
the princess
and
the ogre
an erotic fairy tale
of monstrous lust
elliot silvestri
Part 5
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The Princess and the Ogre Part 5

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Princess and the Ogre Part 5

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

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Chapter 19

Dart had never thought of himself as a team player; he liked to be an independent operator. Standing in the middle of a large field outside of the city walls with the odd group he had thrown in with was anathema to his nature.

He was on the edge of the group. Groph was in the middle with Princess Poppy. Irvas and his silent lover/bodyguard was on the other end. Between Dart and Groph was Svart inside his helm of intellect, a pseudopod extended to the approaching group.

It had been agreed that the hostage exchange would take place in the open. The city and the royal family was only to send two representatives from House Gainas and a handful of warriors. As far as Dart could see, they were upholding their part of the bargain.

Dart didn't like that the approaching group were all mounted on horses and his group had arrived via Irvas's magical portal. Still, he he kept himself calm.

He was supposed to be the jailer.

Glancing over his shoulder he reassured himself yet again that the hostages were all expertly chained and gagged. Even Crown Prince Thurston wore chains and a matching gag.

Dart recognized the man that rode up to and stopped in front of Groph as Prince Alaric, the next oldest child after Thurston. The ogre Groph was as tall as the prince even with the human on his horse.

"Where's the silver?" demanded Groph by way of greeting.

The prince snorted at him while struggling to control his horse. The warriors they brought started to circle the smaller group, but Groph growled at them and

they halted, remaining on their side of the field.

“Hand it over,” Alaric called to one of the retainers who rode forward and tossed a heavy bag at Groph’s feet. Immediately Irvas’s lover broke ranks and scooped up the burlap bag. Inside Dart could hear coins clinking.

His heart pounded in excitement.

“The hostages,” demanded Alaric after the servant grunted at Groph.

Looking to the ogre, Dart detected just the slightest nod. Groph didn’t move his eyes from Alaric. The two were in a staring contest.

Dart stepped back and hauled the group to their feet. Lady Gemala was in the lead. She leaned close and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “I’ll miss your cock,” she told him, licking her lips. “And your belt.”

“What about me, baby?” called Svart. His undulating body rolled with the shiver that Dart recognized as what passed for laughter from the deadly pudding.

“I’ll miss your...appendages most of all,” said the noblewoman as she walked with as much dignity as she could muster. Since she was wearing only a silk shift, there wasn’t much dignity to her rolling gait. Dart could just see the bottom edge of her pert ass peaking from under the shift.

Next was Lady Tullee. She didn’t even acknowledge Dart. Because she had been such an unconscionable bitch the entire time he had been her jailer, Dart had decided to let her walk back to the city’s protectors as naked as the day she was born.

The woman walked with pure dignity. That did wonderful things for Dart’s cock as he admired her retreating ass.

The two men, whose names Dart had never bothered to learn, shuffled after the two ladies. Dart wondered what fate held for them.

At Groph’s orders, he held back Crown Prince Thurston.

“Send my brother over.”

“The rest of the agreement first,” Groph growled.

Prince Alaric made a motion and another warrior came forward with a small wooden chest. This was placed in front of Groph who kicked the lid open when the warrior backed away. Dart couldn’t see in the box from where he stood, but he saw Groph’s grin.

“The crown prince,” called Alaric.

“Take the chest,” Groph said softly to Svart who extended a pair of pseudopods and pulled it to his helm, lifting his magical item up to use the chest as a table to rest upon. Groph then nodded at Dart.

This was where things were going to get tricky, Dart knew. He carefully hauled Crown Prince Thurston to his feet and started to escort the man to his brother.

“I’ll see you swinging for this,” Thurston growled at the thief/spy/jailer.

“I’m sure,” agreed Dart.

“You fucked my wife,” Thurston insisted.

Dart wondered how he knew but said nothing.

“I might not be able to kill that ogre today, but you’ll be dead by nightfall,” promised the crown prince.

“You don’t seem to be in charge of anything right now,” Dart replied and handed over the chains and key to Alaric before carefully backing away.

“You agree to leave these lands and never return?” demanded Alaric.

“Of course, of course,” said Groph, his hands resting on the butts of his weapons. “We’ll just wait here as you go back to the city.” He made a shooing gesture, expecting them to retreat.

“The princess first,” Alaric insisted.

Groph laughed in his face. “She wasn’t part of the negotiations. I’d rather not give up a prize such as my lover without due compensation.”

“She’s my wife!” Thurston screamed at them. He was exhausted and haggard. He had been abused and humiliated and made to watch while Poppy happily and willingly fucked Groph in front of him repeatedly. He still wanted her back.

The only reason that Dart could imagine Thurston wanted her was to execute her.

“My cock has ruined her for you,” said Groph, not moving an inch. “Leave. Find a new wife.”

“My cunt belongs to Groph now,” said Poppy. “I’m never returning to you.”

“You want to be an outcast?” pleaded Thurston. “Do you wish to live in exile? A criminal? A slattern whore?”

“Better than watching you bed a line of harlots. Besides, I’ve fucked Groph so many times now there’s no way for me to bear you a child.” She leaned into the ogre.

Groph bent his head down and kissed his lover.

Mad with rage, Thurston charged forward. He had been unlocked from his chains by one of the warriors. He was brandishing a dagger stolen from one of the soldiers.

Moving smoothly Groph swept his large broadsword at the crown prince, catching him in the stomach. For half a second Dart expected the man to be neatly bisected. Instead he crumpled to the ground and Dart realized Groph had never unsheathed the weapon.

Thurston was left on the ground gasping for breath.

The score of warriors bristled and prepared for battle.

“We leave,” Groph barked.

Irvas released the spell he had been holding. The bright portal orb formed in a flash of light. Not waiting for an order, Dart dashed through the portal while screaming filled the background.

The screaming stopped when he rolled out through the portal. Scrambling to the side, he made way for Irvas's servant who carried the sack of silver. Svart and his helm plus the treasure chest he dragged along with him quickly followed. Poppy was next through, a triumphant grin on her face.

Groph came staggering through, groaning in a way that didn't harken to sexual pleasure. He was immediately followed by Irvas who collapsed the portal.

And that was that.

Except for the scream from Poppy when she saw the dagger stuck into Groph's chest.

"I'm fine," he assured his lover right before collapsing on the floor of his tower.

Chapter 20

As it turned out, Groph was fine. More or less. Irvas was no healer, but he summoned up enough magic to save the ogre's life. Dart had dealt with enough on the job injuries to help.

Poppy was a complete mess and blubbered constantly, certain her lover was going to die.

Svart was interested in the ogre's blood and what might happen to his body if he were to die. "I could split three ways if I consume his meat."

"You're not going to do shit!" Poppy screamed at him, stabbing at the deadly pudding with a dagger. It was a largely useless attack.

After they got Groph settled in his bed to heal, Dart retreated to the room he had shared with Evanora to gather his meager possessions.

It was his intent to take his promised share of silver and flee as soon as possible. He didn't know what Groph's plans were and he didn't care. He wanted to get out of the kingdom before his head was separated from his body.

Before he could leave or get his money, Poppy slipped into his room.

"Thank you," she said by way of greeting.

"For what?" As always Dart was wary of the princess. He knew she had ambitions beyond just a romantic relationship with an ogre and his lust for power.

"For helping to save Groph's life...and all your help."

Dart nodded. "You're welcome." He shouldered his bag. "I'm leaving now. I'm getting my silver from Irvas and I'm going to disappear."

"So soon?" asked Poppy.

She was wearing a wine-colored robe over an equally dark dress. She dropped the robe to the floor and then brushed off the dress's straps, letting that follow.

Dart stared at her bare tits. They were still glorious.

His cock stirred. He knew she was up to something and was on his guard.

“Yes. So soon.”

“Wouldn’t you rather fuck me first?”

“Uh...no. You’re Groph’s lover and the last thing I need is another person trying to kill me.”

She approached him, placing one foot carefully in front of the other.

His eyes fell to her hips. Her cunt was hidden away by a tiny slip of silk, panties that were more decorative than useful.

“Groph promised to fuck me when we returned. A celebratory fuck. He’s sleeping now. I tried sucking his cock to get it hard, but it wouldn’t respond to me. I’m deserving of a good hard cock.”

“I’m sure you are,” Dart agreed and backed away. He knew he should have dashed for the door, but his feet wouldn’t move.

“Svart’s limbs are...intriguing, but I don’t want to fuck a pudding. I want a real cock. Irvas only fucks men and his servant is useless to me. That leaves your cock. Get it out. I want to suck and fuck it.”

“That’s a bad idea,” said Dart. his back was against the wall and he was certain he was going to wind up dead before he left the tower.

“No. It’s not. I always told Groph I would take as many lovers as I wanted, even if I belonged to him. I want you now.”

“Just an hour ago you told your husband that his cock was too small for you,” Dart pointed out.

It was a futile gesture. “But you’re bigger than him,” she said, going down on her knees and pulling out his belt to loosen his pants. His cock followed a second later. He was big, not huge, but fully erect.

Poppy smiled in admiration. “You might have a perfect cock.”

“No. No I don’t,” he protested right before she lowered her mouth onto him and started sucking.

It was heavenly.

Dart cursed his bad luck. All he wanted to do was steal away with his silver and start a new life, maybe get drunk and fuck a few whores along the way, but what was he doing now? Letting a princess give him a blowjob while her husband suffered in emotional and physical pain in the palace and Poppy’s lover suffered a near-deadly wound in his bed was wrong on every level.

She cupped his balls and gently squeezed.

He moaned in reaction.

She knew exactly what she was doing.

“This is bad,” he complained.

Removing his manhood from her mouth, she laughed at him. “You don’t like to be sucked? Then why don’t you fuck my little cunt?”

Standing up she pulled down her silk panties, now soaked with her amrita, and stood before him wonderfully naked.

Dart’s cock throbbed and he knew he wouldn’t pass up this opportunity.

It didn’t matter how wrong it was. He gave in to desire.

Grabbing the princess, he threw her down on the bed and quickly got between her legs. He was acting like she was struggling against him when in fact she was encouraging him to fuck her.

He got his pants down far enough, but he hadn’t bothered to remove his boots, nor did he put in the effort to take off his tunic. Poppy just reached for his cock, found it, and guided it into her cunt.

Once he was seated in her sex, they rutted hard. Dart didn’t want to admit it to

himself, but he was fucking her as hard as he could just to make her scream and cry. But her cries weren't of pain; she enjoyed everything he was doing to her.

That only made sense, he realized. She was used to regularly taking an ogre cock. Whatever Dart was packing wasn't going to hurt her.

If anything, that realization made him angry. Almost in retaliation, he flipped her over onto her hands and knees.

"You know I like it rough," she said, not even bothering to look over her shoulder at him.

"Shut the fuck up."

He ran his cock up and down her crevice. He was already plenty wet from her cunt's copious amrita and he produced plenty of precum on his own. Princess Poppy pushed back against him, trying to get his cock back into her cunt.

He wouldn't let her. Poppy thought it was a game until he slapped her ass. He slapped her hard. It stung but she didn't mind, though Groph had never been so rough with her before. The ogre knew he was far too strong for the princess so any real violence held the danger of killing her.

Poppy found that she liked the spank that she had been given. She was just about to voice her appreciation of the rough treatment when Dart lined up his cock and all but shoved it in her ass.

She gasped audibly. She knew she should have protested, but she didn't have the words or the voice to say so.

Dart knew the best way to fuck someone in the ass was to take it slow and easy. He didn't. He just shoved his cock as far into her as possible and then started working it back and forth.

"Do you like that?" he grunted at her. "Do you like being fucked in the ass?"

Poppy just moaned in reply.

"Does Groph fuck your ass?" Dart barked at her.

“No,” she moaned. “No…”

Dart liked that answer. He leaned forward and curled his body around hers, forcing the princess to hold up his weight. She locked her arms and legs, doing her best to receive his cock. She wanted to reach down and finger her clit, but she didn’t dare.

And then she felt Dart’s hand around her throat. Poppy loved dangerous sex. That’s why she had lovers in the palace before and after marrying Thurston. That’s why she opted to fuck Groph when he first kidnapped her. That’s why she continued to fuck him.

Feeling Dart’s hand tighten around her neck caused shivers to run up and down her spine. He fucked her ass for just a few more thrusts and then she came. There was no way to stop it.

“Slut. Whore. Slattern. Trollop.” The words rolled dispassionately off Dart’s tongue. They were supposed to be insults. To Poppy’s ears, they were compliments. With his hand around her throat and his cock in her ass, she was on the verge of ecstasy. When his free hand found her clit, he barely had to touch her before she quivered and came again.

As much as Poppy was enjoying being abused by Dart, she truly started to struggle against him when she realized her vision was going dark and she couldn’t continue to support his weight.

The moment Poppy collapsed underneath him, Dart pulled his hand away from her neck, allowing her to breathe again. She sucked in a ragged breath. It wouldn’t do to murder Groph’s lover. There were whorehouses in the dark underbelly of the city that allowed men to abuse their lovers, but Dart had never indulged in that perversion. Murder for the sake of pleasure was beyond him.

Still, he loved the sensation of her ass tightening up on his cock when she came. As she collapsed under him, his cock popped free of her ass. The smart thing to do would have been to shove it back into her ass, or maybe her cunt, instead Dart took matters into his own hands and jerked off. It only took a couple of stroke of his hand before he spilled his seed all over the princess’s ass and back.

She was still coughing as he came, but she managed to turn her head just enough to smile at him.

“That was fucking hot,” she complimented him. “I bet Groph would have loved to watch.”

“What in Belsar’s bulbous balls is wrong with you?” Dart gasped as he stood up and pulled up his pants. He didn’t even bother to wipe off his cock. He knew he had to get out of the tower as soon as possible.

“I like it rough.”

“You’re sick and twisted.”

“True.” She ran her hand down her back and ass, wiping away his cum. The thick white fluid stuck to her fingers and she admired it. “It makes the sex better.”

“I nearly killed you!” he exclaimed as he gathered up his things.

“That’s what made it so good.”

Dart just shook his head at her. “It’s been great and all, but I’m taking my leave. Don’t follow me. Don’t look for me.”

“But Groph has something for you,” she said plaintively as he made for the door.

“Tell him to keep it.”

Chapter 21

It had been Dart's first instinct to steal a horse, but then he remember that he had more silver than he could count, so when he came to the inn at the far outskirts of the city, he haggled with the proprietor for a minute before settling on a price.

He wasn't an accomplished horseman, so riding at night was a risk, but it was a risk he was willing to take. He had made his fortune and escaped with his head firmly attached to his shoulders. It was a miracle. If Dart had been a willing adherent to Belsar he would have dropped to his knees and given thanks to the god.

Instead, he rode through most of the night until he came upon the next inn at a small village, rented a bed there, and fell happily to sleep.

Dart forced himself to leave early the next morning, even after seeing the size of the innkeeper's wife's tits. They were enormous and she didn't mind him staring at them while she cleaned the common room as he ate his breakfast.

He was sore from the night's ride, but he pushed the horse as hard as he dared. He only relaxed a tiny bit after a second night's sleep.

Eschewing the offer of the barmaid for a blowjob in the scullery for a silver piece, once again Dart hit the road.

After a week of travel he started to believe he had gotten away with it.

This time he had to travel into the evening because the villages and inns were further apart, but eventually he came to another small village on the road and opted for their largest room, best ale, and richest dinner. The barmaid wasn't as willing as some of the others he had encountered, but he did manage to talk the stable boy into spending the night in his bed rather than letting the young man sleep in the hayloft.

Pug proved to be an ardent and willing lover.

The stable boy smelled vaguely of horses and hay, both scents which didn't bother Dart. Once in the privacy of his rented room, Pug did whatever Dart asked. Kissing the handsome young man with the wispy beard was almost like kissing a woman. It was easy to get Pug to go down on his knees and suck Dart's

cock.

The boy was very good at it. This was not his first time.

“You ever been fucked before?” Dart asked as Pug bobbed his head up and down on Dart’s substantial cock.

Pug brushed his sandy-blonde hair out of his eyes. “Yeah. A couple of times. It’s gonna be another silver if ya wanna do that. Or if ya wanna me to do it to ya.”

“Take off your clothes,” said Dart as he kicked off his boots and fully stripped.

He gave a moment’s thought to whether or not Pug’s boss cared if the boy turned tricks or not. Pug had brought along a few supplies and allowed Dart to grease up his cock before he plunged his length into the boy’s bunghole.

As they fucked, Dart was certain it was not the boy’s first time getting fucked.

Still, Dart loved using his ass and feeling the young man’s firm muscles. If the boy had shaved his thin beard, he’d be prettier, but this far out of the city, Dart had to take what he could get.

Wanting to get the most of his money, Dart finished in Pug’s ass. The boy didn’t appreciate that.

“Ya could have cum on me stomach,” he groused,. “Or even in me mouth.”

Dart wiped off his cock with a wet rag and tossed five silver pieces on the boy’s chest. “You earned it,” he said. “Now leave. I don’t need a bed warmer tonight.”

Not wanting to cause a scene and happy with the extra money, Pug quietly left after dressing.

The next morning Dart awoke in a refreshed state of mind. He’d keep heading west until he met the Androver River, and then follow that south to Port Guven. From there anywhere in the world was possible to reach.

It was as solid a plan as he could imagine.

Dart ordered a hot bath for the morning before he took his breakfast. Most of his clothes he had given over to the scullery maid the night before to clean. She came in carrying hot water for his bath along with his clothes.

“Fancy me suckin’ ya dick for a copper?” the maid asked.

Dart considered it, but the scullery maid was too old and too ugly for even a copper. Her hair was graying and her face was lined. Dart didn’t want to consider the state of her teeth. Besides, fucking Pug the night before had temporarily sated his lust.

“Pass,” he said. “Just the hot water.”

An hour later he was cleaned, dressed, and packed. He just needed to eat a hearty breakfast before retrieving his horse from the stable. If Pug was there maybe he’d offer the boy another silver for an artful blowjob.

Not more than a minute after Dart had seated himself and the innkeeper had brought him a platter full of fried eggs, steak, oatmeal, cheese, and bread did the inn’s door slam open and the morning light was blocked out my a substantial and muscular figure.

Dart groaned as he recognized the figure. Silencing himself he considered where his travel pack was along with the location of the back door and the accessibility of the stables.

Before Dart could even start moving, Groph seated himself across the table from Dart.

“You travel fast,” Groph said with a nod. “That’s smart and admirable.”

“You seem to have recovered from your injury,” Dart said evenly.

“And you left my tower without even so much as a goodbye or a by-your-leave.”

“You chased me all this way just because you thought I was rude?” Dart asked.

The window to his right was open and he evaluated how difficult it would be to jump through it before Groph could reach him.

“No. Of course not. I had Irvas portal me here once we knew where you were.”

If the innkeeper and his staff were perturbed that an ogre had just walked into their establishment, they gave no indication. One of the servers came over to Dart’s table. Both thief and ogre glanced at her.

“Something to eat?” she nervously asked Groph.

He smiled at her, displaying all of his horrible teeth.

The server shivered with fear but held her ground.

“Just some raw meat,” he said to her, not threatening and not unkindly. “Beef if you have it, though mutton would be fine.”

The middle-aged woman just nodded her head and ran away.

Trying to change the subject, or just avoid the real reason as to why Groph was chasing him, Dart said, “She seems unnaturally calm to have an ogre in her dining room.”

Groph shrugged, a gesture that made the leather doublet he was wearing creak at the seams. “We’re close to the borderlands here. They get all sorts of humanoids wandering in looking for food and shelter. Their silver is as good as anyone’s.”

That made Dart wonder exactly what sort of clientele came through the inn and tavern. Earlier he had seen humans and elves, plus a few dwarves—the inn wasn’t that far from the Stone Teeth Mountains—but the borderlands promised goblins and kobolds and the occasional ogre as well.

“Makes sense,” Dart nodded.

“Besides, I’ve been here before.” He smiled, leering at Dart. “Their rare steaks are to die for.”

Dart shivered with fear. He reasoned that if the ogre wanted to kill him, Groph would have waited for him to leave the inn and ambush him on the road, rather than risking a confrontation at the inn.

Seeing there was no easy route of escape and that Groph apparently didn’t intend

to murder him right then and there, Dart screwed on his courage. “Why are you chasing me, Groph? We are done, aren’t we?”

Groph leaned in and sniffed at Dart, inhaling deeply though his large nose. “You stink of sex,” he declared. “But not with a woman. You fucked a man, didn’t you?”

Dart didn’t know what to think. He had bathed after fucking Pug. How did Groph know he had sex with the stable boy? What did it matter?

“Why do you care? What does it matter?”

“I keep close tabs on my allies,” he said. “And I give them what they want. Where do you think Irvas got his lovely boytoy from?”

Dart hadn’t given that a single thought. And if Groph was providing sex partners to Irvas, obviously he didn’t care who Irvas fucked. Presumably, he wouldn’t care who Dart fucked either, though Dart was reasonably certain that didn’t automatically extend to Princess Poppy.

“I wouldn’t want to hazard a guess,” Dart said evenly.

“Do you need me to supply you with women or men or boys?” Groph said evenly.

“No. It’s fine. I’m just done. I’m starting my life over.”

“I need a man of your skills,” said Groph.

“There’s lots of men like me in the world,” Dart said dismissively.

“Is this because my Poppy seduced you?” Groph asked in such a tone that took Dart unawares.

“Seduced me?” Dart asked, trying his best to affect an attitude of confusion and innocence. He didn’t pull it off completely successfully. That was bad for a spy and a thief.

Once more Groph leaned forward. “I know you fucked her.”

“I...I...I...didn’t?” It came out like a question.

Groph let out a barking laugh, startling the serving woman who had just showed up with his raw meat. She dropped the platter on the table and ran.

“You’re a terrible liar, Dart,” said Groph as he stabbed the meat with the provided fork, drew a dagger from his belt and sliced off a bloody chunk before depositing it in his mouth.

“Sorry.”

“Are you apologizing for fucking my lover?”

“No?”

Groph laughed around his bloody mouthful. “I like you Dart, that’s why I’m going to ask you a special favor.”

“Special favor?” Dart was just glad his head was still attached to his body.

“Yes. I want you to come back to my tower and fuck Princess Poppy for me.”

“What.” He said it flatly. It wasn’t even a question.

The ogre grinned at him again. That didn’t make Dart feel any safer.

“I want to watch while you fuck Poppy.”

“You want to...to watch?”

“Yes.”

“But...buy you could get any man to do that.”

“Not any man.” Groph was adamant about that.

“Okay. Most men. Many men.”

“Most men’s cocks get soft when I’m watching.”

Dart wondered how many times Groph had tried this with other men. And how

those encounters had gone. That led him to wonder if Poppy had fucked him those times at Groph's request. Or maybe she just told Groph about what she had done after the fact.

He was starting to think that his flexible sexuality made him much more common than the world would have him believe.

"I can see that," Dart said thoughtfully. "Even when you aren't trying to be...you can be intimidating."

Why couldn't Groph be a normal ogre and get off on his lover fucking other females? Poppy seemed the sort of woman who would perform almost any sexual act. Except fuck her husband, apparently.

Or maybe Groph enjoyed sending her back to Thurston just so he could fuck Poppy again, after the fact.

It was too much to think about.

"That's why I need you," said Groph. "You've already fucked Poppy. Twice. You can do it again and again." He paused and got a dreamy look in his large yellow eyes. "And again. As many times as it takes."

"You're making it seem like I can't get her off," Dart said, offended.

Groph looked at him in surprise for a long moment. Then he burst out laughing. "Oh ho ho! You misunderstand me, boy! My dear Poppy never has trouble cumming. You should know that by now. I need you to fuck her for a different reason."

"A different reason?"

Groph looked around the dining room. It was empty, but they both sensed the serving staff was just on the other side of the door to the kitchen.

"The woman wants a child," Groph said conspiratorially.

"Then give her one. Fuck her silly."

"Ha. No. As if that were the true solution. No. Ogre spunk doesn't work with

human women. You've seen half-elves and half-orc running around, having you? Of course you have. But you haven't seen half-ogres. We can't breed our women, even though human women love a nice big ogre dick. Ironic, isn't it?"

"You want...you want me to get her pregnant?" Dart finally puzzled out.

Groph slapped the table with his hand, making the platters and utensils jump and clatter. Dart looked at his food. It had gone cold. "Now you've got it!"

Dart tried to think of some reason to object, but he couldn't. Fucking Poppy would be fun, even if he had to do it under the watchful eye of Groph. But getting her pregnant? Maybe Dart had inadvertently done that to a whore or two, maybe a naive farmer's daughter, but to want to do it? To purposely impregnate a woman?

And what of his offspring. What would Groph do with it?

"If I do this for you," Dart said cautiously, "what will become of the the child?"

Groph chuckled. "I'll raise him as my own!"

"I'll have no rights to my own issue?"

Groph growled. "Be happy I'm letting you fuck my love without killing you."

"Oh." Dart froze. He felt like the rabbit trapped by the wolf.

After letting him suffer for a moment, Groph burst out laughing again. "Nah. Don't worry. I won't kill you. I'll jerk off while you fuck her."

"You will?" Dart couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Maybe! Or maybe I'll hire a whore to do it for me!"

Once again, Dart was certain he was getting himself into trouble he didn't need.

Chapter 22

Poppy was as beautiful as ever. The only real different was that she had changed her mode of dress. Before she had worn primarily blues and yellows, the colors of the Gainas family. Now she favored green and black. While Dart wasn't certain if Groph had a banner, it seemed to be a combination chosen in tribute to her lover.

"Princess Poppy," said Dart, bowing as he entered the ruined tower's large apartment that Groph used as his bedroom.

The princess burst out laughing at him.

Dart wondered if he had committed some foolish act or if he was the butt of some joke he didn't understand. "Is something amiss, my lady?" he asked smoothly.

"She doesn't use the title 'princess' any longer," said Groph as he strode up to his lover, bent over, and kissed her on the lips. Poppy seemed eager for the little reunion.

Irvas's magic proved to be a great boon to Groph, having portaled him to the inn on the edge of the borderlands and back as well as healing the injured ogre. Dart couldn't detect any lingering affects of his wound.

"Why not?" Dart asked without thinking.

"Because I left my husband for an ogre," replied Poppy. "Most would regard that as a step down in status, but I consider it a step up, especially considering that Thurston's cock was so small and Groph's is truly giant. Exactly what I need."

"I...I see," said Dart, not knowing what else to say.

He sized up the former princess. Before, in the palace, she had worn stylish and overly fancy dresses. Now, here in Groph's tower, she wore tight-fitting pants and corset that would be more akin to what a specialized whore would wear in her brothel.

Dart could appreciate both sides of the coin, but he had become accustomed to seeing her naked as much as clothed.

“Well, shall we get down to business?” she asked, running her finger along the top of her corset.

“What?”

Groph laughed from behind Dart. The ogre had moved softly and silently around the room. The thief was certain that the ogre intended to kill him or at the very least, let him die in a deep, dark dungeon cell, and so upon hearing his voice, Dart winced. “He can’t believe his good fortune, my love.”

“His good fortune, but your misfortune,” groused the former princess. “Your cock deserves better.”

“I shall find a whore to quench my needs.”

“I truly wish I could do more for you,” said Poppy as she slowly unlaced her corset. Both Dart and Groph watched her closely, awaiting the appearance of her breasts.

“Hopefully this one will be all you need,” said Groph, dropping his hand on Dart’s shoulder, nearly driving the thief to his knees.

“Why...why would you say that?” Dart managed to stutter out.

“I can’t fuck my lady again until she’s pregnant.”

“His cum will kill anything that you put in me,” said Poppy.

“Does that mean...you can’t have sex with him the entire time you’re pregnant?” asked Dart.

“No. Of course not. It just means he can’t use my cunt while I’m carrying. My mouth and ass are all open for business.” Poppy gave Groph a loving gaze.

Dart didn’t think before he spoke. “You can take his cock in your ass?”

The couple laughed at him. “And all the way down my throat.”

“You should see it,” said Groph, with a proud grin.

“He can, my love, you just need to wait a bit.”

Dart shook his head and tried to focus himself. “So I just need to get her pregnant and then leave?” he asked.

Groph grinned. “That’s the idea. Just like your dad did to your mam.” He then laughed uproariously.

Dart opted not to tell the ogre that he was worryingly accurate in his assessment of Dart’s upbringing.

Bored with the conversation, Poppy expertly loosened the stays on her corset and shimmied out of it.

Not wanting to stare, but staring anyway, Dart goggled at her breasts.

Before they had been perfect. Now they were covered in faint black lines.

“Svart is tattooing me,” she explained to the thief.

“Oh.”

“I like my women marked,” Groph added. “Get your pants off and fuck her, please.”

Dart didn’t know what to think and then quickly decided that thinking wasn’t going to help him.

He stripped off his clothes, keeping an eye on Groph as he did so and the other eye on Poppy because she was undressing along with him.

While Dart might have been nervous about Groph watching, he wasn’t so nervous that Poppy’s fully nude body failed to get his cock up.

Her body was still perfect—though it was now marred by the lines that were tattooed into her skin. It gave her an otherworldly appearance. She wasn’t any stranger than the many women and men he had fucked in his lifetime, but she was definitely different from the first two times he had fucked her.

Eyeing his cock, Poppy grinned knowingly. “You choose well, darling,” she said, briefly glancing at Groph. “He’s already hard for me.”

“Suck on his cock anyway,” Groph growled appreciatively.

Poppy pouted. “I wanted him to eat my cunt.”

Groph nodded, a smirk decorating his face. “Do it,” he barked at Dart. “See that you make her cum before you stick your cock into her.”

Not wanting to upset the ogre, Dart did exactly as ordered. He knelt down in front of Poppy and placed a kiss on her bare pubic mound. The princess had removed all her pubic hair. It wasn’t a look that he desired, but the skin was smooth without a hint of stubble; that he could appreciate. However, with her standing and him kneeling, it was impossible for his tongue to reach her clit.

The former princess walked backward to the huge bed she normally shared with Groph. Once she was down on her back with her legs spread, Dart focused on pleasing her with his tongue.

He explored her complex folds while carefully inserting a finger into her cunt, palm up. Finding her secret spot inside her tunnel was key. The little ridge of bumps wasn’t that difficult to locate and as he did, Dart circled his tongue around her clit.

She moaned appreciatively. A moment later he sucked her clit into his mouth and she gasped in shock. Poppy tried to say something, leaning half up to communicate with Dart, but it was Groph that took control of the situation.

“Lay back and enjoy it, my darling,” he rumbled. “You deserve the best.”

Glancing upward, Dart saw the beautiful woman nod and relax. He spared half a moment to look at Groph and wished he hadn’t. The ogre had dropped his leather trousers and was sprawled in a large chair, his huge cock out and erect. He was stroking it as he watched Dart with his lover.

Focusing on Poppy’s cunt, Dart resolved to make the woman cum. He thought that was what Groph wanted before the big show.

Poppy was now pinching and twisting her nipples. She was clearly primed to cum. Dart just had to complete the deal. Being receptive to this unusual situation made it easier on Poppy. Or maybe she liked sex under unusual circumstances.

Either way, between Dart's tongue and finger, he pushed her over the edge and made her cum, soaking his face with her amrita, which Dart happily lapped up.

"Now fuck her," Groph ordered. "Make her scream."

Dart knew several ways to make a woman scream, but he was reasonably certain that Groph didn't want Poppy intentionally injured and permanently scarred.

Instead of taking one of those actions, Dart instead inserted his cock into her cunt. He wasn't rock hard, but her warm depths soon got him to where he needed to be. Dart made the mistake of looking down at Poppy while he fucked her. She was grinning up at him, like she had won some sort of contest and now completely controlled him.

He wasn't sure if she was wrong.

But in the moment, that didn't matter. He just held her down and fucked her as hard as he could.

Holding her down wasn't really necessary. She wasn't struggling against him. If anything, she was encouraging him by spreading her thighs wide and tilting her hips to accept his thrusts as deeply as possible.

Poppy grunted with every thrust. She rocked her body to meet his cock. Unable to help himself, Dart kissed and bit the side of her neck.

Turning her head just enough to look at her lover, Poppy called out. "Groph, my darling, Groph. He's filling me up. I want him so much."

The ogre licked his lips. "Does he fill you as much as me?"

She violently shook her head, dislodging Dart's teeth from her soft skin. "No. Never...but I want him to fill my cunt with his seed."

"Make him cum," Groph encouraged her. "Open yourself to him."

Dart would have loved to fuck her ass. Her cunt was drooling so much he could feel the wetness she had created under her ass. Surely her ass was slicked up and ready to be penetrated in a most unwelcome manner.

Instead he just shifted his arms underneath her, wiggled one hand under a soft buttock, and pushed his middle finger into her anus.

Poppy groaned deeply at the violation of her body.

And then she came. He felt her sphincter muscle tightly contracting on his finger.

That was enough for him. Dart quickly finished. He felt every spurt of his cock flooding into her. She yelped with delight as his cum painted the walls of her womb.

“To me, my love,” called out Groph. Poppy forced her eyes open and looked at her lover.

The ogre’s hand was a blur on his hard, erect cock. Dart turned his head to look at what had captured her attention. It was disgusting and fascinating to see the ogre engaging in an act of self-abuse, but when the ogre grunted and then ejaculated, Dart felt woefully inadequate. The amount of cum he produced put Dart to shame. The thief wondered if he produced as much cum in a year as the ogre had produced in one simple orgasm.

“I wanted to put it on your face,” Groph practically whined at his lover.

“Not now,” she said sadly. “Not until after, not until I’m with your child.”

That made no sense, because if anything, Poppy was going to be carrying Dart’s child, not the ogre’s.

But he wisely kept his mouth shut on that issue.

Chapter 23

In the days that followed, there was a regular and predictable routine. At first Dart enjoyed it because he got to have as much sex with Poppy as he ever could have wanted. Except for the near continual presence of Groph when Dart copulated with the ogre-lover, it wasn't a bad way to pass a week.

And then it became apparent to him that he would be forced to fuck the former princess twice a day for the foreseeable future, at least until Poppy fell pregnant.

If there was on thing that Dart hated, it was routine.

And worse, it was starting to feel like he was a prisoner. Sure, he got to fuck a beautiful woman twice a day and he was being given food and water, but he didn't get to leave the tower. He had precious little to do outside of when his dick was employed, and Svart the deadly pudding was his only real company.

Twice a day for an hour at a time, the pudding would tattoo Poppy. As intimate as he was with the princess's body, Dart was still fascinated by this process. Her skin was slowly being covered in permanent ink that seemed to change her more every day.

The simple lines that had started the process eventually covered nearly every inch of Poppy's body and then the deadly pudding started filling the lines in with color.

It was fascinating to watch, but Dart didn't fully know what to expect of it.

As far as Dart could see, and later confirmed by the deadly pudding, Svart didn't use any tool. He just dipped a thin pseudopod into a puddle of ink and then tapped it against Poppy's skin. The process was slow and laborious, but the results were eye-catching. It was strange, especially considering that Svart didn't have eyes. How he knew where to apply the tattoos was beyond Dart.

Poppy liked being watched. She liked having Dart's eyes on her more than she liked Groph watching her. Naturally Irvas had no interest in the voluptuous Poppy and neither did his silent lover and servant. More often than not, Poppy walked about the tower in all manner of dress and undress, usually undress.

Dart was getting used to seeing her naked more than clothed.

Occasionally he had to be careful when he was fucking her because any patch of skin recently treated was sore.

Sporting a few tattoos of his own, done in the traditional manner of needle and vibration hammer, Dart knew how painful they could be. He didn't ask Svart for a sample tattoo to experience the pain. That was too much for the thief.

Today the former princess was riding Dart's cock. He couldn't touch her left breast because just that morning Svart had added some brilliant green coloring to the swirling geometric designs now covering her, but otherwise it was just another day of admiring Poppy's body and getting to experience her lovely cunt.

The woman was covered in a light sheen of sweat, making her skin glisten and the tattoos to pop out brilliantly in the dancing magical lights supplied by Irvas. She had already cum twice so Dart just needed to finish inside of her and then he could retreat to his room for some solitude or maybe he'd got to the top of the tower to contemplate his life.

"Getting tired of my cunt?" asked Poppy.

Dart realized that they had been fucking for longer than usual. How her cunt could stand to be fucked on such a regular basis was beyond him. "No. Never."

She laughed at his obvious lie. "Then you'd better cum in me. You'd better keep cumming in me until I'm pregnant."

That should have been enough to push him over the edge, a little thrilling fear, but it wasn't.

Taking pity on the poor man, Poppy reach behind her and found his balls. Giving them a good squeeze, Dart groaned. Knowing that she wouldn't stop until she got what she wanted, he closed his eyes and focused. A quick fantasy of a slattern elf being whipped by human eunuch was all that it took.

He came with a relieved groan.

"What is it with men who love to have their balls abused?" asked Poppy.

Dart didn't give her a truthful answer. He didn't want her to have his secret.

“It’s the fear of damage, my lady,” he said.

She laughed at him.

“As it should be.”

Svart sought him out later. Dart was on top of the tower, admiring the sunset, as he considered suicide. The fall down the tower might be quiet pleasant, but he wasn’t sure if the tower was high enough to assure a quick death from the impact, especially since the ground around the tower was just soft dirt and not hard and rocky.

Dart heard the unusual gait of the deadly pudding’s pseudopods and inverted helmet on the steps up to the tower’s roof.

“I still d-d-don’t understand why humanoids feel the need to sexually reproduce,” said Svart in greeting.

“Don’t ask me to explain it again,” Dart groused. “I don’t understand how you can so beautifully tattoo a person’s skin.”

“The way that Irvas presented it to me is that I have organs embedded in my b-b-body that allow me to perceive the world in a d-d-different fashion than humanoids use their eyes.”

“Okay, that tells me how you perceive where to put the ink, but the skill needed to correctly place it, and so artfully!”

The deadly pudding shivered with delight, little ripples running through its body. “Perhaps it’s just an innate ability of my race?”

“Sure,” Dart agreed and looked out at the horizon just as the sun started to dip below the horizon.

“Is something the matter?” asked Svart.

“Just contemplating how much it would hurt if I threw myself off this tower. Would I die right away? Would I live out my life in excruciating pain and how

long would that pain last?”

Svart was quiet a long time. Dart appreciated that.

“Why would you throw yourself off the tower to injure or kill yourself?” The deadly pudding was confused, and for good reason.

“Have you seen my life?” asked Dart with a rueful laugh.

The deadly pudding contemplated that for a few moments. “You are alive. I am alive. I was not aware of my life until the helm of intellect was placed on me. D-d-does being alive mean you have a d-d-desire to d-d-die?”

“No. It’s just that...I have no desire to live any longer.”

“Why not? You have a place to live. You have food. You have this b-b-beautiful scenery. You have a woman that wants to fuck you twice a d-d-day. As I understand it, that’s what all humanoids want in life.”

“Maybe I wasn’t meant to live.”

“Maybe,” agreed the pudding. “If you d-d-do d-d-decide to kill yourself, can I use your b-b-body for sustenance? I perhaps will want to reproduce myself in the future.”

“Sure,” Dart agreed. “Sure.”

Chapter 24

Poppy was bound to a wooden rack that either Groph had built or maybe he had Irvas create it with magic. It didn't matter. She was naked and helpless, bent over with her ass exposed and her legs splayed wide. It was the sort of display that was in high demand at the expensive brothels in the city, the ones that catered to men and women and everything else with unusual tastes.

Dart never considered himself a man of unusual tastes. Yes he had done more than a few things that most would consider distasteful, but he only did them out of necessity or curiosity. He would be happy with a partner who simply shared an appreciation of vigorous sex.

Seeing Poppy bound to the rack wasn't unusual. In fact, it was all too usual in the past few weeks. The former princess and her ogre lover were constantly looking for ways to make sex more interesting for the both of them now that she was being bred by Dart.

The thief was having trouble getting hard and fucking her as often as they wanted. He was starting to fear for his life because of his lackluster performances.

What was unusual about walking into the giant room that the unusual couple used as their bedroom and playroom, was the other woman bound on a similar rack next to Poppy.

Almost right away Dart saw the distinctive tattoo on her thigh indicating she was a prostitute. Or perhaps a former prostitute. He supposed it didn't matter. The new woman was positioned just like Poppy.

When Dart walked in after being summoned to the room, Groph's pants were already off. His huge cock was erect because he was shoving in into the prostitute's mouth.

"Ready to fuck Poppy?" he grunted at Dart.

Poppy managed to crane her neck around enough to wink at the exhausted and depressed thief. He didn't feel so much as a stirring in his pants.

"Not really," Dart admitted.

Groph grunted again. “I was expecting this. You lasted longer than I thought you would.” He pulled his cock from the prostitute’s mouth and casually walked over to a leather bag that was left on the floor. It was next to the pile of the woman’s clothes. “Yarcy brought along some help,” the ogre declared with a grin.

His huge fingers were nimble enough and he extracted a small vial from the leather bag. The contents were blue and he let several drops fall into a mug of ale that was on the room’s table. “Drink,” Groph ordered. “It’ll get you hard.”

Dart considered saying no, but then he drank the ale. Groph wouldn’t be so bold as to poison him that way, would he?

It didn’t kill him right away.

“Is it working?” asked the prostitute. Dart presumed she was Yarcy.

“It didn’t kill me.”

“It shouldn’t.”

A moment later he understood the question. His cock started to get hard without a thought or physical stimulation.

“It’s working,” Poppy reported, seeing the tent in his pants.

Dart looked down and realized she was right. He was fully hard.

Groph let out a barking laugh. “Get to work!” he said while pointing at Poppy.

Knowing what was expected of him, Dart dropped his pants and stood behind Poppy on her rack. Why she liked being fucked that way he couldn’t figure out. After grabbing his cock, running it along her wet slit, he pushed into her and started fucking.

Holding her hips, he looked over at a sudden squeal. Groph was kneeling behind Yarcy and was in the process of inserting his cock into her. Dart couldn’t see the whore’s face, but he knew she must be suffering to have a log shoved into her cunt.

“Isn’t it wonderful to be stretched by that big weapon?” asked Poppy, reaching

her hand out to the other woman. Yarcy turned her head just enough so that Dart could see the strained expression on her face. It spoke of pain and stress, but there was a certain amount of pleasure mixed in as well.

“Fuck yes,” the woman panted. “I haven’t been filled like this since I was paid to fuck that minotaur.”

Dart couldn’t believe his ears.

The two women interlaced their fingers, sharing a certain sisterhood of suffering the pain of huge cocks invading their cunts, and they stayed liked that as Dart and Groph plowed them.

Poppy made her usual small noises of pleasure, but Yarcy screamed and howled her pain and her ecstasy as Groph used her body as only an ogre could.

Dart didn’t know what to make of the entire encounter. His only desire was to finish and get out of there as quickly as possible. He was being kept in the tower, he was being paid to fuck Poppy with a goal in mind: to impregnate the fallen princess.

In many ways, he realized, he was as much of a prostitute as Yarcy.

Maybe more, because he didn’t want to sell his body and she seemed very happy to do so, especially after her third orgasm.

Certainly Poppy had to be disappointed in Dart’s performance because she barely had a single orgasm before he summoned up another twisted fantasy in his mind and managed to finish inside her.

Pulling up his pants, he stumbled out of the room, the two women still holding hands while Groph fucked Yarcy. It was a scene he hoped never to see again. He wondered if Poppy even knew that he left.

It had become the custom of the tower, at Groph’s orders, for them all to gather once a day to eat a meal together. Dart reasoned he had to attend because he needed to eat. Groph was always there with Poppy. Dart hated watching the ogre eat, but between Poppy and Irvas and Irvas’s servant, there were plenty of people

to speak with. Svart also attended, consuming the food everyone else ate. Dart wondered by what process the deadly pudding digested his meal.

As the group gathered and sat at the large circular table in what was once an ornate dining room, Groph stood and made an announcement.

“I have important news!”

Groph always started his speeches this way. Every day was a new speech. It was like he was king of a tiny fiefdom and he wanted to prove his importance. Everyone paid attention so Dart didn’t start eating yet.

The previous day the announcement was some agreement of an ongoing conflict with the kingdom still run by Crown Prince Thurston. The day previous to that was something about gold and trade that would make them all richer. Dart didn’t care.

“First, I need my love to stand on the table.”

This was new. Dart forced himself to look at the princess. Instead of wearing skin-tight leathers and a corset, today she wore a short dress that showed off her legs and a blouse so gauzy her dark nipples were easily discerned through the fabric.

“Give our guests a little performance, would you, my love?” Groph asked her.

Poppy eagerly nodded and slowly turned around on the table, gazing at everyone. Dart. The disinterested Irvas. Irvas’s silent and handsome servant. Svart in his helm. And the prostitute Yarcy, seated on a cushioned chair next to Groph.

Once she had their attention, Poppy hiked up her short dress, showing them all she wore no undergarments—hardly a surprise—but then she squatted down over an empty bowl on the table and started urinating.

For a second the room was silent except for the sound of piss filling the pewter bowl.

Dart just goggled at the scene. He didn’t know what to think.

Yarcy giggled pleasantly. She had seen far more vulgar displays in her brothel.

Irvas looked on impassively. As did his servant.

Svart extended a pseudopod halfway across the table for what Dart imagined was a closer look. “I’ve never seen a humanoid excrete waste b-b-before,” the deadly pudding announced.

Groph just stood at the table with his arms folded across his muscular chest, a smug grin on his face.

Poppy continued to urinate while looking at her lover.

Then Groph put his hand between her thighs, wetting his thick fingers in the stream of urine.

Dart snorted when Groph pulled back his hand and stuck a pair of fingers in his mouth. He had gotten to that point in his life where nothing surprised him any longer.

Groph sucked on his fingers.

The stream that Poppy issued forth eventually ended. She stepped carefully away from the nearly full bowl and made her way down to her chair.

Smacking his lips, Groph loudly announced, “The love of my life is now carrying my child.”

Everyone just stared.

“I expected a round of congratulations!” Groph demanded.

Everyone burst out with words of praise and admiration, even Dart. Everyone knew damn well that the child growing inside of Poppy was fathered by Dart, but no one was going to bring that up. If the ogre wanted to delude himself, they were happy to facilitate that.

“Eat!” he declared. “Eat! This is a feast for all time!”

Dart ate. Everyone ate. The food was delicious, as always. And, as always, Dart

wondered where it had come from.

That was one of the many things he tried not to think about.

Like the bowl of warm piss on the table that was slowly cooling as they ate.

Dart went back to his room after the meal. He had a dagger and wondered how much pain he would be in if he just stabbed it through his throat. Would it take long to bleed to death?

Before he could contemplate his dour thoughts too much, the door suddenly banged open and Groph pushed his way inside.

The big ogre stopped when he saw the weapon in Dart's hand.

"Planning on killing me?" the ogre asked.

"No. Myself."

Groph contemplated that for a moment. "Well, don't do it in here. I'll have to get someone to clean the mess and dispose of your body."

"What do you want, Groph?" asked Dart. He was thoroughly depressed.

"I want you to leave."

After a long pause, Dart said, "What?"

"I want you to leave. If you don't, I'll kill you."

"Why?"

"I'm done with you." He reached into his leather jerkin and pulled out yet another sack of coins and opened it to display the riches inside. Not silver, but gold coins. "You've done what I asked. She's pregnant. Now leave before I want to kill you."

Dart accepted the coins and nodded his head.

He felt dirty and used and knew he would never see the child he had created with Poppy.

Oddly, he didn’t care. Undoubtedly the child would be better off raised by Groph than by him.

Dart made to leave the room.

“And don’t come back here, thief,” said Groph. “Or I’ll have your head.”

Dart left. He was happy to leave. It was what he did best.

END

Preview

Total Lockdown 1

It was weird, but I was a horny twenty year old so I didn't question it too much.

Or at all, really.

Tara was hot. She was really hot considering she was in her mid-thirties and still had an incredible body.

The first really weird thing was that her husband, Thad, was a good-looking guy and in great shape for someone pushing fifty.

It was obvious why she married him. He was rich. Or at least he had a good job that made him a lot of money and kept him away from the house for extended periods.

It wasn't any surprise to me why she wanted to fuck me.

At first I thought that it was all a joke and just some college myth that students made up. I overheard some guys saying they could hook up with slightly older women because their husbands were old and couldn't fuck and whatever.

Curious—and horny—I looked into some of the hookup apps. And it was true. Most of the women were average, but since I didn't have much luck with women at my college, I decided to give it a go.

Tara was the only one who replied. Next thing I knew, I was arranging a date with her. It was at a coffee shop. It lasted ten minutes.

"Look," she said. "I don't want to waste your time or mine. Let's go back to my place and have sex."

I nearly spit out my coffee. I don't like coffee so it was easy to spit it out.

“What?”

She smiled at my reaction. “I’m just looking for a good fuck. A regular good fuck and I want to try you out.”

“Uh...sure?”

She was pretty enough and seemed to have a nice body under her clothes. Long black hair with a bit of a curl to it. Nothing about her screamed overly sexy or lusty. She was an average suburban woman. A married woman. I was staring at her left hand and the large diamond ring on the third finger.

She saw me staring.

“My husband knows.”

I pulled back and realized I had been staring. “What?”

“My husband knows. He approves.”

“What?” I repeated.

She laughed softly at me. “When men get older, they get kinkier. Besides, Thad can’t get it up regularly for me any longer.”

I wondered how long they had been married, but I didn’t ask the question. I just went to Tara’s house.

I was more than impressed with the house. It was huge. It was outside the city in a nice suburb. It wasn’t exactly a mansion, but it was fancy. Very fancy and non-traditional building. I felt like a cad parking my broken down car in the driveway and hoped it wouldn’t leak oil all over the asphalt.

It was set back in the woods a bit, off the main road. There were some fancy statues and sculptures in the front yard and a huge backyard that seemed to serve no purpose. What did I know?

Once inside with Tara, she got right to the point. “We’re not using the master bedroom. The guest bedroom is good enough for your audition.”

Audition? Okay…

She led me through the house. We had entered through the front door to a huge foyer, then went past a huge staircase, through a similarly huge kitchen, and then up a back staircase (the servant's stairs?), to an upstairs hallway that seemed almost boring compared to the fancy downstairs.

We passed by a couple of closed doors before she opened one, leading me into a bedroom that was easily three times the size of my dorm room, and more than twice as big as my bedroom at home.

The bed was queen sized, not huge, but still bigger than anything I had ever slept in. The furniture was nice and it was decorated almost like a hotel room. That was weird, but it wasn't nearly as weird as when I turned away from the window looking out on the backyard to find Tara was taking off her clothes.

"What are doing?"

She smiled at me, like a teacher smiling at their stupidest student, "Undressing. It's hard to have sex fully clothed. I mean, it can be done, but it's more fun to be naked."

Her shoes had been kicked off and her shirt had been removed, revealing a fancy black lace bra. I stared at her semi-revealed tits, trying to see her nipples through the material, but it wasn't translucent. Or at least not translucent enough.

"Oh," was my reply. "Yeah."

"Were you expecting some romance first?" she asked, teasing while pulling down her very expensive yoga pants. They looked expensive at least. Like any well-mannered and well-dressed suburban wife, Tara's shirt had come down low enough on her body to hide most of her ass, but exposed the bottom edge to tease lustful guys like me.

That didn't matter now. I stared at her mostly naked body. Her panties matched her bra. She was facing me and I couldn't tell if they were bikini style or a thong. My cock didn't care.

I was as hard as a bar of steel inside my pants. I'm sure that Tara noticed the bulge.

I have an impressive bulge. I knew that. I had bragged about that to Tara on the hookup app I had been using to find her.

She didn't exactly lick her lips while she examined me with her eyes, but she came close.

It suddenly occurred to me that Tara had definitely done this before. I was hardly her first extramarital lover.

"I want to see your cock," she said and almost modestly turned her body to shield her breasts and crotch with her hands. The effect of this was to make my cock throb painfully in my jeans. In the process of turning she revealed to me that she was most definitely wearing a thong. Not a slutty thong, but the sort of thong a woman of good status would wear to keep her husband interested in her.

Or in this case, to excite her much younger lover.

Almost mechanically I started undressing for her. She watched closely. I felt like I was on display, a piece of meat.

I liked it.

Kick off the shoes. Pull off the shirt. Unzip the jeans. Drop them, leave on my underwear. Let her see the bulge.

Let her see the head peeking out of the waistband.

I waited a moment too long.

She walked over to me and hooked her finger into the elastic and pulled it down, showing off my huge cock.

I knew it was huge. I've measured. I've compared with stats on the internet.

"Holy fucking shit," she breathed as she went down on her knees. She had probably been planning on doing that, but I like to think her knees went weak when I revealed myself. "You're huge."

"You said on your profile big cocks only."

“Yeah, but…” She stopped talking. She reached for me and wrapped her fingers around my shaft.

She probably had average sized hands. Her fingers didn’t go all the way around me.

“Holy shit,” she breathed.

“It’s okay if you don’t want—” I started to say, but then she leaned forward and took me into her mouth.

Her mouth was big enough to encompass me. She even got about halfway down my shaft. I’m not into deepthroating. I’ve only ever had one woman try. I didn’t need that. I just needed a woman who knew how to handle a big cock.

The problem with having a big dick, I’d learned over the years, is that some women get intimidated because it’s not going to fit there. The trick to overcoming that, I had also learned, was to get her plenty warmed up. To that end, I’d become an expert in eating pussy.

Tara continued to suck me for a minute. She loved it enough that she didn’t give up easily though she tried to get as much of me into her mouth as possible.

“I want it all,” she said, looking up at me, her eyes full of lust. Her hand pumped up and down on my hard cock and she kissed the side of the shaft before sliding her tongue around to lick my balls.

“You don’t have to—” left my mouth but I wasn’t able to say anything else because she sucked my sack so hard that I was on the dangerous razor blade between cumming and doubling over with that punched in the stomach feeling that accompanies rough ball handling.

“Are you ready to fuck me?” she asked, backing up and heading toward the bed. She didn’t even bother to pull back the sheets. She just laid down on her back, knees up, her hand gesturing out to me.

“Yeah,” I said approaching her. It’s sometimes awkward walking and moving around with a hard cock, but I had managed to master that skill over the years.

I didn’t move all the way onto the bed. I just reached for her hips, found the top

edge of her panties, and pulled them down.

For some reason I expected her to resist me a little. Maybe I was too used to women my age who were always a little hesitant about sex because of my big cock, but Tara lifted up her hips and helped me strip her.

I didn't rudely shove my cock into her pussy. I had learned well ever since high school.

Instead I laid down on the bed between her legs and put my face to her pussy.

Her scent was strong but pleasant. Her pink labia were glistening with moisture, a testament to her need to be fucked. I wasn't surprised that her pubes were carefully groomed. She didn't just shave or wax them all off. Of course not. She was a refined lady. Her patch was carefully sculpted into a neat triangle of glossy black curls. Its downward vertex just touched the top of her slit. The triangle expanded outward and upward. The top edge was maybe two inches across, the entire length was maybe three inches.

Refined and classy.

I licked her pulsing labia from her perineum up to her clit. She gasped a little when I lingered on that little nub of pleasure. Sensing how much she liked the attention I sucked it gently into my mouth.

"Oh holy fuck," she cursed.

I stopped sucking. I didn't want to hurt her or, worse, annoy her.

"What the fuck are you doing," she blurted out. "Keep doing that."

I didn't bother with witty repartee. I sucked her clit back into my mouth and sucked harder. She groaned in pleasure.

Deciding she needed a little more attention, I slipped a finger up into her pussy.

She was wet. Incredibly wet. She was also very hot. I've noticed pussies vary in temperature. Heat doesn't always mean turned on, but it certainly seemed to be the case with Tara.

I carefully explored her pussy with my finger, stroking the front wall of her tunnel while licking and sucking on her clit. If I could find that little hidden bit of flesh inside her pussy while sucking on her clit, I knew I could get her more than ready for my big cock.

I had had one girlfriend in the past, pretty and fun, but nothing I did could make her cum. Nothing. She claimed that vibrators didn't work on her.

Needless to say, we didn't last very long.

Tara was completely comfortable with her body. I was expecting to work for a while to get her to cum. Nothing could be further from the truth. I licked and sucked and fingered for, at most two minutes, before she started gasping so hard I pulled my face up, but she grabbed my head and shoved it back into her pussy.

I took the hint.

Another few seconds and she was screaming with an orgasm. She ground her pussy against my face and she gushed sweet amrita to the point that I thought I was going to drown.

It would have been a hell of a way to go.

"Okay, that was good," she panted. "You really know how to eat pussy."

"Thank you," I said politely. I didn't bother wiping her juices from my face. Either she was going to want more, which would be great, or I could just leave her perfume on me, which would also be great.

I pulled my finger from within her pulsing pussy and ran it down her slick labia. She shivered at the contact.

"Oh...don't do that," she moaned.

"Sorry."

"I mean...don't do just that. Fuck me." She wasn't begging. She was ordering. I liked that.

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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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