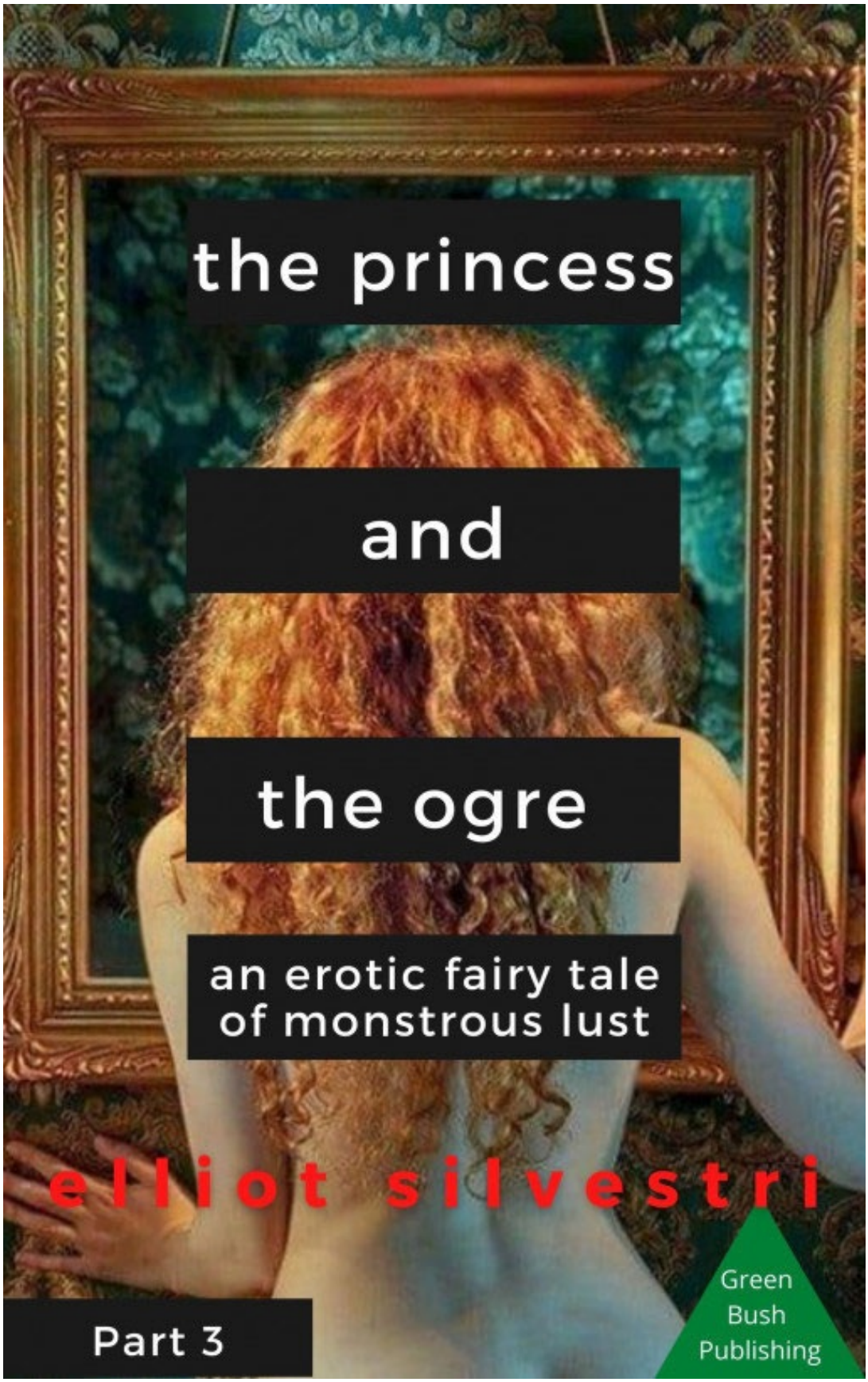
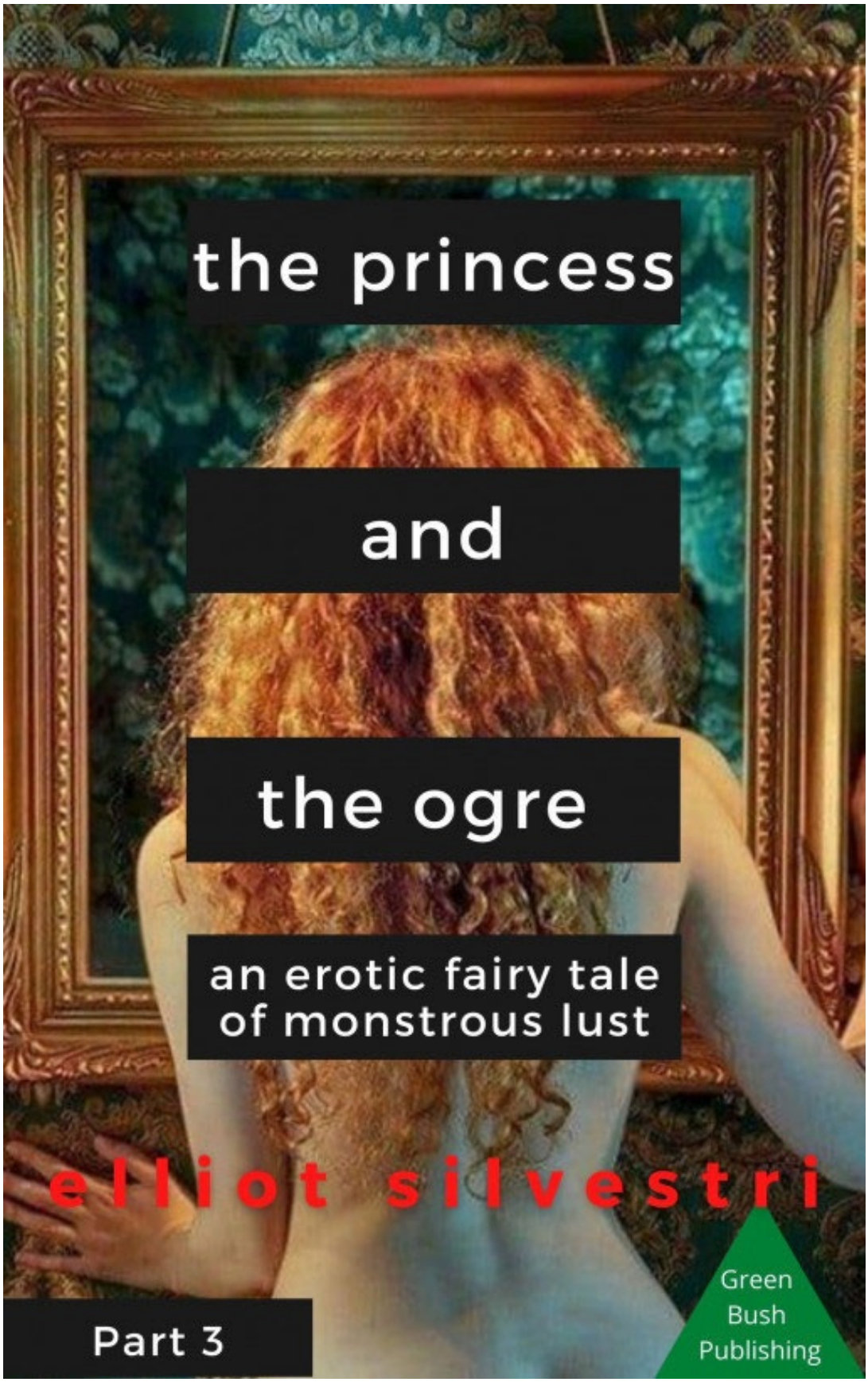

the princess
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Part 3
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The Princess and the Ogre Part 3

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Princess and the Ogre Part 3

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

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Tart

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Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Preview

About the Author

[3]

Chapter 11

“How will you do it?” asked Dart quietly.

“Belsar’s balls!” Poppy screamed.

Deputy d’Artagnan Delabreese had slipped quietly into the princess’s chambers using one of the secret passages. He didn’t care if the princess figured out there were spy holes and passages around her bedchamber—it seemed likely to him that she already knew—but he wanted to make sure that she knew there was little she could do to stop his spying.

He was trying to split the delicate balance between working for Crown Prince Thurston—Poppy’s husband—and working for the ogre Groph—Poppy’s lover—while also assuring himself that his head wouldn’t be separated from his shoulders.

“Is there a problem?” he asked innocently.

The princess glared at him. Her chambermaid Azalea gave Dart a wry grin that Poppy couldn’t see. The maid had either heard or sensed him coming through the secret door so she wasn’t nearly as startled.

But then again, maybe Poppy was upset because she was only half dressed for the day.

Dart gazed admiringly at the princess’s full, plump tits which were fully exposed. She was wearing some bit of silk and lace about her hips which hid her cunt away, though Dart imagined he could see the slit of her opening through the thin material.

“You don’t fucking enter a princess’s chambers without permission.”

“I think we are well beyond that point, my princess,” he said mockingly.

Not letting herself be the least bit perturbed, Lea the maid pulled the princess’s corset around her body and started tightening the laces, hiding her tits away from view. As the spy and thief and deputy talked to the princess, Lea continued to dress Poppy.

“You haven’t answered my question,” he prompted her.

“What question?”

“How will you do it?” he repeated.

“Do what?”

“Meet up with…” Dart hesitated and glanced at Lea. “Meet up with your lover?”

Poppy didn’t answer him right away. She allowed Lea to finish lacing her dress before she dismissed the maid who then left the room.

“Don’t speak to me about that in front of my maid,” Poppy hissed.

“I think you can trust her,” said Dart, thinking about the two times he had already fucked the randy maid.

“You can’t trust anyone in this palace.”

“You’re the one who sent her to distract me while you flitted off so suck someone’s cock.”

Poppy glanced around the room, as if expecting spies to literally come crawling out of the stonework, then then grabbed Dart’s shirt, pulling his face in close to hers. She dropped her voice. “That was with one of my other lovers. A human. A distraction. A toy. No one can know about Groph!”

“I would think that Lea—”

Poppy cut him off. “She doesn’t know shit!”

“Fine, fine,” said Dart, carefully removing the princess’s rather strong fingers from his shirt. “You still need to answer the question.”

Poppy closed her eyes and sighed. “Irvas will teleport me. We’ve done it before.”

“The ogre and the wizard work together?” asked Dart.

“Aren’t you a clever one,” she said, not really answering the question.

“Two nights hence?” he asked.

“How do you even know that?”

“I have my sources,” he said with a sly smile. So this is what it felt like to be someone who knew important things, Dart thought to himself.

“Yes. Two nights.”

“You’ll take me with you,” Dart told her.

“No.”

“Yes. Either take me with you or...well, I’ll have to tell your husband exactly what you’ve been up to.”

She scoffed at him and then realized he was completely serious.

“Fine.”

He doffed his cap to her. “I shall see you then, my princess. I look forward to it.”

She lifted her chin to him. “And what exactly are you going to do until then? Continue to spy on me?”

“Yes, my princess. That and many other things. You gave an excellent show last night, I look forward to another performance.”

“Find someone else to spy on,” she said. “I won’t be doing anything interesting in the next two days.”

“I doubt that,” he said and exited the room.

The problem was, Dart had no real status in the palace. He reported to the crown prince and had the title of deputy, but no one would associate with him in public.

There was Lea, of course, the maid who was happy to fuck him. And he had his little tryst with Lady Violet while Princess Poppy watched. The smart thing to do would be to lay low, take meals in his room, and escort the princess back to her ogre lover. He was certain he could spend two days doing nothing to save his neck.

He got bored after two hours and found himself wandering the palace looking for a distraction.

His initial plan was to steal something. He didn't need to steal anything, but the planning and the plotting would give him a distraction. There were all sorts of art works on the walls of the palace, but they were too large to be practical to steal. He could have hunted down some small bits of silver, but that was boring. Certainly there had to be valuables—jewelry and gems—in the bedchambers of the various members of the royal family, but breaking into their rooms would take planning beyond a two day window.

He had settled on lifting some silverware from the supply closet next to the kitchens. It was almost too easy and almost a waste of his time, but he had to do something to sate his urges.

Slipping into the supply closet was easy. Incredibly easy.

What stopped his hastily constructed plan was chance more than anything.

He moved so silently and without aid of light that he was on top of them almost before he realized it.

It shouldn't have been a surprise to find a maid performing vile carnal acts in the supply closet. The surprise was that the maid was doing it to one of the serving boys.

They hadn't realized he was in the small room with them and Dart froze. It took him just a few seconds to see what was actually going on and then he grinned

and shook his head.

The maid was rather plain. Her skirts were hiked up over her hips, exposing her broad rump. Dart watched as she thrusted them back and forth, pleased with the action of her muscles under the soft flesh.

The boy was pressed up against one of the shelves in the room, half bent over. He should have been the one doing the fucking, but there was no accounting for the taste and habits of anyone in the palace.

Each time the maid thrusted her hips, the boy grunted as he received her attention to his asshole. Dart now saw the straps around her thighs. Surely she was using a harness to hold an artificial cock against her cunt so they could reverse the roles of men and women fucking.

Dart couldn't fault them for that. He rather appreciated what they were doing. It was certainly unique for a maid and a serving boy, but perversion was easily spread and he guessed that the pair had seen or helped some member of the royal family do the same and wanted to see what it was like.

"I'm sure the chamberlain wouldn't be happy with abuse of the house silver like that," said Dart, interrupting their fun before either party could climax.

The maid gasped and pulled away from her lover.

Dart had been right. There was a harness on her hips with a large silver dildo held in place over her cunt. He wondered if the tool was made of actual silver or steel or something else. It didn't matter.

Dart was also a bit jealous. The girl's cock was bigger than his own, though it was nowhere near as big as Groph's.

The serving boy turned around as abruptly as the maid and tried to make a quick escape, but Dart was blocking the way.

It was then Dart realized he had made a mistake, but it was a mistake that would play to his advantage later on.

He sighed. "I suppose I'll just have to report this to Crown Prince Thurston," he said with a shake of his head.

“Please don’t!” the boy pleaded.

In his short time in the palace Dart had learned quite a bit about the habits and power struggle that went on continually amongst the royal family. The king was still the head of the family and kingdom, but Crown Prince Thurston was the one running the day to day kingdom affairs. Every one of his siblings envied and hated Thurston, with good reason. The man was a prick.

But they didn’t want to lose any status.

Dart had happened upon a maid pegging Prince Rupert in the supply closet, not some random serving boy. Dart didn’t care about this, but Rupert did. He was the youngest member of the royal family and therefore the lowest status with no hope to rule in his future. Dart had seen him at a variety of events sucking up to whoever seemed to be in charge.

“Why shouldn’t I?” Dart asked coolly.

“I’ll...I’ll make it worth your while to remain quiet,” the prince said quickly.

Dart didn’t care if the official royal pastime was buggering each other because they all had an incest kink that couldn’t be denied, but for Rupert to want to be pegged by a maid or anyone of lower status than himself was a scandal in the making.

“How will you make it worth my while?” asked Dart.

“Money! Jewels! Power! I can give them all to you!”

Dart scoffed. “I already have that and more coming to me.” That was only half the truth but it didn’t really matter.

The maid had been edging away from the two men and when she moved to slip by Dart, he reached out and grabbed her arm preventing her escape. To make his point clear that he was in charge, he slapped her across the face twice, once on each cheek. She gasped in shock.

“Take that ridiculous thing off,” said Dart, pointing at the silver cock, “and go back to your duties.”

The maid quickly divested herself of the harness and dropped the silver cock on the floor.

“Leave,” he ordered her.

He wasn't sure if she had panties or not, but she pulled her skirt back down and raced out of the room.

“Pick it up and come with me,” said Dart to the prince.

He was in no position to be giving orders.

Prince Rupert did as he said anyway.

The prince hid the silver dildo in his coat pocket as Dart led him through the palace. They didn’t speak and the few servants they passed said nothing to them. It would have been awkward if they had run into a noble or family member, but luck was with Dart.

He led the prince back to his room and closed the door behind them.

“Do you know who I am?” he asked the cowering prince.

Rupert was a handsome young man who could bed any noblewoman he wanted. Why he asked a maid to commit an act of perversion with him was beyond Dart.

“You are Deputy d’Artagnan, my brother’s new personal enforcer.”

Dart was pleased at the sudden title increase. It was inaccurate but he didn’t care.

“So you know I report to Crown Prince Thurston and no one else.”

“Yes.”

“You’re trembling,” Dart pointed out.

“I’m scared.”

“Of what I’ll do?”

The prince shook his head. “No. Of what Thurston will do to me.”

Dart nodded. “That’s good.” He held out his hand. “Give me the toy that your lover was using on you.”

“She’s...she’s not my lover,” Rupert said, finding some tiny bit of courage, but took the dildo from his pocket and gave it to Dart.

The thief placed it in the small chest in his room and locked it closed, pocketing the key.

“You should be afraid of what I can do to you,” said Dart.

“What can you do to me?”

To answer, Dart leaned forward and kissed the young man, pushing him back against the wall.

Rupert willingly accepted Dart’s tongue in his mouth and pulled at Dart’s clothing.

Using his superior strength, Dart started to undress the prince. Since Rupert was used to others dressing and undressing him, he made little progress with Dart’s clothing while at the same time the thief and spy quickly exposed most of the prince’s skin.

Reaching down between his legs, Dart found that Rupert’s cock was already hard. This pleased Dart because he wasn’t sure if Rupert would be too nervous to have sex after being so recently pegged by the maid.

Gripping the prince’s impressive cock, Dart stroked him a few times while moving him back until the prince was pressed against the stone wall. Rupert didn’t resist at all. Dart liked that.

“Do you like getting pegged in the ass by pretty little maids?” Dart asked of his unexpected lover. He kissed Rupert, not giving the young man a chance to reply.

Rupert moaned, partly from the kiss and party from Dart’s demanding hand. “Yes,” he moaned. “I love taking it up the ass.”

“Just from women?” Dart demanded.

Now Rupert whimpered a little. “Men and women.”

Dart laughed a little. “Does your brother know?”

“Of course not.” The prince shivered.

Dart laughed again. He knew there were no secrets in the palace. “He knows. That maid I just saved your ass from is telling her friends right now. By the end of the day, everyone in the palace will know I’ve fucked you.”

“But you haven’t fucked me,” Rupert pointed out.

Dart whirled his young lover around. Just doing this had excited him as well. He was shirtless and pressed his chest to the young prince’s back. Rupert arched his back, offering his ass to Dart.

It was easy enough for Dart to pull out his hard cock. In a certain way he had wished he had to force Rupert down on his knees to suck him to hardness, but that wasn’t how things went.

His ass was already well greased from whatever the maid had used to get him ready. Dart had to hold back his snicker when Rupert reached back and grabbed Dart’s cock, angling it correctly, lining it up with his asshole.

When Dart pushed forward into the prince, he easily penetrated his unexpected lover.

This wasn't the first time Rupert had taken a man’s cock up his ass. It certainly wasn’t the first time that he had been pegged by a maid in the supply closet.

Rupert moaned in pleasure.

Dart didn’t know what to think so he just held the prince against the wall and fucked him.

It was hardly the most sordid affair that Dart had ever had.

Rupert knew how to fuck. That made Dart a bit nervous, but it was better than just buggering a poor victim. Rupert liked what Dart was doing to him. It was easier to order a maid to peg him than to ask a servant boy to suck his cock.

Rupert was just being practical when it came to sex.

The sex between the two men was rough and fast. Dart wasn't attracted to the man, but he felt the need to fuck him. Dart had no idea what Rupert's reasons behind getting fucked by the Crown Prince's newest deputy was. He didn't really care either.

Not wanting the young prince to feel like he was being used, Dart reached around his hip and grabbed Rupert's cock. It was still hard. It was primed to cum.

Rupert must have loved to be fucked in the ass.

"You like that?" Dart demanded of him.

"Yesss," Rupert moaned.

"I want you to cum. Shoot your load against the wall."

"Uh-huh," Rupert agreed. He didn't have much choice. Dart was bigger and stronger than him, plus Dart's cock was up his ass.

It only took a few strokes of his hand to make Rupert release his load against the wall.

Dart liked it when Rupert moaned loudly with his spurting of his cock.

But he wasn't done yet.

Letting go of the man's cock, he grabbed his hips and started fucking his ass like he would fuck a woman's cunt.

Rupert didn't complain.

Rupert seemed to enjoy it.

In less than a minute Dart finished as well. His first spurt he deposited in Rupert's ass. The rest he shot onto the man's back and ass after he pulled out.

Dart pulled up his pants. "You'd better go. Find the maid who was fucking you. Send her here. She needs to clean up your mess."

While he had no right to give the prince any order, Rupert quickly pulled on his clothes and scrambled out of the room.

It was so ridiculous that Dart had to laugh.

Chapter 12

“I don’t like you just slipping into my room,” said Princess Poppy as Dart walked through the secret door.

“Maybe you should lock your door.”

“It’s a secret door. The whole idea is not to have to lock it.”

“It’s not very secret if I know about it,” said Dart. He closed the door behind him and admired how the woodwork perfectly meshed together making it all but invisible to the naked eye. He wondered how many people knew about the secret door.

His quick estimation was that it was less secret than the palace inhabitants wanted it to be.

“That’s what you’re bringing with you?” asked Poppy, looking at the small satchel that Dart had thrown over his shoulder.

“What more would I need?” he replied dismissively.

Poppy looked pointedly at the small pile of three traveling bags she had piled in the middle of the room.

“What in the name of the seven hells would you need all that for?”

“It doesn’t matter to you.”

“I’m going to be carrying it!” he protested.

“For five feet through a portal!”

She had a good point.

“Seems wasteful,” he grumbled.

“I’ll need it all.”

Dart had his doubts about that. He looked around the princess’s apartment, seeking out hidden enemies or spies. He then visually inspected Poppy. She

wasn’t wearing a fancy dress or ornamental clothing designed to accentuate her body. She was wearing practical traveling clothes, pants under a loose skirt and a blouse that didn’t even show off a hint of cleavage.

“If you say so.” He continued to look around the room. “Where’s the portal?”

“You have to be patient.”

“What if someone finds us here? It would be inappropriate for the Crown Prince’s deputy to be found in his wife’s bedchamber in the middle of the night.”

Princess Poppy scoffed. “Right. It would only be inappropriate if I was giving you a blowjob.”

Dart gave her a half grin. “Are you offering?”

Before Poppy could answer, a blue-green light started to fill the room. Dart looked at the little ball that formed in the middle of the room. It started out no larger than an insect and if not for the strange color, he would have sworn it was a firefly. But it grew and grew and the light was unnatural.

“Looks like we won’t have time for that blowjob,” said Poppy as she picked up the smallest pack from the pile and strode purposefully toward the ball that was now as tall as a man. “Bring my things,” she said as she stepped into the light and was consumed by it.

Having never traveled by portal before, Dart didn’t know what to expect when she touched the physical light, but she just disappeared into the light, which made no sense since one should only be able to disappear into darkness.

Knowing he had to follow because there was no other way out of his predicament, Dart grabbed the princess’s two extremely heavy packs and followed in her footsteps.

He had to close his eyes against the light so he didn’t see the transition from the princess’s bedroom to the ogre’s ruined tower, but he felt it. The world shifted and moved beneath him, and not in a good way.

Stumbling out of the glowing orb, Dart dropped the two packs he had been carrying, fell to his knees, and focused on not vomiting onto the floor.

After two deep breaths, Dart failed completely and emptied the contents of his stomach on the cold, stone floor.

After he finished heaving, he heard laughter.

Poppy's laughter was a high-pitched giggling. Looking up he recognized the deep, rumbling laughter came from the ogre, Groph, and a barely amused tittering was from the wizard Irvas.

There was a fourth voice laughing as well. It took Dart a moment to focus, but then his eyes rested on an attractive woman with long, lustrous black hair and olive skin.

Despite his humiliating position on the floor, Dart still managed to smile at her.

She smiled back. He was convinced the woman was mocking him.

He was right.

"My darling!" Poppy cried out, running and throwing herself at the ogre.

"Poppy!" Groph caught her mid-air and the two kissed each other aggressively.

Dart struggled to his feet and carefully moved away from the vile smelling puddle he had left on the floor.

"Why are you here?" demanded Irvas.

"The princess wanted me to come," he replied.

"Not hardly," said Poppy, breaking her kiss with Groph. The ogre was still holding her up by grabbing her ass.

"I wanted him here," Groph rumbled. "I need to use him for...well, we'll leave that plan for later. For now—" he squeezed his lover's ass and she shrieked with laughter. "For now, I'm going to take my lover to my bedroom and see how much ogre cock she can take up her cunt and then up her ass."

The odd pair departed, leaving the other three staring at each other.

"I should have expected that," Dart grumbled.

“Clean up this mess,” Irvas commanded and left the room as well.

Dart looked at the new woman and then at the puddle he had left on the floor.

“Did he mean that order for you or me?” he asked the woman hopefully. After more than a week in the palace he had gotten used to maids being around to take care of basic needs.

“You,” she said haughtily. “Cleaning the vomit of a lowly ssspy isss beneath me.”

“Who are you, anyway?”

The woman smiled, bearing bright white and sharp triangular teeth. Dart was happy to say he wasn’t the least bit frightened by her. “I am Evanora.”

“Okay...what does that mean to me?”

The woman moved from behind the table between the two of them. Only now did Dart realize she wasn’t a woman. Or at least a human woman. Her upper half was mostly a normal woman, but her lower half was that of a snake. Her torso changed into a thick scaly tube that held her body upright like a serpent about to strike.

“Nothing. I am merely an asssoccciate of Irvasss.”

“Are you a hag or a gorgon?” asked Dart, feeling bolder than he should.

“A gorgon,” she all but hissed at him. “A gorgon with powersss that ssshould frighten you. Literally frighten you to death.”

Dart scoffed. “Lady, the shit I’ve seen and done lately, nothing phases me any longer.”

“Truly?”

“I’ll take on anything,” he said with a blase attitude.

“Will you take on me?” she asked, licking her lips in anticipation.

“Do you want to eat me?” he asked figuring nothing more could go wrong in his

life.

She ran her hand down the side of her body, accentuating her large tits half-hidden by a corset, the one piece of clothing she wore above what would be her waist. “No. I’d rather you eat me.”

“I’ve never been propositioned by a gorgon before.”

“Do you think that’sss what I meant?”

“I certainly hope so.”

Evanora raised her hand at Dart and he forced himself not to shrink away. She snapped her fingers and there was a sparkle of magical energy next to him.

Looking down, he saw a small flash of light and the puddle of vomit was gone.

“Neat trick. Are you sure you want to do this?”

The gorgon sniffed at him. “The ogre only has eyesss—and cock—for Poppy. Irvasss only fucksss men. If I want to passss the evening with sssome entertainment, I need to ussse you.”

Dart blinked. “I meant because I just puked.” He could still taste stomach acid in his mouth. He looked back to where the puddle had been. It was completely gone now. Dart was impressed.

It meant he didn’t have to clean it.

It also meant he would be expected to fuck the gorgon.

It wasn’t the weirdest thing he could imagine.

“You can drink sssome water in my room. Or maybe something stronger. It’ll be fine. Follow me.”

Dart wondered if he was being used as some sort of sexual slave for the ogre and his allies, but if he was, it was a pleasant sort of slavery.

Leaving the princess's three packs in the arrival room, Dart followed Evanora through the room’s entrance and into a series of passages. Her lower half was

long and muscular. The way she had to sway the snake portion of her body back and forth looked completely natural for a snake, but it did wonderful things for her human hips.

Dart appreciated a nice wiggle in a woman's walk, but what Evanora was doing was well beyond anything he could have dreamed up.

"Firssst time through a portal?" she asked him conversationally as they walked. Well, as he walked and she wiggled.

"Does it show?"

"Yesss. Your reaction isss common."

Dart winced in annoyance. "Yes. First time."

"You're wearing the uniform of the Crown Prince'sss deputy," she said, looking him up and down.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'm working for Crown Prince Thurston."

"I thought you were working for Groph."

"I am," said Dart worried that he had been caught in some lie.

She arched an eyebrow at him. "You're working for both?"

"Yes! But I'm really working for Groph. I'm just telling the Crown Prince I'm working for him because that way I can spy on Poppy and keep an eye on her and keep her safe."

The gorgon stopped in front of a locked door. "I don't give a fuck who you are working for and who you are lying to," she said bluntly before using a simple cantrip to open the door.

Dart found it unusual that another creature would have their own room in Groph's tower, but he wasn't going to question it.

Evanora pushed into the room and Dart followed. As soon as he stepped into the dimly lit room the snake-woman struck, pressing him up against the wall, much like he had done with Prince Rupert, only here she pressed his back to the wall. He could feel the coils of her bottom half wrapping around his leg as she leaned in and opened her mouth, displaying her many sharp teeth and forked tongue.

Dart immediately thought of Lady Violet and her modified tongue.

“Do you know why I like to fuck human men?” she asked, tilting her head, studying him. Only now did he notice that her eyes were slits unlike round human eyes.

He slowly shook his head. “No.”

“There are no sssuch thingsss as male gorgonsss,” she said. “I need a human cock if I want to fuck.” She tilted her head back the other way. “And I want to fuck.”

She bent her head to his, extending her tongue between her sharp teeth. Dart didn’t know what to do, which was fine because she kissed him, wrapping her tongue around his.

It was a better kiss than what he got from Lady Violet.

He helped her when she started stripping off his clothes. He reached for her corset, but she was too strong and too fast to let him undress her.

In almost no time he was naked, Evanora using her prehensile tail to strip off his boots, and she bobbed her body low, bringing her face down to his cock.

“You’re not hard,” she observed.

“I’ve never had sex with a gorgon before.”

“That’sss no reassson to not have a cock that isssn’t hard for me.”

“I...I don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t sssay anything,” she told him. “I’ll fixxx it.”

Before Dart could react, Evanora suddenly moved close and took his soft cock into her mouth. He tried to pull back, but he was already pressed up against the wall. To see his cock disappear into her mouth full of sharp, pointed teeth was enough to make him shrivel up to nothing.

But then he felt her warmth and her tongue wrapped around his cock and he knew he was going to get a chance to fuck her—whatever that meant, exactly—and his cock started to rise.

Around his cock she grinned up at him. Her sharp teeth were still on display, but her forked tongue was doing amazing things to him. She withdrew enough to say, “Men are ssso easssy to manipulate.”

Dart couldn’t disagree with her. At first he had been frightened of her and now he was only eager to fuck her and please her.

She bowed her head again, this time fully swallowing his cock while pushing her tongue out between her lips. With his cock down her throat her forked tongue wrapped around his balls. Dart was certain he was going to cum down her throat and hoped that’s exactly what she wanted.

That’s not what she wanted. Without warning, Evanora suddenly pulled back and let his cock flop wetly in the air.

“Your turn,” she said, rising back up on her thick tail. Her fingers deftly loosened the laces on her corset and she yanked it up over her head.

Dart nodded appreciatively at her small yet full tits. It made no sense that a gorgon would have breasts, but there they were. Her nipples and areola were small and dark, matching her skin. She briefly ran her fingers over her erect nipples and continued on down the length of her torso.

Not knowing what to expect, Dart was pleased that her hands stopped at what was her sex. It was hairless, which was no surprise, and looked much like any human cunt he had seen. Evanora briefly outlined the organ with her spread fingers and thumbs, showing it off to him.

It was really just a slit with two large labia on either side and the bud of a clitoris decorating the top. The strange part was that it was in the middle of her tube-like lower body instead of being at the apex of two legs.

Not wanting to upset the gorgon, and because of intense interest on his own part, Dart leaned in and wrapped his arms around her muscular body before pressing his face to her snake-cunt.

It smelled and tasted just like any other cunt he had eaten out in his life. Maybe it was slightly earthier than most, but not in an unpleasant way. It felt exactly like any good cunt should. As he continued to lavish attention on her sex, she moaned loudly, letting him know what he was doing was perfect. The coils of her tail thrashed about a bit before she fell backwards into a corner of the room that was padded with a large pillow that was nearly the size of a bed.

Dart didn't let go of her. He focused his amour on her sex, seeking to please her as much as possible.

The end of her tail wrapped around one of his legs and shook wildly back and forth as her moans got louder and more out of control.

When she came, she was much like any other woman. Her sighs and moans and vocalizations were slightly more sibilant, but she let her appreciation of Dart's work be known.

"You aren't a ussselessss human," she praised him.

"Thank you."

"We gorgonsss have the sssame needsss as othersss." She wiggled her body back and forth on the thick pillow. "Put your cock in me."

He was still hard. Dart loved giving head to both men and women, so he had enjoyed his little experiment with Evanora. Since it had gone well, he opted to keep going along with her.

After all, what did he have to lose other than his life?

Positioning was a bit of a challenge because Evanora didn't have legs that Dart could position himself between. It was almost like it was mounted to the top of her torso. Doing his best, Dart placed his legs on either side of her body, kneeling over her until he was able to run his length along her wet lips.

Once he was sufficiently lubed up from her cunt, he took the plunge.

Inside her cunt it was definitely different from other cunts he had been inside. It wasn't even close to an eager asshole or mouth. It was strange but it was the sort of strange that Dart found himself desiring now.

Evanora moaned beautifully as he started thrusting into her. It wasn't exactly what he was used to, but it was more fun than he would have thought. The gorgon loved being filled with his cock and as he continued to fill her cunt over and over again, her tail once again curled around his leg.

He didn't notice at first, but then it got tighter and tighter to the point where it was next to impossible for him to effectively thrust into her any longer.

"You need to loosen up your tail!"

"Sssorry," she panted. "I jussst get exxxcited." After a moment, her tail relaxed and things went back to normal.

As he continued to thrust into her, Evanora used the end of her tail like a third hand and stroked his body with it. Other than being something unexpected, Dart rather liked the attention.

And then her tail started exploring his ass. Not just the muscles, but between the cheeks as well. Eventually her tail started to burrow into his asshole.

Dart stopped moving.

"What'sss the matter?" Evanora demanded of him.

"What are you doing?"

"Putting my tail up your assss."

He could have asked why, but the reason seemed obvious. Dart just looked at her with a blank expression. She continued to wiggle it against his tightly puckered sphincter. He wasn't letting her in and she wasn't insisting on it, but it also felt so good that he didn't have a real reason to protest.

When he relaxed himself just a little, Evanora was able to push her tail up into his ass.

He moaned much louder than he intended.

“You like that, don’t you?” she murmured to him. “You like being fucked in the assss…”

“Yesss,” he moaned, matching her voice.

Generally when Dart had sex with men, he preferred to be the top, drilling his partner. It wasn’t that he hadn’t ever been fucked in the ass, but he didn’t like taking a passive role.

That said, he liked Evanora’s tail up his ass.

She moved it in time with his thrusts into her. It wasn’t exactly a threesome, but it was awfully close.

“I’m gonna cum,” he panted in her face.

“Do it! Fill me up with your ssseed!” she begged of him.

Dart thrusted two more times before the cum boiled up from his balls and he shot in deep into her cunt.

Right before he came he had a fleeting thought that maybe he should withdraw and shoot his load all over her body instead, but Evanora wouldn’t let him do that. Her tail was buried deep in his ass and she held him in place.

As he filled her alien cunt with his hot cum and ground down on her clit, he pushed her over the edge, making her climax as well. Their bodies thrashed around together and Dart realized it was a good thing that her room was sparse of furniture because it would easily have been destroyed.

It was only after he finished cumming and his cock started going soft did she withdraw her tail and he started having second thoughts about what he had just done.

“Was this a good idea?” he asked.

Evanora re-arranged the coils of her body and tail so that she wasn’t so disorganized. Her hair was a mess so she grabbed a comb off the small stand

next to the pillow and carefully started arranging her messy tresses. “Why would this be a bad idea?”

“I’ve never had sex with a gorgon before. I’m not sure I want to be responsible for...for any offspring that result.” He couldn’t imagine what offspring between him and Evanora would be, but their children would be monsters of some sort.

The snake-like woman laughed at him, flashing her bright, sharp teeth. Putting down her comb she grabbed both her tits and thumbed the nipples, teasing them. “I wouldn’t worry if I were you,” she hissed at him.

“Why? Why should I be worried?”

“You ssshouldn’t.”

“Why not?”

“A mere human cannot impregnate me. I have...greater needsss.”

Somehow that didn’t make Dart relax.

“Well, I’m glad we had this time together,” said Dart, “but what are we supposed to do now?”

“Who sssaysss I’m done with you?” she asked, her tongue flicking out sexily at him.

Once again Dart started to worry. He wasn’t entirely certain the gorgon wasn’t going to eat him.

“What did you have in mind?” he asked nervously.

“A gorgonsss needsss are nearly endlesssss when it comes to sssexxx.”

“You want to go again? I’ll need a minute or two or five.”

“Doesss your mouth not work?” she asked, a broad smile showing off her many sharp teeth.

“It works.”

She pointed to her cunt, still on display, with Dart’s cum starting to drip out of her. “Then ussse it.”

Dart’s eyes widened, but he willingly bowed his head to her cunt.

Chapter 13

The next morning Dart awoke but was completely exhausted. Never before had he had so much sex in his life. His cock was sore and Evanora didn't seem sated in the least. He had been inside her cunt with his cock, his tongue, his fingers, even his toes at one point, and she was still as lusty as when he walked through the portal.

The odd thing, among many odd things in his life, was that he woke up alone on the giant pillow that was Evanora's bed. Or at least he thought it was her bed. It was...sort of.

Instead he found her dozing on a series of wooden bars that were set on thick stands along with a few of them projecting out from the wall. There was a small wooden platform with a pillow on which the gorgon's upper body rested as she slept, but her long tail and many coils were draped all over the wooden bars.

Dart supposed it made sense as a sleeping location for the monster, though he didn't know why she just didn't coil herself up in a neat circle and sleep on her tail.

He groaned as he woke, stretching to unkink his muscles. The skin of his cock was red from too much friction the night before. His body was tired from the physical exertion. His balls felt shriveled up after cumming four times—a new personal best and he still didn't know how he had managed it—and his asshole was sore after being penetrated over and over again by the gorgon's tail.

"Ssshall we have a morning fuck, Dart?" she asked him when he was fully awake. The noises he made when he stretched were enough to wake her.

Dart was still naked and his cock was hard. It was just morningwood, but that apparently was good enough for the gorgon.

"You know my name?" he asked nervously. He hadn't remembered giving it to her but she was some sort of powerful ally of Groph, so it wasn't surprising they knew more about him than he did of them.

"I know ssso much about you," she said, her tongue flicking out as she moved her torso down to his crotch while her body hung on the wooden bars.

Dart tried to move back, but he was too slow and was hobbled by his erection. Evanora bared her sharp teeth, flicked out her tongue again, this time licking his cock.

He was only human. His cock throbbed in reaction.

She had barely wrapped her split tongue around his cock in opposite double spirals when there was a loud pounding on the wooden door to Evanora's room.

"Wake up, snake-bitch!" a loud voice barked through the thick door. "Groph is waiting for you in his study."

She rapidly unwrapped her tongue from Dart's cock. It was done so quickly if not for her saliva Dart was certain he would have gotten a friction burn.

Even so, it still felt wonderful when she did it.

"I'm busssy!" she hissed at the blank door.

"Tell that to the ogre!" laughed the voice. "In fact, tell it to his face in his study. And bring your toy with you."

Dart heard heavy footsteps on the stone floor. The interloper was leaving.

"Ssstupid fucking ogre and his ssservantsss," complained Evanora but even as she complained she withdrew from Dart and started rummaging through a chest in the far corner of the room.

"What's going on?" asked Dart as he watched the gorgon pull a garment over her head and down to her human torso. The tight fitting leather shirt compressed her tits to almost nothing.

She eyed him. The look she gave was enough to cause Dart's cock to shrivel up to nothing.

"Final preparationsss for Groph to free hisss lover from her husssband," Evanora calmly explained.

“Oh.” Dart wasn’t sure what that meant for him, but it didn’t make him relax at all.

“I have one more question,” he said as he started pulling on his clothes.

“What?” The gorgon was in the process of gathering a few items from around the room and storing them in a satchel.

“Why did we spend the entire night fucking?”

“Becaussse Groph and hisss princessss would be too dissstracted to do anything of ussse last night. Why ssshouldn’t we have fucked?”

Dart nodded his head. “Makes sense. And what are we supposed to be doing today?

The gorgon eyed him with her slitted pupils. “That’sss two quessstionsss. We are planning the murder of her husssband and taking over the kingdom.”

Dart’s skin went cold.

He could tell the gorgon wasn’t kidding.

They finished getting ready and Dart walked side-by-side with Evanora to Groph’s study. He couldn’t imagine what an ogre’s study would be like. He also couldn’t have imagined fucking a gorgon and accompanying her to plot the overthrow of the kingdom, but here he was.

When they walked through the doorway to the study deep within the ruined tower, Dart stopped in his tracks when he saw the others in attendance.

Evanora wasn’t fazed at all. She continued to wiggle into the room on her snake tail and carefully coiled her lower body to a neat circle to observe the performance they had interrupted.

Well, not so much interrupted as walked in during the middle of.

Princess Poppy was chained to a strange device in the middle of the room. She was naked which was exactly what Dart would have expected.

The ogre Groph was standing behind her. He wore a leather vest but no pants. That just made it easier for him to fuck the princess with his giant cock.

Or, rather, his ogre-sized cock.

Which was still huge.

Poppy was half bent over, bound to the strange device while Groph thrusted his huge cock into her from behind. Dart couldn't see, but he assumed the ogre was fucking his lover in the cunt, not in the ass.

Though judging by the way the princess was moaning, either was likely.

At first Dart thought the woman was at the end of her endurance, but after a few seconds it became obvious that she was enjoying the abuse the ogre was heaping upon her.

Glancing around the room Dart noticed that he and Evanora weren't the only ones in attendance. Irvas was there as well. The wizard was watching the sexual display of the ogre and his lover with detached indifference. Standing next to the seated wizard was a barrel-chested young man who was shirtless, wearing thick woolen pants, and black leather iron-shod boots. Dart was certain that this was the man who had demanded that Evanora stop her blowjob for this...meeting.

"What's going on?" asked Dart, addressing the gorgon.

The gorgon smirked. "We're waiting for the floor ssshow to finish before the meeting ssstartsss."

"Most b-b-boring floor show ever," came a rumbling voice. Dart couldn't identify where it originated from.

Looking around Dart couldn't spot another humanoid in the room that could have spoken. The shirtless man next to Irvas was silent.

"Who said that?" he asked aloud. His first thoughts went to ghosts or perhaps an invisible interloper.

"I d-d-did," said the voice. On the opposite side of the room a blob of blackness rose up out of a deep silver bowl that rested on the floor. "Who are you?" the

creature demanded. “And are you edible?”

At once Dart realized the thing was a black pudding, one of the deadliest slime creatures in the world. It made no sense the slime was talking. They weren’t intelligent monsters. They were mindless.

Except this one was talking to Dart.

It had to be a trick.

“Ignore him,” said Evanora. “Sssvart is annoying, but necccessssary.”

The blob of blackness extended a blunt tentacle towards Dart. “Are you necessary?”

Dart backed up. “Yes.” He hated that this creature was examining him like an aberration from hell. “What are you?” he blurted out without thinking if it would offend.

“I am Svart B-b-boudin. I am a d-d-deadly pudding.”

Evanora laughed. The pseudopod extended toward Dart ended in a rough approximation of a human face. The words it formed came from this mouth, but that didn’t make any sense.

“Not a black pudding?” Dart asked.

“He wasss a black pudding, but he callsss himssself a deadly pudding now,” said Evanora. “He even gave himssself that ridiculousss name.”

Dart looked from the pudding to Evanora to the still disinterested Irvas and his companion and finally over to Groph and Princess Poppy. He wondered exactly what he had gotten himself mixed up in and how in the name of Belsar’s balls he was going to get himself out of it.

“It’s not rid-d-diculous,” protested the deadly pudding. “I am an intelligent creature and I am d-d-deserving of two names.”

Evanora was having none of that. “A persssonal name and a family name? You don’t have a family. You are a pudding.”

The deadly pudding swung its face-fronted pseudopod toward the gorgon who arched upward. Dart was certain that a fight was going to break out and he edged toward the doorway.

At that moment Groph had reached his peak as he had continued fucking his lover. Poppy had been moaning and groaning throughout the short conversation between Dart and Svart, but now Groph yet out an ear-shattering groan of pleasure.

All eyes went to the big ogre.

Dart would have been happy if Groph had just finished inside the princess.

Maybe his orgasm started off that way, but he withdrew his huge cock—much to Poppy's disappointment—and shot his pearly-white cum all over the princess's back.

Though it shouldn't have impressed him, it still did. The amount of cum that Groph splattered all over Poppy's back was enough to paint a wall.

"Do we have to watch your disgusting display?" asked Irvas, the first words he had spoken since Dart had entered.

Dart found the wizard's reaction to be somewhat mystifying because he had done something very similar with the wizard when they had sex. But maybe Irvas liked to keep his sex private.

That didn't explain the presence of the shirtless man, however.

Svart the deadly pudding dragged his bowl closer to the recently copulating pair. The pseudopod it had extended got incredibly close to Poppy's bare skin. Groph was already pulling up his woolen trousers, tucking his huge cock away.

"D-d-do you mind if I…?" asked the deadly pudding.

The ogre gave the pudding a lopsided grin. "Go ahead."

"What?" shrieked Poppy, pulling on the restraints that bound her to the rack keeping her vulnerable.

“Hold still, love,” rumbled Groph. “You don’t want to wind up like Svart, do you?”

Poppy shivered and started to cry, but held herself as motionless as possible.

Dart started to object, but Evanora silenced him. “Ssshh. Watch.”

While the touch of a black pudding—or deadly pudding in Svart’s case—wasn’t immediately deadly, it was possible for such a creature to infect and absorb flesh into itself.

Wondering if he was about to see some sort of ritualistic murder take place, Dart fell silent.

Svart’s tentacle extended out and touched Poppy’s cum-covered back. Instead of attacking, the deadly pudding instead started sucking up Groph’s cum.

Dart didn’t expect that.

“What. The. Fuck?”

Evanora smiled at him. “They have an...unusssual relatttionssship.”

“How the fuck is Svart even...possible? Talking? A...person?”

“You sssee that bowl there?” asked Evanora, pointing with a long elegant finger at the silver container that held the deadly pudding’s body.

“Yes.”

“It’sss not a bowl.”

“What is it?”

“A helm of intellect.”

“What’s that?”

Groph had overheard their conversation and sidled over to them. “A helm of intellect. A device devised by a wizard—”

“Not me!” called out Irvas. And then added, mumbling, “I wouldn’t get involved in that shit…”

“A wizard who wanted to increase his already impressive intelligence.”

Dart scratched his head. “So how did...how did Svart wind up...like that?”

Groph grinned down at the thief, displaying his prominent tusks. “Long story. Let’s just say that wizard doesn’t need it any longer. Even that helm won’t help a head alone.”

“Oh.” Dart wondered how the ogre had separated the wizard’s head from his body, but didn’t bother asking.

“Anyway, I left the helm down in the dungeons. There are a few oozes and puddings down there. They never bothered me and I never bothered them. Next thing you know, I find Svart walking around my tower. Well, scraping around.”

“Oh.” Dart couldn’t look at Groph in the moment. His eyes fell on Poppy and Svart. The deadly pudding was removing the last of Groph’s cum from the princess’s back. “But why...that?”

“Don’t asssk quessstionsss you don’t want anssswersss to,” said Evanora.

“Are we done with this ridiculous display?” asked Irvas.

Groph gave him a condescending grin. “Yes. I think so,” he rumbled.

Svart pulled himself and his helmet-cum-home back towards the middle of the room. Poppy briefly struggled against her bindings again, shaking her tits in a fetching manner, before giving Groph a wan smile. “Do you mind releasing me, my love?”

The ogre took a step her way, but then stopped. “No. I think I like you displayed that way. There’s no reason to release you just yet. I don’t want you to be a distraction to everyone else while we plot the murder of your husband.”

She simply glared at her lover. “You just like me like this.”

“Be silent and I’ll allow you a favor in the bedroom later.”

“Anything I wish?” she asked.

“Anything,” he promised.

She fell silent, but bit her lip in contemplation.

“Now then,” said Groph addressing those who had assembled in his lair. “I’m sure you’re wondering how an ogre, his human lover, a wizard, his familiar, a gorgon, a thief, and deadly pudding are going to destroy House Gainas. Am I right?”

They all just stared in silence.

“Well, I am,” answered Dart.

Chapter 14

“I’m dead,” said Dart after the long day of plotting and planning. He had escorted Evanora back to her room and he collapsed onto her large pillow bed. “There’s no way this is going to work.”

Evanora shrugged out of her blouse. Dart wasn’t sure why the gorgon even bothered to wear it. But then again, he was mesmerized by the snake-woman’s tits, so maybe it was a good idea she had been at least partially dressed while they planned.

“You have too little faith in Grophhh,” she hissed.

“Ogres aren’t known for the planning and strategy.”

“Grophhh is different.”

“Fine. whatever. I was dead the moment the crown prince’s men caught me stealing. Why don’t we fuck one last time before we get killed?”

Evanora smiled at him. “I have a better idea.”

Dart wondered if every large building in the kingdom was built with secret passageways. This one was as small and narrow as the ones in the palace. He couldn’t admire Evanora’s wonderful wiggle as they moved down the hallway.

“Where are we going?” he asked. Dart was torn on whether or not he wanted to see where she was taking him. It was like attending his first execution; that had been exciting because he had never seen a man beheaded before, the fact that the condemned was his cousin blunted his elation.

“Just doing a bit of ssspying,” she hissed at him.

“I know that, but spying on who?”

“Whom,” she corrected him.

“What?”

“Never mind. You’ll sssee.”

There were only so many possibilities. Irvas and his silent partner. Dart had no special interest in watching two men have sex, though he had often had sex with men himself. He couldn’t imagine Svart Boudin the Deadly Pudding having sex with anyone or anything. That left Poppy and Groph. He had seen them have sex before; he wasn’t sure he wanted or needed to see it again.

But his curiosity nagged at him.

By the time they arrived at where Evanora wanted, Dart was completely lost.

“Ssstay sssilent,” she cautioned him.

Dart nodded his head.

She led him to a spy hole that wasn’t as small as the ones he had used in the palace. There wasn’t just one spy hole along the wall. There were several; Evanora took advantage of one as Dart peered through his.

He almost wished he hadn’t.

What he saw didn’t make him jealous. He certainly didn’t want to be in the scene he was witnessing. If anything, it made him confused.

The room wasn’t one he had seen inside the ogre’s tower before. It wasn’t all that different from the dungeon where he had first witnessed the princess fucking her ogre lover. That made Dart wonder how many sex rooms there were in the tower. Had he converted all the dungeon space to locations appropriate for kinky sex?

Groph was once again bound in place, but this time he was down on all fours, his naked ass in the air with his substantial cock hanging between his thighs. There was some metal and wood structure that helped hold him in place, but that wasn’t important. The mere fact that the room was brightly lit with magical energy told him that the participants either wanted to be seen or wanted to see everything they were doing.

Princess Poppy was standing behind Groph. The ogre was large enough that she didn’t need to kneel for her to easily access his open ass and dangling cock. But

that wasn’t the strange part.

She was topless, her large breasts gently bobbling around with her every motion. Dart barely acknowledged that. What he stared at was her hips and ass. Actually, they were hidden from view, not by some screen or garment, but by the deadly pudding Svart.

The creature had extended the bulk of his body out of the helm of intellect, leaving just enough inside the magical item to maintain his sentient status. Most of him was wrapped around Poppy’s hips and ass. The rest of her body was naked so Dart could only assume that they were skin to skin.

He wondered how dangerous it was to touch a deadly pudding that was intelligent. Poppy wasn’t dead so it wasn’t that dangerous.

Still, there was no way that Dart would have willingly changed positions with Poppy.

The light was sufficient that Dart could make out the detail that Evanora doubtless wanted him to witness. Svart wasn’t covering Poppy out of a twisted sense of modesty. He was imitating a cock for her.

Poppy’s hands were resting on her lover’s rump. She thrusted her hips back and forth, showing off the impossibly large black phallus that Svart had formed from a pseudopod. She was using the deadly pudding to fuck the ogre in the ass.

Judging by Groph’s moans, the ogre loved it.

A satisfied grin was plastered across Poppy’s face telling viewers she was thrilled in the moment.

Since the deadly pudding didn’t have a face, Dart couldn’t judge what it was thinking or feeling. He wondered how the three had come to this arrangement. He wondered if one had ensorcelled the others to play this odd game. He wondered if the deadly pudding was being used or was the instigator. He figured that Poppy and Groph would do anything for each other since they apparently played at every sexual act that came into their heads.

Dart jumped when he felt a hand groping his cock through his pants. He was an accomplished enough of a thief to remain silent and not alert the trio having the

strangest episode of sex he never could have imagined.

“Do you like watching othersss fuck?” Evanora asked him softly.

“Sure...but not like this.”

She chuckled. “Grophhh and his human lover are ssstrange.”

“Why the fuck are they doing it?” Dart said. Perhaps he was a bit too loud; Evanora held a finger to her lips and backed away from the wall and its peepholes.

Dart followed. He had seen enough.

“Why the fuck did you want me to see that?” he demanded of Evanora when they arrived back in her room. He felt like a captive, trapped in the ogre’s tower.

“Did it not exxxcite you to sssee the two of them fucking?” the gorgon asked him.

“No.”

She laughed at him, flicking out her forked tongue. “You lie. I felt your hard cock.”

“So?”

Dart was unsure of where all of this was going.

The gorgon shimmied out of her blouse, showing off her purely ornamental tits. Dart wasn’t exactly mesmerized by them, but he was distracted.

And the action made his cock harder than it already had been.

“Ssso fuck me again. We launch our plan tomorrow. Unlessss the crown princcce sssendsss sssoldiersss or assssassssins tonight, we’ll either be in charge of the palaccce tomorrow night or…”

She didn’t finish the sentence.

“Or what?” Dart prompted her.

“Or we’ll all be dead.” She flicked her tongue out all the way while lifting up her tits. The split end of her tongue teased both her nipples at the same time. Her tail wiggled appreciatively at her own actions.

Dart wondered what it would be like to watch the gorgon masturbate. Would she use her tail on her cunt? How flexible was she? Could she reach her cunt with her tongue?

Shaking his head, he reached into his pants and found his hard cock. “Fuck,” he moaned in complaint as he stroked himself and moved toward Evanora.

There was no way this was a good idea.

Seeing that the thief was willing, Evanora, using all her gorgon-granted speed, shot forward, tossing some of her tail’s coils around his body. They fell heavily to the giant pillow that was her bed.

Kissing the snake woman was a dangerous proposition, but Dart decided to go all in. She didn’t mind him pressing his tongue past her sharp teeth. He liked the danger of possibly slicing his tongue open.

She wrapped her tongue around his and pushed it further and further into his mouth and down his throat. Having sucked other men’s large and long cocks, he wasn’t too disturbed by this action.

But maybe it was just a distraction. While they were kissing she used her tail to move his body around. A moment later his cock was pressing into her cunt and he was helpless to resist.

Was it strange that he wanted her tail up his ass again while they fucked?

To Dart, nothing was strange any longer when it came to sex.

To Be Continued

Preview

Cuckquean 4: Piece of Cake

After we got back to our city from our eventful trip to Gigi's, we drove directly to my place where we went right to the bedroom where Brent fucked me like a man who hadn't seen a woman in a year.

That was strange because he had fucked Gigi that morning, right after our confrontation with her cousin Greg. I know he had fucked her because I had watched.

It was hot.

I had gotten her pussy ready for him. She always responded well to a little oral attention, getting wet and hot for him.

All Brent needed to get ready was to watch me service his FWB. I barely needed to play with his cock to get it hard.

They started out missionary while I watched, my hand tucked between my thighs, playing with myself.

Eventually they wound up in reverse cowgirl. Gigi ordered me to masturbate so

that she could watch.

I think she got off to that as much as she got off to using Brent’s cock.

You’d think a man would be sated for the day after getting that in the morning. Not my Brent.

We tore off each other's clothes when we got to my bedroom. He threw me down on the bed and fucked me doggy style until I came.

It only took me a minute to cum. I didn’t even need to use my hand on my clit. Fucking alone, without Gigi, made me feel like we were doing something in secret. Brent was my boyfriend but without Gigi there it seemed like we were getting away with something.

We sort of were.

“You broke your promise,” I told him after he made me cum twice more before he finished inside me. I could feel his spunk leaking out. I loved that feeling.

“What promise?”

“Not to fuck me this weekend.”

“The weekend is over.”

I shook my head. “No it’s not. It’s Sunday evening. Still the weekend.”

He laughed. “You just like to get away with breaking rules.”

I leaned over the edge of the bed and found his cellphone in his pants. “Here,” I said, handing it to him. “Call Gigi and tell her what we just did.”

He took his phone from me, but instead of calling his FWB—much to my disappointment because I could have gone for some phone sex between them right at that moment—he opened up the camera app and took a picture of me sprawled on the bed.

“You’ve got great tits,” he told me.

I looked down at my chest. My boobs were still small. Laying down, they flattened out to almost nothing. “Thank you, but I think you’re just saying that so I’ll fuck you.”

“I already fucked you,” he pointed out, looking at his phone.

Still feeling randy, I couldn’t help myself. “Do you mind that I post pictures of myself online?”

He shook his head. “No. It’s hot.”

I smiled. “Take a picture of my pussy,” I told him and opened up my legs. I could feel his cum leaking out of me. I was still wet. Just the thought of him taking pictures of me was getting me wetter. His cock was soft, but I was certain I could fix that.

His smile matched mine. “You already have a bunch of pictures of your pussy. I’ve seen them. So has half the world.”

“Yeah, but all of those are just my pussy. This will be the first one of my pussy full of cum.”

My heart was pounding in my chest. Every new step into debauchery excited me. I knew that what I was doing wasn’t exactly original, but it did wonderful things to me.

Maybe Brent thought I was just playing and fooling around. Maybe he thought the picture was just for me and him to see.

I fully intended on posting it for all my followers and all the perverts in the world.

He moved his phone down between my legs and took multiple pictures. I slid my hand down my body and pushed a pair of fingers up into my pussy.

Jilling off with his cum inside me was something new as well.

“That’s totally fucking hot,” he breathed. I don’t know how many pictures he took, but it wasn’t enough. Everyone needed to see me.

“I’ve never had a photographer before,” I told him. It was hard to concentrate.

“Never?”

“I use a timer and a tripod,” I confessed. Then I stopped talking. My fingers were too busy and my clit was inflamed with lust.

I was too.

I’d masturbated for guys before. This was nothing new. It was new with Brent. He didn’t move the phone away from between my legs.

I realized he wasn’t just taking pictures. He was recording video.

That didn’t stop me.

Nothing would stop me.

The soft sound of my wet flesh being wickedly manipulated by my fingers reached my ears. I hoped it turned Brent on as much as it turned me on.

I was going to cum and there was nothing that would stop it.

Not even the thought of Greg telling Brent and Gigi’s families about their affair.

No. That made it even hotter.

I came so hard that I curled up into a fetal position. I knocked the cell phone out of Brent’s hands. He complained but I couldn't understand the words. I didn’t care to listen. My orgasm was so good I catapulted myself to another plain of reality.

I came crashing back to this world when Brent said, “Do you think that Gigi will want to see this?”

Uncurling from myself, I extracted my fingers from my pussy and offered them to him.

Sadly, he didn’t capture that on the video, but he did suck my amrita from my fingers. He probably got a good taste of his cum as well, but I didn’t want to possibly risk ruining the mood by reminding him about that.

“I love the taste of your pussy,” he told me. Sweet words.

“Are you going to send that video to Gigi?” I asked.

He nodded. “If that’s okay with you. I think it might perk her up. She’s worried about Greg.”

“Fucking Greg,” I complained.

Fucking Cousin Greg, indeed. Not that Gigi ever fucked him. As far as I knew. But he was an asshole and if Brent thought that a video of me getting myself off would make Greta happy, I was more than willing to go along with his suggestion.

“So...no?” he asked me.

“No. Go ahead and send it.”

“Okay. Good.” He grabbed the phone and manipulated it for a minute while I watched him. His cock was still soft, but it was starting to swell. He was getting in the mood again. I loved his stamina.

I gently held my pussy, stroking my shaved lips and feeling the little triangle of curls on my mons. I didn’t need to cum again right away, but I was more than willing to do whatever Brent wanted.

“I noticed you only ever post nudes of yourself. No videos.”

I had been certain that Brent was regularly checking the website where I regularly posted my nudes. It was a thrill. A weird and minor thrill, but a thrill nevertheless.

“Yeah...pictures are easier than videos.”

“Have you ever posted videos?” He finished what he was doing with the phone and set it aside. A moment later I heard my phone buzzing from wherever I had set it down. “I shared them with you too.”

“Thanks,” I said. “Can I—” but my words were cut off by a series of vibrations from my phone.

I looked askance at him.

“I sent you a bunch of pix,” he explained abashedly.

“Okay then.”

We listened to my phone buzz for the next minute, both of us giggling.

After it settled down, I asked him, “Is that all?”

“I think so.”

“Can I tell you something?”

He looked at me. We were now laying side-by-side on the bed, both of us had been staring at the plain, blank ceiling. “You can tell me anything. Is this another confession?”

I nodded. “Yes.”

“Why are you asking my permission to tell me something?”

“Because I don’t want you to think any less of me.”

He turned all the way to look at me. I refused to look at anything other than the ceiling. “You can tell me anything. I won’t judge you.”

I doubted that. People often say they won’t judge, but they do. They just don’t declare their judgements out loud.

But this was the time to do it. If I was going to drive Brent away, I needed to do it now.

“I used to cam.”

He was quiet for a moment. “Cam?” he asked. “You mean like strip on the internet?”

“Yeah. More than just stripping,” I said softly. “I put on full sex shows.”

His voice changed slightly. He was interested. “What sort of sex shows?”

“Besides stripping? Masturbating. Using toys. That sort of thing.”

“With other people?”

I shook my head. “No. Just me alone.”

“That’s sorta hot,” he said. He wasn’t lying to me. I could feel his stiffening cock pressing against my thigh.

“So there might be videos of me out there, floating around on the wondrous world wide web.”

His brow furrowed. “How…?”

“The site I used promised it was impossible for the guys watching to record, but anything is possible. Even if they were just recording it on a cell phone aimed at their computer screen.”

“Are you worried about that?”

I shrugged and shook my head at the same time. If that wasn’t ambivalence, I don’t know what was. “Not really. I usually wore a lot of makeup or a costume. I didn’t focus on my face. Who would want to see me playing with myself anyway?”

“Well, the guys who watched you, for one.”

“I meant of my friends and family.”

“I don’t want to answer that.”

I shuddered a little. As scary as it was, it was also a little thrilling. Sometimes when I was in bed by myself and needed to get off so I could sleep, I would think about that and rub my clit and cum hard enough to make the world melt away.

“I don’t want to think about the answer to that either,” I told him.

“It’s a tear in a salty sea,” he said.

“What?”

“Tear in a salty sea. A few dirty videos compared to all the porn that’s out there? Not attached to your name? You’re not a celebrity or a politician. Who would really care?”

Strangely, his words made me feel better. Not just about the situation, but about myself.

“Thank you,” I told him and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips.

“I love you,” he told me.

I blinked. “What?”

“I love you,” he repeated clearly.

I didn’t know how to reply. “Even knowing that about me?”

“It doesn’t change who you are and I love who you are. I love everything about you.”

I refused to believe that he loved me. Maybe he had great affection for me, but he couldn’t truly love me. I was a dirty slut who had done nasty things in her past and got off to watching him fuck his best friend.

“No you don’t. I’m the sort of woman who likes watching you fuck Gigi. I’m a girl you fuck a few times and then dump her. You love Gigi.”

He laughed and shook his head at me. “I love her as well. But I love you differently than her. Gigi is...complicated.”

“And I’m not?”

He scoffed. “Everyone is complicated. But I can see spending the rest of my life

with you.”

“But not Gigi? The woman you’ve been fucking for half your life? It’s probably most of your life now.”

Because of my stupid questions I had taken the joy out of the moment. “Greta is my best friend and we use each other for sex. It’s a twisted romance, if you want to call it a romance, but we aren’t meant for each other.”

“All evidence to the contrary,” I pointed out to him.

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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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