

Yellow Rose

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

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It is only a dream, only a dream. Rim whispered to herself as her bare feet padded down the aisles of a field. Around her, green streamers of corn, trees, and even wheat stretched up high above, blocking off everything but tiny motes of blue sky. Part of her mind knew that birch trees and corn didn't grow next to each other, but it drifted away as unimportant. The ground beneath her feet slashed with every step, but something called her, pulled her down the lane of green.

It was cool at the base. No sun-baked rocks or dirt burned her, only untouched edges and the scent of rotting leaves. Dampness clung to her body, almost dripping off her curves with every step. Rim paused for a second, looking down at her pert breasts and flared hips.

A second past before she realized she was naked. Naked in a field of impossible green. She screamed and tried to run away. As she spun around, she found herself looking in the same direction. Frantic, she peered over her shoulder and saw the same thing. The same aisle of green walls, of trees and corns and other plants. Gasping, Rim tried to push through the walls of her prison. The leaves cut her palms and fingers, but she kept digging at them, trying to part the endless green. After endless screaming, she finally pulled back her hands, dripping blood into the moist soil beneath.

Tears dripped off her cheeks while she stared at her hands. Slowly, the cuts and bruises faded, leaving them untouched. She stared at them, feeling the softness with her fingers for a long time before she heard the call again.

Words spoken in a language she couldn't hear. The soft slithering sounds grew up just behind her ears, sounding like they were spoke right in the center of her head. Words called to her, tugging and painful and pleasurable all at the same time. Whimpering, she found her feet turning her, bringing her down the aisle.

Feet scraped against the soil, but there was nothing else. Fingers stretched out, fingers brushing against the green as her naked body padded forward. In her mind, she could feel the thing calling her. It was growing louder.

Fear prickled against her skin, perking her nipples and sending a strange shiver across her stomach. The stalks underneath her fingers felt more wild, but she couldn't understand how she know that. She tried to stop, but the voice called to her and she kept moving.

She stopped.

It was sudden and brutal. She felt like her heart was almost torn out of her chest as her body violently stopped. Dirt piled up on her feet. She was already turning, her fingers reaching out to push aside the streamers of wheat in front of her. Unlike the others, these parted easily and she got the impression of looking back into a womb. In front of her, behind the thin layer of protective plants was a chamber. A chamber of green, vibrant green. A flood of smells slammed into her, thick and flowery, an overwhelming perfume that went straight to her head. Roots and branches wove themselves into a solid mass, which only highlighted the rose inside. It was yellow, the color of the sun on the brightest day.

Then it opened, to expose an eye.

Rim screamed.

“Rim! Rim! Rimatha!”

Someone was slapping her. The sound of a hand cracking against her face barely warned her as pain blossomed across her cheek, spreading out across her skin. Pain drove away the fogginess of her mind, burning at the fading image of the yellow eye until she could see once again. Blinking, she stared through the murky darkness as the concerned face swimming in front of her.

He stared to slap her again, but she managed to throw her arm in the way.

“G-Geir, I'm okay.”

Geir, a younger cousin staying with the family, hesitated for a moment. The concern never left his face, but he lowered his hand. Rim frowned for a moment, realizing that her arm was soaked with sweat. Rubbing it, she felt it drip off her fingers and on the dirt.

Dirt?

Looking down, she saw that she was in the clearing again. That damn clearing. Automatically, she knelt down to the ground. Her fingers sought out the curves of the pit. She found it easily, as if her body always knew where it was. Blinking at the tears that formed on her eyelashes, she traced the edges. Each curve was carved out by hand, a smooth line of hard-packed earth. Fingertips remembered shaping the hole, nails dark with dirt. Tears were dripping now, as she felt a sob growing in her throat.

“Why? Why do I keep coming here?”

Geir crouched down next to her, his shorts straining over rippling muscles. The concern that filled his face was nothing compared to the dull pit of despair that thrummed in her heart.

“I don’t know.”

Rim sobbed, “It’s been a month now. Almost every night...”

Geir hugged her, holding her firmly as sobs ripped through her. His body felt warm against her sweat-soaked skin. The sobs faded quickly, leaving her trembling in his arms. A few more minutes passed and the trembling faded. Slowly, she sniffed and pushed him away. He did so, turning quickly away from her.

Rim frowned for a second, trying to understand why. Then a cool breeze brushed against her naked skin. Looking down, she realizes she was only wearing a thong and a strip of lace across her breasts. The cool air had perked her nipples, the dusky skin tenting the soaked fabric. Feeling the blush deep, she looked away from Geir as he grunted uncomfortably.

Even though she tried, she felt a grin ghosting her lips.

“Thank you.”

Days later, Rim padded back into the clearing. It was a spring day, with the trees just sprouting green. A cool breeze drifted through the trunks, just on the softer side of biting. Her boots were already caked with mud, but they protected her from the torn open ground.

Her eyes panned for a moment before locking on the upturned dirt near the center. It was calling to her, not with the horrible voice

but with curiosity. Slowly, she crept toward it, staring at the pit. Buried in a slight indentation were two furrows, each one about as long as her arm.

Seeing it send a tremble of fear in her veins. That pit haunted her dreams, forcing her to wake up in sweat-soaked fear. Taking a deep breath, she dropped to her knees, fingers reaching out for the edges.

They were smooth. Hard and smooth. Carved out with her fingers, a few centimeters at a time. Her fingers found the edges, tracing them. She stared down at it, then realized it had a shape. It was two legs, of someone kneeling. Gasping, she traced the hollow for the knee and even the two pits where the feet would slip in. At the bottom of one end, she could see even where the toes went.

She felt her heart beginning to pound in her chest. Her other hand stretched out, feeling along the dirt of the other furrow of a leg. It was just as hard and unmoving as the first, but it felt almost warm underneath her touch.

Cool winds whipped across the clearing, bringing her the smells of cooking from the farm house. It made her nauseous briefly, so she returned her attention to the furrows.

They scare me.

Her thoughts were bare across her mind as she traced them again, a tiny idea growing in the back of her mind. Slowly, her fingers stretched out in the ridge between the legs. It was rounded, with two peaks only a centimeter or three apart from each other. A frown ghosting across her face, she stroked them, marveling at the smoothness even in the packed dirt.

They look like they would fit against...

Even her thoughts trailed off as she realized where they would be positioned, if she was to kneel in the furrows. A faint heat throbbed deep inside, near the juncture of her legs. Tearing her fingers and thoughts away, she saw the two new holes she carved last night. They were only a slight distance away from the furrows, but they were on the outside. Leaning over, she peered into them and saw a hand, or a hollow to fit a hand.

Trembling, she leaned back. The holes haunted her almost as much as the yellow eye in the back of her head. Slowly, she closed her eyes, trying to drive the image of the pit from her mind. She

managed to twist her thoughts away, but then came to the other topic she was avoiding.

The yellow eye.

It terrified her more than anything else, but Rim couldn't escape it. Even in the back of her thoughts, it stared at her unblinking. A tiny shriek ripped past her lips as she snapped open her eyes, and found herself staring back at the furrows ahead of her.

Frantically, she started to push herself off the ground, but her arms threatened to collapse on her. Gasping, she fell to the ground and had to push herself back up. On the second attempt, she managed to get to her feet unsteadily. Giving the pit one last look, she crept out of the clearing.

She made it only a few dozen steps back in the woods before she froze. The image of the pit, of the shaped holes, burned in her thoughts. A hunger, a curiosity, began to spread out over her, as she wondered.

I'll only try it... just to see if it fits.

Rim padded back, her fingers teasing the buttons of her jeans. As she reached the pit, her thoughts were already in motion. Stripping off her boots and jeans, she stood there, wearing her jacket and white panties. She half expected to be dragged toward it, but there was passiveness about it that startled her.

Her heart, on the other hand, was pounding in her chest as she positioned herself over the furrows, kneeling where the imprint of the knees outlined her body. It almost fit as she nestled her legs in the lines, pressing her crotch against the two nubs and slipping her feet into the holes.

The edges pressed firmly up against her, as if they were carved for her. But the nubs were pressing up against the fabric of her underwear. She felt the breath catching in her throat, her heart pounding against her chest as she tried to make it comfortable.

After a few seconds of trying, she crawled out of the hole. Around her, the cool wind teased her bare legs. Rim felt terribly alone, but she felt the hunger growing inside her. A tiny flush of heat grew along her skin, boiling inside her as she stared down at the two bumps in the center ridge.

Fingers stroked against her underwear, teasing the edge for a moment before pushing it down. Her trim legs lead to the firmness

of her stomach. Looking down, she saw the tiny patch of brown hair that was only a few shades darker than the long streamers of hair teasing her back. The cold air teased the tiny curls and she shivered with the sensations.

Naked from the waist down, she positioned herself back over the furrow. The heat buried inside her hips was growing, dampening her labia even as she was kneeling. This time, her knees fitted into the pit perfectly, held in place as she gently lowered herself. At the first touch of the mounds against her body, she jumped. They were cold and unmoving, but the hunger was still burning inside her.

As she fitted her feet into the proper holes, she felt the smoothness pressing harder up against her cheeks and labia. Catching her breath in her throat, she reached down to spread her ass cheeks, nestling the hard nub up against the quivering opening to her ass. With a little more wiggling, she managed to position the second one against the opening of her sex. Her hips rocked back and forth until both were pressing tightly up against her body. Her feet finally slipped into the hole, each toe finding its home as if she planned it from the beginning.

Oh my...

The sensations of kneeling in the furrow and having it molded to every curve of her body was intense. She gasped for breath as she settled down into it, until it held her completely into position. Rim tried to shift slightly, but the unyielding dirt refused to let her move. She sat there for a moment, almost swimming with the feelings.

Then she tried to stand up.

Her body refused to move. Heart pounding in her chest, she started to panic, unable to lift her body. Her fingers pressed down against the earth for a moment, finally lifting her, but she brought it back down, feeling the smooth nubs slipping back into the folds of her sex.

Heat grew inside her, a sexual heat that only teased her body in the middle of the night. Whimpering, she rocked back and forth, bringing the nub in and out of both her folds with every movement. The other one teased her ass, an uncomfortable and new sensation that wasn't painful.

Pleasure grew inside her, but she stopped as soon as she realized what she was doing. Whimpering, she stroked the ground around her. Fingertips found the ridge of the hand holes, then slipped in without thinking. Each finger found the niche it belonged to and it felt comfortably strange. The sensations of being held by the earth, unmoving and unyielding, was incredible. Even the cool wind that teased her senses, her almost naked body, faded away underneath the pounding of her heart.

This... actually feels good...

Her thoughts drifted away as she felt darkness filling her up.

It was dark when she opened her eyes. Warm air twisted with cool as it brushed against her bare legs. Blinking, she tried to shift but found herself unable to even twitch her body. Frowning, she yanked at her hand in one of the holes, but it didn't even budge. Whimpering, she yanked at it even harder, but nothing gave. Her fingers felt hot, tingling. Rim's whimpers grew louder as she worked at her other hand, but it was also stuck in the tiny hole.

Rim started to scream, but something quivered between her legs. The two nubs twitched against her openings and she froze. She could do nothing as she felt the one against her vagina almost grow inside her. Something twitched as it twisted up slightly, finally sliding into the channel of her pleasure. It was finger-light, a caressing motion that teased the inner walls. Rim gasped at the intense feelings as whatever it was twisted and pushed into her, sliding against the tunnel of her sex.

It felt good, teasing the heat inside her to grow hotter as she tried to rock against it. Her hips were frozen, pinned down by the two furrows her legs were buried inside. Soft gasps escaped her throat as Rim was unable to resist the growing pleasure.

Her lover, from deep beneath the ground, twisted and grew. Gently parting her lips and burrowing deep inside her. It was slow and steady, a creeping movement instead of the hard pounding she expected to be her first. Thoughts of sex washed through her as she felt it growing up against her virginity. It resisted for a moment, then parted with a sharp pinprick of pain. The pain was already gone as she felt it growing even further inside her, stretching her further open as it twisted even deeper.

Pleasure grew into heat, prickling along her spine, as she felt it blossoming deep inside. It stretched and filled her, teasing her inner wall with endless sensations of pleasure until she was writhing with the growing orgasm begging for release.

But, it never came.

The slow pleasure continued to grow, spiraling up with heated peaks, but never pushing her over that final crest of ecstasy. Rim strained to free her hands, to finger herself to pleasure, but her hands refused to move. A strange tingling filled her palms, pinning them in place more than any iron shackle could. She jerked against her prison, but it never released her.

Fighting the cliff of sensations, she found herself gasping and whimpering, begging into the silent woods for a release. Wet liquid dripped down from her sex, soaking the ground, but the twisting pleasures drove up into her only faster, filling her with their teasing sensations.

Then, new sensations began to filter through the pleasure. Of something twisting against her ass, probing the tiny opening with the same feathery touch as the one against her labia. She whimpered, trying to pull away from it, but the probing sensations could not be resisted and it twisted up into the clenching sphincter. Rim wailed at the new sensations, of something worming its way into her virgin ass. It felt strong as it twisted along nerves that felt more pleasure than pain.

Her wails died into whimpers as she felt the intruder pushing even deeper, gently stretching open her tiny opening. Caressing touches explored her insides, filling her up as they started to crawl deeper into her body.

Cramps surged through her, but faded after a few moments. The twisting sensations in her sex, coupled with the same growing feelings inside her colon pushed away the pain. Only pleasure remained, growing in endless waves but never letting her reach an orgasm.

Please... please... let me come!

Nothing responded, nothing released her. Instead, she was assaulted by the sensations of both holes being slowly filled with a twisting pleasure. She finally found the crest of her pleasure and it exploded through her with white-hot flames.

Rim woke up again, this time it was early evening. Her entire body felt stuffed and hollow at the same time. She gave herself an experimental shift, to try moving, but nothing twitched. Slowly, she peered down at the ground, where the soil met the juncture of her legs. The ground was soaked with her juices and a welcoming surge of pleasure began to grow inside her.

Gasping, she could feel the twisting sensations starting up once again inside her, stroking the inner walls of her vagina and ass with deliberate caresses that soon left her writhing with flushed sensations. Her voice cried out as an orgasm slammed into her, filling her body with slick perfumes of her own body.

As the afterglow faded from her body, Rim strained again at her earthly bonds. They refused to budge, but she felt the twisting sensations growing inside her again. They teased and caresses, stretching her insides until she whimpered with need.

Her growing pleasure shattered as noises drifted through the woods. Freezing, she gasped for breath as she struggled to force down the growing pleasures inside her. Her hands jerked at the holes, trying to free them. Despite her efforts, the sounds continued to grow louder and more persistent. Clamping down on her throat, she slouched down as far as she could, hoping that the sounds would avoid her.

They grew closer and louder, until she could make them out to be voices of humans talking. They were crashing through the woods, forcing their own path across the branches. The lead was an angry-sounding man, who lashed out with every word. To her horror, she felt the twisting caresses inside her begin to flare up again. Pleasures coursed through her veins, leaving her trembling and shaking as she tried to fight down the orgasm that rushed up her spine.

Just as the voices peaked in volume, it crashed into her. With a gasp, she exploded in one of the strongest orgasms in her life. Her entire body spasmed from the sensations, back arching as she struggled to keep her jaw clamped.

“Well, what do we have here?”

The first voice broke her efforts and she let loose with a wail of pleasure. Her body shook from the effort, leaving her jacket soaked with sweat and her trembling body curled over her prison. Shaking,

she looked up to see three men standing on the edge of the clearing. Two of them were human, but the third has the massive bulk of a thriban.

Thribans, were like humans, except they were almost a throwback to an earlier age. Powerful muscles, dark eyes, and gray skin. They were Neanderthals and cavemen all wrapped into one. And this one was huge, a powerful-looking creature that stared over at her with sad brown eyes.

All three men were covered in grease-stained overalls. Workers from one of the local industries, using the forest as a shortcut home. The leader, the man who spoke at first, stepped forward as he dropped a toolbox on the ground.

“A pretty thing? Waiting just for us?”

Rim’s voice was gasping, “Please... please go away.”

He continued to step forward, his eyes scanning across her body. Rim felt a shiver as he stared at her bare legs and caught wrists. His movements slowly brought him around her, until he saw the patch of pubic hair pressed against the ground.

“Naked and waiting? What else could I ask for.”

“No, I’m not, I’m not-”

He reached down and grabbed her hair. Yanking up on it, she felt a sharp pain stretch out across her scalp.

“You are not what? Naked and waiting for us?”

“N-No.”

“When what do you want?”

She cringed as he grabbed her hair with both hands, the brown strands bunched in his greasy hands. Then he pulled. Rim whimpered as pain grew, and she tried to stand up, but the thing that twisted in her insides also kept her down. It felt like something was trying to pull her inner organs out and she screamed. The leader just yanked harder, until a black shadow blocked out the sunlight.

“Drop her, Jak.”

It was a growling voice, deep and powerful. The pain from her hair stopped as Jak let go suddenly. The growing agony in her insides faded as she slumped back down against the ground. Her shoulders screamed with agony with her effort to rip free of her prison, but the earth refused to give up. A soft caught in her throat.

Tears formed in her eyes, then began to roll down her cheeks as the sobs finally escaped.

“Please, leave me. Don’t look at me.”

Jak’s voice was short, “Just because Ronin stopped me doesn’t mean I’m going away.”

Rim looked up with pleading eyes, but there was no joy in those dark eyes. Next to him, the thriban was watching her with the same sad eyes from before. Jak’s hand dropped below her face, to the seam of her jacket. Rim caught her breath as she felt him opening the jacket, pushing it off her shoulders until it slide down her back. It caught on her elbows, unable to escape from her bonds. Cruel hands yanked at her blouse, tearing off the buttons and he threw it open.

“Now... those are beautiful tits.”

She could only whimper as Jak grabbed both of them and squeezed. A dull pain spread out over her body as she tried to pull away from the probing fingers. Jak grabbed her nipples, twisting them painfully as he leered down at her.

“Now, little bitch, you are going to feel a real man.”

Rim whimpered as he yanked harder on her nipples, twisting them until the burning pain brought more tears to her eyes. She sobbed, “please don’t,” over and over, but he continued to molest her body.

Then, the thriban, Ronin, reached over and pressed one immense hand over Jak’s. It stretched across both breasts, covering them with warm leather as he growled.

“Stop hurting her.”

Jak snapped, “And what do you think I should do? Let her go?”

“You not happy, not hurt others.”

Jak sighed dramatically, “Fine.” They stared at each other until Ronin finally released the grip. Rim wanted to beg for him to stay, for Jak to leave, but the cruel man just gave her tender breasts another squeeze before releasing them. She felt his fingers trail up to her chin, holding it as he forced her to look up into his eyes.

“I’m not going to hurt you, but you are going to do something for me.”

“Please leave me alone.”

“After this. I promise.”

She fought with herself for a moment, but she already knew what Jak wanted. His fingers pressed against her lips and slowly she opened her mouth. He hissed with pleasure, "Very good. And don't bite or Ronin won't be able to stop me."

Blinking back the tears, Rim watched as Jak unbuckled his pants and pushed them down. His cock was dripping hard, about a hand span in length. He didn't give her much time before he jammed it into her mouth, reaching for the back of her throat. Rim gagged on it, surprised by the inconsideration as it crashed against the back, choking her. It tasted foul, sweaty from hours of work. Jak's hand wrapped into her hair, holding it tightly right before he thrusted into her mouth. His cock slipped out, giving her only a moment to breath, before slamming back in. His balls, hairy and oily, slapped up against her chin with faster and faster strokes. Rim tried to breath around it, but she was barely keeping enough oxygen in her lungs when he finally slammed hard into her lips, his cock surging in her throat. Rim started to choke as hot cum splattered into her mouth, dripping down her throat. He held it there, cutting off her breath, until the last jet of cum filled her throat.

Throwing her head back, he stepped away with his dripping shaft. A long streamer of cum escaped her lips as she looked up with pleading eyes. Jak chuckled.

"You have a wonderful mouth, little girl."

Rim gagged, coughing to clear her lungs. The world shook with her efforts, but soon she was able to gasp for breath. Slowly, she looked up at Jak.

"Please, leave."

Jak chuckled before reaching over to wipe his hands on her hair.

"Don't worry, girl, I'll be leaving soon. Ronin?"

The thriban shook his head, but Rim's eyes saw the mound growing between his legs. It was huge, already cabling out against the fabric. Jak sighed.

"Go ahead, you know you want it."

Hunger, sexual hunger, burned in those sad brown eyes but he shook his head again. Rim started to say something, but a sudden twist, more active than before, rose up inside her, stretching out her insides with a bolt of pleasure. She gasped, her mouth opening wide with pleasure as a white-hot orgasm drove through her, fueled by

the twisting pleasures of something reaching further into her than any mortal man could.

It must have been too much for Ronin to resist. She felt his powerful form standing in front of her, his cock pressing up against her lips. Soft hands, each one the side of her chest, pressed up against her head as he slowly eased it into her open mouth. Unlike Jak's, Ronin's cock was warm and soft and pleasurable. The taste was softer, a faint saltiness instead of an overpowering taste. The fire of her pleasure still burning through her veins, she could only suck on his length, pulling it into her mouth with hungry movements. It eased further back and she gulped at it, enjoying the sensation of having her mouth held open by the immense girth of a thriban's cock.

Next to her, Jak and the other worker were gasping as they stroked their cocks. "Oh... yeah, shove that pole into her mouth. Choke-fuck that bitch."

Ronin ignored Jak's hissed words as he guided more of his length into her mouth, filling it with warmth before gently slipping it out. He never slammed up against the back of her throat, just a slow ebb and flow of waves, sliding in and out. Rim could feel her cheeks puffing with every stroke, but she felt no resistance as Ronin rocked her head along his length.

As he pumped, precum dribbled out and filled her mouth. It was almost sweet and she enjoyed its flavor. The heat in her mouth grew hotter and stronger as she felt him throbbing with his own growing pleasure.

Please fill me, fill me with your cum.

It surprised her that Rim was thinking of those thoughts, but they just inflamed the pleasures growing inside her. As if anticipating, the twisting sensations buried inside her womanhood and rear were twisting with more pleasure, driving her to gulp with pleasure, with hunger.

Ronin's thrusts grew more forceful, pushing in and out against her tongue and throat. Then, she felt him come inside her. A hot jet of cum exploded against her cheeks, filling her mouth. As the second one was splashing out, he withdrew, splattering her face with his cum. The third and fourth coated her throat and breasts, slowly leaking down in thick rivers.

More jets, this time from the sides, splashed against her body, soaking into the skin before dripping to the ground. Moaning, Rim looked up at Ronin who looked down with sad brown eyes.

“I cum, I thrust. I not want to hurt you.”

It took only a second to realize what he said, then she smiled up at him. She felt the twisting pleasure driving up into her and she lost herself into an orgasm that blinded her. When the pleasures finally faded, she was alone.

The next morning, Jak came back with Ronin and two others. They used her again, with only Ronin stopping Jak from hurting her. When they left, an hour later, she was dripping. The cum that splashed on the ground quickly disappeared, soaked into the soil, but she couldn't stop it. The surge of growth inside her, as her hidden lover twisted even further into her, filling her with indescribable pleasures. By the time they left her, she was screaming with endless ecstasy.

That night, they came back with even more men. The next morning, the cycle continued with even more men until there was a constant flow of cum, sex, and orgasms. The fluids that soaked into the ground only drove her prison to force more pleasures on her body. Her body trembled with the effort to remain sane with constant orgasms, but she barely managed.

The only time she cherished was when Ronin stepped in front of her. He rarely took advantage of her, but he was the kindest of the men who did so. He never buried his length, she could see she barely fit a third into her mouth before it crammed against the back of her throat. She started to deep throat him and he let her, easing into her tight opening until she moaned from the pleasures. When he came, her entire body exploded with a wave of pleasure that rocked her for hours.

It went on for days. Days of sucking and orgasms. Her prison kept her heated, flushed with excitement, while the men gave the ground something to soak up. As the splatters disappeared in the moist soil, her unseen lover twisted her into more endless explosions of ecstasy.

Rim lost track of the days and time when she heard Geir's voice cut through the crowds.

“What is going on!?”

Jak waved a hand, his cock thrusting in and out of Rim's mouth with his careless anger. Balls slapped against her chin, choking her with each stroke. She could taste his cum in her mouth, like a bad mouthwash that never faded. When he pulled out, she spit out his cum but the taste never left.

Her eyes stung as she tried to look around, but the press of men was too thick. Then, Geir shoved his way to the front. His guard uniform was still clean as he glared at the others. His eyes panned around until he caught sight of her. Rim could almost imagine what she looked like, covered in cum and trapped to the ground. But, Geir barely paused.

"Alright! This party is over!"

Grumbling filled clearing as the men who used her slowly drifted away. Geir had to pull out his sword for a moment, but they finally left. Soon, the clearing was empty except her cousin and her. He dropped his sword next to her as he tried to lift her off the ground. Rim whimpered and shook her head, coughing to clear her throat.

"No... I can't move."

He frowned, concern rippling across his face, "Why? Did you fall?"

Firm hands stroked her face, wiping the cum and tears from her eyes until she could see clearly again. As her eyes focused, she could see him peering at her, his eyes flashing down before straining to look into hers. A slow grin crossed her face.

"I'm a looker, huh?"

"Uh..."

To Rim's right, she heard Ronin's voice call out, "Who are you?"

Geir jumped to his feet, his hand yanking up his sword as he moved. A glare of anger flashed across his face as he brandished it. Rim rose her voice, begging for him to stop. Geir did after a few second, but didn't put down his sword.

"No, Geir... that is... Ronin."

Ronin grunted and held out his two large hands to show they were bare. Geir hesitated for a moment, but neither moved from their position.

"Who are you?"

"Friend."

Geir frowned, "A friend? What kind of friend would do this?"

Rim gulped for a moment, "He didn't hurt me. Please, Geir. Please...?"

He finally put away his sword and knelt back down to her. His voice was a whisper as he scraped away more of the gooey cum from her face and shoulders. "What happened?"

"I... I sat in the hole and I can't move."

Geir's hands stroked down against her breasts, flinching off them as his hands pushed against her stomach. She could feel that it was hard underneath, like cables of metal or even something else. Her entire body felt solid, a part of the ground as she never wanted to leave.

Ronin padded up, his feet pounding into the ground. Geir looked up at him for a moment, anger vibrating in his voice, "How long as she been like this?"

"Twelve days."

Twelve days? Rim was as startled as Geir as they both stared at the thriban.

"Twelve days? But I've been gone only fifteen."

The thriban shrugged, "Twelve days."

Geir slowly turned to her, "What do we do?"

Rim shook her head, "I-I don't know."

"Your dreams?"

"Gone. Ever since I came here."

"Does it hurt?"

His question paused her for a second, then she realized it didn't hurt. Even when men forced their way into her mouth, it didn't hurt. Inside her, the twisting was still pleasuring her, an endless sensation of pleasure that filled her completely.

"No."

He didn't say anything for a long time. His hands busied themselves by wiping off the cum still dripping off her body. With trembling hands, he reached back and pulled up her jacket, covering her shoulders but making no effort to close it over her breasts.

"What do we do?"

Rim thought for a long moment, "Watch over me?"

He nodded slowly, blinking at tears in his own eyes. Behind him, she could see Ronin doing the same.

Spring winds fell to rain which summer burned away in too short of a time. Before she realized it, it was fall and the forest around her was filled with red and green and brown. Geir found some excuse to explain her to her parents and no one ever bothered her. Jak sometimes would walk by, but Ronin or Geir was always watching. Even at night, at the quietest of times, one of them was sitting next to her, talking if she wanted and letting her sleep when she needed it.

And she remained connected to the earth. Geir explored her connection, but he couldn't find anything. As his fingers probed her sex and ass, Rim felt a surge of pleasure that burned through her veins. He yanked back when she moaned, but Rim could see the hunger in his eyes. Inside, the growing heat called to her, begged for her to ask him to come to her.

But she said nothing.

And he did nothing.

More time passed, until she could feel the passing of fall in her bones. She woke up with the sun, bright and early. Energy almost poured into her as she stretched against her bounds, smiling through the flip of hair that covered one eye. Geir reached over to pushed it behind her ear and smiled. Rim smiled at him, but she couldn't find the energy to speak. He did, speaking in a rough voice.

"How are you feeling?"

Rim nodded slowly, working her mouth until she could speak again.

"Good, I had a wonderful dream."

The smile on her lips was broad as he grinned back at her. To her surprise, she could see the exhaustion in his eyes. There was a gauntness that wasn't there before. And, to her surprise, she realized that she never saw it before.

"Geir...?"

He shook his head, "Don't worry. Captain told me to take a few days off."

"W-Why?"

He looked away, as if he didn't want her to see him. When he spoke, his voice was choked with tears, "Too much... too much time here. You need to be protected..."

"You don't have to protect me."

“I-I do. Ronin got hurt and there is no one else we trust.”

Fear and sorrow exploded inside her and she strained against her bounds for the first time in many months.

“Ronin got hurt?”

“By Jak.”

Her fear was turning to anger, and she snapped softly, “Jak hurt him? Why?”

“For you, I guess. But, Jak got killed and Ronin is with the healers.”

“Is... he okay?”

Geir nodded, his back still turned toward him. “Healers said he can come back tomorrow. And he got a few days off, and I’ll go back to work then.”

Rim started to speak, but there was a sudden pain deep inside her stomach. She gasped with surprise, her body shaking from the storm of emotions and sensations that rippled through her. Whatever pinned her to the ground trembled deep inside her, shaking her body from the insides.

“Rim? Rim!? What is happening?”

She gasped as another tremble ripped through her body. She already felt the gentle teasing, the constant rise of pleasure that dominated her life, every day and every night, had stilled. Her unseen lover, had left her. And she was scared

“Rim!?”

“It is-” a bolt of pain, “time.”

“Time? Time for what?”

Heat began to build up inside her as something began to part. She felt it pulling from her ass, leaving most of thick, filling sensation behind, but it was leaving her. The ground trembled as something massive, bigger than her and even bigger than the clearing, began to sag. Cracks formed in the earth, splitting ragged rents across the ground. Trees along the edge began to sag as their roots were torn from underneath. Geir threw himself around her, wrapping his big arms around her body as he held her tightly. Rim screamed as she felt her two anchors in the world, the thick twisting vines that pinned her to the ground, rip. A long tearing noise, buried deep in her womb and colon, filled her body as the ground lurched out from underneath her.

Since spring, it was the first time she felt the pressure of her bounds break free. The entire clearing sagged violently, throwing her out of her pit and across the ground. Geir's body fell in the other direction. His call for her stopped as he impacted the ground.

Rim was free.

It felt strange to move, her legs twitching after a few moments. Geir ran to her, throwing himself to her as he called out her name.

"Rim! Are you okay?"

She clutched to him, holding him tightly as a spasm of something burned inside her. Her body screamed for release, a growing intensity that boiled underneath her skin, that stretched across every centimeter of her body. She felt it twisting underneath, like muscles beyond her control. A long wail ripped out of her throat as she convulsed in his arms, spasming violently as explosions of sensations, of pleasure and pain, burned inside her.

"RIM!"

Her skin was on fire and she clawed at it. Geir tried to stop her, but her fingernails dug into her flesh, yanking at it. To her surprise, it began to peel back, revealing a boiling mass of green underneath the skin. She continued to dig into her skin, pulling it away in long strips of dying flesh. Geir, his body wrapped around hers, tried to stop her, his hands grabbing at hers. She broke free of his grip with hysterical strength, pulling back the skin of her face and even the color across her breasts. The frantic need for freedom finally broke as she sat up, holding the remains of her skin in her hands. Underneath, where muscles and blood should have been, there was only woven plants. Green and vibrant and alive. Shock spread out over her veins as she watched new leaves growing across, stretching like skin to cover her body. Her hands trembled with the sensations of new skin, leaves that acted like skin, stretched out across, peeling the last of her old shell away.

Trembling, she thumbed at the new layer that covered her, digging into it. It parted underneath her finger and began to ooze dark sap. Gasping, she yanked it back and watched as the leaves stretched back across, healing in a matter of seconds.

"R-Rim?" Geir's trembling voice broke her from her fascination. Slowly, she turned toward her cousin and saw him in a new light. He was animal and alive. As her eyes trailed across him, she could feel

the liquid pumping in his veins, the nutrients that flowed through his body.

Rim gasped as she saw her cousin, of a creature. New information that poured into her mind was terrifying, but there was more. She could feel his heat, the blood that pumped into his cock that was clearly visible even through his clothes. She felt the heat in her face, her chest. Her body started to hunger for it and, deep inside, she felt the same hunger burning inside her loins.

“Geir...”

“Rim, your eyes.”

That stopped her, but only for a moment, “My eyes?”

“They look like roses. Yellow roses.”

She stared at him for a moment, then started to rise to her feet. Geir sprung to his feet and came to her, wrapping his arms around her to gently lift Rim to her feet. Up close, she could feel the heat throbbing in his body. It was stronger with the hardness that pressed through his jeans. With a smile, Rim reached up with both hands, took his head, and kissed him on the lips.

Geir gasped for breath when she stopped, “Rim! You can’t do that, I’m your cousin!”

A slow smile crossed her face, “Was it my cousin that was staring at me earlier? In the last few months?”

Heat burned in his face and she could see it as clearly as if it was written on a page of paper. It grew even hotter and she felt a sudden hunger, a thirst, for it. Rim pressed her body against his, enjoying the sensations of her new skin pressing against his jeans.

“Please... I need this.”

He still fought her, but she could already feel him giving up. Her hands snaked against his cloths, worming their way down his pants to wrap around the pulsating shaft. At first touch, he moaned, his body trembling with the need to resist and his own hungers. When she drew out her hand, it was slick with his precum.

“Geir, please?” Her voice was begging as she fought the urge to rip off his clothes. He stared down at her for a moment, then slowly reached up to cup her breasts. The heated sensations of his palms against her nipples stole her breath away. She felt him gently squeeze them, stroking the curves and teasing the nipples into hard points.

“Oh.. Geir...”

She felt him hard against her. He managed to slip off his jeans without her realizing it and he was naked before her. His cock, soaked with precum, dribbled down to his hair-covered balls. Rim looked at it and felt the burning hunger exploding inside her. He reached down to stroke her slit, but she was already lifting her leg, pulling his hardness into her. It slipping in like satin, a delicious pleasure rippling up her spine.

Geir’s strong hands cupped her ass, holding it tightly as he lifted her off the ground. Rim moaned as she slipped further on his length, until her lips pressed against against the curve of his balls. A soft moan filled them both. Rim could feel the heat growing inside her, sliding in and out as Geir began to stroke himself in and out with growing strokes.

Soon, she could feel the incredible hardness plunging into her body, soaking her insides. Tiny, electric shivers coursed through her veins, trembling along her skin as her sex drank up his juices. It took very little before she felt him exploding inside her, splattering her insides with his cum. She drank it up. She could feel the heat of his cum pulling into her, racing through her like a drug she could never understand. The intensity of the sensations threw her over the edge and she screamed with pleasure, burying herself as hard on the shaft as possible.

Both of them collapsed as his legs gave out and she was comfortably pinned against the ground and her cousin... no the living creature that pressed against her. She could feel his body’s liquid filling her, from the sweat soaking into her skin to the hard pleasure coursing into her womb.

It felt good.

Winter was ending and Rim was working on her garden. Her skin remained green, a soft pale color that almost shone in the spring light. Her fingers probed into the earth, breaking apart rocks with careless strength. Looking up, she stretched as far as she could, still kneeling on the earth. Her yellow eyes shone brightly in the spring sun and a smile grew across her lips. A yellow rose clung to one ear, just on the edge of her vision. A gentle hand reached up to stroke it, to smell the scents that rose up from it. Slowly, her hand stroked back along the stem, where tiny threads of green sprouted from the

rose and dug into her hair. One finger caressed where the roots buried into her skin, a living rose in her hair.

The smile grew wider as she drank in the smells of her rose. Of her body. Then, the sounds of movement broke her glamor. Stretching herself again, she peered over her shoulder.

Ronin was digging up a large trench, for a small stream. His gray skin shone with sweat and strength as his incredible muscles easily pushed aside a rock the side of entire body. The smile grew more predatory as she focused into him, seeing the blood and liquids pouring through his veins.

“Ronin?”

The thriban slowed down and stood up, towering over her. Padding over, he gently took her hands as she reached up and pulled her to his feet. With a playful smile, she used the bulge in his jeans to steady herself before giving him a smile.

“Ronin? Do you miss your wife?”

Ronin shook his head slowly, “No. Never happy and I drink too much. She left me when I watch you and both of us happy.”

“Do you regret it?”

A toothy grin. “No.”

“What about me?”

“You pretty. A rose.”

Rim felt the hunger growing inside her, a need for liquid that only he could give her.

“Come into the house?”

“What about Geir?”

“He can join us.”

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

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