
A HAREM FANTASY EROTIC NOVEL
Ranulf's Harem
Book 4 - Sparrow
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


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Ranulf’s Harem 4: Sparrow

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter 14

Thome was glad he wasn't dead. Or wounded. The light was literally blinding. All he could see was whiteness. He held his hand in front of his face and there was nothing.

"Sound off!" he commanded the women he was supposed to be leading. They'd have to do this by hearing alone for the moment.

"Here!" cried Hild, her rough, deep voice echoing in the cavern.

"I'm…I can't see," said Amella. There was panic in her voice.

"Same," called Sparrow. "But I smell something that's…wrong."

"It's an illusion," Lidda repeated.

"Looks pretty fucking real to me," Thome snapped. "Or not. I can't see a fucking thing."

"The eyes are the weakest part of the body," said a disembodied voice. It wasn't any of the women, Thome could tell that right away.

The voice was…wrong. It wasn't human or any other race he had ever encountered. It was neither male nor female and it had an odd reverberation that made him want to fall to his knees and vomit.

"Why do you violate our home?" the voice demanded.

The group was silent. Thome figured that the wizard they were facing could see or sense them and hiding was likely a waste of time, but since he couldn't see, there was no need for secrecy. He had to say something.

"We come looking for the drake master," he called out, moving his head back and forth, trying to judge from the echo where the wizard might be hiding. For all he knew, the wizard might have been on another plane of existence and anything they attempted here was a wasted effort. They were going to die.

"And who are you?" the wizard demanded. Just listening to the voice made Thome dizzy.

“Don’t say your name!” hissed Amella. “That’s how you’ll be controlled!”

Thome wasn’t sure why she was keeping her voice low. Undoubtedly the wizard knew where they were and could hear everything.

“Thome,” he called out. “Thome Innocente of the Order of the Devoted Guardians!”

Amella groaned in annoyance. He sensed a similar reaction from the other women.

The disembodied voice laughed at him. “Thome. You don’t look young and foolish, and yet you are.” There was a pause and suddenly the voice completely filled the cavern. “Thome Innocente I doom you to a never-ending existence in the pits of Balvenroag!”

Thome felt an unnatural tugging on his body and clothes. It was compelling him to go elsewhere through most foul means, but then the spell simply sputtered out, having not affected him in any way.

“You are a liar, Thome Innocente,” said the wizard.

“You know my name, now give me yours!” he said boldly.

“Lefelda Dalthius, if you must know.”

“Can you do anything by knowing his name?” Thome said softly to Amella.

“I am no man!” the wizard bellowed.

“Can you do anything by knowing her name?” Thome repeated this time in a normal tone of voice to Amella.

“My magic doesn’t work that way,” she replied.

“Nor am I a woman!”

Thome was nonplussed by that revelation.

A second later his eyesight started to rapidly improve. The bright white blur slowly faded to a gray and almost normal vision was restored. Thome looked

around at the women, all of whom had wisely crouched down into protective stances. They were scattered around in a small area but seemed fine. They were blinking and rubbing their eyes, trying to prepare for what was to come next.

Before Thome could ask anything else of Amella or any of the women, Lefelda Dalthius appeared.

He?

She?

They?

The wizard slowly descended from the cavern's ceiling. Thome blinked as his eyes took in the unusual sight. The wizard wasn't one person, but two. They appeared to be human, except they were floating down through the air, their bodies were perfectly hairless, and their skin faintly glowed with a mystical blue light. It wasn't enough to brighten the cavern, but it made them more than obvious.

It took Thome a few seconds to realize that the wizard, or wizards, weren't just hairless, but naked as well. That gave him pause because even in his armor, underclothing, and heavy cloak, he was cold. The two bodies of the wizard Lefelda Dalthius held onto each other by circling an arm around the opposite's waist, as if they were lovers walking together. Except they were floating.

The male half of the duo was leanly muscular and had, in Thome's opinion, a small, soft cock. The female half had smaller than average breasts and a quim of slightly pouting lips. Their facial features were nearly mirror images, his vaguely feminine and hers vaguely masculine. Together they were the very definition of androgyny.

"Looks like you're both," Thome commented as the wizard settled in front of him. They floated a foot off the ground. Keeping his hand on the pommel of his sword, Thome rose to meet the two eye to eye. Almost.

They looked down on him ever so slightly.

"Why do you violate my home?" the wizards demanded a second time.

Thome was glad they weren't straight out murdering him. He saw no reason to hide the truth. It was obvious to even a blind man.

"We've come here to kill the monster that has been sending drakes into the village of Nonmondaine."

Behind him the women hissed in annoyance. They were certain he was going to get them killed.

"We have sent drakes out on missions," said Lefelda Dalthius. "Our drakes are our livelihood."

Seeing an opportunity to negotiate rather than fight, Thome said, "Then we ask you to keep better control over those drakes. The last one that went rampaging through nearly killed two children."

The wizards looked impassively at Thome. "That is no concern of ours. Our drakes are for hire. Gold speaks loudly here."

Thome glanced at the women. "Can the village muster up some gold?"

Amella spoke up. "Some, but not a lot."

"Three hundred pieces of gold," said Lefelda Dalthius.

"We can't get that much," Amella said immediately.

"Then we cannot assure your village of safety," said the wizards. "However, none of our clients have requested any drakes attack your village."

"So they're just runnin' wild?" protested Hild.

The two bodies shrugged in unison. "Drakes sometimes break free of their controls."

"What can we do to receive an assurance that Nonmondaine won't be accidentally attacked?" asked Thome.

"If you have no gold, there is very little that would interest us," Lefelda Dalthius said.

Undeterred, Thome said, “What would interest you?”

The two halves of Lefelda Dalthius looked at each other as if communicating silently. The world wavered a bit and Thome realized the last of the illusion that Lefelda Dalthius had been generating was wiped away.

He had thought they were in a semi-natural cavern inside the mountain. Maybe it had been at one point, but now it was a rather comfortable, even sumptuous home. The overall style was akin to a large manor home or even a lord’s castle. In the large common space Thome spied a fireplace with a glowing fire, a huge table that could seat a score of bodies, comfortable couches and chairs, a large space set aside for bookcases, and even a desk and experimentation table. They were on the edge of the open space that seemed more akin to a dance floor than anything else.

“What do you have to offer us?” asked Lefelda Dalthius.

Thome looked at the women. “Not much. We could scrape together some coin, but nothing that would match your fees.” He adjusted his sword at his hip. “I suppose I could try to kill you, but I’ve never fought a wizard, or wizards, before. We have little beyond that of material wealth.”

“None of that appeals to us. You may leave our presence unless you are willing to offer services in exchange for your request.”

“I never fancied myself a mercenary,” Thome said. “But maybe the women?” He looked back at the group. Hild shrugged her shoulders. Amella looked away. Sparrow remained impassive as always, but Lidda spoke up.

“We do have other services we can offer besides being hired swords,” said the halfling.

“What are they?” asked a disinterested Lefelda Dalthius.

“Magic. Tracking. Illusion. Alchemy. Black smithing.”

“All of those I have and more, and for easy coin.” The wizards’ bodies started to glow menacingly.

Thome, feeling a bit desperate said, “Besides fighting, I can offer up my cock.

The women of Nonmondaine have taken a great liking to it recently." He expected the wizards to be insulted at his suggestion. They were not.

The wizards' glow diminished slightly while their impassive faces focused on Thome.

"Prostitutes are difficult to come by this far from the cities," they said. "Male prostitutes are even more difficult."

"Ah, I wasn't really being serious," Thome said, wondering what he had gotten himself into. "I'm not a prostitute."

But Lefelda Dalthius was ignoring him and now focused their blank faces on each of the women in turn.

"You each have unique appearances," said the wizards. "It has been a long time since we indulged in carnal pleasures."

"You've got ta be fuckin' kidding me," muttered Hild.

"I've seen the women you've fucked," said Sparrow. "You aren't that choosy."

"I'm not really into threesomes…or at least threesomes that involve a man," Thome said but realized he was talking himself out of an easy solution that would protect the village.

Lefelda Dalthius did something that Thome did not expect. The two figures that made up the wizards' bodies slowly drifted away from each other. Once they no longer touched, the blueish light that emanated from their skin diminished drastically and instead of being nearly blank featureless slates akin to a statue in the process of being carved, they developed into fairly normal looking humans. Except they were completely hairless, not just on their bodies, but both of their heads were completely bald including eyebrows. It was eerie and unusual.

They both still glowed with a faint blue light but the natural light in the hidden manor home was more than enough to illuminate everything. They were also both still naked, but neither seemed upset or worried about their nude vulnerability.

The woman was much more attractive than Thome would have guessed. Her

male companion was equally handsome.

“We are joined but not all the time,” they said in unison. “We will accept carnal pleasures in exchange for limited protection of Nonmondaine.”

Their voices were much less disturbing and the dizziness that Thome had been experiencing faded away.

“I don’t think we’re going to get a better offer,” said Thome as he looked at Amella. “What do you think?”

When he turned his head, he was shocked to see that Hild had laid down her war hammer and was in the process of removing her leather armor, placing it on the cloak at her feet. Her large bare breasts were already on display.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” he protested making the rest of the group look at Hild.

She shrugged. “I’m horny.”

“This isn’t a good idea,” said Sparrow.

Before they could get into a complicated argument, Amella brought up her hands and focused the mystical energies that she could tap into. Light glittered around them and Amella staggered back as the spell ended.

“What the fuck was that?” asked Thome.

“As far as I can tell, they aren’t lying to us,” Amella said. “No spell is perfect proof, but they aren’t trying to deceive us.”

“What about killing us?” Sparrow asked sulkily.

Lidda shrugged. “Life is a risk.”

Thome started to turn back to the wizards, but as he did the female half of the pair was right next to him.

She pressed her naked body against his. He imagined he could feel her naked tits pressing against his chest, but he was protected by the metal breastplate he was

wearing.

“When we are not joined, I am called Lefelda,” she said before she kissed him. Her voice was much lighter when it wasn’t mirrored by the male half of the pair. The wizardess was still floating above the ground so her face was perfectly level with Thome’s. He was surprised enough not to react at first, accepting the kiss as her hands pawed at his armor.

“I am called Dalthius,” said her partner as he floated over to Hild who had succeeded in removing all of her armor and was down to just her leather shorts.

“Nice cock, sweetie,” she told him as his arms went around her body and they kissed.

The three remaining women looked on in confusion.

“What the fuck do we do?” asked Sparrow.

“I guess just watch and make sure they don’t kill Hild or Thome,” said Amella nervously.

Lefelda broke her kiss with Thome. “Or you could join us,” she suggested and, still floating, tugged Thome toward the far side of the large room where a huge bed had suddenly appeared.

He gave it a moment’s thought and realized she was not charming him with a spell or trying to mind control him. His cock was hard because she was an unusually attractive woman and she wanted him and there was no reason not to fuck her. He didn’t care what the other women were doing.

The wizardess knew something about armor because she helped Thome remove it quickly and easily. Maybe she used magic to help strip it off, but he didn’t care if she did. This was a much better way to solve a conflict than using his sword to remove heads from bodies.

As they got on the bed, Thome realized Lefelda was still floating, even as he kissed her and pressed her down to the bed. She was hovering a good handspan above the unnaturally firm mattress. “Does this levitation spell never end?” he asked as he slid a hand along her naked back, emphasizing the space between her and the mattress.

“Never,” she said as her hand moved down his body to his cock. She smiled at his hardness. “It makes sex…interesting and challenging.”

Thome was feeling up to the challenge. Her fingers firmly pulled on his manhood and she bobbled around a bit. He grabbed her upper arms to steady her and encouraged the woman to move down his body. “How long has it been since you have had sex?” he asked. He knew that practitioners of the more obscure magics often lost themselves to their power, forgetting their own selves in a quest for magical power.

“Too long,” she moaned.

“How long since you’ve sucked a man’s cock?”

“Too long,” she repeated. “But I haven’t forgotten how.”

With her body still levitating she lowered her mouth down onto the head of his cock. Her mouth was warm and wet. When she engulfed his manhood there was a vague tingling sensation that he had never experienced before with any of his lovers. Thome couldn’t tell if it was some special talent of hers or if he was just that eager to fuck her.

He was in a kneeling position as she fellated him. Lefelda kept one hand on his thigh, the other on his cock. He held her shoulder so she wouldn’t drift away. After closing his eyes for a minute he sensed a presence close by and he opened them to see Sparrow closely observing him with the wizardess.

That didn’t stop him, of course. It took Thome a moment to realize that Sparrow had removed most of her clothing and had her hand down between her legs, masturbating as she watched them.

He had no way of knowing how long it had been since Lefelda had had sex with another person. While it certainly wasn’t the worst blowjob he had ever received, either Lefelda wasn’t very good at it or was completely out of practice.

In an effort to make things better, he moved his hands to her head in order to guide and control her. He was startled to realize that she was completely bald. Her head wasn’t just shaved; there was no hair at all that he could detect. The magic-user was smart enough to realize he was using his hands to guide her and slowly her fellatio became better.

Meanwhile, Hild had wiggled out of her leather shorts, showing off her naked muscular body. Dalthius still floated a few inches above the ground but she had one arm circled around his body and the other was tugging at his erect and hairless cock. Hild was a woman always in search of new sexual experiences. She had fucked all the women in the village that had caught her eye and had happily fucked Thome as well without a second thought. But she had never fucked a wizard before and was eager to try.

The problem was that Amella and Lidda were also both interested in the wizard. They pressed in close to the pair, trying to share kisses and caresses. Amella's magical perception was strong enough for her to realize that they were undoubtedly being influenced by some outside magical force controlled by Lefelda Dalthius but it wasn't a true threat. Not yet, at least.

While Dalthius loved the attention being showered on him by the women, he found it a little overwhelming as well, especially since Amella and Hild were both pulling on his cock while Lidda tried to get her lips around the organ since she was on eye-level with it.

He pulled back from them. "Ladies, I am not a god of fertility or the bedroom."

"I don't care," said Hild, pushing the others aside and grabbing his erect cock again. "I want this first."

He smiled at her. The expression was perplexing because of his lack of hair and otherworldly appearance along with his glowing eyes. "I have a better solution." Pushing back against her once again, his eyes glowed brighter and there was a flash.

When the trio of women looked back at the wizard there were now three of them floating just inches above the ground. They were exact duplicates of each other and Hild couldn't tell one from the other. Experimentally she poked all three, in order from left to right, in the chest. They were all solid and real enough. Still, she knew better than to just trust her eyes and hands.

Turning to Amella, she asked, "Are they real or do I just think they're real?"

Amella grinned and went up to the wizard closest to her. "Does it matter?" she asked before kissing him and going down on her knees to take the wizard's erect cock into her mouth. She savored his pulsing hardness and was eager to draw an

orgasm out of him.

“Don’t question gifts,” Lidda said to the half-orc as she walked up to one of the remaining wizards and took him into her broad mouth as well. Being a halfling she didn’t need to go down on her knees.

Glancing left and right, Hild made a quick decision. While she wasn’t above sucking cock, she wanted something more. Besides, her quim was all but humming in anticipation and Dalthius was hard and ready to go. One final time she reached out and took Dalthius by the cock. “I’ve never ridden a wizard before.”

He didn’t object but it did take a bit of effort to put the wizard on his back. Even in a horizontal position he floated a few inches above the ground. That didn’t matter to Hild. She threw her leg over his body and knelt over his curved and erect cock. If anything, Hild enjoyed having the wizard slightly higher than the ground. She lowered her quim down on him, letting his impressive fleshy rod part her lips and fill her up.

“You fit me perfectly,” she told him as she started grinding her hips back and forth. Dalthius had to grab the ground to help hold himself in place which prevented him from groping her tits which he so desperately wanted to do.

“Glad I could arrange that,” he said as they acclimated themselves to the unusual method needed so Dalthius could have sex.

Hild liked leaning forward and holding onto Dalthius’s shoulders to nearly pin him in place. As they rutted together she started to think this was the best way to resolve the little problem with the drakes.

Thome had pulled Lefelda’s mouth off his cock. As much as he was enjoying the blowjob he didn’t want to finish in her mouth, not if she was willing to go further. Seeing the bit of difficulty that Hild was having with her lover, Thome pushed Lefelda over onto her hands and knees. She still didn’t touch the ground but he was able to hold her hips as he slipped his cock into her quim.

Once he began ramming her from behind, the problem with the position became apparent. While he could fuck her from that position, her body tended to float away. He had to keep his hands on her hips to keep her in place. That wasn’t so bad, but it limited his options.

He started to understand why Lefelda Dalthius hadn’t had sex in so long. It was a literal struggle.

Sparrow had either become too excited by watching those around her have sex or perhaps masturbation wasn’t enough for her in the moment. She moved in front of Lefelda as she pulled down her pants all the way, giving full access to her quim.

“Do you just like to get fucked by men or do you like girls as well?” she asked the wizardess as she sat down on her firm bottom and spread her legs wide, giving Lefelda a full view of her sex.

The bald woman didn’t say a word. She just reached out to the cat-girl to pull her closer. The effect of the levitation spell was that she dragged herself forward and into Sparrow’s crotch, face first. Thome had to struggle to move forward. His cock momentarily slipped free. Once Lefelda was eagerly eating the other woman’s quim he was able to pin her in place and start fucking her again. Everyone was happy.

He knew he should have given further thought to the wizards’ sexuality but in the moment it didn’t matter. All he wanted to do was cum in Lefelda’s quim. Maybe it would have been fun to see her make Sparrow climax as well. He didn’t have any designs beyond those simple desires.

The only thing was that Thome found it almost impossible to cum. He kept fucking the wizardess and she responded beautifully to his cock and his thrusts. Judging by her periodic pauses in eating out Sparrow to let out little mewling sounds of pleasure, he was making her climax, but he couldn’t quite get there himself. He made eye contact with Sparrow several times and while she seemed on the edge of ecstasy, she couldn’t climax either.

Looking over at Hild and the others he was only mildly surprised that there were now three Dalthiuses copulating with Hild, Amella, and Lidda. It was almost too much for Thome to take in. He instead focused on Lefelda. That was easier and it didn’t hurt his head.

But he still couldn’t cum. He desperately needed to cum and knew that this would never stop until he was able to climax.

Suddenly he was struck with a memory of a fairy tale told by his grandmother,

that an enchantress would visit a king's palace every time there was a ball held and she could dance with a handsome young prince. They would dance and dance all through the night until the sun rose and the prince would fall dead of exhaustion.

Thome didn't want to fall dead from exhaustion of sex.

He looked down at the curvy presentation that was Lefelda's ass. He was still holding tight to her hips. To help him focus on cumming, he looked down at the intersection of his cock and her quim. Watching his flesh go in and out of her hairless body was arousing and exciting, but it wasn't enough.

Then he saw the tight pink, but tinted slightly blue, rosebud of her asshole. Normally that wasn't something for him, but he was desperate and he was willing to do whatever it took.

Without warning Thome pulled out of her quim, rubbed the length of his cock in the crevice of her buttocks, and then shoved his hard flesh against her tightly puckered back entrance.

Lefelda gasped and resisted for a moment. He pushed harder and she tried to protest, not letting him in, but Thome was determined.

He was sufficiently lubricated to force his way inside her and she cried out as he violated her.

She didn't, however, tell him no. Her face was still between Sparrow's thighs. Her quim and slit were sopping wet from amrita and Lefelda's saliva. The wizardess did the only thing she could and forced her forefinger up Sparrow's asshole as well

The hunter groaned in pleasure as she rubbed her own clit. It was too much.

Thome pumped Lefelda's ass for several strokes and that was enough. He erupted inside of her but fell back as she climaxed as well. His cock slipped free of the tight ring of muscle and sprayed cum on her ass and back.

Sparrow came a moment later, overcome by too much stimulation. All three collapsed into a quivering heap.

Glancing over at the other group he saw things were reaching a fever pitch. Hild was still riding her version of Dalthius while another one had Amella pinned up against a wall and was bouncing into and against her with his cock, not getting enough traction with his levitation to make it truly violent. The last one had picked up Lidda and was holding the halfling on his hips, using her as a masturbatory device as they floated around the room. It was erotically decadent.

Somehow it seemed that the three versions of Dalthius had sensed Lefelda's orgasm. They all groaned in unison as they erupted into orgasm. Their three female lovers responded in kind. It was impossible to tell if one event led to the next but it certainly seemed like they were linked. All six shook and cried out with orgasm.

Dalthius couldn't maintain the spell he was holding as he climaxed and the other two versions winked out of existence. Amella slid down the wall, her legs wide open, leaking Dalthius's cum from her quim. Lidda, unfortunately, took a hard fall to the ground, landing heavily on her round bottom, the impact only slightly cushioned by her well-padded ass and the thick rug on that corner of the room.

Hild screamed as she came and ground her quim and hips down on Dalthius, almost breaking the levitation spell before collapsing on top of the wizard. They panted heavily together for a minute.

"I've never cum so hard in my life," Hild declared.

"I've never fucked a half-orc in my life," he replied. "Thank you. I can only climax from new sexual experiences and partners. Thank you."

"My pleasure," said Hild in a gesture of unusual graciousness. "I wanna ride your face. You up for that?"

The wizard laughed politely. "I don't think I want that. I believe our contract is now complete."

Thome struggled off the bed and got to his feet. He felt vulnerable while naked in the wizard's lair, but everyone else was naked as well. The magic-users might have some small advantage, but his sword was close at hand.

"You'll take care of the drakes then?" he asked forthrightly.

It was a bold move on Thome’s part.

Perhaps it was too bold.

Chapter 15

They marched back to Nonmondaine in silence. At least, they marched that way for the first hour, then they were too exhausted, it being well into the evening. They made camp, sniping at each other the entire time. The shelters they had brought with them were barely adequate, but Sparrow had found them a semi-sheltered spot where there was a rock overhang giving them some cover.

It took him a bit of time, but Thome eventually realized that though everyone was upset with each other, the women were directing their anger at him. They gave each other short, rude replies to simple questions, but they glared at him and refused to even speak to him.

When it came time to crawl into their shelters, Lidda and Hild were quick to share a tent due to their size difference. Amella was gracious enough to invite Sparrow into her tent. Thome was forced to sleep alone.

He didn't really blame them.

As he was trying to fall asleep, which should have been easy considering how tired he was, he could hear the women having sex.

He was certain they were doing it just to annoy him. After all, the group just had an orgy with Lefelda Dalthius and should have been more than satisfied. Listening to the moans and pants and other assorted sounds of sex, he knew he should have been aroused, but he wasn't. Even when he stuffed his hand down his pants, he found that his cock wouldn't work.

"Fucking hells and cursed devils," he muttered to himself.

He wished they were in the middle of a raging snowstorm so he couldn't hear anything. Eventually the women climaxed and became quiet. Only then was he able to fall asleep.

It would have been prudent to set a watch during the night, but they were isolated in the mountains. The only real predators were the drakes that were controlled by Lefelda Dalthius who had promised to rein them in. Even knowing that, Thome was an experienced campaigner and he should have set a watch,

even if the women had resisted and argued.

He was only mildly surprised to find three black wolves facing his tent when he crawled out of it in the morning.

“Shit.”

The wolves exchanged glances. Thome was only wearing the underpadding to his armor. His sword was within reach so he knew he could defend himself, but he had doubts about his survival if he had to fight. The women were in their tents still and he could call to them for help, but the wolves would be fast and vicious.

He wasn’t going down without a fight.

It was easy to reach back and curl his fingers around the handle to his sword.

We mean you no harm, said one of the wolves.

Thome couldn’t tell which one spoke to him. Somehow he knew one of them had talked, even if none of their mouths had moved.

“I’m going fucking mad or fucking Lefelda warped my mind,” he muttered to himself. “I hear wolves talking in my head.”

Just one wolf, and I don’t believe you’re going mad.

Thome looked at the wolf in the middle of the trio.

“Maybe I’m not going mad, but am I talking to a god or some other celestial being?”

Thome didn’t know what wolf laughter was, but he was certain he heard it in his head.

We wanted to thank you for taking care of the drakes. The two wolves to the sides were looking away from Thome, keeping alert for actual threats. It was the one in the middle that was the leader, the speaker.

Unless, of course, Thome was going crazy.

“Uh…you’re welcome? How did you know that?”

The middle wolf kept his eyes focused on Thome. Nothing is a secret in these mountains, at least not to me.

“Are you the god of wolves?”

Again there was silent laughter in his ears. No. Well, not exactly. Please let go of your sword. I swear that neither I nor my companions will harm you or your… lovers? The wolf got a strange look on his face. I smell your scent on them…but you do not sleep with them. What kind of pack leader are you?

Thome didn’t like how the wolf was denigrating his leadership and his cocksmanship. He didn’t protest because there was little point to it. “It’s complicated. I…upset them. Why are you here anyway?”

The wolf god stuck out his tongue, panting either in amusement or because he was excited at Thome’s prospect of having four different mates. I understand the complications of having multiple mates. I am here to give you a warning.

“A warning?”

The drakes are gone, but humans march toward your village. The women in your village need protection.

“Shit,” he cursed again.

Yes. Shit indeed. I have delivered my message. Return home fast.

The wolves then stood as one and raced away. There was a light dusting of snow on the ground but even so, the trio left no mark of passing.

It should not have been possible, but Thome, despite his reservations about the message and the reality that he might be losing his mind, quickly set into action.

“Ladies! Wake up! We need to return to Nonmondaine as quickly as possible!”

There were groans and complaints as he opened the tent flaps. The women cried out about him letting in the cold but he wasn’t relenting.

“The village! It’s under threat! We need to move NOW!”

Maybe his leadership was better than the wolf-god had estimated but something in his voice motivated the small group. In short order the tents were collapsed and they were marching toward Nonmondaine.

“I wish we had some more of Beka’s potion to get us there quicker,” he muttered to himself.

Amella overheard him.

“I don’t have her potion, but I can cast a spell that will get us there quicker, but we’ll be exhausted when we arrive.”

Thome brightened. “Ah, excellent. So you’re talking to me again.”

“I’m talking to you because we need to get back to the village and save it—” She cut herself off. “I have no idea why I think that the village is threatened. Why do I think that?”

Lying was the easiest course of action. “I have no idea. I woke up with that unsettling feeling as well.”

Her eyes narrowed at him. “Anyway. We need to get home as quickly as possible. I’m talking to you only about that.”

“How can you possibly be mad at me for what happened back there with Lefelda Dalthius?” he asked in protest.

“We could have been their lovers for all eternity!”

He stopped walking, forcing her to stop as well. “Do you really believe that? You wanted to be a wizard’s thrall for the rest of your life?”

“Not thrall,” she said though the words felt like ashes on her tongue. “Lover. Lovers. I’ve never been so happy.”

“That was a spell,” said Thome. “Surely you can see that.”

The rest of the party had stopped walking as well. They were further up the trail

and looked back at the arguing pair.

Amella glared at him with pure hatred. He could see she knew he was right but she was loath to the point of death in wanting to admit it. “It would have been so much better!”

“For who? You? What about the village? The wizard was just going to use you up and leave you as a husk of yourself.”

Thome had no way of proving that was true, but it felt true and that was good enough for him in the argument.

In response, Amella reached out with her hand and slapped him across the face. He saw it coming and could have blocked or dodged it, but instead he allowed her hand to strike him. The pain wasn’t that great. He had felt worse.

“Feeling better about yourself? Why don’t you cast that spell and get us home so we can protect the village?” he asked angrily.

“They don’t need us,” Hild said boldly. “They can take care of themselves. Don’t give in to him, Amella!”

Thome could see she was struggling to make a decision. Lidda and Sparrow looked undecided. It was uncertain if they wanted to take any action at all.

Thome gave it another two heartbeats. “Fine. We march. No. You walk. I’ll run double-time back to the village. You’d better hope your friends aren’t dead when you get there.”

Pushing her aside, Thome started running along the trail, cutting through the little group blocking the way.

Running long distance was never easy, especially with a full pack, but Thome knew how to make it work. He left the women behind in short order.

He had been traveling for an hour when they finally caught up to him. Thome was completely taken unawares when they raced up behind him. He wanted to think that his heavy breathing disguised their footsteps and not that he was exhausted from racing as fast as he could.

Hild was the first one to reach him. Thome was trotting steadily along while she easily kept pace.

“You didn’t get very far,” she commented.

“You…try…running…without…magic,” he puffed.

Hild showed him some mercy and slowed down. A minute later Amella and the others caught up to them.

“You should have waited,” said Amella as she easily matched his pace. She didn’t look the least bit tired. “I used a spell.”

Unable to keep up, Thome stopped running, saw a fallen log, and sat down on it, breathing heavily. “You couldn’t have made that decision sooner?”

“I’m still angry at you. You fucked up everything!”

“I took care of the drake problem. I dealt with the wizard. I’m going back to Nonmondaine to make sure it stays safe. What more do you want?”

“They promised us happiness!” cried Sparrow.

Thome blinked at her. “Lefelda Dalthius didn’t promise that to me!”

The four women exchanged glances. “They didn’t?” Lidda finally asked.

“No.”

“Must be because you’re a man,” Amella decided.

“Yeah. Sure. That must be it. My entire life has been like that.” He was complaining only to complain, but it felt true.

“It’s probably for the best,” said Hild. “You’re probably right. They were just goin’ to…I dunno, eat up our souls or suck out our life essence or somethin’.”

“Great,” he said and looked at Amella. “Are you going to give me a shot of what you gave them, or do I have to run the whole way back to the village on my own?”

Amella gave him a haughty look. “I can, but you’ll arrive just as exhausted as us.”

“I’d rather get there with you,” he said.

She relented and took her hand in his.

He hated the tingling feeling of magic that flowed into him. There was no way to know where Amella was getting this power and he didn’t want to know.

A moment later he was energized and ready to run again.

“No matter what happens, we’ll arrive there exhausted,” said Amella. “We might not be able to do anything but fall on the ground and lay there.”

“We’ll worry about that when we get there,” Thome declared and started running again.

It was a different sort of speed they were using on the trip home. Thome sensed that Beka’s potion gave them energy from some magical source, but Amella’s spell pulled on their own reserves of strength, stealing it from the future to use now. He could feel the exhaustion building even as it failed to affect him now.

By the time they came tearing into the center of the village, they were looking for marauders ready to burn the place to the ground or knights of the Order of Devoted Guardians making mass arrests of the women living outside the law.

What they found was peace and quiet. There was nothing amiss. Their return, much earlier than expected, went unnoticed until Jan, walking out of the smithy, happened to glance at the group of five figures breathing heavily, weapons out, looking for a fight.

“Hild!” the tall human called and rushed over to her lover, greeting the half-orc with a kiss.

Thome collapsed to the ground. “I don’t get it. Where’s the danger?”

Slowly the group broke up and moved toward their respective homes, leaving Thome alone in the middle of the village square. Eventually he heaved himself to his feet and trudged the last part of his journey back to Beka’s house. He had

nowhere else to go.

Everything was as he expected it. The windows were shuttered against the cold. Smoke was rising from the chimney. It was quiet. Thome was ready for some quiet.

He didn't bother knocking on the door. He felt he had earned automatic admission.

He realized that he should have knocked first.

Thome had seen a lot in his life, but what he saw he wished he could burn from his brain.

While he had recently fucked a half-orc, an elf, a half-elf, a cat-girl, and a wizardess, seeing the healer he had been sharing a bed with fucking a werewolf was unsettling to say the least.

The door opening and his entrance was enough to get the couple to stop. The position they were in soldiers commonly called doggy style. To see a dog, or in this case a wolf or perhaps a werewolf, fucking Beka from behind was enough to make him rethink his life again.

Beka was hunched over on her bed, on all fours, ass in the air. Her partner, a humanoid wolf, was on her back, thrusting its hips into her from behind. From where he stood Thome could see the large, red cock the wolf wielded. It was wet and dripping as it went in and out of Beka's quim.

Despite being interrupted, neither half of the copulating pair made any effort to stop. They looked at him and resumed their fucking.

Thome didn't know what to do.

"Either come in and close the damn door or leave and close the damned door!" Beka barked.

That only made sense. He was letting the cold air in. Thome stepped in, unwilling to give up his lover so easily, but he didn't know what to do. He had seen plenty of people fucking in his life, but to interrupt what was obviously consensual between the two felt wrong.

The wolf-god gave Thome only the quickest of glances before resuming humping Beka. The healer tried to say something to Thome, but she was temporarily a slave to the wolf-god's cock. Her eyes rolled back into her head and she braced herself as an orgasm washed through her body.

Her lupine partner allowed Beka to climax, holding himself in place, riding out her storm, and giving Thome a toothy grin with his tongue lolling out. Once Beka was done peaking, he resumed thrusting once again.

Beka recovered enough to address Thome. "Are you just going to stare or are you going to join in?"

He couldn't tell if she was kidding or was trying to drive him away.

Thome glared at her a moment and then focused his eyes on the wolf-god. "You are a liar."

The canine creature continued to thrust for a few more moments before relenting.

I needed to take your bitch.

Thome heard the words clearly in his head. Automatically his hand fell to his hip where it rested on the pommel of his sword. If he wasn't so exhausted he would have drawn it and stepped forward, neatly severing the wolf-god's head from its body, to hell with the consequences. He didn't even care if Beka got hurt in the process.

But he knew he was no match for anyone right now. He had no fight in him.

It was Beka who spoke first. "I'm no bitch!" she cried out, swinging her fist backward in an effort to hit the wolf. The blow landed but it was weak and wouldn't hurt a powerful being.

Her lover slavered on her back, running its tongue along her spine. You love it when I call you bitch when we fuck. You always have.

Beka looked up at Thome with desperation in her eyes. "Please," she begged.

Thome was unmoved. "Please what?" He was angry and exhausted. "Have you

fucked him before?”

They both looked at him. The wolf-god had stopped thrusting and Beka seemed on the edge of collapsing. Desperate, perhaps, for some sort of relief or need for uncertain assistance, she confessed. “Yes. Of course.”

The wolf-god looked back to Thome. She loves it. Canine cock is what human women crave. I had to delay you to fuck her again.

Thome wondered if the god was confessing his love for Beka or if he was just unnaturally cruel.

“Get off her,” Thome ordered.

I can’t. It grinned at him once more, its tongue hanging out.

“Why the fuck not?” Thome could feel his anger rising. He had no right to the anger, but there it was. He didn’t feel any particular affection toward Beka, but the situation was just wrong.

The fucking wolf wouldn’t stop grinning at him. You’ve never seen a wolf’s cock? You’ve never seen dogs fucking? It is impossible for me to pull out of her until I’m done.

Beka looked at him with plaintive eyes. “Please,” she whispered. “I’m sorry.”

“You’re disgusting,” he told the wolf-god.

I can pull out, but it will destroy her quim.

Thome wasn’t sure if that was true or not, but it would undoubtedly be painful for Beka.

The only thing Thome could do was watch as the wolf-god continued to fuck Beka. The noises the healer made seemed to waver between pure passion and excruciating pain. She didn’t make any more desperate pleas to Thome and refused to even look at him.

Thome was glad he was wearing his armor because it hid his hard cock. Watching Beka get fucked was more arousing than he wanted it to be.

It was hard to judge the wolf-god, but he kept plowing Beka for another five minutes as their bodies were joined together, unable to break the bond. Finally Beka's lover let out a howl and its body shook violently. Beka barely seemed to notice until he collapsed on her back, their bodies still joined.

Thome, who had been sitting on one of Beka's wooden chairs, now stood up and approached the pair. "You're done. Get off her." He tried to put as much menace into his voice as possible though he didn't feel like fighting.

If anything, he felt like fucking.

I can't, the wolf panted. Not yet. It'll take a minute.

"It's to assure the wolf his seed impregnates his mate," said Beka.

Their bodies were slumped to the side now. Thome could see where their bodies joined. He could see the pulse of the wolf-god's cock continuing to fill Beka's quim and flooding her womb.

"Is that what you want?" Thome asked her sharply.

Beka looked away.

He didn't press for an answer.

The exertion of fucking Beka had taken a toll on the wolf-god and he was panting heavily. Slowly it gained its second wind and then, in a flash of magic that Thome hated to see, the wolf-god turned into a human.

"Gods and devils," Thome complained while staring at the other man sprawled on Beka's bed. Given his nature, it wasn't surprising that he was, without doubt, the hairiest man that Thome had even seen. Thick hair on his head blended down into his beard which descended to his hairy chest and arms. His thighs and legs were hair-covered as well. Only his cock was hairless, a small pinkish organ at the top of his legs, wet with Beka's amrita and cum.

"You're a good man," said the wolf-god.

"I should kill you right there in her bed," Thome growled.

“Thome!” Beka admonished him.

The wolf-god just laughed it off. “I like you, Thome, though that’s not your name. I am Fenrir.”

“You need to get the fuck out of here,” Thome said.

“Don’t be rude,” Beka told him. “Fenrir is a friend.”

“And a lover. And a patron,” the wolf-god added, getting up from the bed. He and Thome met eye-to-eye, taking the measure of each other. “Don’t bother drawing it,” he said, indicating Thome’s sword. “You’ll be dead before it can leave the scabbard.”

“He’s a god,” Beka informed Thome.

“I already figured that out. Why were you fucking him?” His accusatory tone was pointed directly at Beka.

“Rude,” laughed Fenrir.

“I have obligations,” said Beka softly.

Thome looked back at Fenrir. In the blink of an eye, the wolf-god had put on, or magicked on, a set of traveling clothes. “You can have her,” said Fenrir. He gave a broad wink to the healer who was now half covered by the blanket from the bed. “Thanks for the fuck, sweetheart. I’ll be seeing you again soon.”

As much as he wanted to punch Fenrir in the face or stab him in the stomach to watch him slowly bleed to death, Thome didn’t have it in him. While he didn’t step aside, Fenrir easily moved around the knight and out the door.

“What the fuck was that?” asked Thome as he collapsed back into the chair where he had watched the other two fuck. His mind was spinning.

“That was Fenrir, he’s god of the wolves.”

“Yeah, I kind of got that.”

“He said you wouldn’t be back until tomorrow.”

“You can fuck whoever you want.” He was wrong.

“I didn’t want to do it in front of you.”

“Why not?” asked Thome. “You just did. More importantly, why are you fucking a dog?”

“He’s not a dog, he’s a wolf. And he’s not just any wolf, he’s god of the wolves.”

“Uh-huh. More likely he’s just some minor arcane trickster who has fooled who knows how many women into fucking him.”

“He’s the real thing.”

“How would you know?” Thome threw back in her face.

“Because he gave me my magical powers.”

Thome studied the healer for a long uncomfortable moment. “I didn’t realize that.”

“You weren’t supposed to know. About how I got my magic and about me fucking Fenrir. But it doesn’t matter. You aren’t staying here anyway.”

Already pushed beyond exhaustion, Thome softened and made a request. “Could I just stay here for the night?”

There was a palpable anger between the two. Neither was willing to give in. Beka could feel Fenrir’s cum starting to leak out of her and down her inner thighs. There was a lot of it. There was always a lot of it. Thome could feel his cock throbbing in anticipation of fucking. His body told him he was too tired. He wanted to fuck anyway.

They glared at each other for too long, neither wanting to back down, both too exhausted to escalate the conflict, both too stubborn to back down.

Right as Thome made to move forward, or maybe away, Beka started to get out of the bed, or maybe she was just going to throw the blanket over her head.

It didn’t matter. A second later Thome was pulling off his armor. She was

helping him. A minute after that they were in the bed together.

Her skin was hot. His was sweaty. They weren't at their best. He was still hard and she was still wet. It was easy for Beka to roll to her back and open up her legs.

They didn't say a word to each other, they just gave in to their base instincts.

When he entered her, she was soaking wet and still hot from being fucked by Fenrir. She should have been sore. She wasn't. Her quim had been well used, but the wolf-god had left her in good stead.

Neither wanted to admit it, but their bodies revealed their passion and desire. Thome had just enough energy to fuck her and fill her quim a second time, pushing out Fenrir's seed with his own. Beka climaxed easily from their lovemaking. Her orgasms were more powerful and satisfying than the ones given to her by Fenrir.

They kissed as they fucked, something that hadn't happened with Fenrir. The kisses they had exchanged before now felt false. These kisses were real and true and honest.

They fell asleep together in each other's arms.

Chapter 16

Beka woke to Thome packing his meager possessions. “Come back to bed, it’s still warm,” she begged him.

“No time.”

She gave a little laugh. “There’s always time for sex.”

“I’m leaving,” he said.

“Where are you going?”

“Where I always intended. Across the mountains. I’m leaving for a new life.”

That was enough to fully wake Beka. She sat up and artfully let the blankets fall down her body, exposing her breasts. Thome gave her a quick glance but focused on lacing his boots.

“Come back to bed, Thome,” she called to him. “My quim is desperate for your cock again.”

“Don’t call me that,” he told her as he finished stuffing his pack and pulled it tightly shut.

“Would you rather I called you Ranulf?”

“That’s who I am.”

“You’ve lived here as Thome for these weeks.”

“That was a lie and you know it.”

“All the women of the village know you as Thome.”

“And they hate me because they think I’m a member of the Devoted Guardians.”

“They don’t hate you. They think your cock is very useful. It’s just that the Devoted Guardians have taken away so many of their friends.”

“I should have just told them I was of the Order of the Black Pyre. Except they are hated by so many.” He continued to sit on the hard wooden chair next to the

table. He didn’t move to the bed or the door.

“Maybe. Your reception wouldn’t have been any worse.”

“I’ve never had so much sex with so many women in my short time here,” he said pensively.

With a smile Beka said, “I can assure you that there are plenty of other women here who would be happy to fuck you. It doesn’t matter if you are of the Black Pyre or the Devoted Guardians.”

“I don’t need that.”

“I’m sure you can get any woman you want,” Beka reassured him.

“I can’t let myself be distracted,” he said more for his benefit than hers. “Either my former comrades are going to come for me or the Devoted Guardians will. I need to leave the Three Kingdoms.” He stood up.

At once Beka sprang to her feet. She was still naked from their lovemaking the night before. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from her. It wasn’t that she was exceptionally beautiful or had a voluptuous body. There was just an aura about her that made his cock hard and his lust begged to possess her again. In just a few seconds he became painfully hard inside his pants.

“I can’t let you leave,” she told him.

He gave her a half smile and said ironically, “One last fuck for the road?”

“You can’t leave until Lushanna goes into labor.”

He pushed. “The pregnant elf girl?”

Beka let out a little chuckle. “She’s twice your age, but yes.”

“She hasn’t had her baby yet?”

“No. We need you to fuck her again to induce her labor.”

“Can’t you just do that with one of your potions?”

“We already discussed this. No. In order to make it work it has to be fresh. And delivered in the natural way.”

He gave her a mirthless smile. “You just want me to stick around another day, don’t you?”

Beka scoffed at him and pulled a blanket off the bed, wrapping it around her naked body.

“We need you, it’s true.”

He grimaced and shook his head. “You’re going to have to find someone else to do that for you.”

She shook her head. “No. You’re here. We need you to do it.”

“Get one of the Devoted Guardians or the order of the Black Pyre to do it when they show up looking for me.”

“You know the Devoted Guardians won’t do it! They’ll kill Lushanna! Your brothers in the Black Pyre…who knows what they’ll do.”

“I don’t care,” he said. “I’m leaving.”

“No, you’re not,” she said, putting force into her words.

He could feel the magical compulsion she was forcing on her, but he shrugged it off.

“Yes, I am.” He made to push her aside and walk out the door.

She showed incredible control in not using magic to keep him in her cabin. “You can leave, but I’ll have Hild and Sparrow and some of the others drag you back here.”

He paused at the door. “You wouldn’t do that.”

“I would and I will.” A smile tugged at her lips. “Unless that’s what you like. I’m sure Lushanna and the others wouldn’t mind tying you up and using you that way.” Her tongue darted out of her mouth and wetted her lips. “If that’s what you

like."

"I don't want that," he said. "That's…that's not who I am."

"We're desperate, Ranulf," she said, using his true name. "Lushanna's dying and if you leave…" She didn't finish the sentence.

"You want me to fuck a pregnant elf!" he protested.

"You've already done it once."

"If you want me to do it again…it'll be against my will."

"We all do things against our will."

"Did you fuck Fenrir against your will?" he asked her sharply.

She sighed. "That's not the same. It's a false equivalence."

"Just answer the damn question. Did you fuck him for the power he'd give you…or did he fuck you because he could?"

Beka refused to meet his gaze.

"You're telling me everything I need to know." He opened the door, letting in the cold air.

Beka spoke quickly, "The first time was against my will. He gave me magic as a…as a reward. As a way of apologizing."

Thome paused at the door and then slowly closed it. "The first time?"

"Magic gets you drunk on its power."

"You've fucked him willingly since?"

Collapsing on the bed, Beka struggled to hold herself upright. "Yes."

He continued to face the door, unwilling and unable to look at her. "Why?"

It was easy for her to answer. "The power of magic. It's impossible to explain

otherwise. Once you've felt the power of magic…it's a little like being drunk. Desirable but you know it's dangerous."

"And that's why you keep fucking him?"

She assumed the air of a woman who was in control of her life.

Neither of them were in control of their lives.

"I keep fucking him because he is my patron. He gives me the ability to manipulate magic."

"And what do you give him? Surely a demi-god can fuck any woman he wants."

The cabin was silent as she swallowed her pride and she revealed her secret that would surely offend the wolf-god. "I agreed to be his mate…to bear him offspring."

"But you haven't." Thome was in tune with the world to know that.

"Not yet," she relented.

"Because you're using your potions so you don't fall pregnant."

"And he doesn't know that and he can't know that!"

"You play a dangerous game." Slowly he turned around.

"What game? This is life."

"And you want me to fuck the elf and bring about her labor…"

"Because every woman, every child, everybody in this village makes us all stronger."

Thome relented. "Fine. Take me to Lushanna. I'll solve that problem, at least, before I leave."

Beka went to him, going up on her toes so that she could kiss him on the lips. "Thank you. A thousand times thank you. Name what it is you desire and we'll give it to you."

“I already have,” he said softly enough that she couldn’t hear him.

To Be Continued

Preview

BULL 5: Reclamation

“Because he didn’t get to cum yet,” said Tasha.

She was still cupping her breasts, bruised from the nipple clamps that Diane had put on her. The nipple clamps were now on the floor.

Diane was sitting on the edge of the bed in her knee high leather boots and corset, her tits and pussy exposed, but she still wore more clothing than any of us. Jimmy was still restrained on the wooden chair. A ball gag was in his mouth. His arms were bound behind his back with thick leather cuffs linked together. His cock sat on the seat of the wooden chair, but was still trapped in the metal cage disallowing him the opportunity to become erect let alone have sex.

I was on the bed with Diane, my own cock laying large but limply against my thigh. There was something brewing between the two women. Tasha had asked to fuck Diane’s husband. Jimmy couldn’t say anything because of the gag, but I wondered if he even wanted to fuck her. I wondered if Diane wanted him to fuck her. After all, she had the key to his cock.

“So?” asked Diane. “He doesn’t need to cum.”

“The three of us have had orgasms tonight. Why can’t he?”

“Because I own his cock and I get to say who he fucks and if he gets to cum or not.”

“So unlock him and let me fuck him.”

I could see the anger in Diane’s eyes. It made me wonder if she was one of those women, those hotwives, that were perfectly okay with fucking other people, but didn’t want her husband fucking other women. Or men.

And Jimmy hadn’t voiced his opinion on this situation yet.

This wasn’t how I wanted things to end.

“He can’t because I say he can’t,” Diane stated.

Tasha was miffed. “That seems a little rude.”

“He and I are married and we’ve worked this out. Just because other people want to have sex with him, doesn’t mean he gets to have sex with them.”

“Seems unfair.”

“You’re not married to him!” Diane was truly angry now. This was not how I imagined things were going to go.

Tasha backed up a step. “No. I’m not. Sorry.” She knelt down and quickly gathered together her clothing. “I made a mistake coming here tonight.” In a flash she disappeared into the bathroom with her clothing.

Diane fixed me with her glare. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Jimmy following the conversation between us.

“Your girlfriend needs to know her place,” Diane told me.

“She’s not my girlfriend,” I said quickly. It was the truth. Sure, I was having sex with both Diane and Tasha on the regular, but neither of them were my girlfriend. That was too complicated.

“She’s getting dressed in there. She’s going to leave.”

I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. I’m not sure I cared. We had planned to spend the night, but that wasn’t assured.

“She’s her own person,” I replied.

“You two need to work out your relationship.”

Now it was my turn to glare at Diane. “We don’t have a relationship. We fuck every once in a while. All she did was ask to fuck your husband. You didn’t have to flip out over that.”

“I’m the only one who gets to fuck Jimmy,” Diane said, absently picking at a stray thread on the bed.

“Then just tell her that.” I looked over at Jimmy. He was looking at us impassively.

Then the toilet in the bathroom flushed and Tasha came out fully dressed. She was angry as well. “Are we leaving or not?” she demanded of me.

I was frozen on the bed.

“You can fuck Jimmy if you want. I’m just going to watch,” said Diane.

Now it was Tasha’s turn to be confused. “What?”

“You can fuck him.”

“I just got dressed!”

“So undress!”

“What is wrong with you?”

“Why do you want to fuck my husband?”

“I thought it would be fun! You’re fucking insane!”

“We have an agreement!”

“No we didn’t!”

Diane blinked at her. “I meant that Jimmy and I had an agreement.”

“Oh.” All the wind went out of Tasha’s sails. “What was the agreement?”

“We used to be swingers. But now...I get to fuck whoever I want. He gets to watch. He gets to play clean up. He doesn’t get to fuck anyone else.”

Jimmy made some noises behind his gag.

“What?” Diane demanded of him.

“I think he wants the gag out,” I said as I moved over to him.

Jimmy nodded. Without waiting for permission from Diane, I unbuckled the gag and he forced it out of his mouth.

After taking a second to work his jaws back and forth, he said, “Actually, the agreement was that you, Di, are the one who gets to decide if I get to have sex with anyone else. Not that I couldn’t, ever.”

Diane nodded. “Right.”

We all fell silent for a moment.

Tasha was the one to push the issue.

“So...can he?” she asked Diane.

I fully expected Diane to completely blow up.

I didn’t understand women.

“Sure,” she said.

That cemented it. I definitely didn’t understand women.

“Can I unlock him?” Tasha asked eagerly.

Maybe she was getting off on the whole chastity kink game the married couple was playing. That was weird.

“No. I’m unlocking him,” Diane said firmly. “You’re fucking him. Isn’t that enough?”

Tasha and I said nothing, but just watched as Diane went to her purse, got out the cage’s key, and unlocked Jimmy from chastity.

It was fascinating to watch. The small lock popped open and Diane slid the curved cage off his shaft. Almost immediately his small cock started to stand up.

Quick as a flash, Diane slapped his cock...and balls.

“Fuck!” he cursed.

“I didn’t tell you to get hard,” she told him as she moved behind the chair to free his wrists. “Do you want to wear the ring while Tasha fucks you?”

“Sorry,” he apologized as if he had any control over his cock getting hard. “And no. I don’t want it on.”

I wasn’t sure if it was the slap or her tone that kept his cock in check, but he stayed soft enough for her to slip the unyielding ring over his balls and then off his shaft. Once he was free, it took only seconds for him to get fully erect. Fully erect was a bit of an exaggeration.

“I’ve never seen a guy who shaved his junk before,” was Tasha’s comment on the unveiling. “Of course, I’ve never seen such a small cock before either.”

Diane giggled and Tasha joined her. I’d always been glad to have a big cock, but never more so than now. Jimmy actually hid his erection behind his hands.

As soon as he did that, Diane’s attitude changed. “Don’t you dare cover your shame,” she ordered him. “Now go over to Tasha and show her that you actually can use that...thing.”

I had the distinct impression that Jimmy liked the way his wife was teasing and humiliating him. Guys who were into cuckolding and having their cocks caged often were into humiliation. To each their own, I suppose.

Tasha was on the bed, still holding her sensitive tits, while Jimmy approached her.

“Are you going to let him fuck you missionary?” asked Diane when it became obvious that’s exactly what was going to happen.

Both of them froze.

“How would you suggest I fuck him?” asked Tasha.

“I’d suggest you get a strap on and fuck his ass, but that’s not going to happen right now. Ride him cowgirl. Show him that you’re in charge.”

They re-arranged and Tasha lowered herself onto Jimmy’s completely unimpressive cock. I knew I was well above average, but I’ve seen plenty of

average-ish cocks in porn. Jimmy was very below average.

It was a good thing for him that he was a well-paid doctor which compensated for his small dick.

Tasha couldn't help herself. She was riding him while Diane and I watched with interest. I was next to Diane, holding her arm, like we were attending a concert or something. Tasha turned to us and said, "I can barely feel him inside me."

Diane burst out laughing.

"It's not nearly as good as Justin's is it?" Diane asked.

Tasha paused in her steady up and down rhythm on Jimmy's cock. "No. It's not," she declared with some disappointment.

As much as this was making me feel great by stroking my ego, I felt a little bit of sympathy for Jimmy.

Just a little bit.

"You're the one who wanted to fuck him," Diane pointed out. "I have trouble cumming on his tiny dick."

I felt bad for Jimmy. I really did. Except that he was getting to fuck Tasha. I liked fucking Tasha.

"I can make it work," Tasha declared and got her ass working hard on Jimmy's cock. It was entertaining to see her work so hard during sex, especially after what we had all been through already.

I could tell that Tasha was grinding her pussy, and her clit, down on Jimmy as hard as she could. That was a classic Tasha move. Watching her ass was a beautiful sight. Diane confirmed that for me when she whispered in my ear.

"I'll admit it. I'm a little jealous of her fucking Jimmy. She's got a fantastic body, but there's no way she can really be enjoying that little dicklette." Diane reached out and caressed my manhood.

This whole thing was an ego-stroke for me.

“I can’t...I can’t,” Jimmy started to mutter.

“Don’t you fucking cum before me!” Tasha barked at him.

Jimmy’s eyes went wide.

“Do you need some help?” Diane offered. Before Tasha could accept, the older blonde joined them on the bed and reached between their joined bodies. Her hand went right for Tasha’s clit, leaving her small breasts alone, while kissing her neck and shoulder.

I really wished I hadn’t cum twice already. I was spent but I wanted to join in at the same time.

It didn’t take much for Diane to get Tasha over the edge. Her body shook as she climaxed. As soon as Tasha had peaked and Diane pulled her hand away, Jimmy unleashed his orgasm.

I wanted it to be impressive. I wanted to see cum splashing out of her pussy as he continued thrusting until he went soft.

It was nothing like that.

He grunted loudly when he came. I saw his body shake for a few seconds. I could just see where his cock was going into her pussy. They were both frozen in time for just an instant, and then he collapsed on her.

Diane was all but laughing at her husband. “That was an almost impressive performance.”

“It was fantastic,” Jimmy mumbled into the sheets or maybe Tasha’s shoulder. I couldn’t tell. “It was perfect. The experience of a lifetime.”

“It was okay,” Tasha reported as she got off him. Since she was a horse girl, she dismounted him smoothly. “I’ve had better.” She looked down at Jimmy’s wet and shriveled cock. Before speaking she glanced over at Diane and added, “I’ve had bigger too.”

Now Diane laughed out loud at her husband.

I almost felt sorry for him.

Almost.

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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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