
An Erotic Magical Fantasy
of Wizards, Orcs and Giants
ORCISH LUST
ELLIOT SILVESTRI


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The Sex Wizard 2

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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Orcish Lust: The Sex Wizard 2

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Chapter Six

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The pounding seemed to shake the tower. Morgan grunted in annoyance and pulled his eye away from the enlarging scope he was using to inspect the contents of the flower that had cost him a good pile of silver and apparently the life of an amateur adventurer who didn't know which end of a sword to hold. The moment he looked up from his observations the pounding stopped.

"I've been working too hard," he said to himself. His wife was in tower buying food and his assistant Knut had the day off from responsibilities. There were other servants in the tower, but they wouldn't open the main door without an order.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Pause. Thump! Thump!

The moment he put his eye back to the enlarging scope, the pounding resumed.

"Zod's scars!" he cursed and looked out the window. The view from the laboratory's window didn't show the tower's main door. He could have employed a scrying spell, but that was more effort than it was worth. Knocking the scope aside, he marched out of the lab, down the stairs, crossed through the main lobby, cursing all the while that tesseract compression spells were fine and dandy for making the most of limited space, but made traveling through the tower a pain in the ass.

He flung open the door to the tower and found himself facing an enormous back. "What?!" Morgan demanded of the back.

A large man turned around. He was an unremarkable man apart from his stature. From his size Morgan guessed he was some laborer or woodcutter or common peasant. "Are…are ya the wizard?" he asked in a surprisingly high-pitched voice.

Biting back his first instinct to harangue the man's obvious stupidity, Morgan sighed and said, "Yes. What gave it away? The pointy hat? The moon and star covered robe?" Morgan was wearing none of those.

The big man slowly shook his head. "No." He slowly shook his head back and forth while pointing to Morgan's forehead and then his own. The man's forehead

perfectly matched his bald pate. Morgan had a blue pentagram permanently etched into his. He shook his brown hair so that it mostly covered the mark. “What do you need?”

“Ya gotta help me, wiz,” the man said slowly.

Morgan realized it was going to take a long time to get through this process. “What help do you need?” He hated helping the public. Officially he was the city’s guardian and protector, but only from magical threats. His real income came from assisting those citizens who had a private magical problem. It was the more profitable part of his life.

“I’ve got a giant’s cock, wiz,” the man said.

Morgan hated being called “wiz”. He found it demeaning, but this man didn’t understand the niceties of magical society so he ignored it. “For a man your size, I should hope so.”

“No, no, wiz. I mean I’ve got a real giant’s dick attached to me.” He shrugged his big shoulders. “I don’t know where mine is.”

Morgan had missed the use of the possessive in the man’s first statement, or had figured the simpleton had misspoke. The man reached for the bottom of his kilt. Wearing kilts wasn’t unknown in the region, though most laborers tended to wear woolen or leather trousers. The man lifted his kilt up from the knees to his waist, exposing himself.

Morgan’s eyes went wide. The man did have a giant’s dick dangling between his legs. He wasn’t just merely well-endowed. He was the victim of some sort of curse or magical trade. The length of the member—while soft Morgan noted—was easily two imperial feet long. To encircle it would take both of most men’s hands. It was huge and it was obviously not the man’s original equipment. Morgan was reasonably sure that if the man somehow managed to achieve an erection, he would immediately pass out because all the blood in his body would be needed to maintain the erection and unconsciousness would shortly follow.

Nodding his head slowly, Morgan agreed with his visitor. “That is a giant’s cock.”

“Ya need to get it offa me,” he begged.

“Most men would give their left ball to be carrying that between their legs.”

“It’s not mine and I want it off!” The man was becoming agitated.

Morgan squatted down to get a better look at the man’s cock—or borrowed cock or cursed cock, Morgan wasn’t sure yet—and before he could finish his initial visual inspection—

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The tower was still shaking. It wasn’t the big man pounding on the door that had been causing his tower to shake.

“Do you hear that?” Morgan asked.

“Hear what?”

“That pounding.” The sound was easily audible to Morgan’s ears.

The big man nodded slowly. “Somethin’ is shakin’ your tower. I work in the quarry. It sounds like someone is using a sledge.”

Thump! Thump! Thump!

“A seven pound sledge,” the man said authoritatively.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

“He’s not usin’ it correctly,” the man said with a nod.

Morgan stood up and had turned to go back into the tower, but turned back at the man’s statement. “How do you know that?”

“The shakin’ and the sound.”

“What’s your name?”

“Sim.”

Morgan nodded. “Come with me, Sim. Before we fix your problem, I might need your expertise.”

The big man followed the wizard through the doorway, ducking his head under the lintel, and either didn't notice the size disparity between the interior and the exterior of the tower or he didn't think it was noteworthy enough to comment on.

"They're not doin' it right," Sim said.

"Doing what?" asked Morgan as he stopped in the middle of the lobby and waited for the noise to return so he could determine the correct direction.

"Usin' the sledge."

"How do you know?"

"Sound. Rhythm. It's wrong for breakin' rock and wrong for drillin' a hole."

"Mmm," was Morgan's only comment. He wanted to call for help, but the cook and the maid would have said hunting down strange sounds that were probably caused by some magical experiment gone awry was not part of their jobs.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! This time the pounding wasn't stopping and while there wasn't a steady rhythm yet, there was certainly something happening that worried Morgan. "Up the stairs!" he called out and dashed up the wide, stone steps. Sim, not knowing what else to do, lumbered after the wizard, following the one person he hoped could help with his affliction.

The wizard wound his way through the confusing corridors of the tower. Sim was lost after the first turn. As they ran, Morgan with confidence and Sim haltingly, the thumps steadily got louder, but still followed some strange undefined rhythm.

Morgan stopped short in front of an unimpressive wooden door and raised his fist to pound on it.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

His knocks fell in time with the sledge on rock sound coming from within.

After a moment's silence Sim said, "Nothin'."

Morgan gave him a sour look and banged on the door again.

Once again the thumps from within fell in time with his fist.

“You’re good at this,” Sim said, his face honest and open. From any other person who wasn’t as dim-witted as he was sure Sim was, Morgan would have been sure the statement was sarcasm.

“Fuck this,” Morgan muttered, stepped back, and raised his hand once more before knocking the air with his glowing fist. With one gesture the door flew open and banged noisily against the stone wall. Morgan marched in and took in what was happening and immediately regretted all his actions in life, up to and including walking into Knut’s room.

He knew it was Knut’s room from the moment he walked up to the door. But he didn’t care. He hated being interrupted in his work and he hated that even though he was supposed to be in charge, it rarely felt that way to him.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Morgan demanded.

“What the fuck are yeh doin’?” the dwarf demanded back.

The dwarf, squat and naked, stood in the middle of the room. Like any other dwarf he was covered in wiry hair. To human eyes, he was as far from attractive as possible. It wasn’t the dwarf’s hairy, naked ass that bothered Morgan. It wasn’t that the cock dangling between his legs looked more like a clenched fist than a piece of humanoid flesh. On his muscular chest, his prominent nipples stood out proudly from his pectorals, pierced through with bright golden rings.

But it wasn’t the naked dwarf that was truly disturbing. It was what was on his bed that confused Morgan. At first he thought he was just looking at an ugly human woman, but the skin tone was wrong and all the details were off. With the prominent brow ridge, slightly pointed ears, forward jutting jaw, and four razor-sharp teeth jutting up between her lips, the person tied to the bed wasn’t a human, but an orc.

“A half-orc,” he said allowed.

“What the fuck are you doing!” the female half-orc demanded. She was naked and fixed to the thick timbers of the bed. What Knut did in the privacy of his

own room wasn't really for Morgan to say…except that whatever it was that he had been doing with the half-orc was unconsciously loud and shaking the tower.

Morgan couldn't help but stare at the naked half-orc. Her wrists and ankles were circled by heavy black iron manacles which were literally bolted to the heavy timbers of Knut's wide, low bed reinforced for his weight. Tattoos covered her body, a variety of designs and pictures that Morgan couldn't take in all at once. In contrast to the hairy dwarf the only place in on her body that had any hair was on her head which was shaved short, a common style for orcs, but since she was naked, it made her seem even more naked. Her eyes were angled and wide-set, confirming substantiating the connection between orc and elf. Morgan wasn't sure where to look. Small metal shields covered her nipples, held in place thick copper rods through her flesh. No other metal decorated her body, but when his eyes fell to between the orc's legs, the size of the steel dildo implanted in her cunt took Morgan aback. While he couldn't be certain, it certainly seemed like it was the same size as what Sim was sporting between his legs.

"Uh…interrupting, apparently," said Morgan, answering the half-orc's question. He looked to Knut. It was easier to look at a naked dwarf than it was a naked half-orc. "You were shaking the godsforsaken tower."

Knut looked guiltily at the hammer in his hand. "Sorry, sir. I guess we let the moment get away from us." Knut rarely used any honorific when talking to Morgan. "She was enjoying it."

"I was," said the half-orc. "Do you know how hard it is for me to get my rocks off with anyone?"

"Uh…no I don't. And your name is?"

"Lili. Now would you get the fuck out of the room so we can finish?"

Morgan turned to leave, but paused to look back at Knut and his hammer. "Look, I don't care what you do with…with Lili, just be careful. And stop shaking this gods cursed tower."

"Right boss." Knut wasn't looking at him; he was looking at Sim, his head tilted all the way back to take in the tall man. "Who're you?"

"Sim."

Morgan pushed Sim toward the door. “Just a quarryman in need of a little help. Carry on.” He nodded once to Lili the half-orc and pushed Sim the rest of the way out the door.

Closing the door behind him, Morgan gathered his thoughts which were immediately interrupted by a slightly muffled hammering, grunts, and a set of giggles. He wasn’t sure if it was Knut or Lili who was giggling.

“Why?”

Morgan looked to Sim. “Why what?”

“Why was he usin’ a hammer on her cunny?”

There was no easy answer to that question. “Dwarves and orc, right? Who can understand them and their weird sex kinks?”

Sim nodded and then said. “I’d fuck her.”

Morgan nodded once. “Good to know. Now let’s go take a look at your cock.”

“Not my cock. Someone else’s.”

“Right. I forgot.”

Chapter Seven

The good thing was that Sim had no shyness about lifting his kilt and letting Morgan examine his huge, giant cock. In the laboratory it was easy for Morgan to slip into the role of authoritarian expert.

The cock that Sim sported was, undoubtedly to Morgan's eyes, not the man's own. The skin color and tone didn't match, plus the fact that the head hung to his knees gave away its origins.

"Does it work and feel normal?"

Sim shrugged. He was seated on one of the long, narrow, empty tables in the laboratory. His legs were splayed on either side of the table with his cock resting heavily on the stone surface.

"Yeh. Pissed this mornin', not trouble."

"Uh huh. Want to tell me how this happened?"

Sim shrugged. "I just woke up this mornin' and…there it was."

Morgan looked skeptically at the big man. "What happened last night?"

"Oh."

"Oh?"

"It's a long story?" he said with a shrug. The way he spoke made it more of a question than a statement.

"Go ahead and tell me."

"I was workin' in the quarry, you know, breakin' rocks and there was this girl."

"There always is."

"And she was pretty and was watchin' me and…"

"And she took an interest in you," Morgan prompted.

"Uh-huh. When we had a lunch break, instead of eatin', I walked across the

quarry to talk to her."

"Let me stop you there, Sim. Did anyone else working in the quarry say anything to you about this girl?"

He slowly shook his head. "No."

"Did you say anything to anyone else about her?"

"Not then."

"Tell me the rest."

"Well…normally girls don't pay me any mind because I'm so big and ugly."

"You'd think that girls would like a big guy," said Morgan.

The big man didn't take him meaning and shook his head. "No…but she did. She was…very interested in me," he said with a grin, remembering what had happened. "Normally to get a girl interested in me, I have to go to Miss Brandywine's."

"Mmm-hmm," Morgan agreed. "And so you had sex with her."

"Uh-huh," he said with a smile.

"Just like that?"

"Yeah, but we talked for a bit first and then we did it." Sim grinned.

"What did you talk about?"

Sim's thick brow furrowed. "I…I don't remember."

"I'm not surprised."

"Are you callin' me stupid?" Sim switched to anger now.

"No. I think you were ensorcelled. Can you describe the girl?"

"Yeah," he said brightly. "She was big. As big as me."

“Mmm-hmm. What else?”

Sim opened his mouth to answer, but said nothing. “I…I don’t know.”

“I’m not surprised. Lots of giants use magic to trick humans into sex.”

It took the big man a minute to understand what Morgan was saying. “I had sex with a giant?”

“A giantess actually. But that’s my suspicion. And it’s my suspicion too that she stole your penis.”

“What?”

Morgan shrugged. “A woman your size has to be a giantess. If she was stalking you at the quarry, my guess is she needed something, so she seduced you and stole your manhood.”

Sim gestured at the giant cock between his thighs. “But she gave me this!”

“Good point. More than likely she swapped your cock with a giant’s cock.”

Sim’s brow, already furrowed, furrowed even further. “Someone else has my cock?”

Morgan, a grin on his face, nodded. “You’ve got it.”

“But…why?”

The wizard rolled his shoulders. “For that…I haven’t the faintest idea. I can only speculate.”

“Speculate?”

It was impossible to tell if Sim was asking a question or making a statement. “I can only guess,” Morgan clarified. “But I think that you might the victim of an elaborate prank.”

“Why me?” Sim asked plaintively.

“Why you indeed.”

Morgan's wife arrived back at the tower and made her way to his tower. As was usual, Morgan didn't look up when she came in. She circled the room twice, giving him a more than ample opportunity to comment.

When she paused on the opposite side of the table containing the books he was studying he finally spoke. "Yes, dear, I see you have a new dress. Very nice."

"You did notice."

"I notice everything about you dear." He didn't look up from his books.

"Oh really?"

"A shapeshifting wife can be a blessing or a burden. Today, as always, it is both. You have the body of an elf maiden…but it's impossible to tell if you are twenty four years old or two hundred and forty."

"I could get used to being an elf," she commented running her hands over her body. While he closet was full of dressing of all sizes and cuts, this body was particularly slim and so she took the opportunity to visit the dressmaker's in town. She paused with her hands over her tits. They were tiny, hardly more than bumps, but even though she couldn't generate any cleavage with her current body, it was a trade-off she was willing to make.

"I notice everything," Morgan repeated. "You have a tiny mole under your right breast, a heart-shaped birthmark on your left shoulder blade and not a single hair between your legs."

Cassandra snorted. It was an unladylike sound. It was an un-elflike sound. But she was neither of those things so it suited her. "You would, of course, notice the third item first."

Morgan glanced up from his books. "I did fuck you and eat your pussy this morning. It was better than what Melsa brought for breakfast."

A smile tugged on Cassandra's lips. "Naughty." She pulled the strings that kept the top of her dress closed and pulled down the neckline.

“I’m in the middle of something,” Morgan said as she headed toward the silver mirror in the room’s corner.

“I’m not inviting you to fuck me,” she said as she inspected both her breasts. They were the tiny twin orbs of a young lass…or an elf of any age. She rarely changed into an elf. Turning her head she admired her long, tapered ears that poked up through her red-gold hair. For just half a second she thought that her husband was wrong and the mole was under her left breast, but then she remembered she was looking in a mirror. “Athena’s tits,” she cursed softly.

“Yours are prettier than hers,” Morgan said, his nose still buried in the book.

Dropping the new dress to the floor, she twisted and turned her body, trying to see her back to see if he was right about the heart-shaped birthmark, but she couldn’t crane her body into the correct position. She’d need another mirror.

“Don’t try to entice me to fuck your very beautiful, very nubile, very naked body. I’m busy.”

“I wasn’t trying to do that,” she assured her husband as she sauntered out of the corner and walked by his table. She wasn’t naked. There was a tiny scrap of white silk between her legs and around her hips. Morgan didn’t know why she bothered to wear it at all. It only hid her cunt, which was just annoying. “You’ll never guess what I encountered on the way home,” she said.

The tower was technically within the city but actually stood on the outskirts within one of the protective walls but far enough away from any structures in the event of a magical disaster. “Was it a large man by the name of Sim?”

Cassandra opened her mouth, said nothing, raised a finger, lowered it, and then said, “I don’t know his name, but I could see his cock hanging out the bottom of his kilt. He greeted me with great enthusiasm and bragged the wizard of the city was going to fix his cock.”

“I did make a promise of that sort.”

“Care to explain?”

He looked up at her. His wife’s body was a thousand times more enchanting than what was in the pages of his magical tome. “I think a giantess enchantress either

stole his cock and replaced it with a giant-sized version or maybe enlarged his because she found him an inadequate lover."

Cassandra leaned over his book. If she had any substantial tits they would have hung down and brushed along the rough parchment. She did not have tits of any substantial size. "Do I want to know the whole story?"

"No."

"So you got one right," she said, slowly turning around to let Morgan ogle her ass. Cassandra could tell it was small but taut. Moving carefully she leaned forward, letting him get a partial view of her nethers. "Want to guess who else I encountered."

"Half-orc by the name of Lili, probably a prostitute."

"How do you know these things?"

"It's my job. And Knut hired her. I think. Or maybe she just fucked him because she liked him. They were shaking the tower. And now that I get a better look at you, I'm starting to think that this new body of yours might have some human blood in it. Definitely not half-elf. Not even quarter-elf. Maybe there's a great-grandparent in there."

Cassandra's torso was now parallel to the floor. She reached up between her legs, enjoying the slick feel of her hairless labia, got her finger wet with the juices that leaked from between her lips, and wiggled a finger into her tightly puckered anus. Morgan groaned in complaint. That's all she was looking for.

"I think I'm going to go to our bedroom to masturbate. All this talk about human's with giant dongs and half-orc prostitutes has me hot and bothered." She pulled her finger from out of her anus and made a beeline for the door. Morgan jumped up and stumbled around the table. She already had a good lead on him.

Running up the stairs Cassandra marveled at the endurance her body had. Too often she woke up with a body that didn't meet her desires to match her mind-set. That is old and decrepit women. She wasn't going to let an elf body go to waste. It was well-known that elves were incredibly promiscuous and she could feel the elf's hormones coursing through her veins; her body was ripe and begging to be fucked.

Morgan was hot behind her. Literally. She hot gotten him worked up and hard. His eyes were level with her young, ripe ass. She made it to their bedroom on the top floor and slammed the door shut in his face. The lock clicked into place before he could open it.

Being a wizard had its advantages. A simple cantrip and the lock sprang open, but by then his wife was already in bed, plunging an enchanted glass phallus between her legs. The sex toy was of only average size, but in the elf's small body it looked huge which only caused Morgan's cock to swell all the harder.

"My lover beat you to it," she told him, her eyes unfocused as she worked the phallus in and out of her cunt. "I'll be done soon."

"I can wait," Morgan said with a casualness that he didn't feel and began undressing. "I don't mind having you after your lover. A warmed up and well-used cunt has certain advantages over a virgin's. Give me an experienced woman who loves getting cock over an innocent maiden."

"Are you calling your wife a slut?"

"With a gigantic magical dildo up her twat while she pinches her nipple?" he asked her as he stroked his cock. He was naked now and didn't want to cum, but he didn't want his erection to abate at all. Not until he plunged it into her elf-body. He'd already had her once that morning and would fuck her a second time now this afternoon. If all went well, he'd fuck her again in the evening before they went to bed and she changed her body for the next day. "Yes. You're the sluttiest woman I've ever seen. The sluttiest woman I've ever fucked."

"Oohhh….oh thank you," she moaned as her small body writhed and then shook as an orgasm passed through her. Morgan admired the vista she had created and then joined her on the bed, taking the enchanted toy from her hand and forcing her legs apart. "Are you going to fuck me?" she panted.

"Yes. I'm going to fuck you just the way you deserve." There was no complaint or resistance from Cassandra as he moved his cock into her. She inhaled deeply and let it out as a moan as he penetrated her. As an elf, her cunt was smaller and tighter than what was normal for them, but Morgan didn't mind. It was warm and wet and pleasant. Her cunt also gently tingled his cock, a remnant from the enchantment of the toy she had used upon herself.

“You’re filling me up,” she moaned.

“I should hope so.”

“More,” she begged.

Morgan laughed. “How much more do you want?”

“Like Sim,” she hissed in his ear. “I want you to fuck me with a cock as big as Sim’s. You can do it. You’re a wizard and you made me those wonderful toys…”

“If I enlarged myself like Sim, I’d split you in half,” he told her as he slammed his cock in and out of her pussy. She might have been an elf at the moment, but her cunt welcomed his cock. Then again, elves were completely sexual creatures so it was no wonder that she so easily bedded him.

“I’d die happy,” she declared.

“I wouldn’t,” he laughed.

“Just make me cum.”

“You already came once.”

“Make me cum,” she ordered, but it sounded like begging. “I need you to make me cum with your cock.”

He made her cum with his cock. It wasn’t difficult. In bed Cassandra was an easy woman to please. By making her cum, he was able to finish as well and she welcomed the hot flood of spunk he deposited inside her.

“Do you think I’ll get pregnant this time?” she asked as they rested together on the bed.

Morgan shook his head. “I don’t think so. Elves are notoriously difficult to impregnate, especially by humans. That’s partly why they live so long.”

Cassandra nodded and flexed the fingers on her right hand. They were slightly numb. The magical enchantment in her toy had left her fingers—and her cunt—tingling. That was normal after using the glass phallus. She wondered if her

husband would be willing to make more of them. There had to be a market for the toys among noblewomen and wives or rich merchants, the sort of women who were often on their own, away from their husbands.

“I’m not certain I’d want to be an elf the rest of my life anyway,” said Cassandra.

“We’ll make a real attempt when you have a body that you want to keep,” Morgan said.

She nodded silently in agreement. Sometimes waking up with a new body every day was an incredible adventure. Sometimes it was a soul-crushing burden. “The books I saw you with this afternoon,” she said, changing the subject, “they weren’t the ones I saw you with this morning.”

“Yes, I shifted my studies away to address Sim’s problem.”

“Will you need my help?”

“I don’t think so, but would you stay in the tower for the rest of the day? I might need some assistance.”

“Or maybe you might need some ass?” she teased, drawing his hand down her body to place it on her hip. She rolled slightly and allowed him to rest his hand on her buttock.

“Stop distracting me.”

“I can’t help it.”

Morgan levered himself out of the bed and gathered up his clothes. “I have work to do.”

So do I, thought Cassandra as she spotted the enchanted phallus on the floor.

Chapter Eight

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The banging wasn't shaking the tower, but from where she was in the kitchen, Cassandra could tell that the noise would eventually distract her husband from his work. Putting aside the pie she was making, Cassandra wound down the stairs and threw open the door.

In her years in the tower with Morgan she had learned that many of the city dwellers were reluctant to ask the wizard for help, even though it was the very definition of his job, because they didn't want to be seen associating with a wizard, so they often came late in the evening. It was now just sundown. She had some trouble seeing the figure standing in the doorway, but as he elven eyes quickly adjusted to the dim light, she saw the somewhat frightening figure of an orc.

Or maybe it was just the elf's body instinct to be afraid of orcs; they were natural enemies. Now that she saw who was pounding on the door, the creature was less frightening and more intriguing. It looked like she had almost no hair and tattoos covered her neck and hands. Her manner of dress wasn't that of an adventurer or warrior ready for battle, but neither did she look like a prostitute or housewife. Her clothing was nothing more than a robe and hood…at least as far as Lili could see.

She drew back a step. "Can I help you?" she asked the interloper who stepped forward into the light that spilled out of the corridor. Cassandra could now see the person was a half-orc.

"Where is Knut?" she demanded.

"Who's asking," Cassandra shot back, but at once she knew. How many nearly bald female half elves could there be in the city?

"Lili," she said, taking another step forward. She wasn't inside the tower yet, but she was close. She loomed over Cassandra, but the shape-shifter wasn't intimidated. This was her home. She was safe. "He was supposed to meet me at the Axe and Rooster. He did not keep his promise." Her voice was angry and her sharp fangs protruded from her lips, but there was an edge to her voice that generated sympathy from Cassandra for her.

“Today is his day off,” said Cassandra. “I have not seen him, but you are welcome to enter and I shall see if he is in his rooms.”

“Acceptable,” said Lili, entering. She pulled her hood down from her head and Cassandra saw that she didn’t merely have short hair, but no hair at all. It looked shaved, but it was possible that she simply couldn’t grow any. The tattoos she sported curled up from her neck to the back of her hair. Cassandra noted that the half-orc’s ears were long and tapered like her own. It made her wonder how different and how similar orc and elves were.

“Please wait here,” she said, indicating the warm room next to the kitchen that had a small, magical fire crackling in the fireplace. There were several chairs to sit in, but Lili folded her arms and stood.

Cassandra nodded and headed up the stairs. She was halfway to the first floor before she realized that Lili was following her. “Please wait,” she said firmly, but let her hand drift up to her necklace. While she made it look like a casual gesture, but the necklace wasn’t just a way to stabilize her shape-shifting.

“I’m not letting that fucker get away with this,” Lili spat out. “He owes me six gold pieces.”

“Morgan, the man he serves, will make sure you have not been swindled if Knut has a debt,” Cassandra promised.

“He hired me this morning and promised my payment this afternoon. With a bonus if I agreed to return with him tonight. He stood me up. He owes me.”

Cassandra didn’t ask what Lili was hired for, but she had a good idea. Not wanting to cause a problem, and secure in the fact that she was safe inside the tower, she nodded and continued to lead Lili to Knut’s room, though Lili seemed to know the way.

Outside the dwarf’s room, Cassandra knocked, but there was no answer. After Lili growled, she produced a key from the pouch that hung from her belt and let herself in. “He doesn’t appear to be home,” she declared, making a quick visual inspection of the room.

Lili lifted her nose into the air and sniffed deeply. “No, he’s not here. The little thieving coward is hiding and not here. I’m going to kill him.”

Cassandra approached the half-orc and laid a hand on the taller woman's forearm. "Please don't do that. I know that Knut can be…difficult to deal with. Allow me to cover your expenses and I will address this with him."

The half-orc's angular eyes narrowed. "How do you know I'm not lying to you?"

"If you are, I'll get satisfaction one way or another. I am married to a wizard, after all."

"Then why would you do such a thing for me?"

"Because the good name of my husband and our employees is critical to us."

They glared at each other a moment longer before Cassandra made a decision and moved forward. "Come with me. I'll pay your fee." She turned sharply on her heel and exited Knut's room with Lili following. They went all the way up the tower to the bedroom Cassandra and Morgan shared. Going directly to the small cabinet where she stored her coins for the routine expenses of operating the tower, Cassandra shook out six gold coins from a leather pouch and handed them over to Lili without a word.

"Thank you," the half-orc said, somewhat surprised.

"Honor and promise-keeping. It is important to me."

Lili tucked the coins into a pocket in her robe and looked down at Cassandra's elven form.

"Do you know why I'm a prostitute?"

It was strange to hear the words from the half-orc, but Cassandra had heard worse things in her life. She gave a casual shrug with her narrow shoulders. "I presume you need money and it is difficult for those of your race to find jobs that don't involve killing other people or monsters."

Lili nodded slowly. "That's part of it. But…I like it. I like sex."

"Most humanoids do. It's what drives many of us."

"No. I really like it. I'd fuck a manticore given a chance."

“That would probably kill you,” Cassandra pointed out.

Lili smiled, showing far too many sharp teeth. “But it would be worth it to say that I fucked a manticore.”

“I see what you mean.”

“It’s almost impossible for a half-orc to fuck anyone. Orcs find me too human, human’s find me too orcish. To them all, I’m disgusting and reviled.”

“That is unfortunate.”

“But as a prostitute, people will pay me money to fuck them. Humans. Orcs. Dwarves. Elves. Elves love to fuck me more than anyone because elves and orcs have a…difficult past.”

“Yes. I’m aware.”

“I like fucking elves too,” she confided in Cassandra.

“You do?” she asked, intrigued. “Why?”

“They’re the best. Other races, they like violence. Elves…they like to fuck.”

“That…makes a lot of sense because I really want to fuck you right now,” Cassandra confessed. “I’ve never fucked a half-orc before.”

Lili looked at the bed. “We’ve got a bed. All we need to do is take off our clothes,” she pointed out.

Without another word Cassandra untied the strings holding her dress to her body. It slipped to the floor in a rustle of silk. She stood before Lili, naked and vulnerable, but with a warm smile. “Like this?” she asked.

Lili nodded. “I’ve found elves to be wonderful lovers, even when they are paying for it.” She loomed over Cassandra and gathered up her in her arms, lifting the slight figure off the floor. They kissed and Cassandra found the kiss surprisingly tender—and a bit dangerous considering Lili’s sharp teeth.

The danger made it more exciting.

Not just the danger of going to bed with a person twice her size who had a mouthful of teeth, but the danger of getting caught by her husband who was one floor down in the tower, in his study.

She felt safe in Lili's arms, which was strange. As they kissed, tongues going back and forth between mouths, she gloried in the sensation of the woman's sharp teeth. The kissing wasn't enough for Lili, nor Cassandra, and she moved the elf onto the bed, placing her in the center of the large mattress with little effort. Cassandra marveled at how strong the other woman was.

Lili didn't join her immediate. She stepped back and dropped her robe to the floor. Underneath Lili wore the completely impractical yet still highly sought-after chainmail bikini. No warrior, male or female, would wear such a ridiculous outfit into a battle of any sort, and yet the type of people, especially the men, who frequented Miss Brandywine's bordello, wanted their partners to wear such impractical ornamentation.

"Did Knut ask you to wear that?" Cassandra asked.

Lili sneered. "Yes. Ridiculous little man. Completely useless."

"Do you want me to help you take it off?" Cassandra could feel her heart pumping; she wanted to help undress the half-orc.

But Lili shook her head. "No. I'll do it. There's too much danger of…damage."

Affecting an attitude of unconcern, Cassandra shrugged her narrow shoulders and leaned back on the pillows. Lili first removed her bottoms and Cassandra noted that the interlocked metal rings didn't have any padding or material underneath to protect the wearer's delicate sex organs. Lili was brave indeed.

And Lili could have used that extra protection. Her cunt was just bare skin; it was a decidedly overt sexual display. The danger made it sexier.

She removed the top half of the bikini with great caution. Cassandra could see Lili's skin underneath the open rings, but when Lili unhooked the bra from the front and released her smallish but firm tits, she moved carefully because she had copper bars pierced through her nipples.

"Did that hurt?" Cassandra asked, pointing at the Lili's breasts.

“Yes.”

Cassandra’s almond-shaped eyes went wide. “Then why do it?”

Lili’s smile was broad, showing all her sharp teeth. “Because it hurt. Because my lovers find it sexy.”

“They do?”

Lili joined her on the bed. “Tell me what you think,” she said taking Cassandra’s hand and bringing it up to her bare nipple. The meeting of metal and flesh was oddly erotic. Cassandra rolled the barbell-shaped piercings between her fingers which Lili didn’t seem to mind…and in fact seemed to enjoy. But then Cassandra remembered the half-orc was a prostitute. It was her job to pretend to like having sex with her partner.

Lowering her mouth to Lili’s breast, Cassandra sucked gently on the nipple and metal bar. The taste was odd in her mouth, but that didn’t stop her from doing it.

“Harder,” Lili urged.

That was an easy gift to give. Lili moaned and pushed her partner down to the bed. Cassandra liked the feeling of the half-orc’s strong muscles as they caressed and kissed each other. Lili was the aggressor and Cassandra shortly found herself on her back with her legs spread and Lili’s face pressed into her cunt.

It was scary for a moment as Lily worked her lips and tongue around Cassandra’s delicate clit. She knew that Lili’s sharp teeth were always a danger, but the half-orc knew exactly what she was doing and the danger…the danger was thrilling. Before she knew it, Cassandra was panting and suddenly her body tensed up and she was cumming from the half-orc’s prowess.

Lili looked up at her, a satisfied grin on her face, her lips and cheeks smeared with Cassandra’s cunt juices. “It’s easy to make elves cum,” she commented, tracing her strong, thick finger around Cassandra’s clit. “Your race was built for sex.”

“I…I know,” said Cassandra.

The uncertainty in her voice made Lili suspicious. Her eyes narrowed and she

examined Cassandra's face carefully. "But you're not full-blooded elf, are you?"

"No."

Lili nodded but didn't seem satisfied by the answer. "I like having sex with elves. They're scared at first, but they're paying for it as well. I'm dangerous to them…but not really. They like that." She paused and kissed Cassandra's inner thigh. "Do you want to keep going?"

Though she had just cum, Cassandra's lust wasn't completely abated. "Are you going to make me cum again?"

"I was hoping you'd help me cum." Lili crawled up Cassandra's body, kissed her on the lips, and drew Cassandra's hand down between her legs.

The shape-shifting elf marveled at the half-orc's cunt. Cassandra was familiar with a variety of female genitalia after having worn a new body every day for years, but Lili's was remarkable among more cunts than Cassandra could remember. It was velvety smooth and wet with a prominent clit and pouting inner lips. She was hot and swollen and it was easy for Cassandra to slip her fingers into the other woman. Knowing that Lili made her living as a prostitute was easy to understand; Cassandra had already paid six gold pieces for her and would have happily paid ten times that amount to spend the night with her.

"How do you like it?" Cassandra asked, gently rubbing Lili's protruding clit.

"Rough," Lili grunted. "I like it rough and painful."

"Like this?" Cassandra asked, rubbing her hard enough to make the half-orc gasp in pleasure. Before Lili could say anything, she then asked, "Or like this?" Her nimble fingers pinched and twisted the swollen clit and the noise that Lili made was halfway between a screech of pain and cry of pleasure.

"Yes…" she moaned. "More."

Instead of hurting her further, Cassandra wiggled her way down Lili's body, found her cunt, licked along its length one time, savoring the pungent flavor, before drawing her clit between her lips and sucking as hard as she could.

Lili liked that. Cassandra used her fingers on the half-orc's cunt, penetrating and

rubbing her while continuing to suck. Lili's muscles were tight and tense and Cassandra knew she was holding back, but even a professional prostitute couldn't hold back forever.

When she came, a minor flood of juices erupted from her cunt, soaking Lili's face and neck. "Fuck!" Lili cursed.

"Was that bad?" Cassandra asked, worried that she had hurt her partner.

"No. It was good. It was very good." She pulled Cassandra back up her body for a kiss. Cassandra liked that best of all. Making someone else cum was one thing, but sharing an emotional intimacy was another level of pleasure.

It wasn't Cassandra's intention, but the two women had drifted off to sleep together. She was woken by Morgan's voice in her head.

Are you awake, my dear?

"Ow. I am now. Not so loud." Morgan didn't often use his magical telepathy to talk with her and it always gave her a headache.

You don't have to speak out loud.

"It's easier if I do," she said softly as she detached herself from Lili's sleepy embrace. The prostitute groaned and rolled over.

Are you done fucking the half-orc?

"How did you know that I was in bed with her?" Cassandra's heart pounded in panic.

I know everything that goes on in this tower.

"No you don't."

I saw you two in my crystal ball, how else?

That made sense.

“Did you enjoy watching?”

I would have enjoyed it more if I was participating.

“She’s a prostitute.”

That I surmised from her time with Knut.

“I liked doing it,” she confessed to her husband.

That’s good. Would you have liked it more if I was there?

“Maybe.”

Spend the night with her. I’m not done with my research yet. I’ll see you in the morning.

The pain from the telepathy faded away and she was alone again. Lili was snoring softly in the bed. After removing her necklace Cassandra slipped back under the blankets and snuggled up to Lili, savoring the warmth of the other woman’s body.

Chapter Nine

Cassandra woke up when she was pushed out of bed and hit the hard, cold stone floor. “OW! What the fuck!”

Lili’s face appeared over the edge of the bed looking down at Cassandra. The half-orc’s teeth were less scary in the morning. Her green-gray skin tone was no different, but maybe it was a little less alluring. Her tattoos and pointed ears were still as sexy as a goddess, however. “Who the fuck are you?” Lili demanded.

“Oh. Shit. Wait a second.” Cassandra struggled to her feet and trotted over the mirror to look at herself. Overnight she had changed from a beautiful elf into a rather plain middle-aged woman. That wasn’t unexpected. Most of the forms she took were human with the occasional elf tossed in along with other exotics. She had been a dwarf a few dozen times, an orc five times, a gnome only once, a halfling three times, and once each of a fairy, an ilixium, an ogre, and kobold. She had never been one of the higher-order sentients and she wasn’t sure she wanted to be.

Today, however, she was a rather plain woman with brown hair and brown eyes with tanned skin and wrinkles starting to form at the corners of her eyes. In most respects she was a normal, unremarkable human. Except for the extra set of breasts. She had four breasts. If a line were drawn from one nipple to the next, she would form a little square. They weren’t particularly large breasts and after a moment she realized her torso was longer than normal to accommodate them, but otherwise she felt normal.

“What the fuck happened to you?” asked Lili from her place on the bed.

“I’m a shape-shifter,” said Cassandra, still admiring and studying her tits in the mirror. “It happens at night. I don’t have any control over it.”

“Oh. Okay. That makes sense. Do you often change races?”

Cassandra was surprised at how easily Lili adapted to this new reality. “Not often. Usually I stay human. This is new though,” she said, gesturing to her four breasts. “I haven’t been seriously changed like this…ever.”

“You’re just in the body of a tileth,” said Lili. “They live in the far northern islands of the Great Sea.”

“Oh.” Cassandra had never heard of such a race, but she didn’t know everything in the world. “Why do they have four breasts?”

Lili slipped out of bed, unashamed by her nudity most likely because Cassandra was unashamed, and approached her. “I don’t know. But would you mind if I looked at your spines? I never got a chance to see them up close.”

“My spines?” asked Cassandra as she twisted her body and then saw in the mirror that horn-like spikes ran down her back, bright yellow spines that looked half-decorative and half-protective. “What they fuck are they for?”

“I do not know,” said Lili as she knelt behind the shocked shape-shifted and inspected the spines. “They are different. I’ve never fucked a tileth.” She placed her hands on Cassandra’s new hips. “Would you mind if we…”

Before Cassandra could answer, and before Lili could fully finish her question, Morgan barged in, slamming the heavy wooden door against the wall. “Cassandra! I need your help. Time is pressing!” He came up short. It wasn’t every day he saw a naked half-orc kneeling behind his wife, admiring her spine and ass, holding her hips, looking like she was ready to seduce the new body Cassandra occupied. “Am I interrupting something?”

“No,” said Cassandra quickly, stepping away from Lili and disappearing into her closet, searching for something appropriate to wear.

“Yes,” Lili contradicted her. “Who are you?” She didn’t mean it as a challenge, but it wasn’t exactly an invitation either.

Morgan paused and considered what he was doing. As tempting as it was to change plans, he had an obligation to fulfill. “I’m her husband,” Morgan said as Cassandra reappeared wearing a flowing robe that covered her double tits though the spines projecting from her back tented out the robe. “Maybe you remember me from yesterday when you were getting banged by my retainer. Knut?”

Lili rose carefully to her feet. “Little fucker. Where is he?” She calmly went about putting on her cloak and robe, but stuffing the metal links of her bikini in one of the voluminous pockets. She wasn’t ashamed to be naked in front of the wizard, but she didn’t want to put herself in the position of being perceived as weaker than she was. Her shapeless clothing gave her the power she needed.

“I’d like to know that as well,” said Morgan. “But at the moment I need the assistance of my wife. If I could tear her away from you?” Sarcasm dripped from his lips. “But time is pressing and I need help in my laboratory.”

“Of course dear,” Cassandra said smoothly. “How can I help you? Lili was just leaving.”

“I was hoping perhaps if you had more time,” said Lili, “we could spend the day together.”

Both husband and wife goggled at the prostitute.

“No charge, of course.” She smiled, her pointed teeth alluring and dangerous.

“Not right now, Lili,” Cassandra replied.

Lili settled back on the bed. “I can wait.”

Morgan was both intrigued and annoyed. And pressed for time. The prostitute wasn’t a threat inside the walls. She could safely be ignored for a few minutes. “Let her wait. I need your help, Cassandra.”

The shape-shifter nodded and followed him out the door, leaving a disappointed Lili alone.

It almost made her feel bad for overcharging Cassandra. She wasn’t going to return the money, but would simply offer her more sex as recompense. Lili decided to wait.

Down in Morgan’s laboratory, Cassandra found her husband deep in the middle of what she had hoped was research, but she knew instinctively was not.

“What are you doing?”

“Just a simple summoning spell,” Morgan said casually as he went to the table where he kept his primary magic book. He started muttering the words to complete the spell and handed his wife a pair of long silver needles

Cassandra eyed the complex diagram on the floor and let her eyes drift upward. The same complex diagram was repeated on the ceiling, only in mirror image.

This was not a simple summoning spell. “Who or what are you summoning?” She moved to the side and pointed the needles at the diagram; she had assisted Morgan in this sort of thing before.

“Her name is Grizelda Hrzinger.”

Cassandra’s brow furrowed. “That’s not a demon name.”

“She’s a giant. Giantess, actually.” He traced some obscure motions in the air which simmered greasily as he unleashed some magical energy.

“Oh. This is for Sim.”

“Uh-huh.” Cassandra turned and saw the big man sitting on a wooden chair in the corner of the room. There was a thick line drawn in chalk on the floor in front of him.

“Hello,” she greeted the big man. “Why are you sitting over there?”

“I was told to.”

“He kept wandering into the isolation illustration so I had to put him someplace out of the way,” Morgan explained. He held his hands wide and let the energy of the multiverse flow through him.

Snapping her head around, Cassandra focused on her husband. “Summoning demons is dangerous enough. Why are you summoning a giantess?”

“She’s the witch that stole Sim’s cock.” Her face was strained with concentration from focusing energy to bring forth the giantess.

“She’s a giantess and a witch?”

“Yes.” His teeth were clench in pain.

“Did you give any thought to how she’s going to fit into this room?” Cassandra asked.

Morgan’s eyes went wide and he lost focus for half a second. “Shit! No!”

There was an immense thunderclap inside the room that deafened all three

occupants. They were suddenly joined by the enormous figure of a fourth.

The giantess wasn't that giant, at least to Cassandra's eyes. She filled the room from floor to ceiling, and instead of having the usual misshapen facial features of most giants with protruding teeth, sharp cheekbones, uneven eyes, and lumpy head she was rather attractive. Her body and face was proportional; Cassandra would even describe her as an amazon rather than a giant. The fact that she was completely naked made her even more attractive.

"Who dares summon Grizelda Hrzinger!" She growled and started to move forward, but encountered the invisible wall of the containment diagram. Magical energy crackled and knocked her to her ass. Morgan fell to his knees.

"Fuck," he cursed. The pentagram on his forehead glowed bright blue. "Don't do that."

"Don't force a summoning on me!" Grizelda Hrzinger howled.

"She's beautiful," Sim said, a beatific look on his face.

He wasn't wrong. It was just unusual to see an attractive woman who stood almost ten feet tall, naked and trapped behind a magical barrier. She was angry and that contorted her features.

"She's crazed," Cassandra commented.

Grizelda Hrzinger slammed a balled up fist against the barrier. Morgan retched in pain. Grizelda Hrzinger screamed in pain, clutching her hand from the burning impact of the barrier.

"See?" Cassandra asked Morgan.

"Stop hitting," Morgan begged. "You'll kill the both of us."

"Why have you trapped me here?" Grizelda Hrzinger demanded. A faint wisp of smoke rose from her charred skin.

"You stole his cock," Morgan cried, pointing at Sim.

Grizelda Hrzinger took notice of the human and pulled herself up from the floor.

Her breasts were large and there was a tangle of thick brown curls at the apex of her legs. Wavy brown hair fell down her back. If he hadn't had a headache and a churning gut, Morgan would have found her attractive. "So what if I did?" she said, struggling off her knees to get to her feet. She looked down at herself and seemed to notice for the first time that she was naked; she wasn't perturbed in the least.

"I don't care why you took it. Give it back."

The giantess smiled. It was a wicked smile. Her teeth were even and white. Brilliant white. Her lips were blood red. The more Morgan looked at her, the more he realized she wasn't just attractive. She was beautiful. It was unnatural. "Why should I?"

Morgan struggled back to his feet and held himself up by the edge of the table. He focused on not puking. It occurred to him that Grizelda Hrzinger was probably very ugly and had used her magic to either alter her appearance or set up the illusion she was beautiful. Based on the theft of Sim's cock, it was most likely the former. "Because you're trapped in my tower and if you'll return it, that will be the end of this little bit of nastiness."

"Why should a wizard care what happens to a shepherd?" asked Grizelda Hrzinger.

"He's a quarryman," Morgan replied. "And he lives in my city and therefore is under my protection."

Grizelda Hrzinger folded her arms under her breasts, pushing them upward and outward, making them look bigger than they were. Morgan wanted to avert his eyes, but didn't want to seem weak to the giantess. "Doesn't he like having a huge cock?" she asked, amused. "Don't human men always want a larger cock? I did him a favor."

"He passes out every time he gets an erection. Fix it."

"No," she said boldly. "I have need of his cock." Her smile broadened. "It amuses me to see my brother suffer."

"Now we get to the crux of the problem," said Morgan. "Swap them back."

“No.”

“Do it or remain forever trapped here.”

“No!” She screamed and pounded her fists against the barrier. Even naked and trapped in the containment circle she was able to access the magical energy that filled the world. She was isolated and so the magic was limited, but she was angry and focused. She poured that energy and anger into her fists. Cassandra could feel the giantess started to break down the barrier and there was little that Morgan could do about it. She kept the silver needles pointed at the barrier, trying to infuse extra energy into the invisible wall, but even what she did was too little. She was no wizard or witch; she was just married to one.

The light from Morgan’s pentagram filled the laboratory with blue light. It wasn’t blinding but it was distracting. Morgan was in over his head and when the barrier finally collapsed, so did he, bouncing his temple off the edge of the table as he fell.

Grizelda Hrzinger stepped over the lines on the floor and flashed an evil smile. Cassandra wasn’t intimidated. She saw the giantess’s hands were charred and bloody. Grizelda Hrzinger was putting on a good show, but she was weak and Cassandra knew that Knut would protect her.

But Knut wasn’t there.

“Shit,” she cursed and shifted her grip on the needles. It had been a long time since she had been in a fight.

“Don’t,” Sim said from his seat in the chair. He was still following Morgan’s order not to move. Grizelda Hrzinger paused when Sim spoke. She’d never admit it to anyone—least of all her peers and certainly not to humans—but she found Sim to be rather attractive…for a human.

The pause was more than enough time for Lili to take control of the situation. The half-orc came barreling into the lab and jumped off the table to kick Grizelda Hrzinger in the head, knocking her aside. She shrieked in anger. Cassandra noted that Lili was wearing the fully useless chainmail bikini. It somehow seemed appropriate for the moment.

As the giantess scrabbled to her feet, ducking her head to avoid the ceiling, Lili

snatched up Knut's heavy axe he had left in the corner and brandished it in front of her. Grizelda Hrzinger took a step forward, moving on Cassandra, but the half-orc wasn't intimidated. "Try it," she spat out between her sharp teeth. "Just try it." Showing remarkable strength, Lili whirled the axe through the air.

Grizelda Hrzinger considered her lack of hand-to-hand fighting skills along with her lack of armor, and moved back to the wall. "What do you want again?" she grumpily asked Morgan who was getting unsteadily to his feet.

"Put Sim's cock back where it belongs," Morgan insisted. A trickle of blood seeped from the wound caused by his impact with the table.

"Why didn't you just ask?" she said sweetly and snapped the fingers in both her hands.

Sim screamed in surprise and pain.

"Done," said Grizelda Hrzinger. "Release me now."

"It's back!" Sim declared, lifting his kilt. "Big Little Sim is back!"

"Satisfied?" Grizelda Hrzinger sneered.

"Thank you," Morgan replied.

"Well?" the giantess demanded.

"You are released."

She disappeared in a thunderbolt.

"My fucking head," Morgan complained. The glow from his pentagram had faded to nothing.

Sim leaped out of his chair, holding his kilt up to his waist, displaying his cock. "Little Big Sim is back!" he happily declared again. "Little Big Sim is back! How do I thank you?"

Sim gave Morgan a crushing hug. "That's all the thanks I need. We can't have giants stealing the manhood of the city, can we?"

“And let me thank you,” said Cassandra to Lili who was in the middle of placing Knut’s axe back into the corner.

“Your hospitability demanded an appropriate response,” the half-orc said.

Despite the situation, Cassandra found herself ogling Lili’s body. The chainmail hid nothing from the imagination. Morgan noticed his wife’s leer and joined her in admiring Lili.

“I would like to thank you as well,” he said to her. “I don’t know what we would have done without you. It seems that my loyal retainer is failing in his duties. I should offer them to you.”

The half-orc let out a grunting laugh. “I don’t think so. I make better money at Miss Brandywine’s.”

“It pays half a bag of gold coins a week,” Morgan said quickly.

“And you don’t have to wear a chainmail bikini,” Cassandra added.

Morgan gave her a side eye. “And you don’t have to have sex with strangers.”

“But I like sex with strangers and I look good in a chainmail bikini.”

Morgan silently agreed with her on the later statement. “The offer still stands.”

“What about Knut?” asked Lili.

“What about Knut?” said the grumpy dwarf as he marched into the laboratory, stomping his feet. He looked around and sniffed the air. “What in the names of the Eleven Hells happened here. Smells like burned feet and dirty cunt.”

Lili walked over to him and bashed him in the face with her balled fist.

Chapter Ten

Morgan was too nervous to relax. His cock kept wavering between rigidity and softness. It wasn't that he couldn't perform. It was that he was afraid Lili would snip it off with her sharp teeth.

But the half-orc knew how to give an excellent blowjob.

So Morgan found himself struggling to completely enjoy what Lili was doing while thinking about what his wife had told him. Sex with Lili was exciting… because it was so dangerous. Or at least it felt dangerous.

Lili removed his cock from between her lips—and more importantly from between her sharp incisors—and looked up at him. "Are you sure you don't… ummm…prefer sex with men. Ummm. I've heard things about….ummm… wizards."

The moans that interrupted her speech weren't from a need to search for the correct word. She was distracted by the way Cassandra was fucking her.

While he was lying flat on his back, Lili was on her hands and knees crouched over the lower half of his body with her ass in the air. It was a lovely ass, tattooed and muscular. Kneeling behind Lili was Cassandra who was gripping Lili's hips and slowly fucking her cunt. Or maybe her ass. From his angle Morgan couldn't tell.

The curse that Cassandra suffered under—the curse that he had inadvertently given her—always gave her a humanoid body, and it was usually a human body but there were exceptions. Elves were the most common followed by dwarves and other exotics. The rarest variation was when Cassandra woke up wearing a male body.

It was always a bit of a shock to Morgan when he woke up next to a man. This morning was no different, even if the young man's body that Cassandra was easily as beautiful as any woman she had been, it was just the juxtaposition of the situation that threw him. Cassandra always easily adapted. She had to. And since she was given this opportunity so rarely, she wanted to make the most of it.

In the past Morgan had no trouble sucking her off and letting her—him—fuck him however he wanted, but today was a unique opportunity and Lili—given her experience in Miss Brandywine's bordello—was happy to play along.

So Cassandra—Cass as she liked to be called when she was a man—was even more eager to fuck the half-orc than he was to fuck Morgan. Though that was surely coming as well.

“I prefer it with my wife,” said Morgan as he looked at the androgynous man kneeling behind Lili. Cass’s bright smile couldn’t be hidden regardless of the body she inhabited. “But she wanted to see you suck me, so here we are.”

Lili’s smile was unfocused. “Your wife knows how to fuck me. She uses a cock better than most men.”

“Am I going to make you cum?” asked Cass.

“Uh-huh.”

“Maybe I should stop.” The motions of his hips ceased.

“No!” Lili burst out. “Make me cum!”

“Make her cum!” screamed Knut from his position against the wall. As a concession to Lili, Knut had been forced to watch the three of them fuck while he was stripped naked and shackled upside down to the wall, his limbs stretched out to their limits. He was watching them closely and so had a huge erection. Instead of curving upward toward the ceiling, it pointed down at the floor. Even so it was impressively thick, but he wouldn’t get to use it today, at Lili’s request. She wanted to torture him. Her reason?

Knut had gone to Miss Brandywine’s and hired another prostitute while she was waiting for him at Morgan’s tower.

Morgan saw it as a valid complaint.

He wondered how upset Knut would be when he found out that his job would now be shared by Lili.

“Shut up!” Lili barked at him. “Make me cum,” she purred at Cass.

The beautiful young man resuming fucking Lili so hard that her entire body shook. The half-orc didn’t last long at all. She screamed out her pleasure as she came and Morgan was glad his cock was no longer in her mouth. It looked like

she had twice as many teeth as a human and they were incredibly sharp.

When her eyes focused on Morgan, the look in Lili's eyes was feral and lust-crazed. "Your wife filled me up with her cum."

"Uh-huh." Morgan didn't know what else to say.

"I want yours now."

She uncoupled her cunt from Cass's cock and crawled up Morgan's body. His reaction was to suddenly sport an iron-hard erection. That pleased Lili and she wasted no time in sitting down on his hardness. He went in easily, his passaged greased by Lili's juices and Cass's cum.

Lili growled her pleasure. "Wizard sex is good," she declared as she rolled her hips back and forth. Cass collapsed next to them and watched with eager eyes, his hand on his still-wet and semi-erect cock.

"When you're done with him," said Cass. "I want him."

A nod from Lili was her agreement. Her eyes were still unfocused from lust and she hadn't come down from the orgasm Cass had given her. It was easy for to cum again. And then a third time as Morgan reached for her tits, twisting the barbells through her nipples. That was enough to make her cunt heat up and clamp down on Morgan's cock. A second later he came as well, turning her cunt into a dripping mess.

"Done?" Cass asked. His cock was at full staff and there was an eager glint in his eyes.

Lili rolled off Morgan. "Done. For the moment."

Cass quickly took her place, briefly sucking his wet cock before changing his position. "I want to fuck you," Cass said, moving Morgan's legs wide. Morgan lifted his ass off the bed and Cass slipped his cock up between Morgan's buttocks, pushing his cock into his husband's ass.

Morgan groaned. "You like that?" Cass asked eagerly.

"Uh-huh."

The half-orc watched them rut a bit and found herself slightly put off by their affection for each other. It wasn't anything she hadn't seen before at Miss Brandywine's, but it didn't interest her. She rolled off the bed and wandered over to Knut, still chained upside down to the wall.

She smirked in amusement when she saw his fat cock had unloaded his thick spunk onto his hair chest and stomach. Apparently seeing a wizard, his husband, and a half-orc fucking was enough to make him climax without any external stimulation.

"Little help?" he asked with a worried grin on his face. The large amount of cum he had unleashed upon himself was slowly dripping down toward his face.

"Very little," she commented, getting close to the wall. She could feel both Cass's and Morgan's cum leaking from her cunt. "You lasted almost as long when you fucked me."

"Proud to serve." It was unsettling to see his upside down grin.

"I do need some help," she agreed and circled her hand around the back of his head as she moved incredibly close.

"Wait! No!" Knut protested, but then Lili's cunt was smothering his face, smearing his beard with her juices and her lovers' cum. Knut froze for a moment, then put his tongue to good use, dancing around her clit and cleaning out her cunt.

Cass didn't last long fucking his husband. Morgan's cock was already soft. He had nothing left in him. Showing surprising strength Cass pinned down Morgan and fucked him with had enthusiasm before cumming one final time.

Morgan didn't mind kissing Cass. He had the very beginning of a downy soft beard and soft lips. With Cassandra as his wife his sex life would never be boring.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Swiveling his head, Morgan looked for the sound that threatened to destroy his tower.

In her eagerness to get off one last time and forcing Knut to eat her out, Lili was inadvertently slamming his rock-hard skull against the tower wall.

“Don’t destroy my tower, Lili!” Morgan called.

“Just…gotta…cum!” she called out and then collapsed to the floor.

Knut spat out her leavings. “Gonna get me down?”

“I’ll never get you down,” Lili laughed.

End Part 2

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a computerized AI simulation running on the matrix. A glitch in the matrix has caused him to fall into a complex logic loop making him write increasingly complex, bizarre, and surprisingly tender love stories with a strong erotica component. The programmers hope to have this fixed shortly. Feel free to contact him:

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Preview

Rachelle’s Readiness:

Part Three of The Palace

In a rage Roderick swept all the food and dishes of the small table. For an instant he wished he was in the formal dining hall so there was more to destroy, but he was in the family's private dining room.

Over the destroyed meal and china on the floor he glared at his mother. "Who killed him?"

She was stone-faced as always. That had always been attributed to her upbringing and ethnicity. The Mulvadians were not an emotional people and as far as Roderick knew, his mother never had any affection for his father, let alone love. It was a miracle the couple had two children. "A coquette he had seduced back to his bed," was her stiff answer.

Captain Gillard stepped forward. "It was your mother who found them," he reported.

It was the wrong thing to say to Roderick who was not in control of his emotions at the moment. He let Roderick jump to the wrong conclusion. The prince stared daggers at his mother. "You killed the both of them?"

If Princess Annedulisia had been any stiffer, she would have been made of stone. "I killed his assassin," she said coolly, as if reporting the dinner menu for the next banquet. "The…thing he had dragged into his bed had already poisoned him."

Roderick found it strange that his mother would find herself overwhelmed by emotion and sense of loyalty and duty that she would act to protect her husband, but that was always a possibility. Perhaps. "How?" he demanded of the captain.

The captain cleared his throat and tried to present the facts as a formal report, though the investigation had not yet been completed. "As your mother already stated, it appears your father died of poisoning by the woman in his dead."

"Her cunt was probably so foul that it killed him," Annedulisia commented

coldly.

The captain ignored her. “The most likely method of transmitting the poison was via scratches on his back. The coquette wore many rings and other jewelry that we are inspecting, though other methods are also possible. Transmission through the…sexual organs seems unlikely and a great risk to the woman.” His face went from the near-white pallor to an almost healthy pink as he reported these facts. Talking about the Crown Prince’s sexual activities was bad enough, but to do it in front of Princess Annedulisia and her son was nothing he was prepared for. As it stood now, there were two deaths in the palace that could be blamed—if not directly, then indirectly through incompetence—on him which meant the king or Prince Roderick would be more than within their rights to demand his head on a literal platter.

He continued. “Princess Annedulisia, upon seeing her dead husband—your father—became hysterical and used a knife to attack the girl, stabbing her—repeatedly—killing her.”

“It would have been better to capture her rather than murder her, mother,” Roderick hissed.

The older woman frowned ever so slightly. “I am neither guardian nor soldier,” she said. “I acted like a wife.”

Roderick was unsure if his mother had killed the girl out of anger because her husband had fucked another woman—which seemed unlikely because most of the palace was well-aware of the Crown Prince’s dalliances with staff, visitors, and prostitutes—or because the other woman had killed her husband making Annedulisia’s presence in the royal court an unnecessary one. A widow was a useless asset and could be sent to her family home without repercussions.

“The bloodline is nearly extinguished,” Roderick muttered to himself.

“My prince?” asked the captain.

“Nothing,” Roderick said dismissively. “Wait. Are there any more reports of other murders of my family, other cousins?”

“Two more have trickled in,” Gillard said. “They occurred several days ago. The killers weren’t killed or captured. Minor nobles, distant relatives.”

“Someone is trying to weaken House Groverian,” Roderick said.

“That was my conclusion as well, sire.”

“A weak house means a weak kingdom. We cannot be seen as vulnerable.”

“Yes, my prince,” Gillard agreed.

“The king, Myself. My unborn child. We are the next targets. Choose your best men, Captain Gillard. “Your most trusted and loyal soldiers. There are but three members of House Groverian left that matter.” He stood up straight and fixed her jacket about his shoulders. “I need to see the king. He must know of these events.”

“The king is very old and barely able to deal with day-to-day events,” said Princess Annedulisia.

“Which is probably why he hasn’t been killed yet,” Roderick added. “A nurse could slip the wrong ingredient into his soup and he’d be dead and no one would question it. I still need to meet with him. And his nurses. And all the men who will be guarding his life. I’ll see him this afternoon, Captain.” He marched out of the room, ignoring his mother.

One of the many things that Roderick hated about the palace was how spread out everything was. It took forever to walk from one wing to the next and find the person he needed. The architects who had initially built and then re-built the place did their best, but there was no way to effectively defeat time and distance. The series of bell pulls and calling tubes sometimes did the job, but Roderick was reluctant to use them. They offered no privacy.

The doors to Pauline’s small apartments were guarded by a pair of soldiers. They carried both spears and short swords. The spears were not ceremonial like they were outside the royal court entrance. When they saw him, they acknowledged the prince with a salute and admitted him without a word. That made him wonder about security in the palace, but at the moment he didn’t care. He needed comfort and a distraction in preparation for his meeting with his grandfather, the king.

He found his mistress in a rocking chair near the window, reading a book by the noontime light. The belly of her dress bowed outward, showing off her ever-growing belly and the promise it contained. When she realized who had come into the room she struggled to her feet. “My prince,” she greeted him.

He spoke not a word to her, but instead flung open his jacket and pulled at the closures to his trousers. Pauline, having been the prince’s mistress for long enough to know what he needed, struggled out of her chair and went down to her knees. By the time she got into position, his cock was already half erect. That was more than enough for her to work with. Her mouth opened and she eagerly sucked his cock deep into her throat. Roderick placed his hands on either side of her head, cupping the elaborate hairstyle, and slowly began fucking her face, forcing his cock down her throat which she tolerated without complaint. There was no way for her to complain. Roderick was convinced that she actually enjoyed doing this service for him.

They had done this before dozens of times. It took away the concerns of the moment and let him have some peace inside his head. For most of his life, as the second-born son, most of Roderick’s concerns and existential worries came from the fact that he was essentially an afterthought. Whatever he did made no difference in the grand scheme of the kingdom, or even the minor matter of his own life. But then it became apparent that perhaps Prince Martin, his older brother, preferred men in his bed, so there was the possibility that maybe someday one of Roderick’s offspring would have to take the throne, depending no if Martin was able or willing to stick his cock in a woman long enough to get her pregnant.

But now—now!—he was faced with the very real certainty that with the death of his brother and father, he would one day sit on the throne. He hadn’t prepared himself for that.

And so it was easier to fuck Pauline, to quiet his mind by shoving his cock into her mouth and then maybe her cunt, so he wouldn’t have to worry about his future. What about her ass? he thought as he continued to receive head from his mistress. He hadn’t used that part of her body yet. She was already carrying his child so he didn’t need to worry about having to get her pregnant; he could fuck her anyway he wanted. Surely there must be something to the practice his brother so loved; otherwise Martin wouldn’t have wanted to bugger every prettyboy that caught his eye.

While he was thinking about abusing Pauline's body in a way she wasn't prepared for, Roderick found himself rapidly approaching the little death that would signal his return to the reality of service that had become his life. Keeping her head between his hands, he pulled his cock back from the depths of her throat until he could feel her tongue on the underside. She could feel his throbbing hardness and sucked as strongly as she could while massaging his perineum and cuddling his balls. It was more than enough.

Each jolt of ejaculate was a powerful spike of pleasure. It felt good and kept the demons at bay. Pauline did everything possible to heighten his pleasure: swallowing his cum, maintaining eye contact as he used her, making all the right noises to keep him on edge. It was perfectly lovely and if he were not the prince of the realm and heir to the throne Roderick might have sung her praises to his friends and court gentlemen.

When he was done cumming, Roderick pulled his cock free of her mouth and pushed her away. It wasn't a rude gesture, but he didn't want her playing with his cock while it was over-sensitive. He didn't push her to the floor like a common street prostitute. Pauline didn't complain; she was used to this sort of treatment and expected it. Roderick's casual use and abuse of her body was just another facet of her life as the prince's mistress.

He put his cock back inside his trousers and only then seemed to see her sprawled on the floor. Letting out a little gasp of concern he went to one knee and carefully helped her up and to sit on the edge of her huge and comfortable bed. "I'm so sorry," he apologized with sincerity. "I forget myself at these moments. Did I hurt you?"

She shook her head. "You could never hurt me, Roderick."

Lifting up her chin with his fingertips, he met her eyes and judged she wasn't lying. He nodded and sat down next to her taking her hand in his. "It was still wrong of me."

"No hard done."

"I need to speak with my grandfather," he said, staring at the wall. He didn't even make the effort to move his eyes a few feet to the side so he could gaze out the window at the lovely, well-maintained gardens on the palace grounds. "We have the affairs of state to discuss."

“You don’t need to spend any time with me on that account,” she said. “Go to him and return to me when you can.” Although she would have loved for him to push her back on the bed and take her anyway he pleased, she wouldn’t make that demand of him at the moment.

He nodded and half rose up from the bed, but held onto her hand. Before he could get his feet under him, he collapsed back on the bed and dragged her body down next to his. “What do you need, my prince?” she asked as he dragged her close to him.

Roderick didn’t answer her. He couldn’t. He was crying. Pauline said nothing to him. She just allowed him to hold her. It wasn’t her job to give him counsel; it was her job to bear his child.

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