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# *Lord Melchior*

*By Varian Krylov*

"What's wrong, Zaccheus?"

"What? Nothing." I heard my voice waver as I answered.

"Nothing. Right."

Crossing the room we shared, Arif took two glasses and the decanter from the dresser and came back to where I stood, looking out our small window over the garden. He filled one crystal chalice and offered it to me. Breathing in the rich, sweet scent, I drew a taste of the warm port over my tongue, then turned back to the soothing vista of night sky and moonlit garden. Arif remained by my side, sipping from his glass.

"Tell me, Zaccheus, what happened on your shift tonight."

I turned from the cool breeze to face him. Arif was grinning with wicked curiosity. Something told me he already had a fairly clear idea of what sort of thing had transpired that night in the master's salon. Arif had been in the master's employ for more than a year, while I had only arrived the week before, on my eighteenth birthday. In the nine days since my arrival Arif had been tutoring me in my various duties, which until that night had been light. Surprisingly so. Little more than attending the master in the evenings as he took his meal at table, staying nearby when he adjourned to the library, fetching his pipe and filling his glass as he read by the fire. But this night had been very different.

Like all those employed in the mansion I had been raised on the property—schooled by the teachers in the master's employ, brought up by parents who had been taught the same lessons in the same little stone building when they had been children. I had been lessoned very thoroughly and very strictly, like all the boys and girls who had grown up with me, on matters of morality and propriety. Then, like all the other souls

belonging to Lord Melchior, on my tenth birthday I had left my family and moved into the boys' boarding school to finish my education.

What I had seen, what I had been made to do that night violated everything I had been taught. Everything except the one rule which was understood to be supreme above all the others: that Lord Melchior was to be obeyed in everything, without question.

I drained the last of the port from my glass and Arif quickly filled it again. As the warmth of the drink spread through me some of my anxiety abated, and as my mind roamed over the images of what I had seen and my body remembered what it had felt, my prick stirred restlessly in my snug breeches. Arif's eyes drifted from my flushed face down to my crotch and his dirty grin widened.

"Sit down, Zaccheus. I have a feeling the story you've got to tell is worth hearing in detail. We may as well be comfortable."

I was still unused to the luxuriant accommodations. The little cottage I had shared with my parents and siblings had only the barest of furnishings. My little cot had served as bed and bench. The boarding school, too, had been austere. But in the room I shared with Arif, we not only had two comfortable beds, but two armchairs, upholstered in rich fabric and very soft to sit upon. And certainly I had never eaten such rich food as we were given here, nor tasted a drop of wine. But our decanter was filled each evening and we were permitted to drink as much of it as we liked once we had finished our evening's work. Now, relaxed by the port I sank down into one chair, and Arif pulled the second just opposite and sat down.

"Come on, let's have it."

It seemed wrong to speak of it, but after all that Lord Melchior had asked of me, of all of us that night, I doubted that I knew any longer what was right and what wrong. I felt terribly confused. Perhaps if I told Arif what had happened, he could help me understand.

"Well," I began, seeing Arif's mouth spread in a smile now that I was finally relenting, "the evening started out normally enough. I was warned in advance by Jeremy that the master would have company, and though I'd never attended him before in the presence of a guest, it wasn't any more difficult than usual. As always, I merely stood at his elbow, waiting to see if he would need anything from me. The hardest thing for me was keeping my eyes straight ahead, not looking at Lord Eldrich, who was sitting just opposite our master. I could tell from his voice that old Lord Eldrich was terribly nervous, and though I don't really understand such matters, it was clear enough that our master has the old fellow over a barrel on some financial matter between the two of them. It was very strange, seeing a nobleman like the master sweating and trembling with fear, hearing his raspy old voice waver, hearing his obsequious tone each time he made a reply to some question of the master's."

"The other thing that made it strange for me was the large staff in attendance. I'm accustomed to seeing no one but Jeremy. But tonight, because of the guest, I suppose, there were four guards standing at attention along the wall behind Lord Eldrich. From the moment I entered the salon at the master's side those four gave me a fright. Such big, brutish looking fellows, standing at rigid attention, their heavy batons hanging gleaming at their sides. They paid me no mind, though, and only stared straight ahead at nothing as we've all been taught."

"Then there was the girl."

"Ah, so there was a girl, was there?" Arif looked really pleased now, and my feeling of shame at all that had happened, all I was about to tell, rose up in me again with that little smirk of his.

"Yes. I didn't understand why, at first, but instead of Jeremy, there was a young girl waiting on the master and his guest, bringing them small plates of fruit and pastries, filling their glasses with wine. I could not help watching her, though I was careful to follow her only with my eyes, keeping my head facing forward. But I had to look. I hadn't seen a woman since I left home and went to the boarding school."

"What was she like?" Arif asked hungrily, again reminding me of my shame.

"Very young. And so nervous."

"I'll bet!" Arif blurted in a laugh.

"I pitied her. Nervous as I was, I couldn't imagine how frightened she must have been, in that room with all those men. Each time she carried a plate or filled a glass from the decanter it was plain that her hands were shaking."

"What did she look like?"

"Well..."

To me she had seemed incredibly pretty, but then I had only distant memories of my mother and the neighbor women to which I might have compared her. I only knew that when I saw her my insides seemed to melt a little and I was terrified that my prick would get hard and Eldrich or the master would notice.

"...her hair is a deep, glossy auburn, long and wavy. Almost curly. She has big hazel eyes that show her every emotion, and her skin is pale. It has almost no color to it at all."

"And her body?"

Oh, her body. I felt myself blush and Arif laughed at me. He seemed to be enjoying my embarrassment almost as much as the master had enjoyed poor Rasha's.

"Her body is...soft."

"Tall? Short?"

"Perhaps two inches shorter than me."

"Tall for a woman, then. What sort of figure? Was she a straight up and down sort of girl? Or round and curvy?"

"At first, you know, I couldn't see. She wore a long white skirt and a long white shift, and over that a tight vest."

"Of course, right. You tell me about her body later. Just go on with your story."

"Well, the master and Lord Eldrich went on eating their food, drinking their wine, and talking business for a while, the master getting increasingly annoyed with what Lord Eldrich was telling him, and Lord Eldrich getting more and more nervous. It was embarrassing hearing him making excuses and sniveling to the master. I never imagined I'd hear a nobleman talking that way. Finally the master seemed fed up with it and sent Eldrich on his way, bowing and scraping through a humiliating exit. I was feeling rather sickened by the whole thing, and poor Rasha's trembling nervousness just made the whole scene unbearable. I had to hold in a heavy sigh of relief to see Lord Eldrich go, for I was anxious to have the evening done with, to return to the comfort of



our room. Rasha, too, looked relieved, as she must have imagined, or hoped, that with Eldrich's departure she would soon be free to leave. But as she stood by the sideboard, clearly hoping for a word from the master that she might make her escape, I saw her shudder with a terrible fear that was far beyond the tense embarrassment she had been displaying all evening as she served. I could not see the master, but stealing a long look at her I felt sure that he was raking his eyes over her."

\* \* \* \*

"What's your name, girl?" Lord Melchior called across the room to the trembling servant girl.

"Rasha, sir."

"Bring that decanter over here, Rasha, and fill my glass."

Her disappointment at not being allowed to leave, and her fear of what it mean showed plainly in her face. As she took up the decanter I saw that her hand, which had trembled all through the evening, was now shaking almost violently. Slowly she came forward, toward the master, but as I was right beside him it was like she was coming toward me, so slowly it was like she was wading through the deep water of the great baths. When she was near enough the master lifted his empty glass toward her. With her hand shaking pathetically she filled his glass, the terrible concentration on her face painfully obvious as she tried desperately not to spill any of the wine on the master's trousers. When she was done, clearly relieved and almost in tears, having spilled none of the dark liquid, she turned back toward the sideboard.

"Wait,' the master ordered.

She halted, and with a look of miserable dread turned back to face him. I heard the master swallow a mouthful of wine, then the clank of his glass upon the wood of the table at his side.

"Hand me that decanter, girl."

Her arm crossed in front of me and the master pulled the decanter from her grip and set it down on the table.

"Come here, girl. Stand in front of me."

\* \* \* \*

"For pity's sake, Zaccheus, don't stop now!" cried Arif, frustrated with my embarrassment.

"I had no idea what was coming, I truly didn't. And yet my heart was thumping furiously. And..."

"And what, Zaccheus?"

"And my...my...I was hard," I finally managed to whisper.

"Go on," Arif said coolly, but with a ravenous look.

"The poor girl seemed barely able to move, she was so scared. And without really knowing why, I was scared for her. White as her blouse under her vest she drifted past me, and stood before the master. There was a long, terrible silence, and I knew he must be just sitting there, torturing that poor girl with his eyes. Her own lovely hazel eyes were soon veiled with tears, though she did not let a single one fall. Then the master spoke."

\* \* \* \*

"Zaccheus."

I was so absorbed in my fear, in the girl's fear, in the strange things going on in my body I didn't understand that he was talking to me.

"Zaccheus!" His voice was impatient now and I started, and my body, stiff with anxiety, began to tremble."

"Sir?"

"Look at me, Zaccheus." His voice had returned to its usual soft tone.

Standing at his side, I turned my head and looked down at him where he sat in his great chair. I had always been vaguely afraid of him, knowing he has the power of life and death over me, over all of us. But I had never feared him as I feared him in that moment. I half expected him to hand me a knife and tell me to stab that poor frightened girl through the heart.

Even though he was sitting and I was standing, I felt as though he were looking down at me from a great height. Even then I felt his size, his strength. Everything about him—his thick, black, wavy hair, his sharp eyes nearly that same black, his angular features, his large hands resting relaxed over the ornately carved wood of the arms of his chair—made me feel small and soft. Then he smiled the strangest smile. It was...intimate. When he smiled at me like that I felt my face flush hot and I wanted to tear my gaze away from his penetrating eyes, but I knew I mustn't.

"When was the last time you saw a woman, Zaccheus?"

"I? Not since they took me to the boarding school, sir."

"You find this girl very pretty, don't you, Zaccheus?"

"Sir?"

I didn't know what he wanted me to say. I didn't even know what I was feeling. My insides felt all...soft. And...flippy. I couldn't help how that girl made me feel, but I knew it was wrong. Whatever it was I was feeling, I knew I wasn't supposed to feel that way. The master smiled that strange, startling smile again, then he reached over and put his hand on my...he pressed his palm on my groin. It was only for a moment, and satisfied with what he felt there he rested his hand on the arm of his chair once more.

"Yes, she is a pretty thing. I'll tell you what, Zaccheus. Since this is a special evening, I give you permission to let your eyes roam where they will. You may look upon me, or little Rasha there, or whatever you've a mind to look at. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was easier to understand the suspension of the rule than to act on it. I forced my eyes to go on meeting his until he looked away. Then my gaze went along with his, over to the frightened girl standing before him.

"Rasha, is it?"

"Yes, sir." She was obviously trying not to cry. Maybe she knew better than I what was in store for her.

"Today is your first day in the house? Away from the school?"

"Yes, sir."

"It must be strange for you, to be here among so many men."

She didn't answer him. Her chest was heaving violently. There was a long silence and, growing used to my freedom, I chanced a glance down at the master. His arms were still resting easily on the supports of the chair, his eyes were locked on the

pale face of the girl in front of him, and he wore a smile of perhaps the purest enjoyment I've ever seen.

"Neron."

The master had not taken his eyes from the girl, nor had he raised his voice above its usual soft, caressing tone. One of the guards stepped forward from the shadowy perimeter of the salon and came to a stop just behind the girl. She stiffened noticeably as she heard his steps draw near.

"Remove her vest."

I was awestruck. How could he have his soldier remove her vest? It is forbidden. Even after marriage, a woman is not to allow any man but her husband see her unvested.

"But sir!" she cried before she caught herself and caught her lips between her teeth. The guard, Neron, had taken hold of the back of her garment and was setting to work on the heavy clasps. The master raised his palm and Neron dropped his hands to his sides.

"That's alright, Rasha," the master said, pardoning her insolence at speaking uninvited and daring, even for a forgetful moment, to defy his will. "Finish what you were going to say."

Her chest heaved and her soft, full lips trembled as she seemed to glimpse a tiny hope in the master's indulgence.

"S-sir." The tears that had risen in her expressive eyes finally spilled onto her cheeks. "Sir, I—I am just a maid. A servant. I—I am not supposed to—They told me I mustn't—that only the concubines were made to..."

She could not finish her sentence, though the master looked as though he could delight in her torment for an eternity as she sought the words she had been schooled all her life to never use. He smiled indulgently.

"You've been taught that you must never let a man see your body?"

"Y-yes sir."

"And what, Rasha, have you been taught is your very highest duty?"

"To obey you, sir."

"And so, if I wish to see your body? What then, Rasha?"

"Then I must...I must...let you."

"Very good, Rasha. Now Neron is going to remove your vest."

With that Neron stepped near her again and I saw the vest falling loose from her chest as he undid the clasps at her back that had held the garment tight. Rasha stood there, shaking, seemingly trying to staunch her tears as the last clasp was undone and Neron raised his hands to her shoulders and slid the vest down her arms and over the fists clenched at her sides. My prick lurched and stiffened again at the sight of the two round mounds of flesh lifting her blouse away from her body.

"Now, Rasha, remove your blouse."

Rasha's hands fluttered up to the top button of her loose garment, and she shakily began working the tiny circles of shell through the little button holes. When the blouse was open all down the front she looked to the master and he gave her a nod. She pulled the garment from her shoulders and slipped it down her arms, and stood before us now only in a tiny, sheer article which clung to her body and through which the dark tips of those full mounds of flesh were perfectly apparent. My prick was

throbbing painfully and I wished I could go somewhere for a few moments and dispel the ache. I glanced at the master and saw his gratified smile.

"Now, Rasha, tell me. Did the head maid see to it that you were shaved between your thighs?"

Poor Rasha, already pink and trembling and struggling not to let her tears get the better of her again went a fresh and deeper red.

"Yes, sir," she whispered. Her eyes repeatedly tried to evade his, and over and over she had to force her gaze back to its proper place.

"Lift your skirt and show me."

I feared for a moment that she would faint. She seemed unsteady as she clutched a handful of white fabric in her hand and inched it up, then caught another handful in her other hand, and in pathetic little clawing motions dragged the hem of her skirt higher and higher up her legs. Oh, they were beautiful, her legs! Their shape so different from the shape of men's legs, and so smooth, I could hardly detect the fine hair on them, and they seemed to gleam in the dim light of the salon. And then what a wondrous shock to see the that mysterious part of her that was so completely different from men—I don't even have a word for it. Her little place that looked so soft made me terribly hard. I was nearly in pain.

"What a sweet little cunt you've got, Rasha. Neron, kindly check and see how carefully she's been shaved."

Neron stepped in front of her, then dropped to his knees. She started and gasped aloud, but did not jump back, though clearly she wanted to. Kneeling at her feet Neron ran his hands up the backs of her thighs until they disappeared under the gathers of

white fabric behind, and pressed his face to that strange, soft, pale place. She let out an odd little cry, and for a moment I thought he had hurt her, but when I looked closely, leaning a bit to the left so I could see around the back of Neron's head, I saw that he was licking her. His mouth open, he thrust his long pink tongue into the shadows where her thighs pressed together, and drew it slowly out until I saw the pointed tip of it, and he ran it up her delicate little crease.

"Well, Neron?" the Master inquired.

"Smooth as a peach, sir."

"Good. Get up Neron. Fetch that little stool there and bring it here, to the foot of my chair."

Neron did the master's bidding, and set the little foot stool down against the front of the great arm chair, right between the master's feet.

"Now have a seat, Neron."

The guard sat, the master's knees parted wide to accommodate those vast shoulders.

"Andreas. Imaran."

Two other guards came forward, flanking the stunned girl.

"Rasha, my darling, let them hold your skirt up for you, and put your arms around their shoulders."

Each man on either side of her grabbed a handful of white cotton, and poor Rasha did as she had been told, and draped her arms over their shoulders. In unison they bent forward and scooped her up, sweeping her knees forward and lifting her in their thickly muscled arms. They had done this before, or it had all been choreographed



in advance, for they moved smoothly in concert, bringing her forward toward the master and Neron.

"Put your feet here, Rasha," the master said, tapping the knobby ends of the arm rests with his two index fingers.

She was breathing fast and hard as she obeyed his command, perching her pretty pale feet on the carved mahogany, though she kept her knees pressed close together. The hem of her skirt had slipped down, covering her legs, and Neron now took hold of the garment and pushed it back up, tucking the loose gathers up at her waist so her long thighs and even her hips were exposed.

"I want to see your lovely cunt again, Rasha. Spread your legs for me."

Whether she obeyed or whether the guards supporting her pulled her knees apart, I don't know, but her thighs hinged open and that fabulous mystery was bared once more—to me, to the master, to Neron.

"Taste her again, Neron, and this time, open those sweet, pale lips with your tongue. I want to see more of her."

Neron leaned forward, and as the master and I looked on, pressed his open mouth to her. A violent tremor rippled over her body and her knees seemed to be trying to press closed, but the men cradling her kept them wrenched open as Neron's mouth worked between her thighs. The master's hand went to the guard's shoulder and he leaned back a little, giving a clear view of her...cunt, as the master called it.

It had changed, opened under Neron's mouth the way a flower opens to the sun, the full, pale outer lips parting to reveal flesh of the deepest pink, delicate and glistening and absolutely beautiful.

"What a delicious sight," the master growled, his eyes bright but his lids heavy.  
"Now, Neron, lick that juicy little pussy until she cries out with pleasure."

A grin flashed over Neron's mouth before it disappeared between her cream-colored thighs. He swiped his tongue over those moist pink folds, burrowing into the delicate creases, closing his lips over the tiny pink nub at the top of her slit and her full hips squirmed and shuddered under him. Neron's arms flexed, pulling her against his mouth, his jaw opened, and he seemed to be thrusting that long tongue of his somewhere deep in her and the sound of her sucking her breath in hard rasped into the room.

"I want to hear you, Rasha. Don't try to hide your pleasure from me. Don't stifle those moans that want to burst out of your throat. I want to hear your gorgeous cries as he licks that creamy slit of yours."

Neron slurped his tongue back and forth along her slit then nursed on the little nub again, making sweet Rasha's hips buck violently and forcing a shy little moan from her parted lips.

"Good girl, Rasha. Now, Neron, finger that pussy while you eat her."

One of Neron's huge hands left her backside and came forward, hovering beneath her, one index finger pointed skyward, and as his jaw worked over her pink folds he slowly pushed that finger up and it gradually disappeared inside of her. A loud, startling, "Huh! Huh! Huh! whimpered into the air as her cunt accepted Neron's thick finger. He was moaning into her as he licked and sucked and fingered her, seeming to love the taste of her and the feel of her under his lips and tongue. Sometimes he slurped his tongue over her in a long, slow stroke. Other times he put just the very tip of

his tongue to that little swollen nub now protruding from her pale lips and flicked it so fast it was only a blur to the eye, and all the while his finger pumped in and out of her. Her moans were getting louder, more anxious in pitch. Rasha's mouth was open with panting breaths and moans and a little furrow had appeared between her fine eyebrows. Little squelching noises were coming from where Neron's hand was working beneath her, pumping faster and harder as his tongue lapped thirstily at her. Suddenly a terrible tremor ran through Rasha's entire body, her hips lurched, and she gave out a long, high wail. Neron stilled his mouth against her, and after a few moments her rigid body went lax in the arms of the guards, and I heard her softly panting, her pretty eyes wet and startled.

"That little cunt of yours is a great source of pleasure, is it not, Rasha?"

"Yes, sir," she responded dejectedly.

"Sweet Rasha, don't sound so sad. Though this means you shan't have a husband, I promise you other paths to happiness remain open to you. And now, you shall see that your sweet cunt is not only a source of pleasure to you, but that it can give to others the pleasure you have just felt. And you will see, too, that your mouth can give pleasure, just as Neron has satisfied you with his mouth.

At a small gesture from Lord Melchior the guards gently set Rasha on her feet. The master stared possessively into her eyes, capturing and holding her gaze, and began undoing his breeches. When he unfastened them his prick sprang up, tall and hard. Poor Rasha looked suddenly terrified, and tried to back away but the guards still flanking her caught her arms and held her still. No doubt she had never seen the sex of a man before, and now that I know how soft and small a thing women have between

their legs I cannot imagine what she could have thought, seeing that pole of flesh rising high above the master's groin. Once more he was enjoying her terror and embarrassment, and his hand went to the root of his shaft, gripping it like a weapon, seeming to enjoy the heavy girth of it in his fist. Then, as she looked on, he drew his hand slowly up his cock, letting the hard cylinder of flesh glide through his grip, until he reached the underside of the flared tip. He cuffed himself there, squeezing, making the head flare and darken above his fist, then brought his grip down to the root once more.

"Neron, take away that stool, and place a pillow there." Then, when Neron had done the master's bidding: "Now, Rasha, on your knees."

The flush of her ecstasy had faded and Rasha was ghostly white once more as she tread reluctantly forward and dropped to her knees. The master cradled her pale face in his large hands, stroking her cheeks with his thumbs.

"Poor Rasha. How fierce and monstrous my manhood must look to your eyes. But you'll see, the skin is soft and delicate, and once it is in your mouth, sweet, you'll find it's warm and full of life. And there is pleasure to be had, Rasha, in giving pleasure. Now, take the root of it in your hand. Gently."

Tentatively she curved her delicate fingers around the thick base.

"Now, sweet Rasha, open that pretty mouth and taste me."

Her lips parted and she bent her head, taking the plump crown into her mouth. The master's body shuddered and he sighed, seeming to love the heat and the wet of her mouth on him. He stroked and petted her beautiful auburn hair as her lips closed around his shaft, and she drew back, pulling the fleshy dome from her mouth with a little slurp that made the master moan. He watched her as she took him in her mouth once

more, and with words taught her how to please him, telling her to use her tongue to caress the sensitive head, to tease the little joint of flesh just under the ridge, to slide the length of him into her and draw it out against the sucking of her hungry mouth. She seemed to have lost her fear and was learning her task with endearing enthusiasm.

"Neron," the master said softly with a slight quaver in his voice.

Neron dropped to his knees behind Rasha, and taking gentle hold of her ankles, guided her knees back on the pillow until her torso was a horizontal bridge over the floor and her thighs were vertical columns a foot or so apart. Startled Rasha raised her head from her task.

"Shhh, Rasha," the master soothed her, "You know that Neron knows how to please you. Trust him to touch you gently now."

The girl calmed herself, and put her tongue and lips to the master once more. Behind her Neron lifted her skirt and folded it back, and put his hand to her. Even with the master's thickness deep in her mouth I heard her moan and whimper as Neron's hand moved between her thighs. Her hips twitched as he touched her, mewling like a kitten as she lapped at the master's pink pole.

"Hot and creamy as ever, sir," Neron reported.

The master smiled and gave a silent nod, and Neron undid his breeches and brought forth his rod of flesh. The master put his palm beneath Rasha's chin and lifted her face, forcing her to abandon her task and meet his eyes.

"Rasha, dear, tell me. Has Neron pleased you tonight?"

Panting with her exertions and Neron's touches between her legs, Rasha gasped out a "Yes."

"There is more pleasure to be had, Rasha. But to know it, you must first endure a few moments of pain. Don't fear it too much, it's not so great and won't last long. Be still with me a moment, and it will be over soon."

The master guided Rasha to lay her cheek upon his thigh, and with one hand he caressed her smooth cheek, and with his other hand he held one of hers. Then Neron took hold of his stiff prick and pressed himself against her. His hand worked his cock up and down her wet creases for a moment, and Rasha moaned softly, her head in the master's lap. Then Neron's hand was still, and his hips went a little way forward and Rasha gasped and stiffened. When Neron pushed yet further forward she gave a little cry and her face went red and her eyes watered. The master went on gently petting her, watching her sweet face all the while. Neron drew a little back from her then slowly drove his hips up against her once more, and she gave a little whimper. With a look of effort on his face Neron seemed to hold himself in check, only slowly and gently hinging his hips against her, driving the girth and length of his manhood into the depths of her cunt, the hidden place where he had thrust his finger as he had licked her and made her cry out in pleasure a short while before. Gradually, now, as he worked his hips against her, Rasha's body softened and the hot flush in her cheeks ebbed away. The master lifted her face to look at him.

"There, Rasha, the worst is over. You're still tender, I know, but give yourself up to it, and soon the pleasure will overwhelm any pain."

With that the master rested his hands on the arm rests, leaving Rasha the choice of what to do as Neron pumped into her from behind—lay her cheek passively upon the master's thigh, or take him in her mouth once more to give him the pleasure of her kiss.

She took the base of his cock in her hand and brought the lavender head to her lips, stretching her tongue out to swath it in her saliva, wetting the whole dome and making it shiny before pushing it into the pucker of her sweet, full lips. The master sighed as he watched her swallowing his cock, the guard thrusting into her, still gently but with increasing urgency.

Neron bent over her, pressing his chest and belly along her back, bringing his lips to her ear. Locked together that way, his hips humping against her, they looked more animal. He brought his hand around her waist, reaching beneath her to tease her little nub once more and she gave a whimper of pleasure.

"That's right, little one," he groaned in her ear, "suck that cock for me while I fuck your juicy little cunt. I want to hear you squeal with pleasure while you feel my dick thrusting into your tight snatch, while you fuck that cock with your mouth."

Neron's face was so close to the master's cock that if Rasha had given him the chance he could have taken it in his own mouth. But she was greedily slurping and sucking the master's prick as Neron fingered her swollen bud and fucked into her from behind, grunting now with frenzied pleasure.

"Suck it girl! Suck that cock. Feel my hard dick up inside you. Feel my fingers. I'm pinching your soft little cunt lips, petting your tender little button." It seemed Neron liked to talk when his mouth was not buried between a girl's thighs.

As she slid up and down on the master's pole little moans were seeping from her mouth as Neron fucked her and played with her cunt. Then, leaving the thick girth of the master's prick buried deep in her mouth her high whining cry squealed out of her. This excited Neron tremendously.

"That's my good girl! You're coming for me, aren't you?" he cried, thrusting against her harder and faster, humping at her with the desperate urgency of a dog on a bitch, his face all pink and sheened with sweat. Then he let out a growling, "Aaargh!" and slammed hard against her, held still, drew his hips slowly back, then pressed tight to her one last time, collapsing against Rasha with a tired groan. At last, after long, trembling moments, he planted a small kiss on her shoulder, then drew away from her, and stood, tucking away his wilting manhood and doing up his breeches.

Then Andreas stepped forward from the shadows, undoing his pants and kneeling down behind Rasha while the master looked on with an expression of sheer rapture. When he touched her Rasha started and seemed to tremble with fear, perhaps not of the pain any longer, but there was something unbearably shocking in being had by a second man. Andreas took hold of his cock and fed it into Rasha's cunt, filled already with Neron's seed. An expression of rapt pleasure transformed his face as his hips sank against her pale round ass. He grasped her hips in his hands and began thrusting into her eagerly. He did not talk, as Neron had talked, and he did not bend his body to hers and reach beneath her. But he forced her to tilt her hips a certain way, and when he next thrust into her she bucked and squealed and took her mouth from the master's prick and looked up at him with pleading eyes.

"Ssshh, sweet Rasha." He smiled at her with a gentle expression. "It feels strange, I know. That exquisite pressure that's almost a kind of pain. But give yourself to it, and let us hear your moans and cries. Andreas has a way about him, and you'll see, without putting his fingers to you between your thighs, he'll rack your body with a pleasure sweeter than what you've felt tonight."



Rasha's expression seemed to have transformed from one of obedience to one of trust, and she calmed and bent to take him into her mouth once more, but he gently put her head aside and had her lay her cheek in his lap instead. As Andreas resumed his pulsing thrusts the master stroked Rasha's flowing tresses and with his thumb now and then caressed her cheek. Andreas steered her hips with his hand, forcing the tilt of her pelvis a little up, a little down, seemingly gauging the benefits of each angle achieved by the tenor of the girl's cries and moans. When she let out a high, sharp cry and her brow scrunched in shock, then concentration, but gave no hint of pain, he seemed to have found his way. Gripping her there he began thrusting into her, hard and fast. With each smack of his hips against her ass she let out another yelping moan, and that goaded him on, until he seemed to be fucking her terribly violently. But she did not shed a tear, or plead, even with her eyes, for mercy. Her eyes were shut tight and she seemed to be doing as the master had told her—giving herself up to it. Finally she opened her mouth wide and a single, endless cry burst from her, and every thrust of the guard's hard length into her soft wetness shook a new syllable of the cry from her until his voice joined hers and they exhausted their breath in a long duet of pleasure before he collapsed against her. He panted heavily as he lay atop her for a few long moments, then kissed her damp cheek and left as Neron had when his turn had finished. The master smiled as he lifted her face to his eyes.

"You've had your climax three times so far this night, sweet Rasha. You'll have one more, then your duties for this evening will be fulfilled."

She was gorgeous, glowing with a faint sheen of sweat on her pale smooth skin, her heavily lidded eyes bright, but she was plainly exhausted, and had no more strength

than a damp rag. As I stood there gazing down on her, unable to comprehend all that she must have been feeling in that moment, the master turned to me.

"Still hard, Zaccheus?"

"Sir?"

Again he put his palm to my groin, but this time left it there, watching the hot blush come up my face. He even gave my hard, aching prick a gentle squeeze through my breeches and I could not stifle an audible gasp. For a moment I feared I would spill my cream.

"Nice and hard. That's good, Zaccheus. You shall take her next."

I made no protest. I could not. Not only because to do so would be folly, but because I wanted to kneel behind her and do that thing to her more than I had ever wanted anything in all my years.

"Undress, Zaccheus. Everything off."

No one else had undressed. Even Rasha still wore her skirt, though it was hiding very little, and the sheer little garment that clung to those wonderful soft, round mounds of flesh with the dark, jutting tips. I did as the master had asked, stripping off my shirt and boots and breeches, until I stood naked beside him, my hard prick bobbing with every movement. I felt a child in a room of men. Not only was I years younger than the master and his guards, but they are all men of great size and strength, while I felt myself pale and small and soft by comparison.

"Now, Zaccheus," the master said, a curious look in his eye, "I'm going to ask a question of you. I want you to answer me honestly. No matter what your answer, I shall be equally pleased with you. Do you promise to give a faithful answer?"

"Yes sir."

"Which would you prefer—to take lovely Rasha as you've seen Neron and Andreas take her? Or would you rather take her place, here at my feet, and be taken by Imaran, as the others took Rasha?"

My face went hot. Be taken as Rasha had been taken? Could such a thing be done to a man? And would the master really let a man suck and lick his prick as Rasha had? I did not really understand. But I knew that I wanted Rasha. I wanted to touch that smooth skin and soft hair, and my cock wanted to find and go into the mysterious depth between her legs.

"I would like to take Rasha, sir."

"Hmmm," the master purred with a wistful look. I had the feeling that he had expected the other answer. "Very well. You shall have Rasha. But not as the others had her. Rasha, stand up." Then, when she had risen from the pillow between his feet, the master pointed at it and said, "Sit there, Zaccheus."

I sat down upon the pillow, my back against the front of the master's chair, my shoulders between his knees.

"Mount him, Rasha, and take him inside of you."

Rasha came nervously forward, seemingly unsure how to go about mounting me, as the master had ordered her. Standing at my side she stepped one foot over my legs, and as she hovered over me for a moment I saw that her thighs were smeared with thick wetness seeping from her sweet soft place. She came down on her knees, spreading them wide on either side of me, pressing her belly to my chest as she tried to

get into position. Then slowly she sank down, and I felt her warmth and wetness on the tip of my aching cock. I gasped.

"Wait one moment, Rasha."

She stopped where she was.

"Zaccheus."

"Yes sir?"

"If you let your cock spurt in that girl's cunt before I tell you, I'll give you to the guards for the night. Do you understand?"

My heart seized in a spasm of fear, but with a little twinge of some other emotion.

"I think so, sir."

"Good. Now, Rasha, take him in."

She sank down and my tip pressed against her, then she shifted a little, then a little a different way, then ohhh! The feeling of sinking in, of feeling the tip of my cock push into the tight wet grip of her body, then feeling her slide down to sheath my whole length inside of her! I panted hard, trying not to let go at that first instant, out of a vague fear of what the master meant about giving me to the guards for the night, and out of a very sharp fear of letting Rasha's wet heat slip away so quickly.

My hard prick was buried deep within her, twitching in there with the need to feel her move. But there was more. Our faces just inches apart, our eyes meeting one another. Her breath on my face, the smell of her hair and skin. Instinctively I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close against me, our chests and bellies pressed together. Her body was lax and warm. I heard her breathing.

Imaran, the third guard, stepped forward from the shadows. I don't think Rasha sensed him approach. Imaran stepped up close, then knelt just behind her, straddling my legs.

"You go on holding her, just like that, boy," the huge guard said to me. At the sound of his voice so close Rasha's body startled and shuddered against mine.

"Do as Imaran asks, Zaccheus," the master purred from behind me.

Imaran pressed in close behind Rasha, hiked up the back of her skirt and stuffed the gathers of white cloth into the waistband.

"Hold her tight, boy."

I tightened the circle of my arms about her waist. She began to squirm, perhaps not liking being held so close, or perhaps feeling afraid, pressed between my body and Imaran's. As she faintly struggled her body moved over mine, tormenting my aching cock with tiny accidental caresses of her tight wet heat. I stifled a moan.

"Now, Rasha," the master said, "Imaran there is going to put his finger up your ass. Lubricate her nicely, first, Imaran."

The guard set a little clay pot on the ground next to him, pulled out the stopper, and dipped his finger in. His finger was shiny with oil when it appeared again for a moment before disappearing behind Rasha's back. Suddenly she went rigid in my arms.

"Oh, this is nothing, darling," Imaran chuckled behind her. "I'm just rubbing you a bit to get you warmed up. No need to go all stiff like that just yet."

Whatever he was doing to her back there had her trembling and her trembling gave my throbbing cock a wonderful massage.

"Now I'll just put my finger in a little way, sweetie."

She let out a muffled grunt and jumped, rubbing my cock deliciously against her wet, clenching insides. I hoped she would not jump about too much or I would be in trouble with the master.

"Heh, heh, she likes that, eh?" Imaran smirked, addressing me. "Don't worry, boy, I'll have her going real good in a minute, and you'll get a nice fuck out of her." Then, in Rasha's ear, "You're ready for a bit more already, aren't you sweet thing? You're ready for my whole finger, you greedy girl."

Rasha grunted and lurched again, and I moaned as her cunt slid up and slipped down my slick, hard pole.

"Now for a little gentle finger fucking, eh darling? In, out, in out.."

She had stopped her sudden jumps and now just huddled close against me, shuddering and sighing in my ear as he thrust his finger in and out of her greased asshole.

"I'm going to slip my finger out of your ass now, darling. There. Now I know how that leaves you feeling empty, but don't you worry. I'm going to grease up my cock for you, and you'll be well filled in just a minute."

Rasha gave a little whimper at those words and her body quivered in my arms as Imaran took up the clay pot and poured an amber puddle of oil into his palm, then slid it up and down his thick rod of flesh, leaving it all shiny. He pressed in close, his chest against Rasha's back, pressing her closer to me, and her breathing turned to frightened panting by my ear.

"You think her cunt feels good boy? Wait 'til the master lets you have a bit of ass. You've never felt anything so hot and tight. A bit difficult getting in at first, but well worth the effort, believe me."

Suddenly Rasha jolted in my arms. My cock sprang inside of her.

"Don't be so skittish, darling. That's just the tip of my cock saying hello to your sweet little pucker. Now, darling, you need to relax. It will be easier going for you. Ah, just rubbing the head of my prick against your tight hole makes me want to go off, all over your pretty backside. Now," he said, his jovial voice turning into a grunt of concentration, "I'll give you just a little bit at first, nice and slow, 'til you're used to the feeling of my prick stretching that snug little hole."

Rasha squealed and made a real effort to jump away, her cunt sliding so far up my cock that I almost slipped out of her before Imaran pushed her back down, enveloping my prick in her wet heat again as I sank up into her.

"You hold her down, boy, while I get up in her. She'll like it soon enough—just takes a bit of getting used to."

I closed on arm tighter about her waist and my other arm crossed up between her shoulder blades so my hand could clamp down on her smooth shoulder, bracing her hard to me, driving my cock in one more reaching inch.

"Here we go, darling. Just the tip, nice and gentle."

Rasha whimpered by my ear and went rigid in my arms.

"Oooh! That's nice darling," Imaran groaned. "Your ass gripping me like that, so tight. Ah fuck! Now, girlie, you're going to get another inch or two. Nice and slow. Ah,

God. That's right. Not too bad, is it darling? You see, I'm being gentle with you. Now a bit more. You'll soon have the whole length of me inside you. Ungh."

Imaran groaned as he sank his thick length into Rasha's ass. She panted and whimpered in my arms as I held her still for him. She was hardly moving at all now, but the sounds of her whimpers and Imaran's grunts, knowing he was sheathing his oiled cock in her ass, I could only just keep from shooting my hot cream in Rasha's embracing cunt. A heavy groan issued from Imaran's mouth.

"Ungh! There's a good girl. You've got my whole cock stuffed into that sweet hole. You're well filled up now, darling, my cock in your ass and that boy's prick in your cunt. I'm going to pull out now, for just a second, then...ungh! Ah, ah, back in. Ah fuck."

Imaran began to slowly fuck Rasha's ass, and each time he drew back she eased a little away from me, and each time he plunged slowly in again he drove her up against me, and up my hard shaft a little way, so that when he eased back again she came down on me once more, slowly, subtly fucking me. I was sweating with the effort to put off my climax. Slowly, slowly, as Imaran fucked her, Rasha was softening in my arms, her startled whimpers dissolving to panting moans.

"There, you see, you like it already, don't you darling? You like the feeling of my big hard prick reaming that tight hole of yours. Now, boy, let her out of your arms."

When I did Imaran drew Rasha back from me, against him, and I watched her being fucked by him.

"Rasha, darling, pull up your little garment and let the master have a look at your tits."



Even with two cocks stuffed into her Rasha blushed at this order. But she obeyed. The little white thing she wore rose up in her hands, and I saw her taut belly, sheened with sweat, and then, oh, her tits. Pale. Round. Tipped with blushing pink.

"How do you like those tits, boy?"

"They're beautiful," I said.

"Take them in your hand, boy, and suck them."

Imaran was still fucking into her from behind and those pale mounds of flesh rippled with his thrusts, and the sight and her movement over me made my cock throb painfully. I put my hands to them. Oh! So soft! The skin so smooth. Gently, gently I squeezed them, watching the pink tips swell toward me, and I took one in my mouth. The flesh felt strange, and it swelled and hardened under my tongue, and when I rubbed my tongue a little harder over that tasty nub, Rasha moaned and writhed over me. Stirred, I began to suck excitedly, and her moans got louder, her writhing wilder.

"That's it boy, you're getting her nice and hot. Now suck the other one."

I took my lips from her breast with a slurp and put my mouth to her other tit, licking all over the pink tip, feeling the little nub harden under my tongue.

"Now, boy, lean back and relax."

I leaned back, sinking down on the big pillow, half-reclined under Rasha, between the master's shins. He had slid forward in his chair, and I saw his knees in front of me.

"Now, Rasha darling, take the master's cock in your mouth again. You're going to have one more climax tonight, and it will be with three cocks stuffed into you."

Rasha leaned forward, her soft breasts brushing against my cheeks. I heard the sucking and slurping sounds of her taking the master's cock into her mouth.

"That's a good girl, you suck that cock while I ream your sweet ass."

Imaran's gentle fucking gathered momentum and he began pounding into her, her body jostling over me, her cunt sliding up and down on my rod, her tits jiggling against my face.

"Suck those tits boy. Nurse on them like a hungry babe. I want to hear you slurping on those nipples."

Oh, how my cock ached as I squeezed those plump tits in my hands again and put my mouth to her rosy nipple, sucking hungrily, hearing her groan in response.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Suck that cock girl. Suck it!" Imaran cried in frenzied urgency.

Imaran was fucking harder and faster by the second, slamming his rod into her ass, his flesh slapping against hers again and again.

"Spread those legs wide, girlie. Rub that greedy little cunt of your against him. I want to know your pleasure. I want to hear your moans while I'm fucking you."

Imaran tilted Rasha's hips so more of her belly pressed to me, sliding and grinding against me as he pummeled her ass. Fuck I was going to lose it at any moment. Rasha began whimpering, almost crying and the smack smack smack of Imaran's hips against her ass was coming faster and louder and over it the soft slurping sounds of Rasha's wet mouth sliding up and down on the master's pole and the feel of Rasha's big nipple in my mouth. Then I heard the master.

"That's it, Rasha. Ummm. Yes. Let me fuck your mouth now, sweet, and in a moment you'll feel my hot seed filling your mouth. Um. Um. Fuck her harder, Imaran. Aw, yes. Yes."

The master's voice was husky and wavering and I knew it would be only a moment.

"Now, Zaccheus. Now you can let go. Let me hear you, boy. Moan your pleasure when you release."

Thank god. I let the painful tension in my body go, let myself really feel that slick cunt slipping up and down my cock, seeing her pink nipples jutting toward me from my hands, the hard nubs shiny with my spit. Oh god.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Imaran grunted as he thrust against her harder than ever, her slippery body jiggling and sliding over me, her keening moans rising, rising until she whimpered out her release, squealing it over the master's hard cock, still stuffed in her mouth. Her cunt seemed to grip my prick tighter as her whole body shuddered deliciously against mine.

Still Imaran was hammering away behind her, grunting with each brutal thrust. She was bumping up and down so magnificently, stroking my cock with her tight wet cunt. Then the pressure in my cock and belly built to bursting. My balls clenched up and I felt my release coming on. I pinched her nipples and she cried out and that was it. Aaaaaagh! I groaned out as my hot cream shot from my hard cock, squirting into her fabulous cunt.

As Rasha and I cried out the master and Imaran groaned, nearly in unison.

"Swallow, Rasha. Swallow the cream I pour into your mouth," the master pleaded in a taut voice before he let out a bellowing groan.

Behind her Imaran's face was scrunched in concentration, his fingers dug into her hips as he thrust home thrice more in slow, deep, pounding thrusts, grunting out his climax. We all sat there, huddled together, panting with release and fatigue. Then the master cradled Rasha's face in his hands and placed a tender kiss on her lips.

"You did well tonight, sweet Rasha. Don't fear that any harm will come to you know that this thing is done. An easy life of pleasure lies ahead of you."

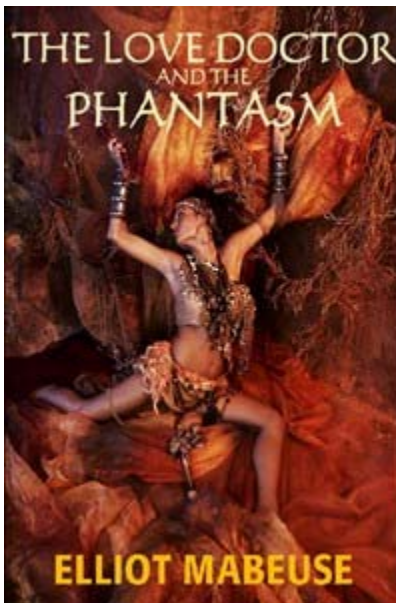
All of us, the master, the guards, Rasha and myself, adjourned to one of the master's great baths, and there all undressed. I had no garment to remove, and Rasha had only her sheer little chemise, which the master gently lifted from her himself. We all stepped into the bath, and at the master's bidding, we men took up perfumed soap and soft cloths and began to gently bathe sweet Rasha, so seemed nervous at first to have so many men naked about her, and to feel so many hands upon her, but who abandoned herself soon enough to lassitude under our tender, massaging touches. When she was clean, the master asked her to bathe him, and she seemed pleased to do it. The others of us cleaned ourselves, and when we were done, warm robes awaited us. Once cloaked, the master bid us goodnight, and took Rasha with him to his bedchamber.

*The End*

## *ABOUT VARIAN KRYLOV*

Since her girlhood in a sunny coastal town in California, Varian Krylov has nurtured a love of words and a curiosity about the deep, dark forces at work in human nature, especially sexuality, and how they often paradoxically twine with our tenderest impulses. Her stories tend to explore the sometimes fine line between what arouses, and what frightens, what we're driven to, and what we're ashamed of. You can find more about her [here](#).

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Excerpt From THE LOVE DOCTOR AND THE PHANTASM:

Griego was busy. From the fireplace he took the grate pole—an iron rod about six feet long—and quickly suspended this from the center of the canopy of the bed so that it hung parallel over the tied Elena, yet it could teeter up and down. Then, seizing more rope, he tied one end to the pole, and led the other down and tied it to the two dildos in her ass and her pussy. He kept one hand on the free end of the pole so it didn't move until he was done, then he leaned down to look at Elena, who was by now almost oblivious to everything around her, sweat pouring off her face.

She wasn't oblivious to this, an old trick called the Spanish Donkey. When he pulled down on the end of the rod, the rope pulled up on the dildos and lifted her hips off the bed.

“Oh. My. GOD!”

Milk spurted four inches from her tits. Her hips were a foot off the bed, her legs hung slack, trembling, and the ropes holding her ankles went taut as fiddle strings.

“You're opening!” he yelled excitedly. The letters began to move on her skin, spinning lazily, sliding around as if agitated. “God of Abraham, you're opening!” He shook the rod slightly to vibrate the dildos. “Come out, you whore! You slut! Come on, you gorgeous cock-sucker!”

“No! No! Jesus Christ! Saints in Heaven!”

“You’re opening even more!”

The letters swirled faster, making whirlwind patterns of fire, the Shin like a three-bladed knife, the Vauv like a drill the Ayin like a twisted man doing a demented dance.

“Griego no! It hurts! You’re killing me!”

He dropped the rod. Elena pulled at her bonds like a mad woman and stretched enough slack to plant her feet on the mattress and pump her hips up at the doubly impaling dildos. She truly did look like a sexual animal, her hair in her face, biting her lips and then licking them, her breasts squirting milk that ran down her throat and stomach, which rolled and heaved with her movements.

But most amazing was that her body was becoming translucent and Griego saw light coming through it. This was the female animal coming out, so sexual, so carnal, that the mere sight of her beauty and desirability tore a raw growl from his throat. She was a glowing sculpture of such perfection that he grabbed his cock and squeezed it to keep himself from ejaculating at the mere sight of her. Elena looked down at herself with wonder. Miracle after miracle. She now glowed like a candle.

He ripped the bonds loose from her feet and hands, straddled her chest, knelt on her gushing tits and looked at her. Elena looked back at him, not believing this was what he wanted.

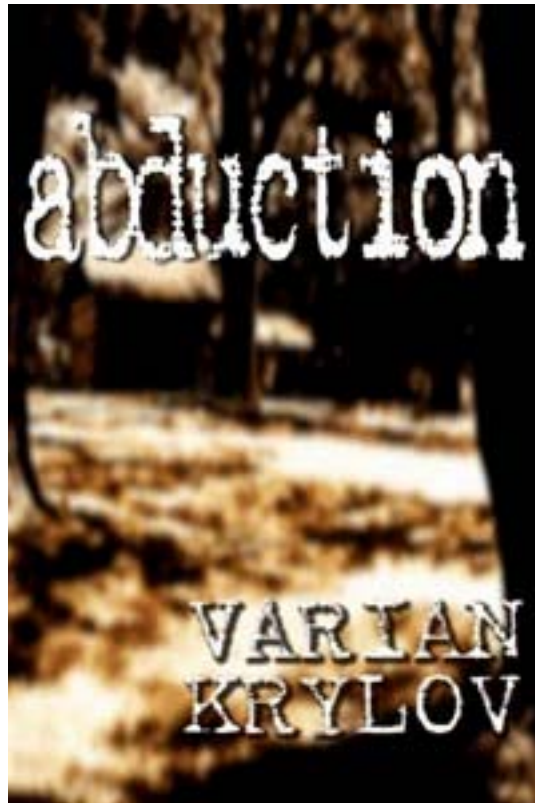
With her body lit up like a torch with spells and magic, did he really want to put his cock in her mouth?

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*Warnings: This title contains elements of non-consensual sex, anal sex and m/m sex.*



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**AFTER:** A generation apart, two women and the men who love them make incredible sacrifices to survive, and to destroy a brutal system of sexual slavery in a world where men outnumber women ten-to-one.

After two years roaming the devastated South alone, eighteen-year-old Eva is captured and held prisoner by the few surviving soldiers at a military base, who haven't seen a woman since The Dying. In Eva, Major Smith sees only the future of the human race, and he'll exceed all moral boundaries to ensure she gives birth to the next generation. But Eva and John—the man she is paired with—are determined to fight for freedom and a better future.

Two decades later, on the other side of the country, a Resistance woman is captured and brutally punished for subverting the Sex Laws. When she flees to the Resistance, Nix must decide if the man who helped her escape can be trusted, or if he's a spy using her to infiltrate the counter-slavery movement. As Nix makes her way east, her story twines with Eva's in a way neither woman could have imagined.

*Warning: This title contains elements of nonconsensual sex, anal sex, m/m sex and a m/m/f threesome.*