

Confronting the Baron

t'Sade

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Nora brought her airplane to a shuddering halt on the side of a hill, the entire thing tilted at a dangerous angle but didn't flip over. The propeller continued to spin lazily around as the diesel engine idled to charge the capacitors for the overdrive. Various indicators told her the bad news she already knew: the plane needed serious mechanical help before it could fly again. Bullet holes had a tendency to do that.

She lifted her warm brown eyes to look through the smudged windshield. A few hills over, a dust cloud rose up from the impact of Harland's airplane. Not seeing oil smoke gave her hope, maybe she would shoot him herself. Looking around, she spotted a rail rifle latched right underneath the windshield's hinge. Reaching back, she grabbed it and checked the battery. Fully charged with a dozen magnetic bullets. Giving herself a hard smile, she yanked on the glass release and pushed aside the windshield.

A warm wind buffeted her face, sending her short black hair fluttering. Eddies of breeze curled into the cockpit, stirring the voluminous dress that she wore. She had to hike the skirt to her knees to give her room to use the control stick and the sudden breeze tickled her exposed privates.

She paused, staring down at the gun. Tears threatened to form in her eyes as she remembered getting dressed only an hour before, with the grand hope of teasing Harland into her cabin for a culmination of their dates and courting. But now, now he went and ruined everything.

Wiping her eyes, she struggled with the dress as she stood up and crawled out of the cockpit. She considered grabbing her heels, two

inch spikes and butter-smooth leather, but left them behind inside the cockpit. She landed on the hard ground with bare feet and winced at the pain that shot up her legs. Outside, the wind continued to buffet her, tugging at her maroon dress. She hefted the rifle and started toward the dissipating cloud of dust.

In the long journey across the hills, the wind tugged at her, pushing her back as her dress billowed out behind her. The dust stung her eyes, bringing more tears. She couldn't help her mind trailing back to the date, before her communications officer pulled her out to tell her about the Black Baron's train following after her airship. What turned into a brief distraction and a decision to ignore the baron turned completely around when she found that Harland fled moments after she left the dining hall. He slipped away from her airship on his own plane and headed straight for the train. He didn't even leave a note.

Not the greatest beginning to a career as captain in His Majesty's Air Force.

Her dress caught on a branch and she yanked it free. When she heard a tearing noise, she winced and pulled it up, despairing at the long rent in the velvet fabric. Her eyes slid to the top of the hill where she headed toward. She didn't see any flames or oil burning. She didn't know if he survived. She did remember he carried a knife and she needed to be ready to fight, to shoot him.

Making up her mind, she set down the rifle and grabbed the hole with both hands. Tearing it away, she peeled away her dress at mid-thigh, ruining two months salary but giving her the mobility she needed to kill the lying bastard. The wind slammed against her, curling up between her legs and teasing the trimmed pubic hairs along her sex.

It was suppose to be a surprise for him, when she finally enticed him into her cabin. A little slutty present beneath her dress and hopefully a night of sex and love. It was the idea from one of the engineers, a surprisingly kinky blonde woman from up north.

When she finished, she looked down at her slender legs and sighed when she saw the crease between her legs. "Too high," she threw the fabric on the ground, "He can see everything. Damn it!" She pulled down on the hem, covering herself a bit more but when

she released it, the wind yanked up the ragged edge and exposed her again.

Snatching up her rifle, she marched forward. Without the wind yanking at her dress, she easily sneaked to the top of the hill. Spotting a tree to hide behind, she crouched and drew closer. Settling into place, she peeked down at Harland's plane.

The black plane sat at a crazy angle against the rocks, one wing folded underneath itself. She remembered how the fuselage changed colors in the middle of their dogfight, going from silver to the pitch black of the baron's famed plane. She wondered if it was electrical or mechanical, but it was an idle thought while she planned her route down to the wreckage.

The sounds of grunting interrupted her thoughts. The entire plane quivered and she crouched down. When Harland didn't show up, she started to crawl down, moving carefully and avoiding the gravel scree. Her bare feet whispered on the rocks, the pain forgotten with the growing anticipation of killing her almost lover.

Coming up to the side of the plane, she finally saw how it changed colors. Tiny pieces, no larger than a board game tile, mounted on a hinge with a small magnet. She flipped one over to the silver side, then watched it lazily flip back. Shaking her head, she continued sneaking forward until she found a hole through the wing.

On the other side, Harland struggled in his cockpit. His handlebar mustache, flawless as ever, twitched as he tried to free his arm from the side of his seat. From her vantage point, she could see where the side of the fuselage collapsed on him, trapping him in his own cockpit. His other hand strained to push away the metal of the seat, but it wouldn't move. His feet were braced up on the side of the cockpit for leverage, but even the powerful muscles in his legs couldn't break him free.

He still wore the white button-down shirt from their date. She wondered where he put his suit jacket, then spotted it in a niche, still folded neatly and strapped into place. Unwillingly, a smile curled her lip. Harland always exuded being a gentleman, even when they fought against minions of the Yellow Army during their third... date.

The smile faded. She caressed the trigger of the rifle, then peered down. Spotting some rocks, she picked one up and tossed it to the side.

The clattering stopped Harland's movements. He snapped up his head to look around, the pitch black mustache shivering in the breeze that swirled around him. Unaware of her presence, he looked around for a moment, then called out.

"Nora, is that you?"

His voice always sent shivers down her legs, with the rolling Rs and the accent from the eastern provinces. She felt sweat prickling her brow as she watched him, her breath fogging the wing she hid behind.

He patted his left side, but couldn't grab whatever was underneath his shirt. Instead, he snatched up a piece of twisted metal and held it out like a gun. "I'm armed! Let's talk about this. You don't have to shoot."

Nora smirked. The scrap almost looked like a gun, but it was no threat. She held her rifle with both hands and walked around the wing and into his view. Harland's eyes focused on her, the steel blue clearly visible even from the distance between them.

Harland's lip curled up. He hefted his imitation weapon. "Okay, not the most appropriate weapon."

Tossing it aside, he watched her as Nora came closer. A breeze caught Nora's torn dress and she frantically pressed her legs together to prevent him from seeing what she wanted to give him earlier.

"Why," the words came out in a broken whisper, "did you run away, Harland?"

She could see him trying to come up with some story, some lie. His shoulder slumped and he cocked his head as he stared at her.

"Because I thought you found out."

"That you... you were the Black Baron?"

A nod.

Nora's tears burned her eyes. She stepped forward again, aiming the rifle directly for his chest. "H-How could you? How could you betray me!? I loved you!"

"I didn't betray you. I honestly-"

"You are the enemy!"

Harland's chest puffed out and roared back. "I am a mercenary! The greatest fighter pilot known!"

"You work for the enemy," she said in a calmer but angrier voice, "you are an enemy of the state."

Harland opened his mouth, the line of his white teeth sparkling for a moment, then he closed it with a snap. Leaning back into his seat, he nodded.

"Fair enough. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to arrest you. And they'll hang you for treason," her voice rose into a high pitch, "And I'll never think of you again!"

He smiled. "Treason is for citizens."

"They'll hang you anyways!"

A broad smile crossed his lips. He pointed with his finger toward her waist. "Your dress is riding up."

Gasping, Nora looked down to see the wind flipped her skirt up, exposing the dark patch of hair at the junction of her legs. A hot flush rose in her cheeks and she slapped the fabric back down to cover her.

"You bastard!"

"Well," he drawled, "I am the enemy."

Enraged, Nora shifted the rifle and fired. An electric surge shot the bullet and punched a hole through the fuselage. The smell of ozone drifted past her nostrils as the capacitors charged up again with a whine.

"Quiet, baron."

"I prefer Harland," he whispered.

"I don't care what you think," she snapped. Stepping forward, she looked at his position, trying to figure out how to make sure he couldn't escape. With two legs and an arm free, she had no doubt he would find some way to freedom and continue to harass the Air Force. She peered around and spotted a length of chain. Keeping her eyes locked on him, she knelt down to place her rifle on the ground and pick up the chain.

"Put your hand up," she commanded.

Surprisingly, Harland obeyed, resting his wrist right up next to a loop of metal. He pulled down his feet and slid them underneath the fuselage, giving a show of surrender.

Wary, Nora crawled up the fuselage. The twisted angle of the plane made it difficult and she sweated as she came to the top. Bracing her knees on the bottom edge, she reached up and grabbed his wrist.

He resisted for a moment, the muscles in his arms tightening, but then he relaxed his arm. "Go on, I won't resist anymore."

Nora didn't believe him, but she still threaded the thin chain through the loop and around his wrist. Pulling it tight, she grabbed some copper wires to form a makeshift lock. As she worked, the smell of Harland's cologne teased her senses. It ignited little fires in her loins and she tightened her stomach and legs to fight against the growing realization of her exposed angle.

To prove her point, when she leaned back, she saw Harland staring down her body, at her waist. Looking down, she saw that she unconsciously braced her knees on the sides of the cockpit for balance. The dress rose up on her hips, exposing her.

"Stop that!" she snapped.

"Not really becoming dress for a captain, Nora. I think they require under--"

She slapped him with all her might. "That was for you, bastard, if you didn't betray me!"

He stared at her with surprise and shock. Then, a hurt look crossed his face. "You mean, if I didn't... then we might have?"

"Yes!" she said, turning away so he wouldn't see the tears forming in her eyes, "I thought we were in love."

"I do love you," he said simply.

"No, you didn't. I was a job, a mission, right?"

"No."

Her head snapped back. "You're the Black Baron!"

Harland answered simply, "I'm also a man."

She inhaled sharply. "How?" she asked lamely.

He cocked his head again, his eyes flickering down. "Remember that fight we had, when I kidnapped the prince and you faced me down with a hot poker?"

Nora nodded as she tried to find a better place to brace herself that didn't involve exposing herself or leaning up against him. After a few seconds of trying, she realized she couldn't find one. The idea

of him looking between her legs, at her naked sex, sent a shiver of humiliation and excitement to stir in with the anger.

“Yes,” she answered.

“Well, no one has ever beat me before. So, in my pride and curiosity, I decided to meet the prettiest door guard who managed to do what the prince’s bodyguards couldn’t. I still have a scar from the poker, right next to the knife on my side.”

Nora’s eyes unfocused as she remembered the night on the old clock tower. She managed to fend off the Black Baron, Harland, and save the prince. It got her the promotion to captain and an airship.

She regained her focus with a snap. Her eyes scanned his body and saw the bulge in his side. She remembered him trying to grab it before. Her hand shook as she rested her palm on it, feeling the knife through the fabric. Mutely, she reached over and grabbed the opening of his shirt. Every part of her screamed at her, some in anger, some in concern, but a lot of them in growing lust. She yanked open his shirt and sent buttons flying.

Harland’s chest and stomach was everything she hoped for: muscular, defined, and covered in a downy black curls. Her pussy answered first, the muscles squeezing and a heat rolling off it. She told herself she was being cautious but she still ran her hands along the ridges of his abdomen and stopped on the scar next to the knife, a line from where she stabbed him with the poker.

“Damn it, why did you have to be the enemy?”

“I’m a mercenary,” he muttered.

Nora yanked out the knife and tossed it out of the plane next to her rifle. Her eyes drifted across his chest, focusing on his pectorals tipped with tiny nipples, before moving up to his face.

“You are under arrest.”

It was the hardest thing she ever said.

But, his smile never faded. “You might want to get the gun too.”

“Where is it?”

He opened his mouth, then he closed it. When he finally spoke, it was with a sly smile, “You should look for it.”

She glared at him, but ran her hands along his chest. She knew he didn’t have a knife across his front, but the feeling of his body against her palms launched an assault against her senses. She curled her hands around his shoulders, inspecting his back. She had to lean

into him and she heard his deep breath dangerous close to the nape of her neck. Inhaling, she breathed in his musky smell and when it brought a different type of flush to her, she vowed not to do it again.

Hands explored down his flanks to his suit pants. Her eyes focused on his crotch. At the sight of the large bulge, she gulped and forced herself to go around it. She ran her hands along the outside of his legs, then the inside, moving up to the bulge she desperately wanted to see. And just as desperately wanted to avoid temptation.

She found the holdout gun strapped to his right thigh, only inches below his bulge. She frowned and looked over her shoulder at the knife on the ground. It was very far away, and she knew a better way of getting it. A way unbecoming of a captain.

Making up her mind, Nora reached up and unbuckled his belt. Her breath came deep and slow, her brown eyes locked on the bulge as she worked the zipper free and drew it down.

Harland jumped. "Careful, please."

Confused, Nora pulled the zipper away and pulled down slowly. Her confusion disappeared when his cock, gloriously free and unclothed, swelled out of the opening of his pants and stood up straight. She froze, her mouth opening as she stared at the thick member standing in front of her. It was more than she expected, thicker and longer, but somehow perfectly Harland.

"It's beautiful," she whispered, then blushed hotly, "Oh god, I just said that, didn't I?"

"Yes," Harland murmured, "but I liked hearing it."

Still blushing, Nora couldn't tear her eyes away from the stiff rod before her. She finished unzipping his pants and watched as his balls, large and swollen, push out of the opening. Like his chest, they were covered in black curls of hair. Just enough to give it character. The smell of his manhood, a faint musky smell mixed with cologne, stole her breath away and she panted as she fought the burning in her own body.

"Nora."

She whimpered before looking up at him.

"Get my gun."

Humiliated at forgetting her duty, Nora tugged on his pants, pulling them down his muscular thighs to get to the gun strapped to

his thigh. She fumbled with the gun before pulling it out and tossing it with the rifle and knife.

She took her time returning her gaze back to him, forcing herself to stare into his steely blue eyes.

Harland smiled. "They don't have to know."

"Know what?" she asked, already knowing the answer as her pussy clenched.

"If you took advantage of me."

He was so brazen, it both infuriated her and excited her at the same time. Moisture gathered at her entrance with her thoughts of penetration, of being with him.

"You are the enemy."

He gestured down. "I think I also proved I'm a man."

She admired his cock, standing straight. Precum already oozed from the tip, rolling down the side like tears. Her body quivered with anticipation and she shifted up.

"I could accused of treason."

He rocked his hips and shifted his shoulders. "I promise I'll never tell."

"How can I trust you?"

"I never lied to you, Nora, never."

"You said you never worked for the baron, when I asked that time I saw the black hat."

His eyes sparkled. "I said I didn't work for him. And I don't work for myself."

She inched further up, her body growing flushed and excited as she felt his cock trailing a line up her stomach, soaking her dress with his precum.

"Harland?" She said with a desperate whisper, wanting him so badly.

He whispered back, "I promise. No one will ever know."

Nora lifted her hips and shifted her knee to the arms of his seat. She let out a shuddering breath as she aimed her pussy right above his cock, lowering until it brushed on her swollen lips. She felt slick and excited. She grabbed his chest, holding him by his pectorals.

His eyes caught hers. "I love you, Nora."

"Bastard," she whispered right before she lowered herself.

The thick head slipped into her easily, stretching her open as she felt silken steel penetrate her. The intense heat and hardness almost consumed her senses, but she assaulted herself by sinking down further. She loved the feeling of him entering her, the way his ridges teased her opening and the pressure from the inside. She let out a gasp of pleasure and lost herself in the sensations of being stuffed by the man she hated and loved.

Her body offered no resistance and she sunk clear down to the base surprisingly fast. His cock fit her perfectly, right at the back but without hurting anything. It felt like he was made for her as he filled her with hardness and heat.

“You’re beautiful,” he gasped.

She stared at his face, marveling at the handlebar mustache across his smiling lips. She couldn’t see his eyes with them closed, but there was emotions crossing his face that left her heart beating even faster.

She settled down, spreading her legs around his waist and grinding his body into the seat. His hips pushed up and she lifted herself, using him for balance. The feeling of him leaving her almost hurt and she dropped back down after only a few inches. The pleasure of his cock surged inside her brought a moan to her lips. Losing it, she bobbed up and down, moving a few inches at a time and enjoying every bit inside her body.

Nora dug her fingernails into his chest as she pumped him with her body, feeling the pleasure curling up and consuming her. It started as sparkles along her skin, the first signs of an orgasm.

“Nora,” he whispered and she stared down at him, unable to stop.

“Yes... Harland?”

“I want to see your breasts. Please?”

She came to a stop, his cock buried deep inside her. She felt a surge of embarrassment, nature did not bless her with large breasts and she hated that she didn’t look like the posters and folios.

Harland’s eyes stared into hers, pleading and commanding at the same time.

Quivering and impaled, Nora worked the laces of her dress and opened it up. Pulling it over her head, she tossed it on the ground with a weapons. She arched her back and let him look at her soft breasts.

He answered with his cock first, a surge of heat and followed a rolling of his muscles. “My god, you are beautiful.”

Blushing, Nora looked down at her tiny mounds, tipped with nipples as small as his.

Harland moaned. “I wish my hands were free, I want to touch them.”

She did it for him, curling her hands along her tits and holding them. Her fingers and thumbs curled around her nipples, teasing them and feeling the pleasure coursing down her spine.

“Like this?” she whispered.

“Yes,” he moaned and thrust up with his hips. She gasped, feeling the hardness driving up into her. She braced her knees to give him room and he started to ram into her, moving his hips to sheath his cock into her willing pussy. Nora closed her eyes and panted, rubbing her breasts which drove him even faster. Even from his confined position, Harland managed to thrust deep into her with hard strokes that filled her completely.

She felt her orgasm growing quickly, magnified by her own hands on her nipples. She moaned with every thrust, twisting her nipples as he fucked her with all his might. With one powerful thrust, he almost upended her and she dropped her hand on his chest for balance.

His skin was damp with sweat, but the smell of it mixing with their scents of sex and cologne ignited the sparks of her orgasm like fuel in an engine. It coursed through her veins, leaving her quivering from heat to toe. He grunted and she felt her pussy grow hot and liquid; he came inside her.

Nora whimpered, not quite at her own orgasm and knowing he would stop.

“Oh god, please don’t stop, please don’t.”

And he didn’t. Focus crossed his face and he thrust up even harder as the wet slurping noises filled her ears. She shoved down to meet his thrusts, desperately wanting to feel his cock in her chest. Her orgasm rose up, slowly than she wanted, but with the intensity that threatened to destroy her sanity. She pounded down, her knuckles white on her nipples and his chest.

He grunted as he met her with a thrust and lifted her completely off the seat. His cock pounded into her soaked pussy, pistoning in and out with hard, unstoppable strokes.

“A little...”

“Quiet,” he grunted and drove hard into her. He lifted her completely off the seat and she snapped out her hands to grab the sides of the cockpit for balance. His pounding shook her body.

Nora’s orgasm snapped like a fuse. One moment, burning bright, the next an intense flare that blinded her. Sparks of ecstasy seared through her bones and she screamed out with all her might. Her entire body spasmed, tensing around his cock and locking him in place. She could feel him thrusting, but instead of moving, he just rammed into her like a plane hitting a wall.

It didn’t last, it never did, but Nora slumped against Harland and panted.

“That was...”

“Worth it?”

She looked up into his eyes, both of their bodies shaking from their pants. She wondered if she could really give him up, or ever forget the moment.

Harland whispered, “You are really going to arrest me?”

Nora frowned, hating how he ruined the afterglow with a single question. She nodded and lifted her body to pull out, hesitating when only the tip of his cock remained lodged in her sex.

“I’m sorry.”

“I know,” he sighed, “duty and all. But, just remember, I never lied to you. And, Nora?”

“Yes?”

He pulled out the hand she thought was trapped. She saw a small flywheel-powered taser in his hand. The handle held the spinning gyroscope that kept the charge and it glowed brightly. Her body tensed as she saw the weapon.

She barely heard his last words, “Nora, I love you.”

The world faded into the bright white of an electrical discharge.

She woke up screaming in rage. “That bastard! That god-damned-”

She continued to swear as she crawled out of the ruined remains of his plane. Dropping to the ground, she stopped when she only

saw her rifle on the ground. His gun, knife, and even her dress were gone. Gasping, she looked down at her naked body and then around.

“Damn you, Baron!”

Her voice echoed across the hills.

Furious, she crawled back into the plane. She saw his suit jacket still folded in a niche. Yanking it out, she slipped it over her slender body and grabbed the rifle. Heading back toward her own plane, she vocalized her desire to castrate him and hang him, to send him to a thousand prisons.

After calling for help over the vox, she leaned against her own plane and waited for rescue. As part of her mind worked on coming up with an excuse why she only wore a jacket from the enemy, she went through his pockets. A few coins in one pocket, and a small bundle of paper in the other. Curious, she flipped through the pages.

They were the starts of letters, in Harland’s careful hand. Each one started, then crossed out. “My dearest Nora...” “To the most beautiful...” “I’m the Black Baron, please forgive...”

Her anger started to dissipate as she read through the letters until she came to one in the middle. It was written in black letters and scratched out heavily, but she could still make out the words.

“Nora: The world make us enemies for life. I can’t give up my role any more than you yours. But that doesn’t mean in the secret places we find ourselves, that we can’t be more than enemies. We can be friends. We can be allies. We can be lovers. No matter how much we fight, just remember that I can never truly hurt you because I love you more than life itself.”

All the rage faded in an instant. Nora gasped as she stared down at the blackened page, her hands trembling as she read it. Hot tears splashed down her face and on the page, blurring the words indelibly burned into her heart.

“Bastard,” she whispered without anger.

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About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.