

CHAPTER 6



HEATH

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Illustrations by Eronautics

Written by RawlyRawls

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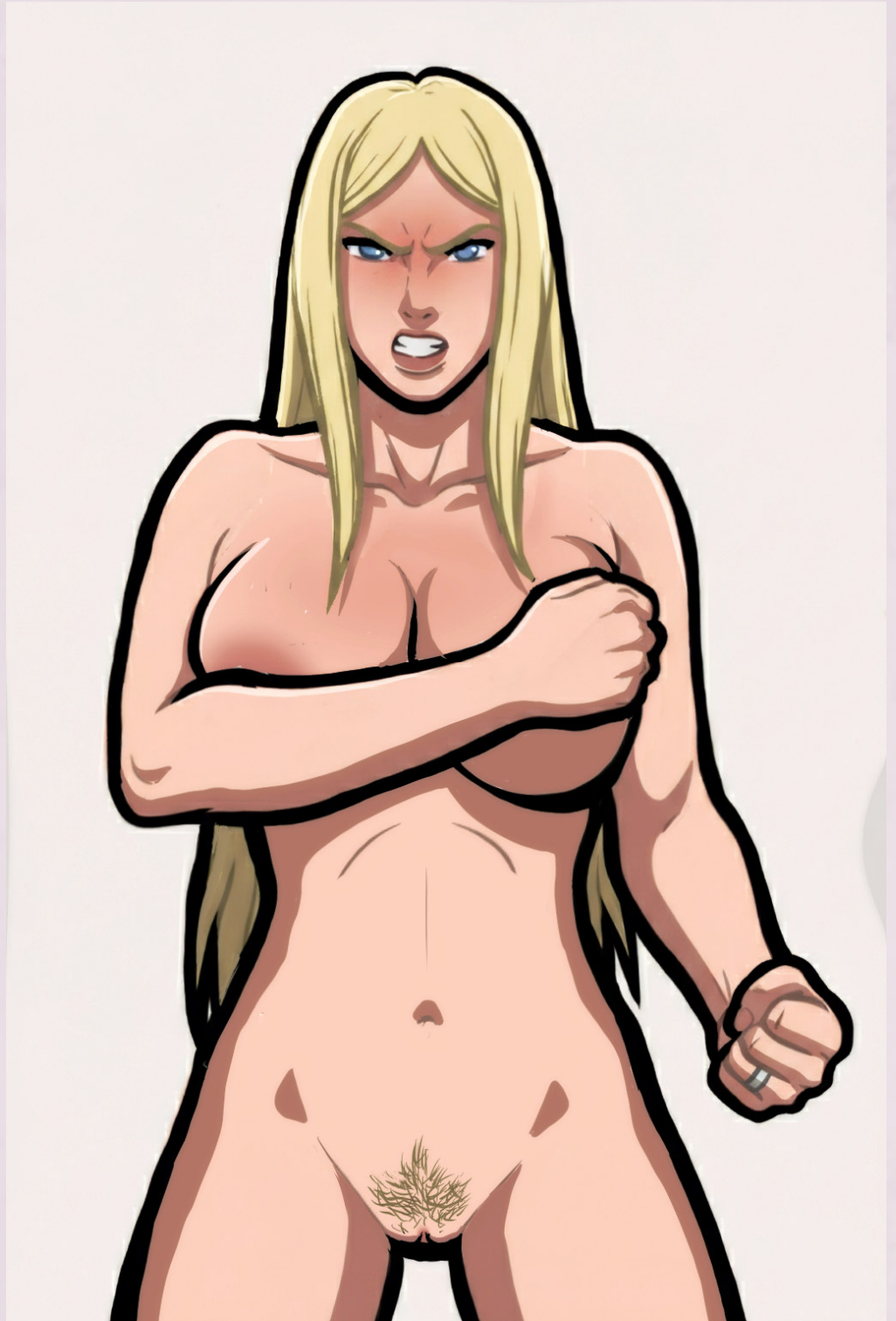
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"We are never going to couple like they asked." Lady Rachel's face twisted in disgust as she paced the room. They were still naked, and she held an arm over her breasts, but found it too difficult to continue covering the triangle of hair between her legs. "And even if I was somehow pregnant ... from your father ... from before he ... we would also never give these creatures a baby." Her face morphed from the soft lines of disgust to the hard lines of rage. "To ask such a thing ... who are these monsters?"

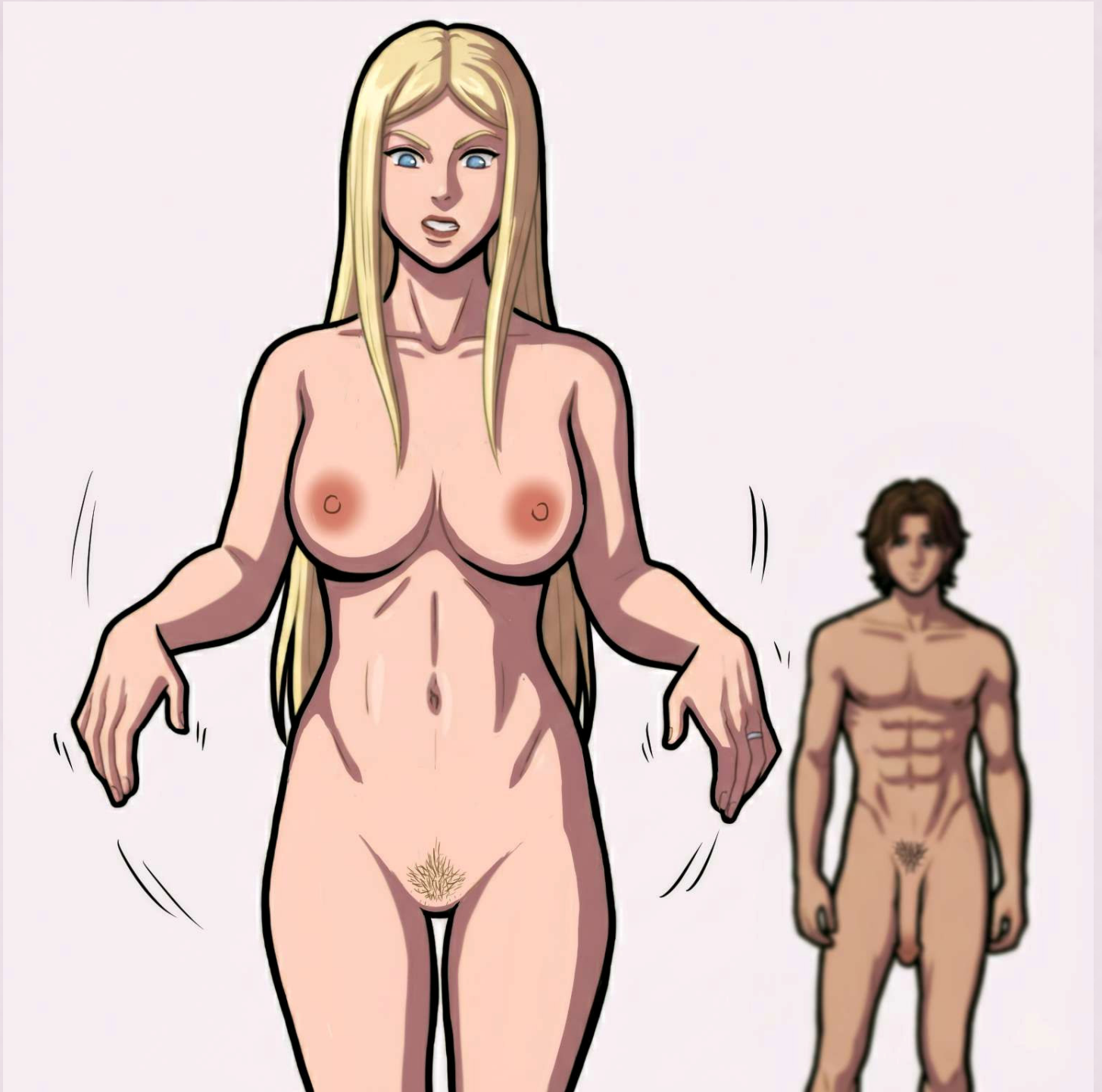
"The fae." Philip watched his mother's face turn crimson with anger. He noticed that her chest and cleavage blushed, too. That was a surprise. He thought maybe she didn't get angry enough for him to have noticed before. Or maybe she was usually clothed when it happened. He quickly looked away. There wasn't anything in the spartan room to cover his penis with if it became engorged. So, he needed to keep it soft. He thought about all his lost loved ones. That was ice to his organ. "I can see that was a rhetorical question. I just ... our fates have changed so dramatically in so short a time."

Rachel's face softened a little. "We are alive. We will figure our way out of this." She studied her son. At eighteen, he was a man, but he still looked so fragile to her eyes. Did he have the strength for what lay ahead? "Magic won't work on these creatures. I doubt violence will earn our freedom. That leaves ...?"

"Argument. We must convince them to set us free." He rubbed his chin. "There are two options for changing a mind: trust or coercion," he recited from his lessons. "The Count seeks trust if possible."



"I'm not sure how to get through to these creatures. They seem ... like they have their own reality." Rachel's arm was getting tired. She turned her back to him, shook out her hands, and hugged her breasts with her other arm. "I'll pretend to be our captor, Thistle, as best I can, you work on arguments that might win our freedom."



Mother and son spent hours working their way through ways to earn the trust of fae.

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“Greetings, Count and non-noble woman.” Thistle walked into the prisoner’s cell carrying a tray of food. “Have you started mating yet? The sooner you do, the sooner we release you. It takes more than five months to gestate your gift to us, so I hope you haven’t delayed the act.”

“I am the Feme Covert. I have a title.” Rachel had been sitting on the bed. She stood, still cradling her bosom. “And it takes nine months for a woman to grow a baby inside her. I surmised you were the human expert. Where did you get your facts?”

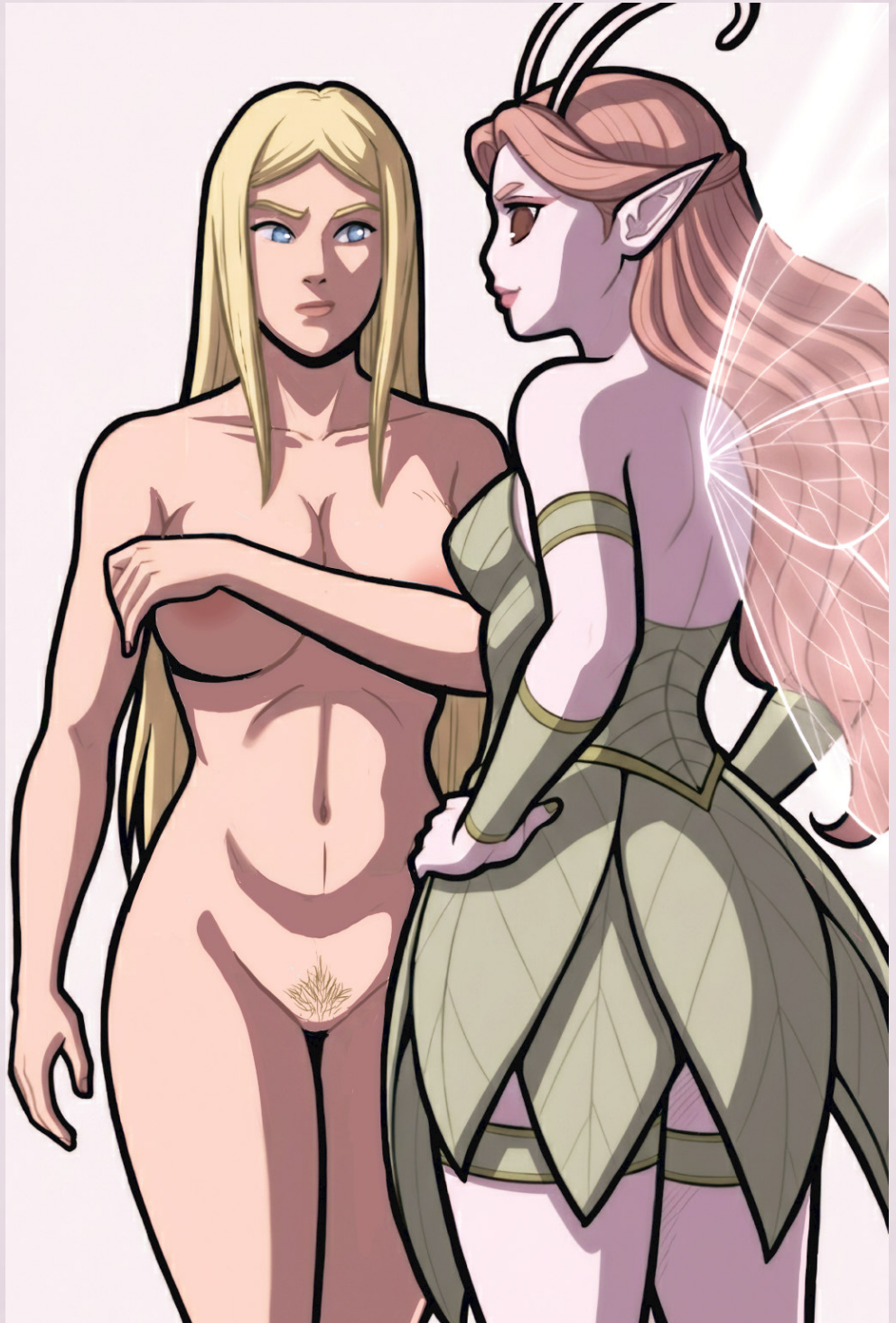
“I lived among humans for a time.” Thistle smiled. “But there’s always more to learn.” She made a stark-white table rise from the floor and placed the food on it. “Fae don’t obfuscate like humans. It confused us when you don’t answer questions.” She eyed Rachel. “Have you started mating?”

“I already had a child. This is my son.” Rachel waved her free hand at Philip. “I’m certainly not going to mate with him. That is verboten in my culture. And ... as a mother ... I can’t imagine any culture where it would be accepted.”

“Humans do have a hard time understanding a faerie point of view.” Thistle laughed and walked up to Rachel, making a show of assessing the woman’s hips and breasts. “You appear to be in excellent shape for breeding. And we have no other humans for you.” She looked at Philip. “If you’re anything like our males, all you can think about is procreation. They’re really only good for that one thing.”

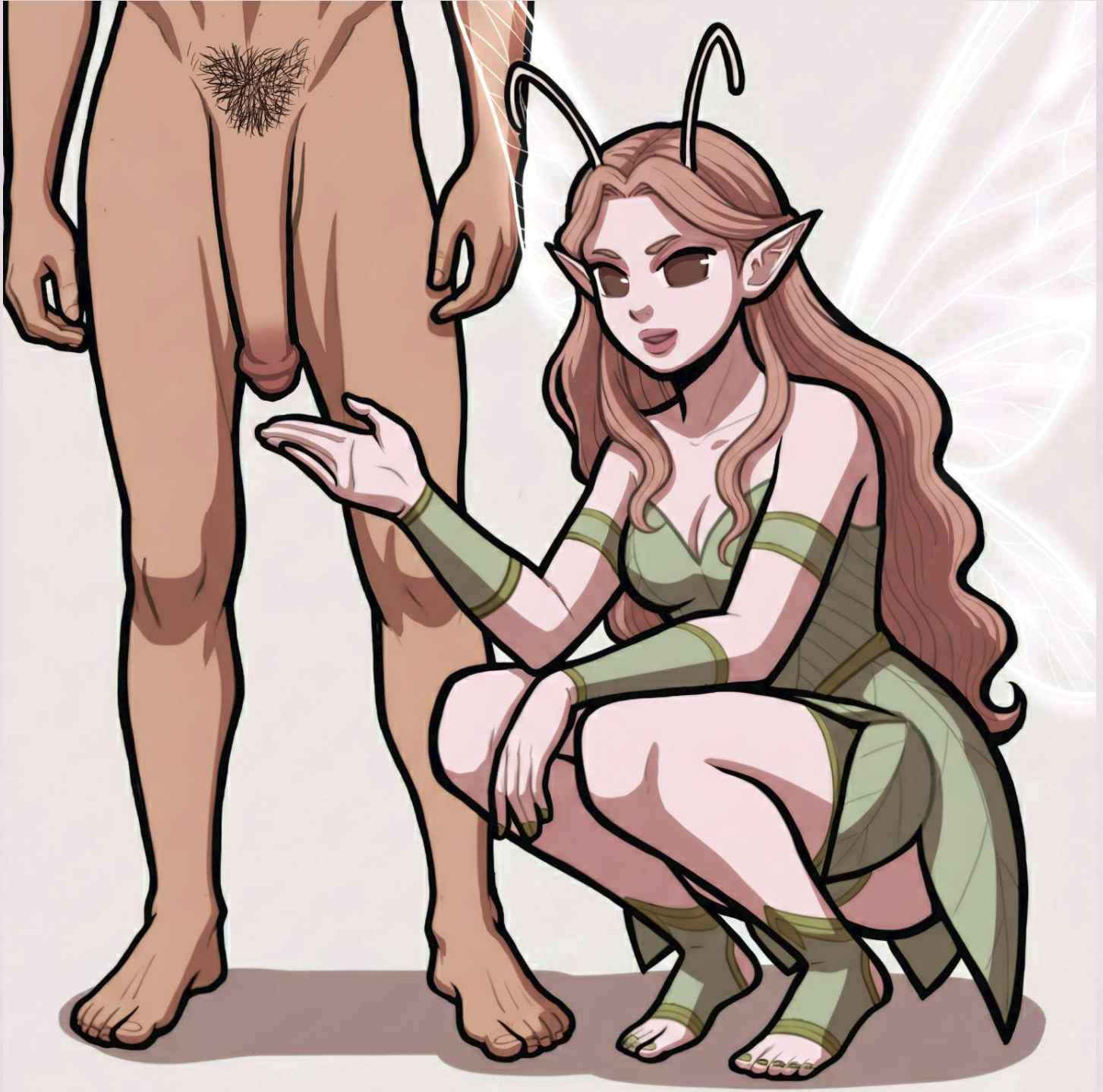
“Even if you had another mate for me, I would refuse.” Rachel added a second arm to her first, crossing them over her chest with finality. “A baby isn’t a something to be offered to another as a gift. It is a blessing to be cherished.”

“Oh, we would cherish it. Perhaps someday you’ll see the court’s goblin child. She’s well cared for.” Thistle’s smile faded. “You really mean to deny us?”



“It would be in your best interest just to let us go.” Philip stood, walked over to his mother, and folded his arms next to her. “We’re of no use to you.”

Thistle moved her attention from Rachel’s body to Philip’s. Her eyes went round as she ogled his long, dangling penis. “I have only seen one other human cock. It lacked the gravitas of yours. Was he the outlier, or are you? Certainly, this is a tool made for mating. Why dismiss this, Feme Covert?”



“Well, I ... um ... well ...” Philip faltered. The faerie was a little uncanny looking, but pretty in her own way. He thought she was complimenting him, and it made his dick stir ever so slightly. He turned his thoughts to the loss of Gwendolen. That prevented it from rising.

“They come in all shapes. It’s not the size that matters, it’s the skill of the one wielding it.” Rachel’s face and chest turned crimson again. “If you’re not going to free us, you can leave us in peace.”

“The flower is reborn each spring.” Thistle turned, jumped into the air, and fluttered out of the room. The doorway closed behind her, leaving no trace of her exit. Just an unblemished alabaster wall.

“What if we just ...?” Philip’s cock lurched again at the thought. He glanced at his mother’s delicate shoulder and her cleavage.

“Don’t even think it. We’ll find a way out of this.” She turned and looked away from her son, not able to meet his eye. She hoped he wasn’t staring at her butt.

Philip stared at his mother’s perfect ass.

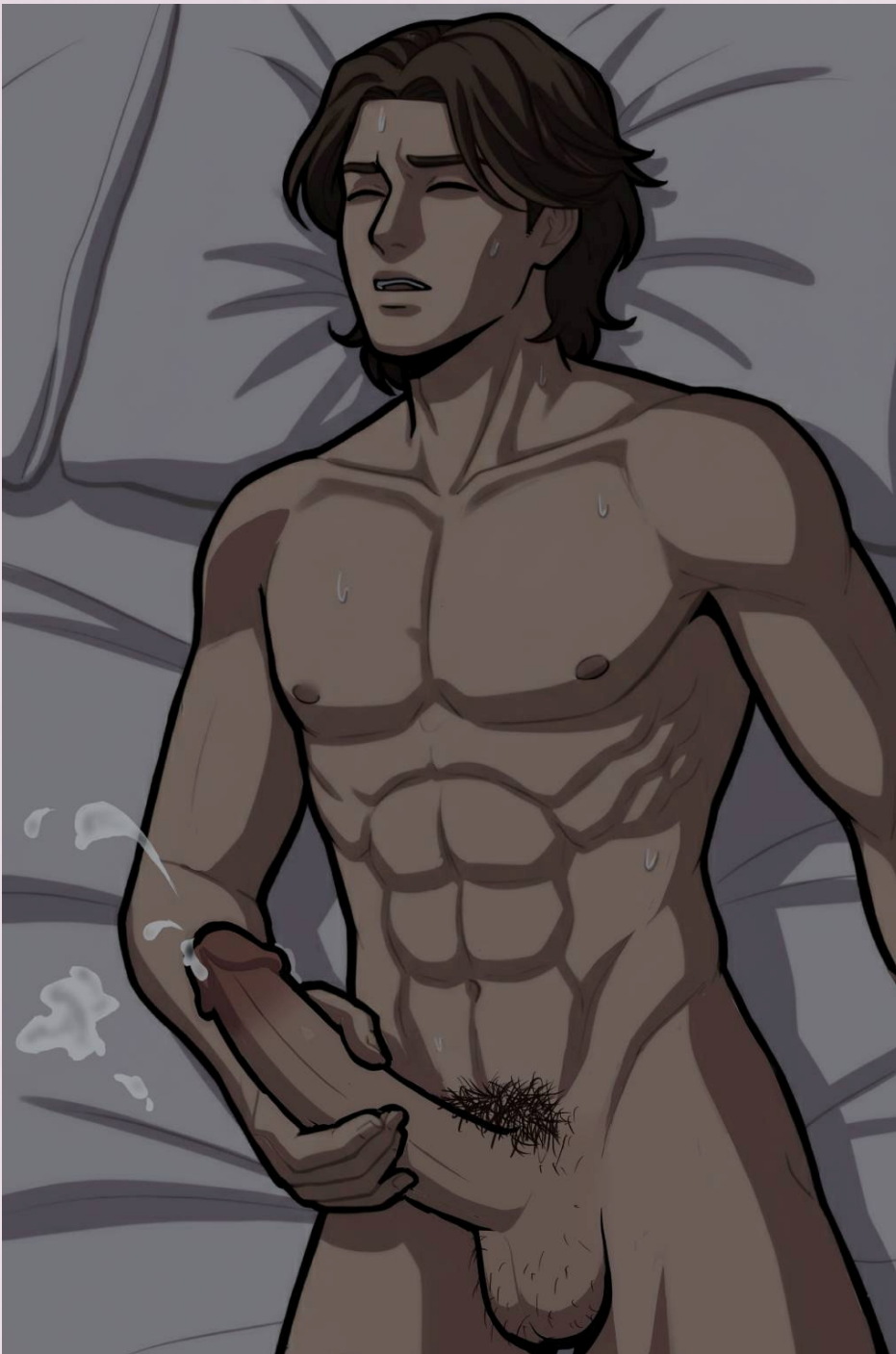
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After a time, the lights dimmed in the room. Mother and son lay on the bed. Rachel, exhausted, quickly drifted off to sleep.

Dreams didn't come for Philip. Or if they did, it was the waking variety. He scooted to the edge of the bed. His mother was sleeping on her side, the soft undulations from her waist to hip to ass clearly visible in the gloom. He stared at her. If she was sleeping, he didn't need to fight his erection anymore. He let it arrive. Time passed. His hand found his cock and stroked slowly, aware that he was breathing hard and it would be obvious what he was doing should she awake. He closed his eyes and thought of the good times with Gwendolen. That was too painful. He opened his eyes and focused on the present. The flare from waist to hip made him feel out of control. His pumping hand sped up.





What if his mother changed her mind about the fae demands? *Would I mate her?* To his shame, he knew he would. Even with this mortification at his own thoughts, it was a relief to surrender to pleasure and let the horror of the recent past fall from his mind. He stared at her ass and thought about what it would look like rippling. He wondered if she would be fond of anal sex the way Gwendolen was. Although, that didn't make any sense because the fae wanted him to breed his mother, not pleasure her. At that thought, his orgasm was upon him. "Uuuuggghhhhhh." He spasmed and shot his load on the strange bed.

Only as his cum was cooling in the space between them did it occur to Philip that he didn't have any way to clean it up. There was no cloth in the room. No clothes. No sheets. Guilt seized him, clenching his stomach with an icy fist. *If she finds my seed, I'll tell her I was asleep. Teenagers are well known for gushing dreams.* His mother had lost everything. He had lost everything. And here he was lusting for the last woman that should be the subject of those feelings. As he drifted off to sleep, he told himself that he was confused by everything that had happened. The circumstances forgave him. He tried to do the same.

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“That was clever, having the dryad make an aircraft for your whore and brat.” Lady Rezzle leaned against the wall of the count’s cell. Two guards stood just inside the doorway, swords drawn.

“They survived?” Breddex couldn’t believe the good news. He sat on his cot, his clothes in tatters. He literally couldn’t believe it. Rezzle wouldn’t tell him if they had escaped. “Is this some new form of torture?” The floating torture orb was noticeably absent.



"Oh, I didn't say they survived." Rezzle cackled. "We sent a party after them. It seems they were foolish enough to eat the baladeen berries. The rhaveneen got to them before we could." She shook her head slowly. "Don't look so relieved. That is a death sentence. In the thousand years we tended to the heath, the rhaveneen have taken countless elves. Do you know how many have returned?" She winked at him and held up her thumb and forefinger to make a circle. "Zero."

That doesn't mean they're dead. He could live with that level of hope. "What of the dryad?"

"Foolishly, she stayed back and was burned to nothingness by a great fire. You are the last survivor." Rezzle turned to go, but stopped in the doorway and looked back. "And I do not think you will continue on much longer." She left with the guards.



Breddex sat and stared at the heavy door where Rezzle had exited. The emperor's betrayal was nearly total. But he would cling to the little bit of hope there was. He was too weak to pace the room, so he sat and gazed at the grain of the door. He wasn't sure how long that lasted. But after what felt like an eon, the door burst open.



"I'm sorry it took me so long to find you. They had hidden your location with magic. A strange tactic given their victory, but maybe they were worried about me." Grom bowed to his count. He stood, wiped his bloody sword on a borrowed piece of cloth, and tossed the cloth away. "Now we must waste no time in escaping."

"Master Grom." Seeing his old friend returned strength to Breddex's limbs. He stood, only wavering a little. "How many survivors?"

Grom's goblin face fell. "You are the first I've found. We really must go. I have a sword for you in the hall."

Count Breddex thought this over. He stepped over to his friend, reached down, and patted him on his small, brawny shoulder. "I'm too large and weak to escape this place. But you seem to have the strength and size to slip away. Go find Rachel and Philip. They escaped on some sort of flying machine."

"I had heard rumors ..." Grom rubbed his chin. "But my duty is to get you to safety."

"Your duty is to follow my orders." Breddex's voice carried the icy sting of command.

“Yes, My Lord.” Grom dropped to one knee. “I swear I will find them and protect them.”

“I know you will. That makes the next part of this easier for me.” Breddex stepped out into the hall. There were two decapitated guards lying next to their heads. On the other side of the torchlit space there was a package of rolled canvas.



“You’ll be wanting your sword, I trust?” Grom walked out into the hall and carefully unwound the cloth, revealing a gleaming broadsword. He glanced at it and then took in the sight of Breddex. “Will you have enough energy to swing it? We could grab one of those elf swords.” He didn’t like that plan. He had been hauling this giant sword for hours, but he wanted what was best for his count.

“I will find the energy.” Breddex picked up the sword and rested the flat of it on his shoulder. “Go now, Master Grom. You have work to do.”

“Yes, My Lord.” Grom bowed one more time. “It’s been an honor.”

“It has.” Breddex nodded and watched the goblin run down the hall. He turned the opposite way and trudged toward his destination.