

Words of a Witch pt.1

(Futa on Male + female Domination)

Thereshegoes123

## Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male and futa on female domination, as well as elements of gender bending, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

(Please remember to love and support the LGBTQ+ community, privately and publicly if possible.)

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## Words of a Witch

Huge, drooling lips. Large breasts with nipples wet with milk. The woman crawled up to the pair dressed in a gossamer robe that hid nothing, her vagina leaking a trail on the castle stone as Sir Vancel sighed, placing his finger in her mouth.

“Poor slaverling creature.”

Rundi had never been to his liege-lord’s bedroom. High up in one of the towers, the huge four-poster bed was coloured a kingly purple, which Rundi found odd as he had thought that only the king himself was allowed to adorn the colour. Perhaps he was mistaken, being a lowly stable-boy.

“... Yeah...”

“Are you distracted, young squire?”

Rundi tore his eyes from the lips which had suctioned their way onto the man’s finger, looking up at the handsome duke, his liege-lord Sir Vancel of Corsgard.

“N-no...”

“Then why has the horse-master told me tales of restlessness? Spending more time running around with a wooden sword in your hand instead of tending to the horses. Do you think this is right for a lad of 20 years?”

“No.”

“Do you find your duties beneath you?”

“I... no m’lord...”

“Then why do you pretend yourself a warrior when your tasks are before you?”

“I... I’m sorry m’lord.”

Sir Vancel gave a cold smile. He pressed the finger deeper into the woman’s mouth, and she squealed in delight, eyes rolling up as she began to slide her own hands between her legs.

“MMM...Gll-g..gh...”

“Well Rundi... As luck would have it, I have received a task from the king. A task that must be done in secret, and requires someone I trust implicitly.

Someone willing to rise above their station. I have known you since your first days here in the castle... can I trust you, Rundi?"

He straightened, nodding.

"Y.. yes m'lord. Sir!"

"Would you be willing to expose yourself to danger.. to foreign lands?"

His heart began to palpitate. Rundi could barely control himself as he quivered.

"Y-yes. M-M'lord yes!"

"Good.... This woman you see before you. Do you see anything strange?"

"N.... Well.... She's... ah...."

Saliva ran down her chin as she gagged herself on the fingers, trying to almost swallow the man's hand. The woman's nipples and vagina were a mess of liquids, all slowly running down her body. She reached for Sir Vancel's groin, and he did not resist, grinning as she began to fondle his codpiece.

"I'll tell you boy... Nothing at all," he answered, before Rundi could respond, "mmm.... She's the perfect bitch... truly remarkable that she used to be a man."

Rundi's jaw dropped.

"A.. man?!"

"Yes... some poor peasant boy from the outer farmlands... useless now as nothing more than a slut. I must sadly keep her satisfied or she will become prey to truly contemptible sorts.."

The woman began to massage between her master's legs, slowly winding her lips off his fingers and towards her true target, smiling up at the man as he allowed her face to press up against his breeches and snort the scents of his sweating manhood underneath. The man spoke to Rundi with growing tension in his voice as the woman squeezed against his groin, an erect manhood beginning to bulge against her face.

"We have encountered... Hhmpf..... many more like her. But you must keep it a secret.... You see, many more men have been disappearing. We have now discovered who is stealing and changing them.... and we need you to end this threat.... Have you heard the legend of the Ice Queen?"

Rundi nodded, eyes wide.

“Y-yes M’lord... my mother told us tales...”

A rustle from outside the door froze them both for a moment. Sir Vancel frowned, before continuing with a lower voice.

“Well, she is no tale. She is as real as you or I... and we need someone to find her. Someone who can wield a sword, but pass unnoticed between the realms... I believe you might be the perfect man for this great undertaking. No-one would suspect a mere stableboy of subterfuge.”

Rundi didn’t know what subterfuge meant, but he trembled with excitement at the thought.

“I shall not let you down m’lord!”

“Good. You will work with the elves on this quest.”

“The *elves*?!”

“Indeed. They will send one of their runts- *ah*, one of their *greatest* warriors to assist you. Together, armed with weapons imbued with the most powerful runes our mages can bestow, you will find the Ice Witch’s lair. She was last seen in the Dark Forest... close enough to our border to threaten more poor saps like this creature...

The woman was slavering, rivulets of drool dripping down her lips and staining the man’s crotch as he grabbed her head and began to hump her without care, butting her head.

“... do you .. HMM... understand?”

Rundi nodded, his eyes growing wider with every word. He was about to go on a quest... his dream ever since he’d first seen the royal youths learning their forms in the courtyard, and seen shining, armoured men gallop from the keep, journeying to foreign lands unknown.

“Can you do this for your Duke?”

“Y-yes m’lord!”

“Good. You will journey tonight in secret. Find your elven counterpart, find the Witch of Ice... and if she tries to stop you... bring me her heart.”

His eyes widened, straightening.

“Y-yes my lord.”

This was the moment he'd been waiting for. His chance to prove himself.

"You will not be distracted."

"No sir."

"You will be utterly devoted to your task."

"Yes sir."

"Of SINGLE-MINDED FOCUS!"

"YES M'LORD!!"

"Then go... With all the blessings of the kingdom. It is time to take your place amongst the pantheon of great warriors and knights of the realm.... Become who you were born to be."

Rundi nodded, trembling as he sprinted to tell his family. He was finally going to achieve his dreams... he was going to become a knight. A warrior....!

He almost ran straight into the breasts of the Duke's wife, Lady Camille as she stood outside, apologizing quickly. She seemed rather ashen-faced, but Rundi was too filled with excitement to notice as she stormed off in the opposite direction, himself racing down the steps and out into the courtyard, cheeks flushed with victory.

*'My sisters are going to be so jealous....!'*

As the young figure's footsteps faded, Sir Vancil settled in a plush chair in his bedroom, sighing as the woman on her hands and knees panted, pulling his breeches down to latch her lips to his manhood.

"MMm... I-I hope you're ready... I believe a friend could soon be joining you," he sighed, smiling as she gargled his balls in her mouth. She moaned, almost more animal than human as he gently slapped her across the face.

"Suck harder, bitch."

The woman nodded like he'd just offered to marry her, eyes filling with tears of joy as her lips slid down to the base of his cock. He grunted as the stone walls filled with the sounds of churning saliva, and a tongue writhing around his shaft, searching for the most intimate flavours.

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"You think this is the place?"

“Huh?”

Rundi blinked himself awake from the daydream he'd been having of stuffing his face into under his companion's skirt to the bubble butt lurking underneath. It didn't help that they'd been walking for weeks, or that the forest felt dense and warm around them, an unnatural energy in the air. Of course, it was probably just that his elven companion was hot as hell, athletic in that willowy way elves are.

“Were you staring at my ass again?!”

“... No?”

“You do REMEMBER we have a witch to slay?”

“Well I can't HELP that your armour doesn't PROTECT anything Guíl.... And we were supposed to find her.. that's all..”

Guíl hefted her spear and jabbed at the air, faster than his gaze could follow, burying it in the bark of a felled tree.

“But if she resists... then we kill her. And my armour is short because I like to move fast.”

“Well, you can still cover your ass.”

“Are you complaining?”

“... No...”

“Well then. Maybe you can tear yourself away from me long enough to look at that weird tree.”

“Which one?”

Guíl sighed and stepped back to her human companion. Rundi was short, slim barring a womanly plump in his hips and rear. He was also young in the most human of ways, uncertain to the core, not helped by the leather armour too large for his frame that hung from his shoulders. Despite his lesser instincts, it was sometimes worth it for Guíl seeing the world through fresh eyes for the first time. At least, when he wasn't being an idiot. He was certainly good for her self-esteem... he'd barely stopped roving over her body at any opportunity. Guíl pursed her lips and gestured with her spear.

“There.”

Rundi frowned, staring at an ordinary oak tree... and blinked as he slowly realised it was several times taller than the others, and surrounded by an open glade. How had he not noticed the large open clearing? It was perfectly circular, surrounding the oak which seemed perfectly sized like a stacked house, and clearly there were windows... was that smoke coming out of a chimney? He was sure he could smell pork too....

*“How did...?”*

“A simple hex of concealment. Obsolete magic, but useful for... more trivial races.”

Rundi ignored the jibe. He had enough siblings to know that rising to such insults was never the answer.

“Yes... I suppose elves are useful occasionally... shame they always look like they’re sniffing their own shit.”

Guíl scrunched up her perfect features.

“Was that supposed to annoy me?”

“It just did. Shall we?”

Guíl tutted and marched to the wooden door, dark under the branches and somehow weaved into the tree itself so that the seams were barely visible, and rapped her knuckles against the bark.

*\*Thnk-Thnk\**

Silence. The pair bristled. Rundi placed his fingers on the hilt of his sword, the nervous tension building.

“Try again.”

*\*Thnk-Thnk-THNK\**

“WHO THREATENS MY LAIR!”

The door flew open, and Guíl rolled back, spear in hand as a crackle of thunder issued from above, and the chimney smoke expanded into a great cloud, pitching the space around them into darkness. Ice ran up their spines. Rundi reached for his sword, drawing it as his eyes widened. The woman that ducked underneath the doorway wore a hemp dress, faded leather bracelets and straps around wrists and legs. Her hair flowed out and around her in long dark braids as she stood up to her full height, nearly two heads taller than the trespassers.

Aged perhaps forty years or more, her eyes were pitch black. Fingers crackled with strange blue energy.

“I AM THE FOREST MOONCHILD! BEGONE FROM MY LAIR!”

“*Forest?!...*”

Guíl looked to Rundi, confused.

“*I don't...* RUNDI! UNSHEATH YOUR WEAPON, FOOL!”

Rundi was lost. His eyes refused to allow the crackling of lightning above their heads to distract from the thick, meaty breasts clumped together at her front. Her body was the opposite of Guíl's; mature, so thick and curvy that the sword slipped through his fingers, clattering to the ground. As he picked it up, shaking, the woman's empty black eyes fixed on him.

“LEAVE OR I WILL..... *Ahem...*”

Her hands lowered.

“... I apologise.”

The lightning disappeared from her hands, the clouds retreating back down the chimney. Suddenly the glade was beautiful once again, somehow just on the verge of summer though it was nearly the winter months. Where empty black holes had been, now wise brown eyes with a fiery undertone looked him up and down.

“I was just making dinner. Would you care to join?”

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Inside the tree was a mixture of the ordinary and the strange. Buckets, cauldrons and gardening tools lay scattered throughout alongside strange wonders. A flower on a high shelf seemed to morph into a different, brighter colour whenever Rundi looked back at it. Furniture was not separate but part of the tree around them, gnarled tables and work surfaces made of thick wrapped branches and twigs, all filled with books and stoppered pots of strange, slimy substances.

The mouth-watering smell of meat was thick in the air, alongside some strange incense that tickled the back of their throats.

Guíl stared with slitted eyes at the hunk of meat and asparagus on her plate. The strange woman seemed unperturbed, seated so close to Rundi that he was having trouble consuming his own meal due to her staring at him so openly.

Close up she certainly seemed close to her fiftieth year, lines of wisdom outlining the full cheeks of a true beauty that seemed to accentuate her mixture of sexuality with the wisdom and authority of someone who had seen much more than her demure appearance suggested.

“How’s the meat, dear?”

He chewed and swallowed the perfectly salted pork.

“It’s wonderful.”

“Oh, let me serve you some more.”

She hummed a small song to herself, and Rundi had a strange feeling that he was very much pleasing her just with his existence. Her head was close to the ceiling as she bustled off with his plate before he could protest.

“Does your companion eat?”

“I shall eat later,” Guíl said sharply, “who are you?”

“Me? Well, I’m a witch.”

Guíl’s eyes flashed, and the woman smiled as she dropped some meat onto the wooden plate.

“Not *that* witch. The woman I know you’re hunting.... Is my sister.”

“Sister?!? *How* do you know we hunt a witch?”

“The same way I knew to cook for three deary....”

She placed the plate back down in front of Rundi and seated herself at his side, even edging her chair a little closer.

“I happen to learn of things here and there. That, and your weapons are covered in a few too many runes to be hunting boar, though I know not the markings of these particular items.”

“They’re made to kill witches,” Guíl spat.

“Is that so,” she murmured, regarding the spear on the girl’s back with an impassive look.

Rundi frowned.

“Sorry about her... she’s just on edge. What’s your name?”

The woman drew back shyly.

“.... Sooliya.”

“Sooliya... I am Rundi.”

“I know.”

“How-“

“*Witch* darling.”

“Ah.”

“Guess you know my name too huh?” Guíl murmured, still gripping the table as if she might spring into action at a moment’s notice, the pork on her plate untouched.

“No, why would I?”

Guíl growled, and stood up.

“Come Rundi. We’re wasting our time.”

As she marched to the front door, Sooliya raised an eyebrow.

“So... you don’t want to know where my sister is?”

Guíl paused.

“You know her location? The ice queen’s lair?”

“Yes.”

“Tell us.”

“Oh just like that? Come now, I thought you were more civilized... I am a woman alone in the forest. I have need of things on occasion just as you do. A trade perhaps...”

Slowly, the elven figure stepped back and seated herself.

“What do you want?”

A hand gently placed itself on Rundi’s shoulder.

“I would like Rundi to pleasure me.”

“W-whha-“

Rundi felt his stomach gallop around his torso as he looked up into the hungry eyes of an older woman, those full cheeks and lips now proclaiming desperate need.

“It has been... *so long...*”

Guil smirked.

“Done. I’ll wait outside.”

She was already out the door before Rundi could utter a word, not that he could produce any words whatsoever as the beautiful, mature woman next to him went from being a mere ideal that he would have dreamed about wistfully for weeks, to an actual potential mate. A powerlessness gripped him as fears of rejection bubbled up from his gut. She remained still in her chair, so close and yet a million leagues away. Their eyes locked, hers kind and hopeful, his eager and scared, and the longer the silence lengthened, the louder the fire and bubbling of the pot in the background became.

“S-so-“

He barely had time to finish the word before strong fingers grabbed his chin. Thick lips pressed against his as a tongue much larger than his own fell into his mouth, and he moaned as she began slobbering into him, grunting and pushing in even deeper so that she was almost tickling his tonsils.

“MMG-HMMM-“

Being controlled was electrifying, and he felt a piece of pork dislodge from her teeth and slide back and forth between them. Sharing the flavours of their meal, they dined on each other for a moment. Then the world lurched as he found himself being lifted out of his seat, Rundi manhandled and thrust onto the table. Sooliya possessed a frightening strength that came from years of tending to soil and ploughing fields, a natural layer of muscles disguised under her fats that made it clear she could heft him in any way she wanted as she levered him onto his back.

As he felt her body collapse onto him, those wonderful breasts pressing into his chest, Rundi couldn’t believe that this woman was going to aggressively make love to him.... Until he felt it. Something hard pressing up against his own hardness... something... bigger?

“Uufh-“

“Oh yes... that. It’s a little scary,” she whispered, smiling. Her hands interlinked with his, pressing them down on the table. “Just so you know... I could easily take you if I wanted.”

She began to grind the hard object between her legs against his, pressing her tongue back inside his mouth. Rundi quickly realised that whatever it was, it truly felt like his own appendage, but appallingly large, and aggressive.

“MMMHM-“

He began to squeal into the kiss, and she broke it, tongue licking wide around her mouth and chin as she continued to grind.

“Just remember this feeling... that your little cock got harder than it’s ever been when I put my *real dick* against it.”

He whimpered, snivelling whilst trying to push her hands back... but they were as strong as the roots of her home. Rundi had a true sense of powerlessness, of being weak and small before Sooliya slowly rose up to her full height, her shadow across him. The closest thing to his body was the thick tent in her dress, rising up in an unnatural curve from her body.

“Thanks for the kiss,” she murmured... “I truly enjoyed it.”

He said nothing back, scrabbling for his boots as he reached the door, panting.

“Um, Rundi... shouldn’t you wait a little? Your companion might... assume things.”

He paused, face hot.

“What *things!*”

“Like you taking two minutes to pleasure a woman. That doesn’t sound very manly to me... Perhaps your companion will be more understanding, of course.”

“I...”

He frowned. The thought of Guíl ribbing him for the rest of their quest about being a pathetic one-minute warrior bit into his soul like an icy dagger.

“...I will wait then.”

“Care for a drink?”

“NO.. No. I will keep my silence... over here.”

She nodded.

“Very well.”

He squeezed his boots on, remaining in touching distance of the door. It was arresting in the most terrifying way spying that awful bulge, yet the thick breasts that had been pressed up against him were also there to enjoy. An aged beauty.... With the cock of a beast.

*Is this due to her dark magic? Has she changed herself?*

Sooliya remained silent, taking a chair, facing the door from the farthest point of the kitchen-cum-workplace she had fashioned. When she sat, it was entirely without decorum, stamping her feet wide like she was a king in his castle, her cock pointing up at the ceiling.

*How could it be that big??*

“W-what are you doing?”

“It’s my house. I am staying away from you as you requested.”

He sniffed, and tried to look at something else. The walls near the doorway had one or two bugs in them. He could see the grooves of age up the sides...

*“Uuh.”*

The tiny moan jolted his head to her. She was cupping her breast, and working a finger steadily around the outline of her nipple. It was fairly obviously perked up, and as she homed in towards the centre, she began to squirm, stretching her legs wider, pleasuring herself. Rundi blinked. He saw looked down at the tent and saw a wet patch at the tip.

*“G-Gods...”*

Facing the door, he closed his eyes, trying to ignore it, but it only made the noises more tantalising, a woman’s gentle utterances, most likely from squeezing that same nipple.... Perhaps she was touching both now?

Deep breaths became heavy panting.

Rundi could picture it so easily. This gorgeous woman flicking both her nipples whilst staring at his back... His virginal mind simply couldn’t resist.

When he turned to look, she was rolling both nipples between thumb and finger, staring him down like she was about to eat him, her mouth open as she groaned without a care in the world, almost demented in her pleasure and unaffected by his discomfort. The whine of a cowed dog escaped him as a wet dot appeared on her dress at the tip of the tent... and began to grow, becoming a large wet stain across her front. Some white liquid even seeped through the

top. The appendage continued to flick upwards eagerly with her heartbeat as she stared him down.

*'Is it two times the size of mine... or three...?'*

He felt himself shrinking, unconsciously covering his own crotch as she gave a nasty smile, and with the flourish of an actor, pulled back her dress to finally unveil the beautiful, powerful cock.

Rundi almost fainted.

It seemed heavier than an orc's bicep, such raw power in the tendons that strained through the porcelain skin, much paler in comparison to her arms, face and neck which were tanned from working outside in the sun. Veins criss-crossed over it, but the most deranged sight was the weeping cock-head, two bruised purple halves separated by a weeping piss slit and turkey's wattle beneath it. Rundi realised he could forget comparing it to his penis... it was probably closer to his forearm in length, thicker than his wrist for sure.

A strange powerlessness overtook him. Rundi felt his knees buckling, bracing himself against the doorway as she began to jerk it. She had to stroke so far to get all the way from base to tip, and her second hand soon joined to assist. It was a masterful performance, designed to accentuate the demonic length and girth of her instrument and brand it in his brain forever.

White liquid drooled.

Rundi slid slowly to the floor. As Sooliya began to groan louder, the wet pumps of her cock getting more lurid and blasphemous in the confined space, he tried to stare at the wall again, but it was almost worse hearing the powerful butter-churning noises of her staff being wanked, to the point he had to look simply because in his imagination her penis seemed to be getting larger with each pump of her turgid ligaments.

She gestured to her eyes. Somehow her demand was met with obedience.

He looked and found himself tethered as her mouth opened, and she began to make a new guttural noise.... A sound of urgency. The butter churning came to a head, so fast that her fists were a blur, sperm leaking onto the floor like she was pouring an endless flagon of thick cream, and then she bucked. The first line was so powerful that it hit the ceiling, the second still a projectile fast enough to sting if it had hit skin as thick, viscous lines of her seed began to paint the kitchen. Through it all, even as she bucked and near-screamed with pleasure, she kept her wild eyes trained on his. Rundi squirmed in the corner,

and covered the clear erection in his trousers, flushed with heat as Sooliya became possessed, moaning in painful relief as a cannonball of cream hit her own chin, scrunching her eyes shut as she tried to aim elsewhere, some firing over the table, more over the remaining pork sitting nearby, waiting to be salted and dried.

Rundi's eyes wouldn't close. He had seen enough... and she would surely finish any second now.

Somehow.... It didn't stop. The liquid squelches continued, so loud it was almost unnatural as another rope hit her in the face again, collecting at her chin to run down her breasts.

*"Uuhhn.. .Uhn...!"*

Her rhythmic grunting was imprinting itself in his soul.

Cum shined on her breasts as she crunched forwards, pumping like a rabid animal to eke the last essences out of herself, before collapsing back in her chair like a puppet with its strings cut. When she had finished, it took a few seconds for her to remember that Rundi was there... and then she let out a glowing smirk through a mask of white liquid as she drank in the sight of him covering his crotch, knees inwards, huddled by the door.

"... I hope you enjoyed my show."

His voice was small.

*"It's... done. Now where..... where is your sister?"*

"*Hm.* I suppose you played your part.... Seek her in the realm of Sonzgard. The ice caves."

She winked.

"Good luck... come back to me when you've finished your quest Rundi... I'd love to talk again with you soon."

She scooped a tendril of cum from her cheek, and moaned whilst pressing it into her mouth.

Rundi scrambled for the door, not looking back as he slammed it behind him. The last image of her breasts and face covered in cum, cock resting on her belly, would stay with him for weeks to come. When he found Guíl sitting on a stump at the edge of the clearing, she rose up with a raised eyebrow.

"Finished?"

“The... the Ice Caves. *S-Sonsgard*.”

“Huh... and Sooliya?”

He picked up the pack at Guíl’s feet.

“Hm?”

“How was it?”

“I... can we talk about It later? Let’s just go.”

“Huh. Fine then.”

Rundi marched as quickly as he could, Guíl smirking behind him.

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Lady Camille frowned, watching the man down below fall to his knees on the stone floor. His voice echoed around the vast hall, answered by the occasional snigger from supposed noblemen, although she saw little nobility to speak of here.

“B-but sir... I cannot go on.. These taxations-“

“Take it up with the king,” Sir Vancel sneered, leaning over his desk before briefly shivering, “*ooh...*”

“But... but sire...”

“Wait.”

The man remained paused, confused as the duke bucked in his grand seat of office (supposedly NOT a throne despite the many gold trimmings around the sides) and began to murmur, before offering a strange rooster’s squawk.

Lady Camille’s eyes narrowed to slits. She watched as the man trembled, and the disgusting woman hiding under the desk gulped down his seed. It only got worse with every second as the woman pulled away, drooling like a dog, and gargled Camille’s husband’s cum, displaying it in her mouth for him.

“Mmm.. Good bitch,” Sir Vancel murmured lazily, “*again.*”

The woman wiggled her ass and gulped down the load in her mouth, before pressing her face back on his cock. Like a magic trick, it disappeared as she dived forehead first into his pubes, eyes crossing in delirious pleasure.

“As I was saying... the taxations are just. If you cannot afford them... perhaps one of your pretty daughters could be of service, say in my castle chambers, to alleviate your debt.”

The man gritted his teeth.

“... As my lord commands.”

“Very good... o-ohh... *very good*,” Sir Vancel grunted, slipping lower in his throne.

Lady Camille had seen enough. She rose from her own simple, wooden chair.

“I wish to retire.”

No response was forthcoming and she didn't require one, the sounds of gagging and sucking following, mocking her. The moment she left the main hall she fled to her chambers, bursting in to hiss at her bed-maid knitting by the fire.

“Maggie!.... fetch me food from the kitchens. Bread, wine and salted meat. NOW!”

“M-m-lady?”

“I must go. Now. Whilst my husband is occupied with his duties... among other things.”

The beautiful cheeks and eyes that had allowed her to be plucked out of obscurity into the Duke's bed screwed up into a prune of hatred.

“...And get me a horse.”

“But... why?”

“... It's my husband's birthday soon.... and I'm searching for the *perfect* gift. Hurry now!”

Maggie bustled away. As her footsteps echoed down the halls of the fine keep that was her prison, Lady Camille reached to the display of armour in the corner of the room, drawing the sword of her husband from its scabbard. Hefting it was difficult, and she grunted, setting it back.

“Perhaps...”

She reached for the smaller handle of his dagger, and pulled it free of the scabbard. The blade flickered in the light of the fire, comfortable in her palm.

*‘I never did receive a wedding gift...’*

She cut the edges of her dress with it, the fine silk falling away as she jammed it back into the scabbard, belting it to her thigh.

Moments later, a cloaked figure on a horse bolted from the Duke's keep, wind whipping across the fields as it disappeared into the dusk light. It was just possible to see a tendril of bright blond hair within as the figure aimed for the dark forest with two words burned into their memory.

*'Ice Queen.'*

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Wet mud sucked at Rundi's feet, dead trees forming a twisted web before them. The further north they journeyed the more the colour drained from the land, empty branches like ragged fingers trying to scrape the grey clouds looming above. Guíl flicked her ears up and paused for a moment, before gesturing to continue. Her footsteps left no trace in the mud as she skimmed across the landscape.

"This way."

Rundi sighed, his breath steaming in the cold air as he pulled his foot up with a wet, cloying sound. It had been almost a month since the glade. They had traversed fields, rivers and two cities to reach these barren plains, barely identifiable as a forest.

"You hear anything?"

"Nothing. Not even a bird. We're close."

"Ugh, my feet are *aching*."

"Well, we should talk about something interesting.... Like, how was your first time with that witch?"

He clenched up. Somehow he'd managed to avoid talking about it in detail thus far.

"I-I told you it wasn't my first time..."

Guíl smirked.

"Are you sure? You didn't seem confident when I left. I'm surprised she even told us anything after such short a time..."

"Well, she was... satisfied!"

"So you're not going to talk about it?"

“No.”

She shrugged.

“Shame. Most men I’ve met are confident in the bedroom.... But that’s just my type. Maybe you’re not like them....”

Rundi’s back straightened, eyeing girl’s slim, pretty figure as she slipped between two dead boughs.

“W-well if you must know the details...”

“Yeah?”

“.. I fucked her.... good.”

“That’s it?”

“A... and I sucked her nipples!”

“Ooo nice.”

“And she... she sucked my cock. A lot.”

“*DID she..?* Well she did look like a woman with experience... I bet she sucked you dry.”

“Well, actually... actually I made her wait for it.”

“Oh yeeeeeah?”

He puffed his chest out, a swagger emerging in his walk.

“Yeah. By the end, I had her on her knees, praying for me to spray all over her.”

“Goodness! You sound like a *strong, powerful man*, in the bedroom!” she fake-gasped.

“Yeah, she had to sleep it off.”

“Oh really? All that in fifteen minutes?”

“*W-well...* I work fast.”

Guil giggled.

“Now *that* I believe.”

“Shut up,” he grunted, the swagger disappearing, “I fucked a hot witch. You’re just jealous.”

“Oh absolutely.”

As they trudged on, he spied Guíl’s ass under her skirt.... And then the image of Sooliya’s mouth-open expression as she shot her seed into the air snapped to the centre of his thoughts. He tried to shake it, but it had been haunting him every day since... this hung monster of a woman spraying her own face with jism at the mere sight of him. He felt heat flowing south and blinked himself out of his trance as he pulled his boot from the mud and landed on something solid.

Rock.

A sharp breeze hit his cheek as he looked up from the edge of the dead forest to the mountains of the North - great peaks clawing the sky. Somewhere in this desolate place, the ice caves hid. The pair stopped to study the endless rocks and snowy hillsides as an even colder gust of wind burned their faces. Rundi scowled.

“So now what?” he murmured.

“We search.”

He grunted, “of course.”

The first mountain seemed the smallest, yet defied every step with treacherous intentions; a gigantic spire of rock with pitfalls and slippery slopes that they had to take great care to traverse. Rundi’s legs soon ached from traversing terrifying gaps in the rock, sliding down sheer wet moss as well as balancing on the few sturdy footings he could find, but his companion did not slow. After a few hours making their way around the base, the sun began to dip. Long shadows of mountains darkened their view. Rundi couldn’t even spy the bottom of Guíl’s pert ass anymore, the perky globes hidden from view.

“We’ll never find it,” Rundi murmured.

“Shut up. We’ll search every mountain from tip to base if we have to... *wait!*”

She squinted.

“Do you see that!?”

A faint blue pulsing light came from an outcrop in the side of the mountain. The distance was so close they could surely reach it before darkness fell.

“I... *hey...yeah..*”

“Come ON!”

Guíl dragged him down, Rundi whimpering as she skipped from stone to stone whilst he felt himself lurching, almost pitching down the steep rocks until they came, panting, across a large, almost painfully obvious pulsing aura emanating from a cave hidden in the side of the mountain. Icicles hung from the roof, and despite the sleet and wetness outside, the inside seemed coated in fine powdered snow, like the door to a fairytale. The snow glowed, as if reflecting moonlight despite an empty sky.

“The ice caves....” Guíl murmured, fire in her eyes.

They approached slowly. Rundi unsheathed his sword, fingers cold on the hilt.

“If you see her-“

“Hold! *Who goooeesss there!*”

The pair dived for cover. Panting, they glanced from behind the boulder opposite the entrance, and saw a shadowy figure. It had sounded like a woman, but... with strange intonation, as if announcing guests at a royal event.

“SHOW YOURSELF!”

“Well... I’m right here!”

They watched the figure emerging from the centre of the cave, quite unhurried. Her deep black skin stood out like a silhouette from the snow behind her. Tall and slim, the wool pelt that covered her waist and breasts seemed purely to cover her nipples and groin. She walked with bare feet from snow onto cold, sharp stone, yet seemed not to feel any pain or discomfort. It was rather disconcerting seeing such a strange, spotless woman in these dismal surroundings. The pair frowned at each other as she spoke.

“I am here.”

“Are YOU the witch we seek?!?! The ice queen?”

“The one who... who stole our men!” Rundi added, before blushing as the woman laughed in an infuriatingly trifling manner.

“Witch? You mean my mistress? Oh goodness... I suppose ‘Ice Queen’ is still a name she goes by.”

“So, you know her!”

“Of cooourse.. But how did you find this place cuties?”

Guíl hefted her spear, ready to strike at a moment's notice as she spoke.

"We are not *cute*."

"I disagree."

The woman looked her up and down and bit her lip.

"Mm... years ago, you'd be in trouble with that skirt around me."

Guíl bristled.

"We met the Ice Queen's *sister*. She told us all about your *mistress*."

The woman frowned, troubled.

"*Sister*..."

"Enough talk. Lead us to her!!"

"I cannot."

Guíl growled and emerged from the outcrop, marching towards her until she was pointing the spear at the woman's chest.

"We'll see about that."

"No traveller... I didn't mean... well, I suppose I must show you. Some only learn the hard way. Come!"

"Better," Guíl grunted, "Lead on."

The woman strode serenely back to the cave, eyeing the pair up occasionally behind her back as she led them to the mouth, and inside, her feet padding onto the snow.

"You are beautiful."

"Shut up," Guíl snapped.

"You will need to be more polite in front of *Mistress*."

"I don't care what your *Mistress* wants! Soon you won't HAVE a mistress to be polite to..."

"Can we hurry up? It's *freezing* out here..." Rundi murmured.

He hurried past Guíl to get away from the biting wind-

"Uuuf-!"

Rundi moaned as a sudden rush of energy to his genitals overcame him. He quivered, falling to his knees.

“Ooyyyy.!!.”

“Rundi, get up, idiot,” Guíl sniffed, before a guttural moan left her throat. “Uuuuhyyh....”

Rundi looked down, and saw just a touch of snow on his boot from the cave. He rolled back, quivering like he was about to pop from the pleasure, and panted as whatever had taken hold released him.

“OOhhh... w-what...”

When he looked over to Guíl, his eyebrows rose. She was panting after rolling out of the cave, the look of desperate lust giving way to pure fury as she caught her breath.

“What the...”

She steeled herself.

“Don’t,” Rundi murmured.

“Shut UP! I WILL find this witch, and KILL HER!”

Guíl ran at the opening of the cave, and got two paces into the snow with a look of triumph before her eyes rolled up into her head. She fell to her knees, tongue lolling from her mouth as she let out a yelp like she had just been violated in every orifice simultaneously, bucking and squealing as pleasure coursed through every part of her body at once.

“G-Guíl?”

The woman smirked as she stood over the writhing body of his companion.

“She doesn’t hear you. Perhaps she will be a little less... bad-tempered, after this.”

Guíl was drooling into the snow on her side, a strange mask of zombified pleasure on her face as her fingers slide under her skirt, and she fully tore through her undergarments to reveal a gushing pussy. Without any thought she stuck two fingers inside herself, her other hand rotating so fast around her clit that it was a blur. Her back arched, and Rundi couldn’t look away as she sprayed juice into the snow, which began to melt under the warm liquid.

The woman above was smiling, and she kneeled, gently placing a finger into Guíl's mouth. Guíl sucked on it immediately, such madness and zeal in her movements that it was like her mind had been replaced by a wild animal as she grunted, fully given over to the task of self-pleasure.

"I am sure this will be remembered as a teachable moment to respect my Mistress's wishes. She does not appreciate unwelcome guests."

She withdrew the fingers, and grabbed the girl's legs, grunting as she pulled her trembling form back across the line. The moment she did, the quaking in Guíl's body slowed. She stopped fingering her open sex, and blinked herself to some form of lucidity. When she realised what she had done, she screamed.

"What the-... y-*YOU WHORE OF A PIG!!!*"

She pulled herself to her feet, grabbing her spear, juices still running down her inner thighs as she pointed it, the shaft shaking wildly in her grip.

"WHAT DID YOU DO!"

"I did nothing. No-one but those chosen can enter."

"I-I'll *kill you*...."

Guíl was quivering, her cheeks flushed. Rundi murmured so she wouldn't be spooked.

"Guíl... she's not the witch. She didn't do this."

"Your slave is correct."

"Hey, I'm not a slave!"

"Quiet, idiot," Guíl panted, before gathering some sense of control, and covering her nether regions up, face flushed crimson "... so.... a hex."

"Yes. And more besides if you get through this one. As I said before... I cannot bring you to her," the woman said, a pitying look on her face.

"Well... how do we proceed," Guíl growled.

"You should never come back. I promise you, you will live happier lives for it."

"Never. I swear we will return."

"Then good luck to you both..."

The woman took the fingers wet with Guíl's saliva and placed them in her mouth. Eyes closed, she savoured the flavours, moaning softly to herself before padding away, humming. Guíl quivered with rage, and made to follow before lurching back from the snowy interior. She began prowling back and forth, still flushed from her orgasm as her legs trembled every few steps.

"S-some sort of runes... or enchantment..."

"What can we do?" moaned Rundi, "Perhaps.... Maybe this task is beyond us."

"NO!"

She squared up to him, fire in her eyes.

"We're going back!"

"What do you MEAN go back? Back where!?"

"To... To the forest witch! Of course. If the ice witch has blocked this place with magic, we'll need someone to undo it. Who better than her sister? I'm sure she knew of this already... that *bitch*."

She squinted at him.

"Maybe if you'd not finished so QUICKLY, she'd have told us of these hexes!"

Rundi's collar began to heat up.

"TH-THAT'S.. Nothing to do with this!"

He could already see the zealousness in her body, especially after such a humiliating defeat. She would not be dissuaded, yet he knew what would be expected when he returned. The image of Sooliya jerking her cock made his stomach churn.

"We can't trust her. Surely another way...."

Guíl was about to fire back... and then smirked.

"But.. I thought you said she had to sleep off the lovemaking you gave her?"

"W-Well.. Yeah..."

"And seeing as how you two are on good terms, *surely* she'd be happy to help you in your endeavours again?"

Rundi squirmed, caught between a rock and a hard place.

"I don't believe.. Surely she will have forgotten-"

“So you didn’t pleasure her well enough then? Are you not able to bring a woman to orgasm?”

“I.. Of course!”

“So it’s decided then.”

“... right,” he said miserably as Guíl marched with a new spring in her step, her thighs still glistening with liquid.

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Brown leaves crunched beneath them, Rundi staring at his feet as they landed on luscious green grass. He found himself shrugging off his coat as they entered the familiar glade, the air here warmer despite the swirling treetops on the fringes. It felt unnatural, the tree-burrow existing in its own small utopia, unaffected by the elements.

Out next to a line of vegetables, a tall figure ploughed a furrow with a hoe, humming as she worked. Her dress was muddy, and she had a crusty sheen of sweat on her face as she leaned on her tool with a knowing smile, breathing heavily.

“Ah.... back so soon?”

“You knew we would be back,” Guíl hissed. Sooliya’s expression became solemn.

“I don’t deny it.”

“The ice cave. You can counter the spell?”

“Of course.... Did you enjoy the ah... *effects*...?”

Guíl went a shade of red so violent that Rundi found himself having to hide a grin.

“No. So you didn’t think to tell us of this *before* we journeyed there?”

“I had to be sure you were people of your word. Giving a simple unlocking spell could be gravely dangerous in the wrong hands... and I had hoped to see a certain someone again.”

The way she looked at Rundi had him quivering in his boots as Guíl snorted.

“Indeed. Well, we are back to barter. Another fifteen minutes with Rundi and you give us the unlocking spell... AND tell us of any other obstacles we may encounter.”

Sooliya pulled the hoe from the dirt as she looked Rundi up and down.

“Huh... a weightier bargain than before. I think that deserves more time... a night perhaps?”

“NO-!”

Rundi staggered back, looking in shock at both Guíl and Sooliya.

“I... *I mean..!*”

“What’s the matter? Not feeling like your usual fertile self? Too much woman for you perhaps?” Guíl grinned.

His cheeks flushed bright red.

“No. It’s just... It’s... *surprising...*”

“Just an evening then. Until sundown... no more than one hour,” Sooliya corrected, her voice gentle and low as Guíl smirked, muttering under her breath.

“*Think you can last that long?*”

“I-I... “

Rundi was sweating. The sudden change of atmosphere back to summer, as well as the terrifyingly beautiful figure of Sooliya drinking him in like fine wine was affecting his concentration.

“I want you tonight, Rundi,” Sooliya murmured, “and I promise... we’ll go slow. You’ll enjoy it, and then I’ll tell you both everything you want to know.”

“I... I suppose...we can.”

Guíl rolled her eyes, shoving him in the shoulder.

“Of COURSE he can. *By the Gods* no other woman has ever looked at you twice, and you are scared of an experienced, big-breasted beauty, AFTER you already fucked her?”

“*Very* experienced,” Sooliya added, “I am three centuries old after all. And thank you for the compliment.”

“*Whatever....* afterwards, you will tell us EVERYTHING about your sister. Yes?”

“... everything you need,” Sooliya nodded.

“Very well... Rundi, I guess it’s time to prove you’re more than a fifteen minute wonder,” Guíl smirked.

Anger, terror and arousal all swirled through his body as he watched the powerful woman pull her hoe from the ground, the mud around the hem of her dress and dirty fingernails making her seem as much a part of the forest as her home.

“Guíl, If you could leave us please... I’d like to have some privacy as we discuss personal... preferences.”

“Absolutely,” Guíl murmured, bowing before turning with a mirth-filled eyebrow to Rundi, trudging out of the glade.

Rundi swallowed.

“S-so...”

Sooliya sprang forwards so quickly that Rundi cringed, expecting a repeat of the first time she had pounced.... Only to watch behind covering hands as she swept past to a small hatch in the back of the burrow, hidden within a dark crevasse.

“Come, Rundi. You look exhausted after your journey... you can clean and bathe yourself here.”

He poked his head inside to a small haven with a copper bath-tub standing alone. He frowned. Where was she getting the water? Surely she didn’t have the ability to smelt or lay pipes....

She clicked her fingers, and steaming hot water began to fill the tub from nowhere.

“Enjoy. Would you like me to.... *help you bathe?*”

“Ah.. n-no thank you.”

“Very well.”

Her lips thinned as she stepped back from the entrance.

“Let me know when you’re done... I could use a cleanse myself... it’s hard for a woman my age to tend to these fields.”

“Right.”

With that she swept away. Rundi regarded her ass for a moment and then shook his head when he remembered what was hanging between her legs... the appendage he would have to contend with later that evening.

He shivered and closed the cubby hole but for a small crack of light, and disrobed.

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Somewhere in the forest, a cloaked figure with a tendril of blond hair peeking out of her hood shifted leaves beneath her feet into a rough circle. She crouched and closed her eyes.

“To the eyes of one who is humble... reveal thyself.”

Nothing happened. She shivered, breath misting in front of her as she rose up and patted her horse.

“Come Shanks...”

The horse eye Lady Camilla balefully.

“Don’t give me that. We’ve barely even started..”

She hopped up on the reins, wincing as her aching thighs settled on his flanks. It had been a long time since she’d ridden this often. As she made her way further down the path, leagues away, a forest woman’s ears perked up briefly in her kitchen, before shaking the sensation away.

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Once he had bathed as long as he dared, Rundi found Sooliya mixing some strange, spiced powders together in the kitchen. He didn’t question it, and she didn’t offer any answers, marching out to bathe herself. When she returned, she sported a far more elegant dress, of the kind that a noblewoman might wear in summer, loose white gossamer that somehow shrouded her private areas yet gave tantalising glimpses whenever her robe didn’t quite overlap. She looked completely different to the earthy woman of before, although her essence remained with the soil, partly in the form of fresh roses in her hands. Dirt still clung to their stems in places. He was also hit by a wall of strange flavours emanating from her person; damp bark and pumpkin alongside other substances he’d never experienced before, mixed in an eye-watering home-brewed perfume that yanked his nostrils in different directions.

“I gathered these for you.”

“O-Ohh... I ah... Aren’t flowers for.... girls?”

She placed them gently in his hands.

“They are for whomever is worthy of beautiful gifts. In this case, you.”

He tried to blink the oppressive aromas from his sinuses, turning the bouquet in his hands as she glided over to the counter and began clearing away her spices into thin pots. Erect nipples were clearly visible through the material as she bustled back and forth. He squirmed, saying nothing until she had finished. Sooliya finally reached up for a specific bottle, un-stoppering a cork to pour red liquid into two wooden cups. He placed the roses aside, gently.

“What is-“

“You have wine in your lands I take it?”

“Ah, yes.”

“You drink it?”

“No... My mother forbade me...”

She frowned.

“You are not a mewling whelp are you?”

His backbone straightened a touch.

“No! I am a man and-“

“Good. Drink.”

She raised a glass, leaving one on the table. Rundi nodded and puffed his chest, stepping forward. He *was* a man after all.

“Cheers.”

“*Mak-da.*”

“*Mak-what?*”

“It means a toast, in my people’s tongue.”

“Your people?”

“Drink. Then we can talk.”

He put the wine cup to his lips and drank.... It was strong and bitter, and he grimaced as it burned his throat on the way down.

“My people existed long ago.... The *Kyr-Drothka*. A race of forest-dwelling druids-”

A stop for air was met with a scowl from Sooliya.

“- we do not drink in halves under my roof, *boy*.”

He bristled at the insult.

“I am no boy.”

“Prove it.”

Putting the cup to his lips he gulped the rest down, making a point of slapping the cup on the table, whilst trying to contain the burp bubbling up from his gut.

“Mm... p-pleasant...”

She sighed in satisfaction, licking a small dribble of red from her own lips. They were large and juicy. The strange urge to catch that trickle of wine from her lips was strong.

“Our race lived as one with the forest. Learning to bend nature to our will.... Over time however, we were overtaken by your ‘younger’ races... the humans... dwarves... you bred like rabbits, ten to our one. Soon you pushed us into the darker spaces of the world, or off to foreign lands. Eventually, we remained so few that we had to seek out our kin in other dwellings to pool our magic just to survive. The woman you seek, my sister.... She is all that is left of my family.”

“Oh... I’m sorry.”

“That’s alright.... Did you enjoy the wine?”

“Uh.. yeah.”

She smirked at the clear grimace on his face.

“Good. I do not waste it on most who wander into my rooms....”

Rundi blew out his cheeks as she filled both cups again.

“You’re trying to get me drunk?”

“I’m trying to put you in touch with your true self...”

She waited to speak until he took the cup, almost filled to the brim.

“... and I’m trying to get us both drunk.”

He snorted.

“Well, at least you’re honest.”

“A drink to honesty, then.”

“A strange toast.”

“Perhaps... we shall be honest from now on? I will speak only the truth, if you shall do the same.”

Her eyes seemed to deepen, and the light in the room dimmed. He frowned, blinking back the strange haze threatening to impede his vision.

“F.... Fine. I have nothing to hide.”

“I doubt that. *Boy.... Mak-da.*”

“Mak-da.”

The hairs on his neck rose as she stared him down whilst putting the cup to her mouth, before tipping it back farther and farther, huge gulps going down her neck. He found her strident nature to be quite magnetic as she threw the cup to the floor.

“Come, let us see the worth of your manhood!”

He gritted his teeth, before throwing his throat open and shoving the cup backwards. Liquid poured down his throat, burning less as it went down... until some went the wrong way.

“HUHG-!”

He gagged, wine dripping down his chin. A few coughs followed, the cup still half-full.

“HuHHGG... *w-wait, HHAGH....*”

“Take time if you need, *boy,*” she smirked.

“AKHH-“

Her goading needled his temple, and he wished to the Gods he would stop coughing as she shook her head, mocking him. After what felt like eons to recover, he finally managed to steady himself long enough to sip the remainder at a pathetic pace, before letting the empty cup fall to the ground.

“*F-finished...*”

“Finally.”

His head felt warm. The room was a little blurrier than he remembered... How many wines had he had..?

“There... You got me drunk...”

“Indeed. More importantly I think we’re ready to be *much* more honest with each other.... And now that we’ve lubricated proceedings....”

His eyes widened as this motherly figure leaned over the table, pressed her elbow into it, and proffered her hand.

“... wrestle me.”

“Ha.. An arm wrestle? Between us?”

“Yes.”

He snorted, staring at the two or three Sooliyas sitting opposite. If it meant not having to touch that huge *thing* between Sooliya’s legs, he was all for it. Perhaps he could also puncture a little of her ego too.

“Fine then! Let us play.”

He took a hold of her arm, and found himself gulping as her larger, longer forearms and hands wrapped his. She felt incredibly solid, and the memories of being forcefully ground by her cock had him sobering up rapidly.

“Ready?”

“Yes.”

“Go.”

He pressed... nothing happened. She raised her eyebrows, questioning him. Rundi snorted and pressed harder.

“Hm.. HMMMNNNGGG-“

Heat flowed to his face as he watched the corners of her mouth twist upwards, yet her arm went nowhere. He tried to find purchase on the floor with his feet, to use every part of his body..... Until she let out the most idle “Hmph.”

Like a lever, her arm began to winch. He found himself bending towards the table, grimacing as she overpowered him in the slowest, most humiliating way.

She even held him just an inch above the knotted wood, her expression care-free as he struggled, panting.

“So *sweet*... and you still call yourself a man?”

She pressed his hand hard into the table, and then proffered her hand again.

“Fair game, my *big, strong* soldier.... Now, again.”

Her voice dripped with sarcasm, his response bitter.

“Huh. *Why?*”

“Because I said so.”

“I refuse.”

“I said *again*... but this time you will use two hands.”

Rundi’s temple pulsed with a flush of fury, hands balling into fists.

“So, you are too cowardly to just fuck me, so you choose to... to humiliate me instead!?”

“So you admit that you are weak? That you are just a *boy*, and not a man?”

“NO!”

“Then wrestle me,” she smirked, “if you can.”

Growling, he grabbed her fist with both hands.

“FINE!”

“.... Go.”

Rundi pushed. He tried to force her back with all his might... even used his entire bodyweight... and felt her budge slightly. Sooliya grunted, and pushed back with venom... Rundi found himself tipping, and his chest crunch inwards with embarrassment as she pressed both of his hands to the table with a single arm, his body almost bent sideways as she grinned, panting.

“Not bad... for a pretty little boy like you.”

He tried to remove himself, temple pulsing with fury and humiliation, but found himself mewling as she kept him pinned.

“Do you find me attractive?”

The young figure sobbed.

“N-No!”

Her thumb stroked the back of his hand as he desperately tried to release himself.

“Oh really?... I believe we toasted the truth. To break that promise in a witch’s home would be... unwise.”

The hackles on his neck rose. Perhaps it was his imagination, but it felt like the room had dimmed again. Sooliya also looked more radiant, as if light were reflecting off her skin, illuminating her naked body under the white robes, to the point her could see the large areolas of her udders as they rested on the table.

“So tell me... is there nothing at all about me that you find.. Intriguing?”

“I...”

Her fist was like an anvil on his soft hands. A whimper escaped his lips.

“...Yes.”

“Do you want to pleasure me, Rundi?” she breathed.

Rundi didn’t know what to do. She was leaning forwards again so her breath fluttered on his cheek, her breasts aching to be squeezed together, bounced and sucked. She came close enough that she was nose to nose with him, bent sideways on the table. The pressure on his hands increased, and he let out another pathetic noise.

“Uyyy.”

“Rundi... you said we would be honest...now tell me... *do you want me to feel pleasure?*”

“Y-y-yes....”

His lip was wobbling. He felt at the same time aroused, defeated, confused... his mind whirled as she gently pulled his hands up until they were sitting across from each other again, hands clasped.

“Rundi... I want to pleasure you too.”

“Y-you’re... you’re insane...”

“No.”

Her gaze was steady, jaw firm.

“I just humiliated you to make you understand... to show you. Some folk are fighters... most are not. No good ending awaits if you do not learn this fact.”

“I’m not... *f-fighting you...*”

“Indeed. Yet if you proceed down the path Guíl will follow, you will have no other option. You must understand you were not born for this... but for something far more powerful.”

She kissed the back of his hand.

“Do you understand?”

“*N-no...*”

“It’s alright... some things we learn in time. Now, as I asked before, do you find me attractive?”

“....”

He looked away for a moment, searching for any way out, any possible escape... and found himself gazing into the heart of the ever-changing flower. At this moment, it was a dark brown... almost the exact colour of the mud that had caked her dress earlier. As he watched, it flushed into a dark red, then to white, and back to red.

“*You said you would be honest.*”

Her voice had a wavering note of tenderness in it. Rundi felt the warmth of her hand clasped around his as she squeezed.

“... I... do find... *some* of you attractive...”

She smiled.

“Which parts?”

“Your... *your breasts.*”

“Go on.”

“Your rear.”

“My ass. No need to be shy about my body, Rundi. These are fine choices.... Not my penis then?”

A vehement head shake, fighting back tears.

“Does my penis scare you?”

He nodded, shivering.

*'Don't cry.'*

"Yes."

"That's good.... Being vulnerable in front of someone you find attractive... *honest* with your feelings... is very difficult. You're much braver than you realise."

She squeezed his fingers, rubbing her thumb slowly across the back of his hand once more, letting the soothing motions lull his body into a calmer state.

*"How do you want to pleasure me, Rundi?"*

"I-I... I..."

"Say it."

"I... want... *to fuck you.*"

She nodded.

"Thank you for speaking the truth... I want to fuck you too."

A war drum thumped in his chest. Sweat dappled his brow, and his body seemed to be screaming a million equally terrifying things at him all at once. Run. Fight. Fuck. Kiss. Freeze. Touch. Cry. Sooliya seemed to cut through it all with a slow, firm voice.

"Then let us gift each other this pleasure... why don't you fuck me first.... And if you're feeling ready.. I can make love to you?"

The way she employed 'make love' softened the blow of suggesting she wanted to put that terrifying appendage inside him. His trembling hands clamped tight to hers, trying to wring some comfort out of her.

"Y.. O-okay.. *B-but Guil-*"

She placed a finger to his lips.

"...Will never know. I swear it."

He nodded, but nonetheless checked the door just in case.

"Come... we can go upstairs."

The wine unbalanced his feet as she gently took his fingers, squeezing as she led him to a crooked ladder in the corner with leaves growing from its rungs, bowed to one side.

*'Was that there before? How did I not see it?... how many more secret rooms are there in this house...?'*

"You go.. I'll be right behind you."

He nodded, and began to climb, until his feet slipped on the fourth rung. The world lurched. Powerful hands propped him up. He looked down and saw her staring hungrily at his rear end, and realised she was fully gripping his ass with her hands... her thumb brushed up briefly against his asshole.

"Easy," she murmured, motherly once more. The brief darkness still sent a twinge of fear through him as he managed to haul himself up. Sooliya clambered up after like she weighed nothing, yet the branch rungs of the ladder groaned with every step.

The room Rundi entered was small, furniture similarly grown from the walls with twisted knots of branches expanding up into a chest, wardrobe and small desk with a mirror on it. When Rundi glanced at it, he saw his own pale reflection looking back at him, Sooliya standing like a giant behind him.... And a third figure, a youthful woman with bright orange hair, leaning over his right shoulder.

"WHAT THE-"

He whipped round to nothing.

*"Missed meeeeeee!"*

He turned back to the mirror. The girl was now sitting on top of the wardrobe.

*"Who's your friend Sooli?!?"*

Rundi looked back to the wardrobe. Nothing lay on top of it, and he began to realise that this girl, whoever she was, was somehow *in* the mirror, her voice coming from within it, not from the room itself.

"Wh-what is this...."

"Rundi, meet Kah."

Kah had a full, shiny blush like a ripe apple, pretty in a strange way; her body slim, yet her demeanour oozed a certain scandalous nature, her fine embroidered skirt too short to be noble, her belly exposed, a small pearly-white shirt on her top half as she leaned forwards suggestively.

“A pleasure.. Sorry I can’t shake your hand...hmm why do you look so pale...?”

She cocked her head.

“And why do you have a stiffness in your britches? Oooh are you here to have SEX?! how EXCITING!”

“I-I...!”

He covered up, humiliated.

“Yes, we are,” Sooliya said proudly, “now my friend, you will please be quiet and go elsewhere.”

Kah groused.

“WHAT?! The first bit of excitement I get to see and you’re gonna-“

“Please Kah. We require privacy.”

“Ugh... FINE.”

Rundi watched as she scowled, pacing around the room in the mirror. The moment he blinked, she was gone.

“Who...?”

“A princess..... Cursed for her foul temperament to spend a thousand years in this mirror. She has mellowed since then of course...”

“*I wasn’t foul.*”

“KAH!”

“*I’m GOING, I’m going!..... He’s cute though.*”

“I know,” Sooliya said with a note of pride, and when she looked down at Rundi, he felt his heart pumping in his chest. “Come dear.... Let us lie together.”

She gestured to a bed of moss with more hemp woven blankets on it. He almost fell in with his head spinning from the wine and circumstance, but Sooliya easily gripped his wrist, hefting his body-weight with one arm as she gently led

him down. As she stood above he couldn't help feeling the weight of her presence, looming over him with such a tall, wide frame that could crush him to death if she so chose, that could so easily abuse or overpower him.

As she reached over and pulled the shutters closed, the claustrophobia increased. A guttural breath from somewhere deep in her throat sparked flickers of light from the tendrils of branches around them. It was as if fireflies had dug themselves into the branches, and the room possessed an amber glow perfect for romancing a woman.

*'But I'm the one being romanced...'*

He shivered as she lay down beside him. She seemed even larger than ever, a blanket of womanly fats ready to fuck and smother him to death.

"You are scared."

He nodded.

A large hand touched his cheek.

"We'll go slow... I want you to tell me if anything is too much."

"Okay."

"I don't want to hurt you."

She leaned in. He found his senses heightening... The heady, uncompromising musk of her perfume wrapping around and through him like vines strangling a sapling. The wine on her breath made his stomach churn.

Wet lips pressed against his. Being much larger, it seemed so natural for her to take control, but she was far less forceful than last time, and Rundi found himself softening as she teased rather than jabbed with her tongue, coaxing him to reciprocate.

Two new lovers quietly kissed in the centre of an oak tree in the forest. Gently, Rundi found himself pushing forwards between her lips, and his heart jumped as he found a home in her mouth, sloshing his tongue deeper as saliva began to mix between them. As she allowed him to take control, his instincts began to take over.

Rundi felt his heart thudding in his chest as he sat up into the kiss, and when Sooliya let out a feminine whine the heat continued to build. Suddenly he was fully pressing into her, and he allowed his hands to grope what he had been dying to enjoy since the moment she'd burst through the door... he squished the

covered breasts, feeling those nipples that were softer than he expected in the centre of his palms, her robes bunching between his fingers as he tried to work her buds. He couldn't have covered a single breast with both hands, but he attempted to gather both between his hands, squeezing them together, feeling the delicious glands roll between his digits.

Sooliya more than played along, gently rolling away so Rundi had to be the aggressor, and despite shaking he managed to straddle her, so small in comparison that he was still face-to-face even though his knees lay either side of her stomach.

She giggled.

“So sweet.”

He frowned, breaking the kiss, and realised... she was laughing because his tiny hardness, no longer than her finger, was pressing against her belly-button.

Sniffing, he made to stand. She grabbed his wrists.

“No Rundi. It's perfectly sized!.... You make me happy.”

“You're *lying!*” he snivelled, trembling.

“We promised honesty,” she murmured. “It's absolutely perfect.. “

Then he felt something poking his rear. He looked down to see the humongous creature unfurling under her robes, hungering for the depths of his body. He jerked upright.

“It's *alright*....”

“*N-no..!*”

He stood up, shivering. She slowly rose up on her side, and frowned as a voice came from the mirror.

“*Wowwwww, he really is pathetic.*”

“BEGONE.... Unless you want another decade on your sentence!” Sooliya shouted.

Kah's eyes widened, and she vanished again.

“You.. can do that?” Rundi murmured.

“I could..... *but I won't.* Don't tell her that,” she winked.

“But you... put her in the mirror?” Rundi murmured.

She frowned.

“...once upon a time. Yes.”

“So... you *are* like the witch we seek.... You abuse us...”

She cupped his face.

“*No!*... I was a different girl back then. Impulsive. Power-hungry. I... did things I regret. But Kah... believe me when I say she deserved it. The way she treated her subjects.... She’ll tell you so herself.”

She lay back down and patted the moss beneath her.

“Come back darling.... Don’t you want to enjoy my body?”

Rundi made no move towards her. Arms folded, he simply remained, hovering close to the entrance. Sooliya’s expression became calm. Slowly, she sat cross legged, and began to disrobe. He watched, eyes widening as her freckled shoulders were unveiled, then her barrel breasts, and down her somewhat dumpy belly to the huge cock leaning against it. He whimpered, taking a step back towards the ladder entrance as it leaked onto her belly, cum collecting in her belly button.

“Watch.”

The wisdom of experience was present in the depth of her voice, hard-earned over centuries. He knew he should leave. Any self-respecting man would at once flee from such a scene... And yet...

Slowly, she touched each part of herself with a brush of fingers, never lingering. Around her nipples. Down her arms. Across her penis....

Rundi stared, locked on the huge appendage as she let out a long breath, before taking hold of a pot from nearby, the contents hidden. Slowly she tipped it, and began to pour it down her chest. A deep desire from the depths of his being gripped him as he watched clear oily liquid spill down her cleavage, covering her nipples as it poured onto her cock and balls, soaking the moss and blankets beneath her.

As Rundi watched, heat flushed to his most sensitive areas, he squirmed as Sooliya spread her arms wide, portraying her basted front for him to enjoy. It was a hug that promised so much pleasure, and he had to steel himself not to crawl to it. She raised an eyebrow, still smiling subtly.

Rundi placed one hand on the edge of the opening, looking down into the kitchen. And then Sooliya played her masterpiece.

She got on all fours, and faced the shutters, her full ass displayed to Rundi. He stared at the huge globes, the tiny asshole hidden between them, and the thick cock and balls dangling below it.

“O-Oh...”

Like tipping over a cliff, he felt a lurch that took his breath away. What truly unmade him was when she reached behind with the pot, and poured the remaining oil directly over her ass. The liquid dripped deep into her crack, and she looked over her shoulder, wiggling her rear end.

“I’m ready..... *fuck me, Rundi.*”

Perhaps he could have resisted had he possessed any crumb of experience in a woman’s bed, but his virginal mind simply couldn’t cope with the oil running over her gigantic rear end, her body awaiting his pleasure.

The walls moved around him like a dream as he softened to his knees, crawling forwards. Each beat of his heart was a war drum in his chest as he pulled his tunic off, followed by the rest of his clothes. As he approached, he hoped she wouldn’t look back and see him naked, his tiny cock standing to attention between his legs, a white dot at the tip. When he touched her wet ass it felt hot. She murmured.

“Go slow....”

Pressing his fingers into the wet flesh, Rundi enjoyed the rear of a woman for the first time. The fats jiggled in his palm, and the muscle deeper in was rock solid. It rather unmanned him to feel such strength, yet he could not deny it was breathtaking. He needed to feel her... be inside her.

Rundi lined up. His cock looked like it would get lost in the white hills.

‘*Finally.*’

He tried to press inside. His hips touched her ass, but such was the volume of her globes that his hard cock didn’t even touch her puckered flower yet.

“Hng...”

He grunted, and pushed. Her hips kept him away.

Frowning, he tried to ease her cheeks aside with his fingers, excitement building as he saw the small pink flower deep in the shadows of her ass.... He

pushed on.... and his cock-head touched the entrance. He pressed deeper... but found the globes did not allow him to go further, now stopped dead by muscular glutes.

Rundi whimpered. It was surely the most embarrassing thing he could imagine... unable to even *reach* her waiting hole because his penis was too tiny to reach it. But he felt her shiver.

“Ohhh... Rundi.....”

His breathing deepened.

He was sure he hadn't entered but.. perhaps she could get pleasure from just squeezing between the two white hills...?

She moaned again, and reached back, hand open.

“Take my hand....”

He took it, and squeezed whilst pressing the button of her ass with his cock, unable to poke inside. It certainly felt good having her asscheeks constrict his cock between them, at least.

“Mmm..”

“OOoooh yes....”

She moaned again. Maybe this was working?!

Elated, Rundi couldn't hold back. He began to pump his hips like a rabbit, so keen to enjoy the bountiful fruit in front of him that he went as fast as he could. Sooliya began to wiggle her ass gently whenever he fucked, sending short gasps over her shoulder.

“Oh... *yes dear... oh dear you're so... so big....!*”

Rundi's heart was pounding. He could feel the tension rising. Sooliya squeezed his hand, and just as he was about to cum, she led it down beneath her to grab hold of the gigantic cock between her legs. Somewhere between a moan and a wheeze of fear, Rundi felt the heady relief of firing shots of spunk between her ass, just as the superior dick in his hand throbbed.

“MmnnuUUhh....”

It felt like a living creature, one with its own heartbeat, veins bulging on the sides, strong against his palm.

“YYyesss,” she moaned, constricting his hand and stroking herself with it, Rundi quivering as he continued to glue her asscheeks together with his seed, covering the hole he never quite managed to enter.

“UUUyyyh....”

As his orgasm faded, he became more starkly aware of the appendage he was still masturbating. The ridges, the pulsing tendons... He gulped as the woman wiggled her ass, moaning, and he *heard the* impact of liquid against a solid object... and saw a gigantic rope of cum dripping down the lowest part of the wall opposite. Her cock pulsed in his hand again, and the fear this time was mixed with awe as another rope splattered against it, Sooliya shivering beneath him.

“Mmmh... uhhhgg...”

She continued a few low moans before pausing and checking over her shoulder.

“... Oh, you finished?”

“Um...”

“Sorry... I was just... enjoying your touch so much...”

As she pulled away, he saw her looking down curiously at her crack, the white patch that had been his biggest ever ejaculation almost quaint between her huge cheeks.

“Cute.”

He pulled back his hand, but she held it tight.

“No.... Wait.”

He bit his lip, and when she draw up to her knees, turning, she kept his hand clamped to her cock until she faced him and released it. Rundi looked up at this gentle, monstrous woman, and down at the gigantic cock now in his hand, oozing constantly onto the bed. His fingers couldn't meet, such was the girth of it.

“... *go on.*”

It was a whisper, almost a plea. He saw the desperate desire on her face, the flushed cheeks and slightly open lips.

Slowly, as if controlled by some higher power, he began to flex his wrist up and down. Sooliya seemed like she was trying to keep her excitement in check,

swallowing guttural moans as Rundi felt the thing flex, and shuffled a little closer, putting a second hand on her cock. They barely covered even a half of the monster in front of him. As it pulsed, a rumble of thunder came from the distance. Every moment of it was an emasculation of such world-changing proportions that Rundi had to fight the tears from his eyes, even as he began to pant, the disgusting churning noise of her dick-skin sliding up and down abhorrent to his pride and manhood.

Yet he did not stop.

As he stroked, he began to see the effects on her. Her nipples became puffier and straighter. Her lips were open. She kept her hands purposely by her sides, but even they flexed subconsciously with every stroke. The feminine murmurs from her lips sent such gusts of arousal through him that Rundi found more and more of the aversion to her manhood wavering, his instincts at war with each other.

Fear of this powerful, strange woman still hardened his muscles, the terror of what her dick might do to his mind and body all too real... yet it was being subverted by the pull of her soft body; the large breasts in his eyeline, and the caring eyes all spoke to a part of his soul longing to feel her warmth.

His hands began to glide up and down. Saliva was coming to his mouth, filling it as he began to fully pump for all he was worth. Sooliya basked in it, going slightly cross-eyed as small hands worked the pulsing staff.

“Oouhh.... OouUHHHh.....”

He could feel it... the first inklings-

“OH-“

Rundi whimpered in shock as her body fell into his, rolling him onto his back. Two dicks collided, similar in name only as her marrow bruised his baby carrot, Sooliya growling with lust as she assaulted his face with her breasts.

Outside, rain began to patter against the treetops as Guíl took cover in her tent. Clouds began to darken the sky.

Rundi moaned into the sweaty pillows as they fell upon him. Their weight almost blocked the air from his lungs, and what he did breathe in stank of her body odours, her sweat. Darkness was his friend, and he could feel her heart-beat racing, as well as the grinding trunk between his legs. It was terrifying and wonderful at the same time. He briefly tried to struggle but fooled no-one, especially himself as his lips found what he had hoped for - one of her nipples. He

sucked it into his mouth, and rolled it on his tongue, and found the quake it caused on top of him to be utterly spellbinding.

The shutters rattled as wind began to howl through the glade.

He needed to make her feel good again.

Rundi sucked the nipple as hard as he could, and wrapped his arms and legs around the woman's torso. He felt a crack of dim light as she lifted, before the nipple was pulled from her mouth, and the second side forced in. He didn't resist as she dumped her front back on him. Perhaps death by cleavage would be the greatest end such a pathetic warrior could hope for.

As he suckled, the nipple was pulled from his mouth, and he grabbed after it, only to be gently pressed down into the moss.

When he looked up, he saw a gorgeous woman, her face lined with wisdom and anticipation. Then she drew her hips... and the huge appendage began to slide down his cock, over his balls until the head was facing his asshole. Rundi blinked awake from the stupor of lust at that moment, and realised his legs were wide open, either side of her waist, and his asshole was unguarded.

*"W-wait..."*

"Shhh... it's okay. We won't do anything you won't enjoy, alright?" she murmured.

He snivelled. It looked so huge lined up to his ass, like a third arm about to press up into his guts.

*"Just.... Slowly?..."*

"Of course."

She deepened her voice, and motioned to look straight at her. As it touched his buttock, he felt a squirt of warm liquid against it and whinnied. A calming hand on his cheek quelled it momentarily.

*"Here we go.... Kiss me."*

His lip wobbled. Slowly, he reached up.... And kissed.

The hands on his side tightened. She rocked her body forwards, and the head of her cock pressed hard against his opening. Immediately, Rundi knew it wouldn't work.

*"MMPH-Nnoohhu.. OHHh that'sss... uuuyyy-!"*

Sooliya gave a sorrowful look... and pressed a hard hand over his mouth. The cock pressed painfully hard against his tiny, cinched butthole. Rundi's eyes bulged wide as Sooliya whispered, "*Shhhhhhh.*"

*"Mmmhhh-!!!"*

He tried to scream, to call out for Guíl, but only a muffled chirp escaped her hand as her jaw tightened, and the pressure increased.

*"Mmm-MMMMp-!!!"*

Then Rundi's back arched. His asshole stretched over the head of her cock, forced so wide he could have slid the hilt of his sword inside without touching the sides. Rundi felt tears of shock in his eyes. He clawed at Sooliya's back, legs clutching tighter as something was inserted the wrong way into his ass for the first time. It could not have been a more uncompromising baptism of his rear passage. Nothing could have prepared him for it.

As it slid an inch deeper his mind swirled between shock and urgency. Why hadn't she warned him? If she had told him how it would feel... would he ever have gone through with it? Now it was far too late....

*"Mmph.. MMPHHH-!!!"*

"I know, I know dear," she cooed, even as she pressed her hips harder, a steely look coming to her face, "you're doing *so well* my little soldier...*ooooh yyyesss...!*"

*"MMMPH!"*

He squealed into the clamped fingers as Sooliya rewrote everything his body knew, tearing up the map of his insides as her cock bludgeoned its way through them. A spread of wet heat made it apparent she had just pre-cummed in his ass as she tightened her grip on him. Shutters rattled from the gale growing outside, a crack of lightning echoing through the forest, but Rundi didn't notice, bucking and writhing. It was too much... this cock was destroying him. He'd never felt so violated and so terrified, sweat pouring as he tried to look down and see how much was inside him. It felt like it was endless, like the end of the world had begun directly between his butt-cheeks.

Sooliya clamped his head back against the moss, even rocking forwards so his legs were rolled into the air. Rundi mewled as he felt himself being propped up in an even more submissive position, before her hips pressed deeper.

*"MMM-"*

“That’s it my dear.. Thaaat’s it....”

The tears came thick and fast as he panted into her fingers, their bodies compressing against one another.

“Mmm.. Mm...!!!!”

“Shhh... almost there...”

When her hips met his ass, Rundi was defeated, letting out a quiet sob into her sweaty palm as he felt the soft mountain on top of him shudder.

“Ooh *to all the nine hells..... you’re tight....*”

“Mm..mmmmm...!”

She unclasped his face, cradling it. Rundi was crying, snivelling as she gently wiped the tears away. He could feel the bristles of her pubic hair on his buttocks as she adjusted slightly.

“Shhhh, it’s alright... I’m here, I’m here...”

He tried to speak but words didn’t come.

“UUUhg...hhhgghgffffuu.....”

“I know, I know... I’m a big girl.... But you’re so beautiful... the most beautiful young man I ever-... *OHHh-*“

She grimaced as his asshole quivered. Another pocket of her warm seed blossomed in his belly. Outside the rain had become a steady whisper, the air growing humid.

“*You’re crushing my dick,*” she uttered, joy and pain warring on her face.

Hearing the pleasure in her voice was a small crumb of light in the dark as Rundi felt his anal rim trying to shut tight, foiled by the meaty tendons between it. The pain was still there but lessening, at least.

“I-I... *Ss-soolliya.....*”

It was a stunning yet unnatural scene, the woman filling his vision with her sheer bulk, brown braids hanging down over him, tickling his forehead as they darkened her lustful, steely glare. Rundi began panting as she roved up and down his body, those huge breasts pressing down slowly into his chest as her fingers feathered up his legs, kneading and massaging them.

Gently, she pulled her cock an inch out, and slid it back in.

“OooooouuUUUUYHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Rundi screeched as his insides tried to go with it, anal rim clutching every swollen bit of her hardness.

“Quiet now,” she hissed, “Mother’s here.”

It brought little comfort as she pumped again, and Rundi rocked, choking suddenly as Sooliya settled her weight down violently, the breasts now crushing him.

“Uhff-!”

“I said *quiet*,” she hissed with the softness of a snake’s tongue, before rotating her hips.

“UUHfff-“

The absurd feeling of her unsettling the depths of his body was as if she were stirring a cauldron of soup. Her braids were itchy on his cheek, and he gasped as the dick found special places of pleasure that hadn’t existed seconds earlier. Why were his legs shaking?

Rundi let his head fall back, gurgling as strange things began to happen in his body, scrunching his eyes shut to better understand the sensations - each rotation of Sooliya’s hips lit his insides with a brighter, hotter fire, and it spread into a blaze that overtook him with each wiggle of her hips.

“U-UUUyyyYYhh-“

“There we are,” she murmured, soothing once more, “I think you’re ready for.... *STUFFING!*”

Her hips drew back, and the slimy cum-covered cock slid free from the helmet, leaving a gaping space inside his abdomen as the steely meat bar hovered above him; the axe waiting to fell the tree, cupid’s arrow ready to pierce his heart.

It should have been the moment he screamed no. Or cried for help... perhaps Guíl might hear...? Instead, he just watched in a breathtaking moment, teetering between his old self and a terrifying new one, his life in her hands, energy flowing through his limbs in a state of lucid dreaming as she bit her lip and whispered.

“Tell me.”

“H.. Hmm..uuh..?”

*“Tell me you want it.”*

He looked up into her loving eyes, laced with that urgent anticipation, brow slightly furrowed, jaw tightening as she held back the wild bear inside. Rundi swallowed. His palms were sweaty. Sooliya felt massive above him, and the pain and ache in his asshole warred with the sense of *emptiness* in his abdomen. He looked down, and shivered at the sight of the python with its head stuck in his ass, her balls hanging like blasphemous fruit beneath them, a bushel of matted brown pubic hair covering the base.

No true man would ever allow this.

He closed his eyes, shivering, and then opened them. A tiny nod of his head was all that was required.

“Thank you,” Sooliya whispered reverently.

Her cock slid back in. The pain and anticipation all flushed through Rundi’s body as he grimaced, whining at the feeling of being impaled as her hips came tight to his ass. Then she slid halfway out, and shunted forwards with a touch of venom in her movements, rocking Rundi like he’d just been hit with a mace.

“OoOOooOOUUHHYYYYY...”

Sounds came from Rundi’s lips that he could never have imagined as a boy. The effeminate trills were music to Sooliya’s ears as she settled herself on top of him, cupping her head into his breast so she wouldn’t hurt him in the violence to come.

“*Thank you,*” she murmured again, nostrils flaring as she closed her eyes and fully focused on the trembling figure wrapping his legs and arms tight around her, “*good boy.*”

“MmmmHHHU-“

She pressed tighter until the mewls were muffled completely by the sweaty pillows of her chest, and set her feet and legs for a faster, nastier mating press. Rundi had no inkling of the physical power about to be wielded until Sooliya collapsed on him, snapping her hips shut.

\*SCHWAP!\*

The wet, loud connection of cock in ass echoed off the walls and Rundi screamed into the breasts smothering him.

“MMMMMH-“

*\*SCHWWWAP!\**

Pure submissive pleasure hit like a lightning bolt where she had plunged into him. There was nowhere to run. Nothing but Sooliya. Nothing but that thick pipe powering into his body, his new source of all sensations, pleasurable or otherwise.

*\*SCHWAP!\**

The floor creaked, the deep thump into the wood beneath her bed vibrating through the tree-trunk as Sooliya's claws wrapped tight around Rundi's neck and abdomen, both in a loving, protective way as well as a sign of ownership. His body belonged to her now. Thunder boomed, close enough that it felt like war drums thumping the clouds above. Two thick balls smacking into his backside was almost like a delayed assault in its own right, dense apples sloshing with seed, demanding to empty their loads on his poor, undefended backside.

*\*SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-\**

Rundi writhed as such orgasmic bliss was fucked into him by Sooliya's dick that he no longer knew where he was, his vision dark in her cleavage, the smell of dirt, sweat and sex cloying in his nostrils, her fats and muscles providing the perfect combination of soft and hard between his fingers as he spasmed.

*\*CRACK!\**

Harsh light filtered through the cracks of the window as a bolt of lightning hit somewhere nearby. Rain began to rasp against the sides of the oak tree, the gale wrapping around it in an icy embrace.

*"MMPh-HMMMP\_!"*

The moment she began to buck and heave like a horse in full sprint was the moment that turned Rundi's soul inside out, the moment that any lingering demons of hope were exorcised by his new singular God, the obelisk of Sooliya's cock as it plundered his depths, pulsing and squirting inside him. Another blossom of wet heat was barely noticeable amidst the violence, shutters rattling as Sooliya's heavy breathing hit his face.

Briefly, the pumping slowed so she could rise up, pulling his legs until they rested on his shoulders. She gave him a coy look, and he looked down at his sweating belly, where her pipe lay hidden within it. She looked magnificent, and with her cock hidden inside him it was the picture-perfect woman, yet her braids began to swing once more as she cracked her hips against him.

\*SMACK!\*

“UUYYYYHH!”

\*SMACK!\*

“UUYHHUHHHH-!”

The young figure screamed to the heavens as he was unravelled by a heaving beast of pure lust. A full bar of meat whipped in and out of his asshole. The fact he could see her cock impaling him, hear his own voice high-pitched and girly, was a deeper emasculation than he could ever have imagined. Rundi gripped the moss beneath him as she leered, the animal in her taking over. Her grin was sickening, yet feeling her sheer arousal for him was uplifting in a deeply personal way, no woman ever having gleaned such pleasure from his body.

As he was shunted, jolting from each blow, the pleasure roaring through him like the storm outside, he felt some movement in his peripheral vision. He glanced over and saw a flash of orange in the mirror. Kah emerged from the reflection of the entrance, climbing up the ladder and seating herself on the shelves. Instead of smiling she was watching with a strange... longing. Her legs spread open, and he saw that under her simple skirt she was now wearing no undergarments whatsoever, her pink flower framed by strips of ginger pubic hair. She began to touch it, slipping her finger across the top, staring at him. As she did so, she formed a circle in her free hand and stuck her tongue through it, fluttering her eyelids.

*\*SCHWAP-SCHWAP-SCHWAP-\**

Rundi screeched as Sooliya doubled him over, pushing his legs over his head so that he could do nothing but take her cock. A deep drilling of his ass was so immediate that his body went taut, calves and thighs becoming iron strips as she plundered him, fucking her bodyweight down into his core.

“TAKE IT,” she moaned, almost angry at how perfect he had moulded to her cock, “TAKE IT YOU SLUT!”

“UUYUUUHHUU-“

The room shook. It seemed like a hurricane was now trying to uproot the oak tree, wind and rain whipping against the sides as some of the spray from the rain entered through the gaps in the window, hitting Rundi’s cheek.

He didn’t notice at all as his mind unravelled.

The ecstasy crashed into him, the lightning storm hitting so hard that stars came to his vision, an orgasm unlike any other breaking in his body as his toes curled. Sooliya fucked so hard and deep that it felt like each stage of ten orgasms was crashing into each other at once, each drop followed by another spine-tingling peak, his body remoulding to her cock. As he approached any potential afterglow, she ripped through it by punching his abdomen with ten cock-thrusts so violent that his body was compressed into the mattress, feet almost touching the floor over his head as she kept him curled in a horseshoe shape. Her hand found his throat, and he screamed as a monster replaced the motherly figure who had been above him earlier that day, squeezing as she drooled from wet lips.

The pair writhed as Sooliya sealed them together in a ritual of anal destruction. The air became thick through their sweaty union. Kah's fluttering eyelids disappeared as her mirror fogged from the humidity of sweat and liquid coming from the pair, her soft moans adding to the perfect storm.

The sky outside had become a tempest. The room itself rattled, feeling like it might come apart as the oak creaked.

Then Sooliya's gaze became urgent as she set herself, and squatted down into him. Rundi's eyes bulged as he felt the weapon heave within. In that moment, facing the inseminating flood, he felt his life as a warrior wash away in his lover's arms.

"O-OOOHhh-!"

\*SQUELCH\*

A torrent of seed exploded into Rundi's ass, so deep and thick that his belly instantly began to swell, a beautiful, pregnant bump.

Rundi squealed, a bitch scream of total surrender, and shuddered. The cocklet on his belly launched its seed straight into his own face, pointed down so it hit his chin and mouth. He barely noticed, squealing through the most perfect orgasm of his entire life as Sooliya gasped, sheer ecstasy shooting up her shaft and flooding her boy's insides in dick-milk.

The world churned. Howling winds forced the shutters open and howling winds and rain filled the room. Lightning filled the sky, terrifying and powerful.

A squeak came from the mirror as Kah, who had been bathing in the destruction of Rundi's body and mind, watched in fear as the mirror rattled, clothes and trinkets all carried by the wind and clattering against the walls and floors.

Somehow nothing touched the pair in the centre however, the boy drooling, leaking and spasming as the woman above him roared, unable to control the blast of thick rivulets of cum that pressured his insides with endless surges. As the weapon pumped white lava inside, the pressure became too much, and Rundi let out a strange wheedling noise as the cum began to leak around the edges of his anal rim like a young man trying to hold down his first liquor and failing, before cum spurted free and covered the floors, walls and Sooliya's hips. Like a blasphemous geyser, her cum continued to pump into him, and both of them trembled, struggling to maintain consciousness. The winds roaring in their ears began to lessen, the objects around them settling. It was with a final whimper of relief that Sooliya's final trickle of seed joined the ocean in Rundi's ass. The boy remained folded in half, drooling, unconscious. The darkness outside dissipated as quickly as it had come, sunlight breaking through the clouds and flooding the room with light.

"Darling..."

She gently tapped his cheek. He blinked awake slowly, finding himself being propped up on her lap, and then gurgled as he felt the iron bar still plugging his anus. It most certainly was no dream.

"UUUyy.. Uhhhm... S-sooliya."

"Mother."

"M...muhh?"

"My name is Mother. Or Mistress. Understand?"

"I... o-okay..."

"Good. How do you feel?"

He managed a bleary nod, looking down and curiously touching his belly. It felt solid, his insides beneath it full and swollen with bull-nut and cock.

"Did you enjoy my milk?"

"Y... Yeh..."

"I know. I am a good mother after all...."

"Ooh..."

It was hard to concentrate on anything with his asshole gaping, belly so full of seed and cock that it felt like he was carrying two full stomachs inside. She kissed him on the forehead.

“Does it trouble you?”

“A... *maybe*..”

“You’ll get used to it.”

He clammed up, and gently laid his head in the crook of her neck, spent.

“Good boy,” she murmured, glancing around the room at the destruction wrought. *It has been a while*, she supposed...

“Yeah, good boy,” Kah chuckled.

“Kah.... Exactly how many millennia would you like to be a mirror for?”

“*Sorry sorry sorry*-“

Sooliya let out a naughty grin, nuzzling Rundi.

“Just so you know what happens if you’re a bad boy.”

His eyes widened, but she nuzzled his nose again quickly.

“Joking... a bad joke.”

“... Yeah.”

“My humour might be a little... archaic.”

As the boy drifted off, she winked at Kah.

“I hope you enjoyed the show.”

“Yes mistress,” she murmured, licking her own juices from her fingers.

\*\*\*

They sat like that for a while, surrounded by damp floors and broken pots, Rundi feeling utterly filled, subsumed by this undeniable woman on every way as she played with his hair, brushed his cheek, whispered sweet nothings. Eventually, she frowned.

“I think some water is needed... you certainly drained me with your prowess...”

Rundi didn’t think prowess had anything to do with being laid on one’s back and ravaged. But he was thirsty.

“Yeah... I could use some....”

He tried to sit up, whimpering as the cock glued to his insides didn't budge... or perhaps his legs weren't working properly. Probably both.

"I... *could you-*"

"Oh, I'm not letting go of you yet," she murmured.

She rose up onto her knees, and then stood with him wrapped around her waist like a child, except impaled on her cock. Sperm leaked onto the floor as he shivered.

"Cling tight to me now."

"We.... I-I think I need... to let it... *out...*"

"You release my seed when I *tell you.*"

He nodded, fearful.

"O-okay.."

"Okay *what.*"

"*Uh.. Mother.*"

"Good boy!"

She kissed him, and even shuddered a tiny pump of her hips, bringing a yip from his guts.

"UY!"

"Not bad, huh Kah?"

"Nope," she grinned. Rundi felt a strong blush come to his cheeks, nuzzling deeper into his conqueror's neck.

"Ohh, he's embarrassed!"

"Mmm... something about being watched does make things more... enticing," Sooliya murmured, placing a soft kiss on his neck.

"And you said you didn't want me to watch!"

"At first."

Rundi glanced over at Kah's face in the mirror. She was grinning, sat at the desk.

"Well, thanks for the show."

“You’re welcome... It’s at times like these I wish that curse gone. You’d look pretty between us.”

A deep hunger appeared on Kah’s face.

“Yeah... yeah I would.”

“I haven’t forgotten my promise to free you... but until then, you’ll just have to watch me and my little soldier, hm? As long as we can watch you too, of course.”

She nodded, hungrily.

“Deal.”

Sooliya kissed her fingers and showed them to the mirror before scooping Rundi up, lifting him.

“Legs around me... good boy. Let’s get you downstairs now...”

“H-how-?”

“Shh... you will be fine. Let Mother help.”

She took some straps that seemed strangely specific from the cupboard, and tied them to his ass, feet and back. Suddenly he felt himself being wedged tight against her, and gurgled as she pumped her dick a few times, drinking in his half-working facial features as lidded eyes blinked slowly, saliva running from both corners of his mouth.

“Slut,” she murmured, before kissing him on the forehead, “my perfect, slutty little soldier.”

A hazy smile came to his face.

Then she began to lower herself on the ladder. The creaks of the ladder were dangerously loud, but she managed to reach the floor with him strapped to her front, cock still lodged in his ass. Every time she walked, it would move within him, stimulating him so that he would shudder, and gain a small nod of approval from his mistress as she grabbed a flask of water.

“Mmmm that’s it... *moan for mother.*”

“Mmmmuhh..mm....”

“Drink.”

He nodded, and gulped down the wonderful water for his dry tongue. She did the same, nodding.

“I think after our exertions, we earned it, wouldn’t you say?”

“M-mm...”

\*THNK-THNK\*

The thud of the front door was loud, pounded by a fist.

Sooliya frowned, turning into a subtle combat stance, her fingers tensing into strange shapes as she raised them. The voice of Guíl outside made her sigh in relief.

*“RUNDI. Are you finished?!? Congratulations okay? You beat your fifteen minute record! Can we go now?! I’m SOAKING, and I don’t want us here if that damned storm comes back!”*

Rundi moaned, staring in horror at the door. Sooliya pressed a finger to his lips and shook her head sharply, before unstrapping him, laying him down on the table. As she pulled out, pacing her breaths so she wouldn’t moan, Rundi’s mouth fell open as her cock slid free of his ass. Large fingers clamped to him as he moaned, the cock head popping-free.

“MMMhhhh...!”

A river of grey-white sludge exploded from his anus, firing over the wooden floor. The smell was inhuman, the stink of cum spine-tingling as he spasmed. It took almost thirty seconds for the majority to spill out and cover every gnarled root, and a full minute for him to stop quivering as the tension in his belly finally released.

*“I know you’re in there! Get dressed and let’s go!”*

“Mm.. Beautiful,” Sooliya murmured, staring at the broken ass of her new lover.

“S... Sool-“

“Quiet,” she growled.

*“RUNDI! Get your shit together! If I have to wait any longer, I’m coming in there to interrogate her myself!..”*

“Stay still now,” Sooliya murmured, kissing him on the forehead. She briefly checked one more time between his legs, smirking before marching to the

door... Rundi tried to sit up, to cover something, but his limbs wouldn't respond as he flopped like a turtle on his back, his broken asshole weeping cum in the direction of the door.

*'Guil can't see me like this... she can't...'*

As she reached the door Sooliya's footsteps slowed. She staggered dramatically the final few feet, eyelids fluttering as she slowly unlocked the bolt, and pulled the door open a crack.

*"W-wha... oh..... it's you..."*

Her voice was undulating, exhausted, holding the door like she needed it to stand. Rundi heard Guil's voice rise an octave in surprise.

*"O-OH!... I ah... apologise... I just wanted to ensure-"*

*"Y-Your partner is... very... VERY energetic..."*

*"I'm...oh by the Gods that smell....it ah.. seems so..."*

*"Please... I-I must rest before I can p.. Perform the.. yes... oo-oh by the Gods.."*

Sooliya's orgasmic moan of content was so dripping with pleasure that Rundi might have laughed at Guil's flustered response, had he not been leaking a but-thole full of spunk onto the floor.

*"W-w-well fine. Please do... ah inform Rundi I expect him ready for the journey.."*

*"Oh PLEASE let him accompany me... just for this night... please... he is.. Extraordinary.... He waits for me in my bed chambers... I-I can barely keep up...."*

He could almost hear the gritting of elven teeth.

*"Huh. I see...."*

*"I'll tell you everything... everything... tomorrow...."*

*"Fine. I'll make a tent outside."*

*"No! No please... stay upstairs... the ladder outside... Feel free to bathe yourself too as... I think there was a storm... "*

*"You THINK?!?!"*

*"I..."*

The way Sooliya drifted off with her words was worthy of the finest tavern farce, and Rundi felt a depth of gratitude for this magnificent woman, sparing him his dignity at the expense of her own.

*“.. I insist... please.. My home is yours....”*

“FINE. I will await you both tomorrow. *Goodbye!*” Guíl snapped, her footsteps sodden as she stomped away.

*“Th-thank y.. You....”* she whispered.

The door closed slowly... and then Sooliya’s eyes opened wide, the smirk returned, and she strutted naked back to the prone form of Rundi, cock swinging and slapping the inside of her thighs with every step.

“Th... thanks....” He murmured, and then the heat of her body consumed him, cradling him like a damsel as she looked lovingly into his eyes.

“You’re welcome. I think you’ve more than earned my thanks... You’re the best fuck I’ve had in centuries.”

*“C.. Centuries...?”*

“Yes. I did say you were special... now I know it.”

She lifted him, and gently manoeuvred him back into the straps on her front, carrying him to the ladder. Each bow creak seemed to surely precede a crack, but Rundi began to consider that perhaps this tree had special properties that most did not. Trees usually didn’t grow kitchens and bedrooms either.

His head grew heavy as she brought him back to the dimness of her room, the moss cleaned with a flick of her wrist as she placed him on the warm bed.

“Sleep well my little soldier.... Your body needs rest after what it endured today.”

With her fingers stroking his cheek, he drifted off to the most violent, fulfilling dreams of his life, and the woman who had given him a new path. Rundi, the warrior no longer, fell into the deepest sleep of his life.

###

## About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with bulges in their panties, as well as various other genres.

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