

Princess Na'Seen

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

To forge an alliance between two great goblin nations, Princess Na'Seen had been offered to Ra'Zool, prince of the Mayloon nation from across the valley. Na'Seen's priests performed the connubial ritual magic that would bind her to Ra'Zool at first glance. Her appearance was transformed, but that was not all. Her very soul now sang a siren's song to anyone with a pair of eyes and a beating heart.

With the magic completed, the king's guard set to escort her across the valley. Na'Seen was filled with eagerness and dread at the thought of traveling so close to humans and other strange creatures.

Unfortunately for Princess Na'Seen, her convoy was beset by a troop of men in the Gloaming Woods. Three humans captured and carried her off into the forest. Little did her captors know that she was possessed of a certain magic that would cause covetous desire on all who set eyes upon her.

"I thought goblins were supposed to be ugly." Lars looked down at their hostage with narrowed eyes.

"She *is* ugly." Artair cleaned his sword and stared where the goblin princess huddled by a log in the fire's glow. "But in the most peculiar ... beautiful way. Let's get her back to Lord Ciaran as quick as we can."

"I have doubts about our mission." Gill-Eòin strode over to the other two kidnapers, his sabre gleaming in the firelight. "We should let her go." He looked to Na'Seen. "Would you like that, little lady?"

Na'Seen nodded her head and looked up at the man with deep purple eyes.

Lars and Artair began to protest, but Gill-Eòin's blade cut them both down where they stood. He lifted the princess up, placed her on his horse, and mounted behind her. "I'll protect you, little lady."

Like all humans, the knight smelled most peculiar, and his large, hairy frame was appalling. Nevertheless, Na'Seen offered no resistance as they rode into the night.

"A sheltered grotto lies in those crags. We'll find safety there." Gill-Eòin led them to the cave, lashed his horse to a tree, and set up a Spartan camp. "We can no longer risk fire. Come, huddle me for warmth."

"You are experiencing my marital magic, human." Na'Seen shook her head. "It is not intended for you."

"Forgive me, princess. I cannot help myself." Gill-Eòin bent down and carefully undressed the goblin. She was more beautiful than he had imagined. "Such perfect breasts. How old are you?"

"Twenty and five." Na'Seen looked away from the man. She trembled as he undressed himself. The human scent was overpowering. He looked to her eyes ungainly, a giant of a creature. Covertly, she peeked at his hard, white penis. It was ready for her. "You'll spoil me for my wedding. That thing will never fit."

"I've never met anyone like you, princess." Gill-Eòin pulled her onto his lap and pushed himself into her.

"Oh, my Gods. Oh ... my ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Na'Seen's shriek echoed around the grotto. "So ... completely ... full."

"Dance for me, lady." Gill-Eòin pulled her hips up and down and got her to ride him with long, vigorous thrusts. "Your cunt tightens around me." He looked into her purple eyes and found them vacant with lust.

"What ... have you done ... to me ... human?" Na'Seen had never suspected that sex could feel this way. When Gill-Eòin placed her on her hands and knees and mounted her from behind, she cried out with joy. And when he grunted out his climax, she shuddered, accepting his seed.

Later, Gill-Eòin snored in their grotto, having spent himself entirely. Na'Seen disentangled herself from his long, hairy arms and dressed quietly. She took his canteen, a small satchel of food, and snuck out into the early morning light. She would find her way to Mayloon and unite with her prince.

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Treacherous lay the valley before her. There were worse things in the forest than the humans that had abducted Na'Seen. Devious elves and malevolent orcs roamed the Gloaming Woods, too. And there were rumors that the unlucky goblin traveler might encounter creatures even more malevolent than these.

Stopping behind a boulder in the gray, early morning light, Na'Seen crouched and sipped from her stolen canteen. She heard heated words not far off. The princess crawled through the underbrush and peaked into a clearing. It was another human trying to make a conquest of a female gildi.

"Why so far away from your tribe, she-gildi?" The human held sword and shield and circled the armed gildi. "I am Carasius, and I claim you as my wife. Come back to my castle quietly and breed with the others."

"Be gone." The gildi spat on the ground. "Or die. I will commit mayhem upon your ugly carcass and serve you to the dogs." The gildi in turn circled the human, twirling her twin blades. "I am Beatris, and I am the last gildi you'll ever meet."

Na'Seen had heard that once beaten, a gildi would submit in all ways to the victor. She wondered if she might witness as much now. Na'Seen watched as the two danced around one another. In the blink of an eye, they lunged together with the screech of metal on metal, and the crunch of metal on wood. Na'Seen held a hand to her mouth as she watched the destructive force of the two beastly species. Soon, Carasius had taken one dagger from Beatris with his sword. Shortly after, the other dagger went spinning away. Beatris slumped her shoulders and lowered her head. Carasius sheathed his sword. He walked around her in a circle, slowly removing her garments. Both Beatris and Na'Seen gasped when he removed his own breechcloth. Even for a human, his cock was large.

"You are a beautiful gildi, Beatris. I think you will please me well. Now come taste what you bought with your defeat." Carasius stepped up to Beatris and kissed her lips. She offered no resistance. He then rubbed his long manhood along her exposed sex. "Gildi are such pretty, delicate things."

"I never thought a human would take me." Beatris shivered in her new mate's arms.

"You may start by pleasing me with your mouth." Carasius pushed her onto her back in the grass and dangled his cock above her breasts. It swung just before Beatris's large, white eyes. "Be a good gildi and suck now."

"Yes, Carasius." Beatris pushed her breasts together around the human monstrosity and raised her mouth up to the engorged head. A high feminine whine, mixed with her

animalistic snorts and gurgles, filled the small forest clearing. Soon she would get her first taste of human sperm.

Princess Na'Seen's small goblin slit oozed into her undergarments. What a spectacle to see a proud she-gildi so debased. Was the whole valley so lawless and obsessed with coitus? She resolved to let no others see her for fear of what her matrimonial magic would do to such a lecherous group of thugs.

"Very good, Beatris." Carasius moved his hips back and forth and placed a hand on top of Beatris's lilac hair. "Prepare to be blessed with human seed." Just then, he spotted a flicker of white amongst the trees. He pulled his cock from the sucking mouth with a pop and pointed toward a large boulder. "Beatris, prove your worth to me now. There is a goblin peering from the woods. I must have her."

"Yes, Carasius." Beatris was on her feet in an instant and spotted the little goblin shrinking behind a tree. Naked, she rushed toward the tree line. Her breasts bounced before her, and her small butt bounced behind her.

"Oh, no." Na'Seen scrambled to her feet and ran as fast as her little legs would carry her. Her white dress billowed behind as she fled the gildi. She did not like her odds of escape.

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The naked she-gildi trotted back into the clearing with her prize, a goblin bouncing on her shoulder. "Not much of a fighter, this one." Beatris smiled at Carasius and tossed Princess Na'Seen down before him.

"Well done, Beatris." Carasius stared down at the goblin. He cocked his head. She looked somehow quite compelling in her white dress. "I always thought this species a runty, unsightly lot. But this one is special." He stood before her, hands on his naked hips.

"I have upon me a spell not intended for you." Na'Seen looked at him with plaintive eyes, up past his massive penis and chiseled chest. "Ferry me safely to Mayloon and you will receive a mighty reward."

"She *is* special." Beatris got on one knee before her new human master. "Whatever your plans for her, Carasius, might I share in them?" Her small breasts pressed into her thigh as she bowed.

"You are a proud creature, aren't you, Beatris? Rightly defeated, but still seeking a boon." Carasius thought things over. This was a very good day. "Tie her up and then relieve me of my wood."

Beatris did as she was asked. She tied Na'Seen firmly and placed her by Carasius's horse. She then dropped to her knees in front of the man and coaxed his load with her blue tongue. Human sperm was more salty than gildi sperm, she found. She swallowed it all. Once finished, they dressed and mounted their horses, Na'Seen slung behind the saddle as if she were baggage.

"I know of an enchanted cabin not far from here." Carasius looked over at Beatris with a wink. "It will offer us respite and time to decide what to do with our goblin friend." They rode off through the forest.

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Once in the cabin, Beatris untied Princess Na'Seen by the hearth. A roaring fire lit the room with an orange glow. "She is a surprising beauty." Beatris couldn't keep her eyes off the goblin.

"I told you." Na'Seen stretched her arms. She felt human and gildi eyes on her curving body. "I am Princess Na'Seen, beset by connubial magic. I must marry the Mayloon prince. Please bring me to my groom on the other side of the valley."

"I think not." Carasius lounged on a wooden bench by the fire, having already removed his armor and wrapped himself in furs. "I mean to make you mine. But first, she-gildi, I would see what you would make of her."

"Thank you." Beatris bowed low and shed her armor. The fire's heat played on her exposed skin. She unhurriedly undressed the trembling goblin. Her breath stopped when she beheld her bare form. "You are truly more lovely than the galdandris flower. May I touch you?"

"Please. Let me go." Na'Seen shook her head, but soon gildi hands fell upon her flesh. She found herself on her back on the bearskin rug, her legs spread. She shuddered when that blue tongue found her hidden button, and trailed down her slit. Soon, Na'Seen moaned out her pleasure, with nimble fingers in her cunt.

"I cannot simply watch all night." Carasius dropped his furs and knelt behind Beatris. He grabbed narrow, gildi hips and slid into her tight vagina. He watched the goblin throw her head side to side in ecstasy, overwhelmed by Beatris's tongue. Life was good for a rogue knight. He would have this betrothed, goblin princess in every way possible. But first he would breed his new gildi. Just as a third orgasm swept over Na'Seen, Carasius bellowed out his own climax and flooded poor Beatris. The night was young and he would soon be ready for more. Much more.

Chapter 2

The cabin was protected by a crude spell. Such things did not bother Galatea. She stepped past the barrier, eager to spy on the human. He often brought his treasures here before continuing on to his fortress. And since the small structure was in her dell, Galatea was ever watchful. She was shy with most creatures and doubted the human even knew of her existence, although she was aware of every time he rutted in her land. She would often snicker and laugh at the odd faces creatures made when they smashed together in lust.

It was with a humorous spirit that she approached the window and peeked inside. Galatea's chuckle died in her throat. She had never before been smitten by the first sight of a creature, but the goblin she saw riding the human took her breath away. "She's ... beautiful," Galatea whispered to the trees.

The she-goblin rocked her hips in the most proactive fashion. Her large breasts swayed side to side with her movements. Well, they were proportionately large, Galatea supposed. The goblin was about half the size of the man, quite shorter than Galatea herself. When the goblin turned her lust-filled face toward the window, Galatea stopped breathing. "She's ... ravishing." She nearly burst into the cabin then and there, but held herself back. The human always had a sword nearby. And there was a third in the cabin. A gildi lay naked by the hearth, furiously rubbing her clit.

Galatea rooted herself by the window and watched with great joy as the goblin rode that large pole. The coupling continued for a long time. Then the gildi had a turn while the human slept. Then, all three slept. The fire died down to embers before Galatea judged the timing right. She would take them by surprise.

"Root and vine, limb and leaf. Grant to me this one relief. I choose to fight within my dell. Give me the strength I need to ... fell." Galatea floated above the cabin, fabric from her dress snaked about her like branches in the wind. A rumbling rose from the depths. Wisps rushed into the clearing about the cabin, busily casting their spectral glow in streams of movement. A root lifted itself from the earth and with a crash smote the door. More roots rose and entered the cabin, clawing at the interior and prying the walls outward.

In her dream, Na'Seen arrived in Mayloon and met her prince. He was even more gallant and handsome than she had been led to believe. He offered her the very finest jewels and garments pilfered from a nearby castle. Everything was perfect.

The dream was torn asunder, and Na'Seen sat bolt upright. It wasn't just her dream, the cabin itself was under assault. There was a gaping hole where the door had been. She hugged her naked chest against fright and the intruding night's chill. A terrible,

alabaster figure floated in the air outside the cabin, holding out her hands like a vengeful deity. Not knowing what to do, Na'Seen did nothing.

Both Carasius and Beatris already had swords in their hands. They swung fiercely, cleaving branch and root, but the more they pruned, the more the forest thrust itself inside the cabin.

"Stop that one. It's going for the princess." Carasius pointed to a mud-caked root that seemed to crawl over the bearskin rug. He lunged for it, but couldn't reach.

"Never fear, I will get –" Beatris took a solid thump to the back of her head from a gnarled limb and fell to the floor unconscious.

The dance of the wisps outside was now a frenzied enterprise. They shone so brightly it could almost have been morning already.

"Please ... don't ..." Na'Seen did nothing but hug herself tighter as the root encircled her and lifted her into the air. Thinking it meant to crush her, she was surprised by its gentle grasp. Before she knew it, she was outside the cabin. The root tossed her high into the night air, and the terrible, white creature caught her and smiled.

"My, you are precious." Galatea held the trembling goblin close to her breast. "My name is Galatea. And to whom do I have the pleasure of rescuing?"

"I ... I ... I ... am Princess Na'Seen," she stuttered. She could hear Carasius screaming and cursing down below.

"Did that horrible man hurt you?" Galatea slowly dropped to the turf and ran gracefully into the trees. She was so light on her feet that she barely jostled Na'Seen. They quickly put the cabin far behind them.

"I am ... not hurt. But ... very sore ... and tired." Maybe this creature wasn't so terrible after all. Her life had been frying pan to fire and back again since she'd left her home, but Na'Seen was due for some good luck.

"I will care for you now." Galatea bared her breast. Still at a sprint, she eased the goblin's mouth to her dark nipple. It was a bit tricky with the princess's lower fangs. "There now. Shh. All will be well." She smiled when her prize began to drink.

The taste was unlike anything Na'Seen had experienced. Milk flowed over her tongue in a sweet, pungent cascade that reminded her of meadows and streams. The viscosity was almost that of tree sap. Na'Seen knew that she must have run across one of the elusive nymphs. Perhaps her fortunes really were shifting. The warmth of the milk and the rocking motion of being carried in the nymph's arms, quickly lulled the exhausted princess to sleep.

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There were no more dreams of her Mayloon prince. Instead, she traveled down shaded forest paths, crossed babbling brooks, and rested in a peaceful glade. When she woke, she felt refreshed. After a mighty yawn and stretch, Na'Seen looked around to gather her bearings. She stared at her surroundings in amazement. In all her twenty-five years she'd never seen anything like it. She was in a cozy bed, with shearling covers, in a room that seemed woven of a living tree. "Hello?" She searched her memory for her savior's name. "Galatea? I don't suppose you rescued my clothes, too?" There was no answer.

Na'Seen found no dress or underthings in the room, so she stood naked, rubbing her chin in contemplation. "This place is so clean." She looked down at herself. Despite the rutting of the night before, she smelled fresh. She stuck her nose near her right armpit and breathed deeply. "The scent of ... lilac. She somehow bathed me while I slept." In wonder, Na'Seen set about to explore. She left the room, her feet padding quietly on the smooth wood floor. She found herself in a long hall with many doorways. The whole place seemed woven out of branches, with green leaves sprouting from the walls here and there.

"Where do I go?" Na'Seen was in awe. The nymph's abode seemed even more grand than the finest caverns of goblin royalty.

Not knowing what else to do, she lifted her chin high and followed her nose. The aroma of baking bread led her down the hall past many doors to the kitchen. She turned into a bright, warm room with a grand window looking out onto tree tops. A sudden bout of vertigo hit her when she realized she was high in the air.

"There is my sleepy princess." Galatea turned from the oven. She wore a white dress, an apron covered in flour, and a bright smile. "Did you pass a pleasant night?"

"Yes, thank you." Suddenly aware of her nakedness, Na'Seen covered her breasts with an arm. "I don't suppose you rescued my clothes?"

"I will make you new clothes ... in time." Galatea gazed at her guest's beauty. "But there is no need to cover yourself here. You are the brightest jewel I have ever seen. Let yourself shine, my love."

"Oh, I see." Na'Seen looked down at the floor. "I must tell you that I am beset by connubial magic. It is a powerful spell meant for my betrothed, a prince across the valley. You are only fooled by my beauty."

Galatea's laugh was high and crystal clear. "Goblins possess no magic that could fool me. Come sit on the counter here." Without waiting for a response, she twirled across the room, picked up the princess, and dropped her gently on the counter. "I'm baking us

breakfast. But my hunger cannot wait.” She lowered herself and placed her fingers between Na’Seen’s knees. Delicately, she spread the princess’s legs. “I have never tried the fruit of another female before. Please correct me if I make any mistakes.”

“I do not think that ... oh ... you are really ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Na’Seen watched the pretty creature stick out her tongue and experimentally lick her nether lips. “You seem very nice ... Galatea ... but this is all because of ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” She found that the nymph’s tongue was quite long. It worked its way inside her. Na’Seen rested her hands behind her, leaned her head back, and let Galatea do what she willed between her legs.

Chapter 3

“Rise and shine, my love.” Galatea swept into Na’Seen’s room wearing her familiar white dress and apron. The princess had spent a fortnight with the nymph in her Arbor Palace, and every day she looked more lovely to Galatea.

“Galatea? Is it morning already?” Na’Seen knew what was expected of her. Each day with the nymph started the same way. She pulled the blankets off herself and spread her legs. “Time for your morning repast?” She reached down and spread her vagina open for her rescuer and captor.

“While I do love making you squirm, I think it’s time you returned the favor.” Galatea slowly and meticulously undressed, hanging her clothes from a branch that served as a hook. “Have you ever pleased another female?”

“I ... uh ... um ...” Na’Seen stared at the triangle of blond hair between Galatea’s pale legs. “Beatris was my first.”

“That nasty abductor ... that’s terrible.” Galatea climbed onto the bed, lay on her back, and spread her legs. “I should have been your first.”

“It wasn’t her fault. Carasius abducted her, too.” Na’Seen closed her legs and stared at nymph pussy for the first time. Galatea’s lips were pink, wide, and wrinkled. Her clitoris was large and obvious. Of course, everything about the creature was oversized compared to a goblin.

“You need not defend that miscreant.” Galatea frowned. “What are we doing thinking of such awful things? You are safe here, and here you will stay. The world cannot harm you anymore.”

“Yes ... thank you.” Na’Seen crawled on her hands and knees over to the nymph, lowered her nose between her legs, and inhaled deeply. The nymph’s sex smelled of honeysuckle. “But ... I can’t stay here forever. I must travel across the valley to meet my Mayloon prince.”

“You are mine now, dearest princess. There is no Mayloon prince anymore.” Galatea placed her hand behind Na’Seen’s head and guided her mouth. “Yes ... yes ... start with the lips ... you may tug on them ... and nibble ... ouch!” She laughed in surprise. “But watch those sharp teeth of yours. Ohhhhhhhh ... that’s good. Can you push your tongue inside? Oh, I wish you had a longer tongue, my love. Maybe ... you could focus on my button. My ... my ... your mouth is the perfect size. Yes ... suck on it like that ... ooooohhhhhhhhh ... don’t stop. You are mine ... forever ... forever ... and forever. Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!”

“Mmmppphhhhhhhhh.” Na’Seen had to admit that there were worse things than being a nymph’s pet and plaything. The creature tasted of tangy southern fruit, closely matching her scent. She was kind enough to Na’Seen, and doted upon her. This was the first time she’d asked for her own pleasure. As Galatea convulsed on the bed in the throws of a mighty climax, Na’Seen considered staying. But she was duty-bound by her station. A goblin princess once betrothed must go to her prince. And so, Na’Seen would have to find a way to escape. But first, she would exhaust her host. The princess waited for Galatea to descend from her joyous peak. When she judged the time right, she redoubled her efforts on her clitoris and pushed a finger inside the nymph. She realized that her fingers were too small, so she slipped her whole hand inside and pumped.

“Oh ... no ... oh ... my ... I can feel ... your gentle fingers ... on my ridges ... oooohhhhhhhh ... I never thought ... I never ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Galatea’s mind was swept away in a storm of new sensations.

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With Galatea napping in a semi-comatose state, Na’Seen snuck out of bed, grabbed her clothes, and padded out into the hall. The dress had been a present after her first week with Galatea. It was a magnificent thing, but not practical. Still, it was better than being naked all the time. She pulled on her underthings and dress, paused, and thought about what she knew of the palace. It was built out of living tree, so high up that clouds often blocked their vertiginous views. She couldn’t jump, but there had to be a stairway or ladder somewhere. To the right was familiar territory, with the kitchen, study, library, drawing room, and orangery. This was called the South Wing and Galatea gave her freedom to move about there as she wished. The North Wing, however, was forbidden. She turned left and jogged down the hall.

The unexplored parts of the Arbor Palace proved to be much wilder than the South Wing. She found a library made entirely of ice. There was a submerged reclining room, though no water escaped when she peered in. There was a room of fire, a game room with high winds whistling through, and what seemed to be unoccupied servants’ quarters. After more than an hour’s search, she could find no sign of a route to the ground.

Na’Seen was perspiring and on the verge of giving up when she entered a circular chamber with many doors. She stepped into the space. Each wooden door bore an engraved sign written in Elvish and had a tiny, copper knob. She slowly translated the words, reading aloud as she moved about the circle. “The Mottled Forrest, The Sea of Sands, The Elf Realms of the East, The Western Realms of Man, The Goblin Caves ...” She

paused. *Could it be?* Tentatively, she reached out a hand. The knob was cool to the touch and turned easily. The door swung silently open. She looked out from a stone-littered hill, resting her eyes on an underground city with many towers. She recognized the silhouette from her books. “Mayloon!” Na’Seen stepped forward but was prevented from crossing the threshold by a red-furred arm. She shrieked and stepped back to behold another creature in the circular chamber with her. It stood slender and tall, with a fox’s face, wearing shiny copper armor with epaulets and a richly-colored sash. When it spoke, she guessed it to be male.

“I am the gatekeeper, Iddis. You may not pass.” Iddis looked at the goblin quizzically. “My I ask who you are and how you secreted yourself into the Arbor Palace?” He cocked his head, his eyes darting all over her person. “My, you are a beautiful creature.”

“I ... I ... thought no one else lived in the palace.” Na’Seen took another step away from the creature, eyeing the pommel of his sword.

“You thought wrong.” Iddis gave her a vulpine smile. “But don’t worry your pretty head over it.” His voice took on a more jovial tone. “Forgive my sudden appearance. I would have kept myself hidden had you not tried to cross through the doorway. I guard the gates from trespassers that try to enter the palace. You are the first that has tried to cross in the other direction. But the rules are clear. No one uses a gate without Galatea’s permission.” When he shrugged, his armor made the sounds of stiff leather and clinking metal. “So ... what brings you to the palace?”

“Well, I ...” Na’Seen gazed at his red and white avuncular face. Without meaning to, she told him everything from her training to marry the prince, to her ill-fated journey, to how Galatea had pulled her from the cabin. When she was done, they shared a long silence.

“I see.” Iddis nodded slowly. “You must have powerful mages if your magic worked on Galatea.” He reached out and closed the open door, cutting off their view of Mayloon.

“You believe me?” Na’Seen frowned at the closed door.

“How could I not believe such an honest face?”

“Well then, may I pass? Galatea is bewitched. She would never let me go.” Na’Seen stepped toward the door, but stopped when he put a paw on her shoulder.

“It is not just the palace I protect.” He gallantly dropped to a knee and bowed his head. “I would never want anything nefarious to happen to one as lovely as yourself.” He looked up with plaintive eyes. “Please go back to her. She will wake soon and wonder where you are. I will not tell her you have been to see me. But you must return. Our visit has taken too long.”

“Very well.” Na’Seen retreated to the hallway door. She paused with her hand on the knob.

“Go on.” Relief swept over Iddis’s face when she opened the door to the hall. “If you ever need anything of me, you know which door is mine.” With look of a creature watching the sun set for the last time, his eyes followed Na’Seen’s exit from the round chamber.

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“Ah, there you are.” The look of worry left Galatea’s face when she spotted her guest down the long hall. She rushed to Na’Seen, lifted her, and carried her to her bedroom. “You’ve been to the North Wing, haven’t you? What have I told you about exploring there?” When they entered the bedroom, she playfully tossed the goblin onto the bed and undressed her.

“I know. It’s dangerous. But I wanted to see something new. I grow bored with ... um ...” Na’Seen let Galatea put her on her hands and knees. Her vagina was already wet with anticipation.

“I will keep your ennui at bay.” Galatea straightened Na’Seen’s arms to arch her back, playfully slapped her butt, and picked up a cruet from the bedside table. She opened it and oiled her finger. With one fluid movement, Galatea quickly entered the princess’s ass. “Do I not know how to entertain you?” She thrust her finger, which she knew to be larger than a goblin cock.

“Yes ... ugh ... Galatea ... it feels ... good.” Na’Seen gritted her teeth.

“Your rear has become so much more accommodating these past weeks.” Galatea giggled. “But don’t worry, it still feels wonderfully tight around my finger. Although ...” A mischievous grin formed on her face. “I don’t think a goblin prince would feel anything.”

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... okay.” Na’Seen tried to consider how to beguile Iddis into letting her pass, but her mind wandered with pleasure. She would have plenty of time to devise a plan later. Now, it was time for ecstasy.

Chapter 4

Over the next fortnight, Princess Na'Seen became quite good at taking Galatea to the heights of pleasure and then slipping away as the nymph happily slumbered. The pretty goblin did two things with the hours of freedom given to her by Galatea's naps. She looked for a ladder or stairway down to the forest floor, and she visited the gatekeeper, Iddis. The latter was more fruitful than the former. She found no stairs, but she made a good friend.

"There's something puzzling about you, Iddis." Na'Seen sat on a ledge near the Mayloon gate. Her friend, the tall fox-like creature, stood in a regal pose a few paces away.

"You wonder why, despite my natural good looks, I never wear formalwear?" Iddis offered his avuncular smile.

"You're wearing formalwear now." She gestured at his sash and epaulets. "Every time we meet, your sartorial decisions are both elegant and stately."

"What about you? I never see you in anything but the most elaborate and impractical dresses." Iddis nodded to her outfit, the hem of her skirts dancing as she kicked her legs in the air.

"Galatea makes me wear this stuff. I'm her little doll. My goblin-made clothes were much more practical." She sighed. "Anyway, you didn't answer my question."

"What about me puzzles you, my gorgeous, blooming flower?" He bowed to her, the movement full of grave sincerity.

"The connubial magic has made all manner of creatures throw themselves at me. Even the mighty Galatea spends half the day in my bed. And you ... you call me beautiful. Your 'blooming flower.' But ... you've never made an effort to know me ... carnally. Why is that?" She looked up at him with her brow furrowed quizzically.

"Perhaps I'm smarter than all the others. I know that our friendship is more real than the power of your goblin mages." He gave her a sly smile. "Or perhaps I *have* fallen for you, but duty prevents me from making you my mate."

"Your duty to Galatea?"

"My duty to you, gentle dove." His hand moved to the pommel of his sword. "Such a heavenly creature as yourself must be protected ... even from me."

Na'Seen rolled her eyes. Even though he was aware of the connubial magic, he was in its grasp. "Well then. You have a duty to protect me. You must let me pass."

"I cannot. You are safe here."

“Then I will explore the other rooms, the dangerous rooms, until I find another way out.” She leapt to her feet and strode to the door with purpose. A threat that she might go exploring that very moment.

“You ... cannot do that.” Iddis shook his head slowly. “I am not alone in this palace. There are creatures in some of those rooms. Dangerous creatures that would see your beauty and attempt to abscond with you.”

“What else is new?” Na’Seen’s laugh sounded bitter to her own ears. “If they are here, surely, they are under Galatea’s control. Why would they steal me away when you would not?”

“They are not honor bound.”

“I’ll do it, Iddis. I’ll explore the other rooms right away, starting with the Ice Library.” Na’Seen stepped out into the hall. “Unless you let me pass through the Mayloon gate, I will go now. My prince will not wait forever.” She strode down the hall, looking back to make sure her friend followed.

“Please. You are safe here with me and Galatea. I cannot protect you if you go into those other rooms.” He dared not leave the gateways for he could not guard the doors if he was away. But he did stick his head into the hall, looking after her with a forlorn expression.

“Farewell, my friend. I’ll let another steal me away from the Arbor Palace.” She waved back to him, hoping he would give in. When he did not, she opened the door to the library and stared in. *He won’t let me go.* If she was wrong, this could go very badly. Were there really dark creatures lurking in these rooms? Na’Seen took a deep breath, glanced back at Iddis’s worried face, and stepped into the frigid room.

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“She’s fine. She’ll return in a minute and apologize.” Iddis repeated those words several times an hour for much of the afternoon. He thought about calling Galatea for help, but then the nymph might forbid his friendship with Na’Seen. He couldn’t bear that thought.

Eventually, the truth dawned on him. “She’s not coming back,” he muttered to himself. “I must save her.” He glanced at the gateways he would abandon for the first time. “I’ll be just a few minutes,” he said to the room. No one had tried to enter the gates for many months, they could stand unguarded for a short time.

Iddis nodded with determination, straightened his sash, and tightened his sword belt. For the first time in years, the fox stepped out into the hall. He marched quickly to the library and entered. He was greeted with frigid silence. *Poor Na'Seen, she is not meant for the cold.* His ears swiveled, listening to the faintest sounds. "Where are you, my galdandris flower?" Slowly, Iddis drew his sword and crept past frost-covered books. He passed a skull sitting on a shelf and prayed the thing wasn't prophetic. When he caught her scent, he hurried to the right, past vast troves of knowledge. When he heard a rhythmic beat, he knew the creature hadn't absconded with Na'Seen. It had instead sought to claim her. He came to the library's reading room and peeked in.

A yeti held Na'Seen up in the air, bouncing her on his long, blue-black cock. It stood before a hearth that burned with a chill blue blaze. Unoccupied reading tables were spread about the room, each illuminated with flickering blue candles. The princess's dress was torn at the bust. Her breasts spilled out and jumped on her chest with each mighty plunge on that giant phallus. Her eyes rolled back and her tongue lolled out of her mouth. She was clearly enjoying the beast. That stung Iddis. He shoved his feelings aside and stepped into the doorway.

"Iddis!" The yeti turned toward the door, turned Na'Seen 180 degrees in his arms so that she faced the same way as him, and continued humping her. "You were ... ugh ... right, Princess. He did come for you."

"Unhand her, fiend." Iddis held his sword aloft.

A low rumbling laugh filled the reading room. The yeti was so entertained, he lost his rhythm for a moment. He pointed a finger at Iddis's obvious erection. "With which sword do you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... plan to run me ... through ... hahahaha." His laughter echoed off the icy walls.

Iddis looked down at the betrayal of his penis and frowned. He shook his head and sliced the air with his sword. "She is mine. Unhand her."

"What say you ... ah ... ah ... Princess?" The yeti leaned his fanged mouth close to her ear. "Shall I send you ... along ... with the fox ... or ... ugh ... ugh ... keep you here ... to finish ... what we ... started?"

"Please ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... please." Na'Seen trembled. She was on the verge of another orgasm. "I ... uuuuuggghhhhhh ... I ... wish to ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... go with ... Iddis ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She arched her back and screamed out a climax on that long, gnarled cock.

"Huh ...? I didn't think ..." The yeti looked confused. "Never mind ... she's mine now ... turn tail ... Iddis."

"Aaaaahhhhhhhh!" Iddis charged through the room, sword held high.

Holding the princess with one hand, the yeti reached back and fetched an iron poker from the hearth. He didn't stop bouncing Na'Seen on his penis, even as he parried Iddis's charge with the poker.

It was a difficult fight for Iddis. Not only did he have to avoid accidentally injuring the goblin princess, but her lusty beauty distracted him time and again. He had often imagined what she might look like in the throes of ecstasy, but now it was literally thrust in his face, while he battled with the yeti for her life. They danced about the room. He was impressed that the snow-creature could strike and parry with such alacrity while mating a goblin. The vile beast barely lost rhythm with the hand that held Na'Seen on his furry hips.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Na'Seen had a front row seat to the fight. The horror she should have felt was diluted by pleasure. The best she could do was occasionally shout out encouragement to Iddis. "Don't give ... ugh ... up ... friend." Or, "You almost ... have him ... Iddis ... watch ... those shelves."

Iddis dodged the crashing bookshelf. He had his opening. "You ... fought well ... foul beast." With his left hand, he took hold of the iron poker and in one motion, he plunged his sword in to the yeti's shoulder. The creature howled but not in pleasure this time. As the yeti fell back, Iddis snatched Na'Seen under the arms and lifted her off that horrible penis. He carried her up against his chest and sprinted from the room.

Howling with pain and frustration, the yeti followed.

There was a mad dash for the exit, but Iddis found himself cut off again and again. The creature lived in those frigid halls, and they could not outsmart him. "You are about to ... get your wish ... my moonflower."

"What ... wish?" Na'Seen's teeth chattered together now that she was not warmed by mating. She buried herself in Iddis's fur.

"To leave ... the Arbor Palace." Iddis turned in the opposite direction, traveling deeper into the library.

"There is ... another way out?" Na'Seen pressed her ear against his chest. His heart thumped rapidly, and his ragged panting was loud in his chest.

"All of these rooms ... lead to other, dangerous realms." He found the entrance to the cave and dashed inside. "Since I'm now breaking ... my duty ... to Galatea ... perhaps I should have ... let you through ... the gate ... and broken it sooner. Oh ... well." He turned down a cramped passage. The sound of the howling yeti faded to nothing behind them. Iddis ducked low and carried the princess out into an open field. Snow whirled from the sky, spinning around them.

“What is that?” Na’Seen pointed a trembling finger at a massive city in the valley below. Stone towers twisted up into the air. Smoke from thousands of chimneys curled into the snowstorm.

“That is another stop on your way to Mayloon.” Iddis hugged her close. He could feel her shivering in the cold. “I swear I will bring you to your prince. I broke my bond to Galatea, but I will not betray you.” With that, he set off at a jog down the hill toward the city. He needed to find a warm hearth for his princess.

Chapter 5

“We’d like a room for the night and some supper.” Iddis tried not to scowl. This was the fifth inn they’d entered. It was late evening, and the previous ones had no occupancy. “Two beds if you have them.”

“I have one bed and some stew simmering.” A friendly-looking woman sat by the hearth, scratching her dog’s ear. “What do you think, Bellona? New guests for the night?” She said to the dog.

The hound looked up at Na’Seen, saw that her cloak hid her in shadow and sniffed the air. When she smelled Iddis, the dog relaxed. Distant cousins were welcome. She rested her head on her forepaws again.

“Excellent.” Iddis nodded. “Do you own this establishment? Would you accept credit? I plan to sell some things tomorrow.”

“My husband and I own the inn.” The woman’s smile was bright and cheerful. “A stay will be seven marks each.” She tried to judge the fox’s short companion, but couldn’t see much beyond the formless cloak.

“Unfortunately, I have no marks.” Iddis looked around the room. “But my honor has nary a blemish. You can depend on me.”

“Those medals do look shiny. They speak well of your honor, I’m sure, good sir.” The woman’s smile widened. She had white, even teeth. “My name is Bethany Caldwell. My husband sleeps, so I cannot check with him, but ... if you give me one of those medals. I’ll let you stay two nights.”

“Oh ... um ...” Iddis couldn’t bear the thought of parting with them. “I have an immaculately forged dagger, rendered in the fires of—”

“We will not find a good price for your possessions here, my friend.” Princess Na’Seen put her hand on Iddis’s arm to stop him from producing the dagger. “I can offer something else.” Na’Seen removed her hood and smiled at Bethany. “What do you think, Mrs. Caldwell? Will you accept my friend’s honor now?”

“Oh ... my ...” Bethany looked around the otherwise empty entry hall. Her expression was maternal, but also ... hungry. “You look so cold and frightened, little one. You most certainly need a warm bed.” She stood up, strode across the room, and bent to a knee in front of Na’Seen. “You’re the most beautiful goblin I have ever seen.”

Na’Seen rolled her eyes at Iddis as he shook his head at her. She knew he was jealous, but he’d get over it. When Na’Seen caressed Bethany’s cheek, the woman shivered, and her

eyes fluttered. “Will you keep me warm, Bethany? Perhaps not in your husband’s bed. But I’m sure we can find somewhere out of the way.”

“Yes ... yes ...” Bethany reached for the wall and took a key from a hook. She tossed it to Iddis. “You are in room seven. The kitchen is through there.” She nodded to a doorway. “Help yourself to stew.” She took Na’Seen’s hand and pulled her toward a long hall. She didn’t know where she would take her. Maybe the laundry room?

“Who will guard your reception area?” Iddis gave the dog a long look and decided she probably wasn’t up to the task.

“Oh ... I ... um ...” Bethany stopped in the doorway so abruptly that Princess Na’Seen ran her face right into the woman’s round rump. Bethany turned to Iddis. “What’s wrong with me? I love my sweet husband, and we have been true to each other all these years. We’ve watched our children grow. The inn thrives under our watch. And now a young goblin arrives in the middle of the night, and I seek to throw it all away?” She put a hand to her mouth.

“I’m not that young. I have twenty and five years.” Princess Na’Seen could see the woman was fighting the connubial magic. Would she persevere like Iddis had?

“Perhaps you should disrobe, my moonflower,” Iddis said. “You can let the good Mrs. Caldwell bathe you before bed.” He was tense as he said it. But they needed food and warmth. “You two can take room seven. I’ll keep watch here by the fire with your trusty hound.” He sat in Bethany’s abandoned armchair and scratched the dog behind her ear.

“Good idea.” Na’Seen removed her cloak and slowly lowered her tattered dress. When Iddis tossed her the key, she caught it. She could see all eyes on her diminutive, shapely form as it came into view.

“Heavens. I only have a cold bath. But I can warm you up afterward.” Bethany gathered Na’Seen’s clothes into her arms and led her toward the bath.

“Be sure that she lets you sleep. You need your rest.” Iddis unbuckled his sword and leaned it against the hearth.

“Get yourself some stew. You need your strength.” Na’Seen waved and followed the smitten woman. She bore the cold bath. It was painful, but good to remove all traces of the yeti from her skin. Shivering, she let the woman carry her to room seven wrapped in a towel. Unlike elves, goblins never much mind when a larger species carries them. A free ride is all well and good, so long as it is friendly.

“Poor thing, you’re trembling.” Bethany lit a lamp, closed the door, and locked it. She then went about drying her new guest. As she rubbed the goblin with the towel, she caught little peeks of breast, hip, and arching spine. Her belly filled with butterflies. “I’ve never been with ... a female before,” she whispered and bit her bottom lip. She

“Have a moment’s patience. I’m sure it will fit.” Na’Seen continued to slide her hand in. The woman’s vagina was indeed tight, but she was already at her wrist. She kept going. She stopped when she was buried half up her forearm. “There now, if you’re anything like a nymph, you’ll have a wonderful button right about here.” She moved her fingers inside the woman’s wet warmth, feeling the ridges as she moved past them. *I ... enjoy being inside a woman.* The thought surprised her. Bethany seemed sweet and caring, and committed to her husband. It was wonderful to bring her ecstasy that she would not have otherwise had.

“What are ... ppppphhhhhhhsssssstttttttt.” Bethany’s eyes crossed, and her hands roved about the bed desperately, as if trying and failing to find something solid to hold onto. Her mouth formed a perfect rictus. The goblin had indeed found a magical button inside her. It opened up a lightning storm of pleasure in Bethany’s mind.

“Oooooogggggggg ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” She found herself making the oddest noises as she tried not to cry out. She was at the height of pleasure, but improbably her bliss mounted as the goblin’s delicate touches continued inside her.

“You might want to put a pillow over your face, my sweet Mrs. Caldwell. I’m about to send you over the moon.” Na’Seen waited for the woman to comply. She smiled and repeated herself. Finally, the pillow was in place. Na’Seen lowered her mouth to the woman’s clit and centered her attention on that special button on the roof of the woman’s vagina.

Even with the pillow, Bethany’s cries were loud. She convulsed on the bed, flopping like a fish out of water. She soared in ecstasy for what felt like hours. When it was done, the soaking wet goblin had moved from her nethers and was straddling her tummy.

“How was that?” Na’Seen played with the heavy breasts before her, pushing them from either side and watching them surge and tremble on her chest.

“Ooooohhhhhhh.” Bethany removed the pillow. “Thank you ... ooohhhh ... thank you, Princess.” Her smile was wide and maniacal. “I’m in love. You have ... swept me off my feet.”

Na’Seen repressed her inclination to argue with the woman. “In that case, would you like to please me now?” She climbed her way over the woman’s breasts and sat on her clavicle. “I will guide you through what to do.”

“Must I put my hand inside you now?” Bethany held her hand up to the goblin’s belly. Her normally dainty fingers looked enormous by contrast.

Na’Seen laughed. “You need only use your mouth.” She moved higher and settled her vagina on the woman’s lush lips. “Now do as I say, and you’ll please me well.” Na’Seen rode the woman’s pretty face for many long minutes.

Bethany held the goblin's small, round butt and did as instructed. The feminine sounds, the tangy taste, the beguiling scent, and Na'Seen's serpentine movements were all foreign to the woman, but at the same time felt as natural as love itself. She tongued her new guest to two trembling orgasms, and then the goblin dismounted her face and curled up next to her. Bethany wiped the wetness from her chin, but couldn't wipe the smile from her face.

"I'd like to get some sleep now. Perhaps if we stay another night, I can teach you more things?" Na'Seen rested her head on an enormous breast and closed her eyes.

"Yes ... yes ... that would be wonderful." Bethany stroked the goblin's hair and tried not to drift off to sleep. She would need to relieve the princess's friend before her husband woke. She didn't know how she would tell her husband that she'd fallen in love with someone else. With a goblin princess no less. But she figured that would be a problem for tomorrow.

Chapter 6

The next morning, Na'Seen bathed again. She could have bathed herself, of course, but Bethany insisted on helping. Once she was dry and covered in her cloak, Na'Seen said goodbye to the lovestruck innkeeper, making the woman promise not to leave her husband. Na'Seen then retrieved Iddis, and they set out to explore the city.

"I have things to sell." Iddis strode next to Na'Seen, placing a hand on one of his medals.

"I was thinking about that last night. Mrs. Caldwell is very happy with the trade we made. And I ... enjoyed it, too." She looked up at her friend from the shadow of her cowl. *He* did not look happy with the exchange. She would have to find a way to placate him. But not with her body. It was refreshing to have a friend who could resist her connubial magic. "Perhaps we should barter with my assets instead of yours."

"No." Iddis sliced the air with his hand. "I will not have you whoring yourself. You are a princess, Na'Seen. And the most beautiful creature I have ever laid eyes upon."

"While I appreciate your gallantry, my body is mine." They stopped on a bridge. Na'Seen couldn't see over the stone wall. "Lift me, I would look on the water."

Iddis lifted her onto the top of the wall and placed her there, hovering protectively to catch her should she fall. "What of the innkeeper? You may have ruined her marriage. Are we to drag her along with us now like an overripe puppy?"

"Her marriage will be fine." Na'Seen took his hand and petted his fur. "You fancy her, don't you? You like humans?" Perhaps her friend needed to let off some steam. They couldn't travel with him so tightly wound. When he refused to answer, she sighed. "We will leave the good Mrs. Caldwell on the morrow. I will tell her to spend her energies teaching her husband how to better please her. I can't see her helping us as a traveling companion."

"That is correct." Iddis huffed.

"I won't hump everyone we seek to trade with. Perhaps a glimpse of my face will be enough for most to give us a good bargain." She turned from watching the icy stream below and met eyes with her companion. She straightened her spine. With her standing on the wall, they were almost level. "But, my friend, if I choose to share my body with those that strike my fancy, you will not have a veto. You are not my betrothed."

"Yes, I understand." Iddis nodded. His muscles were bunched tightly. *We should never have come to this frozen city.*

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“Thank you, kind tailor. I shall be quite warm in this.” Na’Seen spun in front of a mirror, smiling at her reflection. “Are you sure we can’t pay you for your excellent service?”

“Quite sure, ma’am.” The tailor stared at her with his mouth practically hanging to the floor. “Working with someone as fine as you is all the payment I need. Perhaps you could stay for supper?”

Na’Seen gave Iddis a meaningful look. She then pulled up her hood. “I’m afraid we must be going, but perhaps I shall return.” She skipped out of the tailor’s shop into the busy street. She looked up at her friend. “I still think you should have let him dress you in a new outfit. Your sartorial decisions ... make us stick out.”

“I did take a cloak. I can hide my medals, if that’s what you mean.” Iddis’s words were clipped.

“You need to relax. Perhaps a brothel for you?” Na’Seen watched his face darken. “No then. Well, let’s find some backpacks and supplies to put inside them.”

“Very well.” Iddis took her hand when she offered it, and together they navigated narrow, bustling streets.

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When they returned to the inn, Na’Seen and Iddis had the pleasure of meeting Bethany’s husband.

“Is that them? Is that them? I’m Miles Caldwell, and you’re in plenty of trouble, you are.” Miles pointed a stubby finger at Na’Seen. “You haven’t paid for your stay. And what’s this I hear about my wife being in love with a goblin princess? You sexed her! My sweet, faithful wife. You used black magic, you did.”

“I’m sorry, Princess.” Bethany had tears running down her cheeks.

“It’s not black, just goblin magic.” Na’Seen still had her hood up, but she put down her new pack. She nodded to Iddis who did the same. “Perhaps we should discuss this somewhere more private?” Thankfully, none of the other inn guests were about.

“It’s true then. Disgusting. My sweet wife with a thieving goblin.” He shook his head.

“Not all of us are thieves. I have something to barter. Let’s go to your room and discuss.” Na’Seen looked at Iddis. “Put our packs in our room and meet me in the Caldwell’s

room.” She watched Iddis heft the packs and go without a word. She could tell that he was as tense as she’d ever seen him. And he was wound tightly regardless, so that was saying something.

“Roland, watch the front,” Miles said. A young man appeared and sat in the chair by the fire, trying to look like he’d heard none of what had just transpired.

Na’Seen followed the Caldwells down a short hall and entered their room. It was spacious and well looked after.

“You better be offering some gold bars. What you done to my lady ain’t come cheap.” Miles stared daggers at the hooded figure.

“I have something better than gold.” Na’Seen threw back her hood. “I assure you that I made your wife very happy last night. And what is more precious to a man than his wife’s happiness?” She eyed Miles up and down as he stared at her with his mouth agape. She didn’t fancy him. He wouldn’t get to taste her body, but she had other things to offer. “I can see now that I was wrong not to ask your permission before I filled your wife’s quim with my arm.” She held up her hand and motioned with it the technique she had used to rub Bethany’s special button. “So, let me barter. For two nights stay in your fine inn, I will let you watch me sex your wife.”

“What if ... what if I want you for myself?” Miles barely noticed Iddis enter the room and close the door behind him.

“That, you cannot have.” She flinched when Miles took a step toward her. “Iddis will not let you put a hand on me.”

“That is correct.” Iddis rested his hand on the pommel of his sword.

“But ... you’ll ... um ... let me watch. With Bethany?” Miles looked at his wife. Her tears had dried, and her expression was full of hunger. He looked back at the goblin. The princess was so lovely, he could now see why his wife had broken the sanctity of their marriage. “Yes ... for two nights’ stay. I would watch you and Bethany.”

“Oh, gods. I am so happy.” Bethany began quickly undressing.

“Two nights’ stay and provisions. We require food for our travels.” Na’Seen began removing her new clothes.

“Yes ... yes ...” Miles nodded eagerly.

“It is a deal. You sit in that chair over there and stay quiet.” Na’Seen pointed to a wooden armchair. She watched Miles quickly comply. By now, Bethany was naked. Standing in the center of the room, awaiting instructions. Na’Seen nodded approvingly as she removed her underthings. “She is pretty, is she not, Iddis?”

“Yes, princess. For a human, she is spectacular.” Iddis sighed. This would be yet another carnal delight that would stay out of his reach.

“Mrs. Caldwell, spin for my friend so that he may appreciate all your beauty.” Na’Seen smiled as the pretty wife twirled, her breasts jiggling with the movement. Na’Seen glanced at Iddis, and she could tell he did not yet know the surprise that was in store for him. “Now, Mrs. Caldwell, please get on all fours like a dog. Or ... um ... a fox. I will take care of you from behind.”

“Oh ... really? That sounds delightful.” Bethany’s eyes were still red from crying, but she was all smiles now. She leapt onto the bed and got into position. She faced her husband but didn’t look at him. When the goblin climbed onto the bed behind her she shuddered. Bethany could almost taste the ecstasy that waited for her. She felt small hands gripping and kneading her butt. There was evident desire in that touch. It was such a gift to please a princess. “Will you ... plunge your whole hand inside as you did last time? I ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... yes ... that is like last time ... it’s big ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Finally, she looked at her husband. “Miles, her hand is inside. I can feel it ... uuugghhh ... moving ... and she’s going for my ... oooohhhh ... gods ... she’s found it ... she found my ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.”

Miles stared at his wife. He had never seen her so overcome with pleasure. The sweet, calm face he knew so well was no more. She looked raving mad. Her eyes rolled, her mouth formed a perfect circle, and she screamed.

Iddis shuffled from one foot to the next. He had heard Galatea and Na’Seen together, but it was another thing to see Na’Seen in action. The goblin was buried in the woman up to her forearm. She had the gall to wink at Iddis when she caught him looking. He had never had a more uncomfortable erection.

“Oooohhhhhh ... it’s throbbing ... inside ... aaaahhhhhh.” Bethany’s shoulders fell to the mattress, her face pressed against the sheet.

“Keep your face up. I want the males to see your climaxes.” Na’Seen slapped the woman’s ass with her free hand. Bethany did not comply. Na’Seen slapped her again, and the woman straightened her arms, showing the males her orgasmic bliss as a second peak hit her. Na’Seen drove the woman insane for a good long while. She then beckoned Iddis. “While I fear our friendship would be ruined by our mating, I see no harm in sharing with you. Disrobe, and you can enjoy yourself for a while.”

“She is not as beautiful as you, but she is lovely. I ... I ... would be honored to share.” Iddis quickly disrobed. Once naked, he hesitated, looking over at Miles. The man was staring at Iddis’s cock with a horrified expression.

“Princess ... you cannot ... share my wife ... with that.” Miles pointed to the large, pulsing organ between Iddis’s legs. “He’s a ... dog.”

“A fox.” Iddis said.

“This is a step beyond our bargain.” Na’Seen removed her hand from Bethany’s vagina with a loud slurping sound. “What do you think, Mrs. Caldwell? Would you like to try another novel act before we leave?”

“If it will ... please you ... princess.” Bethany looked at Iddis with wide eyes. His penis was bigger than Na’Seen’s hand, and it was ... misshapen. She wasn’t sure how she would take such a thing. But she would happily do Na’Seen’s will.

“It pleases me. Come Iddis.” She patted Bethany’s butt and backed away, laying on her back.

“Thank you ... Princess.” Iddis climbed onto the bed.

“No ... you cannot. He’ll ruin her.” Miles clutched the arms of his chair.

“He may indeed. But if you agree to this, I’ll let you watch me touch myself.” Na’Seen moved her hand near her vagina and spread her legs so that Miles could see.

Miles slowly nodded.

“There it is. An addendum to our bargain.” Na’Seen stroked her vagina. “Iddis, enjoy yourself. Bethany is yours.”

“She is lovely.” Iddis lined up his cock and pushed forward. He had never mated a human before, but had always wanted to try.

“Ohhhhhhh ... gods ... he’s big.” Bethany arched her back. “I’m not sure it will ... uuuuuggghhhhhhh.” The fox behind her had pushed quickly all the way in. She grunted and strained as her body adjusted. After a few minutes, the pain faded. The princess had adequately stretched her in preparation. “Okay ... okay ... Mr. Iddis ... just go slow.”

Iddis looked over at his friend. “She is warm, tight, and ... uuggghh ... inviting. Thank you, Na’Seen. I needed this.”

“Let’s be merry!” Na’Seen smiled up at him.

Iddis took hold of the woman’s hips, found a fast rhythm with his own, and slammed into the wailing wife over and over. He had his own smile now. It would be a merry night indeed.