



raughty Negotiations A Whore Store Prequel

The Bent Nail was usually bustling with activity, but tonight there were only a handful of the regular lushes milling about the scattered tables along with a few rough-looking customers seated in the shadowed corners.

Rickard raised his mug and took a swig of the ale. It was the cheapest the bar had. A horrid tasting swill that smelled as bad as it tasted, but Sir Rickard Grey was nothing if not frugal and saw no point in spending good coin, well, on anything really, but now with the general downturn in business in the city he was especially loathe to do so.

The ports were slow. A recent uptick in pirate raids along the coast, an unusually high number of storms for this time of year, and a tariff change had caused many ships and merchants to skirt Telock, which was having a trickle-down effect on all the businesses in the city.

Still, Rickard knew when to look for opportunities and was pretty positive he had found one, as Onkwald's proposal had the enticing clink of gold knocking about in his brain.

Onkwald was one of his merchant contacts and Rickard had long been providing his cheap potions and elixirs to the pigman merchant who then traveled the surrounding lands to sell his wares in the smaller villages and towns. Which Rickard had long suspected made the porcine trader a tidy profit.

"It's a shit state of affairs, Onkwald." Rickard belched—the foul smell wafting past his missing teeth. The pigman sitting on the other side of the table didn't seem to mind the smell, if he even noticed, and lifted his mug too, spilling a bit of ale on his tunic. His clothes were once quite expensive, but old stains and rough patches were clear on each article the foppish oaf wore.

"Sounds like it. ****oink****" Onkwald's tongue slurped out to lap the froth on his bulbous lips. "Business is booming in the outlying towns though. You are making an excellent decision." He affirmed, looking over the sales contract on the table once more.

"Don't I always?" Rickard's said. His mouth scrunched up in a stupid grin and one of his few remaining teeth poked free, making his already ugly face even more hideous. "But I'm not ready to sign just yet."

Onkwald nodded in agreement, took another drink from his mug, and then waved for Rickard to continue reading.

A flash of lightning illuminated the dirt-stained windows, and seconds later, a crack of thunder followed. The booming vibrations echoing from the night sky set the room shaking and the bottles of liquor rattled on the wall behind the bar. A few of the inebriated drunks blinked out of their stupor and glanced about. More concerned about the possibility of the bottles of booze or their half-empty drinks crashing to the floor than any instinct of self-preservation. Seeing the precious liquids safe and secure, all quickly returned their attention to their libations.

Outside, the heavens opened with a deluge of rain. Half a minute later, the tavern door swung open and a buxom purple-skinned elf, her long white hair dripping with rainwater, dashed inside. She let out a long sigh and flicked her arms, shaking off water droplets while she scanned the room. Her piercing gaze settling on Rickard and with a resigned expression, she sauntered over to their table.

"Finished sucking all them cocks already, Syx?" Rickard boggled.

"Yes, Master," Syx replied.

"Hey, why are you all sweaty? No one paid to fuck you. Were you giving freebies out there again?!"

"No, Master Rickard. It's pouring with rain." Syx said. Her tone more chilly than the water dripping off her massive tits.

"It is?" Rickard glanced over his shoulder at the window and inclement weather. "Huh, wouldja look at that. Well, you better stay in here till it clears up."

"That's..." Syx blinked in confusion, "very considerate of you."

"Yeah! Think, Syx! Nobody's gonna want to stand in the rain while they get their dick sucked."

"Right," Syx narrowed her eyes. "Silly me."

"Well, you're definitely dopey, I'll give you that." Rickard said. He turned his attention away and back to the contract on the table. "Now just sit down and be quiet. Men are doing business, and I don't need your endless yammering distracting me as I read over this again."

Syx rolled her eyes. She had just turned to find a chair, preferably as far away from the table as possible, when a large, calloused hand gripped her at the elbow. With a forceful tug, she fell backward, straight into Onkwald's lap. The pigman's other hand snaked out faster than the lightning outside to hold her waist.

"No need to wander off, my dear. ****oink**** Plenty of room right here." Onkwald said, sliding one hand onto her thigh and the other under her massive breasts, so his forearm became a makeshift shelf for the heavy orbs.

"Oh, uh, it's fine, Mr. Onkwald. I wouldn't want to trouble you." Syx gave a considerably less than sincere smile and wriggled to free herself from the pigman's powerful grip.

"Nah. No trouble at all, Syx." Onkwald insisted as his hands explored her toned stomach and firm thighs. Squeezing and fondling away.

"You are too kind but, uh... I'm all wet," Syx said, hoping he would care more about his slightly damp clothes than continuing with his fondling of her body.

"Are you now?" Onkwald grinned and, snuffing his piggish nose to her neck, whispered into her ear. "I think I should check for myself. ****oink****"

His powerful hand, already squeezing high up her inner thigh, reached under Syx's sheer silky purple loin-cloth and homed in on her puffy pussy lips.

Syx jumped in his grip as he pressed against her folds and began probing at her with a finger the size of a human cock.

Of course, as well-trained as it was, her traitorous body responded as it always did. Syx's folds slickened, flushed with greedy need.

"Humm. You weren't lying," Onkwald chuckled into her ear as her now plump pussy parted, eager to accept the invading digit. His tongue flicked at her earlobe while he sank his middle finger up to the second knuckle. No longer satisfied, simply running his other hand over her stomach and waist, he slid it across her body until he was cupping and lifting her breast. Squishing and kneading the soft, yielding flesh.

Syx bit her lip and stifled a groan as the pigman began finger fucking her in earnest. She glanced to Rickard, who was either ignorant of her plight or simply ignored it, engrossed as he was with whatever business contract Onkwald had presented him with.

Should she say something? Complain to her 'Master'? Was there even any point in doing so? He would most likely chastise her and then make her beg Onkwald for forgiveness. Which would end up with the pigman merchant doing much more than he was now.

In the very slim chance that Rickard took her side and demanded that Onkwald pay for her sexual favors, she was sure the then-irate pigman would take out his displeasure of being called out by her with a very rough and degrading tumble.

Flustrated but with little other choice, Syx merely pouted as the pigman hefted and dropped her tit while he crammed her slick snatch.

To slow down his invading digit, Syx tried to squeeze her legs together. Perhaps taking it as a personal challenge, or thinking she was more turned on than she was, Onkwald paused in his thrusting and squirmed his index finger next to his middle. Syx instantly recognized his intent and reached down, pushing on the pigman's wrist futility. "Mr. Onkwald, please—"

"Don't worry, Syx," Onkwald didn't let her finish. "I'm not taking it out. In fact, ****oink oink**** how about we stretch you out some more, hmm?" He whispered and proceeded to squeeze both cock sized digits into her.

Syx let out a gasp then moaned as he wriggled and hooked his fingers. Flattening his large palm against her cunt with wet slaps, he got to finger-blasting her pussy even harder. His large hand easily preventing her from closing her thighs any further. Instead, the movement forced them wider and granted him further access to her greedy, finger-sucking snatch.

"That's showing her the stuff," a gruff voice said and both Syx and Onkwald looked over to find two orcs, grinning at her from a nearby table. It was clear they were enjoying the show as they watched the pigman friggng off the elf. One even tipped his mug in appreciation.



As if merely sensing the possibility of making coin, Rickard's head popped up from his intense studying of the contract. He leaned over to glance at Syx's squelching finger-stuffed pussy, the pair of orcs, and then out the window at the rain. He paused, face scrunched in thought, then shouted across the room to the tavern owner working behind the bar.

"Hey, Baxter! You don't mind if Syx does some business in here tonight, right?"

"Sure, but it is the same deal as before." Baxter said shrugging his broad shoulders as he wiped the bar. The burly man had been a soldier-of-fortune in his younger days and his thick build showed he still had plenty of power hidden behind a bit of the gut that had come with age. "If you want to trick your whore in my tavern, I expect a cut. Otherwise, take it outside."

"Ah come on buddy, look how quiet it is in here tonight."

"Take it or leave it, Rick. You know my price. Or.." The burly man tossed the cleaning rag over his shoulder and thumbed a finger toward the door.

"You're a real asshole, you know that, Baxter?"

"Just for that, I'm taking Syx for a full hour when I close up. Two, if you expect her to pay for your tab tonight. Which I know you will."

"Fine," Rickard said. He grumbled, sucking on his teeth like a petulant child. "Bring us another round then, ya cheapskate."

Baxter merely nodded and set off to grab some more of his low-cost rotgut as Rickard spun toward the orcs, who were already smirking and counting coins.

"So, what do you think, boys?" Rickard said. He pointed at Syx's now spread legs as Onkwald aimed her cunt in their direction and made a show of fingering her fuck-box, slapping out a steady *plap, slap, slap* rhythm that had Syx clawing at his arms and moaning loudly. The grinning orcs climbed to their feet, holding out a coin pouch.

"Can we get a two-on-one discount?"



Onkwald rubbed at his shaved but still stubbled chin while eyeing the purple-skinned elf. The orcs now had her bent over by their table, working her trade. Her grunts mixing with theirs as they spit-roasted the buxom beauty. The one sliding in and out of her from behind released his grip on her hips and took hold of her arms, pulling them back like wheelbarrow handles.

She let out a little whine of protest, but neither orc seemed to notice, or simply didn't care. The one she was servicing with her mouth gathered her ponytail into a handle of his own. Keeping her hair bunched in a tight knuckled grip, he leaned back, clearly delighted in watching his warty green cock disappear down her throat.

Spittle and thick pre-cum smeared her face and lips as he pulled her head off his dick. He slapped his meat over her face cruelly as she coughed and gasped for breath. Rubbing his cock back and forth before he pressed it back into her mouth. The pussy pumper hadn't slowed his brutal thrusts, either. From the way Syx's legs were shaking, he was smashing her love button just right, and at any moment, he would wrench out an unwanted orgasm from the elf slut.

Onkwald liked to think he was mostly responsible for that. After all, she had been damn close to creaming over his palm before Rickard and the orcs had agreed on a price. It was much cheaper than he was expecting Rickard to charge the two green-skinned youths, but he supposed she wouldn't be doing much more business tonight, besides working off their bar tab with Baxter.

Onkwald loved making Syx cum. He delighted in watching her eyes roll back in the moments before the wave crashed over her. The way she shook and trembled. Then came the quick grunts, and the full-body butterfly flutters that raced over her skin. Oh, and the way her cunt, ass, or throat squeezed down not only at the moment of orgasm but for long, long minutes afterward. She'd go limp, as if every orifice of hers stole the strength from her limbs in a desperate attempt to thank whatever had bought her such pleasure. Each of her holes easily quadrupling their already amazing sucking and milking prowess to return the favor. The feeling was beyond heavenly.

Syx's panting gasps grew more desperate, her head trying to escape the forceful grip of the orc, rubbing his dick over her face. Pulled back by her arms, she cried out as her body went rigid, her mouth going wide. Onkwald saw her orgasm moments away and rubbed at his stiffening crotch.

Perhaps the orc at her face noticed it too, because he pushed himself balls deep into her throat, hunching over her face and bottoming out in her gullet. With hard, short thrusts, he set to ruining her orgasmic bliss by choke-fucking the beautiful bitch with his fat cock.

Syx climaxed hard. Her muffled cries of ecstasy quickly broken by gargled wet coughs as the orc simultaneously reached his peak and emptied his cum laden balls in her throat.

The pussy pumper released her arms and leaned back. His hands lifting his shirt and grabbing her ass for maximum penetration. Syx shuddered violently and steadied herself with her now freed hands against the groin of the orc in her throat. Onkwald watched her fingers immediately wrap around the dick in her mouth, pumping furiously to milk the orc dry.

Onkwald scratched his own now uncomfortable nuts at the sight of the sandwiched slut.

He'd intended to sell the cantankerous coot his wagon for months. Even if it meant taking a loss. The old codger had always been keenly interested in the potential purchase of the enchanted mobile store, and Onkwald had dealt with Rickard long enough to know all his business tricks and cost-cutting arguments. The deal they were already close to agreeing on was a lucrative enough one for Onkwald, and to prepare for his move, he'd sold most of his best stock in the last few weeks. Or squirreled it away into his private stash of high-quality elixirs and the like and off the sales contract.

His business in Telock concluded, Onkwald had little to do but wait for his ship, which wasn't scheduled to arrive for at least a week. And that was if they didn't get delayed by the rash of storms. Now, however, watching Syx getting railed by the pair of orcs had him thinking. Nearly all of his interactions with the irresistible elf had been one-night favors, or as part of business negotiations with Rickard. Consistently rushed sessions the night before he had to once again head out on the road.

He had time now though and would dearly love to spend some of it with the buxom beauty. To take his time and really enjoy all she had to offer.

"You know, Sir. Rickard," Onkwald said, using the old man's honorific, "I have a proposal. I'm gonna be stuck here in the city till my ship makes port. I'd rather not have to rent some crappy room if I can avoid it. ***oinkk*** What do you say I use my wagon until then, and during that time you lend me Syx? That way I can pack the last of my things, show her how to operate the various enchantments, and have her become more familiar with the inventory included in the sale. Then, when my ship sails in, I'll board and you've already got Syx there with your ownership papers."

"Hmm," Rickard pursed his lips, "How long do you think it will be?"

"Shouldn't be more than a day or two, I'd think." Onkwald lied.

"Well, Syx isn't scheduled to work at the Pig Pen until the trade ships arrive." Rickard mused out loud, "And I could use some time without worrying about taking care of her. Maybe do some more potion brewing while she isn't underfoot. Could purchase some more stock from Mikey too." Rickard picked his nose in thought.

"Tell you what. ***oonkk*** I'll even knock ten gold off of the price." Onkwald offered, knowing he would've had to spend more than that on room and board if he didn't have his wagon to sleep in. As he'd suspected, Rickard's eyes lit up upon hearing any sort of savings.

"I suppose that would be alright. But as soon as your ship arrives, you vacate the premises. Friends are one thing, but business is business."

"Wouldn't have it any other way. And the same thing goes for you. ***oinkk*** I get use of Syx until my ship makes port, right? I don't want you coming around while I'm balls deep saying you need her to deliver a package or run your errands." Onkwald held out a hand, which Rickard eagerly accepted.

"Deal!" Rickard said.

Moments later, they had the contract amended and signed. While Rickard ordered more drinks to celebrate the sale, Onkwald spent his time firing off silent prayers to the ocean gods and sea spirits to conjure a few more storms along the coast to delay his ship.

