Her fellatio wasn’t that good, but the thrill of knowing how easily he could be wounded or maimed by her sharp teeth excited Thome in a way he couldn’t understand.

Thome let her suck on his cock as long as she liked. He was afraid to say or do anything that might upset her or the situation.

After five minutes of standing stock still and enjoying every inch of her lips, tongue, and throat, she withdrew him from her mouth. “Do you want to cum in my mouth or do you want to use my quim again?”

“I have a choice?

“Of course.”

“Beka has been stealing my seed.”

“I’m not surprised. She does things like that.”

“I feel like I’m going to get half the village pregnant.”

Sparrow laughed at him. “Highly doubtful.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because no one in this village gets pregnant unless she wants to.” Holding up a warning hand she added, “Beyond the shortage of men with cocks willing to use

them, Beka has a potion that dispenses with any unwanted pregnancy."

"That's…interesting."

"And I don't want a child."

"I suppose that's good to hear. What would it be like if you were to give birth to a cat-human hybrid?"

She shrugged as she stroked his cock. "Probably nothing. I'm just a cursed human, not a real tabaxi."

"Oh."

Without another word she jumped off the floor and onto the bed, getting down on all fours and offering her ass up to him again. She lifted up her tail and spread her legs. "Fuck me again."

Thome paused. He felt idiotic standing there with his cock erect and a woman waiting for him, but he had to know. "Do you change into a cat-girl every time you have an orgasm? Are you going to turn into a cat if I fuck you a second time?"

She turned around and sneered at him, her lips pulling back to reveal her many sharp teeth. "I don't have control over my curse," she informed him curtly. "That's why it's a curse. Sometimes I shift when I orgasm. I won't turn into a cat if I do. Would you prefer that I change back to my human form?"

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

"Fine! Then lay on the bed and I'll fuck you. I like riding cock and it's been too long."

He wanted to point out that he had just fucked her, but that seemed to be a poor choice. Instead he got on the bed, on his back and she threw her legs on either side of his body. Before she could lower herself down on his cock, his hands went to her tits.

They were soft and almost perfectly human except for the fine coat of fur that covered her skin. It was interesting and he enjoyed the unique sensation. His

fingers pinched her nipples making her run her quim along the length of his cock but not accepting it into her body.

“I hate that I need this,” she said softly.

“Hate that you need sex?”

She nodded. Her eyes sparkled in the lantern light. “I frig myself every day and twice at night and it’s not enough. I don't want to go back to Hild for another of her inventions, but it’s not enough.”

“You’ve got me right now,” he pointed out as he adjusted his hips, trying to get his hard cock back into her.

Her eyes lit up. “That’s right! I do!” Sparrow shifted her stance and, perched on her delicate feet, she lowered her quim down onto him.

They groaned in unison as their bodies joined. Thome felt the cat-woman’s tail twine around his leg, helping her balance as she rode up and down on him.

“This might be the last time I ever fuck a man,” she declared in the middle of the act.

He wanted to laugh at her but it seemed inappropriate.

“There will be other men,” he assured her.

“I think I prefer fucking women,” she told him.

He didn’t know what to say to that so he just grabbed her hips and thrusted up into her, not giving her a moment’s respite.

The cat-woman yowled as he made her climax one more time before he emptied his balls into her. Sparrow kept humping his cock until it went too soft and slipped from her body.

“You shouldn’t say such things during sex,” he admonished her. “It sets your mind in the wrong place.”

“Sex with women is better,” she declared, untangling her limbs from his and

moving off the bed. She moved easily about the small cabin. Thome's eyes didn't leave her body. She was unique and beautiful in her own right. He would have been happy to fuck her again, but it was occurring to him that he had more than his choice of women in the village.

Not that he would be staying much longer.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she said as she toyed with every object in the small space.

"It's a harsh life living here," he said.

From a box that apparently contained what little extra clothing she had, Sparrow brought out a shining silver rod. "This is the only comfort I've had in years," she said, displaying it to him.

Right away he recognized that it wasn't just a metal rod, but a highly polished piece of steel sculpted into an exact replica of a man's cock. It was carved with little details that made it a piece of art and not just a whore's tool used for the amusement of her client.

"There's nothing wrong with that," he said cautiously.

"It's not the same as a warm body," she told him as she leaned back against the tiny table next to the fireplace. Thome watched as she spread her legs and she ran the metal toy along her swollen labia. It was a teasing show for a minute until she plunged it into her quim where his cock had recently been.

Sparrow locked eyes with him. "Do you like watching?" she asked.

He nodded. It should have been impossible, but his cock was rising again.

"I like watching too. I like watching men fuck women. I like watching women fuck me. I like watching women fuck women. I've never seen men fuck men. Have you?"

"Yes," he admitted as he started to masturbate. His cock was fully erect again

Sparrow continued to masturbate with her metal dildo.

“I like getting myself off,” she gasped.

The two stared at each other as they masturbated together. It didn’t take Sparrow long at all to climax again. Her body shivered and shook as she peaked.

The thick metal cock slid from between her lips.

“Cum for me,” she begged, kneeling beside the bed where Thome laid as he jerked his cock. “I want to see you cum.”

It took a minute and the eruption was less than impressive, but he spurted a third time that night. The thick, white seed splattered on his muscular belly.

A second later she was licking it up with her raspy tongue.

Chapter 10

“Why all this?” Thome asked as they stayed warm together under a heavy blanket on her bed.

“I already told you. I was supposed to keep you distracted during Beka’s meeting.”

“And you did so even though you hate every other woman in the village?”

“I never said I hated them. Well, not all of them. And I do what I have to do so that we all can live here in peace.”

Thome was silent for a second.

“Did you tell me everything you saw when you tracked the drake? Is there more I should know?”

She had used everything at her disposal to avoid this, but seeing that she was stuck she decided to be honest.

“There was something else,” she said with some trepidation.

“And?” he prompted her.

“When I tracked it back to the hardscrabble…it’s impossible to say for sure, but I had the distinct impression that there were more drakes around.”

“More? It’s unusual to encounter one in the same area, let alone two.”

She shrugged her slim, furry shoulders. “I know what I smelled. And I was in my full cat form. I’m positive. It might have been the remains of the scent from the drake you killed earlier. It might have been another in addition to the one you killed with Hild. There was probably a third. Maybe more.”

Thome tried to keep his emotions under control, but he still sat up. “And you didn’t tell me this?”

“It seemed unlikely. I figured whatever magic-user was controlling the drakes… was long gone and any beyond the initial two had already scattered.”

That was more than enough for Thome to hear. “I need to tell this to Beka.” He

got out of Sparrow's small bed and began dressing. "Am I wrong to assume that Beka is the one who controls everything that goes on in this village?"

"Nonmondaine," she said, reminding him of the village's name. "And yes, you would be wrong. There is no one leader among us. Beka is one of the council that decides everything of importance."

"I'm going there now."

"Don't," Sparrow cautioned him. She jumped out of the bed and the room was briefly lit with a flash of light. Turning around Thome saw she had changed back to her human form. She was no less beautiful as a pure human than she was as a tabaxi.

"How are you going to stop me?" Thome questioned her as he pulled on his boots.

"I could fight you," she said, flexing her fingers. It would have been a more threatening gesture if she was still tabaxi and had claws. And if she wasn't naked. "But I won't."

"Wise woman."

"I'll go with you to the meeting," she quickly decided and started donning her clothes.

Thome said nothing. He had a good idea of where the villagers were meeting, but if he had Sparrow with him, she could lead the way. Unless she was that clever and brought him somewhere else. And if the meeting wasn't already over.

They finished dressing in silence. She donned her heavy cloak and he pulled the thick jacket worn by the men of the Devoted Guardians tight around his body as they stepped out into the chill air.

It had started snowing again. It was little more than flurries and wouldn't lead to much accumulation but it was just another annoyance of living in the mountains.

Sparrow led the way. He wished she wasn't wearing her cloak so he could admire her muscular buttocks through her tight pants, but that wasn't realistic in the cold weather.

She didn’t try to deceive him. Sparrow took him directly to one of the larger buildings in the village. From outside he figured it had to be a combination of a meetinghouse, a tavern of some sort, and maybe even a church dedicated to the Goddess that the women of the village seemed to worship. He thought about the tattoos he had seen on Beka and Amella and now Sparrow. He tried to remember if Hild had one as well.

Maybe he had stumbled into a religious cult and they were planning some fell fate for him, seeing as he didn’t worship the Goddess and he wasn’t female.

It was obvious that the building was the place to be. Every other building within sight was dim in the darkness of night. The large building was brightly lit from within.

Sparrow hesitated at the door. Just as Thome was about to say something to her, she grimaced at him and pushed the heavy door open. It wasn’t barred or locked.

Inside was warm and bright and the air was heavy with the scent of many bodies pressed into too small a space. Thome couldn’t quickly count them all but there were easily over fifty people in the room.

Fifty women.

There were also some babies and children. Thome didn’t bother to try to identify them. He had been in many hot and enclosed places with groups of men. The scent that filled this room was distinctly feminine.

At first he couldn’t hear the conversation going on. Several women were on a raised platform against one of the walls with the rest in attendance watching them like a traditional audience. There was no initial reaction as he and Sparrow walked in except from the few women at the back who shot them annoyed looks from the blast of cold air.

“How is this any different from any of the other threats we’ve had to endure?” a woman called from the audience.

On the make-shift stage stood Beka and Amella. With them were two other women that Thome didn’t recognize. One was undoubtedly human while the other was a halfling who made herself visible to the audience by standing on a barrel. At the front of the crowd, as Thome and Sparrow pushed forward, he

spied Hild and her assistant Jan. All of the other women were strangers to him. Off to the side was a much older woman, also human, in a rocking chair. Next to her stood a young maiden wrapped in a cloak despite the warmth of the bodies around her.

“Because there is something different about this one,” said Beka in a clear voice over the grumbling of the crowd. “He has defended us—”

“Helped defend us!” cried Hild.

“Helped defend us,” Beka corrected herself. “But he seems to have no agenda. He hasn’t arrested a single one of us. In fact, as I’m sure most of you have heard by now, he has bedded…” Her voice trailed off when she spied Thome. Her eyes immediately flicked to Sparrow next to him. The crowd stepped away to allow the two interlopers entrance.

“Go ahead and finish what you were saying,” Thome said magnanimously. “I’m just here to watch and listen.”

She glared at him for a long uncomfortable moment. He felt himself withering under her glare, but he refused to be intimidated.

“By now,” she resumed, “I’m sure you have heard that he has bedded several of us. Myself. Amella. Hild.”

“He was a good fuck,” the half-orc called out. The air was briefly filled with a tittering of giggles.

“And now Sparrow,” finished Beka.

“You’re making me sound like a whore,” Thome said boldly. He felt the bodies around him even if they weren’t pressing up against or threatening him. He knew the feeling of being the center of unwanted attention. He didn’t let that intimidate him either.

“We make no judgments here when the Goddess is being honored,” said Amella.

“Maybe I should mention that you’ve been stealing my seed since I arrived here,” said Thome.

The crowd giggled a second time.

“They already know that,” said Beka. “They know I need a man’s seed for many of my potions. As followers of the Goddess we share a good cock when She deigns to supply us with one.”

“You could have as many men as you wanted,” Thome said boldly.

“Except we have been banished by the Three Kingdoms,” said the unknown human next to Beka. “We have to endure inspections from the Devoted Brothers, but I suppose that is better than having to suffer the attentions of the Orc Empire.”

The halfling spoke next. “Are you going to lie to your brothers when you return to Telemere? Are you going to tell them that you fucked your way through the village of Nonmondaine?”

The crowd was deadly silent.

“I have no intention of returning to Telemere anytime soon,” he said.

For a few seconds no one said anything. Beka shifted her gaze from Thome to Sparrow.

“You were supposed to keep him busy all night.”

Sparrow bowed her head. “I’m sorry. I did my best but he is a man who is driven by urges that come not just from his cock and balls.”

Once again the crowd tittered.

“Don’t blame her,” said Thome. “She was an excellent lay. But she’s right. I have other motivations besides fucking every willing slut in Nonmondaine.”

His words angered the crowd but no one moved against him. Their murmuring was ugly, however.

Beka held up a hand and the group quieted.

“We’ve been trying to come to an agreement over what to do with you, Thome.

Half the village wants to send you on a suicide mission to hunt the drakes that threaten us."

"And how would you get me to do that?" he scoffed.

"There's plenty of quim here to tempt and motivate any man."

The crowd murmured its assent. That surprised Thome, but he told himself that nothing should surprise him any longer.

"And what does the other half think?"

"They think we should fuck ya to death," called Hild from the floor.

The half of the village that thought this was a good idea burst into laughter.

Thome waited a minute for the laughter to settle down.

"You'll find I won't go so easily to my grave," he promised them.

Beka gave him a reassuring smile. "It's an expression. There are women here who want their turn with you and once they are all done, we'll just send you on your way."

"No doubt with a potion from you to help cloud my mind," he said knowingly.

"You'll leave only with happy memories."

Thome stepped forward to the edge of the stage. He was forced to look up slightly at Beka and the others. He wasn't an overly tall man and the stage only gave a slight advantage to Beka but he didn't like looking up at the women.

"And what if I don't go along with this plan? And what about the drakes?"

Before Beka or any other woman could answer he voiced the question they had all been avoiding.

"And why don't you just find some men to help populate and protect this village?"

"We can do it on our own!" Hild cried. She didn't use the loud bellow that many

orcs and half-orcs were capable of, but her voice rang in everyone's ears.

"We can," agreed Amella. "And we've been banished. And we prefer to live just with women."

"And we live this way to protect those who need protecting."

This reply came from the old woman on the rocking chair. Thome turned his head to look at her.

The crowd quieted.

"Mother, no," Beka said firmly.

"You are Beka's mother?" asked Thome, stepping toward the old woman. Though her face was lined, her hair was gray, and she was no longer able to stand easily on her own, she held herself in a manner that spoke of a noble background.

"No," she said softly. "But I wish I had the honor."

"Mother is a term of respect," said Beka.

"And who else is in need of protecting?" Thome said, approaching the old woman and going down on one knee in front of her. She took his hands in hers but his eyes looked to the young maiden in the cloak who now tried to shrink back into the crowd.

"We all need protection," said Mother.

"Some more than others?" he suggested.

Her hands were soft and dry in his that were rough and calloused. He could feel the warmth of her body and the power that still lay within.

Mother turned her head and looked at the shrinking violet next to her. "Yes. Some more than others."

Thome could tell that that maiden didn't want his attention. Or anyone's attention.

She was slightly built and very short. The cloak she wore with the hood over her head obscured her features.

“Lushanna, stand forth,” said Mother.

The words from Mother gave the maiden courage. She pulled back the hood and stepped forward.

Her features were fine. She had brilliant blonde hair and sparkling green eyes. Thome doubted she stood much over four feet tall. Her skin was unblemished and unnaturally pale. None of that was the focus of Thome’s attention. He saw her almond-shaped eyes and her pointed ears.

“An elf?” he gasped.

The elves had long ago withdrawn from the Three Kingdoms. The bulk of their population had crossed the Eastern Ocean before Thome was born. There were always stories of hidden elf outposts within the Three Kingdoms, but it was exceedingly rare to see a full-blooded elf within the Kingdoms. Half-elves were much more common for a variety of reasons: their long lives, the rumored randiness of the elf race and as a consequence the children they left behind with human lovers, the rejection of half-elves by their full-blooded brothers and sisters.

“Yes, an elf,” said Lushanna. After stepping forward and lowering her hood, the cloak she wore parted.

The dress she wore wasn’t revealing. If anything, it was exceedingly modest. But it couldn’t hide that she was pregnant. The bulge of her stomach told the truth that she was at the end of her pregnancy.

What Thome couldn’t fathom was why a pregnant elf maiden was here in the village of Nonmondaine.

Of course he had no idea if she was a maiden at all. A long-lived human could reach eighty years if they were exceedingly lucky. An elf could live five hundred years easily. As far as Thome knew, elves reached maturity at half a century and looked eternally youthful.

“What is she doing here?” Thome blurted out.

“Being protected by us,” said Mother.

Chapter 11

Thome stood there in the middle of the meetinghouse, staring at Lushanna's bulging stomach. It made sense they were protecting her here in the village of Nonmondaine. It would have made more sense to smuggle her to some secret elf outpost or across the Eastern Ocean to the lands of the Elven Alliance, but he wasn't here to make such judgments.

Thome was only here to recover his strength before heading over the mountains, but the villagers didn't know that. He wasn't going to tell them that.

"Fine then," he said after realizing they were waiting for him to speak, to see his reaction. "Protect her. If you want, I'll lead a hunting party to get rid of any other drakes in the area, but then I have my own mission to complete."

"We need something else from you," said Mother.

"Of course you do," he muttered. "What is it?"

"We need your seed," said Beka, causing Thome to turn around to face her once again.

"You've already gotten plenty of that from me," he said in a bemused tone. "You. And Hild. And Amella. And Sparrow." He turned and faced each of the four women in turn. Hild and Amella met his gaze. Only Sparrow shrank away.

"You misunderstand, Thome," Beka said clearly. "When I say we need your seed, I mean that Lushanna needs your seed."

Thome was no fool. "I suppose what you've taken from me already isn't good enough."

"No. We need your seed to induce her labor."

He shook his head in resignation. "I don't think I can." He looked at Lushanna one more time. She was so fine and delicate that just the thought of having sex with her made his cock wither. While he knew she was an elf and by every measure she was a fully grown adult, her features told him she was too young and innocent. It was wrong on every level, even if she wanted to have sex with him.

“You have no choice,” said Mother. She signaled to the woman next to her who steadied the rocking chair, allowing her to rise. “Lushanna is at the end of her three years of pregnancy. If she doesn’t give birth soon, she’ll die. Along with the child.” Mother pointed a bony finger at Thome. “It is your duty to save her life.” She paused. “That is, if you uphold the oath of the Devoted Guardians.”

Thome thought that maybe he detected the hint of a smile on her lips for just an instant, but then it faded away into a stern glare.

Instead of answering Mother, Thome addressed Beka. “Can’t you just make a potion for her? I’ll supply all the seed you need.” He gave her a confident and winning smile.

“What do you think I’ve been doing with your seed since you arrived here? It’s not working. We have to do this.”

“We?” he shot back at her. “Sounds like you’re putting all the work onto me.”

Somehow Hild had moved behind him without Thome realizing it. Next to her was an equally imposing woman who was human and had the traditional facial scars of the northern tribes. She was at least as tall as Thome.

“Just do it, my comrade,” said Hild in a friendly tone. “You’ve done it with many of us already.”

“I’d hardly call four many,” he shot back and wondered why he was fighting not to have sex.

Beka approached him with a drink in hand. “Drink this. It will change your mind.”

“Drugging me now?” he asked. “Do you really think I’m that stupid?”

“No,” said Amella who was next to Beka. “But you certainly have to breathe, don’t you?”

She raised her hand to her mouth and gently exhaled.

The dust she had been concealing flew into Thome’s face. He briefly tried to hold his breath but the dust irritated his nose and a second later he was coughing,

inhaling the dust.

“You’ve poisoned me!” he managed to choke out.

“No I haven’t,” Amella said calmly.

Thome breathed heavily for a moment. He realized he wasn’t dying. It wasn’t even hard to breathe. And then he realized he didn’t have complete control over his body.

Or at least his cock.

It started to rise even though he wasn’t aroused in the slightest.

At least he thought he wasn’t aroused.

“Take off your dress, Lushanna,” Beka said quietly.

The women of the village were gathered around Thome and the knot of Beka, Amella, and the others, but they were completely silent.

For just a second Lushanna hesitated, but then she pulled the laces to the front of her dress and opened up the neck so that it could slide down her slim body.

Although he felt that he should look away, Thome couldn’t. Under her dress the elf was naked. He drank in her body with his eyes.

He already knew she was slim, but her body seemed to be impossibly slender which made the bulge of her pregnant belly all the more shocking. Her skin was pale, like her face, and flawless. The beauty of elves was never exaggerated. Her breasts were small and pert, sticking forward above her belly, and capped with small pink nipples standing erect.

Because of her stance and belly he couldn’t see her quim, though he desperately wanted to.

Beka’s hand went between his legs and felt his hard cock. “Just take off your pants and fuck her,” the healer encouraged him. “You know you want to. Everyone here wants you to.”

Thome couldn’t think straight. He could only stare at the naked elf in front of him.

“Hild?” asked Beka.

“On it.”

Thome felt Hild’s strong fingers pulling at his clothes. He could have resisted her, but he didn’t.

“How can I do it with her?” he said aloud. His mind was confused and fuzzy. Hild pulled off his shirt and a moment later his pants were down around his knees.

“Drink this,” said Beka, shoving a small silver flask into Lushanna’s hand. The elf hesitated but followed the healer’s order.

She winced as the liquid went down her throat but when she was done her eyes went wide and the pupils dilated. “It’s been so long since I’ve been with a man,” she said.

“Get down on all fours,” Amella advised. “We’re here for you.”

“O Goddess,” grunted Hilda as she stepped away from Thome. “Amella, I think some of yer fuck dust got into my face.”

The sorceress winced. “Yes. I was afraid that might be the case. It couldn’t be helped.” She backed up a few steps and clapped her hands together. “Everyone! Clear some space. If you have a regular partner, you might want to find her. If you don’t…well, you might want to go outside and cool down. Literally.” She giggled. “Oh my. There must have been some blow back on me.”

Her face was flushed and she spied Hild’s assistant, Jan, at the edge of the crowd. The magic was impossible to resist. She went to her lover and greeted her with a passionate kiss.

Meanwhile, Lushanna, already down on her hands and knees with her belly nearly to the floor, looked over her shoulder to see Thome now willingly getting on his knees behind her.

Like everything else about Lushanna, her buttocks were lean and slender. Her hips barely flared out. He couldn't imagine how painful it would be for her to give birth, but that wasn't his problem, now or ever. He had his large cock in hand as he reached between her legs to feel her quim.

Much to his surprise he found it not just sopping wet, but perfectly smooth as well. He couldn't detect one hair between her legs. That only pressed on the back of his mind telling him that she wasn't ready for him, but at this point he didn't care.

His middle finger penetrated her easily. She was no virgin. The compulsion of the magic that Amella had used on him was too much. He pressed the head of his cock against Lushanna's pursed lips. They were pink and perfect with her tiny slit parted just enough to glisten on the inside.

He was positive there was no way her small quim was going to accommodate his cock.

He pushed forward anyway, spearing her on his manhood.

Lushanna cried out loudly. It was half pain and half delight.

Not surprisingly, Thome had never fucked an elf before. He had only ever hired a couple of half-elf whores and of course he had fucked Amella just days earlier, but it was much the same as fucking any other women.

Although her quim was definitely tighter than any other he had ever been inside. Thome didn't especially like that. He liked the quims he fucked to be wet and hot and loose enough for easy penetration and fucking. Lushanna had the first two, but she was incredibly tight.

Their coupling was uncomfortable to them both…and yet Thome kept going. He couldn't stop himself.

Lushanna, for all her loud vocalizations and screams, didn't call out for him to stop. She could have crawled away—at least Thome figured she could—or done something, but she didn't. If anything, she started rocking back and forth, meeting each of his thrusts with her body.

Thome could feel the lust rising in his body. It wouldn't take terribly long for

him to climax.

He took a beat to adjust his position on his knees and more firmly grab Lushanna's hips. When he did so he glanced up and around him, and in doing so he was treated to a vision he never would have imagined.

The women in the room were in all manner of undress. Some were completely naked, but most had only one or two small articles of clothing on. The meeting had degenerated into an orgy. Thome found he couldn't focus on any one small scene. The women were kissing, sucking on each other tits, fondling their own quims and their partners', sucking and licking each other's quims, fingering themselves and those next to them. One group of three were in a little daisy chain: the first human woman was on her back with her legs splayed and a stout dwarf woman was licking her quim. The dwarf was on all fours while the third —judging by her red skin and vestigial horns she had a demon ancestor a few generations back—licked enthusiastically between the dwarfs buttocks.

Hild was with the large human woman that had stood behind Thome. Both were holding large silver rods that Thome quickly understood were metal dildos. He wondered where Hild had developed the skill to make such devices. The two were leaning against a wall in a passionate clinch, each working the dildo they held back and forth in the other's quim. They were the loudest of the large group.

Shaking his head, Thome went back to fucking Lushanna. As much as she was crying out from having his large cock in her quim, she was also fingering her clit.

She was now balanced on her knees and one hand, while the other hand frigged her little clit. Thome figured it had to be little because everything else on her was small.

"Do you want this?" he grunted at her, holding her hips in place while he thrusted hard. His strokes were so fast and vigorous that her amrita was starting to froth on his cock.

"Fuck! Yes! Fuck! Yes!" she chanted in her soft voice.

Thome spread his large hands across Lushanna's ass. His grip was large enough that he could press a thumb against her tightly puckered sphincter.

Lushanna gasped when he did so.

“No!” she cried out but Thome ignored her.

No one in the room heard her protest. The women were far too distracted by their orgy.

He only forced his thumb in up to the first knuckle. Lushanna’s body accommodated it.

Thome pulled back in her quim far enough so that he could feel the head of his cock pressing against his thumb buried in her ass. After just a few more short strokes he came hard, flooding her quim.

There was a momentary pause in Lushanna’s vocalizations and then she screamed out her pleasure upon feeling Thome’s seed flood her full womb. He could feel her quim convulsing on his cock.

Her entire body shook as well, letting him know of the extent of her climax. He found that he was unable to disengage from her quim. When he tried to pull out of her he discovered that her quim was so tight it was impossible for him to move. He was still hard so he tried not to panic.

As he came down from the orgasm, Thome became more aware of the women around him. They weren’t the least bit distracted by Lushanna’s loud orgasm. In fact, if anyone in the room had heard them, they studiously ignored what the only man and the full-blooded elf had been up to which Thome found strange because he thought Lushanna was supposed to be the center of attention.

“More,” the elf suddenly begged him.

“What?”

“More,” she repeated. “Fuck me again.”

“I can’t,” he choked out. “I just came.”

“More!” she demanded.

Only then did Thome realize that his erection hadn’t abated at all.

He couldn’t remember a time before when he hadn’t almost immediately lost his erection after fucking a woman. After pausing for a moment he realized that his lust hadn’t abated at all.

There was only one thing to do.

He started thrusting into Lushanna again. She groaned when he penetrated her deeply. She seemed to have fully adjusted her body to accommodate his large cock. He wondered at the size of elves’ cocks. Judging by the overall smaller size of elves, male and female, and the tightness of Lushanna’s quim, they had to be smaller.

But what then of the fairly common presence of half-elves in the Three Kingdoms? Certainly they couldn’t all be from male elves and their small cocks fucking human women. Could they? Logic dictated that there had to be female elves out there who either craved larger cocks in general and larger human cocks specifically. Thome didn’t want to think about the half-elves that were born through less moral sexual activity.

All of that rushed through his brain in an instant. He was still had and his lust was still up. The only thing to do was to keep fucking the small elf.

Fucking his partner from behind wasn’t Thome’s preferred position, but he wasn’t going to argue and he could see the logic in how it had to be this way.

As he fucked Lushanna he wondered how often this sort of thing happened in Nonmondaine. Not specifically him fucking a pregnant elf, but out of control orgies in the village’s meetinghouse. He knew he was being controlled and there couldn’t be a good ending to this, but for the moment he had to go with what was happening.

Lushanna was down on all fours again. She couldn’t support her weight with only three points of contact while she kept a busy hand on her clit. That was fine with them both. If anything, her quim was hotter and wetter than before. He was certain that his cock was as hard as it had ever been.

His heart thundered in his chest as he continued to fuck her.

Sweat covered his naked body as if he were in the middle of a battle for his life.

It became hard to hold onto the elf's slim hips. The only thing to do was to dig his fingers into her soft flesh and pray he wouldn't slip free.

That would be impossible.

When he came a second time it was painful. He remembered the first time he had ever had sex with a woman. It was painful like that because he didn't know exactly what to expect. The whore that his comrades in his order had hired for him was willing to teach him everything he needed to know.

He was still scared when it happened.

But he knew he wanted it to happen again.

Lushanna had never stopped mewling and moaning her pleasure. Before his second orgasm he was certain her body had shaken several times as if she were having a seizure. Her pleasure was assured, though Thome never gave much thought to the needs of his partner.

This time he didn't stop. He pushed as much of his thick white seed into her as possible, pushing himself right to the brink of exhaustion, before taking several deep breaths. Only then did he resume fucking Lushanna.

The elf didn't need to beg for his cock this time.

The crowd around them kept going as well. Thome wondered if they had been dosed by Amella's magic or maybe something Beka had given them. It didn't matter. He only had to listen to his base desires and use his body and cock for the only purposes that mattered.

He fucked Lushanna hard and gloried in her screams of passion.

When he managed to make himself cum a third time he was spent. Nothing could keep him going. Not Lushanna's well-used quim. Not Amella's magic. Not even an elixir from Beka. Even his cock gave out and started to shrink, letting him slip free of the swampy mire that was Lushanna's sex.

Thome briefly held himself upright by keeping one hand on Lushanna's hip for a moment, but then the world turned gray and then completely dark.

Chapter 12

Thome woke up on the cold stone floor. He had slept in some places that were worse, but none came to mind in the moment. With a groan he rolled to his side and rubbed at his eyes.

“What the fuck happened?”

As he came to, he realized he had a pounding headache, his mouth was dry, his muscles were cramped, and he was starving.

Looking around the room he saw that it was empty.

Except for Beka who was sitting at a small table reading a book.

Thome felt like he had just lost a fight to a demon. Beka looked perfectly put together and was casually eating crackers and cheese from a platter on the table.

“I see you’re finally awake,” she commented, putting her book down.

Thome groaned as he sat up. There was a blanket covering him, which he was grateful for.

“Am I alive?”

“Yes. Something to eat? Water? Wine?”

“I think I’d rather die,” he said. He was still naked but saw his clothes carefully folded and placed in a pile on a chair next to him. His boots were underneath the chair. “What happened?”

“You fucked Lushanna just like we wanted and then you passed out. Don’t feel bad, it often happens to those first exposed to Amella’s aphrodisiac. You performed admirably.”

“Great. Thanks.” Using the chair next to him, he slowly got to his feet and immediately sat down before he fell down. Taking his time, Thome slowly dressed. “Is this all part of some grand plan you have?” he asked.

“Grand plan?”

“Am I supposed to fuck every woman in the village?”

Beka looked at him a moment before bursting into laughter. “Don’t be ridiculous. Of course not. Half the women wouldn’t want you. They only have sex with other women.”

“I guess that doesn’t apply to you and Amella,” he said sourly as he laced up his boots and then unsteadily got to his feet.

He was confident enough to cross the empty meetinghouse and immediately sit in the chair opposite Beka. She didn’t comment as he grabbed a handful of cheese and shoved it in his mouth, chewing loudly before swallowing.

As if she had been expecting it, Beka poured wine from a skin hanging on the wall next to her. Once the wooden cup was full and Thome had swallowed his cheese, he grabbed the cup and sucked down the wine.

“Feeling better?” she asked.

“Slightly.” He now started on the crackers. The cheese had barely touched his hunger.

“It’s a common side effect of the spell. I’ve asked Amella to modify it, but she hasn’t had any success.”

“So you’ve done this with other men?” he asked. “Seduced them, stolen their seed, made them fuck half the village, and then what…kill them? Charm away their memories? Send them on a quest they never complete?”

After a long, even glare, Beka said, “None of that. We’ve had male visitors in the past but we would never do what you’ve just described.”

“Uh-huh,” he said doubtfully as he noticed slices of apple on the cutting board with the cheese. He grabbed these up and started munching on them. His hunger slowly abated. “Is she still pregnant?”

“Lushanna hasn’t gone into labor yet if that’s what you are asking. The process can take a while.”

“How long?”

“A day or two.”

“And if she doesn’t go into labor?”

Beka gave him a knowing smile. “Then we’ll need your services again.” Her eyes glinted with excitement. “How was sex with her?”

“You should know. You were there watching, weren’t you?”

“I was…otherwise occupied. But I have had sex with Lushanna before. She’s a passionate lover.”

Thome looked at her in disbelief but managed to keep control of himself. “You’ve had sex with her? While she was pregnant?”

“Of course. We’ll do anything to successfully bring a woman’s pregnancy to term, especially an elf.”

Thome didn’t say anything. He had been the beneficiary of sex with too many women in the village and he didn’t want to mess that up now.

“I need to get the hell out of this village,” he complained as he took the wine skin off its hook and emptied its remaining contents into his cup.

“Soon enough,” promised Beka.

“I can leave anytime I want,” he growled at her. “My wounds are healed and you have no control over me.”

“True enough. I only have the lure of quim and glory.”

“I’ve had my fill of quim lately,” he complained.

“I’ve met many a young man who would love to be in your position, so to speak.”

“I used to be that young boy. I am no longer. If the weather is clear tomorrow, I’m leaving.”

“We still need your help, Thome,” Beka said quietly as he drank from his cup.

“You aren’t getting it.”

She ignored him. “Sparrow told me everything. I believe I know where the threat to our village is hiding. We need your help to remove the threat. After that, we are happy to let you go.”

“You can’t stop me,” he repeated.

“I’m sure we can keep you here longer if we want.”

“Don’t threaten me,” he warned.

“We’re just asking a brother of the Order of the Devoted Guardians to help protect this village from a dangerous outside threat. Isn’t protecting helpless villagers part of your oath to the Order and the Three Kingdoms?”

He glared at her. She evenly met his gaze, daring him to look away. He rose to the challenge.

“I am no brother in the Devoted Guardians,” he told her flatly.

“Left the Order have you, Sir Thome Innocente?” she asked innocently.

“Stop playing games with me.”

“Whatever do you mean?”

“I’ve never been a member of the Order of the Devoted Guardians,” he all but spat in her face.

“Really?”

“Oh don’t be stupid,” he raged.

“But you came here, wounded in destroyed armor, telling a tale of a fallen brother and—”

“I stole the armor off a dead man! We fought a drake. He died. I lived. I’m a thief and a deceiver.”

“Who are you, really?” she asked, no longer playing coy.

“I am Ranulf Hurston, warrior of the Order of the Black Pyre,” he shouted as he

started to rise from the chair. Suddenly he remembered himself and sat back down.

Beka was not cowed by his display.

“At least I was,” he amended. “I left my order and I certainly didn’t join the Devoted Guardians.”

“Well, I had you pegged as a Black Pyre brother, but I had no idea you had abandoned them. Why?”

“Does it matter?” he asked, almost sheepishly. “Let’s just say I had a difference of opinion with the leadership. I started to see them as no different from the Devoted Guardians.”

“A Devoted Guardian would have killed me right after fucking me,” said Beka.

“Like I said, I am a member of neither order.”

“I knew right away you weren’t a Devoted Guardian.”

“Of course you did.”

“And I thank you for everything you’ve done for the village.”

He raised his cup to her. “You’re welcome.”

“And I ask that you do us one last favor before fleeing.”

“I’m not fleeing. I’m leaving the Three Kingdoms.”

“Fine. Leaving. I give you a chance at glory in killing a mad wizard.”

“No.”

She stood up and lifted the skirts to her dress, revealing her quim. “Not even for __”

He cut her off. “I’ve seen it before and I’ve had it before. There’s nothing you can do or say to convince me to stay.”

Chapter 13

Ranulf looked at the motley group he was nominally leading. He reminded himself they still knew him as Thome, but it was possible they were just following that polite fiction out of respect to him and Beka.

They all faced him and the biggest figure among them was Hild who was lightly tossing her heavy war hammer back and forth between her hands. Amella stood next to Hild, holding hands with Jan, Hild's assistant. She was quiet and reserved in her heavy gray woolen cloak. The halfling who had been on the stage with Beka stood on the other side of Hild. Her rotund appearance and her stature of just over three feet made Thome more comfortable around her than Lushanna. Sparrow stood off to the side; an outsider even when she was invited.

"I know the rest of you. What's your name?" he asked brusquely, pointing at the halfling.

"Lidda Greenbottle. You don't have to be so…abrupt."

He could tell she wanted to say rude, but she was too polite.

Seeing Amella holding hands with Jan and knowing some of the history they shared, Thome asked his next rude question. "Do I need to know which ones of you have fucked each other or are you going to make a big deal out of it?"

"What difference does that make?" Hild asked, glancing at Jan.

"I've fought alongside men who had fallen in love with each other. They tend to make stupid decisions in battle to protect their lover."

"She's not coming with us," Amella said, indicating Jan.

"I'll take that to mean you all know how to handle yourselves in a fight and are willing to make whatever sacrifices are best for the…for the village." Thome focused his attention on Sparrow. "How long a march is this going to be?"

"I can get there in a day…as a cat. It'll take us at least two."

"I can fix that," said Beka who had suddenly appeared just behind Thome.

"How?"

She unslung a water skin from her shoulder and produced five small wooden cups. Thome was starting to desire drinking from anything other than a wooden cup. Beka handed the cups to those who would be traveling and started pouring out the contents.

Thome was certain he smelled alcohol. “I hardly think getting drunk this early in the morning will help our journey.”

“It’s not alcohol,” said Beka. The group all looked doubtfully at the healer who dabbled in alchemy as well.

“Smells like orc liquor that’s gone bad,” complained Hild.

“It’s perfectly fine to drink,” Beka assured them.

“You first.”

“What does it do?” Thome asked, cutting to the heart of the matter.

Not wanting to waste any more time, Beka took the cup from Hild and sipped from it.

“See?” she asked, perfectly fine. “Watch.”

Beka then ran with alarming alacrity to the far side of village commons and back in the blink of an eye.

Even Thome was impressed.

“Haste,” she said. “The effects should last all day and not leave you exhausted when it wears off.”

With a shrug, Hild downed the entire contents of her cup. The rest of the group followed suit with Thome going last.

He gagged slightly as the vile liquid went down his throat. It was worse than anything he had ever tasted before in his life. He tried not to think about when he and his comrades had been forced to eat half-rotten rations in order to survive during one campaign.

Taking two cautious steps, Thome suddenly found himself halfway across the commons.

“This might work.”

Sparrow led the way. Thome had been worried about Lidda being able to keep up. The potion that Beka had supplied proved more than sufficient in allowing her to keep up with the group.

Because they were so focused on where they were going, they were unable to talk amongst themselves. Thome found that to be a good thing. It meant that he didn’t have to answer any uncomfortable questions and didn’t have to deal with the women interacting either. Though the potion made them more than twice as fast as normal, they needed to fully concentrate on where they were going so as not to trip over rocks or accidentally slam into a tree.

Sparrow stayed in her human form, not reverting to either cat or tabaxi. She led the way unerringly. They had started in the morning but none of them felt a need to stop for a midday meal. The tracker brought them up into the mountains and into the hardscrabble where, even with the potion, they all found it hard going.

It should have been impossible for the tracker to find her target, but using her near-mystical skill, they stopped at the rough opening to a cave an hour before the sun set.

“This is the place,” she announced, coming to a skidding stop.

“We should go in right now,” said Hild, swinging her hammer back and forth. “We’ll have an incredible advantage with Beka’s potion.

“No,” said Amella. “We should rest and enter in the morning. We need to rest.”

The group looked to Thome for his opinion.

None of them had military experience. Only Hild knew how to fight hand-to-hand in real combat. Between Amella, Lidda, and Sparrow, not one had any adventuring experience. Amella claimed to be an accomplished sorceress, but it was one thing to cast a spell in a calm environment, it was another to do it in a fight. Lidda was a complete unknown. Thome had some hope for Sparrow, but he feared she might be unreliable and unpredictable.

After a moment's reflection Thome realized he wasn't exhausted, just as Beka promised. "It's a terrible idea to camp outside an enemy's home, especially since we know so little about what's inside. Beka's potion worked. We enter now."

There was no grumbling. Apparently his authority and experience was good enough for the group.

He was grateful for that.

"Smell or sense anything?" Thome asked Sparrow as they took off their packs and readied themselves for the infiltration.

She rolled her shoulders. "Just a vague whiff of drake. And there is a presence, mostly human, I think."

"Probably the wizard's," Thome said thoughtfully.

"Probably." She didn't sound convinced.

Thome was uncertain as well, but he wasn't going to let anyone know that.

"Weapons and essentials only," he told the group.

To their credit none of them looked nervous. He didn't comment on it.

"Single file. Follow me. Stay quiet. We don't know what we're getting into."

"Ain't we supposed ta be killin' whatever monstrous wizard is inside this cave?" Hild asked.

"Yes, but…we don't have a plan. We scout and spy for now, but stay together. Hild, bring up the rear."

A sneer curled on her half-orc lips. The expression was enhanced by her lower incisors jutting out. "I'd rather lead. Smash the fucker first."

Thome just shook his head and adjusted his armor, admiring the excellent job she had done in fixing it. "Information first. Protect the others from obvious attacks. Don't let anyone sneak up on us."

Either his leadership was better than he thought or Hild saw his logic or maybe

she was obeying orders just to obey him and move the event along.

Hild nodded and grunted assent.

The cave itself wasn't natural. Or maybe it had been natural decades ago, but the floor was unnaturally flat. The walls were mostly natural. It wend and wound its way back into the mountain. They were forced to use a magical light provided by vials Lidda handed out. The light was discrete and Thome saw the advantage of it over torchlight.

The going wasn't difficult but Thome worried about making it out of the mountain even though there were no branches to the tunnel. He had a foreboding feeling and didn't like the weight of the mountain pressing down on him.

Sparrow, right behind Thome, made a soft hissing noise and grabbed his shoulder. She hissed in his ear, "Tunnel opens wide up ahead."

Despite the situation, he found a smile tugging on his lips. "I bet it does."

"Aren't you the one who's supposed to take this seriously?"

He nodded and prepared himself. "Wait here. I'm scouting ahead."

The women crouched down against one wall and looked to him. Hild glanced back down the tunnel and pressed her back to Amella.

Sparrow's ears and other senses had been spot on. He moved forward twenty feet in the dim light offered by Lidda's vial half tucked into his belt. At that point the tunnel took a sharp right turn and opened up into a huge natural cavern.

He almost tossed aside the light vial in frustration. Sufficient unnatural light filled the cavern. He couldn't see fine details, but crystals of some sort illuminated the space so nothing else was necessary.

Carefully scanning the cavern from the entrance, he saw nothing of interest or dangerous. He only saw natural rock formations.

"Wild goose chase," he muttered to himself. "Only no goose at the end for a feast."

Backing up he went to the women and informed them of the situation. They carefully advanced and moved just inside the cavern.

It was his plan to search the cavern with their assistance, but Lidda stopped them. “It’s fake,” she announced firmly.

“Looks real ta me,” said Hild tapping her hammer against the wall.

Thome winced at the noise.

“It’s an illusion.”

“How can you tell?” asked Thome right as the room exploded in brilliant light.

To Be Continued

Preview

BULL 4: Overcome

Diane told me to text you to thank you for a great night. She's a wonderful wife and I'm lucky to have her around to remind me to do thank you notes.

She's also a fantastic hotwife, but you already know that.

I hope we can do it again sometime. Sometime soon.

I looked at the very long text message from Jimmy and I didn't know what to think.

First off, he wrote it like he was writing a formal message on parchment using a fountain pen instead of a text message on a cell phone.

Second, it was just plain weird getting a thank you message from someone thanking me for fucking his wife.

Third, I wasn't too certain on how I felt about Jimmy sucking my cock. True, it happened alongside of Diane while I was having sex with her, but still.

Fourth, I sort of liked it.

It wasn't that I needed to scrub the images of Jimmy sucking my cock out of my mind, but I needed to do something.

The obvious choice was to assert my masculinity and find a willing woman to fuck me like a plain vanilla couple that had been married too long, but not so long that they were looking to spice things up.

I called Tasha, the horse girl.

“What kind of animal in this day and age actually makes a personal phone call?” she asked upon answering my call.

“What kind of person actually answers that call?” I threw back at her.

Since we were two of few full-time (more or less) employees of the McCarthy estate, we had each other’s numbers. It also made hooking up a lot easier, which was something we did far too often than was good for either of us.

“Why are you bothering me?” she asked.

“I’ve got some free time,” I said. “Want to grab something to eat and then come back to our place of employment and fuck in the middle of the living room?”

There wasn’t any reason to spend time pretending I wanted to do anything other than fuck Tasha. She knew the score. We didn’t have a relationship. We had sex.

“Horny, are you?” she asked.

“Always. Are you looking to hop on some big cock?”

“Maybe.”

“I can’t work with maybe.”

“I’m a little tied up right now.”

Immediately an image of Tasha bound to a bed while her lover pounded her pussy or ate her twat flashed into my head. I didn’t know who her lover might be. I didn’t know how she could answer a phone call if she was tied up, but those little details didn’t matter to me.

“This afternoon?” I suggested. “This evening?”

“Christ! You must be horny. Isn’t your slutty side piece giving you any?”

“She’s a hotwife, not my sidepiece,” I immediately corrected Tasha. “And she’s giving me plenty.” My voice came out much more resentful than I intended.

“Okay. Geez. I forgot the lingo. You’re the bull. I bet that makes you feel good to hear. Hung like an animal and all that.”

“Are you done being insulting?” I asked her, regretting that I had made the call in the first place.

“Ummm...I’ve had bigger than you,” she teased.

“I bet you have.”

“How about around five?”

“What?”

“I’m busy most of the day, but I’ll drop by at five and we can fuck.”

“No dinner first?” I asked.

“I don’t need romance. You certainly don’t need to cook me a meal. We’re never going to be in a relationship so you can keep your chef skills to yourself.”

“Five it is then,” I agreed. “I’ll bring the extra large condoms.”

“Don’t you want to shoot your load all over my face?”

Actually, I didn’t, but I didn’t tell her that.

Then I had to call Diane, because it was just rude to ignore her husband’s message and yet I couldn’t compel myself to reply to him directly.

I just got a thank you message from Jimmy

It was weird

It took her a few minutes to reply.

Weird or bad?

I thought about that for a minute.

I’ve just never received a thank you note from someone for fucking their wife

before

He's very polite

And I told him to do it

Ah. I see.

...said the blind man.

Anyway, he wants to do it again soon

He said as much to me

So when do you want to do it again?

He's really into being humiliated by your big cock.

Isn't that true of all cuckolds?

Her answer was revealing.

I suppose

But he's a doctor and he's supposed to be in charge all the time in his practice and the operating room

Being a cuckold gives him the chance to not have to be in control all the time

I almost felt sorry for him.

Almost.

The thing about working for the McCarthys is that I was supposed to periodically walk through the house and make sure everything was in place. There was a maid service that came in twice a week to clean. All they ever did was dust.

Tasha and I were going to make them earn their money this week because I had her bent over the expensive leather couch fucking her as hard as I could.

She was screaming with every thrust.

I liked that. She had declined a nice meal beforehand so we went right to the living room, made out for a minute before I stripped off her clothes (horse riding gear, of course) and went down on her.

From there it went quickly to normal sex between a man and a woman copulating in the middle of a living room bent over a couch.

She wasn't going to make me use a condom, but I thought better of it. I figured she didn't want to get pregnant, but there was no way of being sure. Plus, she was as big a slut as I was. Who knew what diseases we were carrying?

I held onto her ass cheeks. The little brown pucker of her asshole beckoned to me. Gripping her ass, I ran my thumb over her back entrance.

"You want to fuck my ass?" she offered.

I considered it. Maybe I hadn't given anal enough of a chance with Diane.

"No thanks."

"You sure?" She wiggled her butt at me. "It's been a while since I've done that. Might be fun to change it up."

I stopped moving with my cock all the way inside her. "I just wanted a nice, normal fuck today," I complained to her and pulled out.

"Don't get all pissy," she snapped at me. "I was just giving you an option. What's your problem?"

"Nothing," I replied sulkily.

"Then fuck me and make me cum. If you can, you can shoot your load all over my ass."

I didn't want to do that. Still, I fucked her, made her cum with the active

application of a finger to her clit, and then I came in her, my cum being contained by the condom.

We slid to the seating surface of the couch and held each other for a minute. We could argue, but we still liked the afterburn of sex.

“That wasn’t great,” she told me.

“What?”

“I’ve had better sex,” she said sitting up and looking around for her clothes.

“Gee...thanks.”

She shrugged. That motion did wonderful things for her tits. I stared blatantly.

“It’s the truth.”

I sighed. “Sorry. I’m off my game.”

“What’s bothering you?” she asked and as I was about to speak she held up a hand of caution. “Just remember, I only hook up with you for the sex. I’m not a therapist.”

I nodded. “Fine.” Then I launched into my tale of woe. “I fucked Diane again. This time with her husband. The sex was good. Great even.”

“So what’s the problem?”

“He sucked my cock while she watched.”

Tasha just stared at me. “And?” she prompted.

“And that’s it. It was more than a little weird to have a man suck my cock.”

She smiled. “You liked it,” she accused me.

I didn’t try to deny it, but I gave an explanation. “He was good at it. Very good.”

“So Diane’s husband is gay, no, wait, he’s bi.”

“I guess.”

She snickered. “You’re worried about getting the bi label. Trust me, it’s not a bad thing to be. Everyone seems like they’re a potential date.”

“I’m not bi!” I protested a little too loudly.

“Say it louder. The gardener didn’t hear you.”

“I’m not,” I said in a more normal tone of voice.

“Says the man who had his dick sucked by his lover’s husband.”

“Stop it!” Now I was pissed. She had been slowly dressing while we talked. I jumped up and yanked on my clothes as quickly as possible.

“I’m just teasing.”

“Well...I’m not sure I should have fucked Diane. Or had my dick sucked by Jimmy.”

She shrugged. “You’re the only one who cares.”

“She wants to do it again,” I told Tasha.

“Hot damn. Go for it! Crazy upper-middle class sex with a couple trying to spice things up is the best!”

“How would you know?”

She snickered. “Trust me. Or have you forgotten that I fucked Diane as well?”

“You’re useless for good advice.”

“Ask me about good horse grooming practices then.”

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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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