Seth reclined in his litter, borne upon the shoulders of four servants as they elevated him above the crowded marketplace. He stared up at cloudless blue sky while they made their stuttering, stop-and-start way through the throng and toward the slave pens. He'd ventured out with a mission today. A particular need had overcome him, a rather... insatiable craving, and his usual methods of indulgence were proving wanting of late. The brothels and the infrequent liaisons with other lords barely satisfied him anymore. He needed something more. Needed someone more often. Hence, the slave pens. The litter turned off the main market road of the city and drew to a halt. Seth popped his head up. They were here! Shopping was always exciting, but especially so when he was on the hunt for such a wickedly indecent acquisition. Soon he'd be amidst a parade of fine, strong slaves, all of them there for him. He'd take the fieriest of them, the most powerful. Nothing else would do. Seth didn't even wait for a hand down—he hopped from the litter and pranced his way into the slave pens. His clerk and a few members of his personal guard trotted along after him whilst the bearers stayed with the litter. They'd been sent ahead to the master so that he might have a chance to gather what Seth was looking for. As it happened, Seth had a very particular type of man in mind. Ah, and it looked like the master had not disappointed him. A line of naked men, every single one tall and looking like they wrestled bears for fun, stood just beyond the entrance to the pens. Shackles held their hands behind their backs and their cocks hung bare before them. The breath whooshed out of Seth in a sigh. Sweet gods, he'd take them all if he could! All at once. All at the same time. "I see that my selection pleases you, my lord." That would be the master, emerging from the shade of a sycamore to join Seth before the line of slaves. The master was an older man, his hair just beginning to silver. Sleek and refined, he looked like he'd be more at home as a priest, but Seth knew better. The man's fine clothes hid lean muscle, and the whip at his belt had seen heavy use. "Master Odion." Seth put just a touch of seduction in his smile, leaned in just a bit closer than propriety would call acceptable. He did have to wonder how skilled the man was with that whip in...other ways. He made his voice loud, so that all the slaves could hear. "Why, I am positively salivating at the sight of them. You understand my temptations well." "I believe I do." The master's hand landed on Seth's shoulder. "Do browse them at your leisure, my lord." His hand drifted downward, running along Seth’s spine to the small of his back,
and finally lower where he gave Seth's rear a good squeeze. His hand lingered—he had discovered Seth wore no underclothes beneath the short tunic. Seth put some arch into his back, eagerly pressing his ass against the master's hand. The master gave a chuckle, fondling the curve of Seth's cheeks beneath the hem of the tunic, skilled fingers tracing the fold of supple flesh where Seth's buttocks met his thighs. With a content sigh, Seth reminded himself why he was here—it was not to be groped by the slave master. Odion gave him a playful pinch to send him on his way. Seth strode forward, pacing along the line of slaves. Near every eye had riveted upon him while the master played with his ass in plain view. Seth wore a green tunic that day, in a style that was a favorite of his. It fell just enough to cover him when standing, hinting at the pert little ass beneath. If he bent or stretched his arms up, that hint became a show, an invitation. He wore no other clothes besides a dusting of jewelry here and there and a pair of fine, knee-length boots, leaving his thighs bare for all to see. This was the body and the message he displayed to the slaves, and it delighted him to see that many of them noticed. "I've a powerful itch," he said, striding up and down the line, sizing them each up. "And to satisfy it I need a tall, strapping brute with huge muscles and a cock to match." No few of them chuckled in voices like gravel, following him with heated eyes. No few cocks in that line twitched, too. There were some fifteen or so of them, and about half he could dismiss outright, because they looked boring or weren't tall or big enough, or the size of their cocks displeased him, or because of any other whim that guided his taste that day. He managed to narrow his choice down to three. The first was a southerner, clearly. His skin, unlike the gentle forest-wood brown of Seth's people, was dark as coal. He stood so still he looked like an obsidian statue, his frame lean and rigid rather than bulky. Seth came closer, smiling up at him, willing the man's eyes to drop, to meet his, to see him. But no. The slave's eyes were fixed on some distant point, his face etched into a scowl. His rod-straight spine and unflinching gaze bespoke a man who would make a fine guardsmen, but Seth sought a blazing fire not a stoic gargoyle. Pass. His next choice stood shorter than the rest but still a half-head taller than Seth himself. Those arms! The man looked as though he could toss boulders about with ease. Seth imagined them about his waist, or holding him down, or pinning his arms above his head while the slave had his way with him. Yet a cold sweat had broken out upon the man's face. His skin had gone ashen and his eyes darted everywhere. He cringed when Seth peered closer at him. Here was a man who'd been beaten one too many a time, spent one too many a night shackled to a wall, been taken to just the other side of his resilience. Here was a broken man, and though his cock swelled slightly for Seth's words and enticing clothes, he would bring nothing but fear to Seth's bed. Seth sighed and moved on. "I am looking for one powerful, fat cock to fill me up day and night," he said. "I need someone to hold me down and plow me until I am unconscious." Every slave there—and master Odion as well—shifted as heat no doubt plunged to their loins. All except one. He was everything Seth might have wanted. Myriad tiny scars and imperfections covered his tanned, slightly leathery skin. He must have been a farmer or laborer for much of his life. Seth instantly wanted to feel that rough body pinning him down, but alas this man showed not the faintest flush to his cheeks, not the slightest stiffening in his cock. He looked Seth in the eyes. He was the first one to have done so, and Seth liked him all the more for it. Seth leaned into him, one hand ghosting about
his lower stomach, just above that disinterested cock. He pouted. "I do not entice you, pet? Not at all?" The man smiled at him, broad and open. He looked like he would have a wonderful laugh. "Alas m'lord, it takes a nice pair of tits and a woman's curves to stoke this one." "A pity," Seth said, letting his hand trail away. As he turned, his eyes connected with a heated, intense gaze—the last slave in line was glaring at him, and the ferocity of that stare actually tripped Seth up. He recovered, gravitating toward the man. Despite the anger behind those eyes, the slave's large cock had thickened noticeably for Seth's teasing. Promising, indeed. And that hair! The slave's hair was red. Dark, like the color of rust. So rare, here. Seth's own people bore stark black hair or—like Seth himself—pale blonde. One or the other but never this fiery red. The slave's skin must have been white as driven snow once, because even tanned it was still pale as a peach. A scattering of freckles even sprinkled his shoulders! "And what is your name?" Seth leaned in close to him. The man's lip curled and he spat upon the ground. How delightfully savage! Odion approached, hand upon his whip. "Shall I make him answer you, my lord?" "Certainly not." Why use brute force when a tight ass and willing mouth could entice the same results with no violence whatsoever? Seth smiled up into the slave's scowling face. He spoke in a breathy whisper that he knew drove men crazy. "You're sluttish enough to heat the blood, I suppose." The man's jaw clenched as though he sought to fight the impulse to speak. "You're sluttish enough to heat the blood, I suppose." Seth burst out in laughter, even while his guards, hovering in the background, got their backs up at the insult. "He's wonderful! Where does he come from?" Odion stroked the whip at his side. "A barbarian from far to the east. I do urge you to take caution with this one, my lord. He is a savage, after all." Which worried Seth not at all. He harbored a bit of a secret, one that he may or may not eventually share with the slave. One that kept him safe, even when faced with certain...savagery. Feeling daring, Seth lightly ran his fingers over the flushed shaft of the slave's cock. It twitched at his touch. "Savage is exactly what I was looking for." "You don't want me, boy." Aroused or no, the slave's voice yet seethed with anger. "The second I'm out of these manacles I'll ring your skinny neck and flee." What a roaring wildfire of a man! Seth eased their bodies together, the slave's cock trapped between them as he looked up into those feral eyes. "But will you fuck me first?" The man growled, and in that sound was a world of lust and fury. He loomed over Seth, muscles flexing against the manacles trapping his hands behind his back. "Slut, I'll spear you until you're begging me to stop." If that had been meant to frightened him, it struck quite the opposite cord. Seth's knees turned instantly to water at that promise. "I'll have him," Seth said, wheeling about and setting a brisk pace back toward the litter. He paused. "And that one too." He nodded at the frightened man, the slave who'd cringed before him and looked as though he'd seen more torments than his mind could handle. The manor's groundskeeper could always find use for a strong laborer while the man worked off his price. A couple of years of honest work and he'd have paid Seth back and could go on his way, insofar as a broken man could move on from such a waking nightmare as he seemed to live in. His clerk paid Odion a generous sum, on his orders. Didn't even haggle. Seth didn't want a bargain, he wanted a stallion to mount him and he wanted to compensate the slaver for the hours and hours of bliss this man would bring him. "How is he called?" Seth asked. The master dropped the key for the manacles into Seth's palm. "Name's Dearg." Dearg. Even his name sounded
exotic! While Seth lay back upon the cushioned litter, bobbing above the heads of the crowd, Dearg walked along beside. He was so tall his face was on a level with Seth's. "Why did you buy the other one?" Dearg flicked his head at the other slave, trudging along behind the guards, haunted eyes staring at the ground. A surprising question. Given Dearg's obvious distaste for the nobility, he hadn't expected the man to take much an interest in his affairs. Perhaps all that anger hid some genuine interest? Seth shrugged. "He looked as though he could use an easier time of it." Dearg scoffed. "And you're going to give it to him." So disbelieving. What a cynical fellow! "If not I then no one, yes? I expect him to work, but we'll calculate a decent wage for him. He can go his way when he's paid me back. As with you." "How's that then?" Seth rolled over onto his stomach. The short tunic rode up, exposing him further. "You plow me like an animal in heat whenever I've a need, and when you've given me a fair bit of service you take your leave." Dearg's eyes fixed upon Seth's half-exposed rear. The man's growing erection had not flagged in the least, and was perhaps a bit harder than before. "You really do just want some man who will stick a cock in you whenever you want, don't you? And then you intend to let me go." Seth nodded. It sounded fair enough to him, and Dearg obviously could not wait to spread Seth wide. "That is what I want." The slave scoffed again and shook his head, frowning. Yes, a very cynical fellow, indeed. Seth's manor, splendorous as it was, did not budge the barbarian's sour scowl one bit. Seth thought he detected a hint of disgust in Dearg's face as the barbarian took in all the opulence around him—the exquisitely shaped topiaries, the massive fountain dancing in the courtyard, colorful gardens and soaring columns of marble. Couldn't very well blame the man, now could he? Seth supposed that his life and his home must look like so much trivial frippery to a man who'd spent years in shackles. Seth's steward took charge of the other slave, but Seth himself led Dearg through the manor's ornate doors and down an arched hallway. The slave's dusty feet left footprints on the rugs. Seth's guards trailed them, unwilling yet to leave Seth alone with the barbarian. "We'll have you cleaned up first," Seth said. "Then we'll see if you can live up to your boast." What had it been again? Ah yes. Spear him until he was begging for an end. Seth rather doubted Dearg could match his stamina, but he dearly hoped the man would try! "Surprised you need to go to the slave pens for cock. Your men don't give it to you?" Seth sighed. "It's not for want of effort on my part. But they prefer not to touch me and I hate nothing more than a reluctant man in bed." Dearg gave Seth a look up and down. "Well I'll say one thing for you, slut—you've a body and a face that makes men want to wreck you. Why aren't they plowing you?" "My captain believes in being...professional. It's not that she's forbidden them to touch me but they hold her in high regard. They want her respect." And any guard that bedded Seth would forever be lesser in the captain's eyes. She didn't care how many men he took to bed, but she did care immensely about her duty, and the duty of her soldiers. Servants had scurried ahead as soon as Seth arrived, and they had the bath steaming already. The heat of the windowless chamber loosened every muscle in Seth's body. Even here, the guards accompanied them, taking posts near the door and along the walls, out of the way. "Am I to bathe with my hands bound?" Dearg shifted his arms, the chains rattling behind him. Seth giggled. "Don't be silly. They will bathe you." He inclined his head at his body servants, a pair of beautiful, smooth youths. Harioshi and Tayako. Twins they were, a boy and girl fresh past their
second decade. Of an age with Seth—a bit younger. Seth had chosen them in equal parts for their skill as well as their looks. Dearg's cock could no longer be called remotely flaccid, and he released a satisfied growl as the two Harioshi, the boy, took him by the arm and led him to the bath, a tiled pit that descended beneath the floor level. Tayako joined him on his other side, and together they helped him down the steps into the steaming, perfumed water. Dearg turned to get an eyeful as the twins disrobed, shrugging out of their sheer, loose gowns and joining him in the bath. Sponges in hand, they drew water over the barbarian's dusty shoulders. "What are you waiting for, your slutty lordship?" Dearg ignored Harioshi, who giggled at the name. "Get in here." "Oh," Seth said, "I bathed before I left the manor. And I have my own preparations to make." On one wall of the room, a red silk sheet draped over an assemblage of tools that Dearg could not have guessed at from the shape. Seth plucked the sheet away and let it fall to the floor, revealing a collection of batons—phalluses, about a dozen of them, all varying in size and shape and made of wood or stone, bone or leather. A variety of bottles clustered with them, oils and creams for Seth's ease. Dearg's face was now riveted to Seth, utterly disregarding the twins as they lathered his body with soap using their bare hands. Had Seth been a cat he would have purred watching those two lithe beauties run their delicate hands all over Dearg's hard body. Seth knelt by the batons and trailed a hand over his collection, musing. Dearg boasted an intimidating weapon, as thick as Seth's wrist and nearly a foot long. He shuddered to think of that immensity impaling his depths. He would need a hefty phallus to prepare him. Dearg's lips had parted as he watched Seth select an impressive stone phallus with a leather covering. Every phallus there bore a wooden base, through which a tunnel had been bore. Seth set that base in a clamp, lined the tunnel up with holes on either side of the clamp, and slid a peg through. The phallus thus saluted stiff and ready for him, held firm and angled for its entry. "You can't take all that," Dearg said. His voice had dropped low, gone husky with lust. It was a taunt, nothing more. Seth didn't believe for a second that Dearg doubted he could take each one of these phalluses—and had, multiple times. "I can take this and anything you could do to me," Seth said, teasing right back as he poured oil upon the bulging head of the baton. He spread the oil until the whole of the shaft glistened and then knelt above the waiting phallus, facing the barbarian. Here he paused, letting Dearg get a good look at him poised above that unyielding column of rock and leather. Dearg gritted his teeth. "Think you can handle me, you little whore? Then let's see how well you ride that stone cock." Biting his bottom lip, his eyes never leaving Dearg's face, Seth sank down upon the phallus until it pressed against him. He rocked, accustoming himself to the pressure of the relentlessly hard head of the baton and, finally, easing it inside himself with a loud, full-mouthed moan. Dearg jerked at his restraints, pent and straining lust writ in every clenched, tense muscle of his body. Seth began to raise up and down, and from Dearg's angle the barbarian would be able to see that shaft disappear up inside him and emerge again, gleaming wet with oil. Dearg's arms quivered with his effort to break those chains and get at Seth. "Does his cleanliness please you, m'lord?" Tayako glided one hand through Dearg's wet, loose hair, gone a darker shade for its dampness. Harioshi released a drain, and the water began to lower. Seth fucked himself upon the phallus faster so that his voice emerged breathless and heady. "I am unsure if his cock is deserving. Assess it for me?" "Of course, m'lord." Harioshi gripped the
barbarian’s balls in one hand, massaging them, causing the barbarian to jerk. "We'd never let an undeserving cock breach your fine entrance." Tayako knelt now that the water had receded and ran her tongue along the shaft of Dearg’s cock. Her twin joined her, their two mouths working together upon him, running the length of it from base to head and back the other way while Harioshi continued to fondle Dearg’s balls. The barbarian breathed heavy through his nose, his face betraying his difficulty. "Careful, pet," Seth said, slowing his rhythm on the phallus to long, unhurried strokes. "If you spend yourself now, you'll have nothing left for me." Dearg snarled at the challenge, his jaw clenching as the twins worked their talented mouths upon him. Tayako spread some oil upon her hand and now the twins pumped his entire length with their palms, teased him with gripping fingers. Here, at last, Seth witnessed the man's truth length and girth. He'd chosen his phallus well. The baton he rode was no small thing, but not near as big as the stiff column of meat that stood erect before Dearg. Seth would find Dearg's entry uncomfortable, but not agonizing. Not easy, but not impossible either. Just the way he liked it. Seth waved his hand, and the twins drifted back from the barbarian, his cock dribbling pearly essence from its bobbing head. The entire enticing shaft glistened with oil. Seth realized he was staring, had stilled to a full stop with the phallus halfway sheathed inside him, and came back to himself. He rose gracefully to his feet, the sudden emptiness within him begging for something large and rigid again to fill it. "Come along," he said to the barbarian, pausing in the doorway to fix Dearg with a haughty, heated gaze as he issued the order, "if you want me." Dearg fought it. He hovered where he was for the space of a brave few heartbeats, but his cock won out over his pride. He stomped up the bath’s steps and stalked after Seth like a big cat at hunt. His presence loomed over Seth’s shoulder as he lead the way down the hall. For convenience, Seth’s rooms lay not far from the baths. He held his hand out to a guardsman for the shackle key when Dearg leaned into him from behind, his massive manhood laid against Seth’s ass and back. Seth froze, struck breathless by its bulk. Dearg’s hot breath swept over his shoulder and cheek. "My lord?" The guardsmen stared at him. Seth still held the key in his raised palm. "Uh." Seth shook himself and fumbled at the door latch, finally stumbling through and yanking the barbarian after him. Bright gods. He couldn’t remember the last time a man had overcome his composure so. The barbarian was all over him, pressing him backwards, pressing his cock against Seth's stomach. "Release me," he growled, his cock head smearing oil upon Seth's fine tunic. Seth dug his heels in and finally stopped backing away, raising his hands to run them down the barbarian's huge arms. Gods alive, his arms were as large as Seth's thighs! "I wager you've not thought of strangling me since you got in that bath." Dearg's bared his teeth, his voice a growl. " Release me ." Seth's breath had gotten away from him. Nigh on panting already, he circled about to Dearg's back. The heavy iron shackles hugged the man's wrists, fat chain drooping downward. The contraption looked monstrously heavy. Dearg's chest heaved, every muscle in his back and arms pulled taut. Seth's stomach fluttered as he jammed the key home into the lock. He held it, poised, and took a deep breath. The lock clanked when he turned the key. Seth jumped back as the shackles thudded to the ground nearly on top of his feet. Dearg whirled, grabbed him by the arm, and then he was in the air, thrown over the barbarian's back so hard it drove all the breath out of him. Bent over like this, his short tunic bared his entire bottom. Dearg
gave his ass one hard smack and grabbed a rough handful as he stalked not to the bed, but to one of
the couches. Dearg threw him over the arm of the couch, planting Seth's face in the seat cushion.
Once again, all the air drove out of his lungs and he struggled for breath and to right himself as Dearg
spanked him, one hard slap to his other buttock. Again, he dug his fingers into that smarting flesh,
getting himself a handful of the ass Seth had been flaunting at him for the past hour. "That's for
making me walk naked through the market, you little shit." His hand came down again. With each
blow he gripped and kneaded Seth's ass, not a caress at all but a rough grope of that full, round
softness. "And that's for being a sluttish cock tease." Once more he smacked Seth's ass, and Seth,
having managed to get his mouth free of the plush cushion at last, yelped in delight and shock at the
stinging pain of the blow. "And that's because I like to see that sweet little arse jiggle!" Dearg laughed,
and in the wake of that laugh his cock head plunged into Seth's oil-slick, craving hole. Seth gasped
and scrabbled at the couch, trying to get away. Not from pain but the sheer shock of it. Dearg
grabbed his hips and held him fast. "Where're you going, slut? Can't take it?" He leaned in, his cock
sinking into Seth another delicious inch. Seth moaned, his ass wiggling for the barbarian. Dearg was
so big, so thick inside him, and he'd barely even penetrated him yet! "My cock too much for his
lordship?" Dearg gave a heave, spearing Seth on half of his immense length and forcing a sharp cry
from his lips. "All you have to do is beg me to stop." A blight on that, you boorish savage . Seth got
his hands underneath him and shoved up, arching his back and pressing back against Dearg's cock,
forcing it deeper still, reveling in that sweet invasion. He whimpered at first, but then managed to
chase the sound with breathy words. "Is that...that all you have for me, barbarian? I barely feel
anything ." An amused snort from behind him, then Dearg's hands tightened about Seth's waist and
dragged him backwards, impaling him on the rest of his cock, forcing past all resistance to sheath
himself to the balls. Seth tried to cry out, but the words choked off into a gasp. "I told you I'd have you
begging me, slut boy. Don't think I've forgotten." Dearg began to hammer him. No slow rhythm here,
no gentle accustomization to his size. Dearg pounded him from the first movement. "Mm. You've the
prettiest arse I've ever seen, slut." Dearg gave his ass a fresh slap and laughed at him. "Wish you
could see how good you look, forced open around my meat." Dearg fucked out any tension left in him
with sheer force. Seth melted before that onslaught as the barbarian hauled him forward and back
with ease, pumping Seth upon his cock as much as thrusting his hips. He pounded Seth, jostling him
back and forth until Seth whimpered with every thrust--needing, crying, craving release. Abruptly
Dearg sank into him and held there, grunting, and a delicious hot flood of cum filled Seth up deep
inside. Still raging hard, unthawed not at all, Dearg drew out of him in one rough, long slide. He
spilled a couple last spurts upon Seth's upturned ass, the cum dribbling down his smooth cheeks.
"That's better," Dearg said, laying the heavy weight of his cock upon Seth's back. "Now we can really
play, you and I." Dearg pulled him up by the hair and yanked his tunic off. He shoved Seth to the floor
and stood before him, cock jutting out before Seth's face even as his cum leaked, warm and plentiful,
from Seth's ass. "Lick my balls, boy." Oh sweet gods . Seth shuddered. Dearg would most certainly
have him begging if he kept this up! Seth made a hungry sound as he leaned in and set one of those
big, swollen balls to his lips. He mouthed at Dearg's balls, first one then the other, keening whimpers
escaping him that made Dearg laugh. With his face in Dearg's ball sack, the barbarian's musk overwhelmed him. He lavished attention upon the man's balls with his lips and tongue, greedily inhaling the scent of him. It had been too long since a man made him kneel at his feet and service him like this, leaning against his huge thighs and worshiping his balls and his cock. Dearg pulled his head away and pressed the head of his cock to Seth's lips. Seth accepted it immediately, opening his mouth at once so Dearg could use it as he pleased. "I want to see you choke on this cock, slut." Hooded eyes seared into him from above. Dearg's earlier anger had dissolved, replaced by a different kind of heat. There was no way Seth could take that entire cock down his throat, but damned if he wasn't going to try! At Dearg's words, Seth obediently surged forward, swallowing down a good few inches of that amazing cock, not stopping until the bulging head gagged the back of his throat. "Salivating for it, aren't you?" Dearg jerked his hips forward, pummeling Seth's throat with delicious ferocity. "I've never seen someone so hungry for cock." Seth made an mmm sound around the cock filling up his entire mouth. He worked his tongue along the cock's underside and swallowed about it, urging it deeper, doing exactly as Dearg had wanted—choking himself upon a cock so big he could only fit half of it in his mouth at once. Dearg's big hands gripped the side of his head, and he snapped his hips in quick, short movements, his size preventing him from truly thrusting. Seth wrapped both hands about the rest of that thick shaft and rubbed them along it firmly, forcefully, using his mouth and hands to work that cock as hard as he could. Dearg groaned at the combined effort and his muscles gathered, his breath caught. An instant later and the first gush of cum hit the inside of Seth's throat. Dearg yanked himself all the way out immediately. He held Seth still by the hair and pumped his own cock in his fist. Hot cum splattered across Seth's eagerly upturned face, upon his closed eyes and heated cheeks. Dearg sighed contentedly, smearing the last dribbles of cum upon Seth's lips then wiping his cock off on Seth's golden hair. His cock remained swollen, engorged in arousal even now. With a pleasant hum, Dearg grabbed Seth's arm dragged him up. He stuffed two fingers in Seth's needy hole, making him rise up on his toes and whimper, and walked him toward the bed like that. He gave Seth's ass another good, hard slap. "Get up on that bed, slut. Raise that ass for me good and high, now." Yes. Seth didn't have words to say how badly he wanted to obey. He could only whine with need and climb onto his huge, plush bed, settling onto his elbows and knees, offering his oiled and wanting ass for the barbarian's use. His own cock was so hard it was painful, but he didn't want to touch it yet. He wanted Dearg inside him first. "You want more of my seed in you, whore?" The barbarian climbed up with him and rammed himself home within Seth, sinking his cock in halfway in one determined thrust then continuing without a pause, seating himself deep inside Seth until he pulled Seth's ass, tender and pink from the spankings, right up against his hips. Dearg began to thrust. He rutted in Seth like some relentless force of nature, his strokes long and powerful and brutal. With every thrust, he withdrew nearly all the way out then forced his entire cock back into Seth all over again. He made Seth feel every inch of that cock as it plundered him. He pounded into Seth until Seth was a sputtering, whimpering ruin. Seth clawed at the sheets, desperate now for release. He rose onto his hands, but Dearg planted a hand upon the nape of his neck and shoved him back down. "Slut, I want your face down while I fuck you." Seth couldn't respond but in helpless gasps and Dearg
drove into him ruthlessly. He was a ragdoll in the hands of a monster. He gave himself over utterly, his whole body a vessel for the barbarian’s use. He was so near to release he could feel the edge of it biting close. Dearg must have sensed the change in him. He plunged in to the balls and gave a couple insistent, short thrusts, making Seth feel the heavy head of his cock wedged deep inside him. "Not yet, slut. You haven't begged for me." Dearg withdrew completely, his absence agonizing. He flipped Seth over and Seth was gratified to see the barbarian panting, his muscled chest heaving, and his eyes dark with need. Dearg leaned over and laid his massive cock along Seth's. The contact drove him wild. He reached over his head and gripped the sheets in torment. "Ngh!" "You want this cock, you know what you have to say." Dearg rolled his hips, his cock heavy along Seth's groin. Seth groaned, unwilling to give in at a single taunt, wanting, needing the barbarian to make him give in. Dearg gripped each of Seth's ankles and jerked his legs open wide, as wide as they would go, pulling upward as well so that Seth's hips rose off the bed, at a perfect angle to receive Dearg's cock. Seth was more exposed than he had ever been before, legs forced wide open at the barbarian's pleasure, splayed apart for another man's enjoyment. When Dearg rubbed his cock and balls against Seth's groin again, massaging their ball sacks together, pressing his cock against Seth, Seth lost his last thread of control. "I'm yours!" He wiggled in Dearg's grasped, trying to grind against him, trying to rock his ass and his entrance against the man's shaft. "I'm yours, please give it to me. Mount me, fuck me, come in me! Merciful gods, please!" Dearg’s composure, it seemed, held by just as frayed a thread as Seth's had. Before the last words even left Seth's lips, Dearg had his cock lined with Seth's entrance and in he thrust. No playing around, now. No taunting and no games with each other. Dearg grunted with each brutal thrust and Seth met him, shoving up to plunge him deeper, to bring them both toward their full. They strained together, Dearg's massive cock plowing into Seth's insides, rising as one to the peak. Dearg toppled first, straining, shoving his cock into Seth’s depths as hard as he could, spending himself deep within, the heat of his release scorching, overpowering. Seth fell after him, brought to his end by the huge cock pulsing and spurting cum inside him, crying out as he sprayed along his own stomach and chest without even touching his cock once. Dearg fell forward and caught himself upon his elbow. His whole heaving and panting body enveloped Seth's senses. Exhausted, breathless barbarian surrounded him on all sides, the perfect end to a wickedly fun romp. Once Dearg had sucked in a few lungfuls of air, he lurched over onto his back, off of Seth. His usual scowling face had softened into a satisfied slackness. Even a sour fellow such as he could not maintain his ill mood after such a grand fucking! Once Seth had caught his breath, he turned his head, grinning at the barbarian. "You didn't strangle me, after all." Dearg grunted, eyes already closing. Seth rolled onto him, hand splaying upon that great chest as it rose and fell. "You like me." Dearg's eyes cracked open, peering down at him. "You're a right annoying little shit, your lordship, you know that?" Seth giggled and left the barbarian to his rest, bouncing up and striding over to a robe hanging from one of the bedposts, a definite skip to his step. Dearg frowned at him. "How can you be so damned energetic? Feels like my limbs are made of jelly. Gods alive! Didn't think it was possible to come so much." "Mm, yes well...about that!" Seth cinched the robe about his waist and leaned on the bed. "You see, I've just a bit of incubus in me. Sex nourishes me and drains my
partner!" Dearg's eyes flew open, betraying his surprise, but drifted nearly closed again, clearly too heavy for him to keep them fully open even in shock. And that was why Seth needn't have worried over any danger from the savage barbarian slave. One dalliance with Seth and even the mightiest of men became weak as kittens for a time. "Gods, boy! Any more surprises before I sleep for eons?"

"No, just that." Seth planted a kiss on the barbarian's brow. Dearg swatted at him, but Seth danced away. He glanced back on his way out the door. "Rest up. I'll need you again before long!"