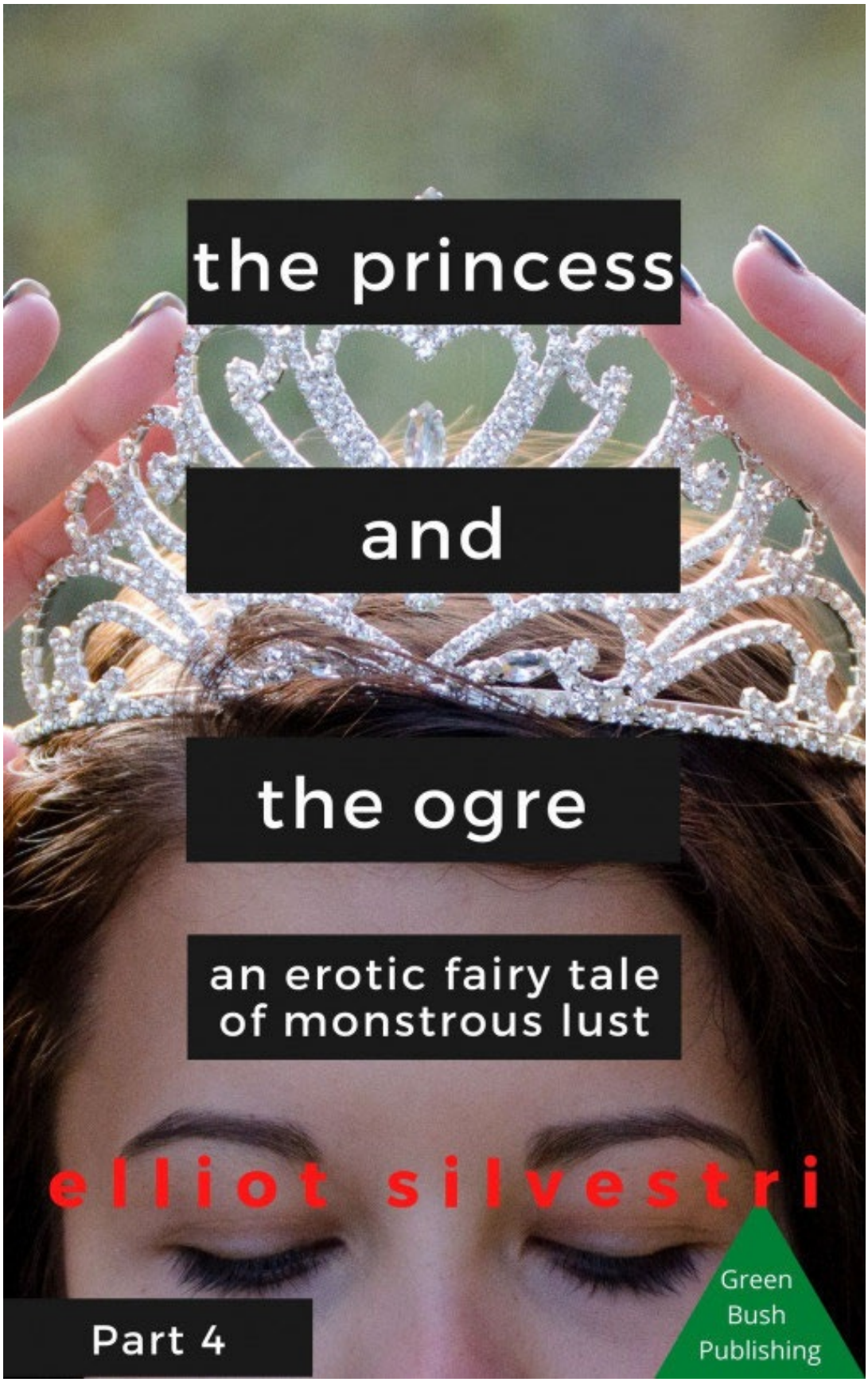
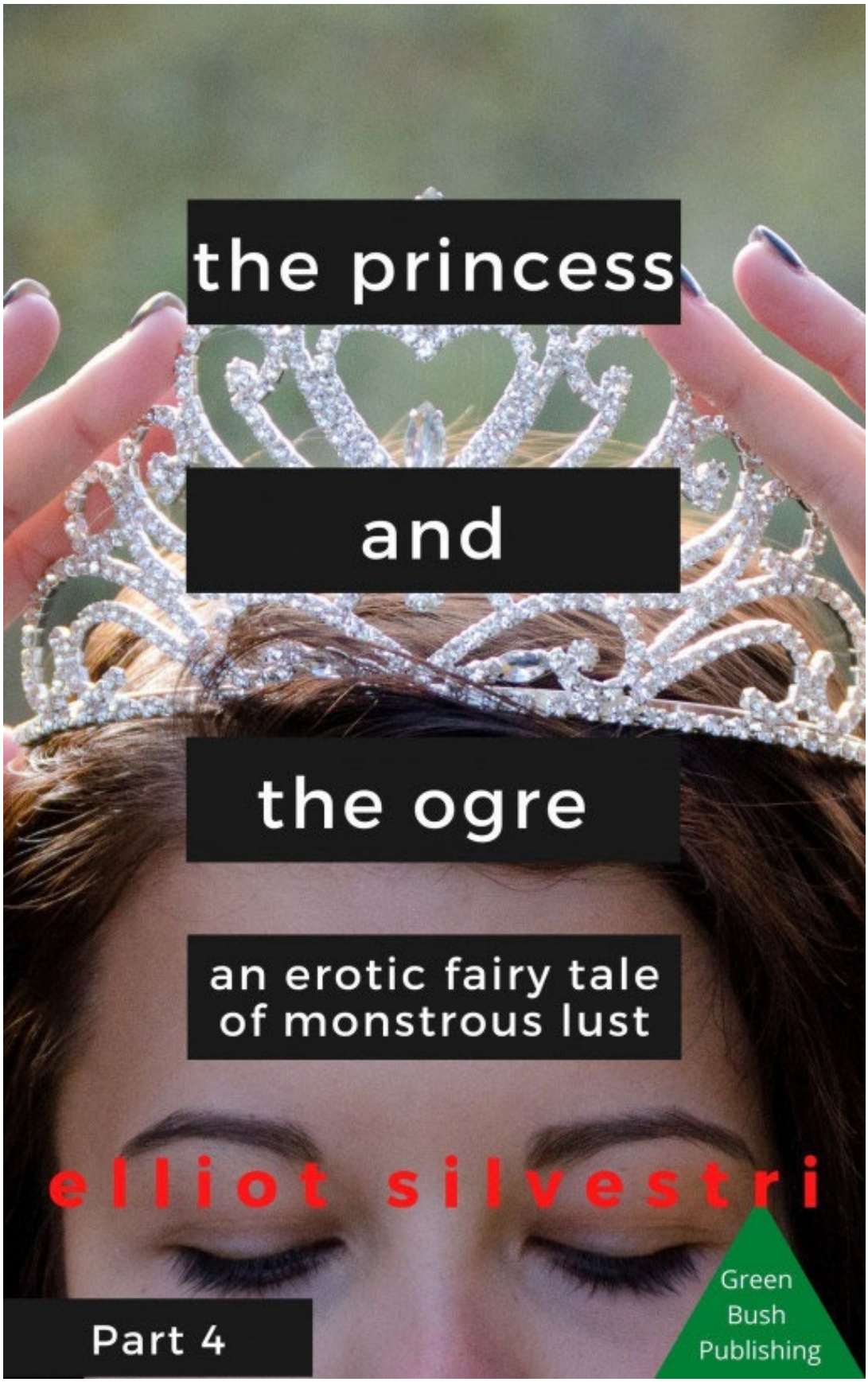

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the ogre
an erotic fairy tale
of monstrous lust
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Part 4
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The Princess and the Ogre Part 4

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Princess and the Ogre Part 4

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

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Chapter 15

Dart was certain that his little adventure was about to come to an unwelcome conclusion. The small group was gathered in the large room where he had arrived earlier with Princess Poppy. Already the wizard Irvas was working up a portal spell to take them into the middle of the kingdom's palace where they would find Poppy's husband, the crown prince, and kill him along with the king, effecting a coup d'etat.

The thief wasn't sure of the long-term strategy that Groph had in mind for maintaining control over the human kingdom, but he wasn't asking a lot of questions. Dart's entire strategy was going to be do whatever it takes to stay alive and ally himself with the winning side.

The planned murder of several members of the royal family didn't bother him. He had fucked the princess so his head was already on the chopping block.

Dart wondered if Groph the ogre knew he had fucked his lover, Princess Poppy. Further, did Groph care? Would Groph want to watch while his lover fucked others? After all, he had recently witnessed a threeway between Poppy, Groph, and an intelligent black pudding living in a helm of intellect.

Besides the ogre, the princess, the deadly pudding, and the wizard Irvas, there was Irvas's shirtless and handsome lover who now carried a pair of swords and it seemed that his skin had been oiled. Dart wondered if the oil was just for looks or if it protected the silent man.

And of course there was the gorgon who had recently bedded Dart—repeatedly — all but making the thief her possession.

Dart never would have thought he would have actively fucked a snake-woman, but his life had taken a series of unexpected turns after being caught stealing.

His newest lover carried a pair of daggers on what passed for her hips. She wore a leather corset that he supposed protected her upper body. A satchel was flung over one of her shoulders.

Next to Groph Dart felt positively underprepared with the uniform leather armor he was wearing along with his rapier and dagger. The big ogre was wearing a suit of mail armor that had random pieces of plate added to it. He carried a giant broadsword and battleaxe. His boots were literally iron. Not just the soles, but the entire body of the boots were metal. How that worked was beyond Dart.

The princess just wore her casual dress. Irvas the wizard was in leather pants and a loose fitting shirt, but he wore ceremonial robes over those.

His presumed lover carried Svart the deadly pudding in his helm, holding it by the chinstrap.

“We’re all going to die,” Dart muttered under his breath.

The gorgon shot him a look, but remained silent.

It seemed everyone else in the small group was confident they would be successful.

Or at least they didn’t fear death as much as Dart.

Once the portal bubble was fully formed, Groph looked at Dart.

“Well?” the ogre prompted him.

The last time Dart walked through a portal bubble, he had wound up getting violently sick on the floor. He hoped the same wouldn’t happen this time.

Bracing himself, he boldly stepped forward and into the portal.

When he stepped out, he was in the anteroom of the crown prince’s office. Irvas’s targeting had been precise. His stomach was tight and it threatened to regurgitate its contents, but Dart kept moving, making space for the others planning the insurrection.

There was no way to dim the light of the portal, but they all managed to walk through in relative silence.

Except the office wasn't silent.

At first, to Dart's ears, there were groans of pain. Someone was being tortured.

As Groph walked through the portal and he heard the noise, he grinned.

"I think we've caught the prince with his pants down."

The group of seven rounded the antechamber into the office proper. They couldn't have arrived at a more opportune moment if they wanted to pull off a coup. It was unfortunate for the crown prince.

As they turned the corner and took in the scene, Dart wondered if Princess Poppy had ever seen her husband fucking another woman.

Would it have been any better if she had found him fucking a man instead of a woman?

The presence of four other people watching the crown prince fuck Lady Tullee Samminite didn't help the situation.

"My husband," Poppy said mildly as she stopped in her tracks, taking in the scene.

Crown Prince Thurston's head snapped around to look at his wife.

Dart knew the royal family could be sordid, but he didn't think they could get this sordid. Dart wished he had a word to describe the emotion he felt while watching a man realize his wife had just caught him fucking another woman.

"Wife," Thurston said evenly.

It might have been a perfectly fine formal greeting in the throne room, but was completely out of place in the crown prince's private office when his cock was buried in Lady Tullee Samminite's cunt.

Taking in the scene, Dart didn't know what to think. Lady Tullee was naked and

restrained on Thurston's desk—what was it with nobility and bondage during sex?—but was unable to talk because her mouth was filled with some overly large gag.

She was face up across the desk, her legs spread wide so that Thurston could fuck her. Even though she had a collar around her neck that was chained as well, she was able to turn her head and look at the interlopers.

Oddly, she didn't seem all that perturbed.

Crown Prince Thurston was naked from his waist to his boots. Why had he removed his trousers only to put back on his high, black, shiny military boots? On his torso he wore his military jacket, festooned with ribbons and medals. It was a ridiculous item of clothing from the start, wearing it during adulterous sex was just icing on the cake.

The four in attendance watching the crown prince's performance with Lady Tullee were in all manner of dress and undress. Two of the men were seated next to each other. The both had their cocks out of their pants and were stroking each other. Dart was unsure if they just enjoyed masturbating that way or if they were in some sort of relationship. Since he didn't recognize either man—though judging by the mode of dress, they were nobility—he didn't give it a second thought.

The other two watching the crown prince were a man and woman. The man was dressed in some elaborate costume made of leather straps and silver chains. The straps made no sense how they criss-crossed his body, leaving skin exposed. Dart could see his nipples were chained and his cock was out. Or maybe not. His cock was not hidden by the leather straps, but it might as well have been. There was metal all around and possibly through the man's organ. The woman next to him held a chain that seemed to connect directly to manhood.

She stood tall and proud in a military uniform that was tailored for her body, but there were no women in the House Gainas personal bodyguards. At second glance, Dart realized it wasn't a real uniform. No military would allow that much cleavage to show. As he stared, she gave him a haughty glare.

Without withdrawing his cock from Lady Tullee, Crown Prince Thurston demanded, "What the fuck are you doing in my office?"

It was a bold move.

It was also stupid and ineffective.

“Getting rid of you,” Groph grunted as he stomped forward in his iron boots brandishing his broadsword and battleaxe.

Realizing that this wasn’t a joke, Thurston abruptly withdrew his cock from Lady Tulle. Dart evaluated the crown prince’s manhood and decided Thurston wasn’t all that small, contrary to the complaints of Princess Poppy. Thurston stumbled backwards, his hard cock snapping up against his stomach and the bottom edge of his jacket.

For a moment it looked like Groph was simply going to cut the other man down where he stood behind his desk, but the crown prince was more agile and able than he appeared. From a hidden compartment in the desk he withdrew a sword and parried Groph’s heavy-handed swipe with the broadsword.

Showing he wasn’t just a heavy, awkward bruiser, Groph didn’t overextend his attack and quickly brought his battleaxe into play. He attacked with it as well, causing Thurston to stumble back against his chair. Groph kept advancing as the crown prince fell. The man disappeared from Dart’s view as he fell behind the desk but he saw Groph upend his sword and stab it down heavily.

There was a meaty thunk as it struck home.

The woman in the military uniform screamed.

The other two men’s cocks suddenly shrank up from their previously large erections and they scrambled away from the rampaging ogre. The only problem was there was nowhere to go.

Groph’s team was effectively blocking the door, the only exit from the office.

Irvas moved quickly to the door and cast a spell. A moment later there was heavy thumping at the door as guards sought entry.

“Shut up!” grunted Groph at the screaming woman. The other two men looked

around for weapons but were only able to come up with a letter opener and a heavy book to protect themselves.

Evanora slipped up next to one of them and, moving lightning quick, sank her teeth into the man's shoulder. The wound was superficial, but he stumbled about for a moment before fainting, falling down face first.

The second man tried to run to the wall in an apparent attempt to access the hidden door Dart knew was behind the paneling. Irvas's lover blocked the way. "Out of the way, queer!" the man shouted.

The silent lover just stabbed Crown Prince Thurston's friend through the throat.

The amount of blood that sprayed didn't quiet the screaming woman at all.

Svart the deadly pudding stretched out from his helm and cold-cocked her companion on the head. He collapsed to the floor in a heap.

Not wishing to continue to hear the screaming woman, Dart drew his dagger and walked up to her, pressing the blade to her throat.

"Shut up or die."

The scream ended. She shivered with fear. Dart continued to watch her and she continued to tremble. After a moment he realized it wasn't fear that was driving her.

"Do you like this?" he asked her. "Do you like being afraid?" He tried to spit out the words, make it an accusation, but he was genuinely curious.

"You made me cum," she said huskily.

He wanted to slap her across the face but he was also certain that she would love that.

"Do we have them?" rumbled Groph as he moved from behind the desk.

Dart expected him to be carrying the crown prince's decapitated head or to see a puddle of blood growing larger by the moment from behind the desk. Neither was the case. Instead, he saw Thurston's feet and legs moving slightly while his

body was shielded by the desk. He also heard his former employer moaning softly.

Apparently the crown prince wasn't dead.

"We have them," Irvas reported. "Door secure."

He was confident in his answer, but that didn't stop the pounding on the door from the outside.

"Now what?" asked Dart.

Groph grinned at him, showing an impressive number of sharp teeth and his two upward protruding tusks that Dart found positively intimidating. "Now we complete the coup of the kingdom."

The next few hours Dart found incredibly boring. Apparently coups were all about a few moments of excitement followed by an interminable amount of boredom.

There was very little to do in the crown prince's office.

Dart spent most of his time talking to the woman he had taken prisoner.

The rest of the motley crew he had somehow partnered with were in the middle of intense negotiations with the crown prince and a series of officials. The problem was the crown prince was the effective head of the kingdom, his father being infirm and mostly incompetent. Right away Dart realized there was infighting going on between the royal family, mostly Thurston's siblings, over who should be in charge.

Dart was surprised at the length of time Lady Tullee was allowed to remain chained to Thurston's desk. He was also surprised that Evanora used a potion from her satchel to heal Thurston's wound. Mostly. The pulling out of the sword had been sickening, but Dart tried not to think of that.

The dead man's body was moved to the far corner of the room.

The other two that Evanora and Svart had incapacitated were bound back to back and gagged. They remained silent throughout the ordeal. Dart felt bad for them. They had expected to attend a sordid sex show with the crown prince and his lover and instead they were now hostages in a coup.

As it turned out the woman that Dart had threatened—and inadvertently caused to orgasm in the process—was yet another member of the nobility that was bored. What Dart thought was a pseudo-military uniform was the outdated uniform of the women's auxiliary corp of the king's army.

Lady Gemala Moon was a rival of some sort of Lady Tullee. Seeing the turning tide of politics, she quickly shifted her allegiance to Dart and his crew. Dart knew he should tell the Lady Gemala he was a nobody, but she was flirting with him and it kept her and him distracted.

"Do you mind letting me up?" asked Lady Tullee. "My arms are going numb."

Groph couldn't be bothered with someone of no importance to him. He was deep in negotiations with a variety of people, talking to them through magical portals, and with the very wan, very pale crown prince. Evanora, Svart, and Irvas talked quietly among themselves. Princess Poppy never left Groph's side. Irvas's lover never moved and never said a word.

"Let her up," Groph barked at Dart. "Tie her up to the other slut."

Lady Gemala smiled at that. "Happily," she said.

When Dart was in the middle of securing the ropes to hold the two women, Gemala begged, "Tighter," when he cinched the bindings. If she was disturbed at being bound to a naked woman, she didn't show it.

Lady Tullee sobbed softly throughout the process.

It looked to Dart that Thurston was on the verge of tears as well. Was he upset he was losing his kingdom or was he upset that he had lost his wife to an ogre?

Or was he upset that his lover saw him weak and ineffective?

Lady Gemala groaned in annoyance. "How much longer is this going to take?"

“I have no idea,” Dart answered. Groph and the others were ignoring them.

“This is taking forever,” she complained. Then her eyes lit up. “Want me to suck your cock?” she offered.

“Gemala!” Lady Tullee admonished her peer. “How could you?!”

“What?” the dirty blonde replied. “You were just tied to Thurston’s desk getting reamed for my amusement. What are you complaining about?”

“He’s no one,” the lady with elf blood running in her veins said. “I was fucking the crown prince to show my loyalty.”

“To him? Sure. What about Princess Poppy? Aren’t you a lady in waiting to her?”

Lady Tullee fell silent.

Gemala looked up at Dart. “What do you say, sailor? Want your cock sucked? I won’t even charge you for the privilege of fucking my face.”

Dart considered the offer. What was the worst that could happen?

Of course, the Lady Gemala had to turn up the heat. “If you want, I bet Lady Tullee wouldn’t mind if you fucked her face. I’d even pay you if I could watch that.”

Clearly something was wrong with the woman.

Just as Dart was about to unbuckle his trousers and get out his cock, Groph interrupted the moment.

“Grab the hostages. We return to my tower.”

Dart looked up to see that Irvas was in the process of forming another portal. Knowing what was expected of him, Dart hauled the two women onto their feet and moved them to the giant glowing orb. The others towed along the two male hostages. The dead body they left behind.

And just like that they were back in Groph's ruined tower. The four hostages were summarily placed in cells in the dungeon. Princess Poppy retreated to Groph's private rooms with the crown prince.

"What in the name of Belsar's balls is going on?" Dart asked Evanora after they finished locking the prisoners in. "I thought he wanted to take over the palace."

The gorgon smiled, showing her sharp teeth. "There isss taking power and then there isss holding power. I care not what Groph wantsss. He hasss paid me. I'm done." She paused and considered Dart. They were climbing the stairs from the depths of the dungeon where they had left the hostages. Dart was surprised that none of the four complained about being locked into cells. "But maybe I'm not done with you. Ssshall we go back to my room?"

Dart didn't know what was expected of him. Groph hadn't given him any instructions other than lock up the hostages. For all he knew, maybe he was done. Now he just needed some coin and he could leave with his head intact.

"I suppose…" he said unenthusiastically.

The gorgon let out a rich, throaty laugh that mixed with a sibilant hiss of her forked tongue projecting out from her mouth. "And jussst yesssterday you wanted to fuck all of thisss," she said expressively running her hands over her body. "And you did. Am I ssso boring now? Doesss the Lady Gemala intrigue you? Would you like to fuck her? How about Lady Tullee? Ssshe'sss part elf; they have passssionate blood."

"It would be wrong to have sex with a prisoner," Dart said formally. He had been a prisoner once or twice in his lifetime, always for a short period, but he had heard stories from those who had been in cells for far too long and how jailers would take advantage of the situation with some inmates. He wasn't that sort of man.

Evanora laughed at him. "You have twisted morals, Deputy d'Artagnan Delabreessse."

"I couldn't agree with you more," he muttered.

"Shall we go back to my place and fuck?"

Dart didn’t want to leave the tower just yet, he had his money to collect, and he certainly didn’t want to interrupt the ogre in the middle of negotiations, so he just nodded his head and escorted his snake-lady lover to her bedroom.

Chapter 16

It wasn’t that Dart disliked sex with Evanora. It was just so...exhausting, but in a good way.

She was practically insatiable. He fucked her unusual cunt-slit. He twisted her nipples when they fucked. She shoved the end of her tail up his ass. She fellated him like no other woman ever had.

Evanora even encouraged him to cum on her face. That seemed so wrong, but she liked licking off his leavings from her face with her flexible tongue—and other body parts—that he couldn’t refuse her.

There were worse ways to pass the time.

They were interrupted the next morning by Irvas. “Groph says you are to take care of the prisoners. They’ll be with us a while longer.”

Dart was tangled up in Evanora’s coils. His cock was mostly hidden away from view by her tail, but he still covered himself which was stupid because Irvas didn’t care. Besides, they had fucked before.

“What? Why? I don’t want to be in charge of them!”

“Do it,” the wizard growled, putting a bit of magical force in his voice. “Groph has ordered it.” He banged close the door to Evanora’s room.

She untangled herself from his body. “Time for me to leave,” she said curtly as she wiggled back into the one bit of clothing she needed.

“Where are you going?” Dart asked as he got his clothes in order.

“Away. I’m taking Groph’sss payment and well...I don’t care what you do.” She gave him an apologetic smile that was insincere as she gathered her possessions.

“You’re leaving me here?”

“You think I ssshould take you with me?” she laughed. “No. I think not. Thisss wasss fun but...it’sss over.”

A minute later Dart was alone in her room. He contemplated his place in the world as he finished dressing.

What the fuck had he gotten himself into?

Having been in Groph's ruined tower long enough now, he made his way down to the dungeon portion of the structure without difficulty. It appeared that his role in life wasn't a spy as much as a jailer. All four hostages were awake and in their cells. Finding the food that was in the outer room, he delivered the bowls to them along with water and bread. The men were silent and sullen as they accepted the food—presumably magically delivered by Irvas—from Dart. Lady Tulle snatched hers away from him and hid under a blanket on the small bunk in her cell.

It took him a moment to understand her actions. She was naked and didn't want Dart to see her. From his perspective, that was a foolish reaction to have.

Only Lady Gemala confronted him face to face with a smile.

"Thank you," she said upon accepting the food he offered. "I don't suppose you have a book for me to read or other pleasure to pass the time?"

"Sorry. Just the food."

She smiled at him. Unlike Lady Tulle, she had been mostly dressed in her fancy military uniform when taken hostage, but she had removed the outer jacket leaving her in a tight camisole and equally tight fitting leggings. Nothing untoward was on display, but she pushed her chest out, showing off her large breasts.

"How about you let me out of this cell and I'll fuck you silly just so I don't go crazy with boredom?"

Dart laughed nervously. "I don't think that would be wise. Groph would say no."

"Then tie me up before you fuck me. I don't mind." She licked her lips. "I like sex even better that way."

A rude laugh erupted from one of the men's cells. A shrill call came from the cell next to Gemala and Lady Tulle voiced her opinion. "She wants to fuck you to

escape, Deputy. Don’t do it. The ogre will kill you, assuming the crown doesn’t execute you for disloyalty.”

The men started laughing louder. That angered Dart. It wasn’t any special need of sex or even sex with Lady Gemala, but Dart had a point to prove.

Groph’s dungeon was fully outfitted. He grabbed some shackles and restraints before unlocking Gemala’s cell door.

The lady was shocked at the anger in his eyes when she confronted him. Though Dart never considered himself a fighter, this time he was ready for anything and Gemala shrank away.

That didn’t stop him.

“Take off your clothes,” he ordered. Dart was generally uncomfortable with confrontation and ordering around a potential sexual partner bordered on a dominance that he avoided.

Still, Lady Gemala did as he ordered, even with her back up against the cold stone wall. She kept eye contact with him as she quickly divested herself of her clothing. He wasn’t surprised in the least that her body was near-perfect. She kept a neat triangle of dark brown hair over her cunt. Her full breasts were topped with small areolas and nipples that pointed slightly upwards.

But Dart barely acknowledged her body. “Turn around,” he ordered, gripping the restraints in his hand tighter.

“Do you like my ass?” she asked, willingly following his request.

Her ass was as perfect as the rest of her body except…

Dart hesitated.

It wasn’t for what he was about to do. He hesitated because of what he saw on Gemala’s back and buttocks.

The scars weren’t horrific, but they were easily visible. Some were new. Some were old. The stripes of thin scars covered her from shoulders down to her thighs. A few were fresh. It made Dart wonder when the last time she had been

whipped.

He had seen similar scars on thieves and other criminals. As punishment for their crimes they had been whipped, sometimes to within an inch of their lives. Some of those criminals liked to show off their scars. Many liked to hide them.

The pause was too long.

“What’s the matter?” Gemala asked him, looking over her shoulder as he stared at her damaged body. “Don’t like what you see?” She jiggled her ass at him as an enticement.

Dart couldn’t think clearly. “What? How...how did this happen?”

A proud smile filled her face. “Sometimes my lovers get a little too enthusiastic.”

That made more sense than a woman from a noble family being whipped for a crime. It was possible, but extremely unlikely.

“Your lovers did this to you?”

Her smile didn’t waver. “Sometimes my lovers. Sometimes my husband. Sometimes my husband did it because of my lovers.”

Stumbling back against the cell bars, Dart didn’t know how to process that information. It was insane that she should be marked like a common criminal.

Laughter erupted from the other three cells. He was being laughed at by Lady Tulle and the two men who had been watching Crown Prince Thurston fuck Lady Tulle.

Dart had no idea what to think about the nobility of his kingdom other than they weren’t all that noble.

That angered him. He quickly exited the cell and banged his fist on the bars separating Lady Tulle from freedom. “Shut the fuck up!”

She was only momentarily cowed.

“You put your cock in that...that snake woman. You shouldn’t be so surprised other like their sex violent and unusual,” the crown prince’s lover spat back at him.

Dart thought about what he had done over the past few weeks. He had spied on an ogre fucking a princess and a princess fucking an ogre. He had sex with a wizard. He had sex with a prince. He had sex with a gorgon. He had spied on and masturbated to the princess. He had fucked a maid. He had spied on more people than he wanted to think about.

What the fuck was he doing with his life?

His anger rising, Dart grabbed an old branding iron from the rack on the wall and slammed it repeatedly against Lady Tulle’s cell bars. “Shut up! Shut the fuck up or I’ll use this on you.”

She lifted her chin and sniffed at him. “You don’t have the courage.”

“Don’t use it on her,” called Lady Gemala. “Heat that brand up and use it on me!” She coyly wiggled her ass at him again. For some reason Dart couldn’t understand she had remained in her cell, not even making an attempt to escape, not that she could have gone anywhere, but still.

“What is wrong with you?” he demanded of her, dropping the branding iron and reentering the cell.

“I like it rough,” she said. “What’s wrong with that?”

Gemala went down on her knees and unbuckled Dart’s trousers. He watched as she hauled out his cock. Much to his surprise he was fully hard.

“Most men like it rough too,” she said right before she devoured his cock. The lady was an accomplished cocksucker and managed to take all of Dart’s length into her mouth and down her throat.

The others in the dungeon fell silent. Dart didn’t know if they were watching or were cowed or didn’t care any longer, but he couldn’t focus on them now, not as Lady Gemala continued to fellate him.

As she sucked him, he realized the chains and fetters he had picked up were still

in his hand. Pushing her back, Dart withdrew his cock from her mouth. In the background he heard a disappointed groan from one of the men watching. He didn't care.

"Turn around!" he barked at Gemala. "Put these on!"

The lady didn't resist; she helped. The chains weren't a perfect fit, but it worked well enough for Dart's purposes. Cuffs went around her ankles and wrists. He even found a collar that fit her. The chains to the collar and ankles he hooked through convenient iron loops set into the wall. Her wrists he hooked together with a short chain.

Soon she was fully restrained and facing the wall. He ran his hand down her back, feeling the scars. When he touched the most recent injury, she shivered.

"Sorry," he muttered.

"Don't be," she laughed. "I love it. What's sex without a little pain? That's what makes it exciting!"

"Shut up," he told her, renewing his anger.

"What are you going to do? Fuck me? Fuck me hard? Fuck me in the ass?" She paused and looked down at his cock, still hanging out of his pants and still fully erect. "All of those?"

"Yes!"

Her enthusiasm only increased. "Good! You'd better make it hurt."

At that moment if Dart had a brazier full of coals he would have used the branding iron on her. The best he could do at the moment was his belt. He pulled the long leather belt from his trousers and, without thinking, slapped it as hard as he could against the lady's back.

She screamed.

That annoyed him.

He struck her again and wished he had a whip.

She screamed again and shivered.

He used the belt a third time and she was panting heavily. Three red welts were raised on her back and she was squirming against her restraints.

“My cunt,” she begged.

“Your cunt?” Dart was confused.

“Feel my cunt,” she told him. “Feel how wet I am.”

It was a strange invitation, but it was what he had come here for. There was nothing she could do to stop him.

Reaching between her legs, her felt for her sex. Even before he touched her he could feel the heat coming off her sex. The moment his fingers contacted her swollen labia he could feel her wetness.

She shivered.

Unable to resist, he shoved his fingers into her cunt. They went in easily. She moaned in pleasure. He had only inserted two fingers. He added his index and pinky.

“You know how to treat a lady right,” she moaned against the wall. “Can you put your whole fist into me?”

Dart didn’t want to do that. She had been begging to be fucked. He was going to help her with that.

Dropping his pants from around his waist he got his cock between her legs. Everything told him that Lady Gemala should have been resisting. Instead, she was trying to help him fit his cock into her cunt.

It only took a moment of fumbling before he sank his manhood all the way into her.

“Yesss,” she moaned again.

Dart could feel the eyes of the male hostages on him. He wondered what Lady

Tullee was thinking or if she was even trying to watch.

Grabbing Gemala's hips he started fucking her as hard and as fast as he could. The position was awkward but her cunt was accommodating and she was passionate about being fucked.

"Pinch my nipples," she begged. "Twist them. Make it hurt. Fuck you! Make it hurt. Slam it into me! Fuck my dirty cunt. Fuck me in the ass! I want it! I need it!" By the time she got to the end of her raving she was all but crying. Dart had given in to her requests and had mauled her breasts, roughly twisting and pinching her nipples, causing her more pain than pleasure in his estimation, but she seemed to love it. He kept his cock in her cunt, not fucking her in the ass, but put a hand down to her sex and found her clit.

He roughly rubbed it, abusing her more than pleasuring her.

Gemala came hard with a scream she didn't bother to stifle at all. Her body shivered with pleasure. He felt a wave of heat emanate out from her cunt which also clamped down on his cock as she came. Her amrita flooded around his hardness and dripped to the hard stone floor.

It was wrong, so very, very wrong, but Dart couldn't help himself. Pressing her against the wall, disregarding her awkward position, he slammed into her as hard as he could. She came again and so did he.

Dart was certain he had flooded her cunt with so much of his spunk that it would be dripping out of her for the next week.

She cried and laughed at the same time. "You do know how to treat a lady right. If only my husband could have watched. I'd make him eat your cum right from my cunt. He's that sort of man."

Pulling his cock from her body, Dart didn't know what to think. All he knew was that she loved to be abused. That was wrong in his head, but that was the type of woman she was.

"Aren't you going to wipe your cock on my ass?" she asked. "It's only polite."

Dart had his doubts about that and he wondered how much of this encounter was his idea and how much was her controlling him. Still, he wiped his wet cock off

on her ass before putting it away and pulling up his pants.

“One last slap of the belt before you go?” she asked.

“You’re fucking twisted,” he spat at her.

“Yes. Very. Please.” She looked over her shoulder at him. “Well?”

He slapped the belt across her ass, giving her another bright red welt, and walked away from her chained body. Slamming the cell door he made sure it was locked and went up to the main body of the tower.

This wasn’t something he could keep from Groph. It wasn’t something that was normal in any context and the ogre needed to know that.

Chapter 17

Without Evanora in the tower, the ruins felt empty and lonely. Dart tried not to think about that. Instead he carefully made his way through the tower until he arrived at the space where he had first seen Princess Poppy riding on top of a restrained Groph. He remembered how big the ogre's cock was and how both of them had seemed to enjoy each other. It was a strange relationship, but at least it was an honest one.

This time when he intruded on the ogre, Dart wasn't the only one watching the mismatched couple having sex.

Princess Poppy was still on top of her paramour, but was riding him reverse cowgirl, letting the ogre ogle her ass as she pumped her hips up and down, making his giant cock disappear and reappear into her cunt. It only made sense that she was on top because he easily outweighed her by a factor of four. She wasn't facing away from Groph because the ogre had a thing for princesses with big asses.

She was facing her husband who was chained to a large pillar holding up the ceiling of the room. Crown Prince Thurston was alternately crying and staring as his wife happily fucked an ogre's huge green cock. He was in a seated position, his back to the pillar. There was enough slack in the chains that he could have looked away. He didn't.

"This is the size of a cock that I need," she was explaining to the emotionally destroyed prince. He wasn't naked—Dart didn't know if that was good or not—but most of his clothing had been removed, leaving him in little more than undergarments.

Once again Dart watched in amazement as Poppy's hips went up and down, taking the ogre's huge cock into her cunt and deep into her body. The only thing the thief could think was there had to be a magical portal in her womb because there was no way the ogre's cock could have fit in there.

Crown Prince Thurston just stared at his wife fornicating with an ogre and silently cried.

Dart had sympathy for the man, but didn't voice it. He had fucked Princess Poppy and there was no reason for Thurston to know that. The last thing he

needed to do was further humiliate the man. The future was impossible to read. No reason to tempt fate.

Instead, Dart stood at the back of the large room and remained silent while the princess and the ogre continued to fuck in front of the crown prince.

After having seen this before, Dart was certain he would grow bored of it, but, interestingly, watching a voluptuous woman and an enormous ogre fuck was endlessly fascinating. Even so, Dart found his eyes wandering from time to time. There was only so much he could take in between Poppy's bouncing breasts, curvaceous rump, and the intersection of the ogre's cock and her cunt.

At one point his eyes settled on the crown prince and he realized that Thurston, while crying, was fully erect at the same time.

Dart almost felt bad for the man.

Almost.

He needed to wait for the princess to finish. And probably for Groph to finish as well. It wouldn't do to piss off the creature in charge.

Still, Dart couldn't just let the opportunity pass him by. Moving quietly he made his way over to Thurston and sat down next to the crown prince, startling the man as he settled down.

"Quite the show, huh?" Dart said.

Thurston just stared at his former spy. He knew he had been betrayed by Dart, but this additional humiliation wasn't what he needed.

"You're a traitor and I'll see you hang for this," Thurston managed to spit at him.

"I don't get the headsman's axe?" Dart asked coolly, amazing himself.

Before the crown prince could reply, Poppy interrupted them with a particularly loud moan. Both men looked to the princess. She was watching them. From where he sat, Dart couldn't see Groph, but he supposed it didn't matter what the ogre was looking or doing beyond fucking the princess.

“You like seeing your wife fucked?” Poppy asked Thurston. She didn’t stop moving her hips. Ecstasy was written on her face.

“You’ll be executed for treason as well,” Thurston screamed at her. He jumped up to his feet and strained against the chains, but it was a futile gesture.

Poppy laughed at him and didn’t stop moving on top of her lover’s cock.

As Thurston settled back down next to Dart, the thief noted the scar on the crown prince’s shoulder where Groph had pinned him to the floor with a sword. The magic that Evanora had used was effective. The scar looked well-healed and the prince didn’t seem any worse for wear...except the mental stress of watching his wife fuck another man.

Well, an ogre.

Dart could look away from the carnal display, but that wasn’t within Thurston’s power. He continued to torture himself as Poppy got closer and closer to orgasm.

“You didn’t...you didn’t answer my question,” she panted.

“What question?” Thurston muttered.

“Do...do you...do you like watching me get fucked!” The words pushed her over the edge. Her body shook with orgasm and she gave off a now-familiar to Dart scream. Her hands had been propped on Groph’s thighs, but she now lifted one and pinched a nipple.

Though he had been with plenty of women and men for sex, both willing partners and happily compensated prostitutes, Dart never got bored of watching a woman climax.

It didn’t stop there. As she shook atop Groph’s body with his cock inside her cunt, the ogre tightly grasped the princess’s hips, holding her in place for a few seconds as he mightily thrusted his cock up into her. If this changed the timber or intensity of her orgasm, Dart couldn’t tell the difference.

His big weapon was more than up to the task of extending her orgasm, or even making her cum again. That was enough to bring the ogre’s orgasm about. Dart watched with intense curiosity as the creature’s monstrously large balls tightened

up to his body and the ogre grunted deeply, groaning loudly as he came. Dart could clearly see the pulse of Groph's cock forcing cum up into the princess. If he could see it, then Thurston could see it as well.

The couple's moment passed and Princess Poppy slowly lowered herself down to her lover's body, pressing her back against his chest. The ogre's cock remained large, but slowly softened until it slid wetly from her cunt causing her to shiver.

Her cunt was wide open to the observing pair. Naturally the princess was incredibly wet—a necessity when it came to fucking an ogre. Her cunt remained gaping open and the ogre's thick white cum slowly slid out of her, combining with her amrita, coating the bottom of her ass and her inner thighs.

Dart was certain she should have been exhausted, but somehow she managed to struggle off Groph's body and stumble over to the pillar where her husband was and where Dart sat in sympathy.

He could smell the ogre's musky scent on Poppy's body.

"Did you enjoy the show?" she asked Thurston.

Dart had enjoyed the show, but he didn't think it was a good idea to answer for the crown prince. Thurston had clearly enjoyed the show as well. The front of his undergarment was still straining from his erection. The soft material was wet with the crown prince's precum.

Though he had seen the vast variety of sexuality in the kingdom with all sorts of sentient creatures, Dart couldn't understand why the crown prince was aroused by the sight of his wife being fucked by an ogre.

She was only a few feet away from Thurston so Dart wisely moved away. There was a confrontation coming and he didn't want to be at the center of it.

"Did you enjoy the show?" she asked Thurston again.

"No! No I didn't you fucking whore!"

Though he wasn't an accomplished fighter Dart had some skills, especially when it came to sneak attacks. He didn't even see Poppy's hand lash out until after he

heard the smack of her hand hitting Thurston's face.

"I'm not a whore," she said calmly.

"You're fucking whore," Thurston repeated, not willing to back down.

Poppy took his reaction in stride. "A whore takes money for sex. I'm using sex to destroy you. No money involved."

Thurston just looked away. Dart wanted to be any place else in the world at that moment, even if that location was on the headsman's block.

Poppy's hand then went between her legs. When she pulled it away, her fingers were covered in Groph's cum. Dart glanced at the ogre who was still lounging on his bed, a satisfied grin on his face. Looking back to Poppy he saw a long string of the ogre's cum connected Poppy's fingers to her cunt.

Thurston tried to move away, but he had no place to retreat. She smeared Groph's cum on Thurston's face.

"He's a better man than you," Poppy told her husband.

"He's disgusting ogre!" His face was covered in Groph's leavings. The crown prince didn't even try to wipe it away. He knew he was being abused and he wasn't going to let his wife get the better of him.

Dart still admired the crown prince for his boldness. Bravery didn't always mesh with intelligence.

"He's satisfied me in bed more often than you," she said and reached down for the crown prince's cock. Now Dart wished he could teleport to the fiery pits of hell. The princess got out Thurston's cock. As human cocks went, it was perfectly adequate. Certainly Lady Tullee hadn't complained about it, but then again, she was most likely fucking the crown prince to curry the favor of the royal family.

Dart had seen, sucked, fucked, and admired a lot of men's cocks. As far as he could tell, there was nothing wrong with Thurston's. It was more than sufficiently erect to satisfy any woman, or man, for a romp in the bedroom.

Princess Poppy started tugging on her husband's manhood. He could have moved away or struggled against her. The chains weren't binding him in place, he had some freedom of movement, but Thurston knew that any struggle was a waste of time and effort. He knew what she was doing.

Everyone knew what she was doing.

It didn't take long, either.

When Thurston came, he shot his load with impressive force. Not only did it get all over Poppy's hand and arm, it also shot high enough to hit her in the face and chest.

She was shocked and delighted at this outcome, laughing as the dripping remains of his orgasm fell back to the floor and onto Thurston's legs.

Without missing a beat, Poppy put her fingers into her mouth, tasting both the ogre's and the crown prince's cum. "Delicious," she declared.

Thurston just glared at her. "What do you hope to gain from all this? You've ruined your entire life! Nothing remains for you back in the kingdom!"

"That was going to be my point," she said, straightening up from where she had been crouched in front of him. "There's nothing back for me in the palace, in your kingdom. I'd rather live and die with Groph than spend one more minute of my life with you."

She turned her back to him and stalked to the bed.

Dart admired her ass.

Taking the opportunity, Thurston turned his head to Dart and whispered, "Get me safely out of here and I'll pardon you and give you a fortune."

Dart just looked at the man. He still had ogre cum smeared on his face. Then he got up from the ground and walked towards the ogre's bed, following Princess Poppy.

"What are you doing here, thief?" asked Groph. "Or should I say spy? Traitor? Jailer?" His rumbling laugh bounced off the hard stone walls.

Poppy laughed along with her lover.

“I just fucked Lady Gemala in her cell,” Dart reported.

“You should have fucked her in her cunt,” Groph observed and then laughed at his own joke.

“I did,” Dart dryly answered.

After a few moments of laughter, Groph sobered up. “Why are you telling me this?”

“I thought you should know just in case she...in case she says anything.”

Before Groph could reply, Poppy spoke up. “Everyone knows that Gemala is a notorious slut. As long as you made her cum and didn’t kill her, no one is going to care. Not even her husband.”

“I used my belt on her,” Dart admitted.

“So? She probably enjoyed that even more.”

Dart lifted his chin. “I just wanted to be clear with you that I was following your orders. I’m not hiding anything.”

“You’ll be rewarded when this is all over, thief,” said Groph. “Just keep them alive. Fuck them all you want. I don’t care. Go fuck Irvas. He’s probably getting bored of his latest toy. Muscle-bound shit never says a word. Or go fuck Evanora.”

“She’s left,” Dart reported.

Crown Prince Thurston picked up his hanging head at this bit of news.

“She has?” asked Groph. “Interesting.” He absently stroked Poppy’s thigh as she curled up next to him.

“She said she took her reward and left.”

“Then go fuck Svart,” suggested Groph. “Ever done it in a bucket before?”

Poppy and the ogre laughed.

“How long?” asked Dart.

“How long what?”

“How long before your negotiations are completed? I have a life I’d like to leave this rotten kingdom with.”

“It takes as long as it takes,” said Poppy.

“A few days,” Groph said bluntly. “Now leave us. Go check on the hostages. Have Irvas portal in a whore or two if you’re bored.”

Dart left them alone in the room.

Chapter 18

For the next few days Dart fell into a routine that he hated. He was forced to be the hostages' jailer, bringing them food and making sure they didn't escape. But largely he was bored. He explored the tower. There wasn't much to explore, but he did find a library full of books. Dart had very limited reading skills and upon determining the books were largely void of pictures, the library didn't interest him.

He climbed to the top of the tower to admire the view, which was incredible and he imagined he could see the city and palace off in the distance, but that only had limited appeal.

Irvas the wizard had no time for him. Either the wizard was casting spells for Groph or was researching something in his dusty tomes or was fucking his silent companion. After their one session of intense sex, Irvas had grown bored of Dart.

Groph spent most of his time in his private chambers with Poppy and Crown Prince Thurston. Occasionally he'd hear the ogre screaming through a magical communication spell, negotiating with the palace and the royal family. Sometimes he heard the ogre having sex, presumably with Poppy. Dart didn't spy on the ogre; it didn't seem worth the risk. And he certainly didn't want to have sex with the ogre. He did wonder how Thurston was holding up.

Oddly, Dart found some companionship with Svart the deadly pudding.

He encountered the pudding in what Dart figured was the ruined kitchen of the ancient tower. Svart had made a private room of sorts in the scullery closet. Dart had heard odd sounds from the room and went to investigate only to find the pudding in the process of scraping the walls with its infinitely flexible body. The bricks had been worn down to a smooth surface on approximately half the space available.

"What are you doing?" asked Dart.

"D-d-dart," said Svart, extending a pseudopod-tentacle as a way of acknowledging the thief's presence, "my b-b-brother of the rhyming name."

"Right," Dart said stiffly looking down at the sandy piles of brick scrapings on

the floor. “But what are you doing?”

“Making my room smooth.”

“Why?”

The pseudopod split and shook at him. “D-d-do you like rough surfaces?”

“I guess not.”

“What are you doing, here, Svart?”

“Living,” the deadly pudding answered as it went back to focusing on smoothing his walls.

“Yeah, but why are you allied with Groph? You’re an intelligent deadly pudding. You could do anything you want.”

“What should I want to d-d-do?”

That was a question Dart couldn’t answer.

“What d-d-do you want to d-d-do with your life, D-d-dart?”

“That’s a good question.”

“Uh-huh.”

Dart couldn’t get over how the deadly pudding managed to talk and be so alien at the same time.

“For right now, I just want to get away from here with some silver and make a quiet life for myself on a farm maybe, or in a city, working in a tavern.”

“Lofty goals.”

Dart couldn’t tell if the deadly pudding was being sarcastic.

“I suppose.”

“Why are humans and humanoids so obsessed with sex?”

The question came out of nowhere. Dart was unprepared and unable to answer it.

“I don’t know…”

“I’ve watched you fuck the gorgon, Evanora, and I’ve heard you fucked Irvas.” The deadly pudding paused. “Is it true that you fucked the P-p-princess P-p-poppy?”

Dart hissed at him. “Shut the fuck up! I don’t want Groph to find out!”

Svart’s body convulsed in a fashion that Dart figured was some sort of laughter. “So it is true.”

“Whatever.”

“Have you fucked other humanoids?”

“Yeah. Lots.”

“Interesting. I have only participated in the fucking activity at the behest of Groph and P-p-poppy. It was...interesting b-b-but I took no pleasure in it like they did.”

“I guess it’s a humanoid thing. We like sex. It’s a compulsion. It’s how we reproduce. I suppose if we didn’t have the compulsion, we wouldn’t reproduce as much.”

“Why not?”

“Babies are a giant bother and pain to birth and raise.”

“I see.” Svart fell silent a moment and only the sound of him scraping the wall was heart. “When the less intelligent of my ilk need to reproduce, we simply split in half.”

“Weird.”

“I cannot do that.”

“Why not?”

“Well, I’m not large enough. I could get larger, b-b-but I’d have to consume a large amount of flesh.”

“I’m not volunteering to be eaten,” Dart said quickly.

Once again Svart’s body trembled with silent laughter. “I would never eat an ally of Groph. It is only b-b-because of him that I am intelligent. Maybe some enemy.”

“Sure.”

“B-b-but there is also the problem of which of us would get the helm of intellect. Only one can use it at a time and I want to retain it. Would my b-b-brother, my d-d-daughter, my offspring want it as well?”

“I don’t know.”

“Neither d-d-do I, so I’ll stay just myself for now.”

“That’s a wise decision.”

“Thank you. Would you like to have sex with me?”

Dart was alarmed at the question. “No!”

“You seem offended.”

“Sorry. I guess I would only enjoy sex with a humanoid. You’re a deadly pudding. I’m not sexually attracted to you.”

“Interesting.”

“I guess.”

“So you are attracted to the Lady Gemala,” Svart surmised.

“Why would you say that?”

“B-b-because you have b-b-been fucking her twice a d-d-day now.”

“How do you know that?”

A ripple moved through Svart's body. "There is very little that goes on in this tower that I d-d-do not know about."

"I'm bored and horny all the time for some reason," said Dart.

"What d-d-do you mean b-b-by 'horny'?"

"It means I want to have sex."

"And you have sex with Lady Gemala."

"She likes sex."

"Can I watch?"

Dart sighed. "Sure."

"Let's go now!" the deadly pudding said brightly. "I want to observe more humanoids having sex."

"You're a pervert," said Dart.

"What's that?"

"Someone who has a twisted interest in sex."

The deadly pudding twisted his extended pseudopod around and around. "Yes. I am a pervert."

They went down to the dungeon together, but only after Svart proved to the thief that he could get around on his own while still being in the helm of intellect. Instead of having to be carried like a bucket, the deadly pudding extended two pseudopods to operate exactly like a pair of legs and used another set to create a net under the helm, leaving a good portion of the deadly pudding's body still in the helm.

Svart looked like the bottom half of an automaton walking. They only traveled a short distance before Dart started to carry the helm like a bucket.

"Thank you. I can walk with the helm, b-b-but it is a lot of exertion."

“Not a problem.”

Once they reached the dungeon, Gemala rushed to the bars of her cell. “Where have you been? I’ve been waiting for my beating and my fucking.” She winked at the thief and only then noted the helm where Svart resided. “What do you have there?”

The deadly pudding extended his speaking pseudopod. “The b-b-best sex partner you’ll ever have, b-b-baby.” Dart was certain his shapeless companion would have winked at the hostage if it had eyes.

Instead of being disgusted, Gemala was intrigued. “Is this the deadly pudding that knocked out Markus?”

A tittering laugh came from Lady Tullee. The two male hostages remained silent.

“Yes,” answered Dart.

“I’ve never fucked a deadly pudding before,” said Lady Gemala, putting on a bold face. “Can he whip me today instead of you?” She turned around and let the now soiled shift she had worn under her military jacket slip to the floor, allowing her to display the marks that Dart had put on her skin.

They had added up over the days. She hadn’t been given any respite to heal. It was a strange sort of foreplay for sex, but Gemala loved the abuse and Dart was willing to go along with it because he then got to fuck her.

“You d-d-don’t want me whipping you, slut,” said Svart. “You’ll like it so much you’ll never want a human whipping or cock ever again.”

“Ooh! Now you have to do it to me!” she all but begged. Her eyes went to Dart. “Please, Dart, let the deadly pudding fuck me.”

“My name’s Svart Boudin. As soon as I get inside you, you’ll never forget it!”

Gemala shivered in anticipation.

“Disgusting,” whispered Lady Tulle, but she didn’t look away.

Dart unlocked the cell door and carried Svart inside. “Turn around,” he ordered

Gemala who willingly obeyed, showing off her injuries, sticking out her ass in anticipation of what was to come.

“I’ve been using my belt on her, and a flogger that I fou—”

Before Dart could finish his sentence, Svart extruded a pseudopod thinner than Lady Tullee’s pinky finger and used it like a whip, striking it repeatedly across Gemala’s back, ass, and thighs.

She screamed out in pain and pleasure at the same time. Dart was certain he could smell her cunt freely lubricating.

“She likes that?” Svart asked the thief and jailer.

“So she says.”

“I love it,” Gemala moaned. Her hand was now between her legs, rubbing her clit, her entire body swaying. “Make it hurt. Shove your...your arms up inside me.”

Dart could see her fingers busily playing with herself.

“Interesting,” said Svart. “I don’t understand humanoids at all.”

“Neither do I,” Dart agreed.

“Are you going to fuck me or not?” Gemala panted. At this point her ass was sticking so far out that Dart could see both her asshole and cunt.

“Yeah, yeah. Give me a second,” Dart said as he unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants.

“I thought I was going to get to fuck her,” said Svart.

“Why not both of you?” Gemala moaned. Dart saw her fingers delve all the way into her cunt, disappearing from view.

“Do you want her ass or her cunt?” asked Dart of his companion.

“I thought the ass was used to excrete waste,” said Svart.

“It is, but some women—and men—like to use it as a sex orifice as well.”

“But the cunt is for proper sex,” Svart confirmed.

“Well, yeah.”

“I want her cunt,” the deadly pudding declared.

It extruded a thicker pseudopod that corkscrewed up her leg and then quickly penetrated her cunt.

She moaned loudly as the deadly pudding’s viscous limb filled her up.

“Fuck that’s weird,” Gemala complained, but a beatific smile spread across her face. “But it feels so good too.”

“Thrust it in and out,” Dart advised the deadly pudding. “Make it ripple. Find her clit and rub it.”

He was unsure if the creature did any of that for her pressed in close to the lady’s proffered ass and, cock in hand, shoved his member into her asshole.

“I’d pay good silver to have this done to me every day,” moaned Gemala as she was fucked by the thief and the deadly pudding.

As a sophisticated woman, she was constantly seeking out new sexual experiences. This encounter redoubled her resolve to survive her kidnapping so that she could relate the story to her friends and peers. How many of them could claim to be double fucked by a thief and a deadly pudding?

Dreaming of becoming the target of rumors and innuendo, Gemala allowed herself to reach climax courtesy of her strange lovers.

When she came, her asshole clamped down on Dart’s cock. That didn’t stop him from fucking her. He simply grabbed her hips and ejaculated inside her ass before withdrawing.

“I still d-d-don’t understand sex,” said Svart as Dart cleaned his cock on Gemala’s ass while she was in a haze of pleasure.

“Neither do I.”

“Why d-d-did you stop?”

“I came. I finished. I climaxed.”

“I d-d-don’t get it.”

“My pleasure reached its peak and so did hers. That ends it.”

“I d-d-didn’t cum,” the deadly pudding burbled.

“You aren’t humanoid.”

“Hmm...I’ll have to work on that.”

“You do that.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Cuckquean 5: Cakewalk

ABrent and I drove home together in his car. Gigi drove back to her city alone. I was a little worried about her, the way we had used her body, but she assured us she was fine. She was thrilled. She claimed she had never had sex that good ever before.

She wasn’t lying. I was sure of that.

“Do you think I did the right thing?” I asked Brent as he drove.

“What do you mean?”

“Fucking Gigi in her ass,” I said bluntly because that’s the only way to approach this sort of thing. “DPing her.”

“I think she enjoyed it,” was his even answer.

“But...was it the right thing to do?”

“What do you mean, right or wrong? It’s just sex. She liked it. You liked it. I liked it. Everyone wins.”

“I didn’t get to cum this morning,” I commented glumly.

He glanced my way. “I’m sorry. I didn’t notice. But there’s nothing I can do about it right now.”

I sighed. “Do you know I have my princess plug inside me right now?”

He laughed and then glanced over to see my serious expression. “Oh shit, you’re not kidding, are you?”

In response, I swiftly unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans before shoving them down to my ankles along with my panties.

We were driving on the Thruway at sixty five miles an hour. There were cars all around us, but they couldn't see anything. I pushed my seat all the way back and laid it down as much as possible.

Brent glanced my way. “What are you doing?”

He couldn't see anything from the driver’s seat. I grabbed his right hand and put it down between my legs, but not to my pussy. Lower.

It only took him a moment to find the bright blue gem that formed the base of my pretty princess plug that was currently shoved up my ass because I’m an inveterate pervert who needs this sort of thing to really enjoy sex.

“Oh shit! You weren’t kidding!”

“Why would I kid about that?” I said innocently.

He moved his fingers from my gem up to my pussy. I wasn’t soaking wet, not yet, but I was getting there. He ran his fingers along my lips, parted them at the top, and teased my clit.

I moaned softly. “Yes...please.”

We both knew it was dangerous to do this sort of thing while hurtling down the asphalt. It was probably more dangerous than texting and driving. I wonder if an academic study has ever been done on road head and sexing while driving.

The danger made it more exciting.

I let him play with my pussy. We were in a dead zone of the Thruway with little traffic. It was as safe as it was ever going to get.

And if he didn’t get me off, I was going to have to do it myself.

No one is a good multi-tasker. Anyone who says so is a liar, or has completely fooled themselves.

Even so, with the plug up my ass, the danger of being on the open road, my desire at near peak because I didn’t get to cum earlier in the morning when I pegged Gigi in the ass, and Brent’s fingers, it wasn’t hard for me to cum.

My orgasm left me gasping and Brent grinning in satisfaction like he had accomplished something that no other man in the history of the world had ever done.

That made me wonder how many orgasms had been achieved while driving this stretch of the Thruway.

“I think I got your seat wet,” I told him when the power of speech returned to me.

“That’s fine. There are worse things in the world.” He casually licked his fingers, removing my amrita, tasting my pussy second-hand.

I was glad that he wanted my scent permanently stored in his car’s passenger seat.

It made me trust him a little more.

It made me realize that maybe, just maybe, he wouldn't get rid of me when I told him the last secret of my dirty past.

It wasn't a good secret.

It wasn't one I was proud of.

It was shameful.

It was my last resort to end my relationship with him before things got serious.

"Should we move in together?" Brent asked me.

I laughed. "We haven't even been dating a year," I told him. "And we both own our places. I'm not moving out of my house to find out you're a Russian spy or frigid in bed."

"We spend more time together than apart," he said, ignoring my joke. "If we want to get serious, maybe we should move in together."

"What makes you think I want to get serious so soon? You've been fucking Gigi

half your life and you don’t want to move in with her. Or marry her for that matter.”

Brent stopped mixing together the ingredients of the sauce he was making for dinner. He was a good cook. Self-taught. I liked eating what he made. “Because I’m thirty five years old. My birthday is coming up. I’m literally at the midpoint of my life. It’s time to get serious about what I want.”

I hadn’t been expecting such a serious answer. It made me start thinking about what I was doing with my life. But I didn’t want to think about it. “Well, just because you want to get serious doesn’t mean I want to.”

He frowned. “Is that really the case?”

I didn’t answer his question. “Why are you so eager for this all the sudden? We’ve been having a great time. You and me. And Gigi.” I smiled and leered at him when I added his—our—FWB.

His frown didn’t abate. “Maybe because I don’t want to wind up like Kevin.”

That stopped all joking with me. Kevin was Brent’s oldest brother. Had been his oldest brother. From what little he—and Gigi—had told me about Kevin, apparently his brother had lived life to its fullest with alcohol and drugs and partying...until he wound up dead from an accident involving cliff jumping into a too shallow swimming hole up in the Adirondacks.

All that Brent would really say it was the coroner deemed it “death by misadventure”. Gigi said Kevin was drunk and high when he fell.

Maybe it was time to get serious.

I couldn’t keep fucking different people every year. I couldn’t keep fucking Brent and Gigi all the time.

Could I?

“You won’t wind up like Kevin,” I assured him.

I had no idea if that was true or not.

“I’m looking for a partner who will want to spend the rest of my life with me,” he said. “Could that be you?”

I hesitated to answer. “I mean...maybe? What about Gigi?”

“Why are you pushing Gigi onto me?” he asked, irritated. “I’ve already told you, it’s not going to happen with me and her. Between us...it’s just sex.”

“There’s no love at all?” I asked him skeptically.

“Yeah, I love her,” he readily admitted, “but it’s not like we’re in love and we’re going to spend the rest of our lives together.”

I looked askance at him. “Even though you’ve been with her half your life and you have no plans to leave her high and dry?”

“Even so,” he said as he moved over to stirring the pasta. “Why are you so afraid of getting serious? What’s holding you back?”

“You don’t want to know,” I told him. That was only a partial lie. Maybe he wanted to know, but I didn’t want to tell him because it would ruin everything, which was ironic because he was asking. But I didn’t want to tell him because it would drive him away...but I didn’t want to commit to him.

Humans as an emotional species are fucked up.

We finished making dinner. We ate. We relaxed before going to bed.

“Are you ready for this?” I asked him.

“It was your idea.”

I finished undressing and shook my head at him. “That doesn’t mean that I want to do it.”

“I think you just want to relive your glory years,” he replied. “Is the camera on?” He stood in the middle of the room, naked now. His cock was soft. I planned on fixing that shortly.

“Just a moment.” It took me a little bit of time to remember everything in the set up for the camera and accessing the website. It was the place I used to cam. There was a way to advertise, just basically have an open stream where anyone could log on and watch anonymously.

When I suggested camming to Brent, he initially just brushed it off and laughed, but then he saw I was serious. I was. Sort of. I wanted to see if this would drive him away.

I wanted us to fuck on camera for an anonymous audience. It was hot and got me off. I’m not sure if it did the same for him, but I didn’t care. This was me and this was who he needed to know I was.

Before everything was set I sent a message to Gigi, inviting her to watch us. I hadn’t gotten a response, but it would have been rude for us to fuck on camera and not to send her an invitation.

“Are you sure that no one is going to recognize us?” Brent asked nervously after I finished adjusting the camera and lighting. I was wearing heavy makeup to help disguise myself. I kept on stockings to hide some of my tattoos. The lighting and camera angle was such that details weren’t going to come through.

“That’s the thrill, isn’t it?” I asked him as I knelt down on the floor in front of him and took his cock in my hand before I kissed it and then started sucking.

He might have been nervous, but his cock got hard easily enough. His face was off screen. We had my laptop to monitor what was going out on the stream. When we moved to the bed hopefully our faces wouldn’t show.

Or maybe they would. That would be hot as well.

I glanced at the computer display right before I got really busy with my blowjob. There were three people watching. That was nothing compared to my old cam days when I could have a couple of hundred viewers. (Which is still nothing compared to the more famous cammers, but I wasn’t in it for the money. I was in it for the thrill. And the money.)

The camera was shooting over my shoulder so my face wasn’t fully in view. I didn’t care anyway.

Some guys can’t perform on camera, on demand. That wasn’t true of Brent and I loved him for that. I gave an enthusiastic blowjob and he rose to the occasion.

“Do you want to cum in my mouth?” I asked him, taking a quick break to stroke his cock with my hand. “Do you want to cum all over my face?”

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