

Omelas 2: Stolen Sacrifice

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Curious Cabbit Press

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This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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The Ring Villages

1

Quinn shivered as the cold air brushed against her skin. She tried to grab her blanket and pull it down, but someone was pulling it from her grip. The last bit of fabric slipped through her finger and the cold air washed over her, easily cutting through her thin nightgown.

Shivering, Quinn forced open one eye. It took a heartbeat for her eyes to focus on the older woman standing next to her bed, straightening out the blanket over her shoulder. “Mama?”

Her mother looked down. “It’s okay, baby, mama just needs to redo your blanket.”

A blast of cold pummeled Quinn. She shivered again and clutched her knees to her chest, trying to shield herself from the air. Peeking over her shoulder, she saw that the front door of their house was open and the winter’s wind had already scattered snow across the entrance. Frost painted the door and the windows but there was only a light dusting on a pile of boxes lined up against the entrance.

She frowned. When she went to bed, there weren’t any boxes out there. In fact, there was no hint that that it was anything other than a normal night.

Still confused, she looked up at her mother. “Mama, what’s going on? Is daddy leaving?”

Her mother looked down and then at the door. “No, yes. We’re all leaving.”

Quinn looked out the door at the pitch darkness. Even though it was the middle of a nearly moonless night, there was just enough light to see the ripples of snow and ice. Beyond the field, the dark edge of the Bordeli Forest coated the sky like tar. She shivered at the sight of the forest, the haunted tales rising in her mind. It was a

dark and evil place, one that her parents repeatedly warned her about.

Another blast of wind came through the door. She clutched herself as it planted ice and snow against her skin. "Mama, it's cold."

Her mother finished straightening the blanket and fanned it over her. Pulling it down, she swept Quinn from the bed and held her tight. Her mother's blonde hair flipped against Quinn's face, temporarily obscuring the girl's vision.

"Merci, we have to hurry up." It was her father speaking from the door. His voice was low and tense. Quinn shivered at the sound of it, it was his angry voice.

"Get those boxes in the wagon, Pieter."

"I have Quinn's spot already set up. The blankets are down, but if you don't hurry, the ice will cover them."

"I know," snapped Quinn's mother. She picked Quinn up from the bed and carried her. "Okay, baby, it's going to get cold, but then we'll warm up."

"Where are we going?" Quinn asked.

"Far away from here. Far, far away."

"Why?"

Her mother said nothing as she carried Quinn outside. The wind kicked up and blasted around Quinn, easily seeping through the blanket. She shivered and clutched her mother tighter. The cold made her body ache; it was the same type of ache she had when she stared at the forest too long.

Somehow, in the middle of the night, someone had brought an unfamiliar wagons in front of the house. Quinn could see the trail the wheels left in the ice and snow; it hadn't been there long. In the back, there were boxes and blankets piled up. Looking back, Quinn saw a few things out of place but most of the house remained untouched.

It didn't make sense. When her best friend moved to the other side of the village, they had emptied everything out before carrying the contents across the town. They also did it in spring, not the middle of winter.

A box crashed to the ground inside the house. Quinn's brother, Jed, woke up crying.

“Fuck,” snapped Merci. “Pieter!” she whispered loudly.

“Gag it, Merci!”

“Get Jed! He’ll wake up the village.”

There was a shuffling inside the house.

Quinn looked up at her mother through the snow already gathering on her tiny eye lashes. “Mama? I’m cold.”

“Just a few more minutes.” Merci reached the back of the wagon. She started to place Quinn inside but she couldn’t reach a gap between two stacks of boxes. The blankets from Quinn’s parents bed was already heaped up in the space, a tiny little fort. With a sigh, Merci ground Quinn against her large breast and crawled inside.

Quinn whimpered at the cold and clutched to her mother.

“Under the blankets.” Her mother held up the thick pile on the wagon floor, giving Quinn a tunnel to crawl from her shoulder.

Shivering violently from the icy air, Quinn slipped from the blankets against Merci’s chest and into her parent’s. It smelled nice, the warmth and musk of her parents. Except for the bitter cold that had seeped into the many thick layers, it wasn’t any different than when she crawled into her parent’s bed during a thunderstorm.

Merci crawled off the wagon.

“Mama?”

“Just a bit longer, I have to get your brother.”

Quinn’s father came out with a bundle of blankets. A small hand stuck out and waved in the air. It was Jed, Quinn’s brother.

Merci took him and looked back at the wagon. “How much more?”

“Get in. I’m just going to throw these last two boxes in and we’re out of here.”

Quinn pulled a blanket closer as her mother crawled into the wagon. A moment later, Merci slipped under the blankets with Jed held to her chest. Quinn immediately crawled next to her, sighing contently at the warmth of her mother as it enveloped her.

“Oh, Baby, don’t worry.”

Shivering under the blankets, Quinn pressed her face to her mother’s flanks. “Where are we going?”

“Somewhere far away.”

“For how long?”

Merci sighed and twisted to look up over the blankets. The cold air seeped through the gap in the blankets.

Quinn lifted herself to follow her mother's gaze. She was staring at the Bordeli Forest.

With a sigh, her mother pulled herself down and tucked the blankets around all three of them. She kissed Quinn on the forehead. "For a long time, baby. A very long time."

"What about grandpa?" Klaus was the mayor of the small village.

"Grandpa isn't going to be seeing us for a while."

"Why?"

Merci shook her head. "He's one of the reason we're leaving."

Jed stirred against his mother, whimpering loudly before nuzzling under her shirt. He was only a year old.

Merci pulled open her shirt and aimed a swollen nipple to his mouth.

Quinn watched for a moment, then asked the question that hovered in her head. "One? There is another?"

"Yes." But then her mother refused to answer any more of Quinn's questions.

Fourteen Years Later

2

The city of Mountain's Birth was the only point where Franome touched the ocean, a tiny technically of an otherwise landlocked country. The city and the surrounding shoreline, all twelve kilometers of it, was the reluctant apology of the barbarians for raping, torturing, and killing the heir to the throne. With the heir's other sister kidnapped mysteriously, the only one left to take the throne was Claston, the youngest of three siblings of the royal family.

Mountain's Birth was a bay caught between two ridges of a mountain. From the ocean view, it looked like a giant set of labia lips with the city nestled into the very tip, a bump that had an uncanny resemblance to a clitoris. The forest above the city only emphasized the idea that it was the sex of the mountain.

Whenever Quinn walked along the mountain trail leading to the city, she couldn't help but notice how the two splayed mountain ridges sank into the water before coming back together at the entrance of the bay. The city was nothing more than a bump of buildings right at the very tip, like a half-hidden clitoris nestled between the folds of rock and stone.

There was no wonder why the city used to be called Mountain Cunt, a name that many of the residents used outside of polite company. She tried to call it Birth near her mother, but it was hard with her father calling it Cunt after long days of working as one of the city guards.

They had moved into a village down the southern side of the bay about three months ago. That close to Emberka, there were still signs of the battles found across the mountain as Franome claimed

it's right over the land. The constant patrols of the Franome Army kept Quinn safe, but she still cringed every time a marching patrol went past.

One early summer day, she found herself strolling toward the Clit, the heart of the city. In her basket, she had lunch for her father and some small trinkets that she and her mother had made to drop off at the markets. An older woman named Gisette sold the trinkets in exchange for a small cut. It worked out for her mother who dislike Quinn remaining in the city for more than a few hours.

It was a bright morning with moisture in the air but a cool wind buffeting from the bay. Quinn's skirt fluttered over her thighs, the hem tickling her knees as it fluttered around her. The wind wasn't strong enough to push it above mid-thigh, but that didn't stop the little flutter of her heart when a gust caught it and tugged it up. She wore underwear like a proper daughter, but the idea of stranger's see her bare ass cheeks or the mound of her sex underneath the fabric brought a flush to her cheeks.

She had been curious about sex for a few years ago, but it was difficult to find anyone to breach the gates of her innocence with her family moving constantly. Both her mother, Merci, and her father, Pieter, were very protective of her and chased away any boy who revealed more than a passing interest in her.

Quinn's smile faltered. She didn't like moving so frequently. Most of the time, it was in the middle of the night and without warning. She had grown up having half of her possessions in boxes ready to ship out after the fourth time they relocated since she was five. Neither of her parents would explain the fear or the reasons for moving. The only thing Quinn could tell was they kept going west, moving further away from something her parents feared.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a hard blast of wind that caught her skirt and tugged at it. She managed to hold the basket against her crotch to keep it down, but the wind continued to tug at it, pulling it higher until she felt the warmth of the sun against her buttocks.

Flushed, she struggled to push it down with her other hand but it was difficult to manage the fluttering fabric. The wind had never been so strong and she couldn't keep it from rushing between her

legs, giving her a thrill as if someone was caressing every part of her body at once.

A whistle cut through her terror. “And that is the most perfect ass I’ve ever seen.”

Gasping, Quinn dropped her basket and clamped one hand against her ass and the other against her crotch. The wind snapped around her, tugging harder, as she spun around to the speaker.

It was a squad of soldiers, the green stylized tree of Franome on their tabbards. There were eight of them marching up on her, seven of them wielding long spears and the eighth, a blond, leading the way while holding the broken remains of an eighth spear.

The wind snapped around her, still tugging on her skirt, but then it poured into the sleeves of her peasant’s top, puffing out of the fabric from her body for a heartbeat before sucking back. The white material plastered itself against her breasts, outlining her large mounds and scraping against her nipples. They hardened almost immediately, the gumdrop-sized bumps tenting the taut fabric. She wore no bra, that was for rich folk, and she knew every centimeter of her breasts and every curve of her thighs and ass were exposed to anyone looking.

None of them were speaking when she looked with humiliation. Instead, they were staring with slack-jawed lust. She felt naked despite her clothes covering her body.

Her eyes focused on one of the soldiers, the only one not staring in shock. It was an older man, probably in his mid-twenties, with a short beard and a wide grin on his face. Wind ruffled through his dark hair as he lifted himself to peer over the men in front of him.

The wind kicked up harder, yanking the fabric tight against Quinn’s body. It swirled between her legs, almost forcing them apart. She could feel the fabric billowing around her hands as the pressure increased.

The leader of the squad suddenly frowned and spun around. He shoved the men side until he reached the smiling soldier. Without warning, the leader punched the smiling man in the stomach, folding him in half.

As soon as the dark-haired man’s head dipped out of sight, the wind died down suddenly.

Quinn, struggling to keep her legs together, collapsed to the ground, hitting it hard on her knees as the fabric once again draped over her body. Her ass thudded hard against the back of her heels.

“Rober!”

Quinn looked up to see that the leader had just yelled at the still-smiling man.

Rober rubbed his ass and looked up. “What got up your ass, Skein?”

“You.”

“The wind ain’t touching you.”

Skein held up his hand, a threat to slash down with the broken spear. “No, but it was abusing a young girl we were suppose to be protecting. Your powers aren’t for blowing up skirts!”

Rober leaned his head to the side for a moment, peering at Quinn.

She blushed hotly as she held her hand over her crotch, her fingers digging in a bit too much as she stared at him.

Rober winked and then looked back up at Skein. “Apologies, my leader.”

Skein turned and looked at Quinn. He was close-shaven with just a scruff of blond. His eyes were an intense green as he looked at Quinn again.

Quinn’s flush burned hotter. There was no question that even Skein was interested, his eyes were bright enough to burn the clothes from her body. She dug her fingers in tighter, slipping the fabric of her skirt past the tight folds of her labia and up against her own clitoris. It was hard from the attention and moisture seeped through the skirt.

Turning back, Skein held out his hand. “Apologize to her.”

“Yes, sir!” Rober jumped up and hurried over to Quinn.

Quinn froze, staring at the solider. When he stopped in front of her, her head was less than a meter from his crotch. She could already see the ridge swelling underneath the tabbard. She had only seen half a dozen cocks in her life, including a flash of Pieter’s manhood when he came out of the bathroom. A small part of her mind wondered if Rober’s would be any different.

Rober held out his hand as he bowed. “Please, forgive me. I saw the most perfect ass on this side of the world and foolishly wanted to see more of it before I died. After seeing yours, I can die in—”

“Rober!” snapped Skein.

Heart thumping, Quinn took the firm hand.

Rober picked her up and she felt dizzy as she stumbled into him. He was hard against her body, the strength of his muscles almost overwhelming. She could also feel the ridge of his excitement.

“T-Thank you,” she stammered.

“And,” Rober said with a wink, “I would be honored if you were to give me a chance to see it again. This time under,” he glanced over his shoulder where Skein was storming up, “more consensual terms. An ass like yours should not be hidden—”

He was interrupted as Skein came up and smacked in the back of his head. “Shut up.”

Rober winked at Quinn who flushed at the response.

“Are you okay, miss?” asked Skein. Up close, he was a muscular man with an easy smile and large hands.

Quinn’s heart beat faster as she looked at him, trying not to see if he was as hard as Rober was. “Y-Yes” Quinn managed to say. “I-I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” said Skein, “Rober here is a bit too horny for his own good. Please, forgive me and my squad for embarrassing you. Rober, let go of her hand.”

Rober released Quinn’s hand.

She let it slip from his palm, her cheeks burning as she relaxed the grip on her buttocks.

“Are you heading into the city?” asked Skein.

“Y-Yes, to the Third Street Market.”

“Then, in apology, please let me and Rober escort you.”

Quinn hesitated. Her parents didn’t want her near any man for any length of time. But between Rober’s comments and Skein’s handsomeness, it was hard to say no. Sheepishly, she looked between the two men for a second and then gave a little nod.

Rober gestured for her to continue and then walked by her side. Skein matched pace on her left. It took her only a few heady seconds to realize there that she was sandwiched between two men, closer than she had ever been to anyone so attractive.

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Affections of Two

3

By the time they reached the Clit, Quinn felt the moisture tickling the inside of her thighs. Every few steps, either Skein or Rober would touch her. Most of the time, it was against her arm or hand, but occasionally there was a brush against her hip or buttock. The one time Rober's palm slid along her rounded butt, the heat redoubled inside her and she soaked her underwear instantly.

It was a rush being between the two men. They were both attracted to her and she felt naughty for letting them admire her. When she glanced over, she would occasionally find Skein staring at her breasts or Rober trailing back to admire her ass. Her tits and ass were both large and rounded. They also bounced with every step, the firm flesh luring their attention. It was also hard to hide her own interest with her nipples sticking out from her shirt or the moisture trickling down her legs.

They reached the third street market before she realized it.

Skein bowed deeply. "I'll... we'll leave you here, dearest Quinn."

Reluctantly, Rober gave a sketchy bow himself. When he straightened, he winked again. "Though, we're off duty in a few hours and I'd love to—"

"We," interrupted Skein, "because you can't be trusted alone with her."

Quinn smiled weakly. She was more relaxed in their presence but also fighting her attraction. She didn't want either soldier to leave her.

Rober rolled his eyes and grinned at Quinn. "Fine, but we," he empathized the word, "are coming off duty in a few hours and we,"

he said the word again loudly while grinning at Skein, "would love to enjoy your company more. Wouldn't... we?"

Quinn toyed with her lip. "I-I shouldn't. My mother is expecting me home in a few hours."

Rober's grin widened.

Skein cocked his head. "Up to you, dearest Quinn. I'd just love to hear more of your journeys. Neither of us have lived more than a few kilometers from here."

With a frown, Quinn asked. "Wasn't Mountain Cunt," she shivered at using the vulgar name that Rober preferred, "just taken from the barbarians?"

"Yes," said Rober as he leaned into Skein's shoulder. "But Skein boy here was born in Moon's Citadel which is only thirty kilometers away. And I moved there when I was a little... well, slightly littler."

Skein chuckled and thump Rober. "You're always small."

"Not where it counts," drawled Rober with a wink to Quinn.

Quinn blushed and pushed the curls of her black hair from her face. She could tell they were flirting with her, but she wasn't entirely sure how to respond to it.

"Come on," said Rober, "stay here a little bit longer. You like stouts? I know a little pub that's out of the way."

Quinn flushed and twisted her hips. It was getting hard to concentrate with the heat building inside her. She gripped her basket tighter until her knuckles turned white. "I've never really had anything like that."

"Not even wine?" Rober seemed surprised.

"Well, I've had wine. Mostly white or ice, with a bit of fall spice. But nothing much."

"Oh, from Glaston? They're known for ice wine there."

Quinn nodded, remembering the winter celebration when her parents let her drink. She had a single glass of the sharp-tasting wine. It left her slightly dizzy, but the feeling of being buzzed was pleasant enough. She looked at the two men and wondered what it would be like to be relaxed near them. Judging from their hungry looks, she wondered if they would do more than just tease her.

"Two hours, after the next bell, meet us here?" Skein gestured to the entrance of the market.

Quinn shook her head. "Gisette might tell my mother."

“How about the library? It’s about three blocks that way.” Skein pointed.

Rober snorted. “Only you’d try to pick up a girl at a library.”

“No, Rober, it is a good place to meet a lovely woman. The Drunken Squire is a good place to enjoy a quiet drink. Just the three of us.”

Rober nodded and winked at Quinn who smiled back. “I can live with that. How about you, Quinny?”

Quinn giggled softly. Her mother could wait. “I’d like that.”

“We’ll meet you by the dragon statue, you can’t miss it.”

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A Hint of Darkness

4

Quinn sat in the shadow of the stone dragon outside of the Mountain Cunt Library. The old words were still carved into the stone, the letters were written in the Emberkan's language but she knew the word for "cunt" in the barbarian's script well enough. It was plastered all over the town despite the new Franome administration trying to insist everyone use its new "proper" name of Mountain's Birth.

She grinned and shook her head. The barbarians were mostly nomadic but they had a strange way of naming their towns when they did settle. Along the Cerulean River which divided the northern parts of Franome from Emberka, the cities and towns on the barbarian side were named like Rotted Snake, Corpse of Thousands, Steaming Shit Pile, and Festering Bog. She didn't know the reason, but Mountain Cunt was a mild name compared to the more disgusting ones further south and up river.

The bell had run out only a few minutes before and she was anxious for the two soldiers to come back. She felt a fluttering between her legs when she thought of them. It reminded her of the heat that boiled between her legs when she masturbated at night while her parents were talking in the other room. She pressed her lips and legs together, trapping her hand between her thigh so she could discretely stroke against the swollen lips that were already moist with her excitement.

Their latest house was a three bedroom villa near the ocean. Only a few kilometers from the Emberka border, it had a gorgeous view of the ocean. In the evening, when the bright orange flooded the sky,

she had enjoyed more than a few occasions of stroking her pussy until her body tensed in a ripple of pleasure.

Her finger trailed harder, caressing the hem that rubbed against the delicate skin of her crotch and thigh. It was soaked with her excitement and she wanted to drive a finger deep into her pussy to enjoy it.

Quinn was no stranger to sex, just not with others. She had caught her parents fucking more than once over the years. She had also walked into friends of the family bent over a table, strangers making out during the festivals, and even an old man who had openly stroked his cock while staring at her.

That time, she was only fifteen and stared until he came all over himself. She fled before he could say anything, but she still remembered the rigid length and wondered what it would feel like to enter her sex. That image had warmed her nights as she broke her own virginity with her father's knife scabbard and later with just her fingers or whatever felt good against her opening.

Her fingertips caught the edge of her underwear and she eased underneath the wet fabric. It only took a moment to slide along her hairless vulva to slip against the inner folds. Unlike most adults, she never had hair grow on her sex. It was smooth and slick as when she was a little girl, but her labia had matured with her age and now her pussy splayed open whenever she was excited. It also drooled with excitement, which was already causing a wet spot to form on her skirt.

Her clitoris throbbed and she brought her fingers up to it, twisting her wrist between her thighs to flick at the sensitive bump of nerves. Her toes curled in her sandals as she rolled her clitoris between her fingers, enjoying the little sparks of pleasure that radiated from her sex.

"You shouldn't be here."

At an old woman's voice, Quinn jumped. The band of her underwear caught her wrist and there was an embarrassing second as she pulled her dripping fingers free and looked up.

The old woman looked like she was in her eighties, with a bent back and dirty gray hair. She had a large, swollen nose and spectacles perched along the ridge. One finger pointed accusingly at Quinn while she clutched to a cane in the other hand.

Quinn gulped and looked around, a blush burning on her cheeks. “Me?”

“Yes, you! The fucking cunt sitting under the dragon!”

Others walking by looked at Quinn and the old woman curiously, but made no effort to interfere.

Quinn wiped her hand on her skirt. “W-What did I do?”

The old woman hobbled up. “You are a sacrifice, aren’t you?”

“W-What?”

“You’re an Omelas. You have the stench of a Mark already on you, but you haven’t been claimed by the bay. What are you doing so far from your home?”

Memories of her parents fleeing in the middle of the night rose up. “I don’t know what you are talking about,” said Quinn as sweat prickled her brow. “We just moved—”

“There is already a claimed one in this city. You can’t take her place.” The old woman poked Quinn between the breasts. “Go back to where you came from before it’s too late.”

“Too late for what, old woman?” asked Rober as he came up. He wore civilian clothes, a button-down shirt and blue jeans. The outfit showed off his muscular arms and legs nicely. He still had a sword on his belt, but it was a different one.

The old woman turned on Rober. “He can smell her and she’s already too old. This city can’t have the beast awaken!”

“Beast? Please. There is no beast that would be woken up by just smelling...” His voice trailed off as he looked over Quinn. Slowly, he licked his lips and grinned.

Heat fluttered inside Quinn at his lusty look.

“... okay, she smells good. But not destroy the city good.”

The old woman scoffed. “I’m not talking about your tiny dick. I’m talking about the protector of the Cunt, the guardian of the bay. He marked his claim a decade ago and she has been allow to live. This one,” she pointed accusingly at Quinn, “is already ripe and ready. If he smells her, he’ll waken early and then all of us are in danger!”

Rober snorted. “Protector of the Cunt? Please, if anyone is going to protect that pretty pussy of hers, it will be—”

“Rober!” snapped Skein as he came up around the statue. “You are still a solider.”

Quinn flushed hotly with the image of Rober between her legs. Her clitoris throbbed and she wanted to stroke it again, but seeing Rober's eyes on her, it felt like he was already breathing against her sex. Her body trembled in time with his deep breathing.

Rober sighed and patted the old woman on the head.

She shoved his hand away. "Take her away, little boy. Far away and then have fun with your little dick." She shot a glare at Skein. "Yours too, I can smell your urges even from here."

Quinn tensed at the old woman's fury, anticipating when it would be directed at her.

The old woman focused her gaze on Quinn. They were cloudy but shimmering. "And you. Run away, leave, move. I don't care why you are here, but you belong somewhere else. Return before it's too late for your home and too late for us."

Quinn held up her hand. "I-I don't know—"

"Of course you don't! But you're already getting hot and wet for these two limp dicks. But as soon as you touch the waters, it spells the end for all of us. You are not the Cunt's sacrifice."

Rober sighed. "All right, I'm getting tired of the old hag. Go away."

The old woman snarled at the solidier. "My granddaughter is one of them. You haven't seen the beast, but I have! I've seen what happens when she enters the waters!"

"Yeah, yeah. Go away, I think they are waiting for you at the temple." Rober turned slightly to the side and whispered, "Or the insane asylum."

Moving with a speed that startled Quinn, the old woman reached out and grabbed Rober by the crotch.

Rober's eyes widened as he bent over, a whimper escape his lips.

"Listen, you little fuck stick," snarled the old woman, her voice taking on a guttural accent that sounded more Emberkan than Franome. "I don't care if you flood that cunt, ass, and mouth with your seed. You do it away from the bay. As far away as possible, do you hear? And once you get both of your rocks off, you take her away from here."

The tendons in the old woman's hand stood out as she squeezed tighter. "Or I will rip off your fucking dick and shove it into his ass." She nodded violently toward Skein.

Rober inhaled, his face pale.

Quinn gasped herself, trying to comprehend the words the old woman spat out. She knew that sex was a cock inside her pussy, but why would she mention ass or mouth. There was no way that a cock would.... The image of flashed through her mind of one time she saw a young woman kneeling between her lover's legs. She never understood why, but suddenly she imagined a lot more that could happen between their bodies.

A flash of pussy juices dribbled down her thigh.

Skein stepped past Quinn as she pressed a hand against her stomach, trying to control the sudden flutters that rose inside her. He stood between Quinn and the old woman. "Don't worry, grandmother, we'll keep a close eye on dearest Quinn."

Quinn flushed at the warm voice claiming her.

The old woman glared at Skein and then pointed toward the mountain. "Fuck her over there, way over there."

"I promise," said Skein.

Rober chuckled painfully as he extricated his crotch from her grip. "I can promise that also."

The scowl still on her face, the old woman pointed at both of them. "You fuck up and we're all dead."

She spun around around storm off. "I need to talk to the elders. Fucking assholes."

All three of them watched her leave. Then Rober turned around with a snort. "Oh no, don't let her enter the water!"

Quinn giggled. She had never swam before, they never lived near anywhere that had water to learn.

Skein sighed. "I think she's one of the old farts that refused to leave the city when Emberka left."

"I thought all the Softs left."

Quinn perked up. The Emberkan barbarians grouped everyone into two categories: Softs and Hards. The Hards were the warriors and fighters. The clans constantly battled each other in the steppes and plains of Emberka. The prize for the Hard's battles were supplies and Softs, the women and children. When Quinn had first moved there, her mother had told her horror stories of young women being kidnapped by the warriors but only vague hints of what would happen to her if one of the barbarians caught her. She

could almost imagine being captured by a powerful warrior and dragged to his clan.

Glancing at the two soldiers next to her, she imagined it was one of them who threw her on their bed. Her pussy flooded down her legs, soaking her thighs. She squeezed them tightly together to slow the flow.

“No, some left. Apparently, the so-called Softs are able to walk away whenever they want.”

Quinn raised her hand to interrupt them. “I thought Softs were kidnapped by the... Hards?”

Skein shook his head. “No, it’s just a way of seeing the world. For the barbarians, me and Rober here are Hards because we are willing to go out in battle and fight for our side. We’ll bleed for our clan, as they call it.”

A flutter filled Quinn. “And me?”

Rober smiled at her and slipped an arm around her waist.

Her heart pounded as he pulled her close to his strong body. “You’re our Soft, something to protect.”

She almost came. Her body grew hot as her juices dribbled past her clenched thighs.

“And cherish,” added Skein.

“Lavish with care.”

“And presents.”

Rober pulled a face. “And you know...” He leaned into Quinn, his breath washing against her throat.

She trembled in his touch.

“... other things.” His lips brushed against her ear.

Quinn moaned, her nipples growing hard and her pussy wet. She leaned into his lips, enjoying the heat of the electric caress.

“Come on, let’s find some place quiet.”

“Rober,” said Skein, “let’s go to the pub. Where it is public and dearest Quinn doesn’t have to worry about you taking advantage of her.” He turned to Quinn and held out his arm. “Dear?”

With a sheepish grin and a heat boiling inside her, Quinn slipped her arm into his and then snaked her other one around Rober’s waist. “Just for a little bit, though, okay?”

Skein came up on her other hand, his arm holding her tight. “Yes, my dear. We’ll take good care of you.”

The Drunken Squire

5

After less than a half hour at the Drunken Squire, nestled between Rober and Skein, Quinn was feeling pretty good. The half-finished glass of ice wine on the table was her second since they arrived but her young body wasn't used to the alcohol. It throbbed through her veins, a slick sensation that filled her completely from fingers to toes.

She smiled and leaned to the side, enjoying the heat that radiated from Skein's shoulder as she rested her cheek against him.

The solider chuckled and pushed his large glass of lager to his other hand. He leaned his head against her head so his cheek pressed against her forehead. "How are you doing, dearest?"

"Might need to stop. I still have to head home and I'm getting a bit...." She couldn't come up with the word.

Rober chuckled and slid his hand along her thigh, the thick fingers easily curling against her inner skin and pushing the fabric up. "Loose?"

"No... buzzed." She twisted slightly, spreading her legs further apart. The fingers sliding up her thigh, trailing the rough fingertips against her smooth skin felt good. At the junction, Rober's destination, she was already slick with heat and desire, a hunger that she felt whenever she breathed in the scent of the two men framing her.

Skein leaned into her further. "You don't mind Rober, do you?"

Rober froze.

Quinn smiled, her eyes blurring slightly but her senses still coherent. "No, I like what he is doing."

Rober slipped further up, curling more between her legs until his entire hand was between her legs.

She clenched her pussy for a moment, then let out a moan.

"You know," Skein said, "I think he likes your ass."

"What about it?" Quinn asked Rober.

Rober chuckled and twisted himself, leaning into her until the two men were pressing on both sides. "I love a round little ass so hard you could bounce a dagger sheath off it. And when I saw it stick out, begging to be grabbed, how could I resist not getting a better look?"

A burst of wind came rushing through the pub. It barreled underneath the table and up between Quinn's legs.

She jumped at the touch, then moaned loudly at the caresses that ran along her thighs and buttocks. It continued up through her skirt, puffing it out as tiny little swirls of power lapped at her breasts, nipples, and back.

"Oi!" snapped the bartender. "I said no magic!"

Quinn giggled. "Rober!"

Rober rolled his eyes but the wind died. His fingers continued to crawl up her thigh. "Is my hands okay?"

Quinn licked her lips and nodded. "Keep going, please?" she whispered, "I really like it."

"Well, as long as there is consent."

She giggled. "I'm old enough to avoid Consent's wrath."

Skein chuckled. "Even better, but with your tits, there is no question about that."

As Rober slid his hand further up to cup her pussy through her underwear, Quinn moaned and looked into Skein's eyes. "Do you like my tits?"

Skein twisted into her, bringing his lips down to hers. "I think they are as perfect as Rober's opinions of your ass." He lifted his other hand to press against Quinn's large mound, centering his palm against her erect nipple. Even with his grip, he couldn't get his fingers all the way around her breast.

Quinn gasped and bridged the gap between her lips and Skein's, kissing him lightly as Rober ran a finger along the length of her swollen sex, tracing the opening that indented the fabric of her

underwear. It was more than slick, the fabric stuck to her body and molded against every fold.

She moaned into the kiss, twisting her body as she rocked between the two men.

Skein's rubbing quickly grew distracting, but when he pulled his hand away, she let out a moan. He quickly replaced it, but this time by sliding his fingers under the fabric of her shirt and cupping her breast directly. The heat of his palm coupled with the intensity of having naked skin touching her brought a gasp.

"She liked that," Rober said as he worked his way past her underwear. His own fingers trailed up and down her slit, working past her swollen folds to find her clitoris. Every movement brought a slurping noise that drifted through her skirt and the table.

Skein smiled into the kiss. He caught Quinn's nipple between his fingers and rolled it around. His fingers, like Rober's, were rough and scratchy, but it felt good against her skin. Powerful, commanding, exactly what she wanted.

Each tug sent a moan vibrating through Quinn's throat. She twisted to try giving Rober and Skein more access to her body, but the table stopped her. Her hand fell against Skein's lap and then down between his legs. She stopped herself with a gasp and then realized that the hardness that planted against her forearm was Skein's manhood.

Skein broke the kiss slightly, speaking in the millimeter gap between their bodies. "It's okay to touch it, but only if you want."

Rober's fingers stopped any words from escaping her when he buried one of them deep into her pussy. The slick folds gave no friction or resistance as he slid to his knuckle.

Quinn whimpered, her vision blurring every more. She had been impaled for the first time. The intensity of a another digit inside her sex was too much for her. She clutched Skein tightly as a tiny orgasm rippled through her body.

"Oi!" snapped the bartender as he slammed his fist on the table.

All three of them yanked themselves into place like naughty children.

The sour-looking man leaned over the table. "If you gonna be fucking, do it somewhere else!"

Quinn gulped. "I-I should be going. It's late."

“Yeah,” growled the bartender, “you’re a pretty girl but put your tits back into your dress and go.”

Blushing, Quinn tugged her dress back over her naked breasts. Her nipples were aching hard and she found it hard to concentrate with moisture dribbling out of her. But she managed to pull her clothes back on while the two soldiers did the same with adjusting their pants.

Rober stood up, licked his fingers, and then held out his hand for her.

Cheeks burning, Quinn took the hand and let him pull her to her feet.

“Now get your horny asses out of here,” snapped the bartender. Sheepishly, they headed out.

Skein stopped her outside. “We should be heading back to the barracks. Do you need us to come with you? I’m sure I can pull rank to escort you.”

There was a hopeful tone. Interrupted, Quinn found that she could think better. She shook her head. “I better not. My mommy is going to be angry if I’m any later. And if I come home later than daddy, I won’t be leaving for a week.”

“You know...” started Rober.

Quinn looked at him expectantly.

“We are off-duty in two days. You’d be interested in continuing? Somewhere up there?” He gestured to the forests above the Clit.”

Quinn’s pussy clenched. “Y-Yes.”

Skein pulled her into a hug. “You protected?”

He was talking about the sterility runes that many women had. Quinn shook her head, her parents didn’t want her near men, much less letting her be in a position to worry about pregnancy.

“Then, tomorrow, Rober and I will get you tagged. Our treat. And the day after, why don’t we find a picnic somewhere private and... just see what happens?”

Between the Sheets

6

“How was your day?”

Quinn looked up from her dinner, a simple meal that she had been pushing around the plate for the last half hour. “W-What?”

“Your day?” Her mother said as she tugged on her blonde hair. Quinn’s eyes focused on the movement for a while, a feeling of dread growing inside her. Her mother only pulled on her hair when she was avoiding talking about the past or when she was annoyed.

Thinking fast, Quinn tried not to think about the two fresh runes between her moist thighs. Grinding her legs together, she gulped and glanced down at her plate. “It was okay.”

Jed snorted from the other side of the table.

Their mother glared at him. “You be quiet.” Turning back to Quinn, she smiled sweetly and the dread inside Quinn spiked. “I heard you’ve been hanging around town for the last two days. Someone saw you walking with some army soldiers yesterday.”

Quinn glanced at Jed, she knew who “someone” was.

Jed grinned evilly back.

It was hard to believe that was only two days since she met Rober and Skein. In only a few days, she had been fingered by both men more than once, drank more alcohol than she had ever had before, and had two runes painted on her skin. The tingle of magic still prickled her thigh, but the knowledge that it was for sex kept her clitoris throbbing and her pussy slick with need.

“Quinn!”

She jumped at her mother’s sharp tone. With a snap, she stared back.

“I asked if you were walking with some army soldiers?”

“Y-Yes, some wind... knocked over my basket and they helped pick everything up. After that, they were already walking in the same direction, so we just talked as we headed into town.”

Jed snorted again.

Quinn glared at him. They shared the same mother, Merci, but they had different fathers. Quinn never met hers, but there was little difference between Pieter's and Jed's build. They were both broad-shouldered with dark hair.

After they moved to the Cunt, Pieter had joined the guards and Jed worked on a local farm. The long hours in the sun had tanned his skin and filled out his muscles. He was almost the polar opposite to Quinn's pale skin, large breasts, and wide hips. And, if Rober was to be trusted, a rounded ass worthy of a goddess.

Merci made a quiet noise in the back of her throat. “And then why did it take you so long to get back? With soldiers walking with you, you had plenty of time to get to the city and back before lunch. But you were—”

“Minutes before dad showed up,” finished Jed.

Merci glared at her son. “You, shut the fuck up.”

Jed shrugged and returned to his meal.

“But,” her mother continued, “he is right. What were you doing all day?”

Quinn blanched as she tried to come up with an answer. “I-I... I was at the library.”

“Really?” came a low drawled out question.

Jed looked up with a smirk. He clenched his fork in his hand, the rough fingers squeezing tight with his amusement.

“Yeah, I saw the dragon statue outside and I was curious about it. You said I could stay in town, as long as I was safe. And there isn't any safer place than the library.”

Her mother looked unconvinced. “And today? You were gone for a long time. More studying?”

She couldn't tell her mother that she spent two hours with her legs spread as an old woman painted two magical runes on her inner thighs.

The first was the sterility one, a tiny mark with a powerful spell that ensured she wouldn't have a child. Her pussy clenched with the

anticipation of needing it; both Rober and Skein made it clear they were interested in testing it once they had some privacy.

Rober paid for the second rune, a surprise to both Skein and Quinn. It was a cleansing rune. She wasn't exactly sure what it did, but the old woman said that it kept her bum clean and safe. Judging from the smile on Rober's face, she was pressure sure he bought it to explore her ass that he constantly complimented.

Quinn smiled to herself. She liked how Rober loved walking next to her with his hand on her ass. He talked about it even as he was teasing her pussy, pushing her closer to an orgasm. They never reached the crest of her pleasure, but it was only a matter of time.

"Quinn!"

Quinn clamped her legs together. "Yes!?"

"Pay attention!"

Quinn blushed. "Sorry, mommy."

"Why were you late today? What were you studying?"

"The library."

"Not where, what. What topic?" Her mother's voice dropped the temperature of the room by a few degrees. She tapped her fork against the table.

Quinn struggled for a moment.

"Quinn. I don't want you—"

"Military rankings!" It was the first thing that burst out of Quinn's head.

A scowl furrowed along Merci's forehead. "I presume Franome Army?"

"Y-Yes."

"What are they? Starting with a talon."

"A talon? That's..." she wracked her mind for a moment. That was the name of the squad. "A talon is a group of eight men, including one leader who is known as a talan lord or sergeant." Her body warmed as she thought of Skein. She pictured him in his uniform and began to describe it. "They have a single silver bar on both shoulders with a hook at the end of it."

To her surprise, she was able to go for close to ten minutes before her mother stopped her.

"You made your point. But, tomorrow, I want you back earlier. And no hanging around those military guys."

Jed smirked. "Just the girls then?"

"You!" snapped Merci as she pointed upstairs. "Room."

Jed rolled his eyes but obeyed.

Quinn watched him tromp upstairs, concern rippling along her thoughts as she waited for her mother.

"Quinn."

"Yes, Mommy?"

"This is important. You need to stay away from men. All men."

"Why?"

Merci's shoulders tensed. She glanced at the door and then upstairs where Quinn' father was already sleeping from his early shift. "B-Because. There are things you don't understand, but I... we... we can't explain it. But, trust me, Honey, you need to stay away. Promise me, okay? Promise?"

Quinn thought about the two runes between her legs. There were two men willing to breach her innocence the next day. She felt the moisture gathering and ground her thighs together. With all her might, she looked into her mother's eyes and lied. "I promise."

Picnic



Quinn's heart pounded in her chest as she walked along the dirt trail leading up into the forests above the Clit. Her summer dress fluttered in the wind, but she wasn't sure how much of it was Rober's magic or the breeze that rolled off the bay kilometers away. After the last half kilometer, she didn't really care either since every caress of wind against her inner thighs and along her ass brought a tremor of anticipation that kept her hot and slick.

"I never get tired of this view," said Rober from behind her. He carried a basket of food in his hand with his other hand in his pocket. When she glanced back, she could tell that he had been hard for some time judging from the tiny wet spot on the front of his trousers.

"Oh?" she asked, knowing full well that he was looking at her ass. She never thought of it sexy, but Rober's attention was hard to deny there was something about her rounded buttocks.

"The most perfect cheeks," came the solemn reply. "There is nothing better."

Quinn grinned and straightened, arching her back slightly so her ass and breasts stuck out.

Ahead of her, Skein watched with a smile on his lips. He had a large bundle with him, the rest of the picnic supplies. His eyes trailed down her body, the gaze hot enough she could feel it dancing across her skin. It made her feel beautiful, the way he looked at her.

Rober came up next to her, his hand sliding up against her ass. Even with his large grip, her buttock was too large to fit in his palm. The rounded bum felt right in his grip, even when he tightened it and two fingers slid down the line of her ass.

She moaned and leaned into him.

“You like that?”

She could only respond to the touch that set her on fire. She knew that he was going to do more, a lot more, but there was nothing to prepare her. Instead, the anticipation throbbed in his clitoris and her stomach ached from the fluttering. Slowly, she nodded.

Skein tilted his head. “Come on, the perfect spot is just up here. You’re both going to love it.”

With Rober’s hand still on her ass, Quinn had to slip her arm around his waist for balance. Together, they walked up the last few meters to the top of the path and then looked down over the ridge.

It was a meadow filled with wild flowers, there were thousands of colors rippling across the rolling hills until they reached a thick line of trees in all directions. A stream cut through the middle of it, forming a small pond in the middle before cascading across rocks as it slowly wound its way back toward the city and the bay.

“Fuck, dude,” said Rober as he clutched Quinn tighter. “When did you find this place?”

Skein grinned widely. He turned and walked back to Quinn, coming up on her other side and slipping his arm around her waist. Their two limbs touched behind her back, but where Rober grabbed her ass, Skein’s hand slipped around Quinn’s ribs to cup her breast. “Stumbled on it when we were doing a search and rescue a month ago. I got this far before they called us back. I thought if I ever had a pretty girl, I’d take her up here.”

Quinn’s body burned between the two men. Rober’s fingers sliding against her ass crack was distracting, but to have Skein’s fingers stroking her aching nipple made it just as hard to concentrate on their words.

“I remember that. I got sewer duty that time.”

“You just told the fang lord to go fuck herself. You earned sewer duty that time.”

“Yeah,” Rober chuckled before he wormed his fingers into Quinn’s tight ass, wiggling toward the tiny opening.

Quinn whimpered and tensed. The touch against her sphincter was new, forbidden. It also sent tiny sparks of pleasure coursing

through her body. As she arched away from it, her nipple ground into Skein's palm.

Rober leaned into her, brushing his lips against her ear before he whispered. "Trust me, you'll like it." He tapped his finger against her asshole.

Shivering, Quinn worked her mouth for a second before she could get a whisper out. "Isn't that... dirty?"

"Why do you think I got the cleansing rune. I bet this—" His fingertip caught the tiny opening of her ass and pressed in, grinding the fabric of her underwear against the delicate skin. "—is the sweetest thing I'm going to taste today."

Quinn gasped. She didn't know if he was literal nor not, but the idea of having someone's tongue against her ass... she thought about how good it felt when his finger caressed it; to have something slick against the tight opening would be incomprehensible but also hot. And if the rune really did what it was suppose to be, then he really could lick her most private of places. The idea of it caused her body to respond, a wet heat that poured out of her and dribbled down her thighs. The smell of her excitement wafted around them. A trembling pulse coursed along her skin.

He drew his finger down, tracing the bump of her perineum and then twisting his wrist to press against her sex. "Don't worry. I'll be giving this enough attention too. It's a little web."

"I-I... I've never done... any of this." It was hard for Quinn to speak over the pounding in her ears.

Skein's fingers tightened on her breast. "You still want to? We can stop, if you want."

Quinn couldn't turn down the heat boiling inside her. "N-No. I want it."

"Well," Rober said, "then let's get fucking."

"Rober," snapped Skein.

She could only blush and pant as the two men walked her down and across the field, paving a path through the long stalks as they made their way to the pond near the center.

They set up in a daze, Quinn's head reeling as she tried to keep from ripping off her clothes. She wanted them, both of them, more than she could handle. She didn't know how it would work out, she

didn't know what it would feel like, only that she was about to find out. The anticipation fluttered in her belly and soaked her pussy.

Finally, the blanket had been spread out and the food set aside. Rober had stolen some of it, a hunk of cheese, and devoured it while they were making a comfortable spot. The edge of the blanket rested against the pond shore, it was only a few centimeters between laying on the blanket and falling into the water.

Quinn straightened, unsure of what to do.

Skein responded by coming up front of her, his muscular chest broad against her. "Ready?"

She nodded, her body trembling.

He was gentle, cupping her breasts with both hands and rolling her nipples against his fingers. The little touches were hot and stole her breath away. She stared down at him, watching the mounds shifting in his grip and seeing the touches an instant before the sensation coursed through her body.

Slowly, Skein pushed the dress off her shoulders and pulled down, exposing her breasts to the warm summer air. Her skin tingled with anticipation, her nipples were dark against her pale skin.

"By the Three Gods, you are beautiful," whispered Skein. His naked touch on her nipples felt good, intense and hot.

She reached out for something for balance but then Rober came up behind her and wrapped both of his hands around her waist. She smiled and leaned into him, enjoying the musk of his growing excitement and the hard ridge that pressed against her buttocks.

Skein kissed her, grinding her between himself and Rober. His lips were hot and hard, commanding. His hands never left her breasts, but his grip tightened as he held her tight with the sides of her tits overflowing his hands.

She moaned and clutched to him, enjoying the pressure of both men grinding her between them.

Skein was hard too, his cock tented the fabric of his jeans and pressed against her belly. She wanted to see it, to touch it, but it was hard to ask for anything at the moment.

Rober's hand tugged on the dress, pulling it down over her taut belly. Rough fingers slid against her belly button before delving

underneath the fabric. She gasped as he found her pubic mound and slid over it, curling two fingers into the soaked seam of her sex.

Skein twisted her nipple playfully just as Rober caught her clitoris between his fingers. Quinn let out a gasp, her body shuddering and a flood of more heat poured out of her. It wasn't an orgasm, but it was close. She swooned but the two men easily held her.

Rober chuckled. "You like that." It wasn't a question, but a fact as he rocked his fingers against her clitoris. Every touch against the soaked nub sent shocks of pleasure coursing through her. He was firm but steady, rolling her clitoris just as Skein tweaked her nipples.

Quinn opened her mouth to accept Skein's kisses, but she couldn't find any words to say. She rocked back and forth, the tiny movement bracketed by two hard cocks.

Breaking the kiss, Skein smiled and then caressed her chin. She lifted her head as he planted a line of kisses down her throat, collar, and then to her breasts. Every centimeter he approached her aching nipples, she whimpered louder, needing to feel his lips against them.

Skein lifted her breasts to his mouth and then took one of the nipples into his lips.

When he sucked for the first time, a liquid pressure, it sent a bolt of pleasure slammed into her belly. The heat increased as she arched her back as far as it would go, grasping tightly as Skein's shoulder and Rober's hip.

"Fuck, you're hot," breathed Rober. His cock had soaked through the fabric of his jeans and her skirt; she could feel the moist heat tickling her skin. "Think you can stand on your own? Because I want a taste too."

Quinn nodded, unsure if she could retain her balance.

Rober let out a guttural moan as he pulled his fingers from her sex and hooked on her dress. He kissed her, not a trail of delicate caresses, but a hard line as he knelt down and shoved her dress to the ground.

Stunned, Quinn shivered as he landed heavily on the blanket, his lips planting a final kiss against her tailbone.

She was naked. Naked in front of two men she had only met three days before. Naked knowing that she was about to have sex, real sex, for the first time. Wave of pleasure and anticipation fluttered in her body, gathering at her nipples and backside as the two men kissed it.

“You know what I love about this ass?” Rober grabbed each cheek with his hands and pulled them apart. The warm summer air and his hot breath caressed her sphincter and pussy. She shivered, trying to imagine what was going to happen.

“Shut up,” murmured Skein with his mouth full of tit.

“You have the rounded, most fuckable ass I have ever seen. It is made for fucking. Made for pounding.” He pulled her far apart, exposing her, before letting her go.

Her cheeks bounced together before settling into place.

He pulled them apart again, his thumbs caressing her sphincter.

Quinn whimpered at the touch, rocking her hips. She wanted him, needed him to do something more.

“I have never seen a woman made for sex like you. You are singularly the most fuckable woman. With your lips, ass. And,” he released her left cheek to draw his finger along her pussy.

Quinn trembled at the touch, whimpering for him to press inside her.

“Fuck, even your cunt is perfect. Like a statue of a wet dream.”

Skein said nothing as he mauled her breasts, squeezing and rolling them in his palms as he switched to her other nipple. The liquid touch brought more heat to her body, the world swam around her as she clutched his head for balance.

“But,” Rober whispered, “I’ve been thinking about one thing ever since I saw you.”

“What—?” The question halted in her throat as Rober pulled apart her cheeks and jammed his face between them. Quinn started to pull away, but Skein held her firmly in place as she felt Rober’s scrubby beard against her inner cheeks, the rough intruder to her most secret of places.

And then his tongue pressed against her sphincter. At first, it was only a slick pressure but then her body exploded into pleasure as he traced around her opening, touching her in a way that she didn’t think was possible. His tongue slathered around the wrinkled

opening, touching, caressing, and pushing against the clenched sphincter.

Quinn's throat froze as her entire world focused on his tongue.

Skein chuckled and held her tight.

Rober lapped harder, using the tip of his tongue to press against the opening before sliding it in a lazy spiral. His fingers held her cheeks apart, a firm grip of rough fingers that somehow contrasted with the wet pressure that burrowed against her hole.

"I-I-I...." A sound escaped her through, but there was no thought behind it. She tried to concentrate to speak, but it was impossible to move her attention away from the tongue that speared her anal ring. The pleasure that radiated from the opening burned to her clitoris and nipples, an intense flame of pleasure building up underneath her skin.

"That got your attention," whispered Skein. He twisted his grip, grinding his palms against her nipples as he pawed at the sides of her breast. He pressed up against her, his cock hard as it soaked through his jeans. It left a smear of pre-cum against her naked belly.

Rober shifted closer and tilted his head back to flick at the base of her vulva before delving back into her ass. The sensation of being impaled, though only a tiny amount, left her sinking into his grip, her feet slipping from the ground as Rober held her up with his own body.

Skein dug his fingers into her breast and pulled her tight against his body. Their lips caught and he kissed her, driving her down into the tongue that laved against her sphincter, impaling the slick opening repeatedly.

She moaned into the embrace, her fingers clutching air as she was trapped between the pleasures of two men. Every bolt of pleasure jerked her around, but she was trapped. Helplessly, wonderfully trapped. She forced her hands against Skein's chest, pawing at them like a kitten as she moaned into the kiss.

Rober's tongue was persistent, driving deeper into her body. It felt like a click finger that twisted unnaturally, worming its way past a tightness and deeper into her. The sensation of being impaled ignited a deeper pleasure inside her, a boiling cauldron that threatened to explode.

Quinn had orgasmed before, but it was quick flash of pleasure, not a volcano about to burst. It scared her, feeling the pleasure build. She tightened and relaxed her muscles, sinking around Rober's tongue with only the death-like grip on her tits holding her up.

Skein squeezed tighter, fingers digging into her delicate flesh, but the discomfort only increased the flames inside her.

She rocked into Rober, her hips moving without her thought. The wet noise of his lapping drifted through her dark curls and over her moans as she clung to Skein with desperation, terrified that the orgasm building inside her would kill her.

Rober squeezed his hands, fingernails digging into her ass, and then relaxed. He was kneading at her, holding her tight against his mouth as he attacked her sphincter, impaling it repeatedly with the tip of his tongue.

It was too much for Quinn. She reached back and grabbed Rober's hair, pulling him tight as the pleasure reached a crest. Her other hand clawed into Skein's chest, tearing fabric as she finally exploded.

White-hot flames exploded from her ass, ripping through her veins with unstoppable force. Every muscle in her body tightened painfully. She couldn't breathe, but it didn't matter, her entire world had turned inside out as she felt the orgasm burning its way through her body.

She screamed into Skein's mouth, her voice guttural and high-pitched at the same time. Liquid poured out of her pussy, soaking her thighs and Rober's face as she drove her hips back, trying to eek out every gram of pleasure from his mouth.

The pleasure reached a second crest and she almost blacked out. But then, she was on the picnic blanket, her limbs shuddering as the two men crouched over her. She panted as she looked up at them, a grin on her face and the aftershocks still wracking her body.

"Fuck, she's sexy," said Rober. His face was soaked, dripping with her juices.

Skein could only nod.

Slowly, the pleasure ebbed out of her, leaving her limp against the scratchy blanket.

"You okay?" asked Skein.

“I-I,” Quinn gasped for the words, “More.”

Rober laughed. “Yeah, she’s good.” He wiped his hand across his face, sopping up the juices, and then licked his lips. “Very good.”

Skein sat down heavily next to her, blood oozing from his chest from where she scratched him. His cock was rigid inside his jeans, the tip of his length soaking through the fabric. With a deep breath, he asked, “How about we cool down a little?”

Quinn didn’t want to wait. She reached out for him, her shaking hand brushing against his crotch. Even through the fabric, she could feel the heat seeping. When she picked up her hand, she saw a translucent strand of pre-cum connecting their bodies.

She clenched her thighs together. The squelch of her soaked pussy brought a grin to her lips and a faint tremor from the remembered orgasm. “I-I never... had... it’s never been so hard before.”

“Well,” Rober said as he thumped into a sitting position, “that’s because you are an absolutely fuckable woman who finally found the men of her dreams.”

Quinn never left her eyes from the moisture gathered on Skein’s tip. She lowered the tip and rolled through the slickness that had gathered in the fabric. “I...” She smiled. “You think I’m fuckable.”

Rober reached up and rested his hand at the small of her back. “If you didn’t just come in probably the most spectacular way, I’d be trying to get my cock into that tight little ass of yours.”

Her sphincter tightened with her thoughts. “D-Do people really do that?”

Rober chuckled, one finger sliding down her crack. “Fuck pretty women’s asshole? Oh... yes. It feels very good. Tight and hot.”

Quinn rolled her finger across Skein’s ridge, trailing through the moisture as it jumped with his pulse.

Skein’s breath was deep and slow. She glanced up to see him staring down at her, his eyes focused on her finger. He pressed his lips and then relaxed, parting slightly.

She wasn’t sure how on which man to focus on. She smiled and decided to speak to both of them. “I haven’t had a... cock inside me before. In any... anywhere.”

Skein’s shaft jumped underneath her palm.

"I think... I'd like to have it in the proper place before—" She finally broke her gaze on Skein's cock and looked over her shoulder to Rober with a smile, "—I'm willing to try that. Is that okay?"

Rober pulled back, a surprised look. "Really? I don't have to beg?"

Skein chuckled, his voice low and throaty. "Given how much she just came from you rimming her? I'm surprised she isn't crouched down with her ass in the air begging for you to shove that dick into her?"

She nodded sheepishly as her pussy drenched at the images that welled up in her mind. "I-I'm willing to try. It felt really good."

"Well, then," Rober said with a grin, "I think it's about time for Skein to introduce you to a cock. And then I can show you a real one," he said as he stroked the bulge at his real cock.

Quinn slowly turned back to Skein, enjoying how his cock jumped violently against her hand and the pre-cum soaked through the fabric. "I'd... like that too."

Skein grunted as he stood up sharply. He fumbled with his jeans, tugging on the belt before ripping it open and shoving them down. Quinn stared at him, her eyes focused on his cock, the first one she had seen that was hard for her.

He was long than she expected, about two widths of her palm with a broad head and narrow glans. His shaft was thick also, far wider than the brush handle she used to broke her hymen years ago. It hung low, jumping with his pulse, and slightly to the right.

At the sight of it, she let out a soft moan. She had never had a cock like that before, but she knew where it belonged. She ground her thighs together again, enjoying the super-heated slickness that oozed out of her aching, hairless pussy.

Skein stroked his shaft before pulling his hand away. Thick strands of pre-cum coated his hand. "You... okay?"

Quinn took a deep breath and nodded. She adjusted her body until she could lay back. One hand rested on Rober's thigh as she leaned back.

Rober stroked his hands across her shoulder, helping her down. His strong hands were hot against her skin, but when she settled on the blanket, he kept his palms under her shoulder.

Panting, she smiled at him and then looked down her body, past her large breasts and hard nipples, and then along the mound of her

sex. It was glistening with her juices, the hairless skin almost glowing in the sunlight. The smell of their lusts hung heavy in the air around them, mixing in with the wildflowers.

Between her legs, standing with his cock erect, Skein stared with an open mouth. "You are... you are..."

"So fucking beautiful, right?"

"I have never seen..." Skein sank to the ground. His cock jumped with his movement. With a trembling hand, he reached out and pressed her palms against her knees.

Quinn's breasts jumped as she watched his hand. There was only one gate left between him and her unfucked pussy. She couldn't resist him, but he held her. Gulping at her dry throat, she spoke in a whisper. "I won't stop you."

Skein tightened his grip, the rough fingers scraping against her skin.

"Please? I want you."

He levered her legs apart, slowly prying them open as his eyes dropped down.

She followed his gaze, her eyes focusing on his cock that jumped into full hardness with a splash of pre-cum drooling out of the tip. His balls were barely visible underneath his thick shaft, the hairy testicles the size of eggs as they swung with his movements.

Rober leaned over, peering at her body. "Did you shave for us?"

Quinn panted. The touch of heat and the gaze of her lovers against her bare sex was almost as intense as Rober's lapping. "N-No. I... I never grew anything down there."

Rober reached over her body, the ridge of his trapped cock pressing against her thigh. He ran a finger over her smooth mound, trailing it before sliding down against her slit.

Quinn moaned and parted her legs further, giving both men access to her virginal slit.

"So smooth," Rober said.

She lifted her hips and rocked them, sliding her body against Rober's questing fingers.

"Hey, Rober?" growled Skein.

"Yeah?"

"Get out of the fucking way."

Quinn grinned as Rober snatched his hand back.

“Well, excuse me, Lord Skein. Please, teach this sexy woman the real purpose of her body.”

She glanced at him.

Rober winked at her. “To be fucked twelve ways until sundown.”

Her body tensed at the words. She squeezed her nether muscles and her pussy drooled with excitement. Turning back to Skein, she nodded.

Skein inched toward her, walking on his knees as he slipped between her legs. As he did, he pushed her knees up and toward her head.

It was no position that Quinn had heard or seen, but it somehow felt natural as her pussy lifted from the blanket, rising up until her mons bumped against the slick ridge of Skein’s cock.

His tip was hot, hotter than anything else. The head had swelled in the last few seconds until it was dark and smooth, the tiny wrinkles disappeared underneath the crown. A droplet of pre-cum oozed along the tip, quivering with his pulse.

Skein grabbed his cock at the base and angled it down, delving through her swollen labia. There was no friction, only the smooth intrusion of a man about to impale her.

Quinn tightened her nether muscles with anticipation. It took effort to relax them, to accept Skein. She only had a vague idea of what it would feel like, but the sensation of his cock sliding up and down her slit was more intense and pleasurable than anything she managed on her own. She didn’t know what he would do and the unknowing added a thrill.

Above her, Rober breathed heavily as he stroked his hands along her shoulders and arms. “Fuck, that’s hot.”

Skein could only grunt. He stroked his cock along her slit. It thumped against her clitoris, sending a bolt of pleasure shooting through her nerves, before pulling it away. Thick strands of liquid connected their tips; the smell of excitement was strong, but it was more than Quinn’s sweetness, there was a musky richness that could only come from the men.

He pressed it down, the shaft somehow even larger than before. It looked huge against her tiny opening, but the head easily parted the puffy outer folds of her sex and nestled against her opening.

Trembling and sweating, Skein looked up. “Have you ever had a man?”

Quinn gulped and shook her head. She was exposed to her first, millimeters from being impaled. It was the moment of no return and the only thing she could do was fight the desire to pull him closer.

“Are you sure?”

“Fuck her, Skein,” whispered Rober. His grip on her shoulders grew tighter. He was bracing her for losing her virginity.

She nodded. “Please... keep going.”

Skein’s cock somehow swelled even more. It thumped against her, a heavy swollen length poised to impale her. Even with it prying open her lips, with her legs splayed apart by her lover, she wanted to feel it filling her. She needed it.

He leaned forward, just slightly, and the pressure build against her opening. The thick head caught against her inner lips and eased into it, lubricated by her copious juices and his own excitement.

It was nothing like her fingers. It was too larger, too thick, but every stretch and strain as she tried to take him only built up a pleasure inside her. He inched into her, millimeter by millimeter. The smooth head of his cock burrowed deeper with inescapable force.

Quinn moaned and arched her back, her breath coming out rattling as her entire world focused on the cock impaling her.

Rober’s hand tightened on her shoulder and he leaned into her. His cock, still encased in his trousers, ground against her ear. She could feel the dampness through the fabric, but even it wasn’t enough to tear her thoughts away from the thickness impaling her.

“Fuck,” moaned Rober.

Skein only grunted as he continued to lean into her, his entire body tense as he stared down at the junction of their bodies.

Quinn watched herself, seeing how her lips grew pale as they took on the intruder. It felt like a pole had been shoved into her, but to see her abdomen swell up from the intrusion was almost too much. She felt it inside her, it was huge and swollen and so very hot.

With a whimper, she spread her legs more, not that it would matter.

Skein released his cock and sank his hips into her. His cock forced deeper into her liquid core, encountering only token resistance and pressure.

Quinn's pussy clamped down on his shaft, but he grunted and slid deeper. The unfamiliar sensations of something so large and hot almost overwhelming.

Skein grabbed her ankles and then pulled back.

She whimpered. "No, no, I can take it."

"I know," he said with a low, growling voice. He only pulled out a few centimeters and then returned his weight on her. His cock slid back into her, scraping along nerves and sending electric surges coursing through her body.

She threw back her head into Rober's crotch with a moan on her lips.

Skein pulled back and thrust in, working his way deeper. His cock, so large, plowed into her. Every thrust squelched but it didn't matter, all that matter was the heat that burrowed deeper and deeper into her, every thrust driving it into untouched depths.

Before she knew it, his hips were slapping against her buttocks and his thick cock had completely impaled her. Her body was no resistance even when he was balls deep inside her. His heated length easily filled her and every movement slid along her sensitive nerves.

"Fuck," Rober said as he leaned into her, "she took all of you. I don't think I've ever seen anyone do that."

Quinn moaned loudly.

Rober pulled back. "Sorry, I have to do this."

She leaned into Skein's thrusts, her eyes not really seeing anything as Skein accelerated his thrusting. The steady thump of his body shook her from cunt to throat. It felt like he was filling her completely, the wet squelch of his thrusting filling her ears and resonating through her body.

The sensation of being filled completely, stretched obscenely open, was more than she could imagine. She felt complete, as if it was her purpose.

Rober knelt down next to her. His cock, now bare, bounced against her cheek and left a wet smear.

With Skein still driving into her, pounding against her body, she stared at his length. She wasn't sure what to do.

Rober moaned as he held it against her. “Please, with your mouth.”

Quinn’s eyes widened. She opened her mouth with surprise.

Before she could ask him how, Rober let out a moan and aimed his cock for her mouth. A heartbeat later, the slick member was against her tongue. It was slick and salty. Reflexively, she closed her mouth on it, holding it inside with her lips.

Skein’s thrusting moved her along Rober’s shaft. It pumped into her mouth just as Skein was driving into her.

Rober’s eyes unfocused as he let out a guttural moan. “Fuck, thank you.”

She tried to smile, but with the unfamiliar shaft in her lips, she couldn’t figure out how to do it. It was hard to concentrate with a hard cock pounding into her pussy and something in her mouth.

Rober was longer than Skein, but thinner. He had an arrow-shaped head that tapped against the back of her throat. It was uncomfortable at first, but then the slick splashing as it hammered against her started to feel good. She expected to gag on it, but there was no resistance or struggle as it drove deeper with every thrust.

Skein groaned and pounded harder. His cock slammed into her, driving the entire length into her pussy until his balls slapped against her ass. When he yanked it out, the swollen head burst out of her pussy before hammering back inside.

Her entire world became the two cocks impaling her. She twisted and writhed as an orgasm built up inside her, filling her with a rush of ecstasy that threatened to tear her apart when it finally resisted.

Skein’s thrusting grew more violent. He impaled her on his cock and drove her deep before yanking her off. As he pulled out, Rober’s cock slipped from her mouth with a splatter of pre-cum against her face.

“Damn,” grunted Rober. He tried to impale her mouth again and Quinn kept it open, but Skein’s thrusts were too hard and fast. Quinn could either focus enough to aim her mouth or the pleasure hammering into her. She chose to concentrate on the large cock dominating her cunt.

Her orgasm exploded hard and fast. White-hot power slammed over her as something wet splattered against Skein’s belly. Her

limbs shook violently as she lost control of everything and became just a quivering knot of pleasure writhing on Skein's cock.

When it ended, she slumped against the ground. There was no tension left in her body. She panted for breath. Her body still shook and she looked up to see Skein's red face bobbing on front of her as he drove deep and hard. Each thrust sent another tiny orgasm ripping through her body, but she didn't have the strength to do anything but accept his length.

Cum splattered against her face. Thick ropes of it blasted across her nose, chest, and tits. She looked up as one strand caught her eyebrow. Rober pumped his shaft as he aimed it against her, painting her with more cum before hitting the ground next to her.

It only took a few more seconds before Skein came. One moment, his swollen shaft was pounding into her pussy, the next he drove it deep inside her and let go. Hot blasts of liquid splashed inside her, flooding her pussy with more juices until it squirted past her tightly stretched labia.

For the longest moment, all three of them froze.

"Fuck," gasped Skein finally. He dropped against Quinn, pinning her to the ground. Their sweat-slicked bodies settled into place, a pulse of heat filling the air around her as her pussy molding to the pulsating length of his cock still buried inside her.

Rober fell to the blanket, his cock smacking against her face and leaving a thick smear of cum before he settled down. "I agree, fuck."

Quinn vibrated with her need. She was already for more, but the two men were obviously spent. She clamped her inner muscles around the thick shaft and leaned back, her dark hair catching on Rober's cock and smiled.

Skein lifted his head, his muscular body tense against hers. "What about you, dearest Quinn?"

She opened her eyes. "When can we go again?"

A Quick Dip

8

Hours later, the sun baked down on their sweat-slicked bodies. They had slithered into different positions as they snacked from the picnic basket. Quinn's head still rested in the niche of Rober's legs with his half-hard cock pressed against her ear. Skein had slipped off her to avoid crushing her, but he seemed content to keep his own chin cradled by her thighs. Every time he moved, his short hairs of his scruff tickled her sensitive pussy and his breath watched over her skin every few seconds.

They were all covered in sex and sweat. It filled the air around them and Quinn kept closing her eyes to enjoy the heady mixture that blended with the wildflowers that surrounded them. She held a bottle of lager in one hand and a half-eaten strawberry in the other. The taste of the juicy fruit danced on her tongue, mixing in with the half-remembered taste of Rober's cock.

Rober chuckled and stared at the few clouds in the brilliantly blue sky. "Well, this isn't what I had in mind."

"Really?" asked Skein, the movement of his talking sent little waves of pleasure through Quinn's pussy. "Because you spent last night talking about how you couldn't wait to ride her ass."

Quinn smiled, it was fun to hear the two talk to each other.

"Yes, but was I balls deep in her ass? Have I seen her sexy ring stretched around my cock?"

She clenched her muscles, trying to imagine something longer and thicker than Rober's tongue against her sphincter.

"No, I wasn't. So, not where I wanted."

"You already know a virgin can't take it up the ass. It takes time, finesse, patience—"

“A really good tongue,” said Rober.

Quinn giggled. She could still remember how good it felt with Rober’s face buried in her buttocks. She squirmed slightly and let out a long breath.

“Well,” Skein said with a sniff, “someone sure liked it.”

“Oh?” Rober said lifting his head.

“I can smell her cunt already.”

Quinn blushed and then nodded at Rober’s silent question. “It... felt good.”

“How good?” Rober spoke quicker, his cock growing against the side of her head. “Really good? Sexy?”

“Good enough to try it?” Skein said. “Rober really want that ass. It was made for his cock.”

Rober’s hardness plucked at her hair.

Quinn thought about the shaking orgasm and the way she splattered against Skein’s cock. The hum still shook inside her, the two men weren’t able to keep going, though Skein had kept her primed with the occasional finger into her sloppy cunt.

She glanced at Rober. The older man’s eyes were wide and his lips parted. He nodded, as if to encourage to her to answer.

“Dearest Quinn,” Skein started, “remember. Anal fucking hurts. It takes a while to get used to it.”

She shivered at the thought of being impaled from both ends. It warmed her up, more than the sun against her pale skin. “But it would feel good sooner or later, right?”

Skein shrugged, but Rober nodded vigorously.

“Then... let’s try it.”

Both men froze. Rober spoke first. “W-What?”

Quinn pushed herself up. Dried cum caked off her breasts and slithered down in the sweat that had gathered on her pale breasts and pink nipples. There were a few splatters of strawberry juices that marked her face, throat, and chest. She glanced at the pond next to them and nodded toward it. “Maybe in the water? Would that help?”

Rober was already standing, his cock hard and erect as he held out his hand.

Skein chuckled and sat up himself. “Like a boy in the candy shop.”

“Hey, you find a girl who wants to take up the ass on the first date.”

“I did, remember?”

“Okay, Skein, she was going to cheat on you eventually. Besides, it really wasn’t cheating when we shared her.”

Quinn got up to her feet. She felt hot and excited, her juices were already dribbling down her thighs. “Like you did with me? In... in my mouth?”

Skein joined them. “No, we held her up with me in her pussy and Rober fucking her ass. She came so hard, she screamed and the city guard came to check on us.”

“Yeah,” Rober chuckled, “really hard to explain things when you had the guard captain’s daughter impaled on your cock, screaming her head off and trying to summon every god she could think of.”

Quinn shivered at the thought. “That sounds... fun.”

Skein raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

She nodded as she held out her hand and stepped over to the pond. Skein took it and helped her down as she sank into the cool waters. It was a relief against the heated sun; she could tell that she had burned her skin as they sprawled out after the last round of sex. The cool water against her heated pussy felt like it should have steamed, but she bobbed back and swam across the short distance with her nipples sticking out of the rippling waters.

“Fuck, that’s sexy,” said Rober before he jumped in.

Skein joined them and the three swam for a few minutes, sluicing off the dried cum and sex from their bodies.

Eventually, Rober came up behind her and slipped his muscular arms around her arm. His wet lip caressed her ear as his hard cock slid against her thigh. “Are you sure? I’ll be gentle.”

Skein, hair plastered against his face, bobbed a few feet away. “And if that ass of hers is too tight?”

“Then I clean it off—” Rober cupped her breasts and squeezed her nipples. “—and finish up in the prettiest bare pussy I have ever seen.”

Quinn moaned and leaned into him, enjoying the comfort of his arms and the warmth that bubbled inside her. It didn’t matter how cool the water was, she was already hot for him.

“Ready, sexy?”

Quinn nodded.

“Up on the shore? Right over there.”

She let him guide her to the shore of the pond. There was a spot where she could brace her elbows on the grass along a outcropping but the rest of her body remained in the water. She settled into place, happy to find that the firm ground underneath it hadn't been eroded by the water. Already knowing what he wanted, she spread her legs and braced herself.

“By the Twelve Gods, you have the most perfect of asses.”

“She doesn't want to hear about it.”

“Yes, she does.” Rober ran his hands along the firm curves, tracing along her hips, down to her thighs and then up against her inner skin before pulling apart her cheeks. The cool air swirled against her sphincter and she cooed at the sensation. When he released them, they bounced back into place despite the water.

“I'm going to be gentle, okay?”

She moaned and closed her eyes, pressing her face against the hot grass and lifting her ass up to where she expected his cock to be ready. Their bodies touched, his length boiling hot despite the cold.

“Eager,” he said with a broken voice. He spread her cheeks again, this time holding her open as he twisted his hip. It only took a second for his narrow cock to press against her sphincter, the searing tip poised to enter her last virginal hole.

Rober trembled with need, but he appeared to be holding himself back. “Now, you need to tell me if it hurts. I'll pull out, okay?”

Skein chuckled from behind them. “Rober acts just like me, all gentle and caring. At least until he's in you.”

Rober grunted. “Skein? Shut up.”

Skein laughed before swimming up to the shore. He crawled out. Quinn opened her eyes to see him move past her on his hands and knees. His hard cock, the one that brought her so much pleasure, stood straight down as he did. She smiled to herself and licked her lips. She wanted both of them again.

Behind her, Rober panted as he pressed his cock against her sphincter. It was a light touch at first, a little pressure and then water rushing back in. He returned with a little more force.

It felt good and she moaned to encourage him.

He returned, rocking his hips as his narrow-headed cock easily caught her anal opening and pressed against it. It was slow, only a beat every few seconds, but soon she could feel the tight ring being pushed in by the force of his thrusts.

Quinn moaned and wiggled her ass. “Harder,” she whispered.

“I don’t want—”

“Harder,” she said again, pushing back on his cock.

Rober grunted and increased the pressure, tapping against her ass. The slickness of his cock head started to penetrate her, sliding into the tight opening where his tongue had formerly gone. The pressure felt good, every movement seemed to caress her insides and she could only feel pleasure as he obeyed.

She grunted and pushed back, spreading her legs as far apart as possible. Her entire body shifted back and forth, splashing the water around her breasts as she leaned into the shore.

Rober grunted with his effort. His narrow cock slid into her past the head, the swollen tip popping inside her sphincter with every thrust. When he pulled out, there was a cool rush of water before his cock slid back in.

He was gentle but Quinn wanted more, she could handle it. She clutched the shore and spoke up between the thrusts. “Harder. Please.”

“I—”

“Harder,” she repeated with a pant.

He gripped her hips tightly, his wrists on the curve of her ass. With a grunt, he pulled back and then drove in hard. Five centimeters of cock impaled her in a single stroke.

Quinn’s pussy tightened with a tiny orgasm. She moaned and bit the ground. “Fuck!”

“Did I—”

“Harder!” She needed more, desperately needed it. Her entire world had focused on the cock inside her, but it was just as good as when Skein impaled her pussy. “Fuck me. Fuck me!”

“You heard the girl, Rober.” She looked up to see Skein sprawled out on the grass in front of her, stroking his cock as he watched. He was beautiful, muscular and powerful.

Quinn licked her lips and stared at his cock. As she parted them slightly, she shoved back on Rober’s cock.

Rober dug his hands into her narrow waist and held her tight. He yanked back and jammed his cock hard into her. There was no pain, no tight resistance, only the long rush of pleasure as he buried almost his entire length into her tight passage. He grunted and pulled out, thrusting deep with hard strokes.

“Fuck,” he gasped, “she’s taking it.”

“You aren’t giving her enough,” grunted Skein as he pumped his cock faster.

“I’ll. Give. Her. Some!” With every word, Rober rammed his cock into her ass, impaling her completely. The ridges of his length teased her insides, scraping against her delicate nerves and sending more pleasure coursing through her veins. She moaned and cried out for more, begging actually.

Rober continued to drive into her, his words falling underneath grunts as he hammered her ass with rapid strokes. The sound of his hips slapping against her buttocks was nothing compared to the churning of the water or her own guttural moans that ripped from her throat.

There was no pain. She thought there would be, but he couldn’t even reach her limits. Just a hot hardness sliding in and out, fucking her until an orgasm started to build.

Skein pumped harder and faster, matching Rober’s strokes.

Quinn lifted her gaze and looked at his face until he looked back. Then she shook her head and pointedly opened her mouth.

Skein froze. “R-Really?”

She nodded, unable to trust her voice. Moans slipped from her throat as she beckoned for him. She wanted to taste him, to have that beautiful cock inside her mouth. Before, she wasn’t able to handle it, but on her hands and knees, she thought she could keep it buried where it belonged, in the back of her throat.

Skein crawled forward, his cock drooling with pre-cum.

Quinn waited, her entire body shaking violently as Rober hammered her ass. She loved every stroke. She loved how the water rushed around them and how Rober’s balls smacked against her clitoris with every stroke. It was hard and powerful, dominating. She clenched her sphincter and then almost came as the friction increased.

Skein nestled in front of her, one leg on each side of her head.

“Lucky. Bastard.” grunted Rober.

Quinn didn’t give Skein a chance to respond. She took the swollen tip in her mouth and drove down, using Rober’s thrusts to guide the cock deep into her mouth. Skein was thick and her lips stretched around it, but it felt right as it thumped against the back of her throat.

“Fuck!” bellowed Skein. He grabbed the grass around his thighs, ripping up the ground as he shuddered.

Rober’s cock swelled inside her.

Quinn moaned and bobbed down. The swollen head hit the back of her throat, but there was still half of it outside of her mouth. She didn’t experience any gagging or discomfort. Like when Skein had her impaled, it felt like she could easily take him. This time, she lifted her head between Rober’s strokes, drawing her lips along the thick ridges and veins.

When Rober slammed into her, she bobbed down. The cock slammed against the back of her throat, but she could take more. She shoved down and felt it start to push into her throat.

She bobbed up, impaling herself on the cock buried in her ass, and then shoved down again. The cock head lodged itself into her throat until she pulled it out with a pop.

“C-Careful!” Skein said.

She lifted her head and impaled it again, matching the force of the man behind her. The sensation of being filled from both ends brought another orgasm but she needed more. She bobbed harder, forcing the cock head deeper as she aimed to take his entire length into her mouth.

Skein moaned, his eyes rolling in his head. He thrust with his hips, but it was nothing compared Quinn’s swallowing his length.

Rober grunted and drove harder. There was only a token resistance left inside her. She took his length easily, with no limits of how far she could handle. There was no inner gate, no inner wall that stopped him. His cock buried to the balls. With every impact, flashes of pleasure filled her.

But it wasn’t enough.

Quinn grunted and thrust her face down against Skein’s cock. The cock head lodged itself in her throat, but she didn’t lift. Instead, she ground down, pushing past the slight discomfort until it suddenly

popped inside her throat. Her mouth slid down his length, the ridges of his swollen cock tickling her lips and lapping against her tongue as she inched her way to his base, burying her nose into the thick patch of dark hair at his base.

“F-Fuck!” growled Skein and Rober, she wasn’t sure anymore.

She lifted her head only a centimeter and drove down again, smashing her face against his abdomen as she tried to take more into her mouth. His balls tickled her bottom lip, but it wasn’t enough. She needed more, she craved it.

His cock swelled in her mouth just as Rober’s cock grew in her ass. Both men began to grunt. When Rober’s thrusts grew erratic, Quinn bobbed faster and harder on Skein’s, repeatedly swallowing his length without giving herself a chance to breathe.

Her orgasm caught up with her in a white-hot flame that rolled through her body. She dug her hands into Skein’s hips and screamed out but no noise came from her stuffed throat. Instead, she ground her face into Skein’s balls and swallowed as hard as she could, trying to make the man orgasm before she had to pull up.

It wasn’t until black spots began to swim across her vision that she relented and pulled his swollen shaft from her throat. A splatter of cum painted against her throat as she let it go, thick streamers of saliva connecting their bodies. She gasped, drinking in the scent of cum and sweat and man.

Rober was holding to her hips, grinding his hips against her ass as he came inside her. She could feel the heated jets surging inside her, filling her with his seed.

She smiled and opened her mouth.

Skein held out. “No! No, more. I...” His voice was cracked. “I came so hard already. I-I can’t take more.”

Quinn licked her lips and tasted cum on her tongue. She smiled and licked again, cleaning it off her. She clenched her sphincter around Rober’s cock and let out a long moan. “I like that.”

“You, dearest Quinn, are the most amazing woman I have ever met.”

“Me, too,” Rober said as he slumped against her back. His cock slipped out of her ass and a flood of cum bloomed in the water.

She knew that some of her own juices had mixed in with it and she grinned. The feeling of her liquid orgasm, the spray of juices, felt natural to her know. Like it was her purpose in life.

She looked up at the exhausted man and then down to his limp cock. She wanted more. She wanted it hard and ready to impale her once again. Her orgasm was only the first and she knew there were far more inside her.

But, not today. She rested her chin against his length and moaned softly. "I like that."

Rober slipped off her and bobbed in the water. He came up next to her with wide eyes. "Who are you?"

"I'm—"

"No, I mean I've never had anyone, virgin or not, take it up the ass like that. It was... it was... beautiful." He smiled and slipped his arm around her and pulled her into a kiss.

She moaned and kissed him back, sliding against her skin. "I want more," she whispered.

Rober pulled back. "I... can't." He glanced down at his shaft. "I need a few minutes... maybe an hour?"

Quinn's shoulders slumped. "I have to go back."

"Tomorrow?" Skein asked.

Quinn nodded. "Yes... tomorrow. Maybe, you can both?"

Rober chuckled. "You mean like before? Because I'd love to come in that pretty mouth of yours."

"Yes," she said, "but also in my pussy and my ass. I want to try that."

"You're still horny?" Skein said with surprise.

Quinn couldn't explain it. She needed more. It wasn't enough, though it was pleasurable. A craving had woken up inside her and a small part of her wondered if both men were capable of fulfilling it. She responded with a simple nod.

Rober sighed and then chuckled. "Next time, I'm going to get one of those potions that lets you go all night. Sooner or later, we'll fuck her into unconsciousness."

Quinn couldn't wait.

t'Sade

Library Research



Quinn walked through the streets with her arm around the waists of both lovers. She smiled as she enjoyed the ebb and flow of their movement, the way their movements were in harmony. She felt like she was still being fucked from both ends, bobbing between the two men.

Even though they had cleaned up in the pond, more moisture had gathered between her legs from the afterglow of sex. She wanted more, craved it actually, though she couldn't say the words. It felt like a gate had been opened inside her, one that couldn't be sated by one, or even two, cocks.

It didn't matter though. Her two lovers had given her a gift that would keep giving: strong and powerful orgasms. She almost purred at the thought of the increased pleasure ripping through her, the overwhelming rush of ecstasy.

"You're thinking about sex, dearest Quinn?"

Quinn looked at Skein. "How did you know?"

"Your hips start to move," said Rober from the other side.

"And you moan under your breath."

They stopped moving.

"And I bet you got all wet again," Rober grinned.

Skein grinned and pulled her into a hug. "And I'm guessing you're thinking about my lovely cock in your pussy, pounding in and out?"

Quinn moaned, clenching her inner muscles in anticipation. A dribble of excitement ran down her thigh, soaking her fabric.

When Rober came up behind her, hard cock nestling against the cleft of her ass, she inhaled sharply and the smile on her face grew. She was trapped between the two men.

Rober reached around her, thumping Skein with the basket, but then holding her tight against his hardness.

Skein sidled closer to do the same, pressing his ridge against her belly. Their clothes felt like they weren't even there. She wish they weren't.

"I bet," Rober whispered into her ear, "you were thinking about me fucking that beautiful ass of yours at the same time."

Quinn moaned louder. "I am now," she whispered.

"Good," Skein murmured as he pulled her into a kiss. "Because that is what we're going to do."

Rober ground her against Skein, his cock hot against her ass. "Maybe tomorrow? No, we have night duty. Three days? I bet we can get it off."

Quinn thought about it. If she continued to lie to her mother about going to the library, she could probably steal another day of passion. With two cocks pressed against her, she couldn't think of anything else. She just needed to find a lie to hide the day to maintain the fiction of being a dutiful daughter. She nodded slowly, half distracted by the two men pressed to your body.

Skein sighed and kissed her. "We should go. Thank you."

Quinn smiled.

Rober nuzzled her neck before nipping her ear. "You really were made for fucking, you know that?"

The smile turned into a blush.

He ground his cock against her ass. "I have never met another sexy woman like you before. And I would be honored, truly honored, if you let me plow your ass another day."

With a giggle, Quinn rocked her buttocks against him. "I-I'd like that."

Both men pulled away, gave her a long look and a smile, and then headed toward the barracks.

Quinn watched them leave before turning toward the library. She had to do some quick reading to come up with something for her mother. Trying not to think about two shafts buried inside her, she headed toward the door.

She just came under the head of the dragon statue when she caught sight of a familiar man leaning against the hindquarters. It was Pieter, her father.

With a blush, she pulled back.

Pieter was a broad-shouldered man with gray in his temples and hard muscles. He wasn't wearing his uniform, of the city guard, but there was no question that he was a man who earned his living through a blade: he has scars on his shoulders and hands, a cut on his cheek, and he kept his hair cut short.

He wasn't always a fighter. Quinn remembered when he was nothing but a farmer. Then they moved, back when she was five. The jobs got tighter for a while, in a period that Merci and Pieter didn't talk about, but then he started taking labor jobs. Eventually, he stumbled on a high-paying caravan job that let all four of them, including her brother, travel across the country. But it ended after a few years and they settled down.

Pieter glanced at her and gave her a wide smile, but it always felt empty to her. "Quinny."

Putting on a smile, Quinn rushed over to him. "Daddy!"

She nestled into his strong hug.

"Had a long day of studying? Anything new?"

She stiffened, peeing over the hard muscular arm to the front door of the library. She wasn't sure, but she thought her father's voice sounded wary, as if he knew she was about to lie. She hesitated for a moment, worried about saying the wrong thing.

His arm stiffened as he buried his face in her dark curls. "Who were the two guys walking with you?" It was a low voice, but she shivered at the threat. Her daddy knew that she wasn't in the library.

"I can find out myself, Quinny. I work for the guard."

She closed her eyes for a moment and sighed. "Skein and Rober. They are both army."

Her father released her after a second and pulled back to look at her. His eyes were searching, piercing.

She sheepishly peeked at him and glanced at the ground.

"You're so much like your mother, you know that?"

"What?" She looked up, confused.

Pieter chuckled sadly and shook his head. "Back in... back home, she used to have men circling around her every time she took her pretty behind out of her daddy's house. And she loved it. Had a dozen lovers, usually in the same day, but no one cared."

Quinn's mouth opened in surprise.

"You're prettier. He.... you are much more than her. If it wasn't for your mother keeping you under her skirt, you'd probably have twice as many in every city we've lived in."

"I-I never... they never came."

"No," another sigh, "I guess they wouldn't have. I wonder why they started now?"

"I..." she blushed. "I don't know."

Pieter shook his head. "I know she isn't going to like it."

"Do we have to tell her?"

"There are things that you have to know. And they are things that your mother will be even more upset if she isn't told." He reached down and picked up his pack. Hefting it over his shoulder, he held out his hand. "Come on, Baby, let's tell her together."

Nervously, Quinn took her father's hand and walked with him as they headed out of town. He didn't say anything, but that made her nervousness worse. By the time they were outside of the city and heading back along the ridge that made up one side of the bay, she had sweat soaking her dress and she trembled.

"You fucked them?"

Quinn jumped at Pieter's question. "What?"

"Rober and Skein? The army guys. Have they gotten into your skirt?"

She considered telling them no, but then nodded.

"When did they start?"

"T-This was my first."

"Did it hurt?" Not "did they hurt you?"

She shook her head. "No, it felt really good."

"Did they use protection at least?"

Quinn gulped. "They got me some runes... yesterday."

The hand holding hers tightened. "Been talking about it for a few days then."

"Yes, Daddy."

They walked in silence. It was a beautiful evening and the sky was turning orange. Quinn's thoughts rolled in her head for a long time before she finally spoke up.

"Daddy? If mommy had so many lovers, why is she against other girls having sex."

Pieter sighed and let go of her hand. "It isn't other girls or other women, it's you."

"Me?"

"Just you. Because of... because of why we left home when you were five."

Memories of the old woman snapping at her rose up. Quinn let it roll a few more meters. "What is an Omelas?"

He froze. She walked past him a few steps before she realized it. When she turned back, his face was pale and drawn.

"W-Where did you hear that name, Quinny?"

She almost mentioned the old lady, but something stopped her. "In the last city, in Boron."

He let out a long breath, but his face remained pale. "Thank the gods. Don't let your mother know you know that word, we'll have to move again. Even if there isn't..."

"Why?"

Pieter looked back toward the city, sweat rolling down the sides of his face. He clenched his hands into fists. For a long time, he didn't speak. Then, he let out another sigh and bowed his head. "We live in a violent world."

Quinn thought about all the times someone attacked the caravan.

"Some cities make... deals with powerful entities to protect them. These are terrible beasts, demons, devils, and things far worse. Most of the time, they aren't needed, so they sleep or rest, waiting for their time for battle."

Ice water seemed to pour into Quinn. It pooled in her stomach. She swayed as she stared at her father, trying to understand the connection but knowing that it meant poorly for her.

"Everything... everything has a price. Back in the Ring Villages," Quinn had never heard the name before, "it was Barratt of the Bordeli Forest. He was our protector against invaders from Dorza."

Dorza was the country to the east, on the opposite side of the country. It was known for slavers and raiding parties.

Pieter looked around. His gaze focused on a fence. Moving toward it, he seemed to age with every step. By the time he leaned against one of the posts, he was hobbling. With a groan, he sat on the railing and stared at her. There were tears in his eyes and his cheeks glistened. "There is a price for everything, you know. Barratt had his. It was a girl... a boy actually named Rin. We thought he was a girl with his wide hips and pretty face. It was as if he was made for fucking."

Rober's words bubbled up. Quinn clutched her stomach and felt heat beginning to boil between her legs.

Pieter let out a bitter laugh. "I mean, Rin was the most fuckable girl that anyone had seen and they treated her so special. Private bathing time, no one was allowed to fuck her. Later, we learned that she really was made for fucking. I couldn't believe, but I've seen it twice now. You... he wasn't made for fucking, Barratt changed his body to make him that fuckable. To prepare him for... whatever magic Barratt used changed him, made him nothing more than something that the creature wanted to hunt down, chase, and then," another tear rolled down his face, "rape and...", more tears wet his cheeks, "then eventually kill."

Quinn felt dizzy. She staggered to the fence and leaned against it, the breath coming faster.

Her father's eyes weren't seeing anymore. "It wasn't just a night or two. Rin screamed... for... three years before he died. Three years of hearing his voice coming out of those woods. The cries for help, the choked out cries for mercy. The creature had what he wanted, a price for protecting the woods." His eyes lifted to hers. "One life. One child chosen. And when they grew up, they were his until they died. And then he picked another one. That is an Omelas."

She whimpered as she thought about the old woman. Her gaze flicked toward the city, where somewhere there was another Omelas, another girl who was chosen to be raped and murdered by whatever beast protected the city. She closed her eyes and looked away. She didn't dare look at her father, so she stared out the other side of the ridge that separated the labia from the rest of the ocean.

Quinn knew what her father didn't say. She was an Omelas. Somewhere out there, there was a creature that wanted to rape and kill her, to fuck her. It sickened and terrified her, but at the same

time, she could feel a pulsating deep inside her pussy. The desperate hunger for another orgasm wasn't just Skein and Rober, it was a need for something more more. Something inhuman and powerful, a being capable of fucking for years without stopping.

As they sat with their own thoughts, the two emotions warred inside Quinn. She couldn't imagine a being that would have the ability to change her body to make her fuckable. But, when she heard Rober's words, she knew that could be true. The two men hadn't found her limits; she took Rober up the ass as easily as Skein fucked her. And she wanted more, so much more, than the two cocks could give her.

At the same time, she realized that something wanted to kill her. The sex part excited her but the death part terrified her. She didn't want to die, but she couldn't imagine how it would happen. Or when.

It grew dark before either of them stirred. Pieter sighed and stood up. "We better get you home. Your mother is going to have a fit."

She nodded, feeling numb. Questions kept rolling through her head without answers.

t'Sade

Frustration

10

Quinn slipped into her bedroom, holding a stolen cucumber from the kitchen to her chest. The heavy weight of the thick vegetable nestled between her breasts. It was the largest and smoothest one she could find, it was about forty centimeters and wider than her wrist. She knew it would easily dwarf both Skein and Rober, but she couldn't stop thinking about shoving it into her cunt when her mother had her wash it.

She turned and eased the door shut, cringing as she pushed it past the squeak and latched it shut. Her breath came in rapid pants as she pushed the door one last time to make sure it was properly closed and then hurried to her bed.

Her pussy clenched at the thought of it. She fought back a moan as she settled into the bed, sitting in the middle of her blankets, and stroked the thick vegetable.

It had been four days since she had a cock inside her and the need to be filled peaked earlier that day. If she hadn't hid the cucumber under the sink, she knew she would have been humping the corner of her bed or trying to see if her fist would fit into her soaked holes. Clenching her nether muscles, she breathed in the scent of excitement that swirled around her.

Quinn ran her hands down the length of the cucumber. The thickness scared her, but at the same time, she wanted to feel it inside her. Somehow, she knew it would fit in her tiny hole. Even if it didn't, the idea of it pressing against her entrance pushed her toward a tiny orgasm that shivered her body and brought a rush of juices dribbling out.

The surface of her cucumber was mostly smooth with a few sharp points and ridges. She didn't dare use water to clean it off, it made too much noise, so she rubbed it until the sharper points were smoothed off by her palm. As she did, she kept imagining it was Skein's or Rober's cock in her hand, the silky slickness of an erection sliding against her palm.

By the time she finished, she was soaked and desperate to have it inside her. Panting, she leaned back on her bed until her shoulders rested on the headboard and she had a view of her bare pussy glistening with juices, trim thighs spread out widely, and her toes digging into her blankets.

She held the cucumber with both hands and brought it down. It looked huge against her pussy; it almost looked wider than her thigh, but the sight of it hovering centimeters from her sex brought an intense rush and longing that it took all of her effort not to slam it home.

Trembling, she brought the huge, rounded tip of the cucumber to her slit. The pressure of something wide peeling apart her pussy sent a rush strumming through her body. She moaned and pushed hard, pushing a centimeter or so into her folds and tracing the length of her sex. The hardness and girth felt good and she spread her legs further.

Slowly, she brought the vegetable up and down, tracing it before thumping against her clitoris and then down to her sex. Whenever she increased the pressure against her opening, her lips strained to take it but there was no sharp pains or discomfort, just a longing for more.

Quinn bit her lip, arched her back, and pressed down. The thick cucumber eased into her labia, spreading her lips apart. The sensation of being peeled open was nothing compared to the pressure against her opening. It only took a little more force to start sliding it into her body, the slickness from her anticipation easily lubricating the thick girth.

A low moan, deeper than she had ever heard coming out of her before, escape her lips. She couldn't stop pushing the cucumber into her, enjoying every centimeter as the rounded head easily speared into her. Soon, her labia was tightly stretched around it but there was no sharp pains or agony, only pleasure. She pushed harder, her

knuckles turning white, as she tried to force the thickest part past her entrance.

She was a few centimeters shy of her goal when she hit her limits. Her young pussy couldn't take anything more. It held her open and, no matter how much she squeezed, it refused to slid in or out of her body. It was huge, like a fist or pole jammed inside her, but it also brought waves of pleasure coursing through her veins. She dug her fingers into the green skin and shifted it slightly, shaking when it tugged at her insides.

"Fuck," she whimpered. Holding the cucumber, she pulled it out a centimeter and slid it back in. The sensation of her body molding to every bump and ridge brought another orgasm and a surge of juices filled her but couldn't escape past the vegetable lodged into her cunt.

Quinn didn't care anymore. She pumped faster and harder, thumping against the limits of her body and the first waves of discomfort. Having the smooth head sliding in and out was enough for her, she could come if she just kept pumping.

A light scratch at the door stopped her in mid-stroke. With the cucumber buried in her cunt, held tight against the resistance where pleasure and discomfort warred, she stared at the door. Her heart pounding rapidly as she trembled, unsure if she just heard it.

"Honey?" It was her mother.

Her body clamped down on the cucumber. Quinn tried to yank it from her body, but both hers and the cucumber's juices caused her hand to slip.

Her mother scratched at the door. "Quinn."

Trapped, Quinn yanked her blanket up over her body and slipped into bed. She tried to make her voice croak as she answered. "Yes, Mommy?"

"Can I come in?"

Her pussy spasmed but the thick cucumber remained lodged inside her. The pressure filling her and the hardness sent little waves of pleasure every time Quinn twitched, but she couldn't let her mother know about that she stole it, or that she was thinking about a hard cock instead of being the pristine virgin that her mother thought of Quinn. With a quiet whimper, she clamped her thighs

together, fought back a tiny tremor of pleasure, and told her mother to come in.

There was no question Merci was a beautiful woman. Blonde hair, large breasts, and a narrow waist. She turned most of the men's and quite a few woman's heads when she walked past. Now, she wore a simple sleeping gown that somehow emphasized her curves.

Coming inside the room, Merci came and sat down on the bed next to Quinn. The movement shook the cucumber inside Quinn and the younger woman's toes curled as the vegetable swirled her insides. It seemed to sink further in her, if that was possible.

Appear to be unaware of the thick dildo between her daughter's legs, Merci rested a hand next to Quinn. "Honey, I just wanted to talk. About grounding you and... and why."

Quinn fought back the moan. Her juices were soaking her thighs and it felt like they were boiling inside her pussy, trying to escape the thick cucumber plugging her. The threat of being caught by her mother only added to her pleasure, igniting the flames. It took all of her effort not to writhe or grab the cucumber. Instead, she forced herself to breathe as calmly as possible and not think about cocks.

Merci sighed. Despite her beauty, there was a sadness inside her. "When I heard that you were hanging around boys, I got scared. That is why I ground you. But your daddy said you were really good, got protection, and was being safe."

At the thought of Skein and Rober fucking her from both ends, her pussy twinged twinge and the cucumber sank a millimeter deeper inside her. It stretched her wider, sending sharp bolts of pleasure. She nodded to mask her sharp inhalation. Under the blankets, she clutched at her mattress, digging her nails in deep as she tried to force it out of her cunt with no success.

"You... you need to be really careful around the boys. And... I won't want you too, but sooner or later, you're going to find the right guy and he's going to take you away from here." Tears glistened in Merci's eyes. "But, there are places you can't go. There are some towns that have things that will hurt you, terrible things that want you."

Flashes of teeth and fur washed over Quinn. She didn't know what the Barratt looked like, but the idea of some huge beast with an inhuman cock brought a disgustingly hot flash through her. She

shivered at the sight of it and clamped down on the cucumber. It held in place, shifting slightly with her pulse.

Merci said nothing, which made it hard for Quinn to concentrate. After a minute, she spoke in a soft, pained voice. "That... creature said he would kill us if we left."

Quinn froze, her entire body tensing up. The cucumber suddenly shifted, sliding into her body with a wet slurp. The sudden movement brought an orgasm tearing through the young woman as she felt her outer lips clamp down on the far side, pulling it deeper into her body.

With sickening slowness, the massive cucumber sank into her body, filling and stretching her in ways that no human could ever match. It was intense and inescapable, her body was bound by the fear of her mother catching her. There was nothing she could do as it sank deeper into her until almost the entire length was ensconced inside her pussy.

Quinn could feel every ridge and bump of the cucumber. Only a few centimeters stuck out of her pussy with the furthest end finally reaching the limits of her pussy. She was full, completely and utterly, and every squeeze of her innermost muscles sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body.

It took her a moment to realize her mother was still talking, but it was hard to listen through the orgasm ripping through her.

"... my daddy started hanging around to make sure we didn't go anywhere. I couldn't take you to the farm or even to pick flowers without someone there. It was horrible, because... because..." She sighed. "I like boys. Just not your daddy or Jed's daddy, but I liked them all."

Merci ground her thighs together. Her nipples were hard as she stared out the window. "After your daddy left us and Pieter moved in, I thought I could finally stop fucking other guys. But, I couldn't. Not one man could every satisfy me for long. It felt so go...."

The idea of her mother being fucked sent another surge of humiliating pleasure. There wasn't anything wrong with Quinn, she just followed her mother's footsteps.

Merci chuckled but the smile faded quickly. "I'm... not really a good parent, honey, but it's okay to have sex and like it. I really... I really did. But, you have to be careful. This place seems safe, this

city. There aren't any monsters here and you'll be safe. Safe from all those creatures and safe... safe from him."

Quinn bit her lip, fighting the urge to shift her hips. The pressure felt good inside her, but the fear brimmed high, adding to the anticipation.

Merci sighed and stood up. "I'm sorry, I heard you walking around. I'm sure you're tired, but I just needed to talk... to say a few things."

She walked over to the door and opened it. "You, I guess, don't have to be grounded anymore. Just be home before dark, make sure they treat you really well, and don't be afraid to say no."

Quinn nodded sharply. She could feel sweat clinging to her brow and cleavage.

"Oh, and one more thing." Her mother's voice took a sharp turn. "If you ever hear the word 'Omelas,' promise me you'll start running."

Another nod that barely covered the intense orgasm that tore through her. Quinn wanted to scream as her body grew slick and wet at the forbidden word. Blurry images from her imagination rose up, of creatures that wanted to pound her pussy and mouth with hard cocks. Her inner muscles clamped down on the cucumber, driving it deeper until she could feel it pressing against her cervix and her outer lips were closing over the stem. It was intense, painful, and ecstatic. She couldn't focus on her mother as she nodded again, hoping to convince her mother to leave.

"No, I'm serious, Quinn. Promise me now, if you hear anyone say 'Omelas,' you run. Don't stop just run, we'll find you. Please? I can't lose you." There was an intensity in her voice that scared Quinn.

"I promise!" Quinn clamped a hand over her mouth when she realized how much of a moan came out. Trembling, she slumped back. "S-Sorry, Mommy."

Merci smiled. "My sweet girl."

A sweet girl with a huge cucumber stuffed in her cunt. The thought made Quinn smile before another ripple of pleasure filled her.

Merci closed the door and headed back to her room.

Quinn slumped down, fighting the intense wave of humiliation that slammed into her. There was no way her mother could have

missed her orgasms, but somehow she did. No doubt from the fear of the Omelas.

For a moment, Quinn wanted to call back her mother and tell her about the old lady. But, the idea of some creature wanting to fuck her sent another way of intense pleasure coursing through her veins. Instead, she dug into her pussy and pulled on the cucumber, enjoying every centimeter that slipped out of her aching cunt.

Just as the widest part started down her passage, she stopped. Images of vague monsters rose in her heads, a hordes of nothing more than cocks and arms. But the intensity of the image drove her to shove the cucumber back in, slamming it open with a squelch of juices that soaked her bed.

She dug her fingernails into the cucumber for a tighter grip and pounded her pussy, pumping as hard as she could. The cucumber slammed against her cervix, a lump in the back, but the discomfort blended with the pleasure of being pulled open by the thick intruder. She loved the feeling of fullness, but it was nothing compared to the intensity of being pumped in and out, the emptying and filling, the grinding and friction against her soaked inner walls.

Soon, one orgasm blended into another. Pleasure wracked her body, pumping through her veins like lava, as she bit down on her pillow to avoid calling out. Her arms flexed and pulled as she pretended it was some imaginary beast that fucked her instead of a now hot and slick vegetable.

Quinn moaned. Her passions pushed her to plant her feet against the mattress and raise her hips, balancing on her shoulders as she slammed the cucumber into her cunt. Every thrust sent more bolts of pleasure but the constant waves of orgasms couldn't satisfying her. They only left her wanting more, craving it.

It was her muscles that gave out first. She slumped to the bed, cucumber still buried in her pussy. She panted and tried to push herself up, but she was soaked in sweat and weak. Her body trembled with the pleasure that tore into her and she could only lay there, twitching as the afterglows slowly faded.

She panted as she stared at the ceiling. She still wanted more, even after fucking herself with a huge vegetable. Rober's words drifted through her mind. She was made for it. Her body had been changed to sate some beast, some mystical creature. Being able to

take something so large fit into place, cementing the idea that there was no way she could escape her fate.

Quinn smiled as a small tremor coursed through her. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sweat dripping off her naked breasts and along her belly. The smell of pussy had flooded the room, swamping her with excitement. All from the idea of some massive creature fucking her.

She eased the cucumber out of her pussy, groaning from the raw nerves and abused muscles. The feeling of being empty filled her, but the afterglow of her orgasms helped. She let it drop from her fingers and it thumped against the mattress.

Moving slowly, she curled up around the cucumber and rested her head on her arm. Her mind drifted as she relaxed in the cool air of her bedroom. It prickled her skin and she chased the afterglow into unconsciousness.

Her last thought was of the monster. In her mind, it was some hairy beast with a huge cock that would constantly fuck her, pounding her pussy until she was writhing in endless orgasms. Her pussy clenched at the thought, a wet squelching filled the room.

Quinn wasn't going to tell her mother about being an Omelas. Part of her, the one that clung to pleasure, wanted to finally meet it. To feel an inhuman cock fucking her as she was made to be fucked. To be used, taken, and pounded to an inch of her life.

It was a risk, but it was one she knew she already craved. Skein and Rober were wonderful lovers, but they weren't her monster. They weren't the imaginary beast in her head that only brought her pleasure and ecstasy.

Bad News

11

Quinn hurried through the crowded streets, not quite pushing her way past the people moving slower but still swearing at them under her breath. She was driven by lust and desire, it had been four days since she had seen her two lovers and she hoped they hadn't given up on her. The banked fire between her legs hoped for something else, a real cock instead of the much-abused cucumber that she finally had to throw away.

A ghost of a smile crossed her lips. The vegetable had smelled of her pussy when she pulled out in the morning. Her juices had seeped into the fingernail cuts she used as a grip; if they used it for cooking, she had no doubt that everyone would have tasted her excitement in the meal.

The idea of her father or brother eating her pussy turned her stomach slightly. But, having her mother found it would get Quinn in trouble so she had taken it with her along the trinkets to sell. When she found a spot over the bay, she tossed it as far as she could and watched it fall on cliffs, cracking in a shower of juices and pulp before disappearing into the waters.

She already had her sights on another one, she secreted it under her bed right before leaving. The new one was larger and firmer. The thought of having something so large shoved into her cunt brought a flare of heat to her. As much as she wanted Skein's and Rober's cock, she also wanted the fullness of something far larger than the two men were capable of providing.

A passing wagon almost hit her. She ducked back and forced her thoughts back to her surroundings instead of focusing on her soaked pussy and growing desires. Clutching the empty basket—she

had already dropped off the trinkets—she waited for the road to clear enough for her to duck through and come up on the stairs leading into the library.

Quinn made a beeline for the dragon statue. Her eyes scanned around it, hoping to see her two lovers, but there was only a young man eating his lunch near the head. Disappointment filled her, but she bore through it and made her way to the ass of the dragon. Neither of her men would have known what had happened to her, she wasn't allowed to send a message. They also had a job, ones that didn't allow them to stay waiting for her presence day after day.

She sat down between the legs of the dragon, right underneath a disturbingly detailed pair of balls. She didn't know how the artist knew what a dragon sack looked like, but the detail spoke of hands-on experience. Before, she would have just guessed it was random, but after seeing Skein's and Rober's, the details were uncanny.

With a giggle, she ducked her head as she settled into place. Pulling her skirt over her knees, she sat cross-legged and tried not to think about her bare pussy underneath the thin fabric. Every breeze that made its way past the dragon would ripple underneath the fabric, tickling her heated sex and sending delicate kisses along the slick folds of her womanhood.

When neither showed up in the first minute, she let out a sigh. It was going to be a long wait.

Time slowed down for her, the passing minutes stretched into hours as she waited for Skein and Rober. Every time a uniformed guard or military walked past, she felt a brief moment of hope which was crushed when it wasn't Skein or Rober.

The mood of the city felt strange. The bustle of people remained, but something pricked the back of her head as she watched the people heading to their various destinations. It took her a while to figure it out: they were quiet. A somber mood had settled over the folk around her but the side conversations were muted and she couldn't overhear any gossip.

Quinn started to get worried as she watched. Something had happened, but nothing anyone wanted to talk about. It was as if everyone had gotten afraid of being outside.

It came around mid-afternoon when the concern finally got too much. She got up and rushed to buy a small lunch at a cafe near the

library. It was a simple fare—a loaf of bread, soft cheese, and a package of steamed meat—but it smelled good. She kept it in her basket as she worked her way back to the statue.

She came up the stairs before she realized there was a familiar man waiting for her near the middle of the dragon. Her eyes lit up and she raced toward him, arms held open wide. “Skein!”

Skein looked blindly for a moment before he focused on her. His hair was slicked back and he wore his army uniform over his muscular chest. He had one hand on the hilt of his sword, but released it as she threw herself into a hug.

“Oh, I missed you!”

“Dearest Quinn! You’re safe!” There was a sullenness to his voice.

She pushed aside a brief flash of concern and hugged him tightly, pressing her face into the crook of his neck. “I missed you so much.”

“Dearest Quinn—”

“My mommy found out about us and grounded me. I couldn’t leave a message or anything and I was so afraid that you’d leave me.”

“Quin....” His arms finally wrapped around her, holding her tight. “No, I’d never leave you. You are the most perfect woman I have ever met. The only thing I’ve been thinking about the last day is about protecting you.”

She grinned and kissed his ear. “And I like fucking you too.”

He cleared his throat. “Yes, I like that. But, I need—”

She pulled back and peered around. “Is Rober still on duty?”

His body tensed and the concern came rushing back. “Dearest... I —”

Quinn pulled back, a tremor coursing through her. It snuffed out the flames between her legs. When she saw a new emotion in his eyes, she looked around hoping that Rober was trying to sneak up on her.

“R-Rober,” Skein sighed and gripped his sword again, “Rober is gone.”

The world spun around Quinn. She shook her head and clutched her stomach. “W-What? Why? Was it me? What did I do?”

Skein’s eyes opened wide. “No, no! It wasn’t you, it... it...”

His eyes shimmered with tears and he shook his head. “He had patrol duty last night, down by the docks. Something happened and

the entire squad was hit. We've been pulling out bodies since this morning and—”

Quinn shook her head, a sick twisting in her stomach sending a bolt of pain through her body. She stepped back further. “No, he can't be gone. I... he loved me.”

Skein sniffed and shook his head, the tears threatening to escape his eyes. “I-I know. You were the only thing he had been talking about for days, but then... it isn't just him though. There were dozens of missing people last night: men, women, children, even horses. He was just one.”

A sob ripped itself out of Quinn's throat. She sank to the ground, unable to stop the tears that dripped down her face. “No, not him. He can't be gone.”

Skein rushed to her and knelt down, pulling her into a tight hug. “I'm so sorry, dearest. Please forgive me, I didn't know what to say, I didn't know how to tell you.”

Quinn let out a wail and clutched Skein. “I loved him. I... he was my first.”

“I know, dearest.” Skein stroked her hair, the dark curls clinging to his fingers. “I know, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry.”

Quinn closed her eyes tightly and shook. “It isn't fair. Why did this happen?”

Skein didn't answer.

Quinn sobbed into his chest for a moment and then realized he wasn't moving either. His body trembled and every muscle slowly tensed around her, not as an embrace but as if something had struck him. Slowly, she lifted her head as the sick feeling in her stomach grew.

He wasn't looking at her. Instead, his wide eyes were focused over her shoulder, toward the bay.

Gulping, Quinn slowly turned her head, afraid of what she was going to see. There was movement down by the bay. At first, she thought it was just a number of boats sailing through choppy waters, but the movement was wrong. It writhed and shifted in a way that no ocean had ever done before. It looked more like coils of gray rope somehow twisting above the waters. She gulped again, a tremor shaking her body. “W-What's that?”

“I-I don't....” Skein's voice trailed off.

Suddenly, a bulge appeared in the water. It looked like an upside-down bowl coming up from the floor of the bay. Millions of liters of ocean water swelled up in a blister of water before it exploded out. Sheets of water shot out in the air, higher than the buildings. A tidal wave capsized the boats in the bay.

Thousands of tentacles burst out of the water, spreading out in all directions. They were huge, as thick as tree trunks and hundreds of feet in length. They towered over the building as they curled up toward the city.

Quinn screamed as did many other people.

“Fuck!” swore Skein. He yanked Quinn to his feet and pulled her back.

The tentacles nearest to the docks plunged down. More screams rose out of the air as they punched through buildings and boats, shredding them instantly as they grabbed tiny people and yanked them into the air.

Quinn almost lost control of her own bladder, but then Skein shoved her back.

“They’re coming!”

The street erupted into panic. Everyone out racing in all directions, colliding with each other, tripping to the ground, and shoving each other out of the way. She heard someone scream and the crack of what had to be broken bones.

A shadow flashed over her. She snapped her head up to see one of the tentacles punch into the library. Shards of stone and broken glasses exploded out from the impact, showering the courtyard in front of the library. Glass whizzed past her head but she could only stare dumbly as a ripple of movement ran along the tentacle before it surged deeper into the library.

The girth above her was still wider than a tree trunk, but she could see that it was a mottled pattern of grays and blues. There were no suckers or barbs on it, but thick streamers of slime dripped from the entire length and it glistened in the sunlight. It would have been pretty if it wasn’t for the screams that were coming from inside the building.

Skein yanked his sword out and stood in front of her. With his other hand, he roughly shoved her back. “Fuck! Get back!”

Quinn noticed that she left her basket behind, but it was too late. She let Skein push her back as she inched toward the stairs leading back the way she entered from home. She could already picture the road she took there and tried to think of how she would run home along it, where to hide and where she would be exposed. Her breath came fast and hard. She struggled to keep her head clear with the fear that poured through her veins.

The tentacle yanked out of the library. There were half a dozen people caught in the thick coils. Their shrill screams filled the air. As it twisted back, thick splatters of slime splashed to the ground. It hit the ground with a thud that shook the ground before splattering out in all directions.

Quinn tried to dodge the slime, but it was like an ocean wave. It slammed into her, instantly soaking through her clothes. The force of the blow staggered her back until she tripped on a step. With a scream, she fell back and landed hard on her ass.

Skein was also pushed back, but he managed to remain on his feet. He growled as a sparking blue flame outlined his body. The taste of combat magic filled the air, it was the sharp scent of lighting.

She started to crawl back to her feet, but her foot slipped in the thick layer of slime on the ground. She hit the stone cobblestones with a smack. When she pulled her leg back, she realized that a new heat had ignited between her legs.

The slime-soaked fabric of her skirt had plastered itself against her pussy. She could see the rounded edges of her labia through the fabric. But, it was more than a cool slime that covered the rest of her body. Her pussy felt hot, searing actually, and it was sending tiny orgasms ripping deeper into her core.

She panted for breath as she tried to reach down. Every movement caused her slime-soaked shirt to lift and fall off her breasts. She hadn't bother with a bra and her hard nipples ached from an intense heat that clung around her sensitive tips.

Quinn clutched the ground, her fingernails digging into the gaps between the stones. She couldn't believe how fast the heat grew inside her. It curled along her skin and seeped into it, filling her body with a rush of an orgasm about to burst inside her.

The surrealism crashed into her. There was no foreplay, no fucking, no cocks. One moment, she was terrified and then the next, she was covered in slime and about to have the strongest orgasm in her life. She let out a soft whimper and tugged on her skirt, trying to pull it away from her bare sex.

It peeled off her with a wet sucking noise. Every millimeter of fabric coming off her bare pussy sent sheets of lust racing through her body. She's suffer a thousand cocks slipping out of her with less loss than the simple fabric coming off her body.

But the heat remained. It hovered right on the edge of pleasure and discomfort as it seeped further into her body. The tendrils of pleasure spread deep inside her sex, spreading out through the rest of her body and connecting with the heat that expanded from her aching nipples.

A wave of liquid heat rushed over her and her entire body spasmed. It was a tiny orgasm with the promise of a far bigger one, but one borne of only slime and nothing else.

And then she moaned. The sound came out of her throat in the brief pause between the screams and yelling. In her ears, it was the only sound that echoed across the library courtyard.

Skein turned toward her, a frown on his face. He opened his mouth to say something, but the air suddenly thumped around her.

Movement caught her attention. She looked up as the tentacle suddenly curled down, dropping its victims.

Quinn tried to follow the falling people, but the tentacle drew her attention. The tip swung out over the courtyard, coiling and uncoiling as it stopped above her. The tip was rounded, a large sphere that looked disturbingly like a black eyeball. It tilted until it aimed at her; it had a blue pupil staring straight at her.

The fabric slipped from her hand. It slapped back against her body, molding to every curve of her body. When it struck her pussy, she jerked and let out another unwitting moan.

The tentacle plunged down.

“Quinn!”

It was Skein, but she couldn't look away. The black tip of the tentacle moved with incredible speed, blurring as it approached. She could tell that it was about strike her, but she was helpless to do anything. She was pinned in place like a ghoul in the light.

He slashed at the tentacle as it came down, but missed. It punched into the ground between her legs, shattering cobblestones and ripping the soaked fabric from her thighs and waist. The force of the blow and the impact with the ground yanked her toward it.

Before she could do anything other than gasp, her thighs yanked against the rapidly moving tentacle. The rippling movement caressed and stroked against her thighs, sex, and knees. Slime sheeted off the length of the tentacle, soaking her even more.

Quinn's body exploded in an orgasm as the tentacle seemed to touch every part of her legs and thighs at the same time. The heat from the slime continued to pour into her body, splashing against her sex. It was cool everywhere but her pussy where it felt like cum splattering against her naked skin.

The mottled pattern faded along the tentacle, the tentacle darkening into a solid color from where it touched her.

She sobbed into her orgasm as she spasmed against the slick hardness between her legs. She couldn't help but wrap her legs around it, drawing it tight against her exposed slit and letting the slime wrack another wave of pleasure through her body.

A powerful hand grabbed her hair and yanked back. At the same time, Skein's sword slashed above her head and into the side of the tentacle.

She felt the impact of the weapon through her thighs before he pulled her free. It sent another bolt through her aching cunt and she clenched as another orgasm rippled through her.

The sword continued through the tentacle, cutting clear through before it came out the other side in an explosion of dark blue blood. The blood splattered against the cobblestones and began to sizzle.

Hand still caught in her dark curls, Skein yanked Quinn to her feet. "Come on, run!"

She grabbed at him, her slick hands slipping against his chest. She was weak from her orgasm and couldn't find her balance. Her feet trembled as she whimpered.

"No fucking time!" snapped Skein. He looked around for a moment, then bent into her, planted his shoulder against her stomach, and then picked her up.

A wave of helplessness crashed into her as he straightened. Her breasts thumped against his back before she could brace herself,

looking up as her lover sprinted from the library courtyard. The wind of his passing brushed against her naked sex; it felt good despite the horror and the slime made her want to spread her legs to give more access to her bare pussy.

Skein raced along a narrow path. His sword remained out, she could see the splatter of dark blue marking their path.

As they came around a corner, she caught sight of the bay. The tentacles were still spearing out of the middle of the bay, but she could see some mass underneath the water coming up. It was rotating as it did and she could see four dark blue eyes rising to the surface. Between the eyes was a mouth, a hole lined in sharp teeth that looked like broken glass. Slime burst out of the mouth, staining the water into a dark hue.

She whimpered at the sight of it, but then the tentacles drew her attention. They were no longer randomly attacking the city. Instead, there were hundreds of them spearing toward her, arching high in the sky until they darkened the sun. She had to lift her head as they approached with inhuman speed, the black eyes at the tips were all focused on her as they came down.

Figurative claws clenched at her stomach as she saw them approaching. It didn't matter how fast Skein ran, there was no escape. She wanted to cry out, to give directions, but the heat between her legs stopped her. A tiny orgasm rippled through her body, clenching her pussy and adding her own juices to the thick layer of slime that covered her.

The next tentacle punched into the side of a clothing store as they passed. Broken glasses were nothing compared to the second impact that took out a wall. The tentacles pounded into the ground and buildings around her, destroying everything as Skein ran for both of their lives.

She saw his sword flash as he dropped it. It clattered loudly and his entire body tensed. For a moment, they froze as he looked back.

The tentacle caught them as he turned back to abandon his weapon. The thick, tree-wide appendage swept sideways, throwing both of them toward a large, plate glass window in front of a bakery.

Quinn screamed, covering her face as she came through it, but then another tentacle punched into the ground in front of her. She saw Skein fly through the window before her own impact against

the slime-soaked tentacle. Her breasts and hips landed first into the muscular but spongy material. The slime softened the impact and smacked loudly, sending a splash of it everywhere.

She slid down, the ridges of the tentacle stroking against her thighs, pussy, and breasts. It was another long, pleasurable slurp of an inhuman tongue. Her body tensed at the sensations and she had a tiny orgasm from the slime-fueled heat before her rounded ass smacked against the cobblestones.

Quinn whimpered as she froze, the afterglow of the orgasm making it hard to move. She tried to force herself to walk, to crawl away. Her hand trembled as it clutched the ground, ready to force herself.

More tentacles came swooping in. She tensed for the impact, but they stopped when they were meters away from her. A dozen black eyes looked at her from all directions. The pupils were large circles of dark blue that locked on her even as the hovering tentacles circled around her. She felt naked in their grip.

She knew it was the monster that protected the city. It must have thought that she was its Omelas, though she hadn't been the bay since the first day they arrived in town.

As much as her fantasies thought about a large creature, the tentacles were too big for her. Each of them was as wide as a tree and many of them could fit her entire body inside it. She shook violently at the thought of being raped by one of them; it would kill her no matter what magic was used.

One tentacle rushed forward.

She screamed and planted her hands over her pussy.

The tentacle uncoiled as it came toward her, thousands of thinner tendrils peeling off from behind the eyeball. Each one had a dripping, rounded tip as it blossomed apart.

Instead of a single heavy impact, she was assaulted by the tendrils. They wrapped around her arms and legs, caught her throat, ankles and wrists. Slime splattered everywhere as her outfit was torn from her body.

She could only scream as the coils slide through slime along her body, rolling around her limbs. She was ready to hear the crack of bone or experience the end, but they simply held her tightly in place.

There were more, more than she could count. Tentacles grabbed her breasts, stroking along her nipples before coiling around her large mounds. More tendrils wrapped around her buttocks and thighs, squeezing down as they rolled over the firm surface of her ass.

The tentacles easily pried her legs apart, pulling them until she felt the thick layer of slime sluicing between her legs and along her cleft. Every bubble and surge of liquid sent a boiling heat rolling down her skin.

The exposure and helplessness sent her off on another orgasm. Her vision blurred as she was wracked with a strong one that kept her helpless.

Tentacles moved down her body, along her taut belly down to her sex. She could only watch as one tentacle ran a tip down her pussy lips, spreading them apart. She tried to resist, but it continued to pry her open.

She gasped loudly, an inhuman craving filling her body. She knew what would happen, the slime-soaked tendril was poised to rape her. She knew it would hurt but she didn't know how much the agony would be.

The tentacle plunged in without warning. She felt every millimeter as it drove deep into her pussy. It was smooth but the muscles underneath the skin were thick, rounded ridges. It borrowed deep into her, filling her almost instantly before twisting and yanking out.

There was the briefest of moments as she tried to realize it wasn't pain she felt, but pleasure. The tendril hadn't hurt her, it only filled her in a way that no human or cucumber could ever match. It felt like and wriggling, but still filled her completely from clitoris to cervix.

Quinn gasped, her breasts heaving against the tentacles that assaulted her nipples. "Fuck!"

The tentacle plunged back in, easily piercing her body. It reached the limits of her pussy when it thumped against her cervix with a brief flash of discomfort and pleasure. Her insides started to mold to the thick, twisting intruder before it yanked out.

She cried out and tried to pull her legs together, but the tendrils holding her knees apart were too strong. No matter how much she

strained, there was nothing she could do as the tendril plunged back in, centimeter after centimeter of muscular length burrowing deep inside her before the stroke ended with a thump against her innermost gate.

A cry rose out of her throat as the tentacle fucked her harder, pumping into her pussy with long, inhuman strokes that took her from clitoris to cervix with every stroke. Her stomach swelled slightly with every thrust and she jerked when it bottomed out in her.

Some of the fear fled her as the tentacle pounded her cunt, slamming deep. The discomfort was nothing compared to the rippling length that penetrated her opening and burrowed deeper. She arched her back into the thrusts, unable to move her arms and legs.

Her eyes closed into slits as her world focused on the tentacle. It continued to drive into her with a steady beat, yanking out until it was completely clear of her bare pussy before spearing her again. She tensed with the impact and let out a gasp of pleasure as it bottomed out.

Streamers of slime poured out of her pussy, splashing against the ground. She could feel it warming her from the inside, sending every nerve into overdrive that made each thrust overwhelming pleasurable.

More movement drew her attention. It was another tendril, just as thick as the first one. It crawled up her thigh, tracing the slime-slicked skin as it came up between her legs.

Her breath came faster as she stared at it. Clenching her sphincter tight, she prepared to be impaled again.

The second tendril plunged forward. But it didn't spear her asshole, but plunged into her pussy next to the other tendril. Not expecting the thrust, Quinn let out a cry and jerked against the tentacle pinning her in place. She had been stuffed, more than every before. The two tentacles thrust out of rhythm from each other. Every few thrusts, both were bottoming out inside her and stretching her entire passage from clitoris to cervix. Other times, it was a constant assault against her pussy as one impaled as the other drew out.

She let out a cry, her body jerking with orgasms that wracked her nerves. She couldn't escape, she tried to pull her legs together, but there was nothing she could do. It was too much, too much pleasure, too much pounding. It hurt but also felt good as her body thrashed with the rapid-fire plunges of the tentacles.

Quinn's eyes rolled back in her head as her entire world focused on the two plunging appendages. She didn't think she could take any more, but the pleasure that they were inflicting on her body sent her entire senses in overload. She came, or never stopped coming, but it didn't matter. She was a hole to be fucked, made for an inhuman creature. It was nothing like her fantasies, but nothing could prepare her for the assault of pleasure.

Broken glass snapping yanked her attention back. She lifted her head and peered down her slime-soaked breasts, the two large tips shaking with every thrust. Between her legs, the two tentacles assaulted her pussy in incredible waves, but then she spotted Skein staggering out of the store.

He had blood covering his face. His uniform had been ripped, exposing bare skin that she gripped in passion less than a week before. He swayed for a moment, and then pulled out a makeshift spear with a glass tip.

The sight in his eyes, the protectiveness, shoved her into another orgasm. She gulped and called out. "S-Skein!"

He charged as his body ignited into blue flames.

A different kind of lust filled her, of a powerful man coming to her rescue. She dreamed of being saved before, but she never imagined it would actually happen.

She tried to free herself, but only managed to writhe helplessly in the tentacle's grip.

The blade flashed and slashed through the tendrils. The thinner lengths easily parted under the makeshift blade. Black blood splattered everywhere as he severed the two tentacles fucking her pussy and then continued into the ones that held her left leg.

Her limb went limp and thudded against the ground. Her pussy stretched open, but the two tentacles remained buried inside, still twitching from their assault.

Skein snarled and cut through more, freeing her from her entrapment. When he finished, he jammed the butt of the spear into

the ground and swept her up, pulling her slime-soaked body tight against his chest. "I'm here, Dearest."

She wanted to tell him that it felt good to be fucked by the tendrils, that it was nothing but pleasure, but the sight of all the tentacles around her froze her throat. There was something sinister about how many of them were in the stages of splitting open like the first one did. There were thousands of thick tendrils on the cobblestones around her.

Her pussy clenched as she thought about taking them all. It would have killed her, there was no way her pussy, or even her ass or mouth, could take so many but they looked ready to fuck. She gulped as the heat continued to build, the fantasies and brief fuck warring with her father's words, it was going to rape her until she died.

A powerful roar ripped through the city, shattering glass and shuddering bricks. As one, Skein and Quinn looked up to see that the creature in the bay had pulled itself partially out.

The maw of broken glass-like teeth dripped with slime. Tentacles waved over it as people fell into it. Quinn didn't need to hear them to know they were screaming before they fall into the inhuman mouth a hundred meters across.

"R-Run," gasped Skein. He stepped back away from the bay, his boots squelching in the slime. "Fucking run!"

Quinn glanced at him, then followed his gaze.

There were more tentacles coming down at her. The solid mass of them darkened the sky. Each one was tipped with a large, black eye and many of them were splitting open into too many tendrils.

Any pleasure or joy evaporated in an instant. The sight of the tentacles coming for her sent pure fear coursing through her veins. Spinning on her heels, she raced away from them with Skein running behind her.

Choices

12

Quinn ran as if her life depended on it. She continued to climb the city, racing for the fortress that made up the “clitoris” of the bay.

Around her, the tentacles slammed into buildings and the road, shattering brick and crushing anything their path. She knew what they were aiming for, there was no sign of damage in the other parts of the city until she ran past it. They were all for her and the steady, ground-shaking impacts of their near hits was almost as terrifying as the idea of being raped by so many tentacles.

In a small part of her mind, she wished there was only a few pair of tentacles poised to rape her. Two tentacles felt good. Maybe another up her ass, but not hundreds. She’s sacrifice herself for a few tentacles and endless pleasures. Not thousands of them, they wouldn’t fit. She gasped and sobbed, but kept running.

Quinn knew that she was running naked in the street. Her large breasts bounced with every movement, her ass clenched and relaxed as she did. If it wasn’t in a terrifying situation, she would probably be having an orgasm at the sight of all the leers aimed at her and the thousands of eyes all wishing they could fuck her.

She ducked underneath an arch and raced along a narrow street. “This way, Skein!”

The alley led into the back of a building. The door was open and she dove through it, rushing along a hallway littered with dirty clothes, garbage, and empty bottles. Passed-out drunks only growled at her as she raced past them and to the door leading to the next street.

She slapped the door and burst out into the empty street. She only hesitated for a second before racing across to enter another building.

It was only until she stopped hearing the constant thuds of the tentacles that she slowed down. She was on the first floor of some sort of orphanage. The narrow hall was dark around her, but the cramped quarters gave her hope that the creature wouldn't find her.

She panted and leaned against the wall, wiping the slime and sweat from her face.

When she realized that Skein wasn't with her, she froze. Trembling, she turned to the side and looked back the way she came. The building across the street was fine, but there were hundreds of tentacles pulverizing everything beyond it. She could see the flash of tendrils and the smoke billowing up from the impact.

"F-Fuck," she whispered in a sob. Trembling, she slid down the wall and clutched her knees. She was terrified. The pleasure of being fucked was one thing, knowing that the same tentacles were capable of killing people and destroying buildings was another. Her muscles tightened, as if it could keep the tentacles out of her body.

She clutched herself tight and prayed to the gods the creature wouldn't find her.

A soft sobbing caught her attention. It was a young girl's voice and she was close.

Quinn lifted her head, worried. At first, it was because the tears would summon the creature, but then shame hit her and she pushed to her knees and then crawled toward it.

It was a girl, maybe twelve at most. She had long, black hair that glistened blue. Her back was to Quinn at first, but she sat on her knees with her face buried in the corner of an almost empty orphanage.

"H-Hello?" whispered Quinn.

The girl jumped and looked over her shoulder.

Quinn's heart almost skipped a beat. The girl was beautiful. More than physical beauty, more than just wide, shimmering eyes. She had a presence to her, a lure that brought a twinge to Quinn's

abused pussy. The girl had full lips, large breasts, and a firm-looking ass. They were curves of a much older woman.

It took Quinn a second to realize she was looking at the girl as if she was nothing but something to fuck. And Quinn wasn't even into girls. She shook her head, trying to fight the almost supernatural allure of the girl.

"Y-You shouldn't be here," the girl said. "No one is allowed in here."

"Why?"

"Because... they here for me," came the whispered response. The ground thudded from the impact of tentacles.

Quinn looked up, sweat prickling her brow. "Are you okay?"

"It's... it's coming for me."

Quinn almost corrected her but then the girl shifted around more and Quinn saw the name of the city tattooed along the girl's collarbone. It was elegant writing, almost like a flower, but the name was clear.

Something clicked inside her. Named for the city and incredibly beautiful even for a young girl. Quinn pulled back and looked at the girl differently, trying to see her as something shaped by a monster to fuck, to rape, to kill.

It was like looking in the mirror. They were both made for fucking, a sacrifice for something in human. They both had bodies that were shaped by desire and lust.

Quinn gasped. "You're the Omelas!"

The girl sobbed as tears ran down her cheeks. She nodded. "Y-Yes, but it isn't my time. He can't come now, not with Consent."

Consent. The raped child goddess. She only listened to children under the age of eighteen calling out to her as they were raped. The goddess' punishment was far in excess of any mortal law. Consent didn't just kill the rapist, she slaughtered the entire city around them. There were still-burning craters where the child goddess raged. There was no escape for her, no words or prayers could stop her once she was summoned.

No one fucked with Consent, ever.

Quinn gasped and crawled closer. "You knew that you were an Omelas?"

More tears but a nod. "All my life. They said I'm the creature's, Mosar's, but not until I'm old enough. Not until I'm eighteen. I still have nine years... nine years until..." She twisted and looked at the ground. "Until he comes for me."

Something pricked Quinn's thoughts, but it wouldn't solidify. "Why is he coming now?"

"I-I don't know. I did what I was suppose to do. I stayed out of the rain, I didn't touch water. I didn't even take a bath. And... and I never spilled my drink. I couldn't, they said I couldn't."

Quinn inched forward. "Why do you do that?"

"The water," said the girl. "All water goes into the bay."

Quinn froze. The old woman told her to stay out of the water and Quinn assumed she meant the bay. Not a small pond above the city where two men introduced her to the world of sex. She hadn't been in the bay, but Skein and Rober had fucked her in the pond above the city. It only took a moment to realize that the water had to go somewhere. She groaned. "Into the bay."

The girl cringed but nodded. "They said Mosar can taste me. That is what wakes him up."

Quinn closed her eyes slowly and sighed. "Fuck. Fuck me."

"I-I can't. I have—"

"No, it's... it's...." Quinn couldn't say it. "I have to get out of here."

"I know... you'll be okay," the beautiful girl said, "once it gets me."

A tear ran down her young face as she cringed. "I think."

Quinn crawled backwards away from her. "T-Then why don't you just go out?"

The girl shook her head. "I-I'm scare. I don't want to die. I don't want to be raped. I-I'm not ready."

"I..." Quinn gulped and thought about the thousand tendrils that would impale her body. She shuddered. "I don't either."

The girl sniffed and wiped the tears from her face. "He'll find me. And then you'll be safe. Everyone will be safe."

A tentacle punched through the wall between the two women, the mottled surface a blur as it sailed across the room and then slammed into the brick wall.

Anything Quinn would have said froze in her throat as she watched the tentacle began to peel apart, blossoming into the

hundred tendrils. Rivers of slime poured off the tendrils, flooding the floor in a blue-tinged wave.

In the confine quarters, the smell of the creature quickly filled the room that Quinn and the other Omelas shared. It was salty and tickled the back of her throat, almost like the half-remembered taste of Skein's and Rober's cum but with a fishy hint to it.

The little girl screamed and threw herself back against the wall. "No, not yet!"

The tentacle continue to peel apart, the wet slurping filled the air. The large black eyeball pulled back from the wall, debris clinging to the front as it swung to look between Quinn and the girl.

"I'm not ready!" The girl's voice reached a higher pitch, breaking with her terror. The smell of urine swirled past Quinn who was on the verge of losing control herself.

Up close, the black eyeball was immense and terrifying. The pupil expanded as it moved closer to both of them, distinctly looking back and forth. Behind it, a cloud of tendrils explored the walls, floors, and ceiling. More slime splattered down to the ground to form a lake of cold liquid that slowly flowed away. It splashed against her feet and the texture was jelly-thick as it surged past.

Quinn staggered from the weight of the river. She glanced at the door to the room. It was only a few meters. If she ran when the creature was looking at the girl, then she had a chance. The creature would have its Omelas and she would be safe. Safe from being raped and murdered by some inhuman beast.

Shame crashed into her again. She looked back, trembling as she did. The tendrils were reaching for both of them, scraping against the walls and ceiling as it did. Each touch left a smear of slime, but it wasn't a single rounded-tip tendril that scared her, it was the hundreds in the room and thousands outside. They were all going to shove into her body until her openings ripped and she was torn apart in agony.

She gulped and tensed, waiting for Mosar, the creature, to reach her.

It got the girl first. One questing tendrils lifted off the wall and reached out. The wet tendrils slapped against the thin shift that hung from the girl's shoulders.

The girl shuddered violently, her face growing pale.

It touched her face and a shudder ran along the length of the tendril. As it did, the mottled patterned disappeared into a solid blue color.

“N-No....” sobbed the girl.

A roar from outside shook the building. The inhuman sound shook the ground and walls, shattering glass. It was Mosar bellowing from the bay.

The girl looked at Quinn, tears rolling down her cheeks. “I-I’m too... young.”

A touch against Quinn’s thigh startled her. She looked down to see one of the tendrils had smeared against her naked leg, swirling through the slime as it waved back and forth.

Like with the girl, a shudder ran through the tendril and the mottled pattern disappeared.

Outside, another roar. The black eye’s pupil grew very big and she could see a sapphire glow inside. The tendrils in the room shivered and then surged forward.

Both of them screamed. Quinn threw herself over the thick tentacle in the middle and grabbed the girl by the hair. With all her might, she yanked the girl back over the tentacle and sprinted for the door, her bare feet slapping loudly through the slime and her breasts swinging with every movement.

The girl continued to scream, interrupted only when she bounce off the ground.

Quinn wasn’t thinking, she was running. Feet pounding on the ground and body shaking. Her breasts slapped against her slimy chest, the heavy mounds aching with the impact, but she didn’t have a free hand to hold them tight to her chest.

The creature roared again and then something punched into the building. It was one of the large tentacles. The sound of cracking stone and shattered glass filled the air as more of them pierced through the building, some in the hall in front of her but high enough she could duck underneath while dragging the girl.

Quinn managed to get out of the building and into the street. The sky was dark with the tentacles over her; it looked like the creature had focused its attention in her area and the writhing mass of tentacles above her blocked out the light.

“Fuck!” she screamed and sprinted up the street. She didn’t know where to go, where to run. “Fuck, fuck!”

The girl sobbed as she was dragged again.

Ashamed, Quinn slowed down just enough to grab the girl to her chest and continued running.

“I-I’m the O-Omelas,” cried the girl. Her face had been scratched when Quinn dragged her but she stared at Quinn with wide eyes that dripped tears and blood. “I—”

“Quiet!” snapped Quinn as she tried to sprint up cobblestones. The bricks cut at her bare feet, but the slime coating them eased a little of the pain. She was aware she was naked in public, but there was no public left to see her. Even the homeless realized it was dangerous to be out in the open.

“It was—”

“It wants both of us!” snapped Quinn. “I’m a fucking Omega too!”

The girl stiffened. “How—?”

In front of Quinn, she spotted a knot of army and city guards spreading out across the street. She gasped and glanced over her back.

When she saw five thick tentacles blossoming into tendrils as they moved with inhuman speed up the street, she knew there was no escape. The tendrils blocked the entire road in a writhing wall of dripping coils all hoping to rape both of them.

As the warriors pulled apart, she spotted her father standing toward the middle. He had his sword out but was refusing to move out of the way. Determination darkened his features as a glow formed around him, a defense shield. She knew that he wasn’t strong enough to hold back Mosar’s tentacles. It was a spell to turn away daggers and knives, not something capable of punching through a building.

Quinn turned back. She had no idea what she was doing, but the idea of letting the young girl be raped by the tentacle sickened her. She was too young. It wasn’t her fault that Mosar had awoken, it was Quinn’s.

A decision was made, the creature had to have an Omega to stop rampaging and there was only one old enough to take it. She sobbed as she realized what it meant and sprinted faster, tears rolling down her cheeks as she did. “Daddy! Daddy!”

Pieter did a double-take and then raced toward her.

“Daddy!” screamed Quinn as she held out the girl. “Save her!”

He stumbled, his face growing pale.

“Save the Omelas!” She shook the girl to make a point, racing the last few meters. She slid to a halt in front of him, her naked body trembling. Slime dripped from every inch of her.

His eyes widened as he stared. “Quinny—”

Without waiting, she jammed the girl toward her father who dropped his sword and caught her. “Save her, not her fault.” Her words came out in a rush between her panting.

“Baby—”

There was only the briefest of moments before the tentacles reached her. Quinn sobbed, the tears still running down her chest and her stomach twisting with her “I love you, Daddy.”

“Quinn—”

She spun on her heels and raced back toward the tentacles. Every step left a sickening lurch in her gut, but there was no more choices. She spread out her arms as she ran. “Come on!”

Behind her, her father yelled out. There was other voices rising up and a wave of magic rolled behind her. It wasn't followed by a combat spell, so she hoped it meant that the rest of the fighters with her father had protected themselves.

The wall of tentacles loomed over it. It was three stories tall with a thousand tentacles twisting, coiling, and thrusting forward. Buildings were pulverized as it rushed up to her.

She kept screaming. “I'm the—”

Between one heartbeat and the next, they struck. The tentacles slammed into Quinn and ripped her from the ground, wrapping around her limbs in an instant. The world spun around her as she flew back with the momentum but somehow pinned to the tentacles.

She saw a flash of her father and the other Omelas cowering behind a wall of golden energies and tower shields, but then everything went dark as she was completely engulfed by the tendrils.

The delicate questing from inside the building was gone. They coiled around her body, grabbing her breasts and squeezing down even as more of them wrapped around her chest, stomach, and

thighs. There was no friction, only incredible strength as the tendrils pulled her legs obscenely apart.

Quinn let out a cry which choked off when a tendril slammed into her pussy, easily impaling her and slamming against her cervix. The brutality of being penetrated silenced her in a flash. The burst of pain and rush of being forced open sent a burst of white sparks across her vision.

Without being able to see the sky or ground and still moving back, her senses focused on her body. Tendrils wrapped around her breasts, squeezing down on the base of her mounds until her tits were stretched away from her body. Her nipples burned as the skin felt like an overripe tomato, tense and hypersensitive. More tendrils wrapped around the swollen mounds, stroking them.

More tendrils stroked every other part of her body. The slimy tips ran along her elbows, sides, and thighs. More were coiled around her feet, the slimy muscular lengths caressing the soles of her feet.

The tentacle in her pussy yanked out. There was a rush of the ridged length scraping against her raw pussy and her toes coiled in the embrace of the entrails.

She shuddered with the roughness but tensed when she knew what would come next.

There was little pause as it drove back into her, thrusting deep into her pussy until it crashed against her cervix. The mixture of pleasure and pain sent another wave of white sparks across her vision. Before she recovered, it yanked back out and slammed into her.

It punched against her innermost gate with brutal speed, slamming hard until her entire body shook. If it wasn't for the tendrils pinning her in place, she would have arched her back. Instead, she strained against her bondage and was helpless to do anything as the tendril pounded into her, thrusting deep and yanking out.

She lost track of everything when the second tendril joined in the first. Like before, it was a brutal assault against her pussy as the two tendrils repeated drove into her in erratic thrusts. Just as she was used to one thrusting in as the other drew out, they wrapped around each other until it was a single thick cock forcing its way

into her pussy, stretching her painfully tight before driving deep. Every ridge burned against her nerves and she cried out into the darkness of writhing tentacles.

A tendril slapped against her face. She whimpered and turned her head away, but then there was another one. The tips ran along her cheeks and forehead until one of them pressed against her lips.

Terror burned through her senses and she clamped her mouth shut.

The tendrils thrusting inside her pussy accelerated, drumming into her. Her pussy spasmed around them, clamping down but unable to stop as they filled her deep and yanked out.

It was hard to concentrate. When she felt her attention drawing toward the pleasure and pain of being raped, the tension of her jaw relaxed. The tendril forced itself past her lips but was stopped by her teeth. Slime filled her mouth and she couldn't help but taste the salty fish scent that dribbled down her throat. It left a burning line, like the heat boiling in her pussy, and she breathed in the musky scent.

Her whimpers grew louder as the tendrils in her pussy continued to impale her. Her hips shook with each impact and pain exploded from the impact against her cervix, but it was drowned out by the pleasure of two tentacles that assaulted her insides with the constantly writhing pleasure of hard muscles, ridged lengths, and powerful force.

Despite the pain, there was a crack of pleasure and an orgasm ripped through her. Like the thrusting tentacles, there was no warning or gentleness about it. She came hard and fast.

A tendril ran down the length of her ass crack. She whimpered as it traced a line down from her tailbone until it caught her sphincter. She hoped it was going to join in with the others in her pussy, though there was no way she could take so much in her tight opening, but the tendril pressed against her opening. It didn't thrust forward and she couldn't help feel that it was threatening her.

The tendril at her mouth increased pressure, twisting in her lips. It was like sucking on a cock and she knew it would only take a little moment before she was taking it into her mouth. The idea of having her face fucked with the same inhuman strokes that brutalized her

cunt was tempting; she knew it would hurt but the helplessness was already fueling the orgasms that somehow wracked her body.

Quinn struggled to stop, barely able to concentrate with the pleasure and pain coursing through her body. She spasmed again, jerking against the tendrils that held her tightly in place.

Even the tendrils at her breasts were making it hard to concentrate. They boiled and slipped over her skin, coating them in the slime that set her skin on fire. She ached to have something touching her nipples, but the blind caressing wasn't enough. It was just on the edge of her senses, one more thing that sent her body into pleasurable overdrive.

The tendril at her sphincter pulled away.

Quinn gasped through her clenched teeth, praying for thanks.

It impaled her asshole with a single stroke that rammed a quarter meter of slick cock past the tightly-clenched hole. It was nothing like Rober, only a thick coil of hardness that plunged deep into her bowels and stretched her insides.

She screamed out at the unexpected thrust, her entire body locking as an orgasm over orgasm slammed into her. Too late, she realized her mouth had opened when the tendril thrust in. Like the one in her ass, it drove deep until it hammered against the back of her throat.

Quinn gagged on it before it drew out, scraping along her teeth.

The tendril didn't seem to respond to her scraping teeth as it pulled out and then drove forward again, smacking against the back of her throat.

Her chest spasmed from the impact and she gagged at the impact. The slime was pouring down her throat now, filling her stomach with rapidly warming liquid that sent more waves of pleasure.

Between the thrusts of the tendril in her mouth, she was impaled by her other two holes. The two inside her pussy didn't slow down as they assaulted her, thrusting deep and hard before filling her completely. The one in her ass was taking longer, if that was possible, strokes that swelled the skin of her belly as it stopped deep inside her. It was strange to have her ass full, it felt like her entire insides were a tight tube stretched around the tendril; she could feel every centimeter that wriggled deep inside her body.

She gagged on the tendril forcing its way into her throat. It didn't just press down, but yank almost completely out of her mouth before spearing forward. When it hit the back of her throat, the slime-soaked opening was no resistance as it curved down deep into her throat. She could feel her neck swell as it thrust deep, her chest spasming with the helpless reflex to eject the intruder.

A burst of discomfort burned through her. Blinded and helpless, it took her a moment to shift through her senses to realize that a third tendril had thrust into her tightly packed pussy. It was too much, but somehow it was forcing its way in. Her insides were ground against each other as the three tendrils found for her depths, hammering against her cervix before yanking out. There was no moment that something wasn't moving against her pussy lips or thrusting against her gate. It was a brutal assault and she gagged on the tendril thrusting her face with the desperate need to do something, to respond to the monster that wasn't giving her even a chance to breathe.

Having three tendrils fucking her cunt was almost too much. Her hips strained to keep them as they drove into her, powering into her pussy with waves of pleasure. She didn't think she would every be able to take Skein's or another human's cock anymore. Nothing so small could fill her compared to the three tendrils that fucked her.

There was only a hint when another tendril impaled her ass. The sudden surge of rippling length that impaled her sphincter was nothing compared to the sharp pain and then the sensation of being filled. The thrusts into her ass were longer, deeper as they curved into her body. Her stomach swelled with every thrust, but the pressure never relented. She was being fucked from all three holes and it hurt as much as it felt good.

When the second tendril worked its way into her mouth, she opened her jaw as far as it would go. It cracked with the effort as the twisting tendril coiled inside her and then down her throat. It blocked off her breath as it reached almost to her stomach before pulling out. Just as it reached her tongue and slime-filled mouth, the first tendril was barreling into her throat, forcing it open as it drove.

Her chest and lungs continued to spasm with every thrust. She gasped, or tried do, but there was no air left in her lungs. Any

chance of air was blocked off by the two tendrils that raped her throat. There was no way to inhale, or to exhale.

Quinn jerked in her bounds as black spots swam across her vision, adding to the white blasts from her orgasms. Her world turned into a halo of static as her ears filled with her pounding heartbeat and every millimeter of ridged flesh burned against her senses.

It felt surreal as she was fucked. She was stuffed to her limits, her belly swollen with tentacles that impaled her. Her pussy and ass were continually assaulted, impaled with rapid-fire tendrils that filled her completely before yanking out.

The waves of pleasure rose inside her, fueled by her lack of air. The black and white seemed to merge into a singularity of sensation where there was no ecstasy or agony, only intensity. It assaulted her senses and drove her further into a darkness that threatened to engulf her.

She came. It was an orgasm of orgasms, a single burst of intensity that tore through her tenses. She could feel the seven tendrils assaulting her body and her helpless to do anything, even when she was being suffocated by two of them.

The pleasure rose to a sharp-edge intensity and every muscle in her body ground down, locking her in place despite the tendrils that assaulted her.

The monster kept fucking her, deep and powerful, more than any human male. She felt helpless pleasure from being used, fucked, raped.

The jaws of unconsciousness rose up to clamp down. As she was dragged down, there was the briefest wave of worry through her head, what if she would never woke up?

t'Sade

Suspended

13

To her surprise, Quinn woke up. Her throat was raw, her pussy and ass aching, but she was breathing. Without opening her eyes, she took a deep breath and winced at the roughness of her raped throat. When she exhaled, there was a hint of blood that flooded her nostrils but otherwise she was alive.

She tried to move her limbs, but a powerful grip kept her in place. Her movement seemed to trigger other movements and the coils of tendrils wrapping around her limbs shifted slightly, reminding her that she was helplessly trapped in the beast's grip.

A wave of pleasure rolled through her and gathered in her aching pussy. She was still caught, destined to be fucked by the monster once again. A ghost of a smile curled her lip. For all of her terror and fear while running, the orgasm of being fucked was more than she could ever imagine. She almost felt sated.

(Open eyes.)

Quinn's smile faded. She thought she heard something but it echoed in her head with the deep rumble that she had never heard before. It was primal and powerful, filled with an overwhelming urge to obey, to submit.

Her pussy clenched with the intensity of the mental command. Hot juices dribbled down her thighs as she wondered if she imagined it.

(Open eyes.) The voice was deep and powerful; she could easily imagine it was the sound of a bear or dragon.

With another surge of heat dribbling from between her legs, she forced her eyes open. Slime coated her face and dripped off her eyelashes as her vision came into focus.

She was staring at an immense black eye. It was huge, easily five meters across. A sapphire pupil focused on her. Inside the eye, she could see the storm of some terrible intelligence staring at her.

Fear surged through her.

(Not my chosen.) The force of the voice pressed against her, ignited the fear and pleasure at the same time.

Trembling, she looked at the edge of the eye. It was the same mottled blue skin of the tentacles but there was a lot more of it. Her eyes grew wider as she stared at it, taking a long moment to realize how large the creature was that had captured her.

Gulping, she continued to look to the side. When she saw the edge of the bay through the tentacles on her right, the shore looked like a hazy line of buildings and farms.

Shaking more violently, she turned to the other side and saw the other side of the bay. It was just as far away but she saw the end of the labia, close to where her home was.

She gulped as her muscles tensed. There was only way she could see the ends of the bay so easily, she had to be inside it. A low whine rose in her throat as she looked over her shoulder.

The Clit was exactly where she expected to see it. Smoke rose from from dozens of fires in the city. Large swaths had been pulverized by the tentacle attack. She could even see the library, which had been laid bare by the tentacle attack. The path she had run along had been destroyed, a ragged line up to the point the tentacles caught and raped her.

The city was at the wrong angle though. She was too high to be seeing so much.

Even knowing where she was, she looked down. First, she saw her breasts. They were still held by the tentacles and her large mounds jutted from her chest like two balloons. The flesh was red and her nipples were dark in color. She wanted to touch them but her hands were helplessly caught.

Below her breasts, she could see her abused pussy. The red-rimmed opening looked like it had been through hell, but for the time being, it felt distressingly empty. She whimpered at the hungry need that boiled up inside her, an aching to be filled.

(Soon.)

She moaned and focused at the waters below her. No, it was blue but it wasn't waters. It was the gaping maw of Mosar, with glass-like teeth glinting like waves. Slime poured in rivers along the ridges of teeth and rippling tentacles that lined the mouth. In the center was the creature's throat, where it looked like a massive tentacle had been coiled up.

As she watched, it clenched down and she felt a rush of heat at the idea of being crushed to death by the immense jaw. It would be a brief and brutal death.

Reality stopped her thoughts. There was no brief end for her. She was an Omega, a victim to be raped and tortured until she died. There was no quick and easy death for her, only a slow one. Her father's words came back, it took the last one three years to die.

She shuddered at the thought and forced her eyes up.

(Omega. Not my Omega. Other's Omega.)

She stared into the too-large eye and nodded. She didn't know how to respond to the immense thoughts in her head.

(Use noise hole.)

Quinn gulped. "I-I...."

(Omega no travel, no leave. Why?) The tendrils tightened around her thighs, forcing them close. She felt the raw skin of her pussy grind together and cringed at the sensation.

"M-My mother and father took me away. Because... because of what I am."

(Omega price. Price for defense. Price for safety. I protect city. I protect water. They give me Omega. My price.)

She nodded.

(Use noise hole.)

"I was too young."

(Parents anger the creature who made you.)

Made her. Quinn shivered at the idea she was made for fucking. She took the tentacles well enough. She could still remember how easily the creature stuffed its tendrils into you.

The tendrils holding her shuddered and the giant eye twisted for a moment. (Smell good. Tastes good. Ready to serve.)

The tendrils coiled further down her legs, spreading her knees apart. It wasn't anything more complicated than sitting down, but

the ease that the creature manipulated her sent another wave of pleasure coursing through her veins.

(You breathe. You no survive service.) The thoughts echoing in her head grew darker, angry. (You wake Mosar unable to serve.)

“I-I didn’t know.”

(Fuck in water. Wake Mosar!) The anger filled her head, almost overwhelming. Images of ripping her apart flashed though her head, the visceral images more detailed than anything she could imagine. It was the creature showing what it could do to her.

Quinn whimpered through her sore throat and tried to press her legs together. The heat that bubbled from her abused pussy was humiliating but the smell of her growing excitement wafted through the sea air.

(Change my Omelas. Make her for me. You made for another. Made to fuck another. Your body unable to handle me.)

She cringed and felt a wave of fear.

(I shape my Omelas to handle me. To birth warriors, to take desire. Under the water it must happen and you still breathe.)

In Quinn’s head, the “birth warriors” echoed in her mind. Was the creature going to impregnate her? Was it more than just rape?

(Yes.)

A spasm rolled through her body, her clitoris and nipples growing achingly hard. The idea of having something growing inside her was almost enough to push her toward another orgasm.

(Respond correct. Right smell. Right taste.)

“C-Can’t you sleep until yours—”

(Once awoken, must continue. Your taste started the eggs.)

Another whimper. “E-Eggs?”

(Warriors. Eggs. Same. Many years recover from last battle, need thousands.)

The juices from her pussy flowed faster, rolling down her thighs and shins, over tendrils, to drip off her toes. She knew she couldn’t hear them land on the creature below her, but her mind was overwhelmed with the idea of being impregnated. Like the vague monster in her fantasies, she found herself growing hot at the idea of it. Reality, as she found out, was far more terrifying and exciting than anything her imagination could handle.

(Surrender you and the warriors die. Twenty years lost.)

The creature was going to fuck her. It was going to breed her even though she wasn't the chosen one.

(Yes.)

The single, rumbling voice in her head clenched her stomach and sent off a spasm across her pussy. She wanted to feel it, to experience it, to know what she was made for. Whatever her fate, she was going to fulfill the reason she was made.

The tendrils around her body shifted. The eye grew larger as she was pulled close to it. It didn't blink, but she could feel the gaze staring at her. It felt like the creature was looking into her, peering at whatever made her. Her tight buttocks clenched in fear, no sure what to expect.

(You made with skill. Made to fuck. Made to hurt.)

She nodded, her breath coming faster.

(Centuries ago, the Omelas not prepared. Remember how to keep alive. It hurt. You scared. You cry. You live.)

She nodded, the tears starting down her cheeks. She cringed, unsure of what would happen next.

(You become my Omelas.)

She moaned with need. Her body was hot, inviting. She needed it. Exposed and helpless, she couldn't do anything to stop Mosar, but she still craved to be abused. Somehow the threat of pain and tears only added to the sharp edge of anticipation.

The creature's thoughts withdrew from her mind. It left her feeling empty, as if she was thinking in a hallow space.

She sighed and the anticipation began to ebb.

It quickly came back when a new tentacle came up in front of her. It came from deep inside Mosar's mouth but it was colored differently than the others. It was pale, almost white, but the skin was translucent. She could see liquid bubbling inside it as it swelled and contracted in front of her.

Tendrils wrapped around her neck and through her hair. She inhaled sharply as she felt the pressure holding her tight.

Eyes locked on the clear one, she tried to prepare herself but she didn't know what would happen. The unknown blended with the helplessness into a cruel pleasure that seeped through her body, heating her up rapidly.

The tendrils forced her head back as the tip of the clear one rose above her. She tried to resist but the tentacles easily forced her back until she was staring straight up, her throat a straight line from her lips to her stomach.

The clear tendril aimed down.

Mosar wasn't going slow or waiting. There was no foreplay or preparation, he was going to change her right then and there.

Quinn whimpered and tried to shift out of the way, a primal fear bubbling up. She shook her head, or tried to, but couldn't move. The tears rolled down her cheeks as the helplessness and fear crawled into her thoughts. The rapid shift from anticipation to fear was overwhelming. The immediacy had snuffed out her pleasure.

(Open mouth.)

The order came and she couldn't disobey. Trembling with the effort, she forced her mouth open. She could tell that it was going to pierce her, impale her maybe clear through her body. She didn't know, she had no idea.

The clear tendril speared down.

Quinn let out a scream, the loudest of her life.

Instead of thrusting into her stomach, the tendril wormed its way into her lungs, right against the one point that sent a desperate spasm ripping through her body. It was inside her air and she coughed violently to escape it.

When she swallowed, she felt something clamp down on the tendril but it was forced open by the intruding girth. Air escaped her lungs as the tendril swelled open, keeping her throat and jaw open.

A wet surge of air rushed through her lungs, not from her own breathing but from the tendril that had forced its way into her. She cried as her chest swelled and her breasts aching for release. The tendrils wrapped around her mounds and ribs squeezed down, forcing the icy air out.

Something flashed in the center of the clear tendril. Helplessly to look away, Quinn stared at it as something came surging along the clear length. It looked like glittering ripples of green confetti, but as the greenish movement drew closer, she could see it was thousands of tiny fish. Each one was no longer than the smallest knuckle of her pinky finger, but the surge of them was terrifying.

Quinn tried to jerk out of the way but couldn't. She was forced to watch as the tendrils held her in place and the fish came rushing down it.

It took almost a minute for the fish to reach into her. As they passed her lips, she could feel them fluttering against her lips and against her tongue. The slimy tentacle kept them away, but the crawl of a thousand flippers along her senses sent irrational fears ripping through her mind. She cringed and closed her eyes, trying not to feel as they poured down her throat and into her lungs.

The feel of icy liquid pouring into some place they shouldn't be was too much. She tried to cough it out, her chest aching to clench shut, but the pressure was too much. Soon, the squirming mass of fish reached her lungs and poured in. It was terrifying how they seemed to crawl into hypersensitive parts of her body, swelling her chest as they forced their way into places she couldn't imagine.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she jerked and writhed. The tendrils prevented her from moving far and she sobbed as her lungs were stuffed with the thousand fish.

The pressure in her chest grew until she thought she would pop. Then the tendril pulled out slowly, working its smooth length past her lips as more fish came surging out. They packed tight into her lungs as the squirming mass filled her.

Some of the fish crawled up her throat as a surge of the icy liquid squeezed around the tendril. She gagged on the sensation, it was far worse than being raped by the tendrils. She tried to cough again, but the solid mass of fish inside her made it impossible to make a noise.

The tendril slipped out further and she felt the flap in her throat close against her lungs. Before she could cough again to eject it, the tendril surged back down and forced it close.

Quinn sobbed and bit down, trying anything to get a breath in. She was going to drown with the fish inside her, she had to do something.

There was a flash of light. It surrounded her and she looked for it, still able to move her head, but then realized it came from inside her. She was seeing it through her skin.

A burning sensation radiated from her throat, a sharp pain of something happening deep inside.

Quinn tried to sob, but no noise came from her throat. She gagged on the tendril and the crawling fish, forced to feel them squirming against sensitive places. Everything in her body said that she was suffocating, but she couldn't do anything. She was going to die, she knew it.

The clear tendril withdrew, slipping past her lips.

Inside her, the writhing fish continued to assault her senses, squirming against the nerves that insisted she was drowning to death.

Fear burned in her thoughts as she waited for the tendril to leave. It did and she coughed violent to clear the fish.

No air came out.

Her eyes widened even more and she tried again, pushing everything she could into expelling the fish.

Nothing.

A whine started to rise, but no noise came out. No air, no movement. Her overfilled lungs refused to move. She couldn't breathe.

Silence except for her pounding heartbeat.

Quinn strained to grab her throat, to do anything, but the tendrils kept her spread obscenely apart. She writhed and tried to scream, cry, beg, anything.

Nothing came out. Her lungs no longer worked.

She waited to suffocate, but no black spots swam across her vision. Only the squirm of a thousand fish caught in her lungs, violating her in a way that a thousand years of dreams couldn't come up with. They were caught inside her, somehow giving her air but refusing to let any of it escape.

The tendrils holding her surged down, yanking her toward the maw of the creature.

Quinn continued to struggle with her breath, trying to force the air out. Her body refused to give up and she kept thinking she was suffocating, a torturous sensation of knowing she was about to die as the adrenaline poured through her veins to defend her against something that could never happen.

It wasn't until the maw came around her that she realized that Mosar was about to swallow her.

The water came rushing up and the tendrils yanked her into it, plunging her into icy liquid. The impact shocked her, stripping off some of the slime, but then it was rushing away from her as the bright sky above her grew smaller. Mosar's mouth closed above her, the coils of massive tentacles sealing shut.

As Quinn saw the last sight of sky above her, she felt an orgasm born of fear and terror slam into her. She was made for this, but it didn't make the acceptance any easier.

When the darkness swallowed her, she closed her eyes and tried not to think about the fishes fluttering in her lungs or the water that surged into her nose and throat, down her stomach in a cool embrace of a living hell.

t'Sade

Breeding

14

The tendrils came back to fuck Quinn. As she was drawn deeper into the darkness, the rushing water her the only hint of movement before the coiling tentacles rammed home. There was no foreplay or hint, just one moment she was silently screaming in the dark and the next there was two of them fucking her pussy and ass.

The strokes were hard and fast, the one in her cunt slamming against her cervix with brutal hammer blows. A second tendril drove into her pussy right before a third impaled her asshole. It didn't take long before the pleasure curled through her body as her magically-manipulated form accepted its destiny.

Another tendril drove into her ass, stretching the tight ring once again. Like her pussy, the three violating her sphincter were brutal and fast, the strokes deep as they felt like they were pulling her organs out of place to drive their half-meter lengths deep into her body.

The overwhelming pleasure sent off her orgasms. The heat boiled inside her, warming the sea water that flooded her mouth. She threw back her head and cried out helplessly, unable to do anything in the darkness.

A tendril speared her throat, forcing the water out as it thudded against the back of her throat and then down into her esophagus. Her chest swelled against the tendrils abusing her tits. The ones around her chest squeezed down and the one fucking her face slipped out.

She wanted to beg not to have three raping her mouth either, but there was no time before the tendril came back, thrusting deep. The sensation of her neck swelling around its girth and the ripples of

muscles and ridges that ripped past her lips would have stolen her breath away. Instead, it only set off another wave of orgasms as her three holes were pummeled mercilessly.

One orgasm after another ripped through her body. It left sparks of white light in the back of her eyes. The speed increased, brightening her world with the rapid-fire blasts of pleasure.

Just as it felt like her entire world had become a continuum of pleasure, her eyes began to pick out shapes in the darkness. She tried to concentrate, but the tendrils fucking her face made it difficult to move her head from any position besides stretched straight to relieve the impact against the back of her throat.

The water rushing by her slowed down but the tendrils didn't. Every thrust jerked and shoved her body around, but the speed and thrusts were too fast so her body only shook violently as it was raped.

The tendril in her mouth suddenly ripped out. She jerked forward, mouth open, to accept it again, but it didn't return. Cold water rushed into her mouth and stomach; she could feel it rolling down her sore throat to her still-shaking belly.

Quinn blinked, surprised that she could see. There was a glow in front of her, a hazy light through the shifting waters. Her eyes couldn't focus on it, not with the six tendrils fucking her ass and pussy, but she concentrated on it as the only thing she could see.

The tendrils drew her closer and the glow increased until she could see what it was. At first, it looked like glowing spheres plastered against some sort of shifting wall. Being inside Mosar's body, Quinn knew that she was in a chamber of some sort and the wall would have been the creature's, but the spheres looked attached to the rippling surface.

A fear clenched her belly, but was quickly blasted away by the orgasms. Her pussy squeezed against the tendrils, but she couldn't get even enough pressure to slow down the three tendrils assaulting her cervix. Deep inside, she felt bruised and bloodied. She briefly wondered if she would die of her injuries, but she reminded herself she was made to be abused and fucked.

The reminder sent another pulse of pleasure and she opened her mouth to gasp, but nothing came out. Only the tickling of a

thousand fishes squirming in her lungs, somehow keeping her alive in the water.

A ripple of movement ran along the spheres. Each one lit up before the light spread to the others. As it did, she could see they were translucent. Inside was something moving, it looked like a comma except for two spots for black eyes.

They were eggs.

The tendrils in her pussy yanked out and didn't return. The ones in her ass followed, leaving her feeling empty and gaping. Cold water rushed into her pussy and ass, a balm against the abuse she just suffered.

Mosar pulled her close until she could see the eggs clearly. Each one was the size of her father's fist. They were rounded and gelatin, twitching slightly from the movement of the creature inside it.

There was a thick, translucent layer of something above the eggs. It held them against the wall of Mosar's insides. When it rippled, the eggs lit up slightly with an interior illumination.

Quinn watched the ripples with her eyes. There were thousands, no millions, of eggs attached to the inside of the creature. Millions of eggs and he wanted to use her to breed them.

Her pussy muscles tried to clench, but it did nothing but swirl some water around. She had been gaped open and she could imagine there was only one place the eggs could be placed. The idea of having one inside her sent a bolt of pleasure and terror mixing inside her. It was overwhelming, an orgasm that coursed through her abused body.

A new tendrils came, translucent like the one that injected the fishes into her lungs. It was thicker than any other tendril that had impaled her before. Mosar didn't give her any time to get used to the idea before he speared into her pussy with it. It stretched her obscenely gaping pussy as it forced itself in. Ripples of muscles drove deep into her and her belly swelled with its girth.

She shuddered with pleasure and discomfort as it stretched her out before thumping against her innermost gate. She expected it yank out and thrust back in, but it remained in place with a sucking sensation deep inside places she could never touch.

Her senses grew still, except for the pressure against her cervix and the thousand wiggling fish inside her lungs. She wanted to pant,

her body begged her too even as it insisted she was drowning. Her body clenched and jerked, coughing endlessly to try ejecting the pressure inside her chest. There was no escape, she knew that she couldn't, but her body continued to cough violently in an effort to save her.

One of the eggs separated from the wall. It bobbed in the water underneath the clear membrane before it was drawn down to an opening that formed the base of the tendril that now impaled her pussy.

Her eyes followed it as it traced along the length with agonizing slowness. The ovipositor tendril was twenty or so meters long and the anticipation of the egg being inside her only grew as she followed it through the coiled twists and turns.

As it reached her pussy, she tried to tighten her muscles to keep it out. She knew it was a hopeless chance but her body responded against her will. She envied the young Omelas in the city, she was bred specifically to handle this and probably didn't have the sensation of constant drowning or the reflexive push to keep the egg out.

The egg thudded against her entrance. It was larger than the tendril by a few centimeters. It strained against her tightly stretched labia, sinking in as the tendril surged around her.

Quinn's eyes blurred as sharp pain radiated from her entrance. It was too big, too large for her abused body.

A ripple of muscles raced up the length of the ovipositor. It slammed against her pussy and the egg was forced further into her. A little blood spurted out of the opening, but another tendril slapped against the cut and deposited a thick layer of slime against the rip. The pain faded and was replaced by a desperate hunger, a heat of pleasure.

Another ripple along the ovipositor slammed into her and the egg lodged itself into her pussy, the thickest part easily caught in the tight channel of her vagina.

She shuddered as the ovipositor's surge forced the egg deeper, centimeter by centimeter. Each one left her desperately wanting to scream out in pain but unable to do anything other than feel the thickness forced into her pussy.

It felt like hours for the egg to make its way past her entrance and into her pussy, but the ovipositor never stopped. The glow faded, but she could see the shape clearly outlined against her belly. Each ripple sent a surge of discomfort as the egg was brought up against her cervix.

Quinn shuddered. Her bruised cervix was the last gate, the last place to breach for her breeding. But, she couldn't imagine how the egg was going to fit inside.

The ovipositor didn't change its behavior. A surge of movement rippled along its length and plunged into her body. It swelled her channel with its powerful length and the egg was jammed against her last gate. A flash of pain coursed through her body, but then it was interrupted when another wave rolled through the length. And then another, and another. Each one slammed against her cervix, crushing the tiny gate. It was slow, powerful, and unstoppable; a fist slamming against her gate with every increasing force.

At the first ripping sensation, she almost blacked out. The pain was intense and cut through her senses, almost breaking her sanity. She opened her mouth to scream, but nothing came out. She could do nothing. She could make no noise. She tried to rip free, to swim for freedom, but there was no way to escape the tendrils and her fate.

The surges came faster, the pressure tearing her open as the ovipositor forced the egg into her cervix. Each impact of the muscular tore into her, ripping her gate open and sending spasms of agony coursing through her.

Wave after wave attacked her, ripping her further open. She felt hot and liquid inside her. She wondered if it was her own blood, but she didn't have time to wonder, not with another wave forcing itself deep into her pussy.

The ripping continued, one millimeter at a time.

She thrashed helplessly, unable to do anything than suffer. Her eyes followed each ripple that coursed along the ovipositor, knowing that it would be agony for her but unable to do anything than watch as it plunged into her.

After what felt like days, there was one final rip and blast of pain. And then the egg surged into her womb.

It was a new sensation for her, she never had a child. But, the relief of having an egg deep inside her was a burst of pleasure. Her muscles relaxed as the bulge settled into place deep in her most private of places.

Quinn tried to let out a sigh of relief, but couldn't. It was over, she was impregnated. She winced as the ovipositor shifted and prepared for it to withdraw.

It didn't.

A current of fear ran through her. She looked down to see another egg traveling up the ovipositor.

Quinn shook her head and mouthed "no" as loudly as she could.

Mosar didn't listen.

The egg slammed against her pussy and the surged forced it inside the tortured opening. It took less effort but it wasn't any less painful as it travel up her cunt to her cervix. Ripples slammed into her as the creature forced a second egg past her ruined gate.

When it surged into place against the next one, she spasmed with the relief.

She opened her eyes to see another one coming up the translucent tendril. Behind it, more eggs were detaching from the wall and sliding toward the base of the tendril. Tears leaking out of her eyes, she prepared herself for an eternity of torture.

Each one was forced into her tortured sex. She couldn't do anything as they were driven past her destroyed cervix and into her womb. Her belly swelled with every egg, the light from the gelatin spheres growing bright enough she could see them through her skin.

She sobbed helplessly as the pressure increase. Her stomach grew until she looked like she was two months pregnant, then three. Countless eggs were forced into her gaping body and stuffed inside her.

The pressure built until she thought her belly would rip open. It took more waves of strength to force the eggs in. Each one brutalized her destroyed gate, grinding with increasing pressure through the gaping hole.

Finally, it was over. No more eggs traveled down the ovipositor. Her belly was swollen, the skin tight over the glow that emanated from her womb. She looked four months pregnant and the heavy

mass buried inside her womb was as distracting as the fish fluttering in her lungs and her desperate attempts to breathe.

The ovipositor pulled out.

Her pussy remained gaping open, unable to close over the girth that stretched her open so long. A cloud of dark blood and slime ejected from her pussy.

Deep inside, she felt an egg slip from her destroyed cervix. It popped out and out of her cunt, glowing brighter as it sailed away.

The ovipositor froze as did the other tendrils.

The freed egg's glow brightened until it was as bright as the sun, then it exploded. The concussion wave slammed into her and she was overwhelmed by the roar of the explosion. Sharp pains in her ears course through her mind.

Another egg started to slip out. She shook her head, trying to do anything. She yanked at her hand, unsure of what to do, but hoping that holding it inside her would stop it from exploding.

She couldn't move, but somehow Mosar knew her attempts had a purpose.

A tendril slammed into her pussy and to her cervix. It slowed as it reached her cervix and shoved the egg back inside. When it pulled back, the egg started to slip back out.

Quinn shook violently. It hurt to have the egg squeezing past her ruined cervix, the raw and torn muscles were burning hot and no doubt bleeding profusely.

The tendril inside her pushed the egg back, but then continued to slide inside. It coiled over itself in her pussy, swelling up as more of it slipped inside. It teased her insides, but it wasn't thick enough to caress her gaping entrance.

She wasn't sure what it was doing, but more and more continued to slide inside her. A second bulge formed in her pussy, below the swell of her womb.

The tendril continued to coil inside her, finally stretching the walls of her vagina. It formed a plug inside her, a tight seal that pressed against her cervix and added pressure to every millimeter of her sensitive pussy. Ripples of movement caressed her insides and the fire was reignited inside her.

With pleasure coursing through her veins, Quinn waited for Mosar's next action.

Nothing new happened.

The moment stretched into minutes and then hours.

She couldn't focus on one thing. There was a fluttering in her lungs, a desperate attempt to breathe, pressure in her womb, and a rippling of a tendril buried in her pussy. Each one plucked at her senses and she found herself lost in the overwhelming sensory input. It was maddening and torturous.

It never stopped.

Inadequate

15

A wave of nausea flooded through Quinn. She groaned, her throat vibrating but no air rushing past to make a noise. A steady headache pulsed in her head, adding to her discomfort and the torture of being stuffed to her limits, suffocating, and the fluttering in her lungs. She rolled her head to the side, wishing she could throw up but nothing came out of her surging stomach.

Each cough wracked her body. She needed to expel the pressure in her lungs, but her body refused to stop. Instead, it tore at her muscles as it tried repeatedly, many times a second. It was hopeless and unstoppable, a torture.

She was starving. She didn't know how long the eggs were inside her but her stomach grumbled with need and the headache continued to pulse in her head. She opened her mouth and drew in a gulp of sea water but the salt didn't parch her thirst or sate the need.

(Weak.)

Quinn shuddered at the powerful thought that ripped through her mind. She tried to respond, to find the words, but no noise came out of her mouth.

(Your body weak. Unable to survive to breed.)

Unable to do anything, she mouthed "I'm sorry." She wanted to say more, but she lost herself in a round of coughing as the wiggling tickled at her sanity. She couldn't focus on anything happening to her body, there were too many things and it was getting hard to concentrate.

(Feed.)

Lit by the light from the wall of eggs, a new tendril came hovering near her mouth. It looked different than the others. It was almost black but had a clear tip that ended in a sharp-looking point. The clear part shifted in and out of the opaque one, as if it was a tendril inside another one.

Unable to resist, Quinn opened her mouth and prayed it wouldn't hurt like the ache in her womb or her destroyed pussy which still burned every time an egg started to slip out before it was shoved back into place by the plug that stuffed her cunt.

The translucent tip withdrew inside the outer tendril as it came down. The remaining, blunt-ended tendril was thick. When it pressed against her lips, she had to force her jaw painfully apart before it could get past her teeth.

To her surprise, the tendril stopped right after her teeth. She tried to keep her jaw open, but the strain was too much. Reluctantly, she relaxed her jaw and cringed, waiting for something to strike her.

Her teeth sank into the spongy tendril and stopped. It still forced her jaw too far open, right at the edge of being dislocated, but she couldn't bite any further down.

The tendril hardened inside her mouth, keeping her jaw obscenely stretched apart.

Discomfort sent a surge of pain coursing through her body.

There was movement, not from the tendril that pried her mouth open but from the one inside the outer shell. It peeked out and slipped into her mouth, a sharp taste against her tongue as it explored her opening.

She shivered at the sensation. She tried to move her head to look, but the tendril prying her open forced her head back up, forcing her mouth and throat into a straight line.

A ripple of heat filled her. She was about to be raped again. There was only one reason for the position. Her muscles clenched and relaxed. Between her legs, her futile attempts only emphasized the thick knot of tendril blocking her cervix and filling her pussy to its limits. It never stopped wiggling or moving and the constant waves of pleasure were just as maddening as the squirming fishes or the slowly increasing girth of the eggs inside her womb.

The inner tendril slipped further along. It moved slowly, which made her gag as it explored the back of her throat before sliding further down. It squirmed and wiggled down her throat, tracing out every centimeter before reaching her stomach.

Quinn's body spasmed as she tried to cough and gag at the same time. It was overwhelming as the fear of suffocating continued. She couldn't stop her automatic reflexes, no matter how much she tried. She was helpless and stuffed.

There was a twisting sensation and then the tendril was in her stomach. She felt the pressure inside her as the nausea increased sharply.

Quinn waited for food to pour through her stomach, but instead the tendril continued to slip deeper inside her. The outer layer kept her mouth apart, so the first she felt of movement was the ripples that ran along her tongue and throat. She caressed it, unable to anything else as the tendril continued to slide into her.

She didn't know what it was doing but she could feel it as it swelled in her stomach and then worked deeper inside her. With a sickening sensation, she felt it reach the other end of her stomach and force its way into her belly. Different nerves set on fire as it invaded her intestines and worked along them.

Panic filled her as it traced every centimeter of her insides. Each twist of movement ground against the mass in her womb and her tightly stretched skin. It added girth as it ran through the coils of her insides, swelling her past her limits as it followed the length around her womb, bladder, and sex.

After an eternity of agony, the tendril forced itself into her rectum. Her sphincter swelled from the insides, as if she was about to shit, but it was the tendril that forced itself out of her asshole. She couldn't stop it, no matter how much she pulled back and the ripples of movement tortured her sphincter as it continued to slide through her body.

Every centimeter of her insides were touched, rubbed, and stretched as it continued along. It moved with agonizing slowness and she felt parts of her body she didn't know existed. Aches rose and fell as the tendril continued past her, the bitter taste of it flooding her mouth.

Quinn shuddered at the sensation. She was stuffed and she didn't know how much more she could take. She tried to do anything, but she couldn't. Every hole in her body was filled and forced open, jammed with some tendril that kept it from closing.

After hours of being impaled, the tendril inside her mouth stopped moving. It seemed to settle in place.

She coughed violently, the pressure in her throat not making her gagging any easier. She couldn't move anymore, her head was forced back for the tendril. She only hoped that when the other tendril holding her jaw open withdrew, she wouldn't hurt whatever was impaling her from mouth to ass.

It never pulled out.

There were no more thoughts from Mosar, no more direction or hint of what was going on. Only the agony of too many things happening to her body.

She started to black out when the first movement coursed down her throat. It was a thick liquid inside the tube of the inner tendril. she could feel it surging past her tongue but couldn't taste it. It rolled down her throat and into her stomach. It swelled there as it slowed. More liquid followed after it, increasing the girth of her stomach.

Quinn thought it had stopped but it was still moving through the other parts of her body. She could feel it coursing along her intestines, rippling and moving as it ran her length.

Her headache slowly faded and the nausea faded. Relief flooded her senses. It felt like silence despite the wriggling and pressure. She smiled around the tendril forcing her jaw open and let her lips seal around it. It wasn't going anywhere. She wondered if she would spend the rest of her life impaled by a tentacle and continually stuffed.

Closing her eyes, she tried to focus on the pleasure of the tendril coiling in her pussy and the liquid ripples traveling out of her sphincter. The two pleasures eased some of her discomfort and she managed to let her mind drift. She couldn't do anything else but suffer through an agony of endless pleasure.

Birthing

16

Quinn didn't remember when the tendrils had attached to her breasts, but the gentle sucking was an added pleasure to her tortures. Every second, they would suck at her breasts and her body clenched. And then there was a squirt and the pressure relaxed. It was rhythm and pleasurable, a tickle against her senses that matched with the constant coiling in her pussy and the ripples escaping her asshole.

The pleasure warred with the agony. The squirming in her lungs never ceased, her coughs and gagging never ended. The pressure in her womb only increased, grinding against her senses and swelling her until she was ready to pop.

In the last... she couldn't keep track of time. It felt like days, she could feel the eggs slipping against her destroyed cervix, slipping past only to be pushed back in by the coiled tendril in her cunt. The constant passing scraped over the ruined opening had destroyed any chance of it recovering. The exposed nerves never stopped burning though, and she shuddered with the agonizing movement that conflicted with the pleasure.

There was nothing else in her life. No intellectual discussions, no arguments with parents, nothing. Just alone with her pleasure and pain, bobbing in the darkness of some terrible beast.

Quinn slipped in and out of unconsciousness, following the rhythm of her body but no longer caring about anything. She was being bred, there was nothing she could do about it. Her body was made for it, to be abused and violated. Even with the agony, she felt herself smiling to herself as she enjoyed the fulfillment of her purpose.

And then something changed.

One moment, she was bobbing in the water and the next the tendril stuffing her cunt was slipping out. It had been a long time since she remembered how it felt and the shock of having the muscular length slipping out sent an intense wave of pleasure coursing through her body.

Before, the muscles of her cunt would tighten in reflex, but they were long ruined. Her opening gaped as she felt the cold water rushing in, filling her up and against the egg trying to escape.

With nothing to shove it in, it slipped out across raw nerves.

Quinn gasped as the thick, gelatin shape popped into her pussy. A bolt of pleasure filled her as a second one started to escape her womb. There were more in there, hundreds probably. The third one came out faster, bumping against the first two. Moments later, there was four and then five.

The pressure in her cunt increased sharply as the eggs were forced out. They jammed in her pussy for just a moment before slipping out, ejected into the water around her.

The glow increased.

Remembering how the first one exploded, Quinn cringed. She couldn't watch the eggs coming out of her body, her head was still forced back by the feeding tube that pried her jaw apart. She couldn't even move her mouth anymore, it felt like her teeth were sealed or melted into the sheath of the feeding tendril.

But, she could feel the eggs as they popped out, each one forced by the one behind it. The thick, rounded eggs ran along her nerves and rubbed along her inner walls. Each thump against her pussy sent her into the throes of an orgasm which only increased as they popped out of her body.

One of the them floated in the water around her. And then more. The glow surrounded her like a cloud as the eggs—her babies—twitched with movements. The creatures inside had grown. They were fish, but strange ones with large lower jaws and tendrils for fins. They coiled and uncoiled, straining at the confines of their shells.

As she watched, one of them cracked loose. She cringed, waiting for the explosion, but it only burst open in a cloud of slime before swimming past. Black eyes regarded her before it circled around.

More eggs cracked open as the monstrous fish began to school around her.

More eggs slipped from her pussy, rolling against her nerves. The constant pressure of her life relaxed. There was relief, but also sorrow as she felt empty.

Tendrils wrapped around her ribs and then slipped down before squeezing. The pressure against her insides fought with the pressure of the feeding tendril stuffing her from the inside. Her orgasms were crushed as the outer tendrils rolled down, forcing the eggs out of her faster.

The constantly popping past her cervix was as overwhelming as the surge as they were expelled from her pussy. The pleasure and pain blurred together, wracking her body as an orgasm tore through her. She was giving birth to her babies, her eggs.

Her throat vibrated with a moan but she coughed through it. Her aching muscles hurt, but it was nothing compared to expelling the eggs.

A shifting on her breasts drew her attention. Whatever was milking her was moving. She looked up, trying to get a sight when two tendrils coiled into view. They were white with swollen sacks lined up along the edges. One of the sacks burst open and a cloud of milk, lit up by the glow from the fish and the wall of eggs, burst into the water.

The monstrous fish didn't seem to know what to do until one of them swam through the cloud. It doubled back and swam through it faster, piercing the cloud with its wide-open mouth.

More fish swarmed into the cloud, gulping it down. In a matter of seconds, it was gone. The fish schooled together again, swirling around in a cloud of movement.

More of the sacks burst open and the tendril shifted out of the way as the school attacked it. The taste of milk filled the water, the first taste of anything since she was swallowed by the beast. It was sweet against her lips and she tried to gulp it down, not caring that it was from her own breast.

The last egg was pushed out of her body and the tendrils forcing them out relaxed, pulling back. She was empty and used. The void in her pussy and womb was overwhelming and a wave of despair filled her. Was she done? Was that the last of it.

Mosar made no attempt to answer.

The fish, her fish, continued to swarm around her. Their teeth worked as they swam through the clouds of milk.

The white tendrils stretched further away and released another sack.

The school chased after it.

Another sack was released further along, at the edge of her vision.

As the school of monstrous fish chased it, she realized Mosar was leading them away from her. She guessed it was because they were hungry and if there was no milk, there was only one thing left to eat.

(Correct.)

She jerked at Mosar's though, surprised that he answered. She wanted to ask him what was next, but no immediate response came.

Quinn closed her eyes and bobbed in the water. She sobbed, or tried to, at the feeling of being empty. It had been days, weeks, months, she wasn't sure. But the constant pressure in her womb and the coiling in her pussy was a painful when it was gone. It wasn't her purpose, she needed to be bred.

The water swirled around her as she was re-positioned. She opened her eyes and found herself looking at the wall of glowing seeds.

One of them had detached from its lining and was sliding toward the base of the ovipositor. It slipped into the base and then slid down the length.

And then there was pressure at her entrance. The thick ovipositor surged deep into her and sealed against her cervix. Moments later, the first egg jammed against her cunt before slipping into her destroyed cervix and against raw nerves.

Barratt

17

Barratt of the Bordeli Forest stormed along the path of some horrid ocean bay. He heard it was called the Cunt and he could see that from the city at the end of the bay and the two sides that lead to a sheltered opening at the base. It would have been amusing if he hadn't been traveling for the last few months in furious anger.

In his hand, he carried the head of the freshly decapitated Pieter and the shrunken one of Klaus, the mayor of the Nissar, one of the villages he protected. Blood trailed behind him, marking his path, but he didn't care.

He could smell the warriors rushing behind him. They had attacked three times now and he fought each one off without breaking a sweat. Electricity coursed along his furry arms and body. More of it sparkled along the barbs of his immense, misshapen cock that dangled between his legs. He was naked, but clothes were for weak humans that needed monsters to protect them.

He could smell his Omelas. Her cunt juices were in the air though the smell was at least a year old. But, he would find her. He would find her and bring her back after slaughtering whatever remained of her family. He promised her parents that if they ran, he would hunt them down, rape, and then kill them. And Barratt kept his promises when he had to wait nineteen years for his payment.

He reached an outcropping of the rock and continued along. But only a few meters beyond it, the smell faded. Turning around, he padded to the outcropping and looked down.

The smell of his cunt was down there but he couldn't see how she survived. It was a cliff that ended in rocks that were hammered by

the ocean. There was no shelter, no scent. It was the smell of year old pussy juice, not a fresh cunt of his Omelas.

A growl shook in his chest and he pulled back his lips. He was going to kill someone. Turning slowly, he regarded the hundred men and women who followed him. They were prepared for battle, but they were obviously terrified of him.

He snarled at them. Somehow, they were responsible for his cunt's death and he would be damned if he wasn't going to take his revenge out on the weak humans that cowered in this city. They ruined his Omelas and it would be decades before he could have another one capable of taking his misshapen cock and electricity without dying instantly.

One of the guards, a blond with scars covering his body, stepped up. He carried his sword with his left hand. His right arm ended at the wrist. "Stop!"

Barratt growled, "Where is my cunt?"

"Who are you?"

"I am Barratt Bordeli, protector of the Ring Villages."

The blond's sword wavered but didn't drop. "I am Skein of the Franome Royal Army. And I demand—"

"Where is my cunt!" bellowed Barratt.

"—that you drop the heads—"

Barratt summoned electricity into his free hand. It coursed along his body, tickling his cock into half-mast, before launching itself from his palm.

Skein's eyes grew wide, but then he yelled out a word of power and the electricity surged into his sword. It was a lighting spell, a relatively rare power. The warrior jammed his sword into the ground and Barratt's lighting bled away.

Barratt chuckled and shook his head. "You won't win this fight, human. I want my cunt and I want it now. Or I'm going to slaughter every man, woman, and child until I find her and her parents." He lifted the two heads up to make his point.

Skein paled. "H-How do you know Pieter?"

Barratt did a double take. "You know this skull?"

"Yes, it's..." Skein gulped. "Yes."

"Where is the cunt?"

Skein tightened his grip and set his jaw. "She's gone."

“Wrong answer!”

Lightning arched from the clouds above him, burning the ground as he gathered it and threw it at Skein. The bolt arced across the air, scorching it.

Skein didn't have time to even belt out a word of power.

The lightning struck a thick tentacle. The flesh melted the slime that covered it.

Barratt's hair stood up on ends and he summoned the power into a shield of lighting.

Another tentacle, as thick as a tree, slammed into the shield from behind him. The slime and flesh melting off as it tried to coil around his destructive spell.

Barratt snarled and spun around, summoning more power to him as he prepared for battle against the abyssal that rose out of the ocean. It was an otherworldly creature, just like himself, but far larger. He could feel the mass around him, the electricity of movement coursing through kilometers of tentacles, tendrils, and a swollen weight that had to be its body.

He dropped the heads and used both hands to summon his power. It would be a bloody fight and he wasn't sure which one would win.

(Mosar!)

Barratt snarled. “Barratt of Bordeli.”

(Protect.)

“I want my cunt!”

An arrow slammed into Barratt's head, the head shattering against his skull. He lifted a hand without looking and sent a bolt of lighting coursing down the path of the arrow. There was a scream as people were cooked alive by his power.

(Protect!) The tentacles snapped around as more rose out of the water. There were at least a dozen, each one wider than him.

Barratt didn't care. “Where is my cunt! My Omelas!”

A gasp ripped through the crowd. He could smell their fear and terror, urine and shit. They were too weak to fight him, only Mosar was a threat.

A tentacle rose up, a black eye rotating to focus on him.

Barratt kept his senses open, not willing to let his attention be drawn to one point. Mosar was dangerous and they both knew it.

(Take. Claim. Owned. Bred.)

Fury surged through Barratt. He could feel the change starting to take place, his knees starting to buckle in preparing to dropping to all fours. Horns burst out of his head, the ache filling his body as electricity crackled along them. “You took my Omelas! My cunt!?”

(She awoken.)

“That was mine! Mine! I made her. I shaped her. My cunt!”

(Peace.)

“No fucking peace. Where is my fuck hole!?”

Another tentacle rose up. This was the thickest one yet. Sheets of slime poured down the side of it as it split open, blossoming into hundreds of tendrils. He spotted a shape inside it and focused on it, a snarl filing him as the scent of his Omelas filled the air.

She was just as beautiful as he shaped her: rounded ass ready to be raped, large tits to tear at, curly black hair that he wanted to grab, and full lips begging to choke on his cock.

But she was ruined. Her rounded buttocks had a tentacle sticking out from it, the long coil disappearing back out of sight. Another thicker tendril had been jammed between her beautiful lips. It didn't come out and he assumed that it was all the way through her.

Her breasts, large enough for his massive hands, were engulfed by two tendrils that were sucking. Squirts of milk came with every suck, the ripples of liquid filling countless sacks along their length.

And her pussy. Impaled by a thick mass, he could see that it bulged her pussy underneath the swollen mound of her stomach. Her belly glowed with hundreds of shapes, eggs from the electricity inside them, that stuffed her womb to its limits.

The young body was wracked by coughing, a surge of something but no sound came out of her impaled throat.

Anger slashed through Barratt. Snarling and panting, he glared at the black eye. “You ruined my cunt. For eighteen years, I shaped her to be mine and you stole her.”

(We victim to our nature.)

“That was mine.”

(Peace.)

“I will kill you and every person in this city that you fucking protect—”

(You take my Omelas. Peace,) came the sharp mental thought.

Barratt stopped and closed his mouth. Electricity crackled along his body as he regarded his ruined Omelas.

(There are six years until she ready, but she can breed.)

Barratt snorted.

(Breed to you, make young of Barratt.)

“No human cunt can handle my cock.”

(Breed to you, make young of Barratt,) repeated the abyssal.

Barratt hesitated. His need to rape was driven by the urge to breed, but no human could handle his cock or strength. It was the reason he shaped his Omelas, to make her take his lusts.

After a second, he grumbled. “Show me.”

“No!” yelled Skein.

Barratt lifted his hand to electrocute him.

Skein stepped back.

Barratt returned his attention to Mosar. “Where is your cunt?”

(With the mother of yours.)

At the memory of the large-breasted blonde woman, Barratt snarled. He promised her that if she fled, he would hunt her down, rape, and kill her. And she was still alive.

A trio of tentacles burst out of the water at the end of the bay, a kilometer away. They arched in the sky and came down, two from one location and a third much further away. Barratt watched impatiently as they lifted up holding three screaming people and carried them over, easily covering a kilometer in a matter of seconds.

Mosar deposited Merci, Jed, and a young girl on the ground between Barratt and the cliff.

Merci was just as Barratt remembered. Beautiful, but in a human way. When she looked at him, her eyes grew wide and she lost control of her bladder. “No, no, no! No!” she screamed. Scrambling to her feet, she sprinted toward the cliff.

Barratt started forward, but the tendrils move faster. Moving with speed that even Barratt couldn’t focus on, they grabbed Merci by the throat and waist. Before it had completely coiled around her, they picked her off the ground and held her aloft.

The boy scrambled to his feet but stood his ground. He was younger than Merci, maybe a year or so before he was past the age

of Consent. He shook as he stood there, eyes wide and the stench of fear strong around him. He was handsome, but not much else.

Barratt waved his hand to the side.

Jed didn't move but tendrils reached down and picked him up. They moved the young man to the side and Barratt got his first look at Mosar's Omelas.

She was stunningly beautiful. With wide hips and full lips. Sturdier than Barratt preferred, she nonetheless also had a body that begged to be fucked. Large breasts were barely obscured by the dress she wore. It was obscene on a twelve year old, but in six years, she would be the second best fuck that Barratt would have ever had. He smiled at the first, the last one to die on his cock, Rin.

His cock stirred at his memories. He would rape the sea creature's Omelas until she died.

A few meters away, a ripple of power intruded on his senses. It was different than anything he had felt before, a sweetness and light of a divine power. He glanced to the side to see a naked girl standing by the cliff. Covered in blood and glaring at him with insane eyes, she had a Presence that forced his attention toward her.

None of the humans seemed to see her, but Mosar pulled its tendrils away from the girl.

The girl clenched her tiny fists and the air rippled around her, the ground crumbling and the very fabric of reality twisting in her grip.

It was Consent.

Fear, true fear, pooled in Barratt's gut. No one fucked with Consent, not since she appeared thirty years ago and slaughtered an entire city because of one child's cries.

Barratt turned his head to her. "I will not touch her until she is ready. I waited years for the last one, I can wait six more."

Consent said nothing. She relaxed her grip and reality slipped back into place.

The human warriors looked at the same spot, confusion on their face.

"I promise. For six years, I will not having this girl," he pointed to the younger Omelas.

Consent silently snarled, her eyes insane with a wild glow.

And then she was gone.

Barratt let out his breath with a rush. He realized how close he came to dying himself as he turned back to the younger Omelas. She was alluring and beautiful, fuckable in every way. He could wait. He didn't really have a choice.

His gaze shifted to Merci. The older woman was staring at her daughter, tears rolling down her cheeks. Her dress was ruined and sobs wracked her body. He glanced at Jed. The muscular man wasn't to his liking, but Barratt had already promised Merci that he would rape and kill her entire family. He broke that promise with Pieter though it wasn't too late for a skull fuck, but that didn't make her son exempt.

It would be a painful six years. And if Merci and Jed died, he would just take his price on the Ring Villages for letting her escape.

Finally, Barratt looked at his Omelas. The perfect cunt for his cock, shaped by hundreds of years of mastering his spells. She was everything he wanted, needed, and craved.

He sighed. "Fuck. Deal, I take your cunt."

"And me," said Skein.

Barratt looked at him with surprise. "What?"

"Take me with you. I will... I will do what I can."

Barratt turned to the shaking man. He was terrified but standing up. Electricity ran along his limbs but Barratt was impressed that he managed to stand up to an abyssal. "If I take you, then you'll be mine. When the mother and brother die on my cock, will you take their place?"

The fear spiked.

Merci let out a cry and sobbed.

"Y-Yes."

Barratt turned back to Mosar. "A deal. The three humans and the Omelas. And I don't kill every man, woman, and child in this city."

(You not win.)

Barratt chuckled, a growl in his throat. "Neither will you."

(Deal. Peace.)

The tendrils dropped Merci and Jed. Both collapsed to the ground in tears, with Merci wailing with one hand outstretched toward her daughter.

Barratt watched as Mosar sealed the older Omelas back in the tentacle and pulled it down. He sighed and turned away. She was already ruined for him.

He turned to Skein. "Bind the mother, she will run knowing her fate. The boy will too."

Face pale, Skein nodded. He turned to the nearest guard. "Arrest them, please. For threatening the city with," he glanced back at Barratt, "an demonic—"

"Abyssal," corrected Barratt.

"—abyssal creature. We are leaving... now, I guess." The fear was still there, but Skein managed to keep his voice from cracking. "Put my life in order... tell them I died, it would be easier."

"And the truth," growled Barratt.

In the bay, Mosar disappeared back under the water as if he wasn't ever there.

Barratt looked down at the Omelas who stood there, unafraid and alluring. "Six years."

"And then," she said in a quiet voice, "you are going to rape and kill me."

Barratt nodded.

The girl stepped toward him and held up her hand, like a child holding the hands with her parents. Surprised, Barratt took it, marveling at how small it was.

"I'll be ready then."

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

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