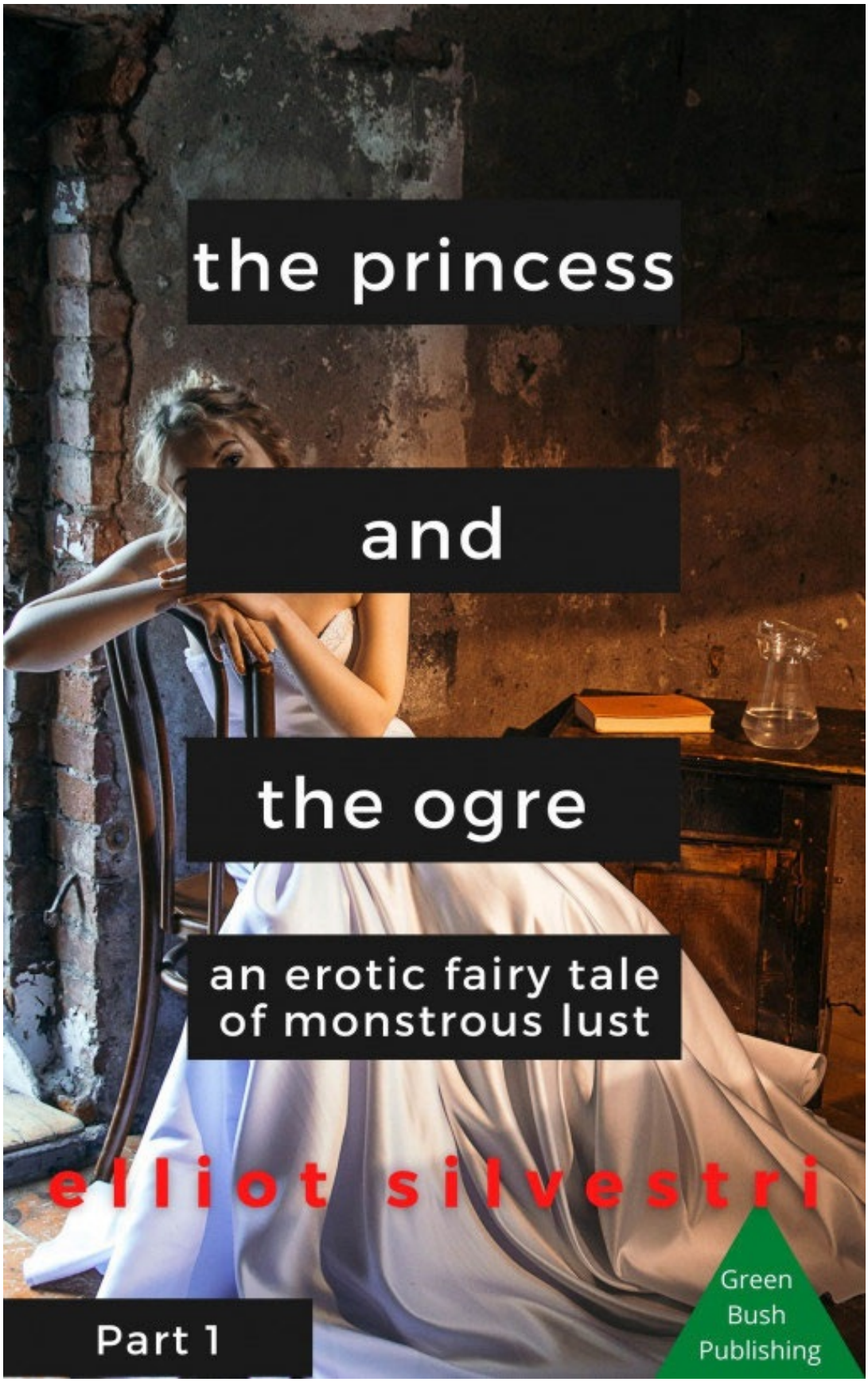
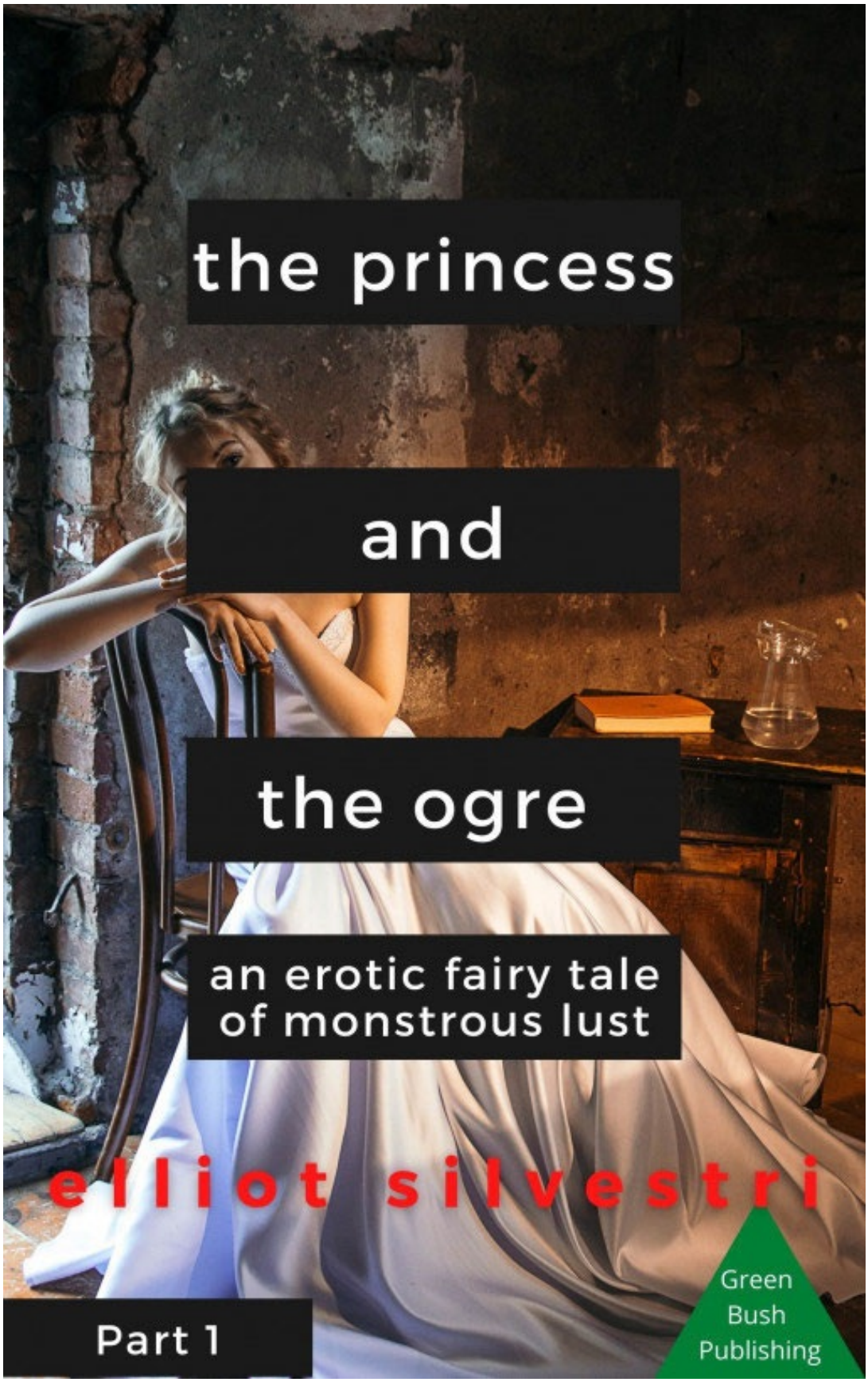

the princess
and
the ogre
an erotic fairy tale
of monstrous lust
elliot silvestri
Part 1
Green
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The Princess and the Ogre Part 1

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Princess and the Ogre Part 1

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

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Chapter 1

It was definitely the stupidest thing that Dart had ever done in his life. And he had done a lot of dumb things.

In his defense, it would absolve him of the rather extensive list of crimes he had committed.

Perhaps Crown Prince Thurston wouldn't have been so upset with Dart if Dart hadn't been working for him at the time.

Dart couldn't help himself. He was a thief at heart. Of course, getting caught with a pack full of stolen silver wasn't a smart move.

But Thurston had promised him freedom in exchange for this one little task.

It wasn't so little a task, but facing death in the ogre's lair at least gave him a chance. He had no chance against the executioner's axe.

It was supposed to be simple. Slip into Groph's lair. Everyone knew where it was. Rescue Princess Poppy. Slip out of the lair. Maybe kill the ogre if he had a chance.

HA! If the ogre hadn't captured Princess Poppy a half dozen times already. Groph always seemed to manage to slip away before he could be caught or killed.

Dart didn't blame the monster, however. Princess Poppy was beautiful.

Dart would gladly have given the entire contents of his pack full of stolen silver and his left nut in exchange for a chance to fuck the beauty. Hell, he'd give that much just for the chance to see her naked.

As an experienced thief, Dart was confident he could slip in and out of the lair with relative ease. The real problem would be rescuing the princess without getting caught.

Once he was all the way in, Dart realized he had a much bigger problem.

It was likely Princess Poppy wouldn’t want to leave.

Deep in the lair in the dungeon of the ruined tower that was Groph’s bedroom, Dart couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

The ogre Groph was bound to the heavy wooden frame of what had to be his bed, piled with fur. It was twice the size of any human bed that Dart had ever seen. But that only made sense because the ogre was nearly twice the height of any normal man. He had to be at least eight feet tall, but Dart couldn’t properly estimate the creature’s size since he was laying down at the moment.

Dart was only puzzled for a moment as to how or why the ogre was bound to the bed.

The Princess Poppy had to have done it. For a split second Dart wondered if the young woman had been an elite fighter trained from toddlerhood, a secret kept from the kingdom at large. Or maybe she was an enchantress.

After listening for a second Dart realized that her skill definitely ran more to the enchantress side of the equation.

“I love your big cock inside me,” the princess was saying. “It fills me up so much better than what Thurston has.”

The princess was resting atop the ogre’s naked body. The monster was easily four times more massive than the lithe woman. They were a study in contrasts. Her skin was pale and unblemished. Her hair was blonde. She was a natural beauty.

The ogre had mottled green skin, black hair that was a mop atop his head. Thick tusks protruded out of his large mouth. His muscles bulged in every direction. Red clan tattoos covered his chest and arms. Both his nipples were pierced with black iron rings.

At the moment the only thing the two had in common was that they were both naked.

In that moment Dart realized he had paid for what he desired. The pack of silver had already been exchanged to see the princess naked.

It was worth it.

Her body was perfect from every perspective. He could see her pert breasts capped with pink nipples and a hint of blonde tangles at the apex of her legs, just barely hiding her cunt away from view. Dart could just barely see the ogre's cock deeply penetrating the woman's sex.

Dart made a mental note to sneak around behind the bed to get a view of Poppy's ass. It had to be as perfect as the rest of her.

It was enchanting to watch her roll her hips up and down. Dart knew he was being mesmerized, so that made it easy for him to tear his eyes away from her for a moment to inspect exactly what happened to the ogre.

There were steel bands around the beast's wrists and ankles. Attached to the thick bands were even thicker iron chains that were bolted to the wall and floor. He was restrained, though he could move his limbs somewhat.

More importantly, Dart wanted to know how the princess had gotten the ogre chained up in the first place. Had she charmed him?

But still, that made no sense.

If she had charmed him, why was she riding his cock?

It was almost as if the princess—

***

Poppy was trying to reach that otherworldly state. It was fine to do it with magic, but it was more fun with just her body.

Having Groph's cock in her helped her get to that state a lot easier.

It was a good thing that he was so willing to go along with her needs.

Though, honestly, it was also ridiculous that her husband hadn't figured out what was going on yet.

It wasn't like Thurston was a terrible person. Yes, he was a conceited, self-centered narcissist, but he was a prince and some allowances had to be made. He wasn't a good person, but he wasn't a terrible person.

He was also handsome and, truth be told, he was incredible in bed with a cock was more than any woman could wish for.

Unfortunately Poppy could wish for a whole hell of a lot and he didn't measure up to her needs.

Groph did, literally and metaphorically.

Yes, her first kidnapping started off unpleasant, but once she got to know the ogre, they quickly discovered they had much in common.

What they primary had in common was sex. The need of it and the love of it.

It had been Groph's plan to simply kidnap the princess, maybe torture her for a bit of fun, nothing that would seriously damage her, and then ransom her back to her husband, the crown prince, either for gold or some political concession.

The first thing that Groph had tried was intimidating Poppy. He had stripped her and chained her to the cold stone wall of a mostly empty room of his dungeon. She had resisted and that was fun, tearing her clothes off her body and mauling her big tits. In his estimation she was genuinely frightened. He wanted her to be scared in case he needed to prove his seriousness to the crown prince.

When she was sufficiently cowed, he stripped of his rough clothing as well. It had been his intent to make her think he was going to rape her.

Groph would never do that. He was an ogre after all; he wasn't a monster. Violating another person for his sexual pleasure was just wrong. Sure, physical torture was fine, but rape was a crime. He saw her staring at his large cock.

That was to be expected. He was nearly twice the size of most men, both in stature and in cock.

He started pulling on his cock while she stared. He got hard. Her eyes grew as well.

"Like what you see?" he grunted at her.

He was now intent on jerking off and cumming, just to see her reaction. He was going to leave her chained to the wall for a while and then maybe feed her.

"Yes," was her honest answer.

His meaty fist stopped on the middle of his shaft.

That hadn't been the answer he was expecting.

"Don't play with me, girl," he growled at her. "Or you'll have this down your throat and then up your ass."

"Please," she said, this time licking her lips. "Don't threaten me with a good time."

He chuckled in a low and intimidating tone. "You think that if you are bold that I won't use your body to pleasure myself."

"I'd prefer it in my cunt," she continued on.

"You'll get exactly that," he promised.

The banter wasn't friendly. They were both trying to manipulate the other. They were both willing to risk all.

"Then do it," she all but begged. It was closer to a demand. Her arms were bound against the wall, but he had left her feet free. She shuffled her stance wider, further exposing her sex. "Feel my cunt. You'll see it's wet."

He peered closer. As an ogre his eyesight wasn't good, but his sense of smell was sharp. There was the distinct tang of female arousal in the air.

Moving his hand off his cock he reached between her legs.

She was wet. Soaking wet.

Her cunt was drooling. Were there droplets on the floor? Certainly the moisture had traveled down her inner thighs.

Poppy moaned a little as he manipulated her cunt.

A grin formed on his thick lips which exposed his sharp teeth.

"You're a schlampe," he announced.

The word was foreign to Poppy. She ground her hips down trying to cause some friction on her clit against his big fingers. "What's that?" she moaned.

"Trollop. Slag. Slattern. Slut. Whore."

Her eyes were half closed but upon hearing those words they opened wide. "I've never taken silver to fuck a man, but I freely admit to being the others."

Groph nodded and adjusted the hand that was fondling her cunt. Without warning he pushed a thick finger up inside her.

Poppy gasped in pleasure. "Yesss…"

He let out a barking laugh. "A princess and a schlampe," he announced.

"Are you just going to tease me or are you going to fuck me with that big tool?" she managed to spit out at him.

While Groph was certain he was being manipulated, he saw little risk in this endeavor. Maybe she was putting on an act for him. Maybe she truly wanted his cock. Maybe she had a serious mental illness.

In the heat of the moment he didn't care.

It was easy enough to pull the pins to the chains holding her against the wall.

From there he threw her down on the cold stone floor and got between her legs.

For such a large creature, the ogre moved quickly.

For her part, so did Poppy. She grabbed his cock as he positioned himself to penetrate her.

She couldn’t get her fingers all the way around it. If she had four hands she could have stacked them on his length and not covered the entirety of it. It was as hard as a rock and pulsed with heat. Veins throbbed on the piece of meat.

He grinned down at her now that she was fully intimidated. “Scared Princess?”

She merely smirked at him and scooted down a bit, brought up her knees and fitted his bulbous cock head between her swollen and slick cunt lips. “Fuck me! Make it hurt!”

He did.

She screamed in pain and pleasure.

There was no way she could do this in the palace in her private apartment. To scream that loudly during sex would disturb the whole of the household.

Here, in the ogre’s den, she could be herself.

Chapter 2

It was almost as if the princess were truly enjoying herself.

And then Dart gasped as the princess's body shook with orgasm. She screamed out in pleasure. The ogre strained against the chains, trying to grab the body of the woman who was torturing him. It was a useless gesture. Even as strong as he was, there was no way for him to break his bonds.

Her climax lasted a long time and Dark wanted to pull out his cock and masturbate along with her. Luckily he wasn't that stupid.

"That was...that was…" Princess Poppy seemed uncertain as to what it was exactly she was trying to describe. "That was perfect."

"The pleasure is all mine, my lady," the ogre grunted at her. "Anything for you. Fruit. Wine. Silver. Gold."

Dart had to force himself not to gasp a second time. Of course he knew that ogres could speak. They were an intelligent race, after all. He hadn't expected such sweet words from the monster, however.

"I prefer cock and pain, my love," she said as she leaned forward and kissed the beast.

This time Dart had to gasp. What the fuck is this?

"You didn't cum yet," she said.

"I wait on your pleasure."

Dart could see the princess's sly smile. "Mouth, ass, or cunt?"

"Your choice, my lady."

"Since you're already in my cunt…"

The ogre's eyes lit up.

And the Poppy lifted herself off his body.

From Dart’s perspective it looked like she kept lifting and lifting.

How had she managed to fit that massive cock inside her body? Did she have some magical portal in her womb allow a mile of inhuman cock to fill her up?

Finally Groph’s cock slipped free and smacked down wetly on his muscular belly.

“Cunt’s off the menu,” Poppy said cruelly. “Ass or mouth or hand or nothing? Choose one.”

“Ass,” said the ogre quickly. “I want your ass.”

She picked up his cock. It was heavy in her hand. “You want me to sit this giant tool into my tight virgin ass?” she asked him as innocently as possible.

Groph managed to maintain a straight face for only a few seconds, and then he laughed at his lover. “There is nothing virginal about you,” he rumbled at her in pleasure.

She smiled as she moved her body, throwing her leg over him and then moving back above his hips so that her ass pointed toward his face and she looked at his feet.

Peering over her shoulder at the ogre, Poppy took his thick cock in hand and aimed it at the tight opening that he wanted to violate.

“Have you earned the privilege of fucking my ass?” she asked him.

“I’ve done it before,” he growled. “I own that ass.”

Abruptly she frowned at him and dropped his cock. “You own nothing. You deserve nothing,” she told him.

Before the ogre could react, she backed up on his body, over his massive, muscled chest, to plan her crotch on his face.

Dart was surprised at this sudden course of action. He had seen the ogre’s sharp teeth and for the princess to plant such an intimate part of her anatomy on that dangerous weapon was frightening, even if she was his lover.

The ogre didn’t mind. Why would he? Though Dart couldn’t directly see the princess’s face it was obvious from the way she moved her body that she was enjoying the bit of forced cunnilingus she was getting out of her lover.

She was enjoying it so much and she deigned to lower her mouth to his cock and gently suck it a bit, but she didn’t give him full fellation. She didn’t even attempt to get more than the head in her mouth. Instead, she started absently jerking him off while he focused on her cunt.

Watching the two was an experience that Dart couldn’t describe. He had seen people fucking before. The whorehouses in the city’s red light district all had specialties and he had visited them on more than one occasion. Every house had a specialty; watching and being watched was always available.

But he had never seen a human fucking an ogre before. Elves, dwarves, humans, even semi-civilized orcs were available, but not ogres.

Truly the princess was on the vanguard of sexual exploration in the kingdom.

As he watched she became louder and louder in her moans and cries, grinding her cunt down on the ogre’s face. He wasn’t complaining. The ogre couldn’t complain. Judging by how hard his cock remained as Poppy casually stroked it, he didn’t want to complain.

Poppy came with a loud scream that should have carried all the way back to the city.

Then she started laughing. “Your tongue knows its way around my cunt better than my husband’s,” she complimented her lover.

Lifting up her hips just enough to let Groph speak, he said, “Please, my lady, my love, let me cum! Release me!”

“Of course,” she said casually and doubled her stroking while sucking on the fat purple head of the ogre’s cock.

He was well past the point of inevitability. In just a few seconds he growled like he was fighting some other great beast.

Poppy removed his cock from her mouth just as he peaked. Groph blasted her in

the face with his thick, white cum.

The princess didn’t mind at all.

He came unlike anything that Dart had ever seen. Not just the volume of cum, but how it seemed to be endless. Dart knew he was good for three or maybe four full spurts when he came, but the ogre had ten hard spurts before he stopped, letting the last little bit dribble out of his huge cock.

Dart felt inadequate.

Poppy turned around to face her lover. Dart could see the cum dripping off her face. The woman wiped at her face, removing most of the cum, and then, to Dart’s amazement, she stuck her fingers in her mouth, willingly consuming the ogre’s seed.

“Belsar’s balls,” Dart whispered to himself in amazement, taking the local god’s name in vain.

There was no resisting now. He unlaced the front of his leather pants and pulled out his cock to start jerking off. The two lovers were cuddling now. If Dart had been a better person he would have ignored his base urges and used the opportunity of the restrained ogre and exhausted princess to capture her, kill the monster, and return to the city with the crown prince’s wife.

He wasn’t that good a person. He was borderline incompetent. Dart figured he had enough time to finish, drop his load, and then take the princess.

He was wrong.

Dart’s arm froze mid-stroke.

As much as he wanted to keep moving, he found he couldn’t. A moment later he realized that not only could he not move his arm, he couldn’t move any limb or part of his body. Even Dart knew that was a bad sign. Sudden paralysis could only mean one thing.

And it wasn’t good.

Chapter 3

“Tsk tsk. Not only spying but pleasuring yourself to innocent lovers,” said a soft voice behind Dart. The thief couldn’t even turn his head to see where the words were coming from. The voice was scratchy making the speaker seem mildly threatening.

Dark tried to open his mouth to speak, but even that ability was taken from him.

“You have an intruder,” the voice called out, alerting both the ogre and princess.

Neither seemed terribly upset. The princess didn’t move to cover her body and the ogre didn’t even bother to chuckle.

“He’s been there a while,” said Groph. “I smelled him before Poppy started riding my face.”

There were more whisper quiet words and Dart suddenly found himself surrounded by a soft glow and then lifted up from where he had been crouching and observing the lovers. He was floating and immediately hated the sensation.

As if moved by some invisible hand, Dart was pushed forward, into the puddle of light that surrounded the bed where Poppy and Groph had been copulating. Footsteps sounded behind him. A tall, slim man walked into the edge of his peripheral vision.

“What shall I do with him, my friend?” asked the man. Dart wasn’t an idiot. He knew a wizard when he saw one. Besides the fact that the man held a glowing line of light that connected to Dart and was the most likely cause of his movement and immobilization.

Groph looked at Dart with disinterest. “Kill him.”

“As you wish,” said the wizard and Dart felt himself starting to move back into the darkness.

He tried to scream and struggle, but it was no use. He was helpless against the magic.

“Wait,” called out Princess Poppy.

Dart and the wizard stopped moving.

“Yes, Princess?” the wizard all but hissed at her.

“Was he sent by my husband or father?”

“Does it make a difference?”

“I suppose not. But if he’s killed, well, that will be a problem.” She smiled. “Maybe we can use him to our advantage.”

That didn’t sit well with Dart.

“After all, I do need to return to my husband at some point, don’t I?”

The ogre and wizard agreed on this issue. A plan was quickly formed and Dart found himself taken away once more.

The wizard levitated him through the ruined tower. It was an odd place to be because some of the building was on the edge of collapse while other parts seemed in perfect repair.

Instead of being taken to some dank cell, Dart was floated through the hallways and up several sets of stairs until he arrived in another private bedroom.

The wizard had been silent on the journey. With a wave of the hand he sent Dart zooming across the room to land on his back against the stone wall. Moved by invisible hands, chains and manacles magically appeared and bound the thief against the wall.

“What is your name?” the wizard said softly.

Dart tried to speak, but his tongue was still paralyzed. Maybe the wizard didn’t want him to speak.

They studied each other silently for a minute. Dart found that he could just barely blink his eyes and move them ever so slightly. Was that an effect of the spell or was it because eyes were moved by tiny muscles? Maybe the magical paralysis only affected large muscles.

The wizard was slim and tall. He wore dark red clothing of stylish cut that was currently fashionable in the city. A black cloak was draped over his shoulders, but he removed it and placed the item on a stand. His hair was long and black, held back in a ponytail. While not exactly handsome, the wizard had a distinctive angular face decorated with a groomed and waxed goatee along with a line of small tattoos on his left cheek.

“You are a handsome one,” said the wizard. “Names are a type of magic and I cannot give you mine, but you can call me Irvas. What is your name?”

As desperate as he was to speak, Dart still found that he could not. Even blinking was a struggle.

“Oh, dear me. I forgot. The spell is still in effect.” Irvas snapped his fingers and Dart found his limbs were suddenly back under his control.

“Thank Belsar!” he exclaimed at his relative freedom. The magical hold was gone, but the thick manacles around his wrists and ankles were still in place, along with a heavy chain around his waist, all holding him to the wall.

“I don’t believe your name is ‘Thankbelsar,’” said Irvas dryly.

Dart shook his head. “No. No it isn’t. It’s Dart.”

Irvas glared at the thief. “The truth and all of it.”

As if compelled, Dart added, “It's d’Artagnan. D’Artagnan Delabreese.”

“Of course it is. You look uncomfortable, d’Artagnan.”

“Yes terribly.” The thief looked wistfully at the wizard.

“Let’s see what I can do to make you more uncomfortable,” he said softly.

Before Dart could ask exactly what Irvas meant, the wizard snapped his fingers and suddenly Dart was much colder. He could feel the cool rock directly against his back and buttocks and thighs. Looking down, Dart realized that his clothes had been removed. They hadn’t been destroyed, but were neatly folded and placed just off to the side on a small table.

“There. Much better,” said Irvas. “You are a handsome man, aren’t you.” Irvas approached the now-naked Dart. He stopped barely two feet away from the thief. The wizard looked down at Dart’s body. “And a very handsome cock. Much better than Groph’s. Yes, the ogre has a tool that would put most blacksmith’s to shame, but yours is practically perfect isn’t it?”

At this point Dart was wondering what the relationship between Irvas and Groph was, exactly. He had figured out what was going on between the ogre and princess, but the wizard was a new wrinkle.

“Uh...thank you?” said Dart just before Irvas reached out and cupped the thief’s cock, feeling the heat of the man's organ.

Despite himself, Dart felt a rush of blood to his manhood. He had been watching the fornicating princess and monster while beating off and was easily aroused now.

“What are you doing?” Dart said, despite himself. He knew he should have made some sort of protest, but in an honest assessment, he was enjoying what the wizard was doing to him.

Dart’s cock was now sufficiently hard so that Irvas could properly stroke him.

“Just continuing what you were doing when you were rudely spying on my friend and his lover.” He paused. “Would you like me to stop?”

The wizard’s hand was smooth and supple. No calluses at all. He also knew how to jerk off a man; not that it was some arcane talent, but it felt much better than doing it to himself.

“Y-y-y-yes?”

“You don’t sound confident in your answer,” Irvas said in his soft, silky smooth voice. “Do you want me to stop?”

Dart found his confidence and said, “Yes!”

Irvas instantly pulled his hand away from the thief’s cock. “As you wish.”

The relief that Dart felt was only momentary. Once he pulled his hand away,

Irvas went down on his knees and took the thief’s cock into his mouth. Once Dart realized what was going on, he knew it was already too late.

As much as he tried to resist, Dart knew that if the handsome wizard kept at it, he was going to blow his load. He was only human. He wouldn’t be able to hold out forever.

“Oh...please,” Dart begged. Sagging against the wall he attempted to keep up his resistance to climaxing, but it was a losing battle.

Irvas gave him a short moment of respite. “Please what?” asked the wizard as he curled his slender fingers around Dart’s cock now slick with his saliva.

“Please...don’t.” Even to Dart’s ears, the plea sounded insincere.

“Please don’t what?”

“Please...please don’t make me cum,” Dart begged.

“Why?” Irvas kept up the sure, steady rhythm on the thief’s cock with his hand.

“I don’t...I don’t want to cum.”

The wizard snickered. “Liar. All men want to cum. Are you not a man?”

Before Dart could answer that question, Irvas resumed his artful blowjob. After only a second of attention, Dart couldn’t fully answer. He could only moan.

That only encouraged Irvas.

It wasn’t that Dart had never been with a man before. And it certainly wasn’t because he was worried about being restrained during sex; he had played on both sides of that game. Dart didn’t want to cum because he was afraid of what might happen to him.

What that might be he had no idea, but he was still afraid.

His wishes however, and the needs and desires of his body were two different things.

Dart lasted another minute before the inevitable happened.

The wizard was pleased when Dart started cumming. His jism filled the wizard's mouth and Irvas swallowed the man's load like a professional.

After his moment of crisis was over, Dart felt much better about himself.

As Dart recovered, the wizard moved smoothly from kneeling in front of his bound prisoner to a small wooden cabinet that he opened and removed a crystal goblet and a bottle of wine. Pouring himself a drink, Irvas considered the lithe and muscular body of the man bound against the wall.

"Out with it," he said. "All of it. Why are you here? What are your plans? Why shouldn't Groph and I just kill you and be done with it?"

Dart's heart pounded, not because he was on the brink of sexual excitement, but because he truly feared for his life now. The wizard had consumed his essence. There was no telling what would happen to him now.

"The crown prince sent me to retrieve the princess," he blurted out. "I was caught stealing silver and the prince will commute my sentence—death by the way, thanks for asking—if I can safely bring Princess Poppy home to him!"

Irvas considered him a moment, and then burst out laughing. "You poor fool. Poppy will return, but on her own time. She's a slut. Schlampe is what her lover calls her. They are scheming, but so am I." He tilted his head to the side. "I could use a spy in the House Gainas. You seem the perfect candidate." He smiled and approached the thief. "What can we do so that I can trust you?"

He held the wineglass up to Dart's lips. The thief drank thirstily.

Irvas stroked the man's cheek, feeling the stubble of his beard as he did so. "I think I have an idea that will work."

After draining the wine, Dart gasped in relief. The alcohol didn't exactly clear his head, but he felt more focused. "What idea?" he asked.

As torture went, getting chained to a cold wall and receiving a blowjob was easily endurable.

But while he knew he wasn't a genius, Dart also knew that he wasn't a fool. Something else was coming.

“I need to be able to trust you, dear boy,” said Irvas as he stepped away, set the wineglass down, and started undressing himself. “There are few ways that I would trust a thief and a spy. Do you have any ideas on how I could possibly trust you?”

“Nothing comes to mind,” said Dart. He watched the other man undress. His body was long and lean and Dart wasn't surprised at all to discover the wizard’s body was decorated with more arcane tattoos like the ones on his cheek. Based upon the spells he had already cast it was clear the wizard clearly wasn’t someone to fuck with.

“I have an idea,” said the wizard.

“What would that be?” Dart just managed to say before the bold man walked up to him and kissed Dart.

It was an enjoyable kiss. The wizard’s mouth tasted vaguely of spices. Dart preferred not to kiss his lovers—they were only temporary companions at best—but there was little reason to resist. He was helpless in front of Irvas.

Breaking the kiss the wizard said, “I find that a physical, intimate bond between two people is the best way to build a bond of trust.” He tilted his head to the side. “I’m going to release you and I’d like you to join me on the bed.”

“Join you?”

“I’m not going to force you,” said Irvas. “This is something you should want to do willingly.”

Dart thought it over a moment. He knew what the wizard wanted. He was fine with that. He’d done much worse in his years.

“Yeah. I can do that,” he agreed.

With the smallest gesture of his fingers the wizard made the restraints holding Dart to the wall disappear.

The thief stumbled forward. For half a second he considered attacking the wizard just to see if he could escape that way, but then rejected that idea. It would be better to take the man to bed and get away cleanly and with the

princess.

Crown Prince Thurston never said that he couldn't enjoy his work.

Dart walked with all the confidence he could muster considering that he was completely naked, his cock was covered in Irvas's saliva and his own cum, and that the wizard was still watching him. It was slightly unsettling that Irvas was still wearing an undergarment covering his body from navel to the tops of his thighs, but that didn't stop Dart from going to the bed.

Irvas immediately joined him.

No words were spoken. They simply set to kissing. Dart was surprised at the strength he felt in the wizard's muscles. He was more used to bedding men who were either professional prostitutes or were from that warrior class that enjoyed only the company of men. Either way, he was used to sex with men having hard, bulging muscles. Irvas's body was lean and wiry, but was in no way weak.

Except for their arcane appearance, the tattoos on Irvas's skin appeared to be normal, not unlike the military tattoos that Dart sported from his time in the king's army. Irvas focused on caressing Dart's cock, summoning it back from the dead, while Dart just kissed the wizard, tasting his spicy mouth and skin. He was happy to let the wizard take the lead.

Curiosity was killing him. Dart knew it was his weakness. He couldn't help but drop his hands to the wizard's crotch. Through his garment his cock bulged and Dart wanted it out to explore and caress it.

Irvas didn't stop Dart from pushing down his loincloth to haul out what had to be an impressive cock. Dart immediately regretted every decision he had made in his life that had brought him to this moment.

Dart had handled, fucked, and sucked a variety of cock. Every man's was different and that part of the thrill of sex with another man.

What Irvas had between his legs was in no way human and was unlike anything Dart had ever seen.

Unconsciously Dart flinched back while Irvas laughed at him.

“Having second thoughts?”

“Yes!” Dart didn’t even try to conceal his fear and confusion.

Irvas looked down at the organ that served as his cock. Dart couldn’t help but stare.

At first glance it was assuredly a cock, but only in general appearance and location.

It moved as if it had a life of its own. The cock was twice the size of Dart’s and was red. The wizard’s skin was a dull tan, but his cock was bright red, almost blood red. There was no way it was a normal man’s cock. It writhed about and pulsed unlike anything Dart had ever seen. He was vaguely reminded of the squid his fisherman father used to pull from the sea. Irvas’s cock had aspects of a squid and a squid’s tentacle.

“I acquired it as part of a pact I made with another worldly being,” Irvas explained. “Us wizards will do anything for power, magical or otherwise. It was the best decision I’ve ever made.”

“I...I don’t...I can’t…”

Putting his hand to the inhuman organ, Irvas stroke himself like an otherworldly god. The tentacle-cock responded like any man’s organ would have, growing and stiffening. There was no bulbous head; it simply tapered to a slightly pointed tip that had a small hole, presumably to allow the passage of urine and cum. Along the length of the shaft there were irregular bumps and ridges giving the thing an alien appearance.

“You can and you will,” Irvas said firmly.

Before Dart could react, Irvas suddenly flipped him over, placing him face down on the bed. A second later Irvas was behind him, pulling his hips up into the air. For a second Dart considered fleeing, but that wouldn’t solve anything.

Irvas continued to caress his body. “You’ve been fucked by men before?”

Nervously, Dart nodded his head. He wondered if the wizard had some special knowledge or could read his mind. Dart had both bottomed for his male lovers

and topped. He enjoyed both.

“Good. You’ll enjoy this.”

Reaching over, Irvas pulled a vial from under his bed and poured the contents between Dart’s buttocks. The thief felt the warm oil coat his anus and drip down onto his balls, sliding along the length of his cock before dripping off to the bed’s blankets.

Irvas saved some of the liquid for his tentacle-cock. It writhed happily in the slick bath.

Dart braced himself and then forced himself to relax. At least the wizard had used some oil to facilitate their copulation. Dart had done it dry before and didn’t find sex that way to be enjoyable.

He felt the squirming head press against his back entrance and it slipped inside him more easily than he had ever felt before. And it felt good. The strange cock kept going deeper and deeper in his ass, opening up his sphincter. The ridges and bumps on the wizard’s most unusual cock gave Dart pause as he subjected himself to Irvas’s attention, however, the deeper the wizard went, the more Dart enjoyed what was happening.

He wondered if the wizard was using some magic on him, but then dismissed the idea. It didn’t matter and he didn’t care.

There was the usual thrusting back and forth. Dart felt the Irvas’s balls slapping against his while his cock bobbed up and down, slapping his stomach as he was reamed by the wizard. It was surely the strangest sex he had ever had.

It was also the best that he could ever remember. Nothing else could compare to it.

There was pain, yes, but the way Irvas used his body, the pain was more than worth the pleasure.

“I’d yank your cock for you,” Irvas whispered in his ear, “but you already came for me and you need to save that up for something better.”

He then started thrusting harder and faster. Dart had been with enough men to

know that the wizard was close. He wanted to feel that hot cum shot up his ass.

And then he realized that he had no idea what would happen when the wizard came. Maybe this was Irvas's way of killing him, or making him a slave, or turning him into a monster. He started to struggle, but the wizard was stronger than he looked.

The frisson of fear made the sex better. Dart had been in similar positions before because the life of a thief was one of struggle and doing what is necessary. The sex then had been scary but incredibly satisfying.

This was no different.

He shouldn't have been able to get hard so quickly after receiving the blowjob from Irvas and he certainly shouldn't have been able to cum, but whatever strange organ that Irvas used as a cock filled him in a way he had never been before.

Dart didn't know what to do or think. And then he started cumming. His ass clamped down on Irvas's invading cock, but that didn't stop the wizard from thrusting. The wizard had also been close to orgasm. A second later his hot cum was filling Dart's ass.

Both men groaned in pleasure.

Dart's cum puddled on the blanket joining with the oil. He realized after the fact that either his cock had gone soft immediately after he came, or maybe he had never been fully hard to begin with. He couldn't remember how hard he had gotten.

And then Irvas pulled his cock out of Dart's ass. The thief groaned in relief; he hadn't fully realized how big the wizard's cock truly was. His ass tingled with a strange sensation that was left behind by the wizard. It wasn't unpleasant, just strange.

As much as he didn't want it to happen, Dart felt the thick cum that Irvas had deposited in him begin to leak out of his ass. The weird cum joined the oil on his ass and balls, dripping down to combine in the growing puddle under him.

Before Dart could turn back around, Irvas moved back, found his loincloth, and

pulled it back on, hiding his cock away. When Dart saw his lover was partially dressed, he wasn't sure if he was relieved or if he was so curious he wanted to go down on his knees and give the wizard a blowjob.

It would truly be a first for him.

"Now that that is done, I believe Groph and I have a task for you."

"A task?" As strange as it was, Dart's lust wasn't fully sated. He wanted to spend more time in the bed with the wizard.

"Yes. You need to return the Princess Poppy to her husband. That is the task you came here to fulfill, is it not?"

Slowly Dart nodded his head in realization that he wouldn't be fucking the wizard a second time. Maybe, just maybe, if he did as the wizard asked, he'd get to fuck Irvas again.

Chapter 4

Where the horses had come from Dart couldn’t say. Maybe they were magic, maybe they weren’t. He had walked to the ogre’s tower, but apparently Princess Poppy didn’t want to return home that way.

Her firm, luscious rump needed to be pampered on a horse’s saddle.

“Quit staring at my ass,” Poppy told the thief.

Dart was riding behind her and, truth be told, he had been staring at the princess’s rump.

But how could she know that?

“I’m not staring at your ass,” he lied.

“Don’t lie to me.”

“I’m not lying,” he lied.

Abruptly the princess reined in her horse, turning it halfway around to glare at Dart. “You’re a lousy liar. Don’t do it.”

“O-o-okay.” He was puzzled. “How do you know I was staring at your ass?” He pulled his horse to a stop next to hers.

“With an ass like this, I’d be more offended if you didn’t stare at it.”

Dart didn’t know how to respond to that.

The princess was clearly amused at his confused reaction.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked. Her voice was sweet and innocent. Dart’s cock grew inside his breeches. He was reasonably confident she couldn’t see that from her horse, but he still shifted uncomfortably in the saddle.

“Uh...no, Princess.”

She laughed at him. “Like I said, you’re a lousy liar. Clearly you want to. And here I was thinking you only liked men. What did you think of Irvas’s disgusting

cock?” She turned her mount and resumed her journey, walking the horse at a steady pace.

Once more Dart found himself without an answer. He was a man of action, not a conversationalist. “You know about that?” He kicked his heels into the horse’s side to catch up to her. This time they rode side by side.

Poppy laughed at him. “Of course I do. He loves showing it off to everyone. Don’t think that you’re special because he let you see it.”

She fell silent and studied him.

For a thief, Dart knew he had a terrible problem with keeping a neutral expression.

The princess smiled. “You did more than just see it, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” he admitted. Dart knew he should have been silent, but the experience with Irvas was so strange that he couldn’t stop thinking about it. He had to talk about it.

“Did he make you suck it or did he shove it up your ass?”

Dart found his courage. “We had sex like men,” he said boldly.

Poppy laughed at him. “So he fucked your ass, did he? I wouldn’t be brave enough to take that thing in my cunt or ass, so you’re a better man than me.” She smirked. “Then again, Irvas only has sex with men.”

“I understood that.”

“Do you only have sex with men?”

Once again Dart wanted to clam up. He felt that everything he said to the princess was going to be a problem for him in the future.

“That’s really none of your business, Princess,” he finally said after being exhausted by her staring sideways at him.

“That was a wise move on the part of my husband, sending a queer to rescue me.

He knows I'll fuck anything that moves." She gave him a sly smile.

Dart was in fear of his life. Clearly he was involved in something that was well beyond him.

"What is it with you and the ogre?" Dart finally asked.

Poppy laughed at him. "His name is Groph," she said.

"So?"

"Tell me that you saw me and Groph fucking."

"Why? Are you sick? As soon as I tell the crown prince he'll have your head on the chopping block."

The princess shook her head. "No. He won't. I was forced to marry into that family. Land and money, but you won't be telling Thurston anything."

"The hell I won't!"

Poppy once again stopped her horse. "Tell me. Say the words. Say 'I saw Princess Poppy fucking the ogre Groph.'"

"What is wrong with you?" he asked.

"Just say the godsdamned words," she barked at him.

He scoffed at her and then opened his mouth.

No words came out.

Dart wasn't much of a talker to begin with, but now, when he wanted to talk, he couldn't.

No words would issue forth from his mouth no matter how hard he tried.

Amused, Poppy kicked her horse back into a walk.

"Irvas is a powerful wizard, or so he claims," she called back to Dart as he hurried to catch up. "But I know for certain that if he forbids you to speak about

something, then that will be that.”

“You’ve done this before,” Dart accused her.

She laughed gaily. “Of course I have. Don’t try to write it down, either. That won’t worry. And that’s assuming you can write.”

“Why?” he demanded.

“Why what?”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Not letting you speak to my husband about me fucking my lover?” she asked innocently. “Because I value having my head attached to my shoulders.”

“No...why fuck the ogre?”

“Have you seen his cock?”

“Yes,” Dart answered honestly.

“Well, I love a big cock and my husband doesn’t measure up. Besides, Groph is a much better person than Thurston.”

“But...Thurston is an ogre!”

“And your point is?”

Dart didn’t know if he had a point.

“You need to come up with a convincing lie to tell my husband. Something along the lines of sneaking into the tower and picking a lock to my cell, freeing me. Don’t tell him that you killed Groph. He won’t believe that.”

“Fine.”

They continued on in silence. Dart was left alone with his thoughts and that disturbed him. He was glad when they had to stop for the night. There were meager rations on their horses along with a bedrolls to sleep for the night.

It was hardly the most dangerous situation Dart had ever been in.

He was so very wrong.

After they ate their food and started a fire, Dart was more than happy to spend the rest of the night sleeping.

Poppy smirked at him and unceremoniously freed the laces on the front of her leather bustier. Dart's eyes went wide. Underneath she had a loose cotton. Her prominent nipples were obvious under the thin material, making little dents outward. She had already kicked off her riding boots and now yanked down her form-fitting breeches leaving her naked but for the thin cotton blouse.

"What are you doing, Princess?" Dart asked nervously.

This couldn't be good.

"I like to sleep naked," she said. "And I sleep better after a good fuck. Since you're the only one around with a cock, you'll have to do."

"That's a terrible idea.

"Yes, but it's still necessary." She pulled off her thin shirt, leaving her naked. Her body was luscious and Dart's cock responded by growing hard and throbbing.

"I already told you that I'll fuck anything that moves. That includes you."

"Oh."

"Just take off your clothes so we can do this."

"But what...what about your husband?"

"Do you really think I'm worried about you telling him that you fucked me?"

"What about Groph?"

"He knows I fuck others."

"What if you fall pregnant."

“That’s not going to happen.”

Dart was sitting on a rock near the small fire he had built. He glanced down to his crotch and noted that the outline of his erect cock was more than obvious. “Shit,” he cursed.

“Problem?” the princess asked.

“I’m dead.”

“You seem alive to me,” she commented. “Though I’ve never fucked a dead man before. I’m all about new experiences.”

“If we have sex, the crown prince will have me executed.”

Poppy shrugged her shoulders which made her breasts bounce beautifully. “That is a risk,” she agreed. “But since you saw me fucking my lover and aren’t going to be telling Thurston about that...you might be right. Might as well enjoy yourself before you go to meet the headsman.”

Dart didn’t have a reply to that. Poppy crossed the few paces between them and knelt down before him. He didn’t move as she reached out and unlaced his breeches.

“Fuck,” he cursed.

She smiled up at him. “Yes, that’s what we’re going to do.”

His cock sprang out. “Oh, very nice,” she complimented him as she wrapped her fingers around his length. She looked up into Dart’s eyes as he watched what she was doing. “You have a very handsome cock.”

“Uh...thank you?”

She chuckled a little before lowering her head and licking the head, removing his precum before taking him into her mouth.

It was the second blowjob he had received in the space of two days; normally to get this much action he would have to pay for expensive whores.

Poppy didn’t need to practice the art of fellatio on the thief. He was more than ready, hard and excited for what was to happen next. She just liked to give blowjobs.

It was hard to maintain his balance on the rock and under the attention he was receiving from Poppy he kept leaning back, letting her take more and more of his cock down her throat, until he reached the point of no return and slid off the back of the rock, falling onto his back, pulling his cock from her mouth.

“Was it that bad?” asked Poppy, wiping her chin where she had drooled in the process of sucking his cock.

“Sorry. I...uh...just lost my balance.”

“Uh-huh,” said the princess doubtfully. “Are we going to do this or what?”

“What?”

Poppy didn’t bother to listen to his answer. She merely turned her body around and pointed her ass at Dart, arching her back and spreading her legs.

In the firelight Dart couldn’t see any details, but he didn’t need to. His mind filled them in. Her cunt had to be soaking wet, judging by the way she was acting. Even after falling off the rock his cock was still hard and slick with her saliva. If this wasn’t an invitation, he didn’t know what was.

Pushing off his pants, Dart moved into position behind her. He grabbed her hips to get the angle just right, but she was quick and reached between her legs, caught his cock, and placed it between her open lips without so much as a formal introduction.

He shoved forward as hard as he could. Knowing that his most likely fate would be a death warrant issued by the crown prince for fucking his wife, Dart decided to make the most of the crime he was committing.

Much to his surprise, he easily sank all the way into her. Poppy groaned loudly as he filled her up.

“I love fucking outdoors, don’t you?” she asked him.

Dart had no answer. He just keep his hands on her curved hips and started fucking for all he was worth.

She grunted and moaned as he used her body, but a silence spell wasn't cast on her voice. "Fuck! Yes! Is my cunt better than Irvas's ass?"

"Didn't fuck his ass," Dart answered.

"Did he fuck your ass?"

"Yes."

Poppy laughed at him. "Of course he did. He likes to dominate his conquests. Ugh. Yeah. Just like that. Go deep. Fill me up."

She was loud and was probably attracting every bit of wildlife within earshot, but Dart didn't care. He was going to die one way or another and going out while fucking her welcoming cunt was probably the best way to die.

He wanted to hold off cumming as long as possible. He knew he would never get a chance to fuck this prime a cunt again in his life and he was determined to suck as much joy from it as possible.

Simultaneously, he was certain that Poppy had fucked more men than he could count. He was just another distraction to her. Even her compliment about his cock was nothing but empty words.

He could feel her hand down between her legs. She was rubbing her clit, doubling her pleasure.

When she came, he could feel the sudden flood of wetness in her cunt and a flash of heat. Fucking her was truly a transcendent experience.

"You like that?" he huffed. "You like my cock?"

Her face was now down in the dirt, her ass up in the air. Poppy's words were muffled, but obvious. "Fuck yes. Use that perfect cock on me!"

Dart dug his fingers into the soft flesh of her ass, holding her in place so he could pound away as hard as he could.

When he came it was painfully good.

Each spurt of his cum seemed to fill her cunt and came rushing back out.

It was all too much for Dart and he collapsed away from her.

“You’re a fucking whore,” he said when he realized he was definitely going to be executed now.

“I’ve never taken a coin for a fuck,” she said. “I give it away free.”

Dart grabbed his pants and dug through the pockets. Coming up with a single copper coin that was bent and scratched, he threw it to the princess, sprawled naked on the dirt and leaves. “There’s a copper for you. Now you’re a whore.”

The small coin landed in the dirt next to her. With a twisted smile on her face, Poppy picked it up.

“You were a good fuck, I don’t regret this at all. And I can definitely say, I’ve done something with you that I’ve never done with anyone else.”

She looked expectantly at him for a moment. Dart just looked back at her blankly.

“I’ve fucked for money. Always before it was for fun.”

Chapter 5

Returning to the city had been easier than Dart would have guessed. Their journey on the magical horses ended just at the outskirts of the city wall. They walked the rest of the way.

The gate guards immediately recognized the princess and brought her inside with Dart. Of course Dart was taken into custody because of who he was. He knew he should have just let the princess walk the rest of the way while he slipped into the woods and off to a new life, but he was determined to get his pardon and his reward.

At least he was given food and drink in the cell where he was held.

He didn't have to wait all that long to be summoned before the crown prince. It was the next day.

He made the most of his breakfast since he was certain it would be the last food he ever ate before his head was separated from his body.

The office of the crown prince was an impressive affair that looked over much of the city. They were up in a tower that certainly led down to a dungeon where he would be tortured and then killed.

Dart wondered if he would be allowed to live to the next public execution date. The city folk loved to gather to see a line criminals put to death.

Upon being ushered into Crown Prince Thurston's office, he was surprised there were no guards waiting for him. The ones who escorted him from his cell were told to wait outside.

Besides Thurston there was only one other person in the office.

Princess Poppy.

She stood up from behind the desk where Thurston was seated, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. From where Dart stood, it was obvious that Thurston was in the midst of pulling up his breeches and buckling his belt. It took no imagination at all to realize he had recently put his cock away.

Flicking his eyes to Poppy, Dart wanted to communicate something to her, but she stuck her tongue out at him like a child would.

Except no child would have her husband's cum on it.

She gave him a wink and pulled her tongue back in before Thurston saw. She then visibly swallowed.

Dart hated being a playing of the nobility.

"My wife said you did an excellent job of rescuing her."

"Does she?" asked Dart.

"Snuck in the tower, found her cell, picked the lock, and got her out safely. Very impressive."

Poppy smiled at her husband and gave him a quick kiss on the forehead. "He was my hero," she said. "Not exactly a knight in shining armor, but he got the job done." She gave Dart a wink. "I'll see you tonight at supper, my love?" she asked before exiting the room.

Thurston watched her leave. Dart forced himself not to stare at the princess and her attractive ass.

Once the door closed Thurston pulled a piece of parchment from the desk, sliding it and a small bag of coins. "Your pardon and your payment."

"Thank you," said Dart, reaching for the items.

Just as his hand reached them, Thurston covered them with his meaty fist.

"I know she's a slut," the crown prince said.

"What?"

"I know she's a slut," he repeated. "I just haven't caught her yet."

Images of his cock going in and out of the princess's cunt filled Dart's head. He tried to push those aside but they were immediately replaced with images of the ogre's cock doing the exact same thing.

“Are you...are you trying to catch her?” Dart managed to ask.

“You’re a smart man,” said Thurston, slowly removing his head and leaning back in his chair. “Since you’ve done an excellent job of recovering my wife—without me having to spend an outrageous amount of silver on a ransom for her, again—I have a proposal for you.”

“A proposal?”

“I need someone to chaperone and spy on my wife. You’re the perfect man.”

“I am?”

“Why wouldn’t you be?”

Dart deposited the bag of coins and pardon in a hidden pocket of his cloak. “I’m a thief.”

“But a thief I can trust.”

“I don’t want to spy on a woman who is having an affair with...I don’t know who she would be having an affair with,” he quickly recovered before revealing what he knew about Poppy fucking Groph.

“That’s what I want you to find out. At first I thought she was slipping out of the city to an assignation with her lover, but you say she was in a cell in the ogre’s tower. She obviously needs a guard to watch over her. You’re my man.” The crown prince smiled at him.

Dart backed away from the desk and was about to make a mad dash through the doors and out of the tower, but he calmed himself. He had his pardon and his money. He just needed to politely decline and keep declining until the crown prince was tired of the game.

Thurston knew nothing about Dart fucking his wife.

“I...I can’t do that sort of thing. I believe our business is concluded.” He bowed slightly and moved to the door.

“d’Artagnan!” the crown price called just as the thief’s fingers met the door’s

heavy iron handle.

“Yes, my prince?”

“Look at your pardon first.”

Dart’s heart sank. He didn’t really know how to read. A few words, yes. And he could scratch out a sigil that was his name, but that was it. Still, not wanting to appear a fool, he pulled out the slip of parchment and unfolded it.

Instead of lines of indecipherable letter, there was instead a lewd picture of a woman being buggered while sucking a cock. The men featured in the drawing were disembodied cocks, nothing more.

The woman bore more than a passing resemblance to Princess Poppy.

“This was found in a whorehouse. Copies are being sold for single coppers. I don’t need my wife to have this reputation.”

“You promised me a pardon!” Dart said between gritted teeth.

“And you have one. A conditional one. Find my wife’s lover and you’ll be granted a full pardon upon his execution.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Cuckquean 2: The Honeypot

“Tell me how many times you fucked Gigi after we started dating,” I prompted Brent.

Once again he had me tied to my bed. I wasn’t wearing my playsuit this time because this was just casual sex, there wasn’t any need to get dressed up and fancy. Instead of being in the traditional spread-eagle position, he had me face down and ass up. My words were slightly muffled by the pillow under my face. The other pillow was shoved under me to keep my ass in the air.

I felt open and vulnerable.

I loved it.

“We only hooked up once after you and I started up,” he told me, running his hand over my bare ass. He didn’t touch my pussy or asshole, though I desperately wanted him to. He was going to keep teasing me until I was begging for it.

“How many times?” I repeated.

“Let me think,” he said as he caressed my skin. His fingers ran down the edge of my crease, getting close to where I wanted him to touch, but not close enough. My pussy felt like it was on fire, which was odd because I was also dripping wet. I could feel my amrita starting to dribble out of me. It was wanton and wrong and I loved it. “It was probably a weekend thing. That’s how long she usually visits for. Arrived on Friday night and spent the night with me, visited her family on Saturday. Claimed to go to a hotel that night, but spent it with me. Saw her family again Sunday morning. Geez, I can’t remember details now. Let’s say twice Friday night. Once Saturday morning. Twice Saturday night. And once more on Sunday. That would be six times.”

“You came in her each time?” I asked. I wanted details. I got off to details.

“I couldn’t say for sure, but probably she gave me a handjob at least once.”

“Ooh...you poor baby. You deserve better than that.”

“I can assure you her handies are very good. But let me think. One handjob, probably one blowjob and she usually swallows, so I came four times in her pussy.”

I could feel my jealousy rising. Brent ran his index and middle fingers on my labia, not truly touching my pussy, but coming oh so desperately close.

He circled one finger around my tightly puckered asshole. I wanted him to touch it, but was afraid to ask. I wanted him to put a finger inside me where it didn’t belong. I wanted his cock in me because my body was in desperate need to be fucked and used.

But I had to play the game.

And I wanted to hear how my boyfriend had been fucking his life-long friend.

“You didn’t fuck her ass?” I asked, realizing exactly what he had told me.

“No. We never do that.”

I turned my head as far as I could to see him out of the corner of my eye. Brent’s handsome face with a little stubble on his cheeks and chin looked down, not at me exactly, but my ass and exposed pussy. He was shirtless. I could just see his lean muscles and bare arms. I couldn’t see below his waist. I didn’t know if his cock was out and hard or if he was still just teasing me.

Was he going to spank me?

Was he going to put a finger up my ass?

Was he going to reach down low and find my pussy to rub and tease it?

Was he going to do all the above?

“You never do that? You’ve never fucked her ass?”

“No. Never.”

“Why not?” I demanded of him. It was a strange thing to be asking, but I had already given myself over to the fact that I didn’t have a normal sex life compared to...well, compared to just about everyone else in the world.

He shrugged. “Turn your head back around. You’re not supposed to be looking at me.”

I did what he asked because he had promised to make me cum and make it fun and interesting.

I liked the idea of interesting.

But I didn’t shut up about it. “Why haven’t you fucked her ass?”

“She’s never asked me for it,” he replied without concern. He pulled his hands away. I heard the sound of him opening up the bottle of lube I kept handy at the bedside. A moment later I felt the cool liquid glide between my cheeks and over my anus.

I tensed up ever so slightly and then tensed up again when Brent’s finger pressed

against this forbidden opening that had been violated over and over again in my lifetime.

Okay, so maybe it wasn't so much forbidden as it was an alternative entrance that only a special few people got to use. Like half my lovers over the course of my lifetime.

I moaned a little because I like to be used and violated.

"Please…" I tried to keep it a whisper that only my pillow would hear, but Brent had sharp ears.

"I told you not to beg!"

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! It's just too much."

He pulled his finger out of me.

"You'll need to be punished now."

I just silently nodded.

I could take any punishment.

Unless that punishment was denial of sex. I needed to be fucked right now. I needed a cock in me, preferably in my ass, but I'd take it where I could get it.

He spanked me once on the ass.

That was nothing. I could easily handle that.

I could easily handle a severe spanking and beg for more.

He paused and caressed the slightly reddened skin where he had struck me.

His hand pulled away and I smiled, readying myself for a nice spanking in preparation for sex.

He waited for a long moment and I wondered what he was doing. There was something to be said for the anticipation of it, but sometimes I just wanted to get down to business.

And then the flogger hit my ass and I yelped without meaning to.

I'm not big into masochism or pain, but a little bit is fun every once in a while. I had bought the pretty pink flogger with its leather straps and glittery handle

because I was in an experimental mood. It was a nice bit of equipment but when I tried it on myself it was all I could do to not to cry.

I had allowed one other person to use it on me. Evan. He was okay in bed and he liked to spank my ass during sex so I had decided to push things up a notch.

Big mistake.

I couldn’t sit down on a hard surface for a week.

That was the end of my relationship with Evan. His bad luck.

But I kept the flogger.

Brent didn’t use it on me so hard that I wanted to cry, but the pain was...exquisite.

“Oh please don’t,” I begged. I pulled against my restraints, but I wasn’t going anywhere. I was scared and excited and I wanted to be fucked more now than when we started. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.”

He didn’t hit me again.

I was a little bit sad at that.

His cool hand rested on my bottom which now had to be bright red.

“Are you going to be good?” he asked me.

I nodded vigorously. I don’t know why. I was just as happy to be bad. Bad girls are fun in bed. Good girls are boring.

He paused and I wished he had put a blindfold on me. Brent had only ordered that I not look at him and not beg for anything. I had violated both of those orders so I deserved whatever I got.

Again something cold touched my anus. It took me a second to realize what and I smiled.

I was glad that Brent couldn’t see my smile.

I had recently opened up my treasure box for him, showing my boyfriend all my sex toys and equipment I had gathered over the years. It was quite a collection if I do say so myself.

But I didn’t show him everything. I kept a few secrets tucked away in my closet.

Secrets are fun.

“Tell me if this hurts,” he said pressing the toy against my slickened anus.

“Will you stop?”

“No, but at least I’ll know why you’re screaming.”

I sighed and he penetrated me. He was using the buttplug I had put in the treasure box for him to use. It wasn’t the biggest plug I had ever used, but it was big because I needed that sort of thing to feel pleasure.

There wasn’t any pain. There wasn’t much resistance as he pushed the smooth metal plug into me. My sphincter resisted just a tiny bit and then opened up. The lube was more than enough to ease the passage of the plug. I was stretched to the utmost and then my ass pulled the toy into me.

“Wow,” he said. “That’s impressive.”

“Thank you,” I said smugly. That’s the sort of girl I am. “Is that all you’re going to do to me? It’s hardly a punishment.”

“I’m not done with you yet.” He stepped back and I heard him moving around. A minute later his hands were back on my body. Hips and ass. I felt his cock, his hard cock, pressing between my legs. I opened up my stance a little more so that he could easily find my entrance.

It was an automatic response. My pussy was needy and greedy and I needed to be filled by his cock and then his seed.

No, I don’t know what’s wrong with me and why I need to do and think these things.

Like any woman I needed stimulation to my clit to get full pleasure out of sex. Being fucked from behind was fine because either my lover or me could play with my clit.

Except right now my hands were bound to the bed and I was positive that Brent wasn’t going to be doing me any favors.

That was okay. The buttplug was firmly lodged where I wanted it and his cock filled me up more than adequately.

Brent fucked me hard. This was all for him, or so he thought. I was the sort of bad girl who liked to be used and abused and fucked like a toy, an object.

But more than anything I wanted to see Brent fuck Gigi again. I wanted to watch him fuck someone else while I watched.

Why?

I don’t know. Maybe I have low self-esteem.

Maybe I’m just fucked up when it come to sex.

Maybe I want to see him happy with someone else because I know I’m not good enough.

The thought about not being good enough pushed me over the edge and made me cum. That was good because Brent came a few seconds later, filling me with his delicious cum.

Even after he pulled out of me, I was still full. I was full of his cum and full of the buttplug.

He left and went to the bathroom to clean up. I wanted to tell him I would have sucked his cock clean. It would be a pleasure.

When he returned, he looked at me and smiled. “Did you like that?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like being tied up and plugged?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I think I’ll leave you like that a while.”

And with that, he left the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

What exactly had I gotten myself into?

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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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