



**TANGLING
WITH TROLLS**

Epilogue

OHKEN & WREN

WREN

Ohken ushers me through the portal's shimmery surface. Chilly wetness coats my face but immediately dissipates. When I open my eyes, I'm surprised to see we're standing in a long, pale green tube-like hallway. The sides and ceiling are curved and the floor is, gulp, see-through. See-through but not helpful, because everything beyond the clearish pathway is black.

I had expected to step right into the other haven, not a death trap.

"Nervous?" Ohken murmurs in my ear. The deep timbre of his voice sends a wave of heat through my body. He's made a shitload of promises about this trip. Very, very dirty promises.

"The floor looks weird."

"You won't fall through. I swear it." My huge mate rounds me and holds out a hand, his palm facing up. I take a moment to admire the curl of his big, strong fingers. I can't wait to have those fingers on my body all weekend.

"Mrs. Stonesmith," Ohken murmurs, dragging my attention back to him.

I look up and beam. "God, you're handsome."

Dark green lips split into a broad grin, his tusks poking up from his lower jaw. "Indeed I am, woman. Now take my hand because I'm anxious to get to our destination."

I don't bother to contain a huge smile as I reach for his hand, laying my much smaller one in his palm.

Sausage-sized fingers close around mine as he pulls me to him, chest to chest.

Whiskey-brown eyes crinkle in the corners as he tilts my chin up with his free hand.

"You are a wonder, Wren. I am absolutely thrilled you're mine."

One of my brows curls up of its own accord. "You promised to thoroughly own me this weekend, Mr. Stonesmith. Please tell me that's still the plan."

He drops his free hand, slipping it into the front pocket of his slacks.

"It is," he murmurs. "Arcadia is a bit of a culture shock coming from Ever. I'll allow you two hours to explore, then we're holing up in our room for a few days."

“Culture shock smulture block.” I wave his comment away. “I’ve already lived through arriving in Ever and discovering you’re all literal monsters. How much worse can it get?”

My big mate lets out a deep, smoky-sounding laugh. When he’s done chuckling at my expense, he slips a hand up my spine and wraps his fingers through my hair. Rough tusks rake along my neck when he brings his mouth just below my ear.

“You’re in for one hells of a surprise, Wren. Arcadia is far less civilized than Ever.”

“Hot damn,” I mutter. “Bring on the crazy.”

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OHKEN

Confident as my woman is, Arcadia *will* shock her. Trolls, and giants for that matter, are universally dominant. Most of us grew up in, and have lived, the lifestyle forever. My home haven is designed with that in mind. I can't wait to see how Wren feels about the small town I grew up in—it's a favorite tourist destination of Dominants from every other haven. Something about the combination of brisk air and snow-capped peaks makes for a heady backdrop to lust.

My cock hardens in my pants, pressing painfully against the soft slacks I chose for this adventure.

Wren's green eyes travel down my frame, locking onto it. Her plump lips curl upward, pink dusting her round cheeks.

"I can tell you're ready, my big handsome mate," she teases, reaching out to run her fingers along my length.

Heat pools at the base of my spine, my muscles tightening in preparation to make her squeal beneath me.

"Mmm." I close my eyes, rolling my shoulders as she strokes. I had intended to get through the portal quickly, but I can't find it in me to move away from her touch. "You feel good," I admit. "Beyond good."

Wren's throaty laughter makes my balls tense and tighten up against my body. I love that laugh. It's joyous and sensual and full of promise. As a Dominant I enjoy bratty subs, and my woman is the brattiest sub I've ever taken.

Good thing I locked her to me for life.

The mating tattoo on my arm glows hot on my skin, pleasuring searing through me.

Wren moans soft and low, a 180 from her confident laugh of moments ago.

My eyes snap open and I grab her wrist, pulling her with me as I turn and guide us toward the other end of the portal.

"We need a bed, woman," I remind her. "We can't fuck in the portal. Anyone could come through."

"Aww," she whines. "Could be fun! Exhibitionism for the win?"

“Don’t let Hern hear you say that,” I remind her. “He’s thrilled to death we’re coming home and he’d love nothing better than to watch us.”

“Oh a voyeur, how fancy.”

I stop just before the portal exit, crushing her body to mine. “If you want to fuck in front of people, tell me now, mate. I need to get my mind right for that.”

Wren’s green eyes flash bright with lust. The pink along her cheeks deepens to red as her tongue peeks out to swipe slowly along her lower lip. Dark lashes flutter against her round cheeks. “I...I don’t know. I might like it. I’ve never really had the opportunity.”

Tension spreads along my shoulders, pinching at the base of my spine. A possessive growl rumbles from my throat. “An experiment then, my sweet.”

She pauses for a moment, bright eyes locked to mine. It never fails to hit me like a ton of bricks when she looks at me like this, like I’m the answer to every prayer, every hope, every dream. There’s such trust in the way Wren stares up at me.

I’ll never violate that trust, so we’ll try a few new things in Arcadia. But I’ll be vigilant for any sign of discomfort. We’re building our shared history day by day, and I want it to be filled with love and pleasure.

Wren shifts away from me and grabs my hand, pulling me to the portal’s exit. “C’mon big boy. Let’s show Hern what he’s missing.”

I laugh as I trail her through the portal’s shimmery surface.

WREN

Ohken's warm presence comforts me as I step into the portal's surface. It ripples and waves like the stargate from that old scifi show. I just never imagined it would actually feel wet to the touch. I know we'll be dry when we come out the other end, but it still makes the hair on my neck stand.

I close my eyes and push through, not letting go of Ohken's hand. When a blast of cold air hits my face, I open them again. We're standing in a bustling room. Long benches run the length of it, filled with monsters guarding luggage. A few hold small children in their arms.

The ceiling soars high above us, strings of lights sending shards of golden rays into the room. The room's back wall is a row of chunky paned windows, and through it mountains soar into the distance.

The scene in front of me looks like Santa's workshop.

If Santa's workshop was filled with enormous trolls, giants, shifters, and not elves.

I turn to my handsome mate, who wears a satisfied-looking smile.

"Do tiny elves exist in monster land?" I keep my voice hushed in case the question's offensive.

Ohken shakes his head. "Just the gnomes you met at Bad Axe. And of course there are dark elves like Doc Slade. Nobody smaller than that. Why do you ask?" His expression is curious.

Lord. I haven't even begun to explain Christmas to him. Or to my friend Miriam, for that matter. I can only imagine what my soulfriend will say when I explain the Santa letters or how he slides down the chimney. I can almost picture the gobsmacked look on her face.

Without meaning to, I snort.

Ohken wraps a hand around the back of my neck and squeezes. "You'll have to let me in on what's going on in that pretty head of yours," he murmurs.

"Later," I say. "For now I want to see your home haven. The stories you've told me have me rarin' to go!"

He turns me and dips down, taking my mouth with slow, practiced ease, as if there aren't hundreds of people in the room in front of us. Warm lips brush mine, demanding entry. His tongue slips between my lips, rubbing a slow circle over the tip of mine as his hold on my neck tightens.

I'm going nowhere until he's taken what he wants, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

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OHKEN

Need and possession consume me with my mouth on Wren's. She sinks into me, oblivious to the melee of the portal station. Our kiss grows harder, rougher, more insistent as her hands slip up my chest, her fingers curling into the fabric of my vest.

I break us apart, watching black eat up the green iris of her eyes.

I need to get this woman underneath me. But first, an introduction to Arcadia.

A drink too. I'd like a drink.

"Come on," I whisper, placing a gentle kiss on the tip of her nose. "Let's grab a cocktail and find our room."

She strokes her fingers up my mating tattoo, sending a wave of fresh heat barreling through me. My woman is all about the tease. She has quickly learned exactly what sort of tease I most enjoy, and anything involving the tattoo sends me into a near frenzy.

Grabbing her wrist, I bring it to my mouth and nip softly. Her eyes remain locked to mine as I plant a trail of kisses to her elbow. When I finally drop her hand to her side, she gestures at the large pack over my shoulder.

"I hope you've got winter gear in there, my love. It looks cold as shit outside."

Grinning, I sling the pack off my shoulder and hold it between us, undoing the knot that holds the top closed. I reach in and withdraw a floor-length, fur-lined coat, handing it to her.

She eyes the coat suspiciously, then unfolds it all the way and beams at me. "This looks like the perfect size. How'd you manage that?"

"A troll mate never shares all his secrets," I offer. "Let's just say I know exactly how to dress every inch of you."

She gives me a sly look and pulls the coat on. I clasp the buttons, starting at the bottom and working my way up. She smirks the whole time, then gestures to the pack. "Got a coat for yourself in there?"

I shake my head. "Trolls are naturally impervious to the cold. I've never owned a coat." I gesture at my shirt and vest. "This is plenty for me."

Wren pats me playfully on the chest. "Not to mention you've got a mate to keep you warm."

“That I do.” I laugh as I slip her hand through the crook of my elbow.

She’s watchful as I guide her through the busy portal station and out into the Arcadian forest. Like most portal stations, Arcadia’s is about a half mile from the main downtown area. Off in the distance, the Kemkit mountain range soars into the sky.

Wren gasps, green eyes wide as she looks around. “Ohken, this is beautiful!”

My smirk grows bigger as I consider how much there is to show her about Arcadia. That’ll be another trip, though. For this one, I want to take her into town, expose her to troll and giant culture, and spend most of our time in bed.

Next to us in the room, a frail looking pixie stops and scans the room, clutching a bag to her chest. Her wings droop. She’s ill, that’s clear to see. Most monsters are relatively impervious to illness, but when we do get sick, it’s often traumatic and harsh, unlike humans who get small colds and light illnesses nearly constantly, according to Wren.

Wren tugs at my vest, pushing her body close to mine. “Should we help her, mate? She looks lost.”

I smile and guide us a few feet away, sitting on a bench and pulling my mate into my arms. Bringing my mouth to her ear, I brush the elegant shell with my lips. “Just watch.”

A few moments pass before a big rock troll crosses the room and stops in front of the pixie. She looks up at him, and worry seems to fade away.

“Are you Mira?” he asks.

When she nods, he takes her bags and reaches for her hand expectantly.

She takes it, and he brings her hand over his heart in the way of all troll healers.

“Mira, I’m Keirak and I’ll be your healer for the duration of your stay. It’s so lovely to finally meet. Are you ready to get checked into your room?”

She nods, threading her fingers through his with a soft smile.

Keirak turns and pulls her slowly toward the door, her bag slung over his shoulder. When she falters, he reaches down and picks her up, tucking her to his chest with one hand. Wren and I watch as the pair exit the portal station and disappear into the cold.

Wren turns to me open-mouthed. At my chuckle, she zips her lips together.

“He said healer but they didn’t seem to know each other, so is he...” Her words seem to falter.

Reaching for her gorgeous waves, I tuck thick locks over her shoulder to admire the beautiful column of her neck. “He’ll be feeding her his seed to help heal her, yes. Arcadia has a haven-renowned healing hospital. Many monsters with advanced illnesses come here.”

Wren’s expression grows thoughtful as her green eyes scan the room. After a moment, she glances back at me. “Why not drink troll whip coffees or find a black witch?”

“Ah,” I laugh and stand, pulling her with me as I wink. “Fucking a troll is so much more fun. And thorough.”

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WREN

This is fascinating. Absolutely fascinating. Monsters coming here to take direct advantage of troll jizz healing properties. Honestly, I love it. Can't wait to learn more.

I grab Ohken's hand and rise, pulling him off the bench seat. "C'mon," I encourage. "I need to experience the rest of Arcadia immediately."

Ohken rumbles out a manly laugh and pulls my hand through his elbow, hiking our bags over his shoulder as we head for the door. The Arcadia portal station looks a lot like the one in Ever, only bigger. I wonder if it's a much larger haven. But that thought disappears in a snap when Ohken opens the door and reveals a street full of trolls and even bigger giants.

But that's not what catches my attention first. No. What grabs me by the throat first is the sheer number of people being led up and down the street wearing collars and leashes.

"Holy shit," I manage.

Ohken tickles my side. "Remember how I told you most trolls are Doms? Same goes for giants. Arcadia is a pleasure center for monsters living that lifestyle. This is just the beginning of the kink you'll see openly expressed."

I shake my head in wonder, mouth gaped open as I stare around. On a bench at the sidewalk, a handsome troll who looks a lot like Ohken sits with a pretty vampire on his lap. She wears cat ears and laps at a bowl of something white as he praises her.

"I was meant to be in this place," I murmur. "This is so fucking cool."

Ohken pulls me up the street, explaining all the businesses as we head for the bar slash BNB we're staying at for this vacay. It's so different from Ever, it's almost hard to comprehend. There are leather shops, sex shops, shops for mushrooms and potions and magic. Everything is dark but modern, all black granite and sleek cobblestones.

If sex could be a physical town, it would be this one.

I remain fascinated for the entire fifteen minute walk to the bar, aptly labeled Get F*cked and tucked in the first floor of a four story building that very much looks like a place you'd go to to get absolutely railed.

Ohken pulls the door open and gestures me through. Again, I'm not ready for what I see. The interior looks like an ancient tavern with chunky wooden tables.

Monsters of all sorts sit there enjoying mead and food. But at some tables and along every bit of wall, other monsters sit or dance or are literally bound to the bricks by thick lashes of leather.

“Head for the bar, Sweetheart,” Ohken murmurs in my ear.

Everything in me tightens as I pass along a row of tables. At the last one before the bar, a female troll is laid out like a feast, various monster males—and females—biting and licking at every inch of her body. Her cries of pleasure make my pussy wet, and my devious mate knows it, because he presses his big body to mine as we reach the bar.

We talked about how we wanted this to go before we came here. We discussed limits and all sorts of things. But I’ll admit, I didn’t quite realize how in your face the sex would be, even though he told me. I had no frame of reference.

I’ve got it now, though.

Ohken talks to the bartender, who explains what room we’re in and offers to send welcome drinks up in a few minutes.

We make our way up a dark staircase to a long, elegant hallway with black carpet and gothic chandeliers. It’s tall and wide, probably to suit trolls and giants who might be patrons here. Our door is the last one on the left. When Ohken shoves it open, I gasp at the sight within.

Our room is really one giant room with a huge bed covered in black silk sheets. The headboard has all sorts of holes and chains and attachments. The whole ceiling is covered in ropes and things I wouldn’t even know what to do with. A black stone tub big enough for an army sits on the left hand wall. But at the far end, there’s a balcony that I assume looks out over the rooftops of the town. And sitting in the window are a variety of plants that look like they could use a little magic.

Jogging across the room, I stop in front of them, sensing their need for help. Summoning my magic, I press my fingers into the dirt at the base of two of the plants. I urge my magic to fill them, to twist and bind their essence. Moments later, Ohken slow claps behind me. I open my eyes to find the plants have become vines, crawling up the walls and up over the velvet curtains.

“Well done, woman,” he says with pride in his voice. “Now come here, and grow me.”

OHKEN

Watching my mate use her magic never fails to turn me on and call my dominance. Her magic is a powerful force that digs into me, threading through my soul and wrapping me up tight until I feel like I'll snap if I don't get closer to her.

She smirks and clasps her hands behind her back, highlighting big, soft breasts. "And what if I disobey, Mister Stonesmith."

I toss our bags on the bed. That done, I roll up one shirt sleeve, then the other, revealing my mating tattoo. She watches as I do so. She loves forearms and tattoos.

"Well," I say calmly. "I'll be forced to bring you to heel, I suppose."

"How might you force me?" she says in her brattiest tone.

I unbuckle my belt and slide it from the loops, wrapping it around my wrist as she watches.

Her arousal already saturates the room. I love that scent. And I can't wait to bury my face between her thick thighs. But I need to tease her first.

Stalking across the room, I dip and grab her legs, tossing her over my shoulder.

She lets out a darling little screech and beats at my back while laughing. "Okay, I relent. I am subservient, let me down!"

Tossing her on the bed next to the bags, I pull her clothing off piece by piece until the entirety of her sumptuous figure is exposed to me. Gorgeous nipples pebble underneath pink lace. Her soft belly calls for my teeth. She steps her thighs out wide to show me the treasure between them.

Dropping to my knees, I bite her inner thigh. The squeal she releases has me dripping in my pants. I need more of that. She's so vocal in the bedroom, more so than other partners I've had. I adore it, because I know exactly how good something does—or doesn't—make her feel.

Biting and nipping my way down her inner thigh to her knee, I busy one hand at her ankle, tying her with my belt to a hook buried in the footboard of the bed. She doesn't notice until I rise and undo my collared shirt. When she tries to tuck her knees together, she realizes she's bound and sparks of defiance flash in her luminous green eyes.

"Lay back and close your eyes," I command.

When she hesitates, I lean forward and slap the side of her thigh, hard. She squeaks and throws herself backward, but her scent explodes. We've been dipping into impact play, and it turns out my Wren loves it. We've been trying many new things, actually, but I suspect being in Arcadia will open her even further to new experiences. There's something about being immersed in the culture that lends one's mindset to experimentation.

"Touch yourself between the thighs," I command, tossing my shirt to the ground.

Dutifully, she slips a hand under the pink lace of her panties. I could drool watching elegant fingers stroke through her soaked pussy lips. She moans softly, arching her back as I watch. Shifting forward onto my elbows, I bring my mouth to hover just above her hand. I know she can feel my breath, because hers hitches even as she rubs faster, fingers moving feverishly.

I move forward even further, until the backs of her fingers touch my mouth with every pass. But I don't put my lips on her, not even when she rolls her hips to get closer.

She growls in frustration, and then in a move I anticipated, she threads her fingers through my hair and drags my face between her thighs, rubbing her pussy over my nose and mouth.

Naughty mate.

I hold back a wry chuckle as she rides my nose and mouth, using me to feel *more*.

As her cries escalate, I pull back, releasing her hold on my hair.

"Noooo," she wails, clamping her legs together and crossing her arms, brat that she is.

"Flip over," I say quietly, keeping my tone calm.

"No," she barks. "Don't tease me."

"You love teasing, usually." I run my hands up the fronts of her thighs, gripping her hips so I can roll her onto her belly. She goes easily until I'm presented with her back and that luscious ass I can't stop fucking. My hands go to it and squeeze. All that gorgeous flesh, all mine. "Do you truly not want teasing today, sweetheart?"

"No," she says quietly.

She's serious.

So I lean forward, pushing her until her ass is propped high in the air. Burying my face between her thighs, I bite at the lace, slipping my tongue beneath it to lave at her pussy. She jolts and barks out a plea for more.

Growling, I shred the lace and devour her, running my tongue up and down her slit as my fingers play and follow my touch. Moments later, she tenses and shudders, and then she screams as orgasm overtakes her.

It's my name that falls from her lips as she coats my mouth and neck in sweet honey.

Ohken.

Ohken.

Ohken.

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WREN

I swipe at my hair, shoving it away from my sweaty forehead as bliss fades. Damn that man for having such a talented tongue. That might be the fastest I've ever come.

Ohken crawls over top of me, resting his lower half against mine. His enormous dick nestles in my ass crack, teasing again as I push onto my elbows and arch my body up to feel him. He's so huge, so big and warm and perfect.

He reaches under me and grips my throat, peppering my back with soft, tender kisses. "What do you want, Sweetheart? Want to go downstairs and watch, or participate? Want to go and grab dinner? Or we could stay here and I can fuck you for hours..."

"Yes," I say, grinding my ass against his erection.

A throaty, manly chuckle is my only answer. "Alright. We'll start downstairs. Maybe partake in something down there if anything interests you. Then we'll order room service and I'll feed you every bite until your belly's full."

"Don't forget my pancreas, where the dessert goes," I say, shimmying my ass as he rolls his hips hard against me.

"I would never forget dessert." He shoves off me and grabs his bag, opening it to reveal stacks of sexy clothing. Of course, to him it's just clothing. To me it's sexy because it's all tight slacks and belts and vests and collared shirts. He's got the whole hot-as-fuck blow me under the desk professor vibes. Especially in Dom mode.

I sit up and reach for my bag. Slipping my shredded undies down my legs, I toss them away and grab a wrap dress. The moment I grab it, Ohken takes it gently from me. Clutching it in his manly hand, he smirks at me.

"Turn around, woman."

Delicious heat curls through me as I spin on the bed. I used to swear I was so independent, that I'd never let a man turn me into a simpering person living under his shadow. But being absolutely doted on by a man who views you as a person? That's some next level couple shit right there.

Ohken bends close, stray wisps of his hair tickling my skin as he plants gentle kisses over my neck and shoulders. He slides the dress over both hands and up my arms, wrapping it in the front. Big, beefy forearms hold my still as he expertly ties the dress.

When he's done, rough lips come to my ears. "Leave the panties off, sweetheart. You won't need them downstairs."

A soft moan leaves me. I don't know what, exactly, we're getting into tonight, but I am here for every second of it.

We manage to make it back downstairs with minimal fuckery. If possible, the party seems to be raging even harder than when we arrived. The bar is full of monsters of all sorts and nearly every table is full too. I glance around in dismay, wondering how we're going to be able to grab a drink or anything, but Ohken speaks to someone at the edge of the bar. Moments later, they lead us to a cozy table in the back corner with just two seats, side by side, against the wall.

I drop into one and Ohken sits next to me, placing his hand on my thigh as he angles his big body toward mine.

"Mate, we've spoken about what you are and aren't willing to engage in publicly, but now that we're here looking at all of this,"—he waves at the busy bar and the various couples and groups engaging in sexy acts—"has anything changed?"

I place my hand on his big thigh. "I don't think so, but I can always change my mind mid-act...right?"

"Of course," he says with a soft smile. "You know our safe word. Use it if you want to stop. I can whisk you upstairs in a heartbeat."

I squeeze his thigh, then run my nails up it. "I want to suck you off and maybe let others watch."

Dark green lips split into a smirk as he reaches for my hair and twirls it around two fingers. "I'd greatly enjoy that, my beauty. Shall we start now?"

"Yes Mister Stonsmith," I purr, cupping his sack as he pushes the table slightly away from us, spreading his thighs wide.

He reaches down and unzips his jeans, pulling his enormous cock out. He's already half hard, cock bobbing down to touch his thigh. I reach down and gather his balls carefully, scooping them out too. I want to see all of him, every inch.

"Do you want me on my knees?" I give him a cheeky look. "Or on all fours on the bench next to you."

His nostrils flare. "Whatever would be most comfortable for you, Sweetheart."

Ultimately, I decide the floor is easier. But no sooner have I dropped to my knees than the bartender shows up next to us, offering me a long padded bench to perch on.

“Oh this is very much giving me Catholic mass vibes,” I say with a laugh. Ohken and I have had a few conversations about human religions at this point. He’s fascinated by the lore and the things he claims “make no sense”.

Now, he smiles as I tuck the short bench under myself. “Are you ready to worship at my altar, sweetheart?”

“Fuck,” I hiss out. “That’s so hot.”

He grips his impressive cock and brushes the head over my lips. “That’s right, my little sinner. Open wide and please me.”

Is religion play a kink? Because I’m adding it to the very top of my kinks list.

My mate gathers all my hair on top of my head and fists his hand around it, keeping it out of my face as I lean down and tease his cockhead with my tongue.

Like always, he tastes delicious. I could give him head five times a day and never get tired of it. Plus, the potion that allows me to accommodate his size makes it so my jaw never gets tired.

Thank you, magic.

Opening wide, I take the first few inches of him, keeping my gaze locked to his. His eyes narrow, mouth dropping open as he watches me with fervent intensity.

As murmurs become louder, I sense we’re gathering a crowd, but Ohken never looks away from me. His fingers grip my hair tighter as I swallow nearly half of his incredible length. A gentle, needy rumble falls from his mouth as his dick pulses in my mouth, precum coating my tongue.

His obvious pleasure spurs me on, and I surge forward until my nose hits his belly. He sighs and lets his head fall back against the wall. The sound of someone jacking off reaches me, but I resist the urge to look. The idea that what I’m doing to Ohken gets others horny is intoxicating. I feel...in charge.

Picking up the pace, I bob on and off his cock, swirling my tongue through the ruffles around his cockhead. He loves it when I nip and tug at them with my lips, so I explore every crease and fold as they become rigid. Ohken’s soft grunts grow more demanding, his upper lip peeled back as his eyes roll into his head.

Damn, this is really fucking hot.

OHKEN

My mate's warm mouth and soft lips are driving me wild. It's a struggle to maintain control as a crowd of monsters gathers to watch her suck me off. She moves up and down my dick, doing all the things she knows I like best, but her being human draws a large crowd.

I haven't taken my eyes off of her, but I do so now, taking in the gathered group. They're mostly trolls plus a giant or two and a merman in his human form, tapered ears bedecked in earrings from the lobe to the very tip. Most of the crowd has their cocks out, stroking and grunting as she bobs on and off my cock.

There aren't many humans in Arcadia. My mate is a novelty of the most delicious sort. She was curious to put on a show, but it's obvious she's enjoying it as the scent of her arousal grows. Her magic sends tiny sparks along my thighs, heat building in my core as orgasm brews.

Changing the grip I have on her hair, I bring my palm gently to the back of her head and begin to thrust up into her wet heat. She hums happily as the magic eases my passage. Someone in the audience grunts and spurts cum onto the floor next to us. Wren's nostrils flare, but she opens wider as the movement of my hips grows faster.

I chase orgasm as Wren grips my thighs hard, staying still as I fuck into her mouth, careful not to thrust too hard. Even with the potion, I could choke her, and my beautiful little mate would not appreciate that. The crowd spurs me higher as my body heats and tightens. The movement of my hips goes rocky and ragged as ecstasy hits me, eyes rolling into my head as I fill my woman's belly with seed.

She groans as I come, catching every last drop with that talented tongue. Fireworks burst behind my eyelids as she takes me to the edge of pleasure and beyond, my toes curling in my boots as she licks me through orgasm, and doesn't stop as I come down from the high.

Around us, several monsters cry out or roar and come all over the floor watching us. Watching her. They don't care about me.

She glances up at me, licking my tip softly, teasing me. "How was that, Mister Stonemith?" She kisses my tip and then slides her tongue sideways down my cock, causing it to leap against her mouth.

“Exemplary performance, Mrs. Stonsmith,” I murmur, releasing my hold on her hair. It swings down and covers her face, so I gather it up and tuck it over her shoulder so the crowd can see. She continues to tease and lick me, but I want more. I want her pleasure, and we agreed I could take it in public.

I place a finger under her chin, bringing her gaze to mine. “Your turn, woman, assuming nothing has changed?”

“Nothing’s changed,” she breathes, nipping at my cock as someone in the crowd blurts out a string of expletives.

I pull her to a stand and lift her onto the table. Guiding her onto her back, I smirk. “Remember the safe word, my love.”

She taps her temple and laughs. The throatiness of her laugh always does something to me. No matter what she’s giggling or chuckling about, it manages to sound so incredibly sensual. Plus, I love when she gets a little hoarse after sucking me off.

Ignoring the crowd, I place myself between her thighs and slowly pull the soft belt holding her wrap dress closed. She wears these a lot now because she knows I adore unwrapping her like a present. Plus they hug her elegant curves like a second skin, like she’s naked without actually being naked. Wrap dresses are a level of sexy I can’t get enough of.

As the knot comes loose and the fabric goes lax, monsters push to the edge of the table, several laying their cocks on the wood around her. Her eyes go wide, but when I thrum my fingers on her stomach, she refocuses on me.

Having a dozen males surrounding us, watching us, stokes the heat higher. I open the fabric of Wren’s dress wide, dropping it on either side of her. A monster to my right lets out an appreciative groan that has my pretty mate blushing.

“That’s right,” I say. “There’s not a male here who wouldn’t give his right arm to be yours. Does that make you hot, Sweetheart?”

She nods, nipping her lower lip as a male to her right starts jerking his cock hard.

It’s common knowledge that you’re not to join in a scene unless invited, so I’m not worried about anyone touching her. She and I talked through the rules before we came. Still, I’m wary for any sign of her feeling overwhelmed or uncomfortable. Arcadia is...a lot.

When I notch my cock at the entrance to her pussy, silken heat brushes my tip. She's so wet, so ready from our earlier play. We discussed a bit of this possible scene ahead of time, too, agreeing not to drag out her first time in front of others. Wren wanted it rough, she wanted distraction.

That's something I'm all too happy to give.

"Ready, love?" I smile down at her as I tease the first inch of my cock in and out of her channel.

She pushes up onto her elbows and gives me a saucy look. "Ready, Mister Stonesmith."

I love hearing our last name fall from her lips. Notching my hips, I fill her with a hard thrust that jolts her body forward on the table. Around us, males gasp and grunt. Wren's eyes roll into her head, a soft moan falling from her lips. When I grip behind both knees and spread her legs wide, her head falls back. As I fill her a second time, she looks at me again, watching her pussy gobble up my cock.

Her inner walls clench me tight, heat streaking down my spine. I thank the gods for the potion that allows us to fit like this. Locking my gaze to hers, I grin. "Your pussy is heaven, Sweetheart."

Wren's cheeks are pink with heat. She wants to come. She needs it. I can feel that in the mating tattoo. And that same heat swirls deep in my guts, pleasure twisting and forming into a tornado ready to unleash.

Groaning, I continue thrusting slowly but forcefully into her. Big tits jiggle every time I enter her. I'll never get enough of this. There will never be enough time to make up for the years I lived without her. But I remind myself that those years made me who she needed me to be.

"Come, pretty mate," I command. "Come with me, because I'm there..." My voice trails off as orgasm pushes to the surface, my cock kicking inside her as I lash her womb with seed. It takes every ounce of focus for me to keep pumping as orgasm hits her and her back bows, thrusting her chest into the air as she wails.

Her screams rise higher and higher as she claws at the table and clenches around me, milking my cock for every ounce of seed in my balls.

"More," I beg. "Take every drop, mate." My vision blacks over, stars bursting behind my eyelids as her pussy caresses my length.

We come hard together, hard enough that she's a sweaty, dripping mess as bliss fades. Staring at her in wonder, I relish the aftershocks of her orgasm, tiny flutters that have my cock twitching with need.

Still, I'm surprised—and turned on—when she sits up on the table and eye fucks me.

“Again, mate. I need that again.”

The crowd around us swells and gathers, having heard her pleasure just moments before.

“Then let us begin,” I whisper, bending down to take her lips.

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