

# Condom

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

# Thriban's Condom

# 1

Silkshadow cracked open one eye at the sound of something moving beyond the wood door she slept against. Her pointed ears twitched slightly as she identified the sounds of her kidnapper, a heavy thriban by the name of Silvergrub. A faint frown crossed her face as she tried to stretch, remembering the sharp rocks that surrounded her at the last instant. Poorly cut, the ridges of the stone cut into her calves and back before she curled back into a fetal position, a whimper of pain escaping her throat. Prickles began to crawl up her legs, reminding her of her long imprisonment in the tiny niche in the wall.

Ignoring the agony of movement, the young silfae held her ear against the wood and listened. Silvergrub was humming to himself as he busied himself around his home; she could hear him picking things up and straightening to the best of his ability. There was a cheerful sound in his movements, as if he was looking forward to something.

A cramp in her side distracted her for a moment and she didn't hear the noises until the wooden door she was resting on suddenly disappeared. An ungraceful shriek burst out of her as the world spun around her and she fell out of the niche in the wall. Hard stone rushed up to introduce itself and she crashed against it with a sickening crunch.

Dazed, Silkshadow tried to scramble to her feet, but a massive hand pinned her to the floor. Screaming, she scratched at the gray paw, but her feeble attempt did nothing more than tickle the massive thriban. Silvergrub wrapped his fingers around her waist and picked her up like a toy.

Compared to her tiny height, Silvergrub was over twice as tall as her. His shoulders were wide enough for her to perch herself on them. His sloped forehead came into view and Silkshadow became very still. Fear burned in her eyes as the stories of thriban and their fondness for rape began to whisper stories in her mind. The yellow eyes that looked at her seemed short-tempered and violent to her. A soft shake began to ripple through her body, but Silvergrub ignored it as he carried further into the cave, toward the darkness that threatened her.

She heard the water before she saw it and looked around curiously, her fear briefly subsiding when he didn't immediately tear her to pieces. The chuckling of water was a small stream that lead into a deep pool of dark water. Silvergrub flexed his muscles for a second and tossed her in the water. Her shriek echoed against the harsh stone walls, but she quickly closed her mouth as her tiny body hit the ice-cold water.

Silkshadow came up to the surface, sputtering and cursing. Looking up, she started to shrink back from the massive creature that towered over her. Silvergrub pointed down at her and spoke in a deep, rumbling voice, "Strip."

She started to resist but a deep growl vibrated from his chest and she found herself staring at the huge hands, each one larger than her head, as they clench tightly. Looking up, she saw the burning yellow eyes looking down at her and the urge to fight back fled suddenly.

Pulling her soaked shift over her body, she tossed it out of the water with a glare. Underneath, her pert breasts stood up definitely but the thriban didn't seem interested... for now. The creature reached down and grabbed the thin fabric from the rock and shoved it into one of his stained pockets. Kicking something into the water, he pounded his way out of the bath area. The sound of a heavy door slamming shut sent a breeze through the room and Silkshadow realized she was trapped, once again.

Silkshadow stared at the floating object for a second before she realized it was a large bar of soap. Gingerly, she grabbed it and began to clean herself off. As she used the rough bar to scrub herself, she thought back to her kidnapping.

It was a beautiful day, filled with sun and breezes. The summer air almost sung out to her silfae senses and she was feeling wonderful. After hours of chasing deer and singing to the birds, she finally felt like a nap. Crawling into a tree, she found the perfect place to nuzzle down and curled up in a patch of sunlight.

Silkshadow felt her eyes closing and let them, her fingers caressing her body as a wave of warmth washed over them. Her favorite fantasy, of a human male making love to her, drew up into her mind and she welcomed it. Her fingers slid down between her legs, teasing the almost hairless slit until it moistened under the thought of the human's hard cock pushing inside her gently.

Compared to the Copir silfae, a human male would be about half again bigger. A smile lighted her lips as she thought about a human's length; even the shortest of humans would be larger than other Copir silfae, and thicker.

The a thick hand grabbed her, a thriban reaching up and plucking her from the tree. She screamed as loud as she could, but the creature quickly shoved her into a heavy canvas bag that smelled like dead animals.

Pushing back the memories, she finished washing herself and crawled out of the water. She quickly started to explore the bath area, trying to find a weapon or escape. The door blocking her exist was thick and beyond her ability to jiggle it open. Ignoring it for now, she moved back into the shadows and found where the thriban used for a bathroom. Wrinkling her nose, she felt her body calling to use it and did so with great distaste.

Finally, she came back to the door and glared at it. She was trapped until her kidnapper decided to finally rape or eat her. Feeling the fear and anger growing, she sat down heavily on the stone, staring at the door as if she could open it with her mind.

Almost a day passed before the door opened. Silkshadow sat up from her nap and managed to scramble to her feet before Silvergrub peeked in. Spying her, he shoved the door open and reached out for her.

In the middle of his lunge, Silkshadow made her move. Running for the door, she dodged violently to her left to avoid the huge hand as it swung for her. She dove between the thriban's legs, but her motion carried her past to slam into a heavy dresser.

Whimpering, she scrambled back to her feet as an angry growl filling the room behind her.

Her naked feet slapped lightly on the floor as she dove underneath a crude table and headed for the light leading out of the cave. Silvergrub roared behind her, smashing the door with one powerful arm before he managed to turn around and chase after her. Silkshadow's laughter briefly echoed on the walls as she realized she would be free before he ever managed to catch up with her.

Then the light in the cave entrance turned to night and Silk realized she laughed too soon. A massive female thriban, almost half a meter taller than Silvergrub, pushed her way into the cave opening and glared down at the tiny silfae as Silkshadow skidded to a halt.

Gasping for breath, Silk stared around her, trying to find a hiding spot. She barely had time to register the female thriban's lighter skin before one hand slammed down. Easily dodging it, she found herself caught as the female's other hand swept from the side, grabbing her painfully around the waist.

Silk felt the strong grip on her ribs before she let loose with a high-pitched scream that echoed shrilly off the walls. Her hands and feet beat against the female thriban's hands to no effect as the larger woman easily carried her a few more steps into the cave.

The male thriban stepped up, blushing a darker gray as he gave the female a shy smile. The female raised a thick, bushy eyebrow the color of swamp slime and motioned to the struggling silfae.

"Why squeaker?"

Her voice was the sound of polished gravel being scraped along a field of rotted fish. The breath that followed would challenge a swamp in the middle of summer to a contest of stench. Her yellow eyes were streaked with brown veins and one pupil drifted slightly to the right.

Silvergrub thought she was beautiful.

He clenched his hands for a moment, then looked up at the female thriban, "Tonight... Marrow... me, a bed?"

The last word ended with a questioning note and Silkshadow looked up with a look of disgust on her face. The idea of two



thribans have sex turned her stomach and she made no attempt to hide it.

Absently, Marrow stroke Silk's hair like a pet before letting loose a sigh that Silk would swear could kill horses, "No pregnant."

Silvergrub nodded and pointed to Silkshadow, "Use squeaker."

Feeling the need to exert herself, Silk looked up, "Use me how?"

The female ignored the tiny silfae before rumbling back, "Use how?"

"Con'om."

As Silkshadow tried to understand the word, half-blurred by the thriban's thick accent, a broad smile began to slowly form on the female's face. Her larger teeth showed briefly before the female leaned forward and nuzzled Silvergrub's neck.

Still confused, Silk just stared up, trying to figure out what was going on. The female stroked her thick finger along Silk's side and the young silfae was tempted to bit at it. Instead, she glared up at the two thriban, "What is a con'om?"

Feeling proud and ignoring Silk, the male pointed to a large cage, "Use con'om later? Eat now?"

Nodding, the female pounded over and lifted the heavy lid before dropping Silkshadow inside. Letting loose with an undignified yelp, the silfae rubbed her naked ass as the lid slammed back down. As soon as Marrow turned her back, she pushed up at it, but the weight was too much for her. Giving up quickly, she sat down heavily and glared at the two thriban.

Silvergrub obviously had planned that night well. As soon as Silk was placed in the cage, he pulled out half-rotted carcasses with candles in them. Marrow laughed and grabbed one; both of them dove in, eating nosily as they occasionally reached out to stroke each other. The smells and noises disgusted Silkshadow and she curled up in a fetal position and let sleep overcome her.

She woke up as the lid to her cage squealed open. Blinking back sleep-fogged vision, she barely struggled with Silvergrub's immense hand reached down and easily picked her up. He carried her over to the slab of blankets he used for a bed and she finally got a look around the cave.

It was obviously hours later, the entrance to the cave was black. The two carcasses of horse, their dinner, was picked cleaned and

tossed near the edge. Something on the edge of the table was spewing out a slimy smoke and, with a start, Silk realized it was sitting in a skull of a human.

Her eyes trailed to the bed and her breath stopped. Marrow was there, naked in her full glory. Light gray skin quivered slightly in the torchlight as the female thriban stretched out. On her chest, a set of huge breasts, almost larger than Silk herself, hung down, tipped with black nipples. A thick smell of excitement, stronger and muskier than any silfae's, filled the air.

Without a doubt, Marrow was turned on. Silk looked around at her captor, looking down at Silvergrub's naked form and finding herself staring at the immense organ between his legs. Even soft, it was immense, thicker and longer than anything her imagination could comprehend. Her breath grew shallow as she stared at it, the long black member twitched slightly. At its base, thick black hair covered his testicles, hiding them from her sight.

Silk began to shake, as her position became clearer. She looked up at Silvergrub and shriek as loudly as her lungs could go, "What kind of sick sex game is this?"

The male thriban shrugged, "No game. Need con'om."

Feeling at the end of her patience, and her own life as risk, Silkshadow found herself screaming back, "What is a con'om!?"

"Want sex. No kids. Use con'om, no kids but have sex."

Silk frowned for a second, "So you want a condom. So, what does... that..."

Stunned shock rippled around her face as Silk realized what the thriban wanted, "A CONDOM!? You want to use me as a condom!? What kind of... I can't be used... help! HELP!"

She started to kick and scream at the top of her lungs, trying to escape the twisted creatures and their insanity. Silvergrub ignored her struggles and sat down next to Marrow. Silk continued to thrash, kicking anything that came into range as she screamed.

"HELP!"

Marrow growled deeply, a sound of a rockfall in the silfae's ears, before reached out and grabbing Silk's hair. Yanking back, Marrow exposed Silk's throat before leaning forward.

"Squeaker stop squeaking."

Finding it hard to breath with a thriban holding her red hair back, Silk poured all of her anger and frustration into a glare, "Why not?"

Marrow glared back, her yellow eyes almost burning in the torchlight, "If not, I hurt you."

The silfae snapped back, her mind almost incoherent with rage, "He's going to shove me into you! How can it get worse?"

"Hurt less if chest not broken."

Those simple words, told with the confidence of someone who could truly hurt her, snapped through her mind. Instantly, Silk stopped kicking and felt a cold fear prickling through her veins.

"You wouldn't."

Marrow nodded, "Want sex... squeaker be con'om."

Feeling the need to resist more, "And if I don't?"

"Break arms, legs, chest... use squeaker as con'om anyways."

"So, if I resist, I'm going to be a broken condom. If I don't, I'm just a condom."

Silvergrub grinned at her with the stench of rotted meat and patted her roughly on the head, "Smart squeaker."

Silk glared up at him, then at Marrow, "What afterwords?"

Marrow shrugged, "Let you go. Used con'om disgusting."

"You won't kill me?"

"Have choice?"

Realizing her position, Silk thought frantically. Fear of death and pain pushed her toward the position and finally she sighed.

"Fine, but try not to hurt me?"

Marrow's grin almost brightened the room, "You feel good. Get Grub inside you, fill you good."

Silkshadow glanced over at Silvergrub's cock, the long black snake twitched under the combined gaze of Marrow and Silkshadow. Seeing it's girth, almost thicker than her leg, Silk turned away quickly, blushing.

"It won't fit." Even as she spoke, she felt some of the words were a lie. She wanted to at least try to get it inside her, to feel if she could take something that thick inside her depths.

"Always fit. Thriban motto." Marrow's simple response brought a slight smile to Silk's face; thriban were known for their single minded focus on sex, regardless of how their partners felt. A brief

flash of her fantasies on the tree, earlier that day, crossed her mind and she realized she was warming up to the idea of sex, regardless of how strange, or potentially fatal, it was.

“How do we do this?”

Marrow smiled and pushed herself onto her knees. Sitting on her heels, she pointed to her lap. Her thighs were freckled with black that turned into a dark smear at the juncture of her legs. Compared to Silk, and almost all silfae, Marrow’s pubic area was a forest of coarse black hair, so dense that the flesh was invisible underneath.

Almost regretting her decision but not quite, Silk crawled onto Marrow’s lap. The skin felt warm but slightly rough under her hands. Looking up, she saw the two huge swells of Marrow’s breasts, the nipples pointing down almost to her.

Being surprisingly gently, Marrow guided her around until her back was on the wedge between Marrow’s legs and her feet were straining to touch the ground. The cool air brushed against Silk’s stomach and sex, reminding her how vulnerable she was in this position. Above her, Marrow’s nipples swung back and forth.

The female thriban pulled her up slightly more until Silk’s head was resting on the heavily muscled stomach and she had a clear view of her own body. Below her, she could feel the coarse hairs of Marrow’s pubic area scratching at her back and the thick smell of the thriban’s excitement.

Silvergrub, being as gently as he could, knelt down in front of Marrow, his cock beginning to push upward with his own excitement. Already, a thick river of precum was dribbling down his shaft, soaking the furs underneath.

Holding her breath, both in fear and anticipation, Silk watched as Marrow brought on thick finger down her stomach and between her legs, rubbing against the tiny opening of her sex. It felt huge, a thick member twisting and teasing at her, stretching her open where only the tiny fingers of other silfae have been.

It wasn’t painful, but the sensations were intense from just that one finger. Silk wiggled her hips, trying to both escape and pushed down on the throbbing finger. Already, her body was reacting with anticipation and she felt her moisture soaking Marrow’s finger.

Marrow curled her finger and gently eased it into her opening. The finger was thicker than anything Silk every pushed inside her

and she felt her inner walls stretching around; the sensations were not uncomfortable as long as she didn't think about anything but the pleasure.

The female thriban knew what she was doing, Silk thought, as the finger curled up inside her body and stroked against the points of pleasure Silk always knew about. Curls of warmth filled her senses and she wiggled harder against the finger, enjoying the tightness as it pushed deeper inside her.

Stroking slowly in and out, the thriban eased her body open, stretching the delicate folds to their limit and then pleasuring Silk until she found the ability to open even more. Her sex, always tight around her finger, stretched open until Marrow managed to push two, then three fingers into the tiny silfae.

It wasn't a slow process, but soon Silk was writhing on the thriban's lap, her breath coming in short pants. In front of her, Silvergrub was watching with lust burning in his eyes. His cock was stretching up, getting longer and darker as thick rivers of precum dripped off his hairy balls.

Panting heavily, Silk turned her attention back to her own body and watched as the three fingers pushed inside her, bulging out her stomach slightly with their width as the plunged inside. Each motion sent a wave of building warmth against her, as her inner walls were pleasurable stretched around the probing fingers. The sensations were intense, almost painful, as Marrow easily manipulated her body with the experience only a woman could understand.

Silk felt a tiny orgasm ripple through her as she whimpered with a need for more. Already, she had pushed the idea of rape aside and focused on the pleasure.

Wanting to please the woman touching her, she reached up with her mouth and caught one black nipple in her lips. Marrow gasped with surprise and thrust her fingers inside Silk's tight depths. Finding the sudden thrust pleasurable, the silfae sucked on the thick nipple as she wiggled her hips against the probing fingers.

Marrow thrust harder, shoving as much of her three fingers into Silk's sex until the silfae thought she would rip in half. But, in response, she nipped lightly on the black nipple in her mouth and felt a shiver of pleasure roll through Marrow's body; the thick smell

of Marrow's excitement grew stronger, almost swimming in her nostrils as she nipped harder. Marrow used her fingers to thrust in and out of Silk's body, each woman teasing the other to suck and thrust harder.

After a timeless pleasure, Marrow finally withdrew her fingers from Silk's wetness and the tiny woman felt empty inside. Splayed open to her limits, she could feel the tiny folds of her sex slowly start to close.

Then, something immense and round pressed against her opening and she couldn't resist a tiny shriek. Pulling her mouth from the black nipple, she looked down to see Silvergrub straddling her thighs, his immense cock pressing lightly against her sex. Because of their size difference, he could easily tower over her and still ram his entire length into her helpless body. Silk suppressed a shiver of anticipation as she looked up at the massive thriban, then back down at the black member poised to enter her.

It was incredible, a thick black rod bobbing with his heartbeats. Even hard, it was soaking her sex and thighs with the incredible amounts of precum that flowed out of it; she felt it dripping down Marrow's legs, but she was lost in thoughts of how something so large would fit into her tiny body.

Her breath quickening with the thought, she looked up at the thriban and saw a burning lust in his yellow eyes. Feeling more than a little fear and need herself, Silk spread her legs as far apart as they could go and prepared herself mentally. Marrow stroked a large hand against her chest, rubbing against both of Silk's tiny breasts as her other hand reached down to guide Silvergrub into her.

As soon as Marrow's fingers wrapped around the thick blackness, Silvergrub pushed forward. The rounded cockhead pushed forward, shoving Silkshadow harder against Marrow's stomach; it's size was too thick for her opening, but that didn't stop Silvergrub.

A faint whimper escaped the silfae's lips as Silvergrub continued to push forward, his size pushing her back more than entering her. Her sex, even splayed tightly open, felt like it would rip before he entered her. Her whimpers grew lower as the pressure increased and a sharp pain started to radiate from her sex. From the tip of his length, she could feel his copious amounts of precum already beginning to soak her insides as he continued to bore down on her.

Silk's whimpers turned into a shriek of shock when her body finally relaxed and she felt the immense cockhead shove a few centimeters into her body; her labia felt torn open, but stretched beyond any limit she thought she could handle. She grab Marrow's breasts with both hands, biting down on the black nipples to stifle the sensations that ripped through her body.

Marrow moaned at the roughness of the bite, but didn't seem to mind it as her thick hand continued to massage Silk's breasts. The young silfae whimpered as her body continued to catalog every pulse and shake of Silvergrub's cock that rippled through her tightly stretched opening.

Thankfully, the male thriban stopped pushing and held his position until Silk's body finally adjusted to the sensations of being pulled open so far. It felt like forever to the helplessness silfae but soon she was feeling the curls of warmth beginning to grow once again. Marrow's hands continued to stroke and massage, distracting her from the intense sensations that rippled through her body.

After a few moments, Silk pulled her mouth from Marrow's breast and looked back at Silvergrub.

Taking that as a hint, he pushed forward again, easing about a fifth of his length into Silkshadow's body. She forced herself to watch as the immense black cock disappeared into her body and felt a whimper growing in her throat. Her body began to shake from the incredible feelings as she gripped Marrow's breasts tighter with her hands.

Silvergrub stopped again as soon as Silk's whimper began to turn painful. He smiled warmly down at the silfae, then up at Marrow. The tiny woman ignored them as she focused on the cock inside her. It was hot, burning hot, inside her, stretching her inner walls to their limits. The precum that flooded inside her felt warm and liquid, offset some of the slight pain of having something so large buried inside her.

The male thriban pushed more of his hard length into her body at Silk's nod. She felt it rip inside her, almost tearing her apart as she buried her face into the gray cleavage above her and screamed. The pain and pleasure was mixing inside her, being filled and being torn at the same time fought for her senses; Silk couldn't focus on one or the other and it make both of them strong and more vivid. The

hardness inside her throbbed hotly, sending her body into a frenzy of pleasure and warmth.

Marrow's legs were slowly parting underneath her, Silk realized, and she felt her body slipping between them. The thriban was trying to finger herself, but Silk noticed that her body was in the way. When the legs parted enough, she felt her head slipping down. Her hips were held up by the immense hardness inside her.

Underneath Marrow's legs, Silk could smell the thick scent of the thriban's excitement. It was a strong smell, almost bitter, that left her the feeling of having too much to drink. The dark forest of hair loomed above her, with a few hints of puffy red lips underneath.

Marrow's finger finally slipped between her legs and pushed into her sex, exposing the gaping entrance and erect clitoris larger than most Copir silfae's cocks. Silk watched in rapt fascination, the hard cock inside her temporarily forgotten, as Marrow pushed one, then two fingers, into the soaked opening, stroking in and out with fast strokes. Thick drops of the thriban's juices formed on the lips and splashed down on Silk's face. She caught a bit in her mouth and found it strong, but not unpleasant.

Realizing she was going to be doing a lot more, Silk grinned to herself, then moaned as Silvergrub pushed another fifth of his cock into her body. She was feeling full now, her lower body no longer under her control. The thick hardness pressed against her spine and stomach, pushing out her abdomen with his girth. She gasped under the sensations; needing something to stifle the noise she needed to make. Seeing the puffy red lips above her, and remembering her position in this threesome, Silk pushed herself up and licked at the puffy fold.

Marrow's moan was heard even between her legs as the thriban's fingers briefly tugged at Silk's nipple before pulling away. Marrow parted her legs more, giving the silfae a good look at the cavernous opening of her vagina.

Silk shrugged and licked and nipped at Marrow's sex, the tiny bites seemed to excite the thriban more than pained her and a fresh flood of juices splashed against her face and hair. Taking a deep breath, Silk buried her face in the wet folds and sucked and nipped as hard as she could.



Between her legs, she felt Silvergrub pushing more of his cock into her. The part entering her was growing thicker and wider, almost painful again. She tried to lose herself in Marrow's opening, but it continued to grow thicker and harder, a knot of heated flesh trying to enter her.

This time, Silvergrub didn't pause, but continued to push his cock harder inside her, even when Silk screamed into the soaked vagina she was teasing. A sharp pain was building inside her from where the knot was tearing into her, but even then there was a hint of pleasure rippling up her spine.

Silk lost herself in thrashing, trying to escape the immense intruder as Silvergrub paused for a second, then rammed his cock into her. His knot, about half again thicker than his shaft, tore into her and lodged itself into her vagina, stretching out her insides with a sharp burning sensation. His cockhead slammed against the back of her vagina, stretching it painfully.

Her world washed with black as she fought against the pain and fear he would push in further. But, thick hands were stroking along her hips and thighs, breasts and stomach, and she realized the worse was over, once the pain subsided.

Distracting herself, she buried her face back in the soaked folds, gulping against the thick torrents of juices that splashed on her face. She found the hard bump of Marrow's clitoris and used both hands to push and tug at it; her roughness was just the right amount of sensations for the female thriban and she was rewarded with hot, thick fluids gushing against her face and throat.

Incredibly, the knot inside her began to swell, but this time it no longer hurt. It filled her, pressing against her opening and blocking the tunnel. Her breath was coming faster now, short gasps that shook her body; the heated rod inside her seemed to throb and pulse in time with her own rapid heartbeats.

Wanting to feeling it, she pushed one hand down her body blindly, her head still buried in Marrow's sex. Her fingers found his cockhead first, outlining a thick hardness in her stomach. She trailed down the bulge, feeling Silvergrub's cock through her own flesh until she found the massive knot pushing up right above her pubic bone. It was hard and throbbing underneath her fingers,

almost harder than her own bones. Her skin felt heated under her touch, transmitted from the thriban's cock through her.

The feeling of being used a tool, a toy, washed over Silk and she felt a ripple of pleasure slide up her spine. It feel strange, being impaled on a massive cock, about to shoved into another thriban, but the thought of it was driving the warmth inside her to higher heights.

With a start, she realized she was no longer the focus between the two thriban. She somehow became the toy as they kissed and nipped each other. The cock inside her was heating up, as was the soaked opening of Marrow's vagina.

Even as a tool, Silk wanted to be more, so she reached up and licked and sucked on Marrow's lips, teasing them as the female thriban rocked her hips back and forth.

Then, the lips drew away from her as Marrow stood up. Silk blinked from the sudden light and fresh air, her face soaked and dripping from the thriban's juices.

They ignored her, even impaled on his cock. Silk watched as Marrow turned around, her massive body moving lithely with sexual need, and leaning forward on her hands and knees. The black slit of her sex gaped open as the female thriban parted her legs and looked over her shoulder at Silvergrub. The look of lust in both of their eyes burned brightly.

Silk twitched slightly as Silvergrub gripped both hands around her hips and picked her up. His hands, his powerful hands, easily lifted her weight as he moved forward on his knees. Silk's body shivered in anticipation, knowing her use as the dripping opening grew closer.

A sense of helplessness grew inside her, but she no longer struggled. Her body shivered again as Silvergrub positioned her head against Marrow's opening. Silk opened her mouth and sucked and nipped at the folds, feeling the top of her head pressing against the opening. Her hair was soaked with Marrow's juices, but nothing could prepare her for what happened next.

Silvergrub pushed his cock forward.

The heat grew around her heat as a tight pressure slowly pushed down around her hair. The heated red folds of Marrow's sex slowly

enveloped her head. Both Silk's and Marrow's moan filled the room until Silk's face disappeared into Marrow.

Just inside the opening, Marrow's sex was hot and steamy; the smell and taste was lighter inside, but Silk found the need to breath suddenly and opened her mouth to gasp. Juices flooded her mouth around the steamy air and she choked briefly before getting air into her lungs.

Silvergrub pulled her out and she blinked. Neither was looking at her and Silk realized she was still a toy to them. A condom.

Her thoughts were confirmed when Silvergrub pushed her harder inside Marrow. The wet, hot folds slid along her head and Silk managed to get a deep breath of air before she was shoved to her shoulders into Marrow's tight sex.

It was hot, but soft inside. Silk thought it felt comfortable until she was pulled out and pushed back in. Her hair caught on the opening for a moment, but she was already rammed inside Marrow, up to her elbows in one hard stroke. She could feel the heated pressure around her as the male thriban pulled her out and shoved her back in further. The soaked depths pulled in her, and she felt her breasts catch briefly on the tight opening before popping inside. The rough hands on her hips yanked her back and shoved, without letting her head escape to fresh air.

Silk had lost herself in the feeling of being used. The cock buried inside her was shoving her hard inside the wet depths; with each thrust, she was buried to her knees inside the writing thriban.

Feeling adventurous, Silk pushed her hands forward, exploring the soft folds of Marrow's inner walls. She was rewarded with a flood of juices and a tightening around her body. With the thrusting growing faster, she couldn't nip anything as she was dragged and and forth in the heated depths.

Silvergrub rammed her deeper inside and Silk felt her feet slip into the warm depths. In her mind, she realized that the hot pressure of Marrow's vagina felt better than the cool air. With an errant though, she curled her feet against her body, forming a knot inside the large thriban.

The knot inside her tried to yank her out but couldn't. She felt her hips being dragged toward the opening before the male thriban

rammed her hard forward, pushing her through the soaked opening until her head pressed against Marrow's cervix.

The combined pleasure being filled from the inside and being enveloped in the hot folds, sent a burst of ecstasy through Silk and she opened her mouth to scream. The noise was muted as juices flooded her mouth, but she spasmed inside Marrow, stretching out the larger creature with her movements as she struggled to ride the wave of orgasm that crashed into her. Hard bursts of pleasure coursed through her body as Silvergrub's cock continued to ram her back and forth.

His strokes grew faster, pushing and pulling her with almost an intense fury. Part of her mind worried about breaking something while the rest of it was still riding the almost continue orgasm that rolled through her.

With a final grunt Silk could hear even inside Marrow's sex, Silvergrub rammed forward with all his stretch, pressing Silk's stomach against the limits of Marrow's vagina and came.

Silk felt the cock surging inside her, but didn't understand it until the first hard jet of cum flooded her insides. With the tight fit around the black cock, she felt it burst inside her womb, filling her up with the burning liquid. In the few moments of surging, she felt her stomach expand from the force of the thriban's orgasm and her own eyes rolled up as her orgasm peaked inside her, bursting her consciousness like a bubble.

When Silkshadow woke up, she was nestled between two sleeping thriban. Her body ached and her skin itched from the dried cum that covered every square centimeter. Her green eyes peered around, looking up from the warm bed of Marrow's cleavage. Mentally, she cataloged her body, exploring the strange sensation of being empty that haunted her sex. Dancing on the edge of her senses, she could smell the faint remains of Marrow's juices filling the air and the hint of her own excitement.

With a smile, she remembered the sensation of being warm and protected, even as she was being used as a mere toy to prevent pregnancy. Looking over at Silvergrub, a creature twice her height, she smiled with the memory of being filled by his immense shaft.

With that final thought, Silk nestled closer to Marrow feel back asleep, feeling protected and warm.

The next morning, Marrow and Silvergrub escorted her to the edge of the cave. Silk, after spending an hour cleaning, smiled broadly at the two lovers, but couldn't find words to say. Tugging at the thin remains of her clothes, she waved to them and walked toward the forest.

In her mind, she knew she would be back... soon.

*t'Sade*

# 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](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*



# About the Publisher

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