

Omelas

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Prologue

1

Barratt shoved open the door to the cottage with one hand and stepped inside, his shoulders scraping against both sides of the frame as he did. He had to turn slightly to bring in the severed head of the cow with him and the effort left a smear of blood against the freshly painted door and a puddle of crimson-tinged water puddling at the threshold.

When he straightened, he blocked almost all of the light coming in from the outside and plunged the one-room cottage into darkness. Large eyes took in the contents, from the cowering couple crouched in front of the bed to the small kitchen area.

The entire room smelled of a farmer, fresh-tilled earth and plant magic, but it also had the perfume of prey. He growled and took a deep breath, sorting through the mundane scents to drink in the taste of a sweet victim.

It only took a moment to identify the source. It was a child on the bed behind the couple. He dropped the cow's head and headed toward it, the pads of his paws slapping against the hard packed earth of the cottage floor. His movement rippled the hair that covered his body.

A lightening flash lit up the room, highlighting everything in sharp relief. The rain pounded against the ceiling and a few droplets managed to leak through the room to splash into metal pots arranged throughout the cottage.

As he approached the bed, the woman cried out and staggered to her feet. She was a frail thing with blonde hair and a narrow body. Her wide eyes shimmered with tears as she stretched out her arms

in front of him as she was capable of stopping him from killing her or her child.

Her husband surged after her, wrapping his arms around her waist and tugging her. He was the farmer, with a reddish tan and good-sized muscles. Barratt could tear him in half himself, even without using his claws, but he wasn't interested in the older man.

Barratt chuckled dryly and lifted one paw. Sharp claws sparkled in the light as he stared down at the slender, defiant woman and her husband. Her body shook as her husband tried to pull her aside, but she refused to move.

The sweet smell of fear filled the room and Barratt's cock twitched with anticipation. Lightning flashed outside, brightening everything in a bluish glow before quickly fading. But, the flickering light remained and he felt it coursing along the length of his rapidly growing shaft.

As one, the couple's eyes drifted down. Barratt followed their gaze along his muscular chest, the short hairs that covered his abdomen, down to his cock. Not even hard, it easily hung a third of a meter between his legs. Crackles of electricity ran along his length, sparking from the tiny barbs that were just beginning to push out from the ridges and soft knots.

"Gods save me," whispered the mother, her body shaking violently as her fear redoubled.

Barratt lifted one paw up, claws sparkling in the light from his shaft. He wasn't in the mood for sex yet, he could still smell his latest victim's final orgasm clinging to his cock. It had been three days since she died.

The mother looked up, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Please don't."

Barratt took a deep breath. The sweet scent of fear brought more excitement to his length, but it was the alluring scent of prey behind the couple that drew his attention.

He brought his hand down, not slashing but simply placing it between the two. As he did, he transformed back into a human form. The fur along his body disappeared to reveal his muscular skin. His point of view lowered with his body shrinking a foot from his height and width.

It only took a second to transform before he placed two very human hands on the couple's shoulders and pried them apart.

They resisted for only a moment, but then stepped away.

Eyes locked on the sleeping child behind them, Barratt stepped forward and looked down at his prey. To his surprise, it was a young boy sprawled out on the blankets, his pajamas riding up to expose white skin and a delicate face.

Barratt leaned down and sniffed loudly. His cock twitched with anticipation and he felt the thrill of his prey, but it had never male before.

"No," whimpered the mother, "don't kill my baby."

Barratt glanced at her and then to the father.

They both stepped away but Barratt could tell that the mother would rush forward if he reached out for the young boy. He shook his head and returned to inspect the boy.

Dark curls framed a heart-shaped face. He was slender and sweet, everything he wanted in his victims.

Barratt cocked his head. He had never had a male before. It was usually some young girl that he marked as his own. But, the scent of prey and his body's response to the child was familiar.

He turned back. "What's his name?" Even in human form, his voice was a low growl that shook the cottage. A rumble of thunder rolled after he spoke, punctuating his words.

"R-Rinner," gasped the husband, "named after my father."

Barratt chuckled and turned back. "Rin, huh? A pretty name."

The mother sobbed.

Barratt leaned forward until he was only centimeters away from the child. He took a deep breath and enjoyed the sweetness. Rin was the one, the child he wanted.

"No," cried the mother, "not my baby. Please don't kill him, not him. Y-You like girls, right? C-Can't you pick someone else?"

Barratt straightened and turned to face her. "No, I like women. This time, I want Rin."

"B-But, he's a boy."

Barratt nodded and stretched for a moment. "He's mine."

Rin's mother dropped to her knees. "No, please no. He's only five."

Barratt stepped forward and crouched down in front of her. “Even I won’t piss off Consent. No, Rin is mine but I’ll wait for him to grow up. As I do, the forest will be quiet and you will not hear the screams as you have heard for the last few years. But when he’s old enough, I will be back and the screams will start again. Your son’s screams.”

The mother looked up with tears rolling down her cheeks. He could see the hope in her eyes, not to mention the flash of thoughts.

Barratt hooked one finger under her chin. “But, when I come back in thirteen years, he will be here. If not, I will slaughter every person in the villages next to my forests before I hunt you and him down.”

She began to shake more violently.

“I’m sure you’ve heard this before. Someone came earlier tonight to tell you that, didn’t they?”

A hesitant nod and more tears.

“It doesn’t matter how far or who you hide behind, I will have my bitch.”

The hope crumbled in her eyes. She sobbed but nodded.

Barratt stood up, his human cock dangling in front of her. He was only twenty centimeters or so, but the thick ridges were still visible in his darker length. He turned and looked at his prey, his victim.

In thirteen years, the scent of his latest one will have faded and the urges to fuck will return. He had done it for centuries and he looked forward to enjoying Rin’s sweet body once he grew up.

“But first,” he said as he transformed back into a werewolf. “I need to make a few changes....”

Flower Girl

2

Thirteen years later, on a beautiful summer morning, Rin worked his way through the field of amethyst-colored flowers. He didn't follow a trail but eased his slender body between the natural waves of the plants. There were millions of flowers in the field, all nearly the same shade of purple, but only a select thousand had the right shape and condition to be sold at the annual farmer's fair in Scoville, the largest of the Ring Villages.

His dress, a brilliant lemon yellow, fluttered in the warm breeze and caught the petals. With each step, the thin fabric tugged at his skin, tickling his thighs and chest before releasing. When he stepped forward, he could feel the material settle back over his rounded ass, tracing the curves of his buttocks before caressing the back of his thighs.

As he walked, he kept a large basket hooked over his right hip. It was filled with plucked flowers already and the petals steamed with his cold spell used to preserve them. Every time he stepped, the basket would sway and leave little trails of mist to highlight the movements of his body.

Rin kept his eyes lowered, inspecting the flowers as he passed them. He spotted a good one, with a straight stem, full petals, and brilliant color. Kneeling down, he worked his delicate fingers to the base and pinched it off. It came free and he stood up again, his fingers wet with sap. With practiced grace, he set it down into the cold basket.

The ice spell pricked his fingers and he felt curls of cold tease up his bare arms. His body responded and his nipples hardened even more, the two sensitive points tenting the thin fabric of his dress.

He didn't have breasts like the other girls picking flowers, so his nipples were harder to miss against his flat chest.

Rin glanced around the fields. In his family's plot, the purple flowers spread out like a carpet. The other local families had their own sections, some of them with a wide variety of colors while others focused on a single shade of red or yellow.

The nearest other girl was Samantha, the blonde daughter of the miller. She and her best friend were chatting as they plucked flowers. Even from the distance, Rin could tell that neither of the girls were taking an effort to pick the best flowers, just random ones.

Samantha glanced at Rin. Their eyes met for a second but then Samantha frowned pointedly looking away.

Rin knew why. One of the boys that Samantha had fancied for years had been spending more time staring at Rin's round ass. Only three days ago, Rin heard him talking about Rin's pale skin and full lips; it was a combination of crude lust and poetic words. It didn't take long before Samantha found out and Rin had suffered since.

Blushing, Rin turned away himself and looked in the other direction.

On the other side of him, some of the local boys were rebuilding a stone shed that crumbled over the winter. There were a dozen of them, stripped down to their jeans and covered in sweat as they hauled heavy rocks from a wagon and set them down. They moved with a power that Rin could only dream about, with their sweat-soaked muscles and strong hands.

Rin noticed more than a few girls were watching with fascination, the flowers at their feet forgotten.

Between his legs, he felt a tingle that twitched his prick, but it quickly faded before it even raised a bump in his dress. A second tingle coursed between his buttocks, a heat boiling deep inside his body, but it quickly faded as the first.

He found boy attractive; after being raised as a girl, how could he not? The problem was that the others didn't know he was a boy. He lived, acted, and was treated as a young woman for as long as he could remember. It was a secret and one his parents required him to keep.

Rin sighed and forced his attention back to the flowers. He rocked his hip to adjust the basket and then found another flower. Losing himself in his duties, he plucked it and moved along.

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Bath Time

3

The village of Nissar was the poorest of the nine villages that formed a circle around the Bordeli Forest, a dark patch of woods twenty miles across. No one was allowed into the forest but the adults didn't bother telling anyone why. It was simply "forbidden" but Rin couldn't help but look at the line of dark trees curiously and wonder what was in the forest that needed to keep others out.

Even in the brightest of days, the forest was dark with heavy shade trees and deep underbrush. Rin couldn't find a trail even if he wanted to. He didn't want to. At the end of the day, the forest was nothing but an edge of blackness in the fading light of the sun.

A feeling that someone was watching him crawled over his shoulders and along his scalp. Rin pushed his dark curls off his head and discretely scratched before turning toward the village bath house.

While most of the houses didn't have running water or even rune toilets, the village had managed to save up for a communal bath house heated and cleaned by magic. It was a long, squat building with the richest of decorations, which was another way of saying the door had a hanging sign on it. Everyone usually bathed in shifts, with those in the field getting right of way when they staggered home.

Now, coming up on the ninth bell and nearly midnight, the building was empty and hollow. Steam wafted from the windows and underneath the door, but no one splashed inside. A ringing filled the air from where a ladle tapped against the railing leading up to the door.

For as long as he could remember, Rin's parents would only allow him to bathe near midnight. It took him a while to realize why, but it was because of his secret. Everyone else thought he was a girl, though in reality he wasn't female but wasn't quite male either.

Looking around at the empty village, he slipped inside and locked the door. His summer dress clung to his body from the moisture as he entered the changing area, the light fabric adhering to his rounded ass and slender legs. He sighed before picking up a basket and found a nearby bench to set down his robe for later and take off his slippers.

The dress came up easily, tickling his skin as he pulled it up over his head. Despite the warmth and humidity of the changing area, his sensitive nipples grew hard and stood out like two rounded points, responding to the fabric dragging across them. Pleasure sparked along his senses as he finished removing the dress. Folding it, he set it in the basket and looked down at his underwear.

There was only the smallest of lumps to indicate his real gender. He sighed and then hooked his thumbs around the elastic. It took a bit to work it over his firm ass. The fabric stretched tightly before slipping down his white, almost flawless skin.

Rin kept his attention focused on the lump that rose against the fabric. His breath quickened as the elastic traced over the ridge and then it popped out.

His secret, he was almost a man. Even with his slender body, his cock was tiny. Not even a centimeter long while soft and just as wide. The head was squat, almost flat. It always looked as if he used to have something longer, but someone had cut it off.

Rin hated his cock but he hated what else was missing even more. Leaning forward, he slipped his underwear off and tossed it into the basket. He set the basket on the shelf, grabbed a towel, and then headed into the rinsing area.

The long, narrow room had a sheet of water pouring down each side of it. The slight tang of magically-cleaned water filled the air and the hiss of falling water beat against his body.

Rin ducked his head into the right waterfall. The soft water pummeled his body, sluicing down his thick, dark curls against his neck and shoulders. He smiled just to enjoy the drop of water from his lips and the moist gap when he opened his mouth.

With his eyes closed, he walked the entire length of the room, rubbing his body to get the dirt and mud off. The water caressed him, tickling the crack of his ass and the tiny nub of his cock. When he finally came out the other side, his body glistened with water and his cock was as hard as it could get.

He didn't bother with a towel but simply walked naked into the soaking area. It was a large, heated pool. Steam rose up from the surface and the water remained mirror smooth. He hesitated only for a moment before placing one foot in the shallow area.

Ripples ran out from his touch, disappearing in the steam-shrouded end of the pool. His breath quickened for a moment and then he continued his path into the water, plowing a way to the deeper end. The searing depth of water rose up along his shins and thighs, sending shivers of pleasure along his body as it outlined his hips and then lapped against his cock.

At the far end, he found a spot to sit. Cupping his cock, he sank down into it, moaning as the water rose up to over his narrow waist and then to his sensitive nipples. He curled his toes as the heat enveloped his nipples, the sparks of discomfort only lasted for a few seconds.

Rin tightened his grip on his cock and his palm ground against the bottom ridge of his tiny length. It felt good to touch himself, but he never managed to cum when he tried to masturbate. A blush rising in his cheeks, he caressed the skin underneath his length.

His other secret, he had no balls. He didn't know if it was a cruel joke of his birth or something else, but only pale skin greeted his questing fingers as he trailed back along the sensitive skin toward his ass. As he did, his nipples grew harder and he blushed.

While he had never found joy while caressing his cock, touching his only opening did bring a rush of pleasure. He rubbed his finger against the wrinkled opening. It grew slick under his touch, a combination of the soft water and the fluids that oozed out when he was excited. He never heard of anyone else who's asshole grew hot and liquid when touched, only pussies did that, but his tight opening grew slick when he caressed it. He enjoyed the forbidden feeling as he stroked his most private of holes, enjoying the secret pleasures.

He was tight and his asshole resisted his fingers. He enjoyed increasing the pressure on it, feeling the muscles tighten, and then the slow reluctance as his finger started to slip in as the slickness seeped out from his insides. He shook with the effort to get even one finger inside, but he never dared to delve deeper than his first knuckle. Even the pressure of the tiny digit was enough to bring a flush to his cheeks.

After a few seconds to teasing his ass, he pulled away. He heard the others talking about an orgasm from touching themselves, but none of them ever referred to their assholes as a possibility.

With a flush, he brought his finger to his nose and sniffed it. It didn't smell like ass, but sweeter. The liquid that came out of him was salty and sweet, a far cry from the scents he normally expected.

A cloud gathered over him. Of course, the other teenagers talked about having large cocks and tight pussies instead. All of them were full men and women. He had sneaked glances at them over the years and he was jealous of the dark hairs that covered their sexes but also the full lips and hanging balls. Things he could never have.

Leaning back, he trailed his fingers back along his perineum ridge and then around the base of his cock, the hairless skin giving no friction beyond a shiver of pleasure.

Rin enjoyed the water, idly stroking his cock and wishing he had something larger. His mind focused on the other manhoods he had seen. Most were stolen glances, filled with jealousy, but one welled up from his memories.

It was Pieter's, a swollen length over two hand-widths long. At the time, it was plowing into the village elder's daughter, Merci, but Rin couldn't help but think about the entire glistening length and the two large balls that hung underneath it. He wanted to be Pieter at that moment, to have something to be proud of. To his discomfort, he also wanted to be Merci, bent in half underneath Pieter and feeling every centimeter of the large cock as it pounded into his body.

Rin's breath quickened again as he imagined Pieter's cock, both having and taking it at the same time. It confused him, he didn't know which one he wanted more, but the combined fantasy was enough to bring his cock to its full hardness and his asshole to clench with desire.

Stealing a look at the empty area, Rin fought the urge to finger his asshole again. He pulled his fingers back and tried not to think about being impaled on some cock.

It was late and his father would be bringing the flowers over to Scoville early in the morning. The richest and largest village was on the exact opposite of the Bordeli Forest. It would take four hours to go around for the farmer's market, but they needed the income from selling butter and cream from the farm. They only started selling flowers last year, but it almost doubled their income and earned them enough money to afford Rin's new dress and fresh blankets for the winter.

Reluctantly, Rin slipped into the deeper area of the pool and dipped his head under water. When he surfaced, the liquid sluiced through the thick dark curls of his hair and plastered them to his back. Seconds later, the curls took control and it peeled off his body to bounce back to either side of his face, framing it.

He took another swipe of water along his body, one down his ass to wipe away his excitement, and then got up. It was going to be an early morning and he needed to go to bed.

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Threats

4

Rin peeled the sundress from his moist chest. No matter how much he dried, the light fabric always found the one spot he missed. He shook his head with amusement before taking one last look at himself in the mirror.

Despite being neither a full girl or a full boy, he was still beautiful. If he ignored the lack of breasts, his heart-shaped face and narrow hips drew more than a few stares of the local men. He twisted at his waist to look at his ass. It was large but firm. His narrow waist only emphasized the curve as the sundress clung to it, tracing the firm skin before draping down over his legs.

He hopped once, just to watch his ass cheeks bounce. With a grin, he did it again as images of Pieter's cock flashed in his mind. A blush crept along his cheeks as Rin wondered if his ass would bounce differently if it was a man behind him. Then, realizing where his thoughts were leading, Rin tore his mind away and looked away.

Rin may look like a flat-chested girl, but he didn't know what or who he wanted. He was male, he knew that, but there were few positive words for men who liked other men, even a half man as himself. He didn't want to risk mockery, the other teenagers already wasted no time pointing out things like his private bathing or how the entire village watched over him to make sure he was never alone with anyone, male or female.

A yawn rose in his throat. He finished hanging up his towel and then headed outside, his slippers made a scuff of a noise as he made sure the door was tightly latched.

“Thought I'd find you here, fucking cock tease.”

Rin jumped at Merci's voice. He clutched the handle of the door as he turned to watch her come into the light shining from a glowing rune above the door.

Merci was the elder's oldest daughter, a beauty that had a reputation of fucking most of the men in the surrounding villages when neither her father or her husband wasn't looking. She had straight blonde hair that reached the small of her back, an angular face, and large breasts with a bit of help from her bra. She wore a more functional outfit at the moment, a button-down shirt and pants instead of her daytime outfit of dresses. It reminded him of Pieter's outfit from earlier that day.

Memories flashed through Rin's head, of Merci on her back with Pieter clutching her tits as he fucked her. Jealousy quickly followed as Rin wished it was her, with her beautiful body instead of his hidden form.

"I saw you looking at Pieter, boy."

Rin tensed. "Everyone was looking, including you."

Merci's eyes darkened. She stepped closer, the light above her casting her face in shadows. "He isn't yours, you know. You can't have him."

Annoyance pricked Rin. "You shouldn't either, Merci. You are already married to Hamas and have a child."

At the name of her husband, Merci lifted her hand and slapped Rin.

The impact cracked against Rin's senses and he staggered back until his back thumped against the door. Shocked, he pressed one hand against the tinging cheek.

Merci stormed closer, pinning Rin against the bath house door with her presence. "You think you're so pretty, flaunting that ass for everyone to see."

"I—"

"Every time you go down the street, everyone is looking at it, wishing they were balls deep in that little cunt of yours."

Rin shivered. In his mind, it wasn't a pussy that was impaled but his ass. For a moment, he could feel hands spreading his thick buttocks apart and pressing something, he wasn't sure, against it. His cock hardened, not that anyone could see it under his dress.

Merci leaned closer, her breath washing over Rin. It had the taste of Old Man Richard's whiskey on it and a musky scent that Rin didn't know. "And all you do is tease them. Flipping that hair as you pass, wagging that fat ass of yours. You know they want you."

"Merci, I'm—"

"A cock tease, you fucking slut." Merci smacked one hand to the right of Rin's head. The smell of alcohol grew stronger as she leaned until they were only centimeters apart. "All they want to do is shove their dicks into that pretty mouth of yours and fuck you until you choke."

Rin froze. It never occurred to her that someone would mouth a cock. His pulse sped up until it was pounding in his chest, a mixture of fear and excitement warring inside his body.

"You are going to be nothing but a whore to this village. And you know it."

"Merci!"

Both Rin and Merci jumped at the deep voice coming up to the bathhouse.

Merci stepped to the side as her father, Klaus, came into the light.

"What in the seven hells are you doing, girl?"

Merci put her hands behind her back, fingers balled up into a fist. "Nothing, Daddy."

"Nothing my hairy ass. Didn't I tell you to leave the Jinithe girl alone?"

Merci shot a glare at Rin who flinched.

"Girl!"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Now get your skinny ass back home. Your boy is crying and I can hear him from my bedroom."

Merci glared at Rin one last time and then headed down the stairs. Her footsteps faded as she ran home.

Klaus let out a long breath before looking at Rin. "She touch you?"

Rin clutched himself and shook his head.

"Good. She's a good girl, but a lousy mother. You'd think two years with that husband of hers after she got knocked up and she'd stop lurking around the bath house to harass you."

Unwilling to say anything, Rin shrugged. His body tingled with anticipation but he could do nothing but hold himself still.

Klaus glanced at him again, his eyes trailing along Rin's body.

Rin blushed at the look.

"You have grown up into a pretty girl, haven't you, boy?"

Klaus was one of the people who knew Rin's secret, but it didn't stop the tenseness in Rin's chest when someone called him by his real gender.

"I guess."

An uncomfortable silence stretched between them for a few seconds. Then Klaus said, "Was she telling the truth? You were looking at the Pieter boy?"

Memories of Pieter's cock sawing into Merc's pussy flashed up. "Y-Yes. But, everyone was."

Klaus groaned and shook his head. "No doubt my daughter too. She's been fucking Pieter for year now."

"I-I know."

Klaus raised an eyebrow. "And you still fancy him?"

"I..." Rin looked at the empty village. The buildings were dark but they were nothing compared to the black treeline in the distance. "I... I don't know what I want."

"Not him," came the reply. "He's not for you."

Rin nodded, his breath catching in his throat. "He doesn't know what I am."

"No," Klaus' voice was suddenly softer, "not that. He's just not for you."

Rin looked up at the change in tone.

The older man dug his hands into his pockets and turned his back to Rin. "Go on, boy, your mama is waiting at home for you."

Panties

5

Rin yawned as he woke up, stretching in the tiny bed until his toes touched the foot board and his wrists pressed against the rough wall of the cabin. Outside, he heard the call of birds and the buzz of insects mixing in with the sounds of farmers and every day life.

Opening up one eye, he peered into the single-room cottage. It was empty. His parents must have already left for the farmer's market. From the night before, they decided that Rin would stay behind, clean, and have dinner ready when they showed up in a few days. After three days of selling and a half-day drive back around the forest, they would be exhausted.

Slipping out of bed, he pulled off a sleeping shift and stood in the dark cottage wearing nothing but a pair of white panties. They were the softest material he had but the fabric strained over his round, firm ass. He could feel it clinging to every centimeter, tracing the curve along the bottom and adding pressure to the crack that split him in half. The elastic of the panties cling to his narrow waist, holding it tight against his body. Looking down, he could see it outlining the tiny lump of his manhood.

Rin smiled to himself. The conversation from the night before gave him some dreams, mostly focused on how he could use his mouth with Pieter's cock. He guessed that Merci was saying he could lick it, but a small flash of dream had him sucking it into his mouth. That brought a rush of excitement and he was curious how other girls used their mouths with their lovers.

His thoughts kept him warm as he made sure the front door was locked and then trailed around the cottage. He started by picking up; with a single room, it quickly became cluttered no matter what

his family did. Fortunately, they rarely spent their entire day inside, except during winter.

Once he finished, he almost threw himself back into bed. But, the need to keep working drove him forward and he sought out his dress instead. He picked one of his favorite ones, a summer dress with a pink Gingham pattern. The alternating checker pattern looked good against his pale skin and set off his dark, curly hair. The thin material highlighted his ass and traced the line of his panties.

Rin stared at himself in the mirror near the front door. Thoughts of Pieter flashed through his mind and he wondered if the other man would find him sexy if Rin showed an interest back. Rin's eyes slipped past his flat chest and narrow waist down to his ass. It was round and stuck out of the back of his dress. He turned and slapped it, watching as it bounced twice before tightening into place.

As the fabric settled back over his ass, it molded along the lines of his panties. The edges were thin, but obvious with the almost transparent material.

Rin rocked his hip as he thought about Pieter's cock plunging into Merci. The sight of the thick member pounding into her hole brought a tingle of excitement to burn through Rin. He could do that, he was sure of it. Pieter would want him, maybe even like his fantasy from the night before.

His fear of being caught with his secret crumbled underneath the desire to feel someone, something, pressing against his body.

With his thoughts, he tugged up the hem of his dress and slipped his hand into his panties. It took only a second to reach past his tiny cock and slide between his legs to his tight asshole. Touching himself in the middle of the day had its own excitement and he felt the muscle tense as a surge of heat spark his length. He circled his asshole, teasing the wrinkled folds, as he tried to imagine Pieter's cock buried inside.

He giggled and pulled his hand away. He was going to try, even if Pieter wasn't interested, maybe someone else would fall for a half-man wearing a dress. Decision made, he hooked his thumbs on his panties and pushed them down. When he straightened, the thin fabric of his dress draped over his tight ass without a single line or mark to hide his rounded globes from anyone looking.

“If Merci is going to call me a tease....” he said with a smile and a pat on his ass.

With a tiny jump, he headed for the front door. Time to get over his fear and find out if he really wanted Pieter or if Pieter wanted him back.

The door creaked open and he stepped outside. The warm air washed over him, prickling his nipples until they tented against the thin fabric. He glanced down, his tiny dick was hidden in the folds of his dress.

Taking a deep breath, Rin headed out, circling around his house with the intent of strutting down the main street, just to see which heads he would turn.

“Hey, Rin! Wait up!”

Rin stopped and looked around. She knew the voice, it was Samantha’s boyfriend, Jacob. It took Rin a moment to find him, the broad-shouldered teenager was crawling out of the ditch by the side of the road.

Jacob was stripped down to his jeans, muscles streaked with mud and bits of grass. In his hand, he had a scythe which he set down on the ground before crossing the road.

A flush grew on Rin’s cheeks as Jacob approached. He watched as the other teenager took in Rin’s body, eyes following from the tip of Rin’s head to his flat chest before lingering on his wide hips. There was something about the gaze, primal and hungry, that brought a new heat boiling inside of Rin. It was deep inside him and he could feel moisture gathering between his legs.

Rin straightened his dress, fighting the sudden fear that grew inside him. He wanted to tease the men like Jacob, but standing in the middle of the road, it was hard not to feel like a hunk of meat that Jacob wanted to devour.

“You are looking good, Rin,” said Jacob as he stopped in front of Rin. “Very good looking.”

Rin managed to squeak out a “thank you” but the words were stuttered.

Jacob stepped closer, the smell of sweat swirling around Rin. “What are you doing tonight?” His hand reached out and rested on Rin’s hip.

With a gasp, Rin felt the palm against his skin as if it was a brand. It was hot and slick, possessive and commanding. He trembled as he looked up at Jacob. “W-Why?”

“Because,” Jacob said as he pulled Rin closer, “I would give anything to have those long sexy,” as he spoke, he stroked his palm down Rin’s outer thing, “legs of yours hooked on my shoulders as I fuck the six hells out of you.”

Rin froze, the breath stilling in his lungs. He wanted to be sexy, but he never imagined how quickly or intensely one of the local men would respond. He gulped and glanced around.

Down the street, there were half a dozen other farmers and other teenagers all watching. Rin could see the naked lust and desire on their faces. They wanted Rin, wanted to fuck him.

Turning back, Rin stammered.

“I love to see your lips. They are so full and sexy. Just right for—” His hand continued to move as he spoke. It slowly crossed over Rin’s thigh and started up toward his crotch.

The fear of his secret being revealed broke the spell. Rin stepped back with a gasp. “N-No! I-I have to go!”

Without waiting for a response, he gave Jacob a wide circle and raced for his house. He wasn’t quite ready to be a cock tease.

He stopped just outside his door and leaned against a pile of wood. It took a moment for his gasping to slow down and his heart to stop pounding so hard. As he waited, his mind flashed at the intense response he got from Jacob.

Rin wanted it. He wanted to be sexy, but he had never teased someone before. He wondered what Jacob wanted to do with his lips, how Rin would feel with his mouth against Jacob’s cock.

Even the curiosity of using his mouth or feeling a cock against his ass wasn’t enough to bolster his courage. He shook his head and turned back to the cottage, ready to dress in something less revealing and enticing.

His eyes caught sight of a flower stem peaking out from one of the canvas tarps they used to cover the wagon. He frowned for a moment, the tarp looked like it had been thrown against the wall in a hurry, but that is where he kept all the flowers he had gathered for the farmer’s market.

A surge of fear rising inside him, he inched over to the tarp. He could feel the ice spell rising through the material even before he flipped it back. At the sight of a hundred purple flowers neatly wrapped and ready for going to the farmer's market, he stumbled back. "No, no," he whispered.

The ice spell was still in place and they were still in the leather bundle to keep them safe from being jostled in the wagon or crushed by a tarp. But, they were suppose to be in the family wagon heading to Scoville, not left behind.

The flowers doubled their income for the largest farmer's market of the year. Without that, Rin knew they would be struggling to pay the bills and afford warm clothes for the winter or new calves for the summer.

A whimper rose out of his throat and he glanced around, wondering who could help. Most of the wagons were on their way to the Scoville for the market, not to mention all of the horses or other mounts. There were a few cows or goats, but Rin couldn't ride any of them nor would they handle the long trip.

He glanced at the Bordeli Forest as a new idea came to him. It was four hours around the forest, but only an hour or so if he cut through it. Fear prickled his skin, no one entered the woods. Stories drifted through the village about some horrible beast, but nothing had ever left the forest in Rin's entire life.

There was no question though, the forest was forbidden.

Rin glanced back at the flowers. If he couldn't get the flowers to his parents, they would have an entire year of struggling to pay the bills and afford the next season.

The whimper rose and he peered at the wood. He could make it, no one would ever know.

His heart pounded faster and the world spun around him.

His heart won and he raced into the house to find his shoes. He would run through the woods and deliver the flowers. Then he could walk back in time to finish cleaning and make dinner before his parents return.

What could go wrong?

t'Sade

Forbidden

6

Walking through the Bordeli Forest was easier than he thought it would. Looking at the treeline all of his life, he assumed it would be a dark place filled with spiderwebs, slime, and goutts of flame. Instead, it was just old trees, small clearings, and a thick underbrush. If it wasn't for the animal trails, it would be hard walking.

Rin hefted the bundle of flowers over his right shoulder and continued along an animal trail. The path was worn down to the bare earth in many places as it wandered along streams and traced the ridges of rolling hills. His boots, which were still light compared to his father's, scuffed against the rough ground and exposed roots.

He had been walking for about a half hour and guessed he was halfway through the forest. None of the stories said what was in the Bordeli, only that it would spell doom for anyone who entered. But, looking around at the patches of wildflowers and mushroom-dotted trees, he couldn't imagine anything horrific inside the woods.

The trail came up to a stream of glittering water. Rin smiled and stepped over the water. As he did, he spotted one of the flowers slipping out of the bundle.

"Shit," he said and reached for it, but the water caught the purple flower and tugged it along the water. The cold spell shimmered around the flower and streaks of ice formed in the surface before the churn of water dissolved the spell.

Rin rolled his eyes and finished crossing the stream. Bending over, he set the bundle of flowers on the ground and spread his hands over it. Whispering words to the spell, he reinforced the cold

spell on the bundle until hoarfrost prickled along the openings and the icy sensation perked his nipples.

“There is no—” said a stranger, his voice a deep rumble from somewhere behind Rin.

Rin screamed and stood up, spinning around as he slapped his hands to cover his ass.

“—greater beauty than that,” finished the stranger. He was leaning against a tree only a few meters away from Rin. Arms as thick as a tree limb were crossed over a bare chest. The ridges of muscles flexed as Rin’s eyes trailed from the stranger’s chest, up to the well-defined shoulders, and then to the man’s face.

The first thing Rin saw was the stranger’s intense blue eyes. They were staring at him with an unreadable expression. Close-set, they seemed to bore through Rin’s clothes.

A blush burned across Rin’s cheeks. He slowly crossed his arms in front of him, not to shield himself but to hide his cold-hardened nipples from the stranger’s view.

The man’s eyes slid down, slowly tracing Rin’s body.

Rin could feel the attention against his skin, a flash of heat that caressed his stomach, hips, and down between his legs. The tiny cock twitched with the sensation and then grew hotter when the man’s attention lingered on it, somehow seeing him through the thin fabric of the Gingham dress.

Then, just as slowly, the stranger looked up. He scratched the bottom of his chin, dragging his fingers through short brown hairs that shadowed his throat.

Rin gulped as he stared at the hand. It was huge and wide, with fingers as thick as sausages but calloused from work. Muscles flexed along the stranger’s body and Rin followed it with his gaze, jerking when he realized that the stranger wore no shirt. Instead, the dark brown became a patch of rich hair that traveled down over large pectorals and then to the ridges of his abdomen. For a moment, Rin was terrified that the stranger was naked, but he wore a pair of black jeans that strained around thick thighs and a massive bulge between his legs.

A flash of heat poured into Rin, filling his groin with a searing liquid. His entire body tensed and he felt the sweat prickling his skin. “W-What?”

The stranger gave him a toothy grin with shockingly white teeth. “I said, there was no greater beauty than what I was looking at.”

Rin’s heart thumped in his chest. “T-The flowers? I’m selling—”
“No, that ass of yours.”

Rin’s buttocks tightened and the heat increased.

“Seeing it sticking out of the grass, begging to be grabbed, that is real beauty.” The stranger spoke with a deep, guttural voice. It rumbled the air and Rin’s pulse fluttered in response. “It looks like an ass that needs to be fucked.”

The breath caught in Rin’s throat. He gulped at his tight throat and clutched his shoulders tighter. He slid one foot back, unsure of what to do but thinking he could run.

The stranger chuckled. “That’s what you’re good for, right? To have my cock rammed into that tight—”

Rin whimpered.

“—little—”

The heat flashed through Rin, making it hard to breathe.

“—hole of yours?”

Rin took another step back, his heel thumping against the bundle of flowers on the ground. He jumped and glanced back, the urge to pick up his flowers fighting with the blind need to run. He started to look back up and then froze, wondering if the creature would be closer when he looked up. With a whimper, he looked up.

To Rin’s relief, the stranger was still leaning against the tree.

“So, my little ass slut, what is your name?”

The world spun around Rin. He opened his mouth to say something but only a croak came out. His cock was hard and aching, though the short length only pricked his senses. Images of Pieter’s cock came flashing back, the stranger’s words reminding Rin of his earlier thoughts.

The stranger twisted slightly and then he was standing away from the tree. “They call me Barratt, if that matters. I own these woods.”

Sweat ran down Rin’s face. “I-I’m Rin... I-I live o-over in Niss... Nissar.”

“Rin, my little fuck hole—”

Rin blushed hotter, though he didn’t think it was possible.

"I'm going to enjoy grabbing those sweet thighs of yours and spreading them open."

"No...."

"And that cute little asshole of yours, I'm going to lick it."

Rin shuddered and clutched himself tight enough his nails began to dig into his skin.

"And when I get it all sloppy and wet..." Barratt reached down and stroked the thick bulge at his crotch, "I'm going bury every centimeter of my cock into your guts."

Rin shook his head and stepped around his flowers. He took a swipe at it, but his fingertips caught the strap and it knocked over instead. Purple flowers cascaded out of the bundle, the cold spell freezing the grass underneath them as they rolled to a stop.

He shook violently as he backed away, splashing into the stream as he blindly reached for the other side. The cold water lapped at his boots and ankles, almost searing in the contrast to his heated skin.

Barratt stepped forward, the muscles in his chest and stomach tightening. "That's the only thing you are good for, you know. A hot body to wrap around my dick and a bucket to dump my cum."

"No, please leave me alone."

"Why?" asked Barratt. "You're mine. You always have been."

Rin glanced behind him, making sure he was still on the trail. He gulped and looked back, whimpering at how close Barratt was approach. His body trembled as his heart beat faster, screaming at him to run for his life.

"N-No..." cried Rin.

"I'm going to fuck that ass of yours until you scream. And then cum so hard it will be pouring out of your mouth as you beg for more."

Cock hard, heart pounding, and skin crawling, Rin could only inch away from the man. His words were humiliating and terrifying, but at the same time, he could almost picture what the stranger wanted to do and it brought flashes of heat.

Barratt crushed one of the flowers, a burst of ice sparkled along his bare feet before he took another step. When he lifted his palm, the flattened remains of the flower had been pressed into the moist ground.

The sight of the flower and the fear of Barratt was too much. With a scream, Rin turned on his heels and sprinted away, his long legs flashing with his desperation to flee.

t'Sade

Treed

7

Fifteen minutes later, Rin came to a gasping halt and clutched his side. His lungs ached from running. He leaned against a thick oak tree and took a deep breath. The dark curls of his hair clung to his face, plastered against his skin with sweat. With one shaking hand, he pushed it away and hooked it behind his ear. As he did, he parted his lips to gasp in deep shuddering breaths of air.

Fear burned in his veins. He didn't know who Barratt was, but the lustful words burned in his mind. They echoed Rin's thoughts of Pieter, but they were beyond anything Rin thought was possible or could even imagine. They were crude. They were rough. They... were alluring.

Forcing out another deep breath, he looked down the trail he had been running alone. He didn't recognize it but at least there was no other man within sight.

Rin took another breath and relaxed the tension in his hand, lowering himself to the cool, rough surface of the tree. "J-Just keep running, Rin. Just a few more minutes and you'll be home."

The ache in his side faded. Taking a deep breath, he pushed himself from the tree.

Only to be slammed into it from behind. Sparks danced across Rin's vision as he tried to get his hands on the trunk to roll to the side.

A wide, powerful hand slapped between his shoulder blades and ground him into the tree. An equally wide body pressed against his back and he felt a ridge of something hot grinding the thin fabric of his dress against his ass.

Rin screamed out.

Barratt leaned into him. "This is what I like," he growled. His entire body shook with his words and Rin felt it rubbing against his senses. "A tight little ass sticking out, begging to be impaled."

Rin clenched his buttocks but his tight cheeks ground against both sides of a heated ridge that forced them apart. The roughness of jeans scraped against his delicate skin, a strange sensation of being held open intruding on his thoughts.

Barratt's breath tickled Rin's ear. "Does this feel right, pressed against a tree with my cock nestled between your cheeks?"

Rin lifted his foot to kick back.

Barratt's thigh jammed up between his legs before he shoved Rin's ankles further apart. The ridge of his cock nestled further between Rin's tight little globes.

At the sensation of the thin fabric pressed against his asshole, Rin cried out. "No!"

A growl shook him. "You say no, but this hot little body of yours says fuck me. Ram into my tight little asshole, rip me open, and claim me."

"N-No it doesn't!" Tears ran down Rin's cheeks as he clutched at the tree, trying to find some purchase to push away.

"It's getting wet, isn't it? Like a woman's cunt?"

Rin's eyes opened wide. He didn't know how Barratt could have known about how his opening grew slick. There was no way the creature could have. Unwittingly, Rin tightened his buttocks and, to his despair, felt the slickness had grown between his buttocks.

The wide hand between his shoulders stretched open, the thick fingers grinding into his skin as the pressure increased.

"Wet and willing, the perfect fuck hole," growled the beast.

Rin's flat chest was ground against the tree. His nipples, hard with excitement and humiliation, scraped against the rough bark. The fabric was no protection as he sobbed out.

"But, time to stake my claim first."

Barratt leaned forward, increasing the pressure against Rin's asshole and his back, and brought his hand into Rin's view. The palm was thick and calloused, a worker's hand. The larger man growled for a moment and then his palm began to glow. At first, it was just a pool of light in the deep ridges of his hand, but then the glow began to trace out a complicated symbol.

Rin gasped at the sight of it, his eyes tearing as he also noticed that the air above the light was warping with heat.

The rune continued to trace along Barratt's palm until a shape came into view. It was the symbol for the nine villages that surrounded the Bordeli Forest. But, the image kept growing with a pattern of leaves that encircled the first symbol and merged with it. Seconds later, the glow stopped and the completed rune shimmered in Barratt's palm.

Barratt's hand slide from Rin's shoulders up to his hair.

Rin tried to twist away from the glowing hand, but Barratt caught him by the hair and yanked him a meter from the tree. The slender man tried to kick out, but then Barratt's thighs were between his own, the thick muscular limbs easily pried Rin's legs apart and pulled him off the ground.

The pressure against his ass, the thick ridge of Barratt's cock, increased and Rin almost fainted with the realization that he was helpless in the powerful man's grip.

"You were always mine, Rin." Barratt smacked his glowing palm against Rin's stomach, right above the navel.

Rin froze, the wind driven out of him, and gaped. He tried to say something or figure out what Barratt had just done.

And then searing pain exploded across his senses. He screamed out shrilly as the palm burned into his skin, peeling away the dress and searing directly into the flesh.

Rin thrashed violently, not caring about the pressure against his ass or the way his legs flailed helplessly off the ground.

Barratt held him in palm, one palm against Rin's belly and the other wrapped in the dark curls.

Rin sobbed and cried out, clawing at Barratt's hand against his stomach. The smell of burning fabric and flesh filled the air. He shuddered from the impact and pawed until his strength ran out.

When he slumped forward, to his surprise, Barratt released him.

Rin hit the ground with a thud. He couldn't do anything besides lean forward and sob, clutching his stomach as he did. The heat radiated from his wound, searingly hot and tingling. Curled up, he opened his eyes and peered at the damage.

It was a brand. He grew up on a dairy farm to know enough of them, but he never expected to be branded himself. The darkened

edges of his dress still glowed with a few last embers of heat. The skin beneath was pale except for the brand itself and the red halo from the burn. The agony pricked his senses every time his gasps shook his body.

“Now,” growled Barratt, “you are truly mine for the rest of your life.”

There was a scuff of fabric and the cling of a button.

Rin’s eyes snapped open. He knew that sound. It was someone unbuttoning his pants. Trembling, he looked over his shoulder.

Barratt was pulling open his pants. The bulge seemed to swell out of it for a moment until he tugged the jeans down off his hips. As it did, a naked cock fell out and thudded against his thigh.

Rin froze in shock. He had thought Pieter was large, but Barratt’s manhood stretched almost three hand-spans from the base of thick, brown hair that sprouted from the opening of his jeans. It looked wrinkled, with rolls of skin and thick veins visible even with it soft. Tiny tags stuck out of it, almost like barbs or hair.

It was unlike any cock Rin had ever seen. It was also the largest thing he had seen on a human.

Barratt chuckled as he shoved his jeans down and stepped out of them. He wasn’t tall nor was he short. His broad shoulders and chest matched the rest of him. Every muscle looked perfect on his body, the cords of strength covered by short hairs. All of it was rich brown, except for a dusting of gray on the top of his head.

He reached down and grabbed his cock. It twitched in his hand and swelled. The wrinkles stretched out as the cock grew longer. At the same time, the tiny bumps stood up into tiny barbs and bumps. A shimmering hung around his cock as he released it.

The head was larger than Rin’s fist. A thick bulge with a wide opening and glans that gave the tip a mushroom-shaped tip. The cock itself was covered in thick veins and bumps, traveling down the inhuman length until it reached some sort of swelling near the base.

Rin had seen the bulge before. It looked like a dog’s, long before it knotted with a bitch. It was smaller now, but if it was the same thing, it would become a thick mass easily the thickness of one of Barratt’s huge hands.

“This is what that ass is for,” growled Barratt. “To be ripped open and claimed.”

Rin’s sphincter clenched tightly shut, the tiny opening growing slicker by the second. He trembled and tried to will his body to move, or at least to stop kneeling with his ass inviting the terrible man’s lust. He managed to move his knee, pulling them closer as he struggled with every centimeter.

Barratt grinned and stroked his cock again. He lifted his shaft to reveal two huge balls hanging between the legs. Each one was the size of his fist and hung low. Short hairs covered every centimeter of his sack which twitched as Rin stared at it. “I’m going to empty these into you until it pours out of every hole in your body.”

The creature stepped forward and sank to his knees. He grabbed at Rin’s buttocks and pried them open. “I’m going to enjoy driving into this perfect—”

At the first sensation of a man spreading apart his ass cheeks, Rin found the energy to move. With a scream, he lashed out with his feet and surged forward, scraping his hands and knees against the dirt until he could scramble to his feet.

Barratt’s hands were ripped away, leaving shallow scrapes along Rin’s cheeks.

Sobbing, Rin flailed at the branches and leaves as he crashed through a bush and landed on the other side. He rolled twice before coming up against a stump. Without giving himself enough chance to orient himself, Rin sprinted away as fast as he could.

“You can run, but your ass will always be mine!” came Barratt’s last growl.

t'Sade

Tripped

8

Rin didn't see the root before his ankle caught on it. With a sickening surge, he pitched forward and slammed into the ground of the animal trail. The sharp edges of leaves caught his face as he slid for a few centimeters and the sound of his dress ripping shot through the air.

Sobbing, he clutched his stomach and scrambled to his feet. The tiny scratches along his shoulders and arms burned from where he had to rush through the underbrush. His knees and feet ached from slamming into stumps, logs, and the ground. He swayed to regain his balance and then sprinted forward.

He hated how he was getting wet and slick. The inner curves of his cheeks easily slid against each other, lubricated by the moisture around his opening. Doubt crept into his mind, wondering if his body really begged for Barack's cock.

Even through the blind panic, his mind kept reliving his encounter with Barrett. The cruel words cut deep, but they also brought a rush of excitement. He wore the dress that day because he wanted to see if someone found him attractive, and now that he did, he was running out of fear. Something inside him told him that Barratt's words were more than invoking humiliation, they were a promise.

Rin came up on a sharp curve. He clutched at a branch and used it to swing through it and then back on his feet. His long legs flashed in a flutter of his dress as he sprinted along the trail, praying to the gods that it would lead out of the forest and not deeper into Barratt's clutches.

Unwillingly, the image of Barratt's cock flashed across his mind. It was huge, larger than anything Rin had ever seen. The little barbs and the swollen knot were inhuman, but it didn't stop him from imagining it plowing into Merci's pussy, tearing it open. And then the familiar twist of thought when it became Rin on his back, legs splayed open, and the thick shaft pounding away at his tight asshole.

The heat of his fantasy mixed in with the fear, swirling in his stomach until he couldn't figure out if it was lust or terror that drove him to run.

He came up to another curve in the trail, this one around a large boulder. Panting, he sprinted around it.

When he saw Barratt standing in the middle of the trail, Rin tried to dodge out of the way but it was too late. With a sickening thud, he slammed into the solid wall of muscle and bounced, falling back on his ass and sliding to a stop. The slickness from his body caused his dress to lodge into the narrow crevice of his buttocks.

Rin whimpered and rubbed his chin, it had struck Barratt's pectoral and the muscle was as hard as rock.

"There you are, cum bucket."

Rin whimpered.

"Ready to beg for my cock?"

Scrambling back, Rin shook his head. "No, leave me alone!"

Barratt jumped forward, his naked cock and balls swinging between his legs. He stalked forward, crushing flowers and nuts that were scattered along the ground. "Why? That ass calls to me. It begs to be pulled apart and impaled."

"No, I don't!"

"It doesn't matter what you want, Rin. You were made for my shaft. You can feel it, can't you? You are wet for me, I can smell it. You want every bit of this," he fisted the dark length which jumped, "buried in that tight little hole of yours, don't you?"

Cock hard and heart pounding in his chest, Rin shook his head. "N-No."

"You say it," Barratt said with a sniff, "but your body wants me. You are my personal whore, a hot body to wrap around this shaft. And the faster you submit, the sooner I can fill you to the brim."

He stood less than a meter away from Rin. Rin tried to scramble to his feet but Barratt grabbed him by the shoulders.

With a scream, Rin flailed out but his feet and fists only hit solid flesh and hard muscle.

Barratt slammed him against a tree, knocking the wind out of him.

As Rin gasped for air, he was helpless as Barratt leaned into him. The man ran his thumb against Rin's full lips. "These lips of yours were made to stretch around my shaft." The rough fingers stroked down Rin's chin. "This throat is for me to choke it. Every inch of your body is mine, you just didn't know it."

Barratt grabbed Rin's wrists and pinned them above his head.

Rin tried to twist out, but the powerful hands held him like steel. He thrashed and writhed, but he couldn't escape.

With his other hand he grabbed Rin's chin and tilted it toward him.

Rin strained against the iron grip, whimpering as tears rolled down his cheeks. His long legs flashed as he kicked, but it was like hitting a tree. His toes stung from the effort and Barratt didn't even move.

"I'm going to enjoy teaching you to be my bitch, Rin."

Rin gulped. "H-How did you know my name?"

"You are my fuck toy. Everything about you, from your mouth to your pretty ass has been mine since you were five."

A flash of some memory rose up but then faded. Rin trembled as he stared into the blue eyes of the predatory male, wondering how Barratt could have possibly known. And what happened when Rin was five?

"Five years ago, your parents traded your ass for the safety of the nine villages. As long as I was waiting for you to come to me, they would be safe. But as soon as you entered my forest—" he reached around and cupped one of Rin's buttocks.

The powerful grip easily stretched across the firm curve. When Barratt tightened his grip, Rin felt two fingers caressing his ass crack. There was strength and power in how the man just touched Rin. There was nothing Rin could do to stop him and they both knew it.

“—this ass,” Barratt’s finger pressed against Rin’s asshole with only the damp fabric protecting him, “was mine for the rest of your life.”

A heated slickness pressed against Rin’s belly. When Barratt released Rin’s ass, their bodies separated to reveal the hard length of Barratt’s cock between them. It stretched from the base of Rin’s hips to the bottom of his ribs. Up close, it looked more like an inhuman club than a cock. The head was round, almost blunt, more suited for hammering into a body instead of impaling it. Thick dribbles of precum poured out of the top, glistening the tip until thick rivers of it rolled down all sides of the twitching length.

Tiny barbs plucked at Rin’s stomach and his body tingled from the touch. At first, he thought it was just the precum and heat, but he spotted tiny sparks of electricity jumping from barb to barb, an almost invisible feel that fluttered his skin.

The knot was still soft, but the bulge was unmistakable. It was as thick as the cock head. Rin shuddered at the idea of how big it would be, or the realization that it may be buried in his ass when it finally swelled to its limits. He knew it would hurt and the anticipation was as terrifying as the man pinning him.

“This is your life now,” growled Barratt, “to take this entire thing in that tight little ass of yours.”

He reached up and grabbed the front of her dress.

Rin screamed out.

Barratt slashed down, tearing the fabric open and ripping it from throat to groin in a single thrust. There was a wash of cooler air against his naked, erect cock and then he was exposed to the terrible made with no protection.

The stranger looked at him, a smile growing on his face. His gaze was hot against Rin’s skin as he drank in the sight of the trembling young man, lingering for a long time on the tiny, erect cock that stood up against the hairless skin.

Rin sobbed. “I-I’m a boy.”

“I know,” Barratt said, “and you are perfect to take my cum until it spurts out of that little dick of yours.”

Stunned, Rin froze. “Y-You know?”

Barratt looked up and grinned, a growl rumbling in his chest. “Of course, I’ve known. I’m the one you made you for me. This body,” he

stroked Rin's aching nipples and then trailed down across the brand, "this skin," his fingers circled around Rin's tiny, blunt-ended cock, "and even this tiny stick were because of me."

Rin tried to press his thighs together but Barratt forced his palm between them as he tracked along the perineum ridge. "I even castrated you those years ago, right in front of your parents, as I claimed what is mine."

Rib sobbed, tears pouring down his face. He tensed his body, desperately trying to keep Barratt's fingers from where the stranger was going. There was nothing he could do as the thick fingers speared up between his legs and forced past his clenching thighs. Only when they stopped at Rin's tiny, virginal asshole, did Barratt stop.

Barratt swirled his finger back and forth. Rin tried to squeeze his cheeks to prevent him, but the slickness that dribbled out of his tight hole only made it easier for the powerful man to caress the opening.

"You are mine," growled Barratt. "You are my cum bucket and personal hole, a hot body to wrap around my cock and to fuck until you scream for mercy. And then, when I'm done, I'm going to just flip you over and fuck your face until you choke on it."

The pressure increased on Rin's asshole as Barratt's muscles tightened. The tiny ring resisted the pressure but Rin was lifted up as he fought with all his might.

Barratt growled and twisted, the clenching opening relenting but the slickness aiding the thick finger as it forced itself inside.

Rin sank a millimeter down on the probing digit, it was the first time anyone had impaled him.

Rin gasped, his eyes growing wide, and he shuddered. "No, no, no, nononono!" he panted, trying to escape the pressure that threatened to impale him. He tried to kick out, but his one leg bounced helplessly against Barratt's arm and the other hung.

More of Rin's weight focused on the finger. It slipped in another millimeter, forcing the tiny hole to open up. It felt like when he touched himself in the shower, but there was no stopping it. The inevitable brought a surge of heat coursing through his body and a strange sensation of climbing rose inside him. He thrashed his head back and forth, screaming out "no" at the top of his lungs.

Barratt grinned and surged forward, grinding the heated cock between them. The slick hardness pressed against the bottom of Rin's ribs. Rin opened his mouth to breathe but then Barratt's slips caught his own, forcing his jaw apart as they kissed.

The hot breath of the stranger flooded Rin's lungs. He gasped, but couldn't move as Barratt's tongue delved inside his mouth, caressing and teasing even as the finger forced itself deeper into Rin's sphincter.

Rin panted, unable to go anywhere but Barratt's mouth. But the older man didn't seem to notice as he twisted his finger, forcing it deeper into the tight opening that threatened to rip from the pressure of Barratt's thick finger.

"No, no, nonono," gasped Rin. He strained against the hand hold his wrists and twisted to escape the one trying to impale him, but he was trapped. Not even touching the ground, he could do nothing as his entire world focused on the kiss and the finger. One stole his breath away and the other tore into him, an agonizing process as it sank slowly into him, using his own weight against his will.

The pressure in Rin's cock grew. It was hot and intense, like something about to pop. He had never felt it before but it spread out heated tendrils through his body, quickening his heartbeat and searing his limbs.

Barratt jammed up, driving the finger into Rin. The pressure built up into a ring of fire and then he felt a pop.

At first, Rin thought something had torn but then he realized that he was to the second knuckle of Barratt's finger. He had been impaled. The pressure was intense, a thickness that pried open his asshole and filled it to the brim. It was hot and thick and slick.

As Barratt's finger slid deeper, it brushed against a bundle of nerves inside Rin. The younger man had never experienced it before, but it felt like every sense of pleasure had been gathered in the point that Barratt's finger pressed against. The flow of liquid increased, lubricating the invading man's finger, and Rin's tiny cock grew harder with a response.

His lower sphincter had clamped down on the knuckle, sealing it in place with a ring, but Barratt didn't seem to notice as he drew back. Sliding out was easier than going in, but that didn't stop Rin

from sobbing as he felt every millimeter being forced out of the sweat-slick opening.

Barratt twisted his finger and pulled out.

The relief flooded through Rin and he let out a gasp.

“Mine,” growled Barratt and slammed his finger back into place. It drove into the tight, clenching opening and punched through any resistance. Rin had no chance to tense as he felt the thick finger drive deep inside of him, filling him where no one had gone before.

The finger drove against the exposed bump inside him and he felt a wave of ecstasy coursing through his veins, filling him with a heady rush of excitement. It wasn't his cock that Barratt was touching, but the pressure felt further in his body, a secret place of unknown pleasure.

It wasn't until Barratt's knuckles slammed against his inner thighs that he realized he was completely impaled by the larger man. Hours of fantasies thinking about sex, reliving the scenes where Pieter fucked Merci and others, all came rushing back. He had been taken, filled like a woman.

The pressure in his cock burst. Gasping, he pulled away as cum splattered out of his tiny shaft, a few watery bursts that dribbled against Barratt's thick, swollen tool. It poured around it, painting a line across the hair that covered the older man's tight belly. There was no force to it, only a swelling of pleasure being forced out of his body. Somehow, he felt as if Barratt had pushed it out of him instead of his body shooting it out. The humiliation increased as he felt as if he was being milked like a cow instead being allowed to orgasm like a man.

Barratt shoved up, rubbing against the nub of pleasure deep inside Rin.

Rin's entire body tensed into rock hardness as his senses were drawn into the explosion of pleasure that coursed through him. His toes curled and his eyes rolled back as he sank into the pleasure, losing himself as he jerked violently on the finger and finished coming against the creature.

Barratt thrust the finger deep again, pulling out before driving it hard into him. Rin's entire body jumped at the impact, the heated core of his body clamping down on the intruding finger. The wet

sound of the opening filled the air, the strange scent of excitement and musk swirling around Rin.

Rin cried out, another surge of cum pouring out of his tiny dick.

Barratt yanked his finger out and pulled back. He released Rin and straightened out. His cock sank down, a thick swollen member that thumped against Rin's belly. "No, turn around and get ready to take a real shaft."

Looking down, Rin compared Barratt's single thick finger to the massive rod before him. There was no comparison. "T-That would tear me apart."

Barratt chuckled. "Yes, and I'm going to enjoy every centimeter disappearing into that tight ass of yours. So, turn around, cum bucket, and let me teach you your real purpose in this world."

Rin almost did. He almost turned around knowing that it would hurt but wanting to feel every centimeter of Barratt's barbed cock tearing into his asshole. He wanted to feel it stuffing him, filling him up. He could almost imagine what the knot would feel like as it pressed against his sphincter.

But, the fear of agony stopped him. He couldn't, it was too big. He had to escape, he had to run.

An idea flashed through his mind. Despite his fear, he reached down and grabbed Barratt's cock. The barbs dug into his flesh, sparking with static electricity as he tried to wrap his fingers around the precum soaked length. It was too big for his tiny hand, but it was enough.

Barratt only had a second to register surprise before Rin screamed out the words to his ice spell, throwing all of his energy into the spell.

In an instant, the precum froze into a shell over the swollen head. A cracking noise filled the air. Rin yanked his hand back before it sealed against Barratt's cock.

Barratt roared, a powerful sound that punched Rin in the stomach and threw him back. It shook the slender man to his core as the stranger clutched at his steaming shaft.

Rin wasted no time scrambling to his feet. Clutching the ruins of his dress, he raced to escape the forest and freedom from the man who threatened to tear her in half.

As he ran, he couldn't help but feel his cum dribbling down his thighs, mixing with the slickness from between his cheeks. It was his first orgasm, stolen by a monster.

t'Sade

Humiliation



Rin stumbled out of the forest with a sob of relief. Clinging at the front of the dress to keep his manhood covered, he sprinted across the field of flowers. The perfumed trail of petals marked his way, but he didn't care as long as no one caught him running nearly naked from the forbidden woods.

He slowed as he approached the middle of the field, lowering his body slightly until his dress tugged on the petals. His eyes scanned the buildings that surrounded the Bordeli Forest, trying to determine where he was. When he spotted the Nissar bath house, he gave a little giggle. He was almost home.

Turning to walk parallel to the road that surrounded the woods, he kept his body low in the flowers and his fingers tight on the ragged remains of his outfit. His hand brushed against the brand, Barratt's mark, a few times and he felt a shiver of discomfort and uncomfortable pleasure coursing through his body.

His mind returned to Barratt. The low voice, the powerful muscles, the obscene cock. The way the man had easily forced Rin's shaft to pour out cum, forcing the pleasure out with nothing more than a cruel finger driving into his asshole. Rin's mind was terrified of him, but the words had their affect on his libido. Curiosity ran through Rin and he wondered how it would feel to submit to the powerful man.

"Oh, Pieter," moaned Merci dangerously close.

Rin stopped. His fingers cracked as he tried to hold his dress. up. Heart pounding, he looked around the field of flowers for Merci and Pieter.

Just as he about to lower himself to his knees to hide, Merci sat up. The blonde was naked. She lifted herself up while looking down, no doubt at Pieter. A brief moment of maneuvering and then she sank down with a louder moan. "Oh, fuck, you feel good inside me."

Pieter's hands reached up to grab Merci's breasts. The large fingers spread out over her rounded tits, but it was nothing compared to Barratt's hands.

Rin started to sink down.

Merci arched her back, the smell of sex filtering through the perfumed flowers. Her eyes rolled up but then she froze. "What the fuck!?"

Snapping her head forward, she stared straight at Rin. "You bitch!"

Rin whimpered. "I-I didn't—"

Pieter sat up sharply, pushing Merci back. "Rin!?"

Rin whimpered. "S-Sorry, I didn't realize you were here. I was just... I just want to go home."

"You were spying on us!" snapped Merci as she scrambled to her feet. Her pussy hairs were damp with excitement and Rin could see her inner thighs glistening.

"I wasn't, I'm just—"

Pieter frowned, then slipped out from underneath Merci. When he stood up, his red cock bobbed in front of him. It was large, just as Rin remembered, but a smooth length of manhood instead of Barratt's ridges and bumps. He peered at Rin for a moment and Rin blushed from the intensity.

"Say, Merci," started Pieter with a sly grin, "why don't we include her? I'm sure she could appreciate a proper boning."

Merci turned on Pieter. "What? You want this cow!?"

Rin blushed hotly and clutched his dress tighter to his body. His cock jumped at the thought of Pieter's cock, but it wasn't nearly as intense as the thought of Barratt impaling him.

Pieter's eyes glanced at Rin, the naked gaze raking along the bare skin.

Rin flushed hotter.

"She's got something. And I'm sure she'll be hot with her face buried in your sloppy cunt while I'm reaming her out."

Rin's eyes widened. He still struggled with the idea of sucking on a cock. Would Merci really force his head between her legs?

Merci's snarl faltered. "I... you won't enjoy it, right?"

"No, just want to teach her a lesson," Pieter said in a voice that revealed his lie.

"You better not," Merci warned as she turned back to Rin. "So, you want—"

Pieter pointed at Rin's belly. "When did you get that tattoo?"

Merci took a second look at Rin. "Tattoo, what tat—what happened to your dress?" she snapped.

Rin blushed and clamped both hands on his crotch, pressing his arms together to hide his tattoo. "I-I tripped! Yeah, just tripped. I was heading home to get a new dress."

Merci stomped toward Rin, crushing flowers as she did. "Cow shit! You were fucking someone, weren't you? I knew you were a little cock tease but never a whore! Who is it? Who finally got your cunt sloppy?"

Rin stood up and backed away. He tripped and stumbled back. When he regained his balance, both Merci and Pieter were staring at him in shock. Trembling, Rin glanced down. His dress was torn open and his hand was no longer covering his tiny cock.

"Oh my gods," gasped Merci, "you're a fucking boy!?"

Rin flinched at the sharp tone. He shook as he pressed his hand against his tiny penis.

"My god, you are a tiny little fuck, aren't you?" Merci grinned cruelly. She reached over and grabbed Rin's hand, yanking it away from his body before peering down. "No wonder you were such a fucking tease. Fat ass, those nasty curls, but you couldn't do anything, could you?"

Something flashed in Merci's eyes. "Oh, you wanted Pieter to fuck you, didn't you? Like a little cunt?"

Rin blushed hotly. Trembling, he looked over at Pieter who had an expression of pity and disgust on his face. Any hope of the young man finding Rin attractive was crushed at the moment their eyes met.

Pieter pulled a face, his cock drooping with his thoughts. "Gods above, I can't believe I was going... I think I'm going to be sick."

Rin whimpered. "I-I'm sorry."

Merci laughed loudly. "See, tiny dick? He want a real woman, not a pathetic little thing whose balls haven't even dropped."

Tears ran down Rin's face. "I-I..."

The blonde reached down and slapped Rin's cock. Then she stood up, breasts rising as she arched her back. "Now, go run home while I make sure the nine villages all know about your little," she smirked, "dick."

Sobbing once again, Rin pulled the remains of his dress together and race for home.

Tears

10

Rin sat on his bed, hunched over his lap with tears raining down his arms. For the last hour, he had been crying as he tried to get over the humiliation of being caught by Merci and Pieter. Every time he thought the tears had stopped, someone would come around the house and he would hear them talking about him. By the time the sun set, Merci had made sure the entire village knew his secret.

Trembling, he pulled his face away from his palms. His eyes and lungs ached from his crying but he couldn't do it anymore. It felt like a knife had been jammed inside him and Merci was doing nothing but twisting the handle.

He didn't know why she hated him. He was pretty, he knew that, but it had to be something more than a rounded ass and heart-shaped face. There had to be something, but every word he heard through the windows and through the cracks was about his body and his tiny dick. Rin sniffed and used a towel to blot his face. It ached from rubbing too far and he could see his nose was pink from his sorrow.

Rin saw scratches and cuts along his body, along with smeared mud and leaves. In his effort to escape Barratt, he had made a mess of himself and his now ruined dress. He considered soaking in the bath house and the idea of sinking into hot water brought a measure of hope. Everything would be better if he could just clean up before he faced the humiliations in the morning.

Still trembling, he forced himself to his feet and inched over to the window. Lifting on corner of the curtain, he peered outside to see if anyone was waiting for him. For the last few hours, it had been quiet but that didn't mean they were ready to ambush him. He

didn't see anyone, so he peered out another window and then a third, trying to see every shadow and hiding spot visible from the cottage.

He didn't spot anyone. The fear continued to hang over him. Despite that, he stripped out of his boots and the remains of his dress. He hesitated when his thumb ran along the burnt edge of the fabric where Barratt branded him.

Fear prickled his skin as he peered down at his flat, pale belly. The sharp lines of the brand were still there, marked as belonging to the man inside the forest. The symbol for the Ring Villages was obvious even from a distance, the black lines of the brand were almost startling. He gingerly touched the brand, expecting it to hurt, but the action only brought a dull ache sparking along his senses.

Taking a deep breath, Rin decided to risk heading to the bathhouse. It was later than normal, almost midnight. The others should be sleeping, not waiting to ambush in the morning with more humiliations.

He grabbed his bathing robe and a towel, just as he had done for years, and then inched over to the door. Cracking it open, he peered around. When he saw no one, he slipped out and started toward the bath house. Just as he reached the corner, he decided to go a different, longer route and headed the other way instead. It took him longer, but every step in the summer-heated night left him with a growing feeling of dread.

Soon, it wasn't just a fear of the villagers watching him but of Barratt. The powerful man intruded his thoughts, the humiliating words that came out of his mouth were lusty instead of mocking. He had called Rin a "cum bucket" not because of an insult, but simply because that is what Barratt would have done to Rin if he stayed.

As Rin continued to sneak around the village, his thoughts grew hotter as he imagined Barratt touching him. The large cock was terrifying, what he wanted to do to Rin just as much, but it was also alluring. Barratt was aggressive, violent, and terrifying, but Rin's cock twitched with every thought.

"Quite," hissed someone. It was Samantha. "I think I hear her... him."

Rin froze, his body shielded by the shadows formed by a light near the back side of bath house. He cringed, waiting for an attack, but when no one jumped, he relaxed and shifted closer to the door. Peering around the corner, he looked at his destination.

It only took a few minuets to spot a dozen teenagers and young adults hanging around the bathhouse. He spotted Merci after a few minutes, she was standing next to Pieter. Both of them had their backs to Rin as they watched from their own shadows. Everyone stared in the direction Rin had always followed on his way to the baths.

Rin fought back a sob. They were going to ambush him, either outside of the bath house or after he went inside. He could too easily imagine them waiting until he was naked and then bursting in. There was only two doors in the baths and there was enough people surrounding it to ensure he couldn't escape.

A fresh tear ran down his cheeks. Everything had gone wrong, just because he went into the forbidden forest. And the only one who wanted him now was Barratt, the very creature who promised that he would use Rin as nothing more than a fuck toy.

His breath grew hot as he stared at the backs of everyone who hated him. He needed something, someone to confide in. Or at least to shelter him.

Slowly, Rin lifted his gaze to the forest visible between the houses. Even in the middle of the night, with a full moon shining down across the fields, he could see the black tree line. Inside there, somewhere, Barratt promised to fuck him until he screamed. Rin imagined Barratt waited at the edge, hard cock in hand.

"Remember," whispered Merci, "wait until the pussy gets inside. Then we'll teach him what a real man does to cunts that pretend to be girls."

"And no one is going to talk about it?" asked Pieter in a low voice.

"Honey, everyone is going to be fucking that ass before the night is through. And he's going to be sucking every cock and cunt in the village. Don't worry, no one will say anything when our parents get back."

"Good," said Pieter, "I can't wait to see his lips around my balls." His voice was hopeful and excited, as if he was looking forward to raping Rin.

On the other side, Jacob chuckled. "I have a few things planned myself."

There was a smack as Samantha hit her boyfriend.

The words pushed Rin over the side. He shook his head and turned around, sneaking away from the bath house and into the darker parts of the village. He told himself he was going home, but his route took him around the far edge of the village, closest to the forest.

A few minutes later, he stood in the middle of the flower field, hesitation stopping his feet. The purple flowers shone brilliantly in the moonlight, a field of living stars wavering around his knees. His bathing robe was open, exposing his small cock and hard nipples to the air, but it was almost freeing.

He looked at the treeline only thirty meters away. He knew that if he entered, there was nothing besides sex for the rest of the night. The images of Pieter's cock plunging in Merci was replaced with the imagined sensation of Barratt's twisted, bulbous shaft driving into Rin's tight ass. The orgasm from earlier, his first ever, hovered along his senses, reminding him that there was a promise of pleasure inside the woods.

Gulping, Rin stepped forward. His bare feet crushed one of the flowers and his path left a dark path in the shimmering field. He didn't care anymore. At least in the woods, he would find something other than humiliation.

He took another step and then a third. With a shrug of his shoulders, he let the robe slip off his shoulders until he was naked in the field. Pale skin glowed like the flowers, the only thing marring his skin was the black runes of Barratt's mark and the tiny, hard dick underneath.

Rin's heart pounded violently but he took another step, this one without hesitation, and then he ran for the woods.

Reunited

11

The forest took on a much different feel at night. Instead of the bright grasses and flowers, everyone was cast in blue light with sharp shadows. Even the sounds were different with the buzz of insects replaced with the scuff of nocturnal creatures hunting or the squeals of their prey.

Rin continued forward, heart beating faster. He didn't know where he was going, but sooner or later, Barratt would find him. Somehow, he knew that the man was aware of everything that entered the forest, including Rin earlier that day.

He shivered as he followed a trail. The ground was still warm from the summer sun and the packed earth felt good against his bare soles. The branches brushed against him, each touch almost like a brand to his pale skin.

After what felt like hours of wandering, he came up to the stream where he had dropped his flowers. The brilliant purple glowed in the light, a few petals hanging in the water but otherwise it was a carpet of brilliance in an otherwise dark woods.

Heart still beating fast, Rin stepped over the stream and knelt down. After a second, he remembered what Barratt said and slowly raised his hips until his legs were straight and his tight, round ass stuck high in the air. He could almost imagine Barratt's eyes when he caught sight of his tiny asshole and cock in the air.

When the rough words didn't interrupt him, Rin started to pick up the flowers earnestly, gathering them up in the leather bundle. A few of them were still cold and he could pretend he had never entered the forest if he returned them to their place.

He stood up and turned around to continue along the trail. But, when he tried to lift his foot, something pinned his ankle to the ground. Stumbling, he caught himself but the leather bundle of flowers slipped out of his grip and cascaded to the ground.

His heart beat faster and he tried to move his other foot, but it also refused to move. At first, he thought he had stood in thick muck but then a tickle along his naked thigh gave him the impression something was crawling up his legs. With a gasp, he yanked at his foot and lost his balance.

With an inarticulate shriek, he fell back into the stream, the warm water splashing as his naked ass struck the soft bottom. He planted his hands to catch himself, but only succeeded in drenching his body in water.

Frantic, he peered down at his legs. Something dark had coiled around his ankles. As he watched, ripples moved underneath the flowers. The moon-lit purple rose like a wave as something traveled beneath.

Pressure pulled his ankles apart. Rin bore down, trying to keep them apart. For a second, he succeeded but then the dark coils ratcheted his legs apart, spreading them slowly with jerks.

With his cock exposed to the warm water, Rin whimpered and pawed at the ground. He grabbed a root in the water for balance and pushed up.

The root twisted violently before wrapping around his wrist. He screamed louder and tried to yank his hand. With desperate strength, he managed to pull it clear out of the water to see that it was actually a root holding him before it yanked his wrist back down in the water, pinning him.

The roots around his ankles continued to pry his legs apart, moving despite all the effort Rin strained to keep them together. The nerves in his hips screamed out as he was pulled almost into a split and then pinned to the ground with a yank.

“So, the little fuck hole comes back,” came a low, deep growl. It almost sounded like Barratt, but the tone was lower and rumbling, threatening more than Rin could ever thought the man could do.

Darkness welled out of the nearby trees. The figure was low to the ground, crawling on all fours like a bear. Rin gasped as it came closer. Before it entered the moonlight, it turned and began to circle

him. With every step, he felt the ground shake and the water ripple around him.

Fear clenched Rin's bowels as he turned his head to watch the creature. One step brought it closer to the light and two glittering blue eyes shone out from the darkness.

Rin gulped. "B-Barratt?"

"Is the cum bucket coming back to hurt me again?"

"No—"

"No," he growled as he came closer, the moonlight shining around his wide body as he started for the light. "The cum bucket is here to get fucked."

Rin shivered and his cock grew harder at the thought.

Barratt's head came into the light. Rin let out a yelp at the sight of horns rising from both sides of his eyes or the more pronounced wolf-shaped head. The man was no longer human but something bestial and demonic. A low growl beat against Rin as Barratt stepped further into the light, crawling on all fours but with long claws and sharper fangs.

The fantasies in Rin's head disappeared in a flash. He whimpered as he yanked at the roots pinning him down in place, the desire to find Barratt as a lover instantly gone with a primal urge to run away screaming.

"Fuck hole is playing the game again," said Barratt. "Come and tease, run and fight. Hit me with ice and scream."

Rin whimpered and yanked harder, but the coils of root refused to let him go.

Barratt continued forward, shaking the ground as he crushed the glowing purple flowers. The smell of him washed over Rin, primal and masculine. It was the scent of a naked man already hard with excitement and the musk of a creature.

Rin's body grew hotter, his tiny cock standing up, even as he thrashed in his roots. "Please, let me go."

"So you can hurt me?"

"No! I want to go home?"

"You came to me, fuck hole. I smelled you in the woods, the sweet smell of prey ready to be caught." He stopped less than a meter away and leaned forward, the heat of his breath smacking against Rin.

Rin sobbed as he yanked at his roots, desperate to avoid looking at the creature near him. When hot splashes of drool landed on his bare chest, he jumped and cried out, clawing at the roots helplessly.

“I know your smell.”

Rin froze.

“You tried to mark me. Came on my chest.”

An image of Rin’s first orgasm drifted in his mind.

“I am no bitch to no man.”

Trembling, Rin slowly turned his head toward Barratt. The killing jaw was only centimeters away and the eyes burned with an intense light. Looking into them, Rin knew that Barratt would kill him in an instant. “I-I’m sorry. I... I didn’t mean—”

“Only pussies apologize. Alphas make sure,” growled the creature.

The roots around his wrist suddenly yanked up. Rin’s arm followed, wrenching at an unnatural angle until he could twist his body to relief the pressure. The root rocketed up, yanking him completely off the ground and into Barratt’s face.

When the creature opened his mouth with Rin’s cock aimed right for it, Rin let out a high-pitched scream. His slender body twisted violently as he tried to push away at the muzzle but the root holding his other wrist up kept him millimeters away from brushing the short, dark hair that covered Barratt’s face.

A coil of roots shot out from the darkness, catching Rin’s free elbow. He tried to yank it free but it looped around his other arm and pulled tight. His shoulders screamed out in agony as he was forced to arch his back forward to avoid dislocating it. The other root coiled around his wrist, binding him tightly together and dangling in front of the dangerous creature.

His cock, tiny but hard despite his fear, hung centimeters from Barratt’s nose. The hot breath almost burned it and he shuddered with fear. “I-I’m...”

Barratt growled and then swept up. Rin had time to see one long finger shooting up between his legs and then suddenly it was spearing his buttocks.

Unlike the first time Barratt penetrated him, there was no effort to be slow or gentle. One moment, his sphincter was tightly clenched, the next it had a thick digit buried to the third knuckle

inside it. Only a thin sheet of lubrication, from the moisture between his legs, eased the intrusion.

The suddenness of being impaled stilled him as he gaped helplessly, trying to comprehend the pain of being speared and the uncomfortable sensation of his tightly hole being pried open.

Barratt yanked his finger out, scraping against Rin's insides. The tip found the nub of pleasure and pain inside Rin and pressed against it. Rin's helpless body responded with a tightening of muscles and his little cock jerking.

Rin gasped for breath, trying to scream out as his only response.

The creature rammed his finger back in, punching it deep into Rin's bowels. His sphincter screamed out in agony and he managed to get a low wail before Barratt yanked it free and jammed it back inside.

Barratt assaulted his ass with one finger, punching up until Rin's entire body shook. He then yanked it out. Hot liquid dribbled down Rin's inner thighs, the brutal thrusting made it impossible to identify if it was Rin's natural lubrication or something else; there was far more of it than had ever slicked his finger before. He jerked and writhed in the root's bounds, but couldn't escape the assault.

His cock responded by getting harder and stiffer, sticking out its full centimeter length as clear liquid formed at the blunt end. The smell of Rin's excitement, a delicate perfume compared to Barratt's musk, teased Rin's senses despite his screaming.

"Fuck hole wants to mark me again?" Barratt slammed two thick fingers into Rin's asshole, tearing it further open as he buried to his fist. The punch at the end ended with the fingers jamming against the delicate nerves inside. The impact sent a secondary wave of pain and pleasure tearing through his body.

Rin writhed helplessly, screaming out as his body responded to the thrust.

"The cum bucket will not mark!" The thrusting grew faster and more violently, driving deep into Rin's tortured ass with hard, brutal strokes. Each one seemed to tear him open further and thrust deeper into his bowels.

Rin's throat gave out for a second, cracking from his screams. He couldn't escape, but that didn't prevent him from twisting his wrists

and arms, yanking on his ankles, and even babbling for forgiveness as Barratt assaulted his ass with two brutal fingers.

There was a brief pause as Barratt yanked his hand down.

Knowing something horrible was about to happen, Rin let out a long wail in anticipation.

Four clawed fingers punched into his ass and drove deep, deeper than anything Rin had felt before. It tore his sphincter, ripped it in half as Barratt buried himself clear to his thumb before yanking it out.

Rin's cock spasmed, somehow responding to the assault and pressure against his tortured asshole. It oozed cum, the liquid forced out by the impact against his insides.

"No!" snarled Barratt. The creature swept down and tore up a huge handful of purple flowers, grass, and even part of the stream. With a surge of power, he brought his claw down and punched Rin in the cock.

White-hot pain exploded along Rin's nerves, all radiating from his cock. he let out a scream that tore his throat and spasmed. Every muscle in his body tightened until they almost ripped.

When he came too, Barratt was still thrusting four fingers into his ass. Each impact spread his tight, rounded buttocks apart as he felt the rough, hot fingers drive deep inside his rectum. The pressure throbbed against his cock, inflaming the heat and agony. It felt like Rin's first orgasm, a rush of pleasure mixed with pain. Once again, it came not from his balls or shaft, but from the impacts inside his ass.

With every thrust, Rin's orgasm rapidly reached for a crest. He felt his entire body tensing, ready to explode in a single wash of pleasure that would erase the agony his entire cock. When it finally crested, Rin let out a sob of relief.

But instead of spreading across his body in a heat of pleasure, his cock exploded into more pain. It felt his like cum was blocked, prevented from escaping. The pressure built inside his cock, swelling it until he was screaming with the need for release.

Barratt never stopped punching his fingers into his ass, thrusting hard and fast.

Rin's rectum spasmed again, an orgasm about to fire, but the pressure continued to build in his cock, swelling into agonizing

pressure as something prevented him from reaching the crest of pleasure.

Entire body shaking from Barratt's thrusts, Rin looked his pale, sweat-glistening body. His cock glowed with purple, but the light came from the inside of his tiny shaft. Something, it looked like flowers, had been rammed down his piss hole. He could feel the tendrils spread out inside his abdomen, blocking the orgasm from coming but also preventing it from being releasing.

Sobbing, he cried out. "Please! Please let me!"

Barratt rammed his four claws into Rin's asshole, stretching it obscenely and picking him up a few centimeters. "Pussies don't mark, they come when I say so!"

"P... Please let me come then!"

Barratt snarled and yanked his hand out. There was a crack of knuckles.

"Oh gods, no, no—!"

Rin's scream ended when Barratt punched his entire fist into Rin's gasping asshole. The thick hand, larger than Rin's thigh, met only a bit of resistance from Rin's abused sphincter, but then a wet ripping noise rocketed through Rin's senses and the fist plunged deep inside.

Rin tried to scream out, but the pressure drove the air out of his lungs and it came out as a strangled whimper.

The roots tightened as Barratt yanked his fist out.

Rin's cock jumped with the threat of an orgasm, the pressure building into needle-hot agony.

Barratt slammed his fist home again, entering Rin's body with a slurp. It scraped against raw, bloodied nerves and Rin's body jerked violently from the impact against his inner orgasm. The air was driven out of his lips again and he unwillingly wailed.

The fist punched against his insides, the bundle of nerves giving under pressure. It felt like he was being crushed and a second wave of agony radiated from the delicate point inside his body.

Rin cried out at the sight of his belly swelling with Barratt's fist and then sucking in as the creature yanked out. He couldn't tense his asshole anymore, he couldn't resist as Barratt drove him again and again, punching with brutal strokes that somehow only inflamed his cock into trying to orgasm again and again.

“Let me cum! Please, please—” gasp “—please-please!?”

Barratt drove hard and deep, his entire fist punching deep inside Rin and filling him until his stomach bulged with the pressure. Agony and pleasure rocked his body. Instead of yanking out, he froze.

Rin shuddered, trying to wrap his mind around the sensation of being filled so completely.

With a growl, Barratt twisted his arm once inside Rin’s asshole, twisting everything violently around. The rough knuckles drove against the bundle of nerves, his sensitive button, and his body jerked from the fresh wave of agony and ecstasy that tore through him.

Rin’s cock shuddered as he tried to come, but the pressure built. It was agonizing, like having a porcupine buried inside his cock. Tiny sharp pains filled his body and he shuddered helplessly.

Barratt twisted his wrist and fist again. The impacts crushed his prostate and Rin’s body jerked helplessly.

Another failed orgasm.

More sharp needles of pressure.

Another twist.

Another failed orgasm.

With a growl, Barratt twisted hard and violently. There was a wet ripping sensation inside him but it only set off another orgasm. This one continued to build, pumping hard against the blocked cock until Rin thought his belly would explode. The pressure broke something inside and the thousand white-hot needles tore up his length, forcing its way around whatever blocked his opening.

Rin could feel every agonizing nanometer of his cum forcing its way along his length. Even with only a centimeter long hardness, he felt years of agony being raked across his sensations.

When it finally reached the end, it didn’t splatter or shoot. Instead, a white flower with purple tips burst open at the end of his cock and stretch out. Every surge of agonizing cum caused the petals to growl and expand, blossoming into brilliance.

Rin helplessly jerked on the fist buried inside him, trying to thrust as he came helplessly into the flower. His entire world was focused on his agonizing orgasm. When the last surge forced its way out, he let out a sob of relief.

The flower glowed brilliantly as it fell off his shaft, splashing on the water below and drifting away.

Barratt yanked his fist from Rin's destroyed asshole and stood up on his back feet. His arm was soaked almost halfway to his elbow and dripped loudly.

Rin gasped for breath, every muscle limp. His eyes caught sight of Barratt's shaft hanging between his legs. It was huge, almost two thirds of a meter long with thick ridges and barbs sticking out. Tiny crackles of electricity ran from barb to barb, the sparks were small but occasionally flashed brighter. It throbbed with the creature's need.

It was longer than Barratt from before. The human version had a huge cock, but it was one that Rin knew could somehow fit. The inhuman shaft before him was too long, it would reach from Rin's abused hole past his throat. It couldn't possibly fill him completely, but a part of him dreaded with the knowledge that Barratt would, sooner or later, drive balls deep into his body.

Barratt snarled and the roots uncoiled, unceremoniously dropping Rin into the stream. He splashed loudly and slumped down, afraid to feel the damage the creature had done to his ass. Under his breath, he prayed to the gods that he would die from his injuries.

But the gods weren't listening to him.

The alpha grabbed Rin by his dark curled hair and walked away, dragging the helpless young man behind him. The formerly warm grass was cold and damp down, scraping at Rin's skin.

Rin didn't know where Barratt was taking him, he only wished he didn't survive the journey.

t'Sade

Impaled

12

Rin's sobs were interrupted by the roots and rocks that thumped against his body as Barratt dragged him along the path. Every time he began to wail louder, a root or a ridge caught his body and cut off the noise. His thighs, shoulders, and knees were bruised by the time the creature had dragged him out of the moonlight and into the darkest parts of the forest.

Every time Rin tried to get to his feet, the agony in his rectum sparked pain along his senses and his trembling feet couldn't hold his weight. He had been violated, ripped open and pummeled. Despite the warm air he felt teasing his ruined asshole, it was the shame of coming from it that burned the most. He had found pleasure in being torn open but it was a humiliating orgasm, one that came from his insides being abused instead of the pleasure of stroking his length or touching his balls. His cock grew hard at the thought of the thick fingers pounding past his sphincter and dominating his body. Even the memory of his stomach swelling was enough to bring a surge of heat to his tiny length.

Shame and humiliation burned brightly. He clutched Barratt's wrist to ease the pain of being dragged by his scalp and sobbed. He didn't know what he wanted, but it wasn't to be raped by some creature. He wanted to be loved and found sexy, maybe used for rough sex. What Barratt had done was beyond Rin's imagination and Rin wasn't sure he was ready for it.

But, it didn't matter. He was helpless as Barratt dragged him to some destination. He blinked through the tears. They were on a poorly-used trail, the sharp edges dug into his back and knees. The smell of the forest was thick around him, of wood and rain and

Barratt's musk. It permeated the air, the scent of the man who abused him. His cock grew harder, to his humiliation.

Glancing down, he could still see the glowing length impaling his cock. The purple-white throbbed from inside, blocking the hole and burrowing deep inside him. When he flexed his muscles, he could feel the pressure that caused the agony of his second orgasm.

Rin closed his eyes tightly, not wanting to think about how it would feel the next time Barratt abused him.

Barratt's growling quieted and he slowed.

Rin looked around the hairy legs to their destination. It was a black entrance to a cave, a gash in the earth with no light escaping it. At the sight of it, something inside Rin twisted in fear. He felt like a dinner being dragged into the depths of hell. "No... no..."

Barratt's growl silenced him. "You were made for this, fuck hole. Your body, your life. Everything was so I could fuck you for the rest of your life."

Rin trembled as he looked up at the intense blue eyes staring down at him.

"I'm going to fill that tight ass of yours until it pours out. And then I'm going to claim you as mine, ripping your hole every night until I can't come anymore."

The trembling became a violent shape. Rin dug his fingers into Barratt's, but it was like trying to pry steel rods.

"And now, time to teach you what a real cock feels like."

Rin tried to clench his sphincter, but the ruined hole refused to close up. Liquid dribbled out of it, hot and stick, but he didn't dare look back.

Barratt tightened his grip in Rin's curly dark hair and dragged him toward the entrance.

Crying out, Rin tried to struggle but his feet couldn't find purchase and his slender body was helpless against the powerfully muscled man. He succeeded in only flipping over and then back again as Barratt dragged him into the darkness.

The entrance of the cave was a narrow tunnel that switched back twice. As Barratt dragged him deeper, the air grew colder and moister. The sense of stone surrounding him increased, like going into a tomb.

Without warning, they came up to a large chamber in the ground. It was lit by glowing moss along the edges. Rin saw a thick pile of furs in one corner and a depression of some sort in the middle.

Barratt stood up to his full height, the chamber felt smaller with his broad shoulders inside it. With a grunt, he yanked Rin forward and threw him into the depression.

Rin screamed out as he slid down the smooth rock incline. It wasn't steep, he could crawl out, but after being fisted and then dragged through the woods left him weak and helpless. He curled into a fetal position and sobbed.

A yellow-green flash almost blinded him. He peered up but the light came beneath him. Surprised, he turned and looked at the bottom of the depression. It was glowing but the glow came from twisted lines that looked familiar.

A tingling coursed up his spine. He gasped and tried to crawl away from it, writhing on the ground as he stretched out. It gathered at his ruined hole and then spread out along his pale skin.

He blinked, staring at the haze that surrounded his body. It was brightest above the brand, the black lines now glowing the same color as the lines below him.

The energy didn't burn his skin but he could feel something happening. His insides twisted uncomfortably but it was nothing compared to the sensation of his sphincter clenching shut against his will. His muscles tightened and then relax. And then tightened even more.

Rin clawed at the ground, his back arching and his aching nipples pointing up. He felt pinned by the glow, trying to comprehend what was happening to him.

As soon as it started, the glow died and he slumped back.

Rin felt whole again. Trembling, he ran his hands down his chest and shoulders. The scratches and cuts from being dragged across the ground were gone. Only a few cuts on his knees remained.

Trembling, he reached between his cheeks and pulled them apart. The pressure of his tight ass surprised him as much as the faint hint of moisture lubricating his fingertips. He fingered it briefly, marveling at how it resisted his intrusion. He could have sworn that Barratt had ruined him forever.

"You were made for this," said Barratt in a deep growl.

Rin looked up, still holding his cheeks apart.

Barratt stood at the entrance of the depression, legs spread and his inhuman cock hanging between his legs. Sparks of electricity ran between the barbs and highlighted the pitch black length and its swollen ridges. “Your ass was made for fucking, for my cock.”

Rin gulped.

“Every day for the rest of your life, I’m going to fuck you. I’m going to rip open your ass and pump my cum inside you.”

Rin’s cock grew harder and he blushed with shame.

Barratt leaned over the depression. “You are my fuck toy. Nothing but a hole for my cum.”

Cheeks burning, Rin wanted to deny it. But his breath had quickened and his cock ached with hardness. He stroked his tight asshole with one fingertip, terrified and excited about what was going to happen next. It only took seconds before his fingertips were dripping with his fluids, the smell of his excitement filtering through Barratt’s heavy musk.

Barratt growled and reached down. His large hand easily wrapped around Rin’s throat. The pressure increased, choking off Rin’s breath. Without even a grunt, the creature yanked Rin from the depression.

Rin didn’t even have a chance to cry out before Barratt threw him into the pile of furs. He hit the thick mass and was instantly swallowed up by the powerful scent of musk and manhood. His pale body was a shocking white against the dark furs.

He pushed himself to his knees.

Barratt landed on him, both hands slamming into the furs on either side of his head.

Rin let out a yelp as he felt the heavy cock slap between his legs, stunning him as the base of the hard length ground against his ass.

Barratt lifted one paw and grabbed Rin’s head, grinding it into the furs. “I haven’t had a pretty ass like this for decades.”

With his other hand, he reached back and stroked Rin’s buttocks. It felt like Rin’s entire body could fit in the creature’s palm. “This ass was made for fucking. Round, firm, and with the perfect handles to hold you tight.”

Barratt spread Rin’s cheeks apart.

Rin blushed at the humiliation, his legs splaying apart from the pressure. He couldn't move with Barratt's hand on his head. The helplessness only magnified the sensations of being used. He couldn't stop Barratt as the creature stroked a finger down the crack of his ass before releasing his cheeks.

Rin's buttocks clenched tightly, bouncing back.

"The perfect ass for my cock, already slick like a cunt." Barratt grunted and shifted his body. For a moment, Rin couldn't figure out what was happening. Then a heavy weight smacked against his back. It tingled with electricity and landed with a splat of precum, but there was no question what it was.

Barratt's cock reached from Rin's asshole to his neck. The thickness was easily thicker than Rin's thigh. It was too big for the slender man, too much for his frail body to take.

Rin sobbed and tried to shake his head. "N-No, it won't fit. It can't fit."

Barratt chuckled. "You are nothing but a cum bucket, what would you know?"

With agonizing slowness, Barratt drew his cock back. The heavy weight traced down Rin's spine, sliding in precum that sparked with electricity. The barbs were flexible but sharp, they felt like nails dragging against his skin.

As the swollen, bulbous head slid along the small of Rin's back, the slender man shook his head. "No, no, I can't take it."

"You are my fuck hole."

"I can't!"

Barratt answered by using his other hand to spread Rin's ass cheeks once more and pulling back until the rounded head of his cock slipped down to land against the tiny opening of Rin's asshole.

"No!" Rin flailed and tried to pull away, but there was no escape. The hand on his head kept him pinned. Rin tried to close his legs, but it was too late, the thick head of Barratt's cock pried him open and kept the invading length poised for only one thing.

He sobbed and clutched the furs. "No, please don't."

"You are my fuck toy," said Barratt and leaned forward.

Rin gasped as the hard pressure speared at his ass. It was large, too large, and the pressure only built against his opening. He arched his back to relive it, but he couldn't move enough and the pressure

kept building. It felt like a ball being shoved in. There was no way the sphincter could ever expand to take in such a large length.

It didn't stop Barratt from grinding down. The pressure quickly grew, going from a firm pressure to an inescapable force that bore down on the freshly-healed entrance.

Rin wailed as he felt his body beginning to split open. Muscles as tight as a virgin resisted and he clamped down with all his might. He tried to fight it and keep Barratt out, but he couldn't.

The thick, swollen cock pried open the tiny ring, ripping it as it sank in. The sharp agony tore through Rin and he screamed out into the furs. It forced deeper into his body, stretching his hole beyond its limits. His cock burned as he felt the head start to inch in, spreading him wider and wider with every passing second. Every millimeter burned against Rin's senses as it kept spreading him open, thicker and wider.

Heated and slick, the cock continued its inescapable stroke. Rin's cheeks were yanked apart, his legs splayed helplessly. He couldn't pull them together, the pressure between his legs was too much.

Rin wailed into the furs, wondering if he was going to die.

The cock surged deeper. And then, far beyond what his delicate body could take, he reached the widest part of Barratt's cock head. It was like being ripped in half, he could only claw at the furs and pray for the end.

Barratt shoved forward and the massive head slid deep into Rin's rectum, filling and stretching it as the ruined hole started to clamp down behind the head, trapping it inside.

"N-No..."

"Fuck hole!" Barratt shoved forward, driving a few centimeters into Rin's ass.

Rin cried out even louder, his voice cracking again. He was being torn in half, ripped from the inside.

Barratt shoved again, forcing Rin to arch until he couldn't anymore. Rin's body resisted being bent and as he straightened, the cock buried deeper. Thick ridges forced his sphincter apart as the barbs popped inside with a spark of electricity.

Rin shuddered as he was shocked but then he let out a cry as Barratt pulled a few centimeters out and then rammed it back in.

Rin cried out as he felt the barbs scraping his insides and the thick member stretching his rectum tightly around it.

Barratt yanked out and thrust back in, this time plunging deeper. As he did, a spark shot through Rin from the electricity. He was being shocked by the cock as it impaled him.

“Nothing but a hole!” Barratt yanked his cock until the bulge sealed against the inside of Rin’s asshole and then plunged deeper.

The heavy mass of Barratt’s cock head slammed against Rin’s button. A bolt of discomfort and pleasure burst across Rin’s senses, tearing at his nerves as the swollen head continued deeper into his shaking body.

It felt like a meter being shoved inside, but it wasn’t nearly as much. Rin could feel his stomach swelling as organs were shoved aside to make way for the intruding length.

As Barratt thrust and the electricity along his barbs sparked, Rin’s cock jumped. Intense pleasure grew. The creature pumped faster, tearing himself into Rin until there was nothing but wet, squelching agony. With every thrust, Rin was shoved closer to an orgasm.

Dreading the pain, Rin tried to stop it but he was helplessly. The thick cock dominated his thoughts. Every thrust, he could feel the rings tugging at his insides. The barbs scraped and shocked. And his cock swelled harder, pushing him toward the edge.

The electric shocking seemed to gather along his body, as if it was absorbing it. With every bolt, he could feel it arcing along his sensitives insides to plunge into the bundle of nerves. His own cock twitched helplessly as the sensations ripped out from his button, shaking him as hard as the cock impaling him.

Barratt fucked harder, shaking Rin violently with every stroke. His powerful body towered over Rin, pinning him in place as he pounded into the once again ruined hole. Every thrust slammed against the bundle of nerves, crushing it deep in his body. Every centimeter of ridges scraped along it, jerking Rin’s tiny dick with every movement and sending sharp knives across his body.

Rin flailed helplessly as he was raped. His body grew hot with need and motes of agony floated across his vision. His throat ripped from trying to scrape and only gurgling wails filled the cavern

opening. He needed to escape but couldn't. He couldn't do anything but take the inhuman cock that tore his ass.

His cock jerked and he started to cum, but the purple glow stopped him. The pressure built and with it, a needle-sharp pressure of his orgasm building up behind the magical root.

Barratt growled as he thrust, pounding harder. He wasn't even close to burying his entire length in Rin, but it felt like it as he drove fifteen centimeter worth of inhuman length into the gasping asshole. Every stroke pounded into Rin's prostate, slamming his belly against the furs, and swelling the slender man's abdomen with the thick length.

Just when Rin didn't think he could take any more, Barratt began to thrust faster and harder. The hammer-like thrusts forced the air out of his lungs and the violently yanking forced Rin to inhale. He couldn't even breathe on his own, the breath was driving by the cock that pounded into his body.

He tried to claw at the furs to pull himself off but he couldn't. The powerful cock head slammed against his button with inhuman speed, ramming into it before driving deep into his body. He shook violently, fingers unable to grip anything, and he cried out with all his might as agony and ecstasy ripped his nerves apart.

Rin kept coming with every stroke, his body helpless against the pressure and electricity. The pressure in his cock grew to white-hot agony. He prayed for release but it wasn't enough. He sobbed as he exhaled, his body no longer his to control.

Barratt's thrusts grew violently and harder. A wet sensation lubricated the opening, precum, and soon there was less friction which meant the cock punched deeper into Rin's body. The power was intense, the helplessness even more. The ceaseless ramming against his button drove Rin to a drooling mass, he couldn't think past the inescapable abuse the creature's cock was inflicting on his body.

With a roar, Barratt buried half of his length into Rin's ruined hole and held it there. It swelled inside him, ripping the slender man's insides even more. The heat built up and the smell of ozone filled the air. Electricity crackled along the creature's fur and along his length, setting off countless orgasms as Rin tried to orgasm but couldn't.

Rin gasped, thanking the gods that it was finally over.

A bolt of electricity interrupted his prayer and tore through his body. It radiated from the entire length of the creature's cock and burned his body. Every muscle of Rin's helpless body tightened, squeezing down as he became nothing but a tight glove around Barratt's shaft. The power coursed down the length of the shaft and pierced the bundle of battered and almost destroyed nerves of Rin's body. He was being electrocuted from the inside out and all the agony had focused on the tiny spot behind his cock.

And then the cock exploded inside Rin. It felt like a sword being rammed into Rin's guts. It poured into his intestines and his belly swelled with the sudden pressure. More of it built around the cock, escaping around the thick length sealed by the tightly-stretched ring of Rin's ruined asshole.

Rin let out a gasp as his body strained to keep the cum inside. It flooded higher inside him, he could feel every burning centimeter as it invaded the entire length of his guts. More of it squirted out of his ass, splashing loudly against the furs. It poured out down his thighs, rivers of thick sludge that pooled underneath him and soaking into the furs.

Feeling Barratt come inside him pushed Rin's orgasm past its limits. With a agonizing scream, he came hard enough to escape the plug. Jets of his own watery cum dribbled. Each surge felt like dragging endless needles against the inside of his dick, tearing him open as he managed to blast into the flood of cum already pouring out of him. Any scent of his tiny dick was drowned out by the flood of Barratt's orgasm.

Barratt froze, his cock surging with the last few jets of cum flooding Rin's bowels.

Rin shuddered and gasped, finally able to breathe on his own. He sobbed at the feeling of being ripped open, used as nothing more than a hole, and his own agony of coming.

"Nothing," growled Barratt, "but a fuck hole. Your ass was made for my cock."

Tears ran down Rin's cheeks. It hurt, more than he could imagine. His entire stomach ached from having so much cum inside it. His asshole screamed in agony from the thick cock buried inside. His lungs burned from being forced to breath in time with the

thrusting cock. His prostate had been battered and crushed, no doubt ruined under the ceaseless assault against the most sensitive nerves of his body. And his finally his mind hurt knowing that it wouldn't be long before Barratt would do it again.

Barratt grunted and the pressure on Rin's head increased moments before he felt the thick cock being pulled out. Going slow, it hurt more than anything else as each ridge scraped against Rin's abused sphincter. The barbs dug at his delicate insides before cutting at the ring. Only the flow of cum pouring out lubricated Barratt's exit.

The swollen head worked its way back down Rin's intestines. It felt like a burning sphere of lava up to the point it lodged against the inside of Rin's asshole. Even with all the abuse, the thick head wouldn't escape easily.

Barratt grabbed Rin's head with both hands and stood up. The cock remained inside, picking Rin up by his asshole and adding new agonies and humiliation to the slender man.

Rin wailed and clutched Barratt's wrists as the creature pulled his cock out. It was like being ripped again, the swollen mass inching out of his body and all of Rin's weight being centered on the ruined opening.

It reached the thick point, somehow filing Rin with fresh tearing, and then it popped out.

Rin slammed down on his knees as a flood of cum burst out of his gaping asshole. It splashed loudly down his legs, flooding the furs and pouring across the floor. With every shudder of Rin's ravaged body, more cum burst out.

Sobbing, Rin slumped face-first into the furs.

"Nothing but a fuck hole."

Rin opened his mouth to say something but stopped when Barratt wrapped his hands around Rin's waist. The thick digits easily stretched across Rin. Without even a grunt, Barratt shoved Rin off the blankets.

Rin slid along the thick puddle of cum and across the floor. He had time to let out a gasping gurgle before he fell into the depression and splashed at the pool of cum that had already formed there. With a sob, he tried to grab his ass. The opening gaped open, the puddled cum pouring back in.

And then there was a flash of yellow-green and the cave's healing energies started to repair the damage.

t'Sade

Feeding Time

13

Rin woke up at the bottom of the depression in a puddle of half-congealed cum. He trembled as he pushed himself to his knees, every movement leaving a wet slurping noise. He shivered at the touch of cool air. His body had been healed but his mind remembered every abuse the creature had inflicted on him.

Since Barratt dragged Rin into the cave, the creature had raped Rin three times. Each time was the same, Rin was thrown over the pile of furs in the perfect position for the creature to drive his cock into Rin's once again virgin-tight asshole.

And every time, the agony ripped the screams out of Rin's body. Every time, it hurt like the first one, all thanks to the healing that happened in the depression.

Rin shuddered at the thought but his body grew hot with the memories. Every time he took Barratt's cock, he grew hard and started to come. But the magic in his dick prevented it until the pressure was too much for his frail form to come. He would finally get the relief, but it always came with the price of agony.

Sniffing at the memories, Rin crawled out of the depression. His pale skin glowed from the light of a magical torch in the corner. He glanced at the exit of the cave, it was only a few meters away.

"I will hunt you down," came the growl from the opposite side where the furs were.

Rin closed his eyes but not fast enough to prevent two tears from rolling down his cheeks. He turned slowly to the void.

Barratt sat on the furs, legs spread and his cock stretched out along the ground. His dark brown fur if it wasn't for the darkening near his crotch as it became pitch black along his inhuman length.

Tiny sparks ran along the barbs, they were both half-hard but Barratt was still two-thirds of a meter long.

"If you run," Barratt said, "I will hunt you. If you make home, I will kill your family. Wherever you hide, I will slaughter every one who gave you shelter."

For the briefest of moments, Rin considered fleeing just to hide in Merci's house.

Barratt lifted his paw. There was a haunch of a deer in it. With his eyes locked on Rin's, he took a large slobbering bite and tore it from the bone.

Revolted, Rin looked away. His stomach surged but he pressed a hand against it, trying not to imagine Barratt's cock swelling it from the inside. "W-Why are you doing this? What did I do?"

"You smell of prey," growled Barratt.

"I-Is that it? I smell? All this because of me?"

"No, it's the price. I protect the villages, they give me a cunt to use as I will. For a hundred years, those bordering on the Bordeli knew I would protect them."

Rin clutched himself, his nipples hard from the cold.

"For thirteen years, I've been waiting for your ass. Your family and village made sure it was there. I sleep while I wait and no one dies, no one is fucked," Barratt chuckled, "and I don't go hunting in the middle of the night for something to play with."

"Is... is that what I am, a price for your s... services?"

Barratt tore another hunk off and ate it before answers. "Yes. A pretty ass for my cock and nothing more. You are nothing but a hole for me to fuck until you die."

Rin shivered again, the dread rising.

"H-How long before you kill me?"

"Days... months... years. Sooner or later, I'll make a mistake and won't get you to the runes in time. You might choke on my cock or I might thrust too far. I may bend you in half and snap your spine at just the wrong place. Or squeeze too hard as I come and crush your skull."

With each phrase, Rin's knuckles tightened and his despair rose. The growls were specific and he could imagine some young girl experiencing each and every death he detailed.

“Your mind may break or simply your spirit gives up. But, sooner or later, you will die. It will be painful, slow, and probably on my cock.”

Tears in his eyes, Rin glanced back at Barratt. The large shaft was beginning to swell with Barratt’s thoughts. The long dark length throbbed as he watched the pulse course down its length. The rounded tip oozed with precum and a small puddle had already formed.

Rin’s stomach grumbled. He pressed his hands harder against his belly and frowned.

Barratt’s ears twitched. “Hungry, fuck hole?”

Rin looked away again.

“Come here.”

Trembling, Rin held himself still.

“If you don’t come here, I’m going to go balls deep in your ass right here and now.” The growled threat froze Rin. For the last day, Rin had not been able to handle even a third of Barratt’s cock. The thick member was too big, too thick for Rin’s slender, pale body and tight ass.

Rin relented. Slowly, he turned and picked himself up.

“On your knees, like a proper bitch.”

Rin didn’t dare defy the powerful creature. He sank to his knees and crawled over to Barratt. As he did, his ass swayed back and forth.

Barratt nodded and pointed to the end of his long, black cock. “Suck it.”

Surprise, Rin stared in shock.

“Suck it, cum bucket. Or I will fuck you.”

Shivering with anticipation and fear, Rin knelt between Barratt’s legs and picked up the cock. It was heavy, like a thick long. The skin was soft and slick, but also ridged and spiked. The tiny barbs were already sparking with Barratt’s thoughts and Rin jerked at the sparks.

“Suck it, fuck toy.”

Rin held it with both hands and pressed his lips to the rounded cock head. It was larger than his mouth, a thick mass that tasted of cum and musk. He lapped at the tip, wincing when he got precum on him but too terrified to do anything besides lap it up.

It wasn't as bad as he expected, salty and musky, but not overwhelming. He kissed the tip and sucked on the hole. A flood of precum poured into his mouth, coating his tongue with the slick liquid.

“Good job, cum bucket. Now, more.”

Rin whimpered. He started to pull back, but Barratt grabbed him by the air and yanked him harder on the cock. The swollen head started to pry Rin's jaw open, the teeth digging into the flesh but Barratt didn't seem to notice. Soon, Rin could barely think past the ache in his jaw.

“Suck harder”

Desperate to obey Barratt, Rin sealed his lips over Barratt's cock head and sucked and lapped, licking as fast as he could. More of the precum flooded into his mouth, but with mouth sealed, there was only one place to go when started to fill up.

Tears ran down Rin's face as he swallowed the hot liquid. It poured down his throat, coating it with the same sticky slickness.

Barratt dropped the deer leg and reached down.

Desperate to avoid being pinned, Rin tried to stretch his lips further around the swollen head. He didn't make it before Barratt grabbed his skull between his hands and pulled hard.

The thick cock shoved up against Rin's mouth, prying his jaw further apart. His lips strained around the thickness and tears ran down his cheeks as the pain increased.

Rin grabbed the block shaft, wrapping his hands the best he could around it and pushed back, trying to ease the pain.

Barratt's shaft grew harder and swelled in his grips, spreading his fingers apart as arcs of electricity ran across his fingers.

The creature moaned with pleasure and pulled Rin's head down against the shaft. Where there was once some give with the half-hard shaft, the full length now speared toward Rin's face and there was only one thing that would fail to resist it. With a agonizing and muffled scream, Rin strained to stop it but Barratt was too strong. The pressure built and then there was a wet popping sensation.

Rin's jaw snapped open and the cock head shoved deep into his mouth, blocking off his breath.

Barratt grunted and yanked harder, forcing the huge head into the back of Rin's throat.

Gripping with all his strength, Rin couldn't stop the cock from slamming against his throat, pounding hard as it grew wider. He couldn't move his jaw, it refused to move and every effort left him trying to scream, but there was nowhere for the air in his lungs to go.

Barratt relented for only a centimeter and then slammed his cock again. There was no attempt to ease Rin, only a brutal slamming against the back of his throat, tearing at the flesh as he seemed to be trying to ram his entire length into Rin's tiny body.

Drool and precum gathered in Rin's mouth, but there was no where it could go but down his throat. He felt more of it pooling in his gullet. He swallowed to try clearing his throat, but it only added more liquid.

The cock head ripped past the back of his throat. He could feel it trying to bend down into his throat, but it was too big and thick. He screamed but no noise came out. His teeth and fingernails scraped against Barratt's cock, but it only seemed to drive the creature to fuck his face harder.

"Swallow!" snapped Barratt, his claws digging into the sides of Rin's head and his hips thrusting the shaft into Rin's painfully stretched lips. "Swallow!"

Rin couldn't respond. He was trying to swallow but the thick cock was too big to draw further into his throat.

To his horror, the cock began to swell in his mouth, forcing his jaw further apart and tearing his lips. He felt the cum surging up the length, a pressure that spread his fingers wide apart.

A burst of electricity exploded from the shaft. Rin's entire body, impaled on the length, couldn't escape as it grabbed his muscles and tightened each one to the point of ripping. His jaw would have clamped down on Barratt's cock if it hadn't been dislocated by his girth. Unable to bite down, he could feel his throat wrapping tightly around the shaft, molding to every ridge and bump until there was no way air or cum could ever escape.

It only lasted a second, but when the electricity released him, black spot and arcs of static electricity danced before his eyes.

Rin only had a second to realize what was coming next when he felt the cock swell even more. He realized why Barratt was telling him to swallow. Desperate, he swallowed hard just as the first of

cum blasted into the back of his throat. It came flooding down, a liters of cum scraping against the back of his throat before pouring down. More of it surged up into his nose, spurting out his nostrils and across Barratt's cock.

He tried to do anything, but the flood keep coming, pouring down into his stomach. It started to flow back up, but then another surge of cum came to force it down, pouring it into his stomach.

Rin's belly swelled as the liters of cum were forced into his gut. He clutched his stomach with one hand, terrified of how fast it was growing. More of the cum kept pouring into his stomach and out his nose, completely blocking any avenue of breathe.

Black spots swam across his vision as Barratt pumped liter after liter of cum into it. Soon, Rin's stomach sparked with needle-hot points as it was stretched to its limits and then some. It poured down, filling his intestines and swelling his body further out.

The burning of cum pouring out of his nose was too much. Rin tried to inhale to cough it out, but he only managed to get cum into his lungs. Soon, he was sobbing from the effort to cough and the helplessness as his body swelled from the searing hot liquid forced into his body.

"Fuck!" screamed Barratt. With a growl, he shoved Rin back.

There was only a brief moment where the swollen cock caught on Rin's jaw, but then it popped out. With it, came an explosion of cum as Rin's body expelled the pressurized cum. It splashed all off the ground as Rin rolled across the chamber for and slid into the depressing.

As the rune flashed with healing, Rin coughed out huge globs of cum. More of it streamed from his nose, gathering in a puddle underneath him. He shuddered and pushed himself to his hands, just to cough more more of it. It came pouring out of his dislocated jaw, his stomach heaving as he tried to expect it.

The healing energy reached his throat. With a sickening crunch, his jaw snapped back into place and the burn of muscles faded into a dull ache.

He continued to cough, now able to close his mouth so the streamers of cum and drool poured out of the sides of his mouth instead of everywhere.

When the gasps finally subsided, Rin still had a swollen belly filled with cum. He pressed one hand against the tightly stretched skin and shivered at the touch.

At least he wasn't hungry anymore.

t'Sade

Escape

14

Rin woke up in the shallow depression with dread. It had been months since Barratt claimed him, endless days of being fucked in the ass, pounding to an inch of his life and then magically healed. Or choked as he was forced to drink cum as his only sustenance.

His body was as pristine as the day he became Barratt's, but months of fucking and abuse dulled his mind. He cringed, knowing that it would be only seconds until Barratt grabbed him for another round of abuse. He knew what it would feel like to have his ass torn open, to have the torturous cock slamming deep until he was screaming in agony. He felt every slam of the massive head against his button, the one point where all of his pleasure and pain gathered together. The ceaseless pounding haunted him, reminding him that he was nothing but a hole for the terrible beast.

Inevitably, he would come but the magical root embedded in his cock made even that small pleasure excruciating until the point he finally found release. And then one blast of relief and it would start over again.

Groaning, Rin crawled out of the depression. His stomach groaned with hunger and he let out a gasp of his own. The only food Barratt gave him was cum, liters and liters of it pumped into his belly until he looked pregnant with the creature's child... cub? He couldn't imagine Barratt producing children with the sheer amount of fucking he did. No woman could ever survive his cock, much less having a child.

Clutching his stomach, his fingers automatically finding the edges of the brand, he crawled toward the furs. He swayed his rounded ass in the air, knowing that it would please Barratt and

shave off a few more seconds of torture. He licked his full lips, knowing that it would also help.

Rin finally reached the edge of the furs and looked up. The smell of sex and cum was strong in the pile, almost overwhelming as the musk of the creature. His cock grew hard knowing soon he would be raped.

Barratt was gone.

Rin paused for a minute, staring at the empty blankets in shock. Barratt was never gone. Every time Rin had woken up, the beast was there waiting for him.

Tightening his ass, Rin sat up and peered around. The chamber had become his world but he was alone. Alone for the first time in months.

His eyes trailed over to the exit. He considered running but Barratt would hunt him down. He ducked his head.

His stomach gurgled again.

It was feeding time. Time to suck on an immense cock and dislocate his jaw, to jam it deep into his gullet until he couldn't breathe just to have Barratt pump him full. He hated eating more than being raped in the ass. At least there, he could paw at the furs and try to escape. Every time he had Barratt's cock in his throat, it felt like he was going to die.

A tear glittered in eye. He wiped it and considered the exit again. Maybe he'd just look outside. That is what he would tell Barratt if the creature caught him.

Rin almost pushed himself to his feet but then hesitated. Barratt said to crawl, demanded it with violence. With a soft gasp, Rin crawled toward the exit. His naked body swayed with every movement, his rounded buttocks upturned and poised to be impaled. It was his duty, it was his entire purpose. To be Barratt's fuck hole.

It took him a while to crawl through the switchbacks in the entrance. As he did, the air grew colder and frigid. The sharpness caught his lungs. When he finally came out to the opening, he stopped in shock. It was winter.

Trembling, Rin sat on his ankles as he peered at the glittering winterscape before him. Trees hung with ice and snow. It wasn't deep, only a few inches.

His nipples grew harder with the temperature and his cock shriveled, if it was possible. He stared out at the ice and felt a longing for freedom.

Rin dreamed of it many times over the month. He didn't know where he could go, the villages would all know that he was Barratt's fuck toy. Even his parents knew, there would be no chance of escape there. He would have to go far away, escape the Ring Villages.

Slowly, Rin oriented himself as his wits came back. He knew the route to Scoville. It was a large enough town that not everyone would know him on sight. He could steal or beg for some clothes and then hitch a ride further out.

A realization rose in his thoughts. Barratt said he would kill people if Rin escaped. But, maybe Rin could find someone willing to help. Like the adventurers he read about as a child or one of the many mage schools that dotted the countryside.

Trembling, Rin pushed himself to his bare feet. He shivered in the cold air as he imagined running across the snow.

An idea hit him. He staggered back into the chamber and grabbed one of the cum-soaked furs. It took only a little bit to rip some holes in there and form a makeshift cloak and coverings for his feet.

When he returned to the entrance, he cringed at the thought of Barratt being there, but the forest was empty.

Rin bit his lip. He was going to run. He was going to make it, he hoped.

Testing his protection, he took a hesitate step into freedom. When nothing slaughtered him, he took another and then a third. Soon, he was hurrying through the idea, moving as fast as he could as he headed toward Scoville. The cold seeped through the gaping holes of his furs, but at least he would make it.

t'Sade

Scoville

15

To his surprise, Rin made it to the village. It had taken almost two hours before he saw the first building, but the sight of construction left him sobbing with relief. He hurried his steps, ignoring the cold biting his toes or the aching nipples rubbing against the inside of the furs.

The village was busy, as any large village was. There were almost six thousand people living in Scoville and a slight young man had a chance of escaping without anyone ever questioning his presence.

Rin hurried across the icy fields that surrounded the Bordeli Forest and pressed his back against the nearest building. Heart pounding, he peered around for a safe spot and started to circle. Maybe if he came from the far side, no one would suspect him as Barratt's fuck toy.

He almost made it halfway around the village when an older woman caught sight of him. "Girl!"

Rin kept going, hoping it wasn't him.

Seconds later, the older woman rushed up and grabbed Rin's shoulder. "Girl, what are you doing out in that!?"

Rin shivered violently from the cold. He brushed his long black curls from his face and hooked it behind his ear. "I-I-I... I was trying..."

The woman frowned and peered closer.

Rin cringed, waiting for his identity to be revealed.

"You aren't from around here, are you?"

"N-N-No, madam."

She rolled her eyes and gave a large sigh. "You're one of the merchant rats, aren't you?"

Hope blossomed. Rin nodded, hoping to fake his way.

“Your wagons left two bells ago, girl! They left without you!”

Tears froze on Rin’s face. “I-I-I, I’m sorry.”

The woman looked down at Rin’s body, the frown deepening in her wrinkles. “You were fucking one of the boys here, weren’t you? Which bastard did this to you?”

Rin opened his mouth but he couldn’t remember the name of Merci’s lover. And he didn’t think Barratt would be a name to use.

“God’s Tit, girl, don’t be go fucking without least getting a name. Come on, let’s get you warm.” The old woman yanked Rin and pulled her toward a cottage.

Surprise, Rin let herself be dragged along.

“My boy, who better not be the one who abandoned you, will get you back on your wagon. Tarin!” The woman’s lungs were impressive and Rin winced at the shrill scream.

“Yah, ma!?”

“Get your horse, you are going after the wagons!”

Unseen, Tarin muttered loudly and something fell.

Inside the cottage, it was warm. The old woman, who finally introduced herself as Granny Rocks, poured soup into a cup and handed it to Rin. While Rin sipped at it, unused to any flavor besides cum, the old woman gathered up a heavy winter skirt and outfit for travel. All the while bitching at Rin about sleeping with strange men.

Two hours later, Granny Rocks guided Rin out.

Tarin stood with a horse outside the door. He was a good-looking man with an easy smile. He glanced at Rin and the smile grew. When his eyes dropped to Rin’s tight ass, the smile grew wider.

“Get that smile off your face. She isn’t a pussy to play with.”

“Could have fooled—”

Granny Rocks smacked Tarin to silence him. “Get on your horse and...”

Rin’s skin crawled as Granny’s voice trailed off.

“... it’s the beast.”

Trembling, Rin peeked toward the forest. There was no question the dark figure coming out of the woods. Crawling on all fours, it was an inhuman creature with only one thing on his mind, Rin. Even the distance couldn’t hide the hanging cock or balls, or the horns on

the side of his face. Barratt was out for blood and only one person could sate him.

“Um,” Granny Rocks said, “we better get inside.” She turned and started to push Rin toward the door. “Inside, now.”

Rin wiped the tears from his face. “N-No...”

“Get inside, girl. He’s going to rape a pretty thing like you.”

The tears kept coming. Rin set down the bundle of food that Granny had given him and gave her a kiss. “H... He’s here for me. I-I ran away.”

Granny’s eyes widened. “You’re the Jinith boy?” There were tears in her eyes. “Oh, honey.”

To Rin’s surprise, Granny pulled him into a tight hug.

Hesitantly, Rin hugged her back. In the corner of her vision, he saw Tarin looking confused.

Granny broke the embrace after a second. “You better be running then. He likes a good hunt and maybe... maybe he won’t hurt you too badly.”

“T-Thank you, Granny.”

“Granny?” asked Tarin.

“Shut up,” came the snapped response.

Rin took a deep breath and sprinted toward the outer part of the village. He knew there was no escape, but at least he could use the roads for purchase and maybe get a few more seconds before he was raped. His feet dug into to the mud and along the boardwalk, stumbling on patches of ice as he shoved his way past the light crowds. A wake of curses and yelling followed.

Barratt roared, silencing everyone.

Rin sprinted down the street, not caring who he knocked over. Every movement brought a slickness between his buttocks, the supernatural way his ass lubricated like a pussy. It was his body already preparing for the massive cock. He hated the response, but was also thankful that it would help the agony when he was inventively caught.

Even though Rin was slight and he bounced more than hit people but he made it past the village square before he felt the ground shaking from Barratt’s charge.

He only had a second before Barratt reached him. He screamed.

The impact caught him in the back, throwing him forward with tremendous force. Rin fell to the ground, scraping along ice and snow down the main street.

He rolled over to see a wagon coming toward him.

Barratt landed on the ground next to Rin and slashed with one claw, destroying the wagon in a single swipe. Spinning on his heel, he reached for Rin. "You are mine, fuck hole!"

Rin sobbed as the powerful claws grabbed him by the throat and waist. Barratt's paws easily wrapped around his slender body as the creature lifted him high.

"You do not escape me. You are my price! You are nothing but a hole to fuck!" Each roar pounded against Rin's ears, deafening him.

Around the creature and Rin, the townsfolk raced for the safety of the nearest buildings. The looks of fear and shock burned Rin.

"You are my hole!"

Barratt held Rin by his throat and used the other claw to slash through the clothes on Rin's body. The icy blast of wind rushed to fill the space as Rin was exposed to the cowering villagers. His cock was hard with fear and his pale body almost as white as the snow below them.

"My hole!" roared Barratt. He grabbed Rin by his buttocks, one claw parting his cheeks. "My fucking hole!"

He slammed Rin down toward his cock. Rin had no time to tighten or resist. The thick head punched into his sphincter and ripped it open in a single blast of pain. The thick member thrust deep into his gut, punching against his prostate with crushing force before plunging deep into his stomach.

Rin's world exploded into pain as he tried to comprehend the brutality of the stroke. His cock tried to orgasm, even though it couldn't, and the echo of pain ripped across his skin as his button tried to respond to the fury of the first thrust.

Barratt yanked him off, ripping the huge head of his cock out of the torn asshole.

"My—"

He slammed Rin back down, plunging half of his cock into the gaping hole. There was little to lubricate the opening and agony tore through Rin. The thrust ended with an electric burst that shot through Rin, tightening every muscle. The electricity poured into

his prostate and then exploded out in a wave of agony. His pathetic cock jumped in response, somehow treating the pain and pleasure.

“—fucking—”

Barratt tore Rin off his cock. He didn't even hesitate as he drove down hard. Rin's destroyed sphincter was no longer a resistance as the hundred barbs shredded Rin's insides. The cock plunged deep into Rin's delicate body, driving up against his lungs and forcing the air out of his mouth.

“—hole!”

The roar ended when Barratt yanked Rin off and slammed him back. With a grunt, he did it again and again, each time driving deeper into Rin's body. Each thrust hammered his prostate, crushing it into a pulp, before thrusting deeper into Rin's body than ever before.

Rin couldn't imagine that Barratt had been holding back, but the brutal rape showed him more than he ever wanted to see. Barratt used him as nothing more than a cock sleeve, a literal hole to fuck. Each thrust filled Rin's belly completely, swelling it out.

When the electricity burst came, his cock jumped with an attempted orgasm. The needle pain of the root in his cock was nothing compared to the sensation of being pummeled from the inside. Each thrust sent more electricity tearing through his body; soon he was helplessly shuddering with every thrust as the hairs stood on end. Arcs of power coursing between his limbs, exploding from his ruined button and the electrical rod that raped him.

And then the thrusts were ending with a swollen thud of something huge pressing against Rin's ass. Rin tried to peer through the tears of pain, but he couldn't. His vision refused to focus past the agony.

More thrusts slammed the solid mass against the ruined sphincter. Rin would have thought that nothing would give friction, but the creature's knot was larger than his head. It was almost as twice as wide and just as thick. And it punched against his body with hard, ceaseless strokes.

Rin cried out, the force of his lungs being driven out by the hammering of his insides. He tried to grab something, anything, but the endless assault of electricity coursing through his body and the

brutal tearing of his rectum left him unable to do anything but flail helplessly.

His entire center was focused on the cock impaling him and the two claws that gripped his waist. He couldn't change his future, he couldn't even slow down. His legs dangled around the massive cock that brutalized his body.

The knot slammed harder and faster, punctuated by Barratt's growls. Soon it was tearing Rin's hole even more, forcing deep into the abused ring. It stretched him wider than he thought possible even as the cock somehow punched past his lungs. In a matter of seconds, it was almost impossible to breathe, the pressure increased in his chest as the cock punched hard and fast into his organs.

With a sickening tearing sensation, the knot drove past the ring. Barratt tried to yank Rin off, but the ruins of the young man's sphincter kept the knot deep inside him. It yanked him down as the strokes ceased almost immediately and left behind a burning pole of inhuman cock to fill Rin's insides.

The knot ground against the ruins of Rin's prostate. As it swelled, it crushed the tiny organ into a pulp. Every burst of electricity continued to flare along the destroyed nerves, but it was as if his entire world had become nothing but a single cluster of agony and, somehow, uncomprehending pleasure.

Barratt released Rin's buttocks and grabbed his chest. Pulling him close, he snarled.

Rin sobbed, his head thrashing as he tried to comprehend the world of agony.

"My—"

Barratt thrust hard, his cock swelling inside Rin.

"—fucking—"

Another short thrust, the shaft still growing. With growing horror, Rin realized that Barratt was about to come inside.

Electricity bolted through his body, powerful enough to light up his insides. It burned the inside of his mouth as every strand of muscle in Rin's body clamped down, grinding itself around the shaft that had destroyed him. He couldn't do anything but tighten, squeezing his entire length into nothing but an infinitely tight cock sleeve for the beast.

"—hole!"

The cock exploded inside him. Hot jets of cum poured into his tortured body, flooding him. His stomach swelled with every thrust, the skin growing tight and shiny as if he was pregnant. Barratt thrust, but the knot kept them pinned together.

As the cum poured into him, Rin realized there was nowhere for it to go. The pressure kept building, swelling his body as it filled its limits. Sparks of needle pain prickled along his swollen guts and the burning raced further into his body, tracing the lines of his organs. The swelling rose from his abdomen into his ribs, pushing up into his chest.

A gasping wail ripped out of Rin's throat as he felt it flood his stomach. Seconds later, a burst of cum ripped out of his throat and spewed out across his chest. More cum came sheeting out, pouring from Rin's mouth and nose in a thick river.

Barratt howled as he jammed deep into Rin. The cock head tore up into his chest. The pressure against his heart, lungs, and ribs increased into white-hot agony. The knot squeezed deeper into him, forcing more cum to fountain out of Rin's mouth.

Pulling back, the creature thrust again, driving his inhumanly long shaft into Rin's stomach.

Rin only had time to gurgle in fear when the jet of cum came shooting up his throat, flooding his mouth and spewing out in all directions. The cock followed after it, piercing his stomach and coming into his throat. The intense pressure followed, an agonizing world where he could not breathe and he was pinned on Barratt's shaft from asshole to throat.

With every stroke, electricity shot through his body. His muscles jerked and flailed. He tried to fight it, but the power coursing through his body was too much.

The only part of him that could respond was his cock. The agony of ruined orgasm after orgasm continued to build up beyond what it had ever been before. The pressure of the knock against his insides and the root blocking his opening caused the pressure to build into a searing pain.

He wanted to beg for death or forgiveness, but he couldn't. The cock head pummeled his throat from the inside, forcing his head back as it started to work its way into his mouth. Cum poured down around it, soaking into his swollen stomach and sheeting outside of

his body. It splattered to the ground in horrific splashes that melted the snow from its heat.

“Mine!” Barratt thrust hard, the cock head gagging Rin from the inside.

“Mine!” He pulled back, giving Rin only the smallest hint of cum-soaked air.

“Mine!” Another thrust, this one slamming out of Rin’s throat and dislocating his jaw. The agony of his mouth hanging open was nothing compared to being impaled and used.

“Mine!” Black spots swam across his vision as his lungs ached to expect the cum and replace it with air.

“Mine!” A fountain of cum shot into the air, no longer blocked by Rin’s mouth.

“Mine!”

A single shudder and Rin finally came. It felt as if a knife had cut off his cock as he came, his cum forming into flowers and cascading to the ground in the puddles of cum. The soft plops of them lading were barely audible over the pounding of his heart and the rush of Barratt final surges of pleasure.

Rin’s entire world had become Barratt’s cock sleeve, nothing more than a hot body to wrap around his shaft.

As the black spots grew wider and the rushing in his heads increased, he thanked the gods for finally ending his agony.

Barratt grabbed Rin by the hips once again.

Rin prayed for death to end.

With a single howl, Barratt ripped his entire cock from Rin’s body, tearing it out in a single flash of piercing agony.

Rin gurgled as he felt the first breath of air leaking into his lungs. He slumped against the muscular check of the creature who claimed him.

“He is mine!” announced Barratt.

Rin closed his eyes, tears squeezing out. He choked but didn’t die. Every centimeter of his body screamed for an end, but he was still hanging on. He lifted his head and cracked open one cum-soaked eyelid.

The villagers were looking at him with expressions of horror and fascination on their faces. None of them were going to rescue him, none of them were going to end his agony.

Barratt pulled Rin's head close to his mouth. "Never run again."
Rin nodded, the tearing washing away the cum.

The creature turned and headed back to his cave in the woods, where Rin would be healed and the agony would start once more.

t'Sade

Three Years Later

16

Merci stood next to her new husband, Pieter, as they stared out into the darkness of the woods and strained to listen. But no screams drifted out of the woods, only the buzz of spring insects and the approaching rain.

She was afraid of the silence. For three years, they had been listening to Rin's high pitched screams every night and frequently during the day. It was a constant, like the wind blowing or the cries of her second child.

Then, five days ago, the screams stopped. She didn't know what it meant, but it scared her. It also terrified the rest of the village. People looked at each other, unwilling to talk about Rin's cries but also unable to speak about the silence. The only ones who seemed to know what was happening were the elders but they weren't speaking to anyone besides themselves.

"He isn't coming back," muttered Pieter. He turned to face the interior of the cottage and his wife. "Come on, at least it is quiet."

"It's wrong," whispered Merci. She still remembered the events the day Rin disappeared. She had no doubt that she and Pieter were the cause of it. She didn't miss the cross-dresser but every time she heard a cry in the middle of the night, she thought about the horrified look on Rin's face when his secret was revealed.

"Come to bed."

A crunch to the side of the house drew both of their attentions. Merci leaned out the door as Klaus came walking up. She caught sight of his sword belt, he hadn't worn that in close to a decade. "Daddy?"

"Hello, Honey, got a moment?"

Merci shared a glance with Pieter and then nodded. "Of course, come in."

Klaus nodded to Pieter as he slipped in. He sat down heavily on the table, his back to the door. The scabbard banged against the chair.

Merci glanced at the bedroom doors, wincing in fear that one of the boys would wake up. Her eldest, Quinn, had been having night terrors for the last few months and the youngest still woke up in the middle of the night to feed.

When no cries came from the bedrooms, Merci closed the front door and headed into the kitchen area to pour her daddy a lager. "Why are you out so late?"

"Oh, your mom is in one of her moods. I just needed to clear my head and noticed your lights were on."

Merci's hand froze centimeters from the glass. Her daddy never walked when he was angry, he bellowed and fought, not fled. There was something wrong. She glanced at his sword again and then felt a quiver of fear rolling in her belly. She finished pouring the glass, gave it to her father, and sat down across from him. "Daddy, what's wrong?"

Klaus seemed to age for a second, the wrinkles in his face growing ashen. He drank deeply, holding the glass with both hands. When he set it down, he was shaking.

Pieter didn't seem to notice as he sprawled in another chair.

"Daddy?"

Klaus looked up. "Eighteen years ago, your granddaddy told me a secret. The secret of the Ring Villages and the Bordeli Forest."

Merci shook her head. "What secret? Everyone knows the forests are forbidden. Only an idiot like Rin... only an idiot would go into them."

Klaus looked down at his glass. "No, not an idiot."

"What? The cross-dresser?"

Pale, Klaus looked up. "There used to be screaming when I grew up too, you know. It was a night like this, when your granddaddy told me to head over to the Jinith cottage and warn them."

As if to emphasize the point, a peal of thunder rolled across the house. It rattled the windows as the wind picked up.

Klaus shook his head and rested his hand on the hilt of his weapon. "I said what I had to, but it wasn't until I was leaving that I saw it, the creature in the wood."

"Just an old—"

"Girl!" Klaus snapped.

Merci and Pieter jumped at the sharp tone.

"Daddy, the children are sleeping!" whispered Merci.

"He used to always pick a girl. But last time... it was the Jinith boy. But..." Klaus gulped, "he made him a girl. Cut the poor child's balls off and sliced down his dick. There was something else, I don't know, but there was no question, that kid was marked to be Bordeli's when he finally grew up."

"What? Rin?"

"Yeah, Rinner."

Merci frowned at the unfamiliar name. "So what does—?"

A flash of lighting heralded a roll of thunder.

"—mean?"

Klaus sighed and pulled his sword up. Merci's heart pounded as he set it down on the table. The naked blade shone in the lantern light.

"D-Daddy, what are you doing?"

"Waiting."

"F-For who?"

"Barratt Bordeli, the creature of the woods. He might be coming here, tonight."

Merci gulped. "And... and you are going to kill him?"

Klaus looked at her with shimmering eyes. "No, I'm going to stop you from saving your child if he comes to claim Quinn for himself."

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. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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