An Erotic Magical Fantasy of Wizards,
Sexy Elves and Lewd Ogres
THE ELF AND THE OGRE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI

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The Elf and the Ogre:

The Sex Wizard 6

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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Elf and the Ogre:

The Sex Wizard 6

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Book 6

Chapter Twenty Three

Morgan stepped through the mirror from his laboratory and into the king's private bedchamber. He had taken the extra step to make sure King Hievard hadn't hung his mirror on the ceiling of his bedchamber. He hadn't and Morgan didn't suffer the indignity of falling into a bed occupied by two copulating people.

As it was his caution was unnecessary. The king was well and truly distracted.

"You like that, you slutty whore?" he was asking his bedpartner.

Morgan was relieved to see that the woman currently being fucked by the king was indeed his wife. His current wife. His second wife. Queen Listrada.

As befitting a man of his station, Hievard's wife was much, much young than he. The king was well into his sixth decade but his wife had not yet seen thirty summers. The king was showing his age with a paunchy belly and gray chest hair. He was panting heavily from fucking his wife and Morgan didn't think it was from enjoyment. It was from over-exertion. For just a moment Morgan thought that maybe his current problem would be shortly solved. If the king had a heart attack, there was no claimant to the role of queen.

The king was fucking his wife from behind, in the classic position. It made Morgan wonder if anyone in the city or the kingdom knew how to fuck face-to-face. He resolved in that moment to be intimate with his wife in that manner when that very night even if she was still wearing the body of an ogress.

The look on Queen Listrada's face was hardly that of ecstasy. It was somewhere between pain and boredom. It made Morgan ponder if the queen didn't enjoy sex or of Hievard was just terrible at it. And then he noticed that something was wrong with the alignment of their bodies.

"Uh-huh," was Listrada's reply. Maybe sex was something she endured with the king because of a political marriage. "Give me your big cock." Her voice was definitely that of a woman bored. She bit her bottom lip in a look of concentration as if trying to ignore pain.

Morgan felt sorry for her, but not sorry enough to actually do something about it.

"I'm giving it to you, you fucking slut! Does your mother know you like to suck

my cock before I shove it up your ass?”

“You’d like to fuck her, wouldn’t you?”

Morgan listened to the exchange; it revealed a lot. Apparently King Hievard was fucking his wife in the ass at the moment. That explained the misalignment of their bodies. Morgan was uncertain if the queen actually disliked taking the king’s member into her ass, but it was more revealing that Listrada taunted her husband with a reference to her mother. Upon a moment’s reflection Morgan realized that Listrada’s mother was more likely much closer in age to Hievard than Listrada who could literally be Hievard’s daughter, at least in age. Or maybe Hievard got off on that sort of thing. Apparently he believed watching an ogre sexually violate an elf was appropriate entertainment for the nobility.

“Her cunt is tighter than yours, you cheap whore!” Hievard replied.

The vulgar repartee between the two seemed to pique Listrada’s interest in the vulgar act she was committing.

“You wouldn’t know, you haven’t fucked my cunt in months,” she complained. Morgan saw her hand dive down between her legs and start rubbing, obviously playing with her clit.

“You like it in the ass, don’t you, whore?”

“Uh-huh,” said Listrada, her voice and eyes unfocused now.

Morgan realized he had been watching too long. He could either interrupt now or retreat back the way he came. He had not interest in seeing King Hievard finish his anal abuse of his wife so the wizard took two bold steps forward from the mirror and charmed a minor thunderclap out of nowhere, enough to startle the two lovebirds.

“King Hievard, we must talk!” Morgan declared boldly.

Listrada screamed with surprised at the interruption. For some reason she clutched the sheets of the bed to her chest, which barely covered her tits, but kept her ass on display to Morgan. Hievard was at his moment of crisis and when Listrada screamed she also jumped, dislodging his cock just as he began pumping out jism. The thick ropes of royal seed arced through the air and landed

with a splat on Listrada's back. She rolled over, smearing the spunk over the expensive silk sheets. Hievard produced a few more drops of cum, which landed pathetically on her thigh.

Taking the initiative, Listrada wiped up the droplets and applied them to her cunt. "Hie! You promised you'd cum in my cunt!" She swatted him with her free hand and appeared to be frigging herself with her cum-covered fingers.

The king was rightly offended. "I didn't expect a fucking wizard to interrupt us!" he cried at her, taking quick control of the situation. He might be a pervert approaching his sunset years, but he still had his wits around him and was able to evaluate the situation. "What in the name of the Ancient Seven are you doing here, wizard," he demanded, covering the royal cock with the sheets, pulling them off Listrada, treating Morgan to a view of the queen's impressive tits. He tried not to let himself get distracted.

"Are you aware of the problem with your wife?" asked Morgan, summoning the voice of authority that seemed second nature to the wizard. He glanced over Listrada's tits a second time. "With your first wife?"

The king sighed and eased himself back onto the pillows piled against the bed's headboard. "Yes. The wench is alive again somehow." He glanced at his current wife. "That's why I need to get this one with child."

"You failed at that again, Hie!" Listrada complained. Morgan was not without sympathy for her.

Hievard didn't take her retort lightly. "I didn't expect to get interrupted! And your screaming didn't help either!"

"Perhaps I should give you a moment?" Morgan asked. He was amused but he kept his tone neutral.

The king shoved his wife aside and turned his body to put his feet on the floor. For an older man he was still in fairly good shape. His torso was muscular even though he had a bit of a gut. Morgan looked away, not wanting to see the royal cock while the king wasn't fully engaged in the marital act,

He pulled on a robe that was crumpled on the floor, hiding his nudity, and regarded Morgan with a steely gaze. "I've got woman problems," he said to

Morgan.

“You have me,” Listrada interrupted from the tangle of sheets she was caught in. “You don’t need her.”

Hievard glanced her way and sighed. Before he could speak, Morgan spoke up.

“I know. It appears the royal family is putting the city into some…disarray.”

Hievard regarded Morgan under his heavy brows. “So you’ve been speaking with my first wife.”

Morgan inclined his head. “Yes. And I’m reluctant to admit that I might be part of the problem. I roused her from her deathless slumber because…well, her deathless slumber was coming to an end and I couldn’t, in good conscience, let her die alone in her tomb.”

Listrada made an annoyed tone. “Humph! She was already buried. You should have let her stay dead.”

Hievard glowered. “Leave,” he barked at her. “Men are talking and I don’t need your advice,” he said.

When the beautiful young woman started to speak, Hievard raised his voice and put an edge in it that promised a real threat. “I said leave.”

The queen dropped the sheets that were covering her nudity and marched out of the bedroom, not caring who saw her naked body. The king and Morgan both watched her leave until she slammed the heavy door behind her. There was a yelp from the hallway. One of the guards at the king’s door wasn’t expecting to see the naked queen parade through the palace.

“I love to see her go,” Hievard said, the grin not diminished at all on his face. “I see you enjoyed the show too.”

“My apologies, my king,” said Morgan in a shameful tone.

“Bah! Think nothing of it. The girl loves to strut around naked, doesn’t care who sees her. I think she likes people to see her. Shameless hussy. Great tits, though, eh? I married her for the political match, you know. Married my first wife

because I was stupidly in love with her." He sighed.

"I still am."

"Which brings us to the crux of the problem. You can't have two wives."

"I don't want two wives," Hievard commiserated. "I don't blame you for bringing back Andromache. I'd often wondered what my life would be like if she were still around and now…well, now that she's around every noble family is re-evaluating their position and alliances. You'd think having two living wives would be great. It's not. I bet it wouldn't be great even if they liked each other."

"They don't get along?" Morgan inquired.

"Once we figured out what you did and that Andromache was alive and well… well lots of things happened. The two women started arguing and their two families started arguing, and now…"

"Apparently Listrada has forgiven you."

"Nope," said Hievard and headed across the room to a table where he uncorked a bottle of wine and poured himself a glass. Glancing at the wizard he gestured with a second glass. Morgan nodded and Hievard poured the rest of the bottle. The second glass was only half full. Morgan didn't blame the man for drinking heavily. "She wants a kid. Her family wants a kid. A second child would be nice but I'm not stupid. Soon as Listrada pops out a brat, two noble families go to war for control of the city."

"Unintended consequences, my king," said Morgan regretfully.

The king was a man of understanding. "I'll be dead so it won't matter to me who takes over but Blywood is a good kid. My only kid. Right now. He'd be a good king. But I can't have the families going to war."

"I will find a solution for you," Morgan promised.

Hievard regarded him a moment and then burst out laughing. "You and every other advisor I have. But they all have their own agendas so—" He stopped himself short. "Except you. You don't have an agenda, do you?"

“Just the safety of the city.”

“Well then come up with a fucking solution to my problem then. Hopefully one that doesn’t involve the murder of one or both my wives?”

Chapter Twenty Four

Morgan stepped through the mirrors and found himself back in his bedroom. He knew he should have walked into his laboratory, but he couldn't resist. He had left his wife alone with an over-sexed ogre and an over-sexed elf. Plus, his wife was also a literal ogre this day, the result of her curse to shape change every night into a new body. Technically she was an ogress, but that was beside the point.

The point was he was missing out of fucking his wife (as an ogress) and an elf (the ogre's lover) while he was fixing problems the elf had made thirty years earlier.

Being a man of broad sexual tastes, Morgan was eager to fuck his wife as an ogress, either with or without an audience, He didn't care what scene he happened upon in his bedroom. He'd join in and put his cock to good use wherever it fit.

His bedroom was empty.

"Well that's a fine greeting for a conquering hero," he muttered to himself, ignoring the fact that he hadn't conquered anything.

He closed his eyes and concentrated a moment, tapping into the magical energy flow that filled the tower. Most of the current occupants were in the formal dining room. That was…unusual.

There was no fanfare when Morgan burst into the dining room. There didn't need to be, but there should have been. He was the wizard of the tower and the city. In the back of his mind he had been hoping he would happen across a debauched orgy. Instead he found everyone in the midst of a casual meal. Even Cookie was sitting down at the table, beaming happily, accepting the praise for her cooking.

All eyes turned to Morgan when he threw open the door. He quickly went around the room. Lili, his half-orc bodyguard; Knut, his dwarven bodyguard and retainer; Cookie, his cook; Willard, the groundskeeper and handyman (who was constantly at odds with Cookie, which made them sitting next to each other all the stranger); Queen Andromache sat at the head of the table; next to her was his wife, Cassandra, currently in ogress form; Lyhorn, the ogre and elf lover; and finally Meira Yinfir, elf and ogre lover.

“What in the name of the eleven Dead Gods is going on here!” Morgan demanded.

“Noon repast, boss,” said Lili, not in any way intimidated by the wizard. Everyone else remained silent. Morgan’s eyes went to Cassandra. His wife looked at him with amusement as she chewed the food in her mouth. His eyes then went to the table. This was no common lunchtime meal. Spread out on the broad maple surface were a variety of tarts and muffins and treats that the sugar they contained practically pushed out the perpetually greasy feel of the tower’s air.

“Why?” he asked.

“I was hungry,” said Queen Andromache calmly, primly finishing her bite of food and swallowing before dabbing at the corners of her mouth with a napkin. “Actually, I was famished. I’d been dead for thirty years and the food they offered me at the palace was…not up to the standards of your darling Cookie.”

Cookie beamed and giggled. “She flatters me, boss. This was just something I whipped up to make her happy.”

Morgan grunted and sat down at the table’s foot, grabbed an apple turnover and a blueberry muffin from the platters, and sighed. “We have a problem.”

The food disappeared quickly along with most of the diners. Queen Andromache sighed after listening to Morgan’s assessment of the situation asked what she was to do.

“I have a few ideas, but I don’t know if you or your family or the king or Queen Listrada will be happy with any of them.”

“Don’t call her that!” Andromache barked at him.

Morgan looked at the semi-deposed queen blandly. “You hate her.”

“With good reason, don’t you think? She stole my husband.”

“In all deference to you, Hievard thought you were dead. So did I. So did your

family and the entire kingdom."

Andromache looked down at her hand that was tightly gripping the mug of café she had been drinking. Her fingers were white with anger, not death. "He married her because she's young and beautiful…like I had been."

"Like you still are," said Cassandra, the only other person still in the room. "You're very beautiful."

"My wife is right, in years you might be Hievard's equal, but in beauty, you still more than rival Listrada."

"Am I?" asked Andromache sarcastically.

"I got a good look at her today," said Morgan. "I'm positive. And if it means anything to you, he admitted to me he was still in love with you."

With a grimace Andromache put down her mug. "I shouldn't be so angry. It was a political marriage to her, or so says my family. They also say she's not the brightest candle in the chandelier."

"That's true enough," said Morgan. "Based on my short conversation with her."

"I'm glad to hear it," she replied. "I suppose. Do you know that I had my pick of men before I married Hievard?"

"Do tell," Cassandra said quickly. "I love knowing the secret details of royalty."

Andromache laughed. "My family was happy to marry off. They were certain I was going to become the mistress and lover of half the nobility."

Cassandra laughed loudly while Morgan blushed. He didn't need to know these details.

Emboldened by Cassandra's reaction, Andromache continued. "I'll admit it. I wasn't a virgin when I married Hievard."

"What good woman is?" Cassandra asked. Morgan chuckled to himself while the women laughed louder. "That's the only way you can keep your husband happy."

“Hievard can never know what a slut I was,” Andromache confided. “I have a reputation to maintain.” She smiled broadly. “I also have one to hide.”

The women laughed again.

“I probably shouldn’t be listening to this,” muttered Morgan softly. “Plausible deniability and all.”

“What was that, dear?” asked Cassandra.

“Nothing. But I’m going to mention that I truly believe Hievard loved and still loves you. After all, he resisted remarrying for twenty five years before he tied the knot with Listrada.”

“That’s something,” Andromache admitted. “I never would have waited that long. My lust drive is just too strong.”

Cassandra raised her heavy eyebrows at her husband. Morgan slowly shook his head back and forth but she ignored him. “Men don’t understand women’s physical needs,” commiserated Cassandra.

“I once dallied with an elf,” Andromache confessed. “I suppose back then that was almost acceptable. I’ve never fucked any other race, though.” She looked meaningfully at Morgan and then at Cassandra. “Or an ogre. Or a wizard.”

Andromache cried out loudly as if she hadn’t been fucked for thirty years, which Morgan reflected was undoubtedly the truth. Cassandra raised her head from between Andromache’s thighs. Her lips, chin, and cheeks were smeared with the other woman’s juices.

“You said you were a slut,” said Cassandra with a smug look on her face. “How many of your lovers before Hievard were women?”

The queen shoved Cassandra’s broad face back down to her cunt. “Only five. I was a good girl.” She reached out and grabbed hold of Morgan’s cock. It was already erect. “Can I suck you?” she all but begged. “It’s been too long since I’ve had a man in any way.”

Morgan regretfully thought he wasn't going to get to fuck his ogress wife at all before she changed, but how many chances would he have to fuck the city's queen? He nodded. "It would be my honor and delight," he said as she turned her head and all but swallowed the bulk of his length.

She might have last had sex thirty years prior, but Andromache hadn't forgotten a single bed-learned skill in those years. Morgan was on his knees on the bed with her propped up by a pile of pillows. Even though she had to turn her head to suck his cock, Andromache proved she was an expert in the art of fellatio. While a blowjob from the city's (former?) queen was more than enough to satisfy Morgan, that wasn't enough for Andromache.

Her lips tightened up on his length and he was certain something untoward was about to happen, but she quickly removed his cock from her throat and breathed heavily and unsteadily for a minute. It took Morgan a moment to recognize that she was in the middle of an orgasm brought about by Cassandra's talented tongue.

"Her cunt is near-divine," said the ogress that Morgan was married. Cassandra stroked Andromache's thigh as the queen let the orgasm control her.

"No," said Andromache. "It's your tongue that has the skills of the gods imbued in it."

Morgan, upset that his blowjob was unceremoniously cut short, gave them a more sober and less religious assessment of Cassandra's cunnilingus skills. "It's well-known that ogre and ogress saliva is a natural aphrodisiac. It made your orgasm that much easier."

The two women gave him a sour look.

"Should I let him fuck me?" Andromache asked the ogress that was now kissing the inside of her thigh.

"I wouldn't, not after an insult like that." She gave her husband a smug smile and then licked her way from Andromache's knee all the way up to the crease between her leg and body. Andromache shivered.

"As good as you did me," she said to the wizard's wife, "it's been too long since I've had a cock. Can I borrow your husbands?"

Morgan, though stiff and ready, wasn't sure how much endurance he had left in him. Night was approaching and with that his wife's change. He might never get another chance to fuck an ogre, but then again he might never get a chance to fuck a beautiful queen either. And it seemed rude to disappoint his guest and wife of the city's leader.

"I suppose," Cassandra said after much consideration. Morgan hadn't realized it, but Andromache was still holding onto his cock, slowly pumping her hand up and down his length. She was literally controlling him with her gentle touch; it made him realize she was more dangerous and manipulative than he gave her credit for. "Do you mind if I watch?"

"It would be my pleasure," the queen said.

What followed was a quick realignment of bodies and positions. Andromache stayed on her back, legs open and inviting him in to her body. Cassandra and Morgan swapped positions and the ogress took over control of Morgan's cock from Andromache. She went so far as to guide his erect manhood into the queen's cunt.

Andromache groaned appreciatively at the penetration and the way he filled her up. Despite her playful demeanor, Cassandra couldn't help but smile as her husband set to thrusting, making the queen make the most rude and sexy noises. The two women intertwined their fingers. When Cassandra leaned in close, Andromache wasn't the least bit shy about kissing the other woman's frightening visage.

The queen obviously looked for sexual adventure outside the king's bedroom.

Or maybe thirty years was just too long to go without sex.

Morgan couldn't give his opinion on the subject. He was enamored of the queen's cunt. It was hot and wet and clung to him like a long-lost lover. It was easy for him to forget that he was fucking the king's first wife and he could quite literally be fucking up his only chance to straighten out the suddenly complicated politics of the city that seemed headed for war.

Looking back Morgan couldn't say if he had pleased Queen Andromache with his bedroom skills. He got off and filled her cunt with his seed which seemed to delight her, but afterward he was too exhausted to do anything else for her.

Chapter Twenty Five

Morgan groaned when Cassandra waved away the spell that darkened the windows. Already morning light was streaming through, illuminating the room which announced the start of the day. She had woken this morning in the body of an unremarkable woman, though she did have the most fetching set of back dimples accentuated by the curve of her spine that made her bottom appear larger than it actually was.

“Is it morning already?”

“The sun would seem to indicate yes.”

He threw his arm across his eyes. “Come back to bed. You and I haven’t—”

The wizard sat bolt upright when he realized the bed was completely empty except for himself. “Where’s the queen?!”

“She left last night before I changed,” Cassandra reported.

“I suppose that’s good, right?”

His wife shrugged as she found a set of clothing that fit her new body. “I don’t know. You passed out and she said she had plans to make.”

“I’ve got research to do.”

“You missed your chance to fuck an ogress last night,” Cassandra said. He couldn’t tell if she was amused or upset with him.

“Don’t remind me.”

“It’s been what…ten years now? Maybe you’ll get your chance again in another ten years.”

“I’ll have a solution for this curse before then,” he promised her.

“You will?” she asked doubtfully.

“Yes,” he vowed, but was conflicted at the same time. They both loved the adventure of her having a new body every day, but it caused stress on their relationship and her day-to-day living like nothing else in the world.

“You’ll be in your library all day?” she asked as she adjusted the green necklace around her neck. It was the one thing he had been able to do for her. It wasn’t perfect, but it prevented random changes like she had when the curse had first started.

“I have a couple of possibilities for the king,” said Morgan as he levered himself out of bed. “And one of them had better work because otherwise we might be witnessing the start of a civil war.”

Morgan used better judgement on his next mirror travel trip to the palace. He chose the large mirror at the main entrance to the palace, the one that had specifically been installed for the city’s wizard a hundred years ago.

The guards escorted him to the king’s presence. Hievard was in his council room, speaking with his advisors. He did not look happy.

“Wizard,” Hievard said by way of greeting.

Morgan got right to the point. “I might have a temporary solution for you if you can stand it.”

Hievard sighed and waved his hand, indicating that Morgan should offer his suggestion. “It can’t be any worse than what these fools are suggesting,” he said.

The council bristled at the king’s assessment of their skills, but Morgan ignored their feelings and pressed forward. “There is some risk,” said Morgan.

“There always is.”

“Some personal risk to you,” Morgan clarified.

“There always is,” Hievard repeated.

Clearing his throat Morgan said, “If you want, you can remain married to both women for the moment. No immediate resolution is needed. There is no law specifically forbidding the king from having more than one wife.”

Morgan’s suggestion was too much for one of the councilors. “Such a thing is

preposterous!” He was old and fat and had a nose that had been broken when he was a youth which made him wheeze terribly when he spoke.

“No. But it is rare,” Morgan said calmly. “Two hundred years ago Ixtein VI had three wives. All at the same time.”

“Ixtein is hardly a good example of high morals,” the fat councilor fumed. “He married three women because he lived a debauched lifestyle. The stories of his…relationship…with his steward instead of any one of his wives are well-known.”

Morgan ignored the councilor’s hypocrisy. He had been at the king’s debauched party where Lyhorn the ogre had fucked Meira the elf for the amusement of the partygoers. “He also prevented a bloody civil war and established a line of rulers that has his ancestor still sitting on the throne.”

“I’m not sure I want to be married to two women, let alone three,” said Hievard.

“If you declare both of your marriages to be equal,” said Morgan. “It’ll keep bloodshed at bay until a better solution can be found.”

“Or until an assassin kills one wife or the other,” said a sharp-eyed councilor. Morgan was sure the man had already chosen a side on the coming war.

“I might have a solution to that as well, but it will take some time.”

Morgan’s next stop was a journey to the fairy enclave at the edge of the city. The enclave was on the opposite side of the city as was his tower. It seemed to take forever to get there. He confronted the two guards at the gate that didn’t open. They looked at him suspiciously. “I don’t supposed that Mulberry Dapplevine is out of jail yet?” he asked hopefully.

The male of the pair flew into Morgan’s face, his butterfly wings flapping furiously. “That traitor is waiting the queen’s decision: death or exile.”

“Not much of a difference between the two for a fairy,” Morgan commented.

“What do you want, wizard?” demanded the female guard.

“Is Queen Rosepetal available to speak with the wizard of the city? It’s a matter of great importance for the royal family.”

The guards exchanged suspicious looks. Morgan reflected that perhaps asking to meet with a criminal wasn’t the best way to start the visit.

“We don’t recognize the royal family of the city,” the female guard declared boldly. “Fairies are free people. What does it matter to us?”

Morgan sighed and wiped his face with his hand. “Because if the royal family falls, then the city will undergo civil war and that war will undoubtedly spill over into the fairy enclave,” he explained. “I can prevent that with a short conversation with Queen Rosepetal.”

They both frowned at him but the male fairy finally nodded and flew over the wall. It wasn’t like Morgan couldn’t just clamber over it himself or whip up a spell that would allow him to fly, but he was trying to respect the sovereignty of the fairies. The female guard eyed him suspiciously.

“Are you the one who fucked Mulberry Dapplevine?” she finally asked him after a long uncomfortable silence.

“Figuratively and literally,” Morgan confessed.

Her expression softened slightly. “Good.”

Eventually the male fairy returned and he was granted an audience with the queen. Morgan didn’t have a diminution spell or potion handy, he wasn’t sure how it would work. The fairies brought him over the wall and to a building that could only be described as a shed. On a central dais within the shed Queen Rosepetal lounged on a couch with two fairies, one male and one female. The queen wore a small silver crown and a diaphanous robe that hide nothing of her body. The two fairies that lounged with her wore nothing at all. While Morgan talked with the queen she exchanged kisses and caresses with both of her… lovers? Loyal retainers? Slaves? Morgan didn’t want to think too much about the personal and sexual dynamics of the fairy race.

When he approached the throne, Morgan bowed low and greeted the monarch. “Queen Rosepetal. It is an honor to speak with you today.”

The queen barely gave Morgan a glance before returning to running her finger along the jawline of her male lover. “You were the one who helped the traitor Mulberry Dapplevine, are you not?”

“Yes, your highness.”

“But you also helped us catch her for her deceit. We have not decided yet what her punishment will be.” She briefly kissed her female lover as the male slid his hand along her thigh. “Did you come to plead on her behalf for mercy?”

“No.”

His brusque answer caught her attention. The queen deigned to look directly at him.

“Then why are you here?”

“I come to ask a favor of the fairy enclave and yourself.”

“And what would that be? You will be in our debt, of course, because your actions both helped us and hindered us.”

“I come asking for two doses of fairy dust.”

The queen’s angled eyes narrowed on him. “Why?” she asked bluntly.

“I need it to prevent civil war in the city.”

“The human’s affairs are none of our concern,” she lied.

“If the war becomes…out of control then it will encroach on your enclave here, to negative effects. All of that can be prevented with a simple dose of fairy dust.”

“You know the dust only causes problems for humans.”

“I’m hoping a problem will prevent another, larger one.”

“You are bold. I like that.” She contemplatively stroked her male lover’s erect cock. “You will owe us a favor, an unlimited favor.”

“Of course, your most highness.”

“And I might just take my favor out of your pants,” she said.

All things considered, Morgan considered it a good bargain, he told himself as he quickly made his way from the fairy enclave back to the palace. After all, how bad could it be to have to sexually service a fairy?

Chapter Twenty Six

It took some effort, but Morgan managed to arrange a conference between King Hievard, Queen Andromache and her many advisors, Queen Listrada and her many advisors, and the king's many advisors.

From that conference they were able to narrow those in the conference down to Hievard, Andromache and her nephew, Sir Endrew; Listrada and her father, Lord Leverden, and Morgan.

"The mere suggestion is preposterous," growled Endrew.

"Would you rather go to war?" asked Morgan.

The knight didn't immediately answer and Morgan could see him debating the idea of revealing his willingness to go to war in this conference in front of his enemies. The same look was on Leverden's face.

Before the situation could get out of control, Morgan spoke. "Everyone has already gotten what they wanted," he said. "Endrew, your family has been raised up out of obscurity. Leverden, your family has cemented their position as allies of the king. Prince Blywood is the heir and unless you are contemplating regicide, he will be the next king. Everyone has gotten what they wanted. To ask for anything more is just greed."

No one spoke. There was neither agreement nor disagreement. Hievard remained sourly silent.

Morgan played his last card. "But ultimately this will have to be a decision the queens agree to, willingly and wholeheartedly."

Listrada and Andromache exchanged unhappy glares. Before they could speak, Morgan once again spoke. "And since any decision will obviously involve a certain level of intimacy, this is something that the queens will have to discuss in private."

Both advisors spoke up at once, objecting. Morgan held up his hand. "In private. Out of the influence of you Endrew, and you Leverden, and you, King Hievard."

The king raised his eyebrows at this suggestion, but then nodded his head. "If it will solve the problem."

Before anyone could object further, Morgan swept up the women and a jug of wine, ushering them with some subtle magical assistance, to a small room adjacent to large one in which they sat. Morgan quickly poured three glasses of wine, scrumptiously dumping a dose of fairy dust into two of the glasses and giving himself the unadulterated one. He raised his glass in a toast and the women followed suit.

“To a successful agreement.”

They said nothing but nodded and drank along with him.

“Now, I know neither of you ladies has any sexual attraction toward the other and I know that you both want an intimate relationship with King Hievard, but could you two see your way clear to sharing your husband’s bed?”

Both were silent, not because they wanted to object, but because they wanted to agree but couldn’t see any way clear to voice their sudden and new-found attraction to the other.

Andromache was already an open-minded women with an eye for adventure in the bedroom, so it was an easy step for her to shift her sexual needs to almost exclusively women. The unsettling part was that she now found her lust focused on her rival.

Listrada, for her part, found the change all the more strange and jolting. She was never one to consider women anything other than a servant or a rival and Andromache was her strongest rival, but now for some reason she wanted to take the other queen to bed and that appealed to her much more than going to bed with Hievard for the sole reason of giving the king another heir.

Morgan spoke. “I can see you’ve both already made your decision but are afraid to appear weak in front of the other. Let me make this proposal: if you agree, simply don’t put down your glass of wine.”

Both women realized they were still holding their glasses. Andromache raised hers a hair higher. Listrada followed suit with a smile that surprised even her. Andromache went higher again and they quickly found themselves in a race to drain every last drop from their glasses.

Unbidden, the two women reached out for the other’s hand and laced their

fingers together. “Shall we make the announcement to your families and the king?”

The queens eagerly nodded.

No one was happy with he announcement except the king. And Morgan. And the queens. Everyone else accepted the decision as a temporary measure that wouldn’t last long and would give them an opportunity to strengthen their own positions.

The royal trio retired to Hievard’s bedroom while Morgan returned to his tower, satisfied with a job well done.

He explained his deception to Cassandra and she shook her head doubtfully. “How long do you think this trio will last? Fairy dust doesn’t permanently change anyone’s mind on their sexuality?”

“I gave it a little boost with my own magic,” Morgan confessed.

“Even so,” said Cassandra “it won’t last forever. The women will eventually come to their own senses.”

“It’ll last,” said Morgan with supreme confidence. He unlaced the back of his wife’s dress and slipped it from her shoulders, exposing her breasts. In the evening light they were quite beautiful.

“Prove it,” she said, slapping his hand away from her tits and shimming the rest of the way out of the dress. Morgan was already naked. He hadn’t fucked anyone today and had built up too much sexual and magical energy; some had to be burned off immediately or he was certain he would go insane.

Even though his cock was standing up proudly from his crotch, Morgan waved his fingers at the mirror on the wall. The smooth surface shimmered and suddenly they were looking in on King Hievard’s bedroom.

“Don’t move quickly,” said Morgan. “The image goes both ways. We don’t want to attract their attention. And be quiet. They can hear us as easily as we can hear them.” She and her husband were playing a dangerous game, a game that she

found she was more than happy to play.

Luckily for them, Cassandra doubted that it was possible for the trio they were spying on to notice them. King Hievard was in bed with both his wives and they were already suitably distracted.

“We shouldn’t be spying on them,” she whispered to her husband.

“Why not?” asked Morgan as he turned his wife around and slowly forced her down on all fours on the bed. He knelt behind her and fitted his hard cock into her waiting cunt. Despite the questionable morality of spying on the king as he had sex with his wives, Cassandra felt herself drawn into the scene before her, helped along by Morgan’s able cock. He fucked her slowly and lovingly, unlike what Hievard was doing to Andromache and Listrada.

At the moment they could see the king kneeling behind Andromache much like Morgan was doing to Cassandra, but the queen’s face, instead of being turned upright to observe a mirror on the wall, was buried between Listrada’s legs.

The younger queen seemed to be enjoying the older queen’s oral attentions. She was writhing about and gasping, obviously in the middle of the throes of passion, which made what Andromache did next seem positively cruel.

She lifted her mouth from the other queen’s cunt. “See?” she asked. “It’s not that hard. You can get fucked and give pleasure at the same time.”

Cassandra could just barely see the moisture that Listrada had left behind on Andromache’s face.

“We need to switch positions,” said Andromache.

Hievard groaned in frustration. “You two wenches are going to drive me crazy. The gods will curse me from the afterlife because I’ll be so lust-sodden.”

Despite his complaints, the women changed their positions and Hievard plunged his royal scepter, already wet and hard, into Listrada’s well-primed cunt. There was a moment of hesitation before she lowered her face to Andromache’s cunt, the rose-colored target between her wide-spread legs.

Andromache ran her fingers through Listrada’s hair. “Like you were born to do

this," she complimented her new lover before letting her head fall back on the pillow.

The young queen was almost too distracted by the king's cock to fully focus on what she was doing to Andromache. However cunnilingus came naturally to Listrada, or at least it did with the magical and artful help from Morgan she loved the task that she faced, except it was difficult to love Andromache's cunt as much as she wanted to because of Hievard's cock.

It was the lover's dilemma, something she hadn't understood until that moment.

"Suck on my clit," Andromache instructed. "I love that."

Listrada did as she was bade and Andromache gasped at the anticipated sucking but was alarmed at the enthusiasm that Listrada showed. She wanted to make the young woman stop, but Hievard was close to this moment of crisis—Andromache recognized the signs for he hadn't changed at all over the years—and she didn't want to spoil the moment.

Hievard grabbed his wife's hips and slammed hard into her repeatedly. There was no art or skill to his thrusts. He just fucked her as hard as he could because it was what he wanted out of her. Luckily for her she loved what he did to her. The king unleased his copious load of cum into her cunt with a triumphant grunt. The spunk he shot was thick and hot and all but burned inside of Listrada. She loved that too. She was a simple woman and being used for sex was what she was born and bred for. The orgasm that Hievard forced upon her passed through her body and caused her to suck all the more ardently on Andromache's clit. The king's first wife clamped her legs around Listrada's head and cried out passionately. Her body bucked once and then twice, jostling loose Listrada's mouth from Andromache's clit.

That was fine with the blonde queen. Her orgasm already had full control of her body, but she was certainly not in control off her body. The orgasm quickly reached its peak and Listrada was treated to a surprise spurt of girlcum in her face. The young queen with the jet-black hair didn't know how to react. She didn't know a woman could do such a thing. The girlcum was sweet and warm and coated her face. The king witnessed Andromache's release of pleasure and seemed to enjoy the show. He managed to slam his hips into Listrada twice more and she could feel him further deposit more cum into her cunt. It was to the point

where it was literally being forced out of her body and was sliding down her inner thighs.

“You haven’t changed a bit, my dear,” Hievard said to Andromache as she panted heavily from her fierce orgasm.

“I haven’t cum like that since you last fucked my, Hie,” she replied with a smug smile.

“I didn’t know a woman could cum like that,” Listrada said, still amazed, as she wiped away Andromache’s cum from her cheeks and chin. Her hand was now wet and she licked it unselfconsciously.

“It’s been a few years since I’ve been properly fucked,” said Andromache.

“It seems to me that you could cum like a man whenever you wanted to,” Hievard said with an amused smile as he eased himself out of Listrada’s cunt. Only when he was gone did she realized that she had cum as well, but in the confusion of their scrum, she had barely noticed it.

“Only with you, my love,” said Andromache. “Only with you.” Her eyes fell upon Listrada’s ripe body. “Did he fill you up?”

If the woman’s face wasn’t already red from her orgasm she would have ripened like a tomato. “Yes,” she admitted with shame. This was not normal behavior for her but she had already learned to love it.

“Do you mind if I clean you?” asked Andromache.

Before the young queen could answer Andromache pushed her over and spread her legs. She had been expecting the blonde queen to find a washrag to wipe up the mess of her cunt. Instead Andromache lowered her face to the black-trimmed cunt and started lapping up Hievard’s cum with enthusiasm.

Listrada looked at her new lover with amazement. It had never occurred to her that such a thing would be desirable and now she regarded it with something akin to glee because she wanted to do the same for Andromache.

“They move together beautifully,” commented Cassandra softly. Morgan’s lips were right beside her ear. She was now laying on the bed with her on top her of,

his cock curved into the crease of her buttocks, firmly wedged halfway into her cunt.

“I barely noticed,” he commented to his wife. Oddly, it was the truth. While he had been keeping an eye on the royal trio in the midst of their small orgy, he was more interested in his wife. What need did a man have for two women when his own wife was a new woman every day?

“Liar,” she accused him.

“I only have eyes for you,” he countered. “And two of that trio are only interested in each other because of yours truly.” He continued to move his cock back and forth within her. It wasn’t passionate sex, but the sort of sex that a happily married couple had when they were content with each other.

“Can you turn off the mirror?” she asked him.

“Why? I thought you liked spying on our king and his queens.”

“I want to be loud when you fuck me. I need to cum like Andromache.”

Morgan weaved his fingers back and forth and the mirror became nothing more than an ordinary reflecting surface. He then proceeded to fuck her until she was crying out to the gods in all the multiverse for him to finish her off. It wasn’t as good an orgasm as what Andromache had, but Cassandra didn’t care. She was happy with her husband.

“One last request, dear husband,” she said as he rolled off her.

“Anything for you, my love.”

“Can you make it so I can watch the king make love to his wives whenever I want?” She arched her eyebrow at him while maintaining an innocent visage.

“That would be unethical?”

“So?”

He sighed and gestured toward the mirror. The air became familiarly greasy and then the sensation faded. “Just run your finger down the surface and you’ll see

what you want. Be careful, my love. This is the sort of thing that upsets kings.”

Cassandra nodded but didn’t bother telling her husband she flatly didn’t care.

Chapter Twenty Seven

An uneasy truce fell over the city. Morgan only had to address minor magical concerns. The king and his queens had a minimal number of public appearances. All was happy.

Cassandra was bored. She continued to wake each day with a new body. When there was a lull in her life like this she sought of relief with sexual adventures because Morgan took every quiet moment to look further into a cure for her curse. One day, when she had a particularly fit body of a young lady with unnaturally large tits, she slipped off to Miss Brandywine's looking for Meira and Lyhorn.

It was Hievard who contact Morgan for help. He was discrete in his summoning of the wizard and Morgan was glad to have some respite from his fruitless quest to solve his wife's problem.

In Hievard's private chambers Morgan gave a formal bow and asked, "How are you, my liege? Are your two wives proving too much for a man of your age? Are they exhausting you?"

He looked sourly at Morgan and nodded his head at the few councilors in the room. They all left without a word of complaint.

"In a word, wizard, no."

Morgan frowned. "You have more stamina than I give you credit for."

The king's face soured further. "That's not it at all."

"Oh?"

"They don't want me at all," he complained.

Morgan inclined his head. "You are a few years older than them," he said carefully. "Perhaps they'd prefer a young man?"

"Wrong again, wizard! They prefer each other."

Morgan put on a convincing show of surprise. “Oh? What are the chances of two noble ladies having sapphic persuasion?”

“I don’t care! I want to wet my cock with some royal cunt!”

Taking the attitude of a councilor too heavily put upon, Morgan sat down in one of the uncomfortable wooden chairs with a sigh. “You are the king. You can simply order them to fuck you. That’s what I would do, my liege.”

“I’ve done that,” he groused. “They are obedient enough, but they are more interested in each other.”

“Take a mistress,” suggested Morgan. “There are plenty of pretty young maids out there who would be happy to polish the royal knob.”

“That’s not what I want either!” the king practically roared. “What the fuck did you do to my wives!”

“Nothing!” the wizard snapped back. “You can’t expect to play fast and loose with hearts and minds and not have to pay a price!”

The two men seethed at each other a minute. The king’s power was absolute within the city but he knew to respect the magical abilities of the man who could summon up demons and call upon the forces of nature to destroy the city with the same effort the king put into fucking a woman.

“I don’t think adding a third woman to the mix would be a solution,” he suggested to Morgan.

“Then I’d keep her on the side, fuck the two queens when you want, get another heir or two, and shuffle off this mortal coil with the reputation of a man and king who knew how to keep two women happy in bed with his royal cock.”

“I just wish they’d invite me to their beds more often,” Hievard groused.

“I might be able to help with that,” Morgan lied.

“You can?”

“Give me some time.”

While Miss Brandywine's was an establishment of good repute and quality whores, it was not the sort of place that especially appealed to Cassandra. She was welcome to peruse the merchandise, but she had one specific goal in mind when she entered the large building.

It took little time to get ahold of Lyhorn. To Cassandra's surprise he was working as a laborer in the bordello. He revealed to her there was surprisingly little demand for an ogre with a monstrously sized cock to fuck men or women of any race.

Cassandra found that to be very sad.

"It's Meira who earns most of our money in the bedroom. I'm usually there for special requests or to put on a show fucking her," he revealed.

"I'd love to fuck the two of you again."

Lyhorn couldn't help the smile that crawled across his broad striped face revealing too many sharp teeth. "I'd like that pleasure as well."

"Can you and Meira meet me back at the tower?"

"We're supposed to charge extra for callouts."

"I'm the city wizard's wife. I can afford it."

"But for you we'll charge nothing."

That was all the invitation that Cassandra needed.

The difficult part of their plan was getting Meira away from the bordello. She had been requested by several clients and when she declined their bookings, they kept pushing the amount they were willing to pay higher and higher. Eventually they got to an amount where Meira was genuinely curious as to why a merchant would pay so much money to have sex with an elf.

The corpulent man had a simple answer. He had money to burn and, “I want to fuck the elf that can take an ogre’s cock. If she can do that, she’ll do anything for me.”

Meira was used to dealing with lascivious customers, but that was a little much for her. She declined the appointment and went to meet Lyhorn and Cassandra.

At the tower she and Cassandra played for Lyhorn’s amusement. They alternated going down on each other and making the other woman cum while Lyhorn had his cock out and slowly masturbated. It was a long and deliberate tease which he loved and they loved doing for him.

“It feels delicious when he shoots his cum all over me,” Meira confided in Cassandra between kisses. They were both on their knees, Meira’s hand between Cassandra’s legs, playing with her cunt while Cassandra focused on sucking the elf’s small tits. Meira didn’t show any special interest in Cassandra’s large tits, but that was fine because she could feel Lyhorn watching their every wobble and bobble. They were kneeling on the bed while Lyhorn stood next to them, absently rubbing his cock. Occasionally they would reach out and stroke him, but not enough to give him any real, long-lasting pleasure.

It was a perfect way to spend the afternoon.

Cassandra suddenly found herself unable to focus and concentrate. Meira’s fingers were too nimble and the elf forced upon Cassandra her fifth orgasm of the day. When the wave of pleasure had passed, Cassandra all but collapsed on the bed, any pretense of trying to keep going with the elf was dropped.

“I’m exhausted. You wore me out.”

Meira laughed and lay down next to her, conscious of Lyhorn’s eyes still upon them. “But I’m not done yet,” she crooned, taking Cassandra’s hand and placing it on her cunt.

“Just give me a minute,” the shapeshifter begged.

“Do you need something extra to revive you?” asked Meira. She had brought along an assortment of substances that would help them go all day and night if the woman wanted. More than anything Meira wanted another opportunity to fuck Morgan again, but she knew she might have to be patient.

Cassandra's eyes popped open. "Maybe. But you can't tell anyone. I've got something special to show you and Lyhorn. Can you two promise to be quiet?"

The elf and ogre exchanged glances and then nodded together.

"You also have to promise not to tell Morgan. This is…well, you'll see."

With some effort and a great deal of reluctance, Cassandra rolled off the bed and stumbled over to the mirror. There was paused and admonished her lovers once again to be quiet. Since the day was waning but the sun had not yet set, she took the extra step of performing the intricate gesture for the windows to darken themselves. After that, it took her a moment to figure out how the gesture was supposed to work on the mirror.

"What are you doing?" Meira asked archly, teasing her friend.

"Shh!" Cassandra admonished her. The room was dark, but they could all see the shimmer as the mirror changed from a reflecting surface to a spying one. The shapeshifter stealthily slipped back into the bed and cozied up to Meira as Lyhorn rested his bulk on the edge of the overstuff mattress.

"What are we seeing?" asked Meira, this time using a softer voice.

"Quiet! They'll hear you. Watch. Wait and see." It only then occurred to Cassandra that they might wind up looking into the king's private bedroom and see nothing more than a bed, expertly made by the palace maids.

It took a moment for their eyes to focus and the image to resolve itself. At first they could just see silhouettes, but then everything snapped into view and the trio could see and heard everything.

Queen Andromache was crouched on the bed on all fours, naked and with a blissful face. She was slightly askew to the mirror, but that was fine because her full breasts were in full view, only her cunt was hidden. It was harder to make out Queen Listrada underneath Andromache's body, but her face was pressed up against the older queen's cunt while her arms were wrapped around the blonde woman's thighs. The sound of a busy tongue transmitted easily along with the soft sighs and moans from Andromache.

"Is that—?" blurted out Meira before being quickly shushed by Cassandra, a

hand thrust across the elf's lips.

"Yes," Cassandra hissed softly. "We can see what they're doing."

"They're fucking is what they're doing," grinned Lyhorn, leaning down to the two women in the bed. "This is wonderful." His voice caused the bed to vibrate slightly; Cassandra hoped none of this gave them away to the queens.

Looking closely at the two sapphic lovers it was obvious that they were too caught up in their own affairs to worry about possibly magical spying.

Andromache was riding Listrada's face, grinding it down now, but not in anger, but in passion. She could barely contain herself and Listrada didn't seem to mind a bit. Her orgasm was loud and explicit.

"Fuck yes!" she all but screamed. "Make! Me! Cum!" Her little scream afterwards let everyone—possibly everyone in the entire kingdom—know that Listrada had just made her cum.

Laughing happily, Andromache slumped to the side and slid down Listrada's body, kissing her along the way. "I love the taste of my cunt on your lips," she confessed to the dark-haired woman.

"Last night you said you loved the taste of Hie's cum in my cunt. Are you a liar?" It wasn't an accusation from Listrada, but a teasing note of affection.

"I love everything about you," said Andromache, kissing her lover again while running her had down her lithe body, pinching the younger woman's nipple, before plunging her hand into her slit, a tight little slit edged ever so daintily by curly jet-black hairs artfully sculpted. "I especially love your cunt. Do you like it when I play with your cunt?"

"Uh-huh," said a mesmerized Listrada.

"Do you like it when I pinch your clit like this?"

Listrada didn't say anything, but just moaned appreciatively.

"Do you like it when I shove my fingers all the way up inside you?"

To this Listrada gasped in surprise and delight. The sounds of Andromache manipulating the other woman's cunt was loud, even through the mirror.

"Uh…uh…uh…yeah." They were almost words and they were good enough for Andromache.

"I'm going to keep going," she promised her lover. "I'm going to keep going until you soak the bed like the little whorish slut that you are."

Listrada now seemed to find her words. "So…so…I can be like you?"

"Yes! So you can be a whorish slut like me!" This seemed to delight Andromache and she began frigging Listrada with all the enthusiasm she could muster. Her whole arm began moving rapidly back and forth with her hand diving into Listrada's cunt not unlike a man fucking her with a cock. There was the sound of flesh slapping on wetly flesh that sounded more violent than pleasurable, but the sounds that the young queen made were all about pleasure.

"You can do it, my love," said Andromache behind gritted teeth. "Just…let yourself go."

Listrada drove her heels into the bed and arched her back, raising her ass of the mattress. Andromache matched her movements and didn't let her escape. From her position on her own bed and peering through the mirror, Cassandra could see Listrada's inner thighs wet with womanly lubrication and felt her own cunt responding in kind to the scene she and her lovers were spying upon.

When it happened, it happened suddenly and was accompanied by a cry from Listrada that sounded more like a woman being tortured to spite her husband. The orgasm ripped through her body, causing her limbs to quiver and a spray of clear fluid to soak the bed between her legs. The orgasm must have been good, Cassandra reflected, because Listrada started crying when it was over. She pulled Andromache to her and kissed her desperately as if greeting a long lost lover.

"I came," she panted. "It hurt, but I came." She began crying in earnest. "And I peed the bed."

Andromache laughed and kissed her back. "No you didn't, my dearest." She brought her drenched fingers to her mouth and sucked one greedily before

offering another to Listrada. “You came. You came like the queen you are. That was girl cum propelled by pent up lust.”

Listrada sucked Andromache’s fingers. “It tastes like me.”

“Of course it does, Lis.” Andromache delved her fingers back into Listrada’s cunt and get them wet again so they could both enjoy the liquid fruits of her hard-won orgasm.

The trio continued to watch in fascination. Cassandra and Meira absently caressed each other as they watched. Lyhorn boldly placed his large hand on Cassandra’s back and let a finger slip between her buttocks. She rather enjoyed the pressure of his middle finger pressed against her tightly puckered anus and was contemplating how bold she was willing to be with this body and how much of a risk it would be to take the ogre’s cock up her ass when the in the mirror shimmered.

Andromache and Listrada were moving; this time Listrada was changing positions so she could get between Andromache’s thighs to further prove her oral skills—which also make Cassandra marvel at the queens wonderfully high libidos—when the lovely image was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of Morgan walking through the mirror.

The two women yelped in terror and Lyhorn bared his teeth at the sudden intrusion and disruption to their entertainment. When they all saw that it was just the wizard returning to his tower they all relaxed.

Seeing his wife naked in bed with her lovers made Morgan’s face sour. He wasn’t upset that she was enjoying carnal pleasures; he was upset that she had excluded him from the fun. And then he realized that all their bodies were aligned for viewing the mirror and not for sex.

“Were you spying on the king?” he demanded of his wife.

“No!” she quickly replied.

“Right, because I was just speaking with him. You were watching his wives.”

Cassandra looked away, unable to come up with an easy lie. “Mayhaps,” she said, revealing the truth.

“You can’t do that!” he told her. “What if you were caught?”

“We weren’t,” Cassandra said lamely.

“I insisted she do it,” Meira said, eager to take the blame for her friend and lover.

“You? How would you even know about this?”

“Cassandra told me because…because Andromache and I used to be lovers and I am still jealous of what she now has. And then we saw the two queens were being intimate and I—”

“And we couldn’t stop watching,” Cassandra interrupted.

Lyhorn grunted in agreement.

Morgan threw up his hands. “Fine. Whatever. The city is going into a moral quandary and there is little I can do about it.”

Cassandra rolled over and displayed her body to her husband. “Then why don’t you come join us and we’ll ride in a demon’s basket all the way to the infernos together.”

“You make a lame argument, wife.”

“It’s the best I can do,” she said with a shrug. “And I just saw Andromache made Listrada cum like a man, soaking her bed. I wanted to see if I could to that to Meira. You’re welcome to watch. Or join,” she said before lowering her dead a bit to catch Meira’s nipple between her lips and suck noisily.

“Devil’s shits, woman,” Morgan complained as he started disrobing. “You make it hard on a man.”

“I’d rather have a hard man,” she said slyly and then shot her glance over to Lyhorn. “Or a hard ogre. I bet your fingers could make me cum hard enough to fill a lake with my cum.”

An impromptu competition was quickly arranged. Lyhorn with Cassandra and Morgan with Meira. The object wasn’t to get the woman to orgasm quickly, but to orgasm with as much girlcum as possible. There was no easy way to measure

the volume of their cum, but that wasn't important. Morgan wasn't worried about Lyhorn's thick fingers giving him an advantage, it was the skill in finding the right spot inside the woman not simply with filling her up with large digits or sex organs.

It was Cassandra who reached the epic peak first, but that was no surprise. It took her quite a bit of effort to get that far and she was accustomed to making herself cum that way when she and Morgan wanted, different body every day or not. Plus, Lyhorn's fingers were much more nimble than they appeared, even as thick as they were. When Morgan asked Meira if she wanted to stop, she was insistent that she wanted to do it.

"Not every woman can," he told her.

"I can!" she insisted.

And so he kept at it. Cassandra and Lyhorn looked on with interest. It was Morgan who had introduced her to this particular way of cumming, which they had discovered together because of his dexterous fingers that were necessary in casting spells. He was certain he could work his magic with any woman.

It took some great effort for her to get there, but once it came, Meira was certain her life had changed. Her legs were coated in her girlcum and the sheets were like a swamp and she was exhausted, but she was happy with herself.

"What…what do you get out of it?" Meira managed to ask Morgan as she listened to the happy applause from Cassandra.

"The satisfaction of a job well done," he said with a sardonic smile. "And a sweet treat." He lifted his fingers to his lips and tasted her cum.

At once his brow furrowed and an intense expression came over his face.

"Something the matter?" asked Meira, upset with his reaction.

"No…just a missing ingredient, I think." He jumped out of the bed and went racing naked out of the room. Meira looked to Cassandra who just gave her a shrug.

"You get used to these things with a wizard."

Lyhorn said, “It must be strange being married to such an…unusual man.” The ogre looked at his lover, an elf, and their current partner, a shapeshifter, and thought that was normal.

A few seconds later Morgan reappeared with a small glass jar and began scraping the clean liquid off Meira’s thighs and cunt.

“What are you doing?” she asked him.

“This is the sort of thing one gets used to,” Cassandra commented.

Morgan glanced at his wife. “I think this might be a missing ingredient from a potion that will cure your curse,” he told her.

Cassandra just laughed at him. She had heard the same words too many times before. “What makes you think that?”

“An old potion master’s guide has an ingredient I translated as essence of elf. I thought that meant either an elf’s soul—hard to distill—or a vital fluid not easily obtained. I wasn’t going to kill an elf to possibly cure you, my love. I do have standards.” He held up the jar and looked at the few drops of precious girlcum he had managed to save. “But this…this I think we can happily do for you.”

To Be Continued

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

Evan's Attraction

A Milky Education 3

"Why don't you fuck her while I suck on her," Bobbi suggested to Evan.

It wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but I was willing to go along with it.

And so was Evan. "Sure!" he said with enthusiasm, standing up and stripping down.

Both Bobbi and I turned out heads to watch him. I wished she had kept sucking on my breast, drinking my milk, but I was willing to make that small sacrifice for what was to come.

It would be over the top to say that Evan had the body of a god, maybe a demi-god at best. Athlete's body with trim, firm muscles that weren't bulging like overfilled water balloons, but were hard and perfectly formed, right down to his washboard abs. His chest was lightly sprinkled with sandy brown hair that matched what was on his head. The wiry hair on his chest tapered to a trail that led down to his cock. By the time he got his pants off his cock was standing at attention and was ready to go. That was good because my pussy was soaking wet and uncomfortably hot. I wanted his cock inside me.

As eager as he was, Evan was still a gentleman—or didn't want to deal with the many side effects of sex—and rolled on a condom before he got on the bed behind me. "Is this okay?" he asked as he put his hands on my upturned ass.

I looked over my shoulder at him. "It's more than okay," I said eagerly. "I want you to do it." I actually pulled away from Bobbi and reached between my legs, searching for his cock. It was resting on my ass, ready to go in, but Evan didn't

move. He wasn’t ready yet.

“Is it okay with you, Bobbi?” Evan asked my roommate/girlfriend/lover/milk beneficiary. He was overly polite now.

Bobbi had removed her hand from between my legs and put it between her own. I could just barely hear her starting to vigorously jill herself as she continued to nurse from my milk-laden tits. I wasn’t overly full. It had just been a few hours since she had last feasted on my tits, but the wonder of lactation was that I was always making more milk.

She pulled her mouth away from my breast. I was so large that she had to push it aside and turn her head to answer Evan. It was a wonder that I didn’t smother her with my big boobs. “Go ahead and fuck her,” she said. “I want to hear her moan while I nurse.”

That was good enough for Evan. He dipped his hips and I guided him in. My pussy was so used to him at that point that I easily accommodated his cock inside me. Once he was in position, he started pounding away. I locked my arms so I wouldn’t collapse on Bobbi and smother her. She kept one hand on the breast she was nursing from and the other between her legs. I sensed she wasn’t going to make herself cum but she wanted to be on edge while on the bottom of our little pleasure pile. I was fine with that.

Between—literally—Bobbi’s mouth and Evan’s cock I was quickly pushed up Mount Climax and was ready to take the leap when Bobbi moved her hand from her pussy to mine. Evan didn’t stop pounding away and she managed to rub my clit while fondling his cock at the same time. That’s was did it for me, not the actual sensations, but the thought of my two lovers showering attention on me. Maybe it was selfish, but that bit of selfishness gave me an incredible orgasm.

It was almost impossible to remain on all fours above Bobbi’s body while I came. Somehow I managed it, but it was almost painful to stay in that position. By the time I was done, Bobbi had stopped nursing from me and was giggling. Evan even stopped fucking me.

“You came,” she accused me.

“Yeah. So?” I wasn’t ready for witty repartee.

“It’s so easy to make you cum, and you’re so beautiful when you’re doing it.” She absently brushed my hair out of my face. My one vanity and sometimes I hated having long hair because it was such a pain in the ass to deal with.

“Yeah,” I said sarcastically. “Beautiful me and my fat ass.”

Bobbi’s brow furrowed in confusion but before she could say anything, Evan brought his hand down sharply on my fat ass hard enough to hurt. It was probably going to leave a bruise in addition to the red mark he had assuredly left behind.

“Hey!” he scolded me. “Quit calling yourself fat. You aren’t some skinny twig, but you’ve got a fantastic fucking body.”

“You think so too?” Bobbi asked him as she wiggled out from under my massive boobs that were threatening to smother her.

“Hell yeah,” said Evan as he slowly started moving inside me again. I felt my eyes roll up into my head. It felt incredibly good. He was going to make me cum again if he kept it up.

Bobbi ran her hand down over my shoulder to my back to my ass and I could feel her eyes staring at Evan’s cock as he continued to rail me. “Me too,” she agreed. “Beautiful with smooth skin and lush curves. I love holding her.” She giggled nervously, but it was fine because Evan quickly agreed with her.

“Me too.” He shifted his grip on my hips and ass. “I’ve been with skinny girls before, but Holly is much more my type.” He paused and then hastily said to Bobbi, “Not that there’s anything wrong with your body.”

An uncomfortable giggle came out of Bobbi’s mouth. “That’s fine. I know what you’re saying.”

“I’m so glad you two can agree that I’m not some unsightly monster,” I said. “But are you going to cum, Evan, or are you going to make me cum again first.”

This time it was Bobbi who spanked my ass; I sort of liked it. “Don’t be rude,” she told me. “But make her cum,” she said to Evan. “She’s beautiful when she cums.”

“Do you want me to cum too?” he asked her as he began fucking me faster.

“If you want,” she said coyly.

And so Bobbi watched as Evan continued to fuck me. I hadn’t come down fully from my previous orgasm, so making me cum was easy.

“Oh god, oh fuck,” I cursed.

“Are you trying not to cum?” Bobbie asked me. “Go ahead and cum. I want to see you cum.”

So I did. With Bobbi encouraging me and Evan fucking me, it was easy and satisfying. But Evan still hadn’t cum once yet.

And then he pulled out of me.

“What the fuck! Keep going. I want to cum again!” Those words just burst out of me. Maybe I was being greedy, but I was still horny as hell.

“You can keep going,” Bobbi told him. “Go ahead.”

I looked over my shoulder at Evan. His condom-covered cock was sticking up above my ass and he had a confused look on his face. “I mean…” he said, unsure of what was going on. “You said you wanted me…uh…you said I was supposed to fuck you both.”

I looked over my other shoulder at Bobbi. That wasn’t exactly the plan. We didn’t have an exact plan. It was just supposed to be a wild morning of sex between three stupid college students.

I couldn’t read the expression on her face. “What do you want to do?” I asked her.

Although Bobbi and I had had sex before, other than that I was certain she was a virgin with men. She was probably a lesbian, based on what she had done with me and what she had said to me. I wouldn’t have blamed her in the least if she stopped everything right then and there.

“I mean…” she started to say. “That’s why you invited him over, right?”

“Yeah, but…do you want him to watch us or do you want to…” I didn’t finish my sentence.

“If it’s good enough for you, it’s good enough for me,” she said. “What’s the easiest way to do this?”

It was disorienting to realize that she was asking what was the best way to lose her virginity.

“Uh…on your back or on your knees, I guess are you options. Do you want to look at him or not?”

“Well, you like to be fucked from behind, right?” she asked me as she changed position on the bed, getting next to me in the position I had taken while Evan had fucked me.

It wouldn’t have been my choice for my first time, but I wasn’t going to second guess Bobbi at that moment. I rolled to my side as Evan moved over and put his hands on her skinny hips. For a guy who professed to loving fat girls, he was awful eager to fuck Bobbi. Maybe it was the variety thing. Maybe he was doing what I thought he wanted. I didn’t know. Even so, I was excited to actually watch him fuck my roommate.

I reached between her legs, found her pussy, and it was soaking wet. If she was uncertain it wasn’t showing. Her body was ready if nothing else. I bent down and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. “I’ll help,” I told her as I grabbed Evan’s cock.

“What are you doing?”

“Guiding you in.” He probably didn’t need the help, but I wasn’t going to let them fuck without my help. Since he was already kneeling behind her there wasn’t much for me to do. His cock was still slick with my pussy juices and Bobbi was ready for it. She gasped once as the head parted her lips and then she moaned deeply as he slowly pushed all the way in.

“You okay?” I asked her as I let go of Evan’s cock.

The expression on her face swung back and forth between confused and ecstatic. “Okay, it’s not what I expected.”

“Can I?” asked Evan. He didn’t wait for permission; he just started thrusting away, but slowly.

“Okay,” Bobbi breathed out. She grinned at me. “It’s not bad at all.”

I couldn’t help myself and I gave her another little kiss before reaching down between her legs and feeling Evan’s cock going into her pussy. I wanted everything to be perfect for her so I found her clit and gently rubbed it. “You like this?”

“Uh-huh.”

The first time I had sex with a guy—with anyone—it was moderately bad. It wasn’t terrible, but I wanted it to be fantastic. It wasn’t. He got on top of me and shoved it in and banged away until he came. It sort of felt good, but I didn’t cum. I had to go home afterwards and jill off to get the relief I wanted. In comparing first time PIV sex, Bobbi definitely had it better than me. I put my hand on top of hers and she looked at me and turned her head for a kiss before squeezing her eyes tightly shut and cumming.

“I came,” she announced with satisfaction. I was familiar with her orgasms and new Evan hadn’t shaken the Earth for her, but it had been a good effort on his part.

“Good!” I said brightly, kissing her, before I pulled back a bit and watched as Evan’s face screwed up into a mask of pain. His fingers tightly gripped her hips and held her in place as he finished too. Evan announced his orgasm with a deep sigh, releasing his breath and slamming his cock into her one last time.

“Goddamn!” he managed to say as he came.

“Is…is that it?” asked Bobbi, a little confused as to the abrupt end of it.

“For right now,” Evan answered as he eased his cock out of her and slowly collapsed his body to the now very crowded bed.

“I think I was expecting something more,” Bobbi said, a little sad and a little disappointed. I think she was really expecting the Earth to shake underneath her.

“The first time isn’t always the best,” I consoled her, but I was actually jealous.

Her first time with a cock was much better than my first time with a cock.

“It was…it was okay,” she said. Maybe she was just being polite to Evan.

“I can make it better, I bet,” I told her as I got off the bed and rolled her from her hands and knees to her back. It didn’t take much for her to figure out what I was doing. Opening up her legs, I looked at her pussy where Evan’s cock had recently been. She looked a little red and swollen, but that was also a normal sign of her excitement. With her fair skin and low body fat, any swelling or redness to any part of her body was obvious. The important thing was that she was wet— exceedingly wet—and I could see her engorged clit sticking out at the apex of her slit.

I could feel two sets of eyes on me as I lowered my face to Bobbi’s pretty pussy and licked her from her taint to her clit, sucking a little on that tiny nub of sensitive flesh before releasing it. She shivered from my treatment. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Evan slipping the condom off his cock while closely watching us.

“You like that?” I asked her and then immediately set to eating her pussy, not giving her a chance to answer me. She inhaled sharply and shivered again. Maybe she had a little orgasm from Evan’s cock, but I was going to give her a fantastic one with my mouth.

Bobbi’s eyes fluttered shut and I knew that Evan was intently watching me. He moved around a little as I really began working hard on Bobbi’s clit and pussy. I even slipped a couple of fingers up inside her, searching for that little spot behind her pubic bone that would made her cum if I rubbed it just right.

I lost myself in her sex. The scent and the taste were irresistible and knowing that Evan had been inside her just moments earlier made me want to make her cum like never before.

Everything was perfect. Bobbi was writhing around and I knew she was going to cum, when I felt Evan’s hands on me. I was kneeling with my ass in the air on the edge of the bed. Evan was standing on the floor and either he wanted to prove something or he was just horny.

If nothing else he was horny because I felt his cock between my legs and then it was up inside my pussy. It wasn’t distracting to eat pussy and get fucked at the

same time; it was just a little different than what I was used to. I must have momentarily paused because I was looking up at Bobbi over the tiny swell of her barely there tits when she opened her eyes.

“What’s the matter?” she asked me.

I lifted my face from her pussy. “Nothing,” I told her. “Evan’s fucking me.”

“I can see that.”

And that was the end of that conversation. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back. I reapplied myself to her pussy. Evan slowly and steadily started fucking me.

I curled my middle finger up inside Bobbi and she announced her orgasm with a high pitched whine and a little gush of liquid from her pussy. I lapped it up, not knowing what else to do and laid my head on her thigh as Evan continued to pump away. It didn’t take me much longer to cum. My body clenched up and there was the lovely release of everything as Evan had his way with me.

“Are you going to cum again?” I asked him, twisting my head around.

He shook his head and pulled out of me. “No. Not yet.” His grin was definitely the shit-eating sort. “I want to savor this.”

“I bet you do,” I said as I crawled up on the bed and flopped next to Bobbi. “But I need a break.” I cuddled up next to my girlfriend while Evan slowly eased himself onto the bed on her other side, making us the bread in a Bobbi sandwich.

Automatically my hand went to Bobbi’s breast. I liked holding her tiny tits, fondling the little nipples she sported. I wasn’t doing much of anything but after a minute Bobbi almost whined, “You guys have got to stop that.”

“Stop what?” I asked innocently and opened my eyes. My glance to her chest showed that while I was playing with her right breast, Evan was playing with her left. She was probably more fired up than she wanted to be.

“Stop playing with my tits.”

She didn’t sound like she wanted me to stop. I couldn’t help myself. I wanted to

keep things going. “Okay, how about I play with your pussy?” I took my hand from her breast and moved it down to her pussy. There was a brief attempt at closing her thighs and keeping me out, but she wanted it more than she wanted to admit out loud. Once my hand curled around her thigh, she parted her legs and I slipped a pair of fingers up inside of her. Apparently torturing my lovers was something that I liked because I found myself lowering my mouth to her tit and sucking it, rolling the little nipple between my teeth and gently nipping it.

Bobbi groaned in frustration. She was loving it, I was sure.

Evan joined me in sucking on her other tit and we glanced at each other over Bobbi’s chest. I broke my latch on her and kissed Evan on the cheek. He turned his head and we kissed for a moment, giving Bobbi a moment’s respite.

“Do you want to cum again?” I asked her, wiggling my fingers inside her pussy.

“Uh-huh,” she panted.

“Let’s see what we can do,” I said and nodded at Evan. He put his mouth back on her breast and I did the same while manipulating her pussy. It didn’t take long before Bobbi essentially did a back bridge as she came, once again giving off her whining cry of passion.

“I love making you cum,” I told Bobbi. She just nodded. Maybe she was a well-conditioned athlete, but she was soaked with sweat and exhausted.

“I just need a moment,” she panted. A second later she passed out…or maybe she just went to sleep. I don’t know.

“It’s crowded,” I said and struggled out of Bobbi’s bed, staggering over to my own. Evan didn’t move. From across the room they looked perfect together, two beautiful people with perfect bodies. I was jealous. But I still wanted Evan to fuck me.

And I must have drifted off to sleep, because the next thing I knew it was hours later, judging by the angle of the sunlight slipping between the blinds, and Evan was getting into bed with me.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey.” I kissed him, He was still naked, but so was I. Automatically, my hand reached for his cock.

“Hey!” he said, slightly alarmed at my aggressiveness.

“I’m still horny,” I explained. He wasn’t hard. Not yet.

“Are you hungry?” Bobbi asked. She was standing naked in the middle of the floor, stretching toward the ceiling like she often did before a run. Her body was perfect.

“Yeah, I haven’t had breakfast or anything yet.” It was close to noon.

“Can you wait a minute or two?” she asked as she finished stretching and knelt down next to my bed. “I’m pretty sure you’re full again.” Her mouth went to my breast and she latched on to the nipple. As usual my milk let down right away and I sighed pleasantly.

Feeding Bobbi was natural to me. When Evan latched on to my other breasts and started feeding, I realized that maybe breast feeding was perfectly natural, but with two lovers it was incredibly erotic and sexy at the same time.

I didn’t need either of my lovers to touch my pussy. I had three pleasant little orgasms only from my tits.

“Too much,” I said. “Too much.” I pushed them away. But it was fine. We needed showers and food.

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