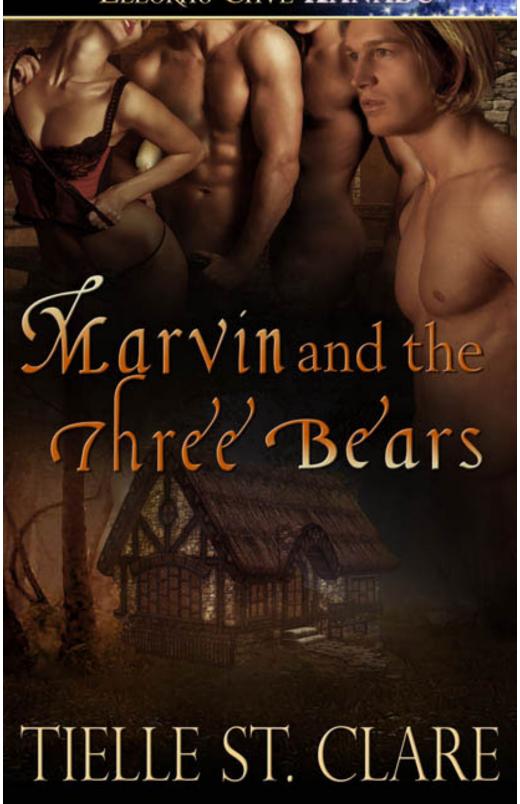
# Ellora's Cave Xanadu



#### Marvin and the Three Bears

Tielle St. Clare

When a novice Fairy Godmother accidentally drops some sexed-up Happily Ever After Fairy Dust on Goldilocks and the Three Bears, Marvin—second-in-command in Fairy Tale Land—jumps in to save the tale.

Taking over for Goldilocks should be simple, right? All he has to do is eat the porridge, sit on the chair and sleep in the bed. And when the Three Bears return home, run screaming from the house.

But the Fairy Dust has changed things...including the Three Bears. They've turned human. Baby Bear is no baby. Mama Bear wears black leather and wields a wicked paddle. And Papa Bear? Oh my...he's going to make sure Marvin pays for the damage he's done, inch by luscious inch.

#### An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



Marvin and the Three Bears

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## MARVIN AND THE THREE BEARS

Tielle St. Clare

## **Chapter One**

Marvin paused at the door to the workshop. The metal clasp of his clipboard created a thin crease across his fingers. He so didn't need this today.

Training a new Fairy Godmother took time and patience—neither of which he had right now. If he could have thought of an appropriate curse word, he would have said it, but no one in Fairy Tale Land cursed. The occasional "drat" or "oh dear" was heard but this situation called for something stronger.

His one solace was that the new Fairy Godmother was beginning with a relatively simple tale—Goldilocks and the Three Bears. A dose of Happily Ever After Fairy Dust right at the beginning of the story and she just had to watch and ensure each step in the tale was followed. No problem.

Except his newest Fairy Godmother had turned out to be a pushy woman who didn't listen to instructions. Seemed to think she knew how everything worked without waiting for an explanation. He pressed the first two fingers of his left hand against his temple, hoping to will away the headache that grew behind his eyes.

What had come across as efficiency during the interview had turned into arrogance once she'd been hired. It was rather irritating and Marvin wished he'd seen this trait before he'd approved her application. But it wasn't easy to fire a Fairy Godmother. Sending someone back to the Real World was a difficult bit of magic rarely attempted, and then, only under the most desperate circumstances.

They'd recently had cause to perform such magic. Marlena, an exemplary Fairy Godmother for many years, had fallen in love with the hero—or heroes, to be precise—of Little Red Riding Hood. There was no way to keep her here after that. She and the two men—well, one was part wolf but they'd worked around that—were sent to the Real World.

Which left Marvin trying to fill her rather capable shoes.

Since Marlena's departure he'd been doing her job as well as his own and the pressure was starting to show. He ran his fingers through the thinning hair on his head, sure that he was losing even more of it from the stress.

He glanced at his watch. He had to get this tale started and then get back to his other crises. Fairy Tale Land was going to heck in a handbasket.

A Sleeping Beauty, Little Mermaid and Snow White were all set to begin in minutes. Complex tales on the best of days and this was *not* the best of days.

And on top of it all, the Fairy Godmothers were rebelling, all pissy and up in arms, demanding to know what had happened to Marlena. He could hardly tell them the truth—that she'd gotten hit with a dose of her special, sex-enhanced, Happily Ever After Fairy Dust and was currently doing the nasty with the Huntsman *and* the Wolf from Little Red Riding Hood.

The Fairy Godmothers were generally a quiet group but they weren't content with Marvin's assurances that she was fine and happy.

*Very* happy from his last glance into the Looking Glass.

His body tightened and that newly rebellious organ below his waist actually seemed to twitch inside his tweed trousers at the memory of what he'd seen. Marlena had been smooshed between her lovers, their bodies moving in intriguing rhythms, each male sliding his, uh, member in and out of her body. And the sounds. Heat surged through Marvin's body and he resisted the urge to fan himself. Such sounds had come from them. Moaning and groaning, pleas for more. Noises that sounded almost painful though he knew from recent observation that it was pleasure they were revealing.

He really did need to stop checking in on Marlena. She was obviously doing fine. But something kept dragging him back to the Looking Glass.

He mocked his own sanitized thoughts. He knew exactly what was dragging him back. The sight of those strong bodies, naked and moving. Powerful muscles contracting and thrusting. Each male working himself in and out of her body—and each other's. Tight, hard muscles that just commanded his attention.

And Marlena's curves. Who would have thought that the sight of a pretty, round breast being sucked would be so fascinating?

Marvin gave himself a shake and took a calming breath, knowing he'd deal much better with Marsha—the new Fairy Godmother—if he was calm. Thinking about Marlena and her lovers did not inspire serenity. It inspired lust.

Not that Marvin would ever experience that lust. He knew that. He lived in Fairy Tale Land and it was a strictly "no sex" zone. Particularly now that Marlena was gone.

Even if there was a chance of actually encountering another individual in Fairy Tale Land who might be intrigued by the sights and sounds coming from that particular Looking Glass, Marvin didn't delude himself into believing they'd be interested in him. He was short and plain and his blond hair was rapidly disappearing from the top of his head. Years of watching various Handsome Princes and Prince Charmings win their lady loves told him he didn't measure up to those standards.

Oh bah, time's wasting and I have too much to do to be standing here lusting after a dream that will never come true.

He stepped into the workshop and lifted his chin in greeting. "Good morning, Marsha." He forced a tight smile. "Now as the tale begins..." The sense of control returned as he focused on their important work.

Marsha waved his instructions away. "I got it. Fairy Dust dropped on the tale as it begins."

She untwisted the cap on a jar, scooped her fingers inside and came up with a handful of dust. One grimace into the Looking Glass and she emptied her hand onto the scene below.

"There. Done. Surely it gets more exciting than this," she groused, wiping the dust from her palm.

"Well, yes, but—" Marvin stopped, his mind racing to figure out what was wrong with the picture before him. Marsha held a jar of Happily Ever After Fairy Dust. Gold and silver swirls moved lazily inside the glass container. Gold *and silver*? Fairy Dust was gold. Always gold. Unless it was…he looked at shelves. The jar of Marlena's "special" dust was gone. "You used the wrong dust!"

Marsha shrugged. "It's dust. It will work, right?"

"Oh no. I mean, yes." Marvin rubbed his temple. "But oh no."

Martin, Marvin's boss and the man in charge of Fairy Tale Land, was not going to like this.

Marvin shook his head. He couldn't let this happen again. If something went wrong, he'd be out of a job. Martin would blame him. Which was probably right because Marvin had been instructed to destroy that Fairy Dust. He just hadn't gotten around to it yet.

He ran to the Looking Glass and peered over the edge. Everything was still normal. The Fairy Dust hadn't even made it to the ground yet. There was still time to save the tale.

"Wait here," Marvin commanded. "Don't touch anything." He pulled out his wand—rarely used unless it was an emergency and this surely qualified—and tapped the top of his head.

Blackness sucked him backward.

He landed with a hard thump, his feet on either side of a narrow path through a field of lush, colorful wildflowers. He spun a quick circle to get his bearings and assess where he was. A large house sat in the near distance. *That must be the Three Bears' house. Right. Good. I'm in the right place.* He kept going around, his eyes scanning for any sight of...there she was, Goldilocks.

The little girl skipped along the path that Marvin was currently straddling. Her simple white frock flipping up with every step to reveal clean white tights.

Marvin sighed, relief making his muscles weak. He'd made it in time. He could still save the...

A gold shimmer covered the sky and settled on everything in the scene. Love and hope swelled in his chest, squeezing Marvin in a comforting embrace.

Moments later silver sparkles followed.

Marvin sneezed. Goldilocks sneezed.

There was a breathless pause between the childish "ah-choo" and the slow, profound transformation to the girl before him. She began to change.

Her legs lengthened and filled out, her upper body growing to fit the new proportions. The girlish dress seemed to shrink as the body inside it expanded. The hem now reached the top of her sleek thighs. The elastic bodice stretched to barely contain the large, firm breasts that strained the seams. The innocent white tights now stopped just above her knees, leaving inches of bare-naked flesh between them and the bottom of the skirt.

Within seconds, the child had disappeared and a fully grown woman had taken her place.

Material tore with a loud "rip" somewhere in the scene, but Marvin didn't take time to investigate the sound. His concentration centered on Goldilocks' breasts. Blinking, telling himself to look away, he couldn't make his neck function to complete the required task. She was about to spill out the top of her dress. Marvin licked his lips, his mouth suddenly dry, his mind hoping for a stiff breeze to nudge her over the edge. It wouldn't take much. One simple tug or a really deep breath.

Goldilocks looked down, checking out her new body.

"Wicked," she admired. Her husky voice sent shivers across his skin. She smoothed her hands up her sides, her fingers skimming over her newly tight nipples. Her gasp rippled through the air. "I like that," she said. Tossing her golden hair over her shoulder, she looked at Marvin, smiling as she did a quick review of his body. "Well, hi

there." She cocked her hip to the side and bent her right leg, drawing the hem of her short skirt even higher. "Who are you?"

The breathless, definitely seductive sound of her question snapped Marvin out of his breast-induced stupor. She was under the influence of the Fairy Dust and couldn't be trusted to respond appropriately. Still, the sight of her looking at him, lust filling her gaze, made it difficult to speak. Hell, it made it difficult to remember his name.

"Uhm, I'm Marvin. I'm—"

"Hi, Marvin. I'm Goldilocks." She stepped forward, swinging her hips in a naturally sexual rhythm that distracted him long enough for her to get close enough to touch. "What are you doing out here in the forest all by yourself?" She trailed a single finger down his cheek.

He swallowed and tried not to look down. Those plump breasts were just a deep breath away from touching his chest. Instead he looked at her mouth, but found that was a really bad idea. The lush red lips hung slightly open and a picture exploded in his brain—Goldilocks, on her knees, Marvin thrusting slowly in and out of her mouth.

Oh my word. His member—no, that didn't sound right. For some reason, that word didn't fit. His *cock*—yes, his cock—throbbed inside his trousers, rubbing against the front seam, like the thing was trying to get out. Marvin leapt back and focused his eyes over Goldilocks' shoulder.

"Actually I'm here to see you."

He was pleased with the firm, businesslike tone to his voice. Goldilocks giggled and shimmied. Without his command, his eyes left the tranquil scene of flowers and field and locked in on her breasts. Her movements strained the limit of her dress and one nipple popped out, tight and hard, pink and round.

An invisible band squeezed his chest and Marvin realized he was practically panting. Stop it. You're a grown man and you've seen breasts before. Though never this close or quite this round or naked. He was pretty sure that most of the Fairy Godmothers had breasts, but they wore long, heavy robes, making it almost impossible to tell.

Marvin gulped in air and tried to find a safe place for his eyes. Her body was out of the question and her face...her eyes were filled with lust and she kept licking her lips like he was made of candy.

He had to get control of the situation before he found himself doing all the things he'd watched Marlena and her lovers do.

Well, there was no way he could do *everything* that he'd seen—not without another male—but several items came to mind that he could attempt.

He inhaled slow and deep, hoping to counteract the effects of the HEA Fairy Dust with logic.

True love was supposed to accompany the sexual drive, but he didn't feel any such emotion for Goldilocks. He liked the way she looked, wanted to strip off that tiny dress and lick her from top to bottom before he slid his cock inside her pussy and fucked her until she screamed his name, but he didn't love her.

He covered his eyes with his hand. Where was his mind? He had to get this tale fixed so he could go home and hopefully never have to tell Martin that this happened at all.

Thankfully, this was a simple and short tale. It wouldn't take much to complete.

"Listen, Miss...Locks," he started lamely. "You see that house behind me. I need you to go there."

"Okay." She gave an agreeable shrug.

"Once you get there, you should be able to figure everything out. There's some porridge..."

"Ugh, I'm not much of porridge kind of girl."

"And three chairs..." he continued, refusing to let her distract him any more than she already had.

"Don't need three chairs." She slapped her backside. "Only got one ass."

He blushed. "Right. And three beds."

"Hmm. Now *that* sounds fun." She strolled forward, her eyes trained on the house, her mouth a little bit open. "Are they empty?"

"The beds? Uh, yes. For now but in a little bit, three bears are going to come home and find you—"

She shook her head and backed away. "Uh-uh. Not happening. I am so not into wildlife."

"But you have to."

"No. I don't." She hitched her thumb over her shoulder, the direction opposite the Bears' house. "There's a town just over that hill with a wicked pub and some really hot Woodsmen. I'll head there."

"But – but what about the Bears?" Marvin yelled at her back.

"I don't do wildlife," she called over her shoulder as she sauntered away.

Marvin tried to think of something to say but the flip-swish of her ass peeking out from beneath her short skirt momentarily made it impossible to find the right words. Hell, it was impossible to find any words, except for maybe "fuck me".

The phrase startled him—he never thought in those terms—but not even surprise forced his eyes away from her pale ass. Until she disappeared over the rise.

He sighed, hard and long. What was he going to do now? Not only wasn't the tale proceeding as planned, he didn't even have a Goldilocks anymore.

Martin was going to kill him. Just murder him. Or banish him. Marvin's stomach clenched. Martin might banish him to the Real World like he'd done with Marlena. Only Marlena had her true loves. Marvin would be alone.

No, he couldn't let it happen. There had to be an answer. Some way to fix this.

Wind whipped through the trees, blowing a strand of blond hair into his eyes.

Blond? That's right. I'm blond. Or I was before I lost most of my hair. I could be Goldilocks. He nodded as the idea took shape. It would be a different version but he could explain that away, that they'd wanted a male star in this tale, just to see how it was received.

This might work. His heart started to beat again, pounding at a slightly faster than normal rate.

Marvin started toward the Bears' home, his legs eating up the distance quickly. He stepped up on the porch and peered through the window. Looked empty. Good. He was still on track.

His reflection wobbled in the glass and he froze. The man staring back at him wasn't right. He wasn't short and balding. He was taller, though Goldilocks had still topped him by several inches, and had a head full of hair. The golden locks hung straight, stopping just beneath his chin. He looked down. The tan shirt he'd been wearing was open, torn apart as his chest had expanded. *So that was the tearing sound*.

Like Goldilocks, he was fascinated with his new body. He ran his hand across the hard muscles of his chest and down the gentle ridges of his stomach. *I'm ripped*.

Because the thing had been pulsing and twitching at him since he'd arrived, Marvin continued his exploration downward, his fingers running the length of his cock. A shiver raced up his spine, momentarily blinding him. *Oh my*. He yanked his hand away.

He'd seen Ethan, one of Marlena's lovers, stroking himself, sliding his hand up and down his cock while he watched Hunter and Marlena fuck. At the time, Marvin hadn't understood the appeal. Now he grasped the concept much more firmly.

With a vague thought that if he finished this tale quickly and properly, he might have a chance to do a little more manual exploration before he returned to Headquarters, Marvin grabbed the doorknob and cranked his wrist to the right. The door swung open easily and he stepped into the kitchen.

Three bowls of porridge were arranged neatly on the table. Marvin sighed at the normalcy of it all. This would be simple.

"Just eat the porridge," he said aloud to himself. "Break the chair, sleep on the bed. And when the Bears show up, run screaming from the room." He nodded. Seemed simple enough. That's all Goldilocks would have done.

He moved to the first bowl. The big bowl. This was Papa Bear's porridge. Marvin lifted the handmade spoon to his mouth and took a cautious bite. It was supposed to be too hot after all.

Warm brown sugar and cinnamon melted on his tongue. He moaned and took another small bite. He still had to try the other two and eat all of Baby Bear's but he couldn't resist. His stomach rumbled and he realized he'd skipped breakfast.

This spoonful flooded his mouth with delicious textures and tastes—apples and, oh, was that an almond? He glanced at the other two bowls, knowing he had to move on but they both looked like plain bowls of oatmeal. Promising himself just one more taste, he sat in the big chair and scooped up another bite. The bowl was big. He needed to eat a bit more so Papa Bear would *notice* his porridge had been tasted.

A strange calm settled over Marvin as he looked around the room. It was just as he'd expected. Back in his days of being a Fairy Godmother—they didn't distinguish between male and female—he'd monitored more than a hundred Goldilocks and the Three Bears. This was familiar territory for him. Most Fairy Godmothers didn't like it because it was boring. No challenge and no romance. But Marvin had always enjoyed it, feeling a connection to the Bears.

He put the spoon back into bowl and heard it clunk—wood against wood. He looked down. The porridge was gone. All of it. As if to assure himself of what he'd done, he looked at the other bowls. Untouched. He'd eaten the wrong porridge.

Damn.

He pushed back from the table, his mind racing through the possible repercussions. Surely it can't be that big of a deal if he ate the wrong porridge, right?

Deciding he had to get moving, he took a bite from of the other bowls, making a face at the bland cold oatmeal.

He turned and headed into the living room.

Three chairs were situated around the room—all directed at a large-screen TV. The thing covered half the wall. He knew *that* hadn't been part of the original story. Based

on the changes that had occurred in Goldilocks—and in Marvin himself—it would be interesting to see how the Three Bears were transformed. One huge recliner—obviously Papa Bear's—sat in the middle of the room. A smaller recliner stood just to the left. That would be Mama Bear's. And tucked in the corner rested a purple plum-shaped beanbag chair. That had to be Baby Bear's chair.

Marvin grunted. How was he supposed to break a beanbag chair? Poke a hole in it?

Completely avoiding Papa Bear's chair—he'd already eaten his breakfast, no need to tempt fate—he moved directly to Mama Bear's recliner. The pretty floral design gave a touch of femininity to the overall masculine décor of the room.

Marvin dropped into the chair, the soft cushions catching his ass nicely. He wiggled and got settled. It fit his frame. He wasn't a large man and Papa Bear's chair would swallow him.

This is the kind of chair I need in my workshop, he thought. He grabbed the wooden handle at the side and pulled. The footrest elevated and his head tipped backward until he was comfortably reclined.

He rubbed the cloth upholstery. Nice. Soft and comfortable and his legs wouldn't stick to it on hot summer days. *Yes, this is what I need. I wonder if requisitions can find me something similar.* 

He pressed his hands into the armrests and pushed back, wanting to test the full extension of the recline. It slid smoothly into the second position, then...ker-chunk. He yelped as the back dropped away and the footrest sagged, hanging limp halfway to the floor.

Bent almost backward, Marvin rolled over and flung himself over the arm and onto the floor. He stepped back, staring at the damage.

"I broke it." He rubbed his forehead, the headache returning. "Damn, I broke the wrong chair." He looked around the room. "But a chair is a chair, right? At least I didn't break Papa Bear's."

Sure that his time had to be running short, Marvin left it as it was and ran upstairs. He opened the first door and gasped. This had to be Papa Bear's room. The bed was huge. So high above the ground there were steps at the foot of the bed. And wide...three or four people could sleep side by side and never touch. Knowing he had to leave some indication that he'd been here, he tugged on the end of the blanket, dislodging the perfectly positioned pillows.

Good enough. He ran to the next door. This bed was smaller but not by much. What intrigued Marvin were the loops that hung from each bedpost. It didn't take long for his busy mind to come up with their use—restraints. Bodies, stretched out, naked, bound. His cock did another excited leap inside his pants and Marvin ran his hand down the front of his trousers, trying to calm the easily excited organ. Only his touch just made it worse. Or better actually. He made another pass, pressing harder, bending his fingers around the shaft.

No, no, no. You've got to get going.

Only the thought that the Three Bears might return home any moment convinced Marvin to drag his hand away from his crotch. These desires, *cravings*, had been fascinating in Headquarters, but here they were overwhelming. Dangerous.

He grabbed the end of Mama Bear's bedspread and yanked it down, leaving the bed tossed and rumpled.

One more bed, he told himself, heading toward the third and final door.

This room was different than the others. Smaller, almost empty. It didn't look like anyone actually slept there. There was a bed. A small single that sat in the corner. The blankets were thin and looked like they'd been washed too many times.

Poor little Baby Bear, Marvin thought, feeling a lot less generous toward Mama and Papa Bear at this point, glad that he'd eaten Papa's porridge and broken Mama's chair.

He pushed the thin blanket aside and stretched out. The mattress was lumpy and Marvin squirmed, trying to get comfortable. How did Baby Bear sleep on this thing?

Just chill, he told himself. *Relax. A few minutes lying on an uncomfortable bed won't kill you and when the Bears show up, you just scream and run the hell out of here.* 

Right. Scream and run. He could do that.

Marvin closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The scent on the pillow was faint but definitely masculine. He shifted and the movement rubbed his trousers against his cock. Marvin's gasp seemed loud in the silent room. His hand slid down toward his groin, almost moving under its own volition. Heat once again covered his dick as his palm slid over the hard mound. Sheer wicked pleasure shot up his spine and his hips pushed up, grinding his cock into his hand.

He groaned and closed his eyes and let his hips swing up, pressing his erection into his palm. It felt so good but it wasn't enough. He needed that heat closer, surrounding his cock.

Not letting himself think, only knowing he needed this, Marvin ripped open the fly of his trousers and shoved them down. His cock sprang forward, practically hitting him on the stomach. He moaned as the cool air swirled around his dick. Maybe if he just left it like this, the chilly air and not touching it would make the ache go away.

Except...he trailed his fingers across his bare hipbone, needing to know, just needing. He hesitated inches away from touching it. This was it. He'd never be able to go back to not knowing. His cock ached, throbbed. He needed to feel. A sound barely distinguishable from a growl broke from his lips and he wrapped his fingers around his cock, grabbing it firmly, almost a little too hard. Almost. The growl turned into a groan. He pushed his head back into the flat pillow and rolled his hips up. His cock slid through his hand and oh, yeah, he understood why Marlena's men found this activity so intoxicating.

Noises trickled through the background of his brain but Marvin ignored them. He held his hand still and worked his hips, pumping his cock through the tight squeeze. It took him a few minutes to find the rhythm but when he did...the hot little shocks to the

base of his dick filtered out through his groin, moving his whole body. Damn, he needed more.

A muffled growl echoed through the house but Marvin's mind couldn't process the information. He was going to come. He'd never felt it before but he knew, just knew. His hips rocked faster, moving to an internal beat.

Thumps echoed in the hall, shaking the floor. The sound was too strong for Marvin to ignore. He blinked and stared at the door. The pounding of his heart almost drowned out the noise. His breath came in pants as he listened, the sounds drawing closer.

The Bears. They were home. And he was like this—his trousers opened, his cock exposed. He tried to convince himself to move but his body wouldn't respond. At least put your cock back in your pants. The mental instruction did nothing to quell the panic that powered his heartbeat.

His mind zipped through topic after topic, trying to focus. He was supposed to do something. *They'll open the door, you'll scream and run from the room. And you're done.* 

The doorknob turned and a slow squeak sliced the air as the door swung open. Three dark forms filled the open doorway. Marvin watched, still unable to move, his fingers curled around the base of his cock.

A deep voice broke the breathless silence.

"What the fuck do we have here?"

Marvin gulped again, the voice sending a mixture of terror and hunger into his chest.

"Eep."

### **Chapter Two**

"Eep."

If that was supposed to be a scream of terror, it didn't translate well.

Alex stared at the slim form lying on Jeremy's bed. This had to be their intruder. Not very smart to stick around for a nap. He looked at the bare cock, nice, hard, fingers wrapped around the base. Hmm, maybe their visitor was interested in more than a nap.

Alex folded his arms across his chest. His skin felt sensitive beneath the thin layer of hair. This new form was strange but comfortable at the same time. He knew that just a short time before he'd been lumbering through the forest. Furry. Hell, they'd all been furry.

Then the change occurred. He, Lissa and Jeremy had stood up, their bodies shifting, turning into these weak human shapes.

But their bodies hadn't been the only thing to change. The memories of a simple life blurred as if they'd never been in that other form. Instead he remembered living with Lissa and Jeremy, eating, sleeping, fucking.

Especially fucking.

He stood behind his lovers, the three of them forming a triangle that blocked the doorway, not that it looked like their intruder was attempting an escape. The stranger rolled forward, as if trying to hide his erection. Straight blond hair fell across his cheek as he stared up from the bed.

No one spoke but the sense of anticipation flooded the room. As if they'd been standing there too long and everyone expected him—as the biggest and baddest of them all—to start.

Jeremy flicked his dark hair away from his eyes and looked over his shoulder to meet Alex's gaze. The kid was practically bouncing, eyes twinkling with undisguised lust and laughter. It was hard not to smile back. That's what he liked about Jeremy. He didn't take anything too seriously.

Unlike Lissa. She didn't handle defiance well. Or actually, she handled it very well...and Jeremy had the paddle marks to prove it.

The memory of how he'd met these two was fuzzy but it didn't matter. He knew them now. Intimately.

Lissa shifted, sinking down on one hip and placing her hands on her waist. The movement made her tiny skirt rise up, almost baring one ass cheek. Nice. She also looked back at him, her eyebrows raised in question. Even without hearing her say it, he knew what she wanted. She wanted to punish the sweet young thing stretched out on Jeremy's unused bed.

That was cool with him, as long as the young man agreed.

And Alex got a turn at him as well.

He pulled his gaze from Lissa's and looked at the man on the bed.

"You must be our thief."

"Thief?!" The word came out as a squeak. The guy sat up then seemed to remember his dick was out. He gulped and reached down, shoving his cock—still hard, Alex noticed—back into his wool trousers and zipping the fly.

"Well, that was a waste of time," Jeremy murmured. He glanced at Lissa and shrugged. "I'm just going to take them off again."

A corner of Lissa's mouth curled up in a smile but that was her only reaction. Alex didn't let on that he'd heard the slightly predatory tone to Jeremy's comment. Hmm, the young one did have some dominant tendencies. He just needed the right toy to play with.

Once he got himself covered, the intruder...Alex grimaced. He needed to call the guy something besides that. He looked at the lithe form and the soft blond hair that just called to be stroked, particularly while he was buried in the guy's ass.

*Goldilocks.* The name popped into his head and he figured it would work as well as any other.

Goldilocks shook his head. "I-I'm not a thief."

Alex's shoulders pulled back and down. He wasn't used to being contradicted. "You ate my breakfast. Stole my food." It was a minor charge and hell, he could make more porridge but it was the principle of the thing. His home had been invaded and someone was going to pay.

"You're a vandal as well," Lissa said. She pressed up to her full height—barely to Alex's shoulder but what she lacked in height she made up for in power. The movement shifted everything, pressing her breasts against the black leather vest, creating a sexy cleavage that Alex decided he needed to explore. With his tongue.

She flashed a look over her shoulder, completely aware of her appeal. Alex didn't mind. He'd spank the arrogance out of her later.

"Vandal?" Goldilocks blinked. "But I didn't—"

"You broke my chair. Destroyed my property."

"I didn't mean—" His panicked eyes tracked across the three of them, looking for a friend. His gaze darted to Jeremy, back to Lissa and bounced up to Alex. Their eyes locked for a moment and Alex could swear that Goldilocks' cheeks started to turn red. Hmm. Having his cock visible to the three of them didn't make him blush but one glance at Alex did. This was definitely something he needed to explore. "I didn't mean to," Goldilocks finally said.

"Well, it doesn't look like you broke my bed." Jeremy chuckled. "But the night's still young." Goldilocks gulped, his throat convulsing in a deep swallow that didn't seem centered around fear. Maybe it was the curiosity in his eyes but Alex just had the

feeling that Goldilocks wasn't planning to run screaming from the house any time soon. "What are we going to do with him, Alex?"

He looked at Goldilocks and a dozen options popped into his head, most of them ending with the cute little blond bent over his bed or on his knees in front of Alex. His cock twitched as if to signal its approval of Alex's plans.

"Well, obviously, he needs to be punished," Lissa said, not waiting for Alex to respond.

"Punished?" The squeaked-out question was followed by another gulp, which did nothing to lessen Alex's plan to see just how well the kid could swallow.

"Ooh, that sounds fun." Jeremy spun around and waved his hands toward Alex and Lissa. "You two can step out."

Lissa pulled her shoulders back and lifted her chin. "What makes you think you get him? You don't know anything about doling out punishment."

"No, but if I let you two have him first there won't be anything left." Jeremy's bottom lip curled out in a tiny pout. "Besides, he's in my bed. That should count for something."

"You never use that bed," Alex pointed out. Jeremy had probably only spent a handful of nights in this room, most often when he was being punished. The three of them typically ended up in Alex's room. The bed was big enough for all of them.

Jeremy giggled, the pout disappearing. "Can I help it if yours are so much more fun?"

He looked at Lissa. She rolled her eyes and shook her head. Alex commiserated. Jeremy might be a little flighty but he was good fun. And a good fuck.

"Okay," Alex announced. "You can have—what's your name, Goldilocks?"

The pet name sent a jolt through their visitor.

"M-Marvin, but I don't—"

Alex cut him off. "Jeremy, you can have Marvin first. Teach him how things work in our house."

Lissa released a dramatic sigh. She did dramatic well.

"Fine, but I get him next." She flipped her waist-length hair over her shoulder and turned, her eyes flashing at Jeremy. "Leave some for the rest of us." She started to stroll out, that round little ass rocking back and forth with each step but Alex couldn't let her escape that easily. She had a punishment of her own to endure.

And he needed a fuck if he was going to be able to last once Marvin came to his bed. Something about the bright blue eyes—curious, frightened and hungry all at the same time—made Alex pretty damn sure he wasn't going to want to rush it.

"Don't go far," he said as Lissa walked by. She lifted her chin, the dom in her battling with the sub. A true switch that made playing with her so much fun. "Wait for me outside your room." He kept his voice low but didn't allow any defiance to his command. She lowered her eyes.

"Yes, sir." She continued forward. Innate sexuality and those wicked high heels made her walk captivate the attention of every male. Even Marvin leaned over, almost falling off the bed, just to watch her ass a little longer. She walked into the hall. Knowing that Alex would see her ass—bare and pink—in just a few minutes, he turned away, blocking the open doorway.

Marvin's gaze snapped from Lissa's ass to Alex's face. Alex's cock pressed against the front placket of his leathers. Marvin looked down. His eyes grew wide, that compelling mix of hunger and fear returning. The softest gasp echoed from across the room. Oh, this was going to be fun.

"Jeremy, you can have him..." Alex locked eyes with Marvin, making sure the other man understood. "But don't fuck his ass. That belongs to me."

"Eep." Marvin's squeak made Alex smile.

Oh, he was going to have fun with this one.

Marvin sat on the bed, his knees pressed together, his fingers entwined, shielding his still-hard erection. His mind struggling to process what he'd just heard. *Fuck his ass?* He knew what that was of course. He'd watched Marlena and her lovers enough to know but really, was it possible? Alex's cock looked huge, even if he'd just seen it pressed against the leather trousers.

He blinked toward the remaining member of the Bear family, still vaguely expecting him to turn *back* into a bear. This young buff male was so not the cute furry creature he'd been in every book Marvin had ever witnessed. Hundreds of times he'd guided this story to the appropriate ending. And every time Baby Bear was cute, brown...fuzzy.

"Baby" Bear wasn't a baby at all.

Jeremy, as the other man had referred to him, looked to be in his mid-twenties. His hair was a little longer than Marvin's but black and shiny. His eyes glittered and Marvin was almost positive he was trying not to laugh. A sleeveless flannel shirt revealed well-defined, strong arms folded high across his chest. The young man stared across the room, practically daring Marvin to make a run for it.

Or better yet, daring him to stay. But if he stayed, he knew what would happen. Alex was going to—he swallowed, trying to clear what seemed to be a perpetual lump in his throat.

Jeremy chuckled as the door closed with a snap. "Don't worry. Lissa and Alex aren't as scary as they seem." He thought for a moment. "Well, Lissa's pretty tough but Alex is just a big ole teddy bear once you get to know him." The edge of his mouth kicked up. "If he's not fucking, that is. Then he likes it good and hard."

Jeremy strolled toward him, his fingers working the buttons of his shirt.

Alex had been the one to hold his attention. Jeremy was hot and Lissa—he could no longer think of her as Mama Bear—was stunning in a dominant, slightly terrifying sort

of way. But it had been Alex who had made his cock leap and created a weird little flutter in his stomach that moved into his chest. Near his heart.

He knew it was the effects of the Fairy Dust. The main function of the dust—not counting Marlene's Hot Sex Additive—was to ensure a Happily Ever After. That usually meant love. But made no sense. There wasn't a love interest in Goldilocks' tale. Didn't seem to matter. He was definitely feeling a tug toward Alex.

Don't be stupid. You don't love Alex. You don't know Alex. You just know that he looks really hot in tight leather pants and probably has a really big cock that would feel really good inside you.

He gave himself a shake. He'd failed miserably at his part of the tale. He'd eaten the wrong porridge, broken the wrong chair and the whole screaming and running from the house had been a complete bust.

But when they'd opened the door and hadn't been bears, he'd frozen. And then he'd taken a good look at them and damn...

No, this won't work. You have to get this back in control. He looked up at Jeremy... No, not Jeremy. Baby Bear. Think of them as Papa, Mama and Ba –

A thought entered his brain and made his stomach roll.

"Are they your parents?" It didn't seem likely because while Alex was older than Jeremy, he wasn't twenty years older.

Jeremy straightened and the space beneath his nose curled as if he smelled something bad. "Parents? God no." The idea seemed to disappear almost as fast as it came. A sensual smile pulled the edges of his lips up. "We live together because we like to fuck." He dropped his shirt on the ground, leaving his chest bare. "But we're always interested in tasty new blood." He stared down at Marvin's bare chest and licked his lips. "I'm glad you chose our house to nap in."

"I wasn't really—" The slow striptease stalled Marvin's ability to speak and severely inhibited his ability to think.

Jeremy ran his hands up his own chest, his fingers brushing his nipples and making the flat peaks stand up. Marvin chewed on his lower lip and thought about his own chest. Marlena's lovers had been fascinated by her nipples but he'd never really thought about a man's.

Now he wanted to explore, wanted to know.

Jeremy paused inches from the bed, almost posing, giving Marvin long enough to scan his gaze down to where Jeremy's fingers rested on the waistband of his jeans. Marvin's chest grew tight as he watched. Jeremy undid the button, drawing out the movement. Marvin's fingers curled against his own leg, resisting the urge to reach out and help. The rip of the zipper sliding down tickled the air and Marvin squirmed, wanting to touch his own cock as Jeremy eased the tight denim down his hips. His long, hard cock bounced up as it was freed. He stopped for another second, giving Marvin a chance to look, maybe a chance to get away.

But Marvin wasn't moving. Jeremy's cock was long, not too thick but then Marvin wasn't sure he wanted something extra large fucking him. Of course, it wouldn't be Jeremy fucking him. It would be Alex. And if Alex's dick was proportional to the rest of his body—he'd be huge. A lump clogged Marvin's throat—just the thought of taking a big hard cock inside his body made him ache.

But that was for later. Now he was faced with Jeremy and whatever he chose to do to him.

Jeremy seemed to sense Marvin's rising panic. He shoved the jeans the rest of the way to the ground and stepped aside, leaving them in a pile and leaving him naked. Marvin couldn't have looked away if he'd tried. Jeremy's long, lean body rippled with delicious muscles, sweet curves that called for Marvin's exploration. And that cock. His eyes went back to that long shaft and he had the sudden urge to lick his lips.

"Like what you see?" Jeremy's words were tinged with humor but Marvin responded honestly to the question and nodded. "Hmm, good. Now how about giving me a little more? I only got a glimpse when we walked in and I'd love to see all of you."

When Marvin didn't move, Jeremy tipped his head toward Marvin's waist, where Marvin was hiding his own erection. Oh right. Time to get naked. He found himself moving, rolling over, unzipping and easing his trousers down. He mentally calculated the differences between his cock and Jeremy's. Marvin was a little shorter and a little thicker.

Strange he'd never even considered the size of his cock before. Now he hoped it was enough to please the man standing before him.

Jeremy's head bobbed up and down and the corners of his mouth bent upward. "Nice. Now lose the pants. I want to see all of you."

It was awkward as hell and Marvin knew it couldn't be sexy but he squirmed a bit and shoved the material down, fumbling to drag the trousers away from his feet. It would have helped if his hands hadn't been trembling. Jeremy waited patiently until Marvin finally freed himself, pushing the tweed pants off the bed. Dust "poofed" into the air as they hit the floor.

Marvin easily ignored the lack of housekeeping. He was practically naked, wearing only the ripped shirt that barely covered his shoulders. With a gulp, he slowly leaned back, putting himself on display. Jeremy's grin widened and he nodded.

"Yummy."

Jeremy eased himself down on the bed, sitting beside Marvin, their hips almost touching. Jeremy reached out and scraped his fingers through Marvin's hair.

"This is gorgeous." He tugged, just a little. "I can't wait to bury my hands in it while you're sucking my cock." A whimper twisted in Marvin's throat, making a strange squeaking noise. Jeremy chuckled. "Don't worry, honey, that's for later." His slid his fingers through Marvin's hair again. "Soft and beautiful. What was it that Alex called you?"

"Goldilocks."

Jeremy continued to stroke Marvin's hair. "It fits you."

Goldilocks. The name rang through his head and he knew somewhere in Fairy Tale Land the Master Story was being written. There would be no mention of "Marvin", only Goldilocks. And what Goldilocks did with the Three Bears.

Jeremy shifted, turning and stretching out on his side, lying face-to-face with Marvin. He propped his head up on one hand and let one finger from his free hand trail lightly down Marvin's chest.

"So, Marvin, you ate Alex's breakfast and broke Lissa's chair." He swirled his finger back up the centerline of Marvin's chest.

"I-I didn't mean to do those things."

"I know," he said, his lips bending into a half-smile. "But you'll be punished anyway."

The threat might have been enough to send him running from the room but Jeremy was right there and that finger did a slow circle around one flat nipple.

The squeak that came out Marvin's throat made Jeremy's eyes twinkle.

"Oh, don't worry, honey, I'm not going to hurt you." He leaned forward and whispered a kiss across Marvin's lips. "I'll leave that to Lissa." He smiled and winked. "She'll make it hurt so good before she hands you over to Alex to get that tight little ass reamed."

A garbled moan—half from fear, half from lust—stuttered out of Marvin's throat. Jeremy smiled and nodded.

"Yes, I saw how you looked at Alex." Jeremy stroked his hand down the front of Marvin's chest. Another whispered kiss. "But you don't mind giving me a little taste, do you? Just a bit, before he bends you over and slides that big cock of his into your ass."

Marvin's dick leapt again, the damn thing was practically bouncing to get some attention. Jeremy smiled.

"Yeah, it's pretty wild when he fucks," Jeremy continued. He slid his hand around Marvin's back and cupped his ass, easing him forward until their cocks met. "He's big and sometimes rough and you just have to lay there and take it."

Marvin moaned, the sound turning to a whimper as he imagined everything Jeremy described.

Jeremy chuckled. "Oh, he's going to love you." He thrust his hips, the action sliding his cock against Marvin's. Heat invaded Marvin's dick, so much better than his own hand. He pushed against Jeremy, squeezing his lips shut to contain the groan. "Nice. That's it."

Marvin shook his head. "I shouldn't...I can't." But the protest didn't stop the movement of his hips. Jeremy reached between them and gripped both their cocks, tightening the pressure between them.

"Sure you can."

"I'm going to come," he tried to explain. And damn it, he didn't want to miss the "taste" Jeremy offered. His experience was limited but even he knew that once you came, the fun was over. At least for a while.

"Don't worry, honey." Jeremy leaned in and stole another seductive kiss, this one a little deeper, a little harder. "Come and I'll make you hard again. Then we'll have lots of time to play before I hand you off to Lissa..." Jeremy paused, his grip tightening just a little. "And Alex." At the mention of the big man's name, Marvin cried out. A delicious shock skittered down his spine and rippled through his cock.

"Oh fuck." His head tipped back and he pumped his cock through Jeremy's hold, straining to get more.

"Oh yeah." Jeremy's moan followed moments later and hot cum spilled across Marvin's stomach. The heat and scent created another layer of sensation in his overwhelmed body. "Nice." Jeremy's drawl was accompanied by a kiss, slower, more sexual. Marvin opened his mouth, craving the feel of Jeremy's tongue. He'd seen it in the Looking Glass—those deep soul kisses that made his stomach ache. He wanted that.

"Delicious," Jeremy whispered against his lips, moments before slipping his tongue inside.

Despite the desire to experience everything, Marvin found himself tensing, his body startled by the invasion. But Jeremy approached slowly, shallow penetrations and retreats until Marvin needed more. He mirrored Jeremy's motions, twirling his tongue around Jeremy's, capturing it and sucking. Jeremy groaned, the sound vibrating against Marvin's lips.

His cock twitched and Marvin couldn't stop the compulsive push of his hips, rubbing against all that delicious hot skin.

He gasped in a quick breath but couldn't bear to be separated from Jeremy's mouth. The tastes, the textures and goodness, the heat, felt like he was about to be set ablaze, the fire burning inside him.

Jeremy's hands skimmed up and down his back, urging him even closer. As if his body knew what to do, he responded, countering the slow pump of Jeremy's hips, their cocks sliding together. Even though he'd just come like this, Marvin was sure he could do it again. Wanted to do it again.

"Hmm, no." Jeremy pulled his hips back. He grabbed the blanket and wiped the cum off their stomachs and chests. "Want to taste you." He kissed Marvin again, then bit down on Marvin's lower lip. The tiny pain went straight to his cock. "Your mouth tastes delicious. Want to sample the rest of you."

Marvin nodded. It didn't really need a response but he couldn't stop himself. Jeremy was going to taste him. He'd seen this. Many times through the Looking Glass.

Jeremy nudged his shoulder, tipping him onto his back, leaving him splayed out, cock hard and rising. Jeremy did a long, slow scan of Marvin's body.

"You're lovely." The conviction in Jeremy's voice made his dick even harder. He'd never been admired before. Though he was sure he'd spent time in the Real World before coming to Fairy Tale Land, he couldn't remember it. Didn't know if he'd

experienced anything like this. Jeremy slid his hand between Marvin's legs, cupping his balls and giving a gentle squeeze.

Nope, he was sure he'd never experienced anything like this. He stared wide-eyed at Jeremy.

Jeremy shifted, bending and licking a thin line along Marvin's neck. He lingered at the base, sampling the sensitive flesh with lips, tongue and the occasional scrape of teeth. Marvin squirmed, every touch radiating through his body. Jeremy murmured words against his skin, muffled and unintelligible but the pleased sounds were enough to thrill Marvin.

Jeremy licked and kissed and bit his way across his collarbone and down, exploring Marvin's chest, drifting closer and closer to his flat nipples. Jeremy glanced up, meeting him with smiling eyes, holding his gaze as he bent forward and lapped his tongue across Marvin's nipple. A bright tingle zipped through his chest, a straight shot to his groin. He felt his eyes widen. Jeremy smiled and turned his attention back to the nipple before him. Another lick, a slow circle with the hard, pointed tip of Jeremy's tongue. Marvin squirmed, wiggling his hips, fighting the urge to thrust. He needed something to rub against.

"Stay still." The whispered command became a caress. Jeremy opened his mouth and sucked, his tongue still teasing the tiny peak. The suction reached deep inside him and he groaned. Nothing had ever felt so good—except for maybe rubbing against Jeremy and coming. Jeremy drew back and turned to the other nipple, giving it the same treatment, ending with an almost painful bite.

"That's it, honey. Let me hear how you like it."

Marvin closed his eyes, trying to catch his breath. He hadn't known he'd made a sound. Jeremy continued working his way down Marvin's body, scooting along the bed until his cheek rubbed against Marvin's hip.

"As I thought," Jeremy murmured. He stroked his tongue up the centerline of Marvin's stomach. "You taste delicious." Marvin's cock ached, wanting that same

caress. He pushed himself up on his elbows, watching Jeremy rub his cheek against Marvin's cock, nuzzling it as he inched by. He nudged Marvin's legs apart, spreading them and rolling until he lay between Marvin's thighs.

He stopped and stared up at Marvin, the low light making Jeremy's eyes dark and brilliant, hungry.

Jeremy kissed a patch of smooth flesh. "You ever have your cock sucked before, honey?"

Marvin gulped and shook his head.

"Good."

"Good?"

Jeremy curled his fingers around Marvin's cock and gave it one long stroke. Unable to stop the movement, he punched his hips up. The compulsive need to thrust, to have something sliding around his dick, drove his body on.

Jeremy laughed and that wicked twinkle returned to his eyes. "I get to be the first to blow your mind."

He pumped his fist around Marvin's cock, sending diabolical sensations into his groin. He groaned, unable to form coherent words. "Yeah." Jeremy's breath warmed his thigh. "I'm going to suck this pretty cock, make you fly."

"Please." Marvin wasn't sure if he'd said the word out loud but it rang through his brain. He needed this, needed the hot squeeze of Jeremy's fist sliding up and down his cock. He pressed his hips up, driving his cock deeper into Jeremy's grip. The hand relaxed and Marvin groaned. No. He needed more. He needed—

Jeremy's breath heated his skin.

Marvin tensed. This, he needed this.

He ground his teeth together, anticipating that first touch. He forced his eyes open to watch, meeting Jeremy's laughing stare as he leaned forward and swiped the head of Marvin's cock with his tongue. The quick stroke jolted those tingling nerve endings. Fire raced down his cock. A grin flashed across Jeremy's mouth, then he turned back to the cock cupped in his palm.

Marvin watched as Jeremy played and licked, teasing his cock with flicks of his tongue. Every stroke sent delicious sparks into his center. Marvin dropped his head back and he stared up at the ceiling, trying to absorb it all, remember it. Jeremy tasted every inch of Marvin's shaft, countering the light strokes with long, hard licks from base to tip, confusing his senses.

Marvin gripped the blanket and tried to hold still, he really did, but there was no way. Soon his hips were rolling, trying to get more, sometimes trying to escape when it became too much.

"Jeremy, please." He wasn't quite sure what he was begging for, but damn, now he understood the almost painful looks on the faces of Marlena's lovers. He wanted, needed.

"Taste so good. Sweet." He hummed as he buried his nose in the tight curls at the base of Marvin's cock. "Want to taste you coming."

"Yes." The cry ripped from deep inside him, almost turning to a whimper.

Jeremy's fingers curled around Marvin's cock, holding it, bringing the tip to Jeremy's mouth. Marvin watched. His eyes locked on Jeremy's lips, pale and pink against the deep red of his dick. He opened his mouth and slid the first inch of Marvin's cock in.

Breath caught in the back of his throat as he stared, watching his cock sink deeper into Jeremy's mouth. He sucked in about half of Marvin's shaft before drawing back and repeating the torturously slow process. He worked the cock head with his tongue, sucking hard each time he pulled back.

"Oh fuck," Marvin said, vaguely surprised to hear the word come out of his mouth, but damn, it just sounded right. His cry only seemed to make Jeremy suck harder. Marvin's balls drew up, pulling tight against his body. "Please."

Fuck, he wanted more. The need to thrust overcame him. Without thinking, he grabbed the back of Jeremy's head and held him in place as he pushed forward. Jeremy hesitated for just a moment then swallowed in time to Marvin's thrusts, taking his cock deeper into his throat.

Once more he pushed forward, fighting to stay controlled, but the sweet easing of Jeremy's throat was too much. Marvin shouted, his cry echoing off the blank walls as he came, spilling into Jeremy's mouth.

His mind barely tracked the sensations—the hard sucking as Jeremy pulled him through his climax, soft licks as his cock slipped out of Jeremy's mouth, more hot kisses whispered across his skin as Jeremy worked his way back up Marvin's body.

A delightful haze hovered over his thoughts. The pounding of his heart provided a perfect counterpoint to the lazy kisses. He turned his head to capture Jeremy's mouth. Their lips met and parted. A new flavor lingered on Jeremy's tongue, strange but interesting.

"Delicious," Jeremy whispered against his mouth before taking another long, deep kiss that made Marvin's head spin.

Warmth pulsed against Marvin's hip. Unable to resist, he reached down and wrapped his hand around Jeremy's cock, squeezing lightly.

"Hmm, good." Jeremy pushed through Marvin's grip. "Harder."

Not wanting to hurt Jeremy, Marvin tightened his fist a little more, listening to the sexual moans Jeremy fed into his mouth. The heavy dick between his fingers kept moving, slow, steady thrusts.

"Hmm, that's lovely, honey." Jeremy nipped his lower lip. "Just a little more and I could come." He rocked his hips again even as he flicked his tongue across the peak of Marvin's upper lip. "Or you could suck me off." Another kiss. "Have you ever sucked cock before?"

Marvin shook his head.

### Marvin and the Three Bears

The edge of Jeremy's mouth pulled up in a wicked half-smile. "But you want to." Marvin swallowed and nodded.

### **Chapter Three**

"Do you want to suck me, Marvin?" Jeremy pulled back, sliding his cock from Marvin's grip, and took up the slow strokes himself, working his palm up and down the long shaft. Marvin's cock gave an interested twitch, the memory of the recent climax forgotten at the sight of Jeremy's long fingers stroking his own cock. "You're staring at me like you want to taste my dick." He pushed up, holding himself over Marvin on his hands and knees. "Is that what you want? My cock sliding between your lips?"

"Yes." Marvin's response was low, breathless but he knew Jeremy heard him because the other man smiled. He continued to crawl up the bed, positioning himself over Marvin, straddling his chest, until his cock was poised inches above Marvin's mouth.

Marvin gulped, staring at the thing before him. It looked a lot less intimidating from a distance. Not sure what to do, he opened his mouth and licked the head, catching the beading drop of liquid that pooled on the tip. The faintly salty taste wasn't bad and he liked the way Jeremy stiffened. Marvin remembered what Jeremy had done to him and decided it was best to stick with a known quantity.

He did his best to recreate Jeremy's pattern, but the chance to explore the cock with his mouth was too much of a temptation. He pushed forward and laved the base of Jeremy's cock, learning the tastes and textures, burying his nose in the curly hair that surrounded the base of his shaft. A delicious dizzy sensation fluttered through his brain and Marvin just let his head swirl, taking it all in, wanting more.

Long, slow licks later, he found himself with the rounded head of Jeremy's cock against his lips. He felt drunk, intoxicated by the flavors coating his tongue. He raised his eyes, not willing to lose the seductive taste in his mouth.

Jeremy stared back, blue eyes glittering, a hint of a smile curving his lips.

Marvin resisted the urge to grin back. Instead, he lapped his tongue around the head and opened his mouth, taking that full head to the back of his throat. Jeremy didn't push hard, teasing Marvin with the thought of more before sliding back out. Marvin closed his lips around the shaft and pressed his tongue along the underside. The taste was incredible, salty but still satisfying. And he wanted more.

Jeremy whispered guidance – harder, breathe, suck there, beautiful, sweet.

Marvin let the words spiral through his head, his body responding instinctively to every reaction from Jeremy — his cock, his muscles, the sweet sounds he made, pushing his dick deeper into Marvin's throat. Marvin groaned, wanting more, wanting to feel his lover come in his mouth, to give his lover this pleasure.

The hard cock moved through his lips, slow, long pumps. Marvin sucked each time the shaft retreated, loving the way it felt in his mouth. He loved the feel of Jeremy's cock against his tongue and the way Jeremy seemed incapable of giving any more instructions.

I must be doing something right, Marvin thought, sliding his hands up Jeremy's thighs and clutching that tight ass in his palms. He slowly pressed forward, easing Jeremy's cock deeper into his mouth.

"Fuck, Marvin, I'm going to come."

The warning only made him suck harder, moving a little faster and trying to go as deep as he could.

"Fuck! Yes, oh damn." Jeremy thrust his cock forward, almost gagging Marvin. Marvin fought the instinct to retreat and tightened his lips around Jeremy's shaft. Jeremy cried out and triumph filled Marvin's soul. He didn't have time to relish his success. Hot spurts of cum pulsed down his throat. He swallowed quickly, trying to keep up with the salty liquid filling his mouth.

Jeremy's cock slipped from between his lips and he fell over, sagging down beside Marvin, his chest rising and falling in heavy breaths. After a long time, he scraped his hair out of his face and chuckled. "Are you sure you've never had a cock in your mouth before?"

Licking his lips, Marvin nodded, more than a little proud of himself.

"You're a very fast learner." Another laugh. "Alex is going to fucking love you."

Marvin sucked his lower lip into his mouth, his body tensing at the mere mention of Alex's name. Would Alex want him to suck his cock? He crushed the groan that threatened, just imagining Alex's cock in his mouth. He didn't understand it but something about the other male made him ache, need.

Jeremy slid down the mattress and snuggled up to Marvin, curling his leg over Marvin's hips. He rose over Marvin and whispered sipping kisses across his mouth. All that firm male flesh was in reach and Marvin couldn't resist touching. He ran his hands up and down Jeremy's back, sliding them lower to cup the tight ass. He was tired, almost drained, but he might never get to experience this again and he wasn't missing a moment.

The minutes stretched and Marvin lost himself in the delicious kisses and caresses until Jeremy finally pulled back, separating their lips but letting his hand wander down Marvin's chest.

"I should probably let you go," he said with a sigh. "Lissa's no doubt waiting for her turn."

Marvin's throat tightened up, not sure he was ready to face what awaited him. Lissa had been rather upset about the chair.

Jeremy curled his fingers around Marvin's hard cock and smiled.

"But I can't send you out of here with a hard-on. What would the others think?" He started to move back down to the foot of the bed, his eyes glittering with a hunger Marvin recognized. "I should just take care of this before I give you to Lissa, huh, honey?"

Alex dug his fingers into Lissa's hair and held her in place as he fucked her mouth. Her lips closed around his cock and she sucked. He pushed deeper, sliding the head down her throat. She took him, swallowing his cock.

He closed his eyes and groaned. The sound blended with the shocked cry that rang from Jeremy's room. Fuck, was that three times? Goldilocks was going to be worn out by the time he got a chance at him.

Or blissed-out and totally ready to be fucked. That small tight body stretched out on his bed, his backside pink from Lissa's hand, Alex's cock sliding into his ass—the image filled his brain and he came, his hips thrusting forward, driving his cock into Lissa's throat. She took it all. He massaged her scalp, silently apologizing for pushing too hard. Not that she would mind it. Lissa loved to fuck. In any and all ways.

She slid away, letting her lips slip off his dick. One more quick lap to the head of his cock and she sat back, her vest open, her breasts flushed. The silver chain he'd clamped to her nipples bounced against her chest with each breath. Her legs were spread, the tight leather skirt pushed up to the tops of her thighs, revealing her bare pussy. Slick liquid coated her skin. She tipped her head back and looked up at him, the sight of her swollen lips keeping his cock hard.

"Fuck me," she begged.

He shook his head. He reached down, slipping his hand beneath her vest, teasing the tight nipple. The clamps hadn't been on long, just enough for her to feel it. He released the clasp. Lissa moaned and her hips punched up. Her eyes stayed locked on his as he let the chain fall, adding extra pressure to her other nipple. He skimmed his hand down between her breasts and up the slope, fingers tripping across her skin, teasing.

"Please, don't." She shook her head. He knew she had to ache but the bright pain when he released the clip would make her scream. Her pussy was wet and hot and he knew she wanted to be fucked. Wanted his cock in her when he pulled off the second clamp.

But he wasn't going to let her have that tonight. It wouldn't be fair. The whole time he'd be fucking her, he'd be thinking about the blond man currently getting his cock sucked by Jeremy.

And having Lissa hyped up when she took over Goldilocks' punishment would blow the kid's mind.

He traced his fingers around the clamped nipple and watched her shiver.

"Alex." Her plea whispered through the air.

"Next time Jeremy asks me a question, you'll let me answer." He flicked the clasp with his finger and she gasped. He didn't often go Dom on her—that was more her game, he just liked to fuck—but sometimes he needed to remind her that if he wanted to, she'd be naked and kneeling at his feet whenever he chose. "Do you understand?"

She gulped and nodded. "Yes, sir."

"That's it, girl."

"Please, sir." She lifted her eyes, looking surprisingly sweet for a woman who wielded a paddle as well as she did. "I need you to fuck me."

"Not tonight. You'll take care of our young visitor. And if you make him scream, I'll fuck you later."

As he said the last words he snapped the clip off her nipple. She cried out and grabbed for him, holding herself upright. She rubbed her cheek against his thigh, pressing her lips to the leather trousers he wore, licking the smooth material. Heat penetrated the thick fabric but he resisted her silent invitation. He'd come once. That would give him the control he needed to go slow with Marvin but hungry enough that he could fuck long and hard. And he was pretty sure he was going to want that ass more than once tonight.

There was something special about Goldilocks.

Jeremy lay back on his rumpled bed, smiling and looking supremely pleased with himself. And Marvin could completely understand why. His muscles quivered and God forbid he try to stand.

Jeremy had done an excellent job of "taking care" of Marvin's hard-on, licking and sucking until Marvin couldn't see straight. This time he'd known what to expect and Jeremy seemed to take particular pleasure in tormenting Marvin's dick, drawing him out until Marvin had begged to come.

And then he had. He groaned just thinking about it.

"You'd better go," Jeremy drawled. He scratched one lazy hand across his chest. "Lissa's probably looking for you."

Marvin nodded and sat up. His head spun a little but he supposed that was because most of his blood had been lingering in the area of his cock for the last two hours. His legs trembled as he stood but he managed to straighten and take a few stumbling steps to his tweed pants. Marvin pulled the wrinkled material up his legs, easing his cock into the tight fly and carefully zipping the trousers. Unable to resist, he ran his palm down the front of his fly. His cock wasn't hard but somehow he didn't think it would take much to get him that way again. It was a fairy tale after all.

He glanced at Jeremy, stretched out beautifully on the bed. A strange vulnerability struck him. He wasn't ready for what might happen next.

Jeremy pursed his lips and blew a kiss to Marvin.

"Don't worry, honey. You'll be fine." He winked. "Have fun."

Taking a deep breath, Marvin opened the door and stepped into the hallway.

Lissa waited at the top of the stairs, her fingers tapping a hole into the wood banister. When she saw Marvin, she straightened and began the short walk toward him. The seductive sway of her hips and breasts captivated him, holding him steady until she was inches in front of him.

She tipped her head back and looked up at him, her ruby red lips opening, giving him the perfect image of her lips wrapped around his cock.

But somehow he didn't think she was going to be quite as generous as Jeremy had been.

"My turn."

Marvin found himself unable to respond.

The edges of her mouth kicked up in an arrogant smile that rippled through his chest and sank into his groin. Never had a woman looked at him like that—wicked, sexual, powerful. Every sensation seemed to be a new caress to his cock.

He had a fuzzy flash of the Fairy Godmothers. Frumpy, grim, overworked. They all viewed him as a necessary evil—the one who assigned them tales and kept things in line. But never had they looked at him like he was a treat. Something to be savored. Tormented...just a little...just enough.

His chest seized up. With just one look she'd made his cock hard.

And being that he'd just discovered how deliciously painful that could be, how much he ached for release, he really had no choice when she turned and walked away...well, it was really more of a stroll, with slow, swinging hips and the potential for hot sex rolling off her back.

There was really nothing he could do. Nothing...except follow.

She opened her bedroom door and led the way. She stopped at the foot of the bed and looked at him, her eyes commanding his attention.

Forcing air into his lungs, he took a step forward.

Once he made that first step, his body took control and he followed.

He stepped into the bedroom. The bedspread had been straightened after his frantic attempt at dishevelment. All that remained were crisp corners.

And an array of tools. Objects. Toys. Implements. It all depended on how one viewed such things.

The band around his chest pulled tighter as he saw the "implements" displayed at the foot of the bed. A crop, a paddle and a short, cylindrical object. Butt plug. Even without much modern knowledge of the Real World he recognized the device. And thanks to Marlena and her lovers, he knew how it was used.

"Oh my."

Lissa strolled to the end of the bed, turned and waited. Marvin gulped in a deep breath and looked at her, waiting for instruction. An instinct he'd never acknowledged before urged him to lower his eyes but that would mean looking away from that gorgeous body. The top of her vest had been opened while he'd been in with Jeremy. Her hair was mussed and her lips a little swollen. Alex. She'd been with Alex while he'd been in with Jeremy.

Had she sucked him off? Marvin's eyes fell, his gaze landing just below the low waistband of her skirt. Had Alex fucked her? Licked her?

Marvin grabbed his lower lip between his teeth as he considered the possibility. He'd seen Marlena's lovers go down on her and the delicious cries that erupted from her lips. And licking her pussy made the males hard, as if they enjoyed it as much as she did. He thought about sucking off Jeremy. It had been amazing to have Jeremy's lips around his cock but he'd enjoyed giving as well. The firm flesh moving in his mouth, the slightly bitter salty taste of his cum. Hmm, what would Lissa taste like?

She walked forward, her hips swinging just tempted him to stare more, trying to see through her leather skirt. "You look hungry." She leaned closer, her lips brushing against his ear. "Like you want to lick my pussy."

Marvin licked his lips and nodded.

She backed away, putting her hips against the high mattress. She gave him a long, considering look then shook her head. "I don't think so. You're here to be punished. Licking my pussy is a reward for good boys. And you were very bad, weren't you?"

"Yes." Heat rushed to his cheeks and he dropped his gaze. He could still see her feet, sexy in high heels and spread apart, giving him a hint of what hovered above.

"Very good. Now if you take your punishment like a good boy, you might receive a reward." At that promise, his cock responded, twitching back to life. "You may raise your eyes."

He looked up and resisted the urge to lick his lips again. The sweet curves of her breasts pressed hard against the tight vest, letting him see just enough to make him want more. Lissa reached between her breasts and loosened the leather strap that held the front together. The leather edges stretched to the sides, revealing more flesh.

She tapped her fingers beneath his chin, drawing his gaze up from her chest. Arrogance glittered in the green depths of her eyes.

"Marvin, I'm Lissa. You will call me Mistress, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Very good. Strip."

Marvin's throat tightened up but the rest of his body reacted to the command. He undid the fly of his trousers and shoved them to the ground. He fisted his hands at his side, resisting the urge to cover his hard cock.

"Lovely." Her low approval swirled around his cock like a caress. "Come here."

Stepping out of the fallen trousers, Marvin forced his legs to move him forward. It was only three steps to the end of the bed but it felt like miles.

"Now bend over. I want that ass nice and pink before it gets filled."

His knees wobbled but Marvin leaned forward, his fingers gripping the beam that crossed the end of the bed. Warmth skittered across his skin as she stroked her fingers down his ass.

"Very nice." She didn't stop with his ass, but moved her hand forward, around his hip, wrapping her fingers around his cock. The eager organ surged into her palm. A groan slipped from his lips as she stroked up and down, making him harder. "Did you come with Jeremy?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"How many times?"

"Three."

"Ooh, and you still can get hard for me. I like that." She pumped his cock again. He moved into the caress, thrusting into her fist. "No, Marvin. You're not allowed to come until I give you permission."

"Yes, Mistress." The words came out strained and tight. He sighed with relief as she pulled her hand away. He was too close to coming.

"Very good." Her hand reached out and picked up the wooden paddle. "This will make you nice and pink." He dropped his head forward, waiting for the fear to assail him. Instead anticipation surged through his veins.

"Don't worry, Marvin," Lissa murmured. Her hot fingers zigzagged down his back, teasing the top of his ass. "We'll start off easy." The sharp smack of her palm against his backside shattered the quiet in the room. Marvin heard the sound moments before he felt the pain. Well, it wasn't really pain. More of a burn. "Do you know why you're being punished?"

The cool, hard tone of the Mistress was back.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Tell me."

"I broke your chair."

"Yes. You planted this sweet ass where it didn't belong and now you have to be punished."

He nodded.

"Answer me, Marvin." She followed up the command with another smart slap to his ass.

"Yes, Mistress." She stepped away and Marvin feared he'd waited too long to respond. His back arched forward in an involuntary press, pushing his ass out, almost as if he was offering it to her.

"Very good."

The words were accompanied by a slow brush of her fingers, teasing his skin and trailing away. He sensed rather than saw her take a step back, pausing. His body picked up the tension in hers.

"You've been a naughty boy, haven't you, Marvin?"

"Yes, Mistress."

He heard the rush of air moments before the paddle struck his ass. Where her hand had left faint tingles, this was a jolt.

He gasped and grabbed the blankets, his fingers digging into the soft material to hold himself steady. Pain spread across his backside, fading away and leaving only warmth. He took another breath. He could survive this. He could—

He got no warning before the paddle crossed his ass again. The shock lanced his skin a second time, shifting quickly into heat, more burning than mere warmth. He buried his cry in the blankets. She followed that stroke with two more, hard and fast.

"Spread your legs, sweetness."

Marvin didn't seem to have control of his body. He felt his legs moving, responding to her command before he'd even completed the thought.

Lissa stepped forward, the leather of her skirt skimming across his burning ass, her pussy radiating warmth into Marvin's skin. She pressed into his hip, letting him savor the heat even as she reached between his legs and cupped his balls, giving them a gentle squeeze and slow tug. He pushed up on his tiptoes, trying to move deeper into the caress.

"Are you hard, Marvin?"

"Yes, Mistress." He realized it was the truth. His ass was burning, he was barely breathing but his dick was hard. Rock hard and pressing against the bed. A few more pumps of his hips and he could come.

"Remember," she said. "Don't come until I give you permission."

He nodded, knowing he wasn't able to speak. Couldn't make words actually come out of his mouth in a coherent fashion. Of course, that didn't stop his hips from moving. Oh damn, that was it. If he rocked his hips, his cock rubbed against the satin bedspread. He could come. Just a few more strokes.

"Only good boys who obey get to lick my pussy."

The warning gave him the strength to stop. He'd thought about it. Imagined it. Being at her feet, kneeling, his face buried between her thighs. Yes, he wanted that.

She pinched his ass and gave it one more smack with the paddle. Fire shot through his groin, the need to come a brutal grip on his cock. He arched his back, sticking his ass out, keeping his cock away from the soft bedspread and silently begging for more.

"One more. Shall I give you one more?" She scraped her nails across the hot flesh of his ass, intensifying the burn in streaks across his skin.

"Yes, Mistress, please." He could take one more. One more and not come. He couldn't come. The promise of licking her pussy was too tempting. He wanted it.

He tensed, his fingers clinging to the bedcover to hold him in place, his body simultaneously craving and fearing the next stroke. He waited, breathless, the anticipation making it worse. The swish of the air moments before the paddle smacked his ass was his only warning, then the fire burned across his skin, sinking deep, drawing out a low groan.

She tapped Marvin's backside. "You may stand."

Marvin pushed into the mattress and tried to find the strength in his legs to keep him upright. He slowly turned and faced Lissa. She wasn't much taller than he was but power radiated from her. The paddle in her hand only added to her strength.

She fingered the handle like she was considering using it again. His ass burned and tingled already. He wasn't sure he could take more. "On your knees, sweetness."

Marvin sank to his knees and stared at her, his gaze lifting to focus on her pussy, hidden behind the soft leather skirt.

She didn't say anything. Didn't give him permission to move. He waited as long as he could, the anticipation keeping his dick hard, until he thought he'd come just from looking at her.

"Mistress, may I...?" He let the question fade.

"May you what, Marvin?"

He swallowed. "Mistress, may I lick your pussy?"

"You took your punishment well, so yes, Marvin, you may lick my pussy."

The words sent a shiver down his spine. Lissa didn't move. She crossed her arms over her chest and stared down. Waiting for her nod of permission, he raised his hands and pushed the tight leather skirt up and out of the way, revealing her naked, *bare* pussy.

A warm musky perfume surrounded him. Her pussy juices glittered in the light, teasing him. He licked his lips, imagining his tongue sliding between those soft lips.

Lissa laughed. "Just a little bit oral, are we?"

He felt his cheeks turn red and nodded.

She tapped his cheek with her palm. "That's not a bad thing, Marvin."

"May I – ?"

"Yes, Marvin."

His heart pounded loud in his ears as he leaned forward and opened his mouth, reaching out with a tentative tongue, sampling the thick liquid coating her pussy lips. He groaned as the subtle flavor hit his tongue.

Moving more with desire than any true intent, Marvin slipped his tongue between her slick lips, searching for more of the delicious taste. He followed the tight path to her opening and dipped his tongue inside.

"That's it, Marvin." Lissa spread her legs a little wider. The husky tone of her voice made his cock jerk. She murmured softly, guiding him to her clit.

He swirled his tongue around the tight nub, listening as she whispered—instructions, encouragement, low breathy moans. He lost himself in the flavors and textures of her pussy, exploring, sinking his tongue as deep as he could go, wanting more. The tight, slick walls of her cunt closed around his penetration and he moaned, imagining how it would feel to have his cock buried in this wet heat.

Her hips rocked, moving the slick flesh against his tongue. He caught her rhythm, thrusting his tongue to meet her. His hips pulsed along with her movements, his cock hard and fucking the air, wanting to be inside her, fucking her.

Tastes and textures overwhelmed him. He needed more, wanted to feel her come against his mouth.

He grabbed her ass and held her in place, stabbing his tongue into her, drawing back and sucking on her clit before returning to tongue-fuck her sweet cunt. Liquid coated his lips, dripping onto his chin as he licked and tasted, loving the musky flavor that covered his tongue.

"No." She moaned and pushed him away, simultaneously taking a step back and breaking his hold. Her breasts rose and fell in hard, fast pants. She tugged down the skirt, hiding her cunt from his sight. Marvin licked his lips, savoring the pussy juices clinging to his mouth. More. He wanted more.

Lissa drew in a deep breath, stretching the limits of her vest, then exhaled very slowly. It was Marvin's turn to smile. He'd pushed her to the edge of her control, to the point where she'd had to retreat, regroup.

"Very nice." Her lips pressed together in a thin line. "But don't get cocky."

"Yes, Mistress."

Her eyes tightened, no doubt because of the slightly smug tone of his reply.

"Get on the bed, Marvin." She smacked the paddle against her hand as if to remind him his ass could burn even more. The sight tugged at his cock and he lost all traces of arrogance. "Yes, Mistress."

He stood and crawled onto the high mattress. The movement stretched his backside and renewed the tingling across his skin.

"On your back. Hands above your head."

He followed the instructions without hesitation. The mattress shifted beneath him, taking Lissa's weight as she climbed up beside him. She crawled over to him, straddling his hips with her thighs, the tight leather skirt scrunched up around her hips, leaving her delicious pussy bare. Her flesh glowed in the candlelight. She stayed high on her knees, above him, letting him see her naked cunt.

She leaned forward, her breasts still bound in the tight vest. The scent of her cunt and leather and a subtle perfume that seemed to belong only to Lissa teased his nose and Marvin inhaled, loving the combination. She smelled like pure sex. And tasted divine.

He stared at the top curves of her breasts and licked his lips, imagining her nipples in his mouth, wanting to compare them to Jeremy's.

She chuckled. "You are an oral little thing, aren't you? Let me get you ready and you can suck my tits if you'd like."

"Yes please," he said though he didn't understand what she meant by "getting him ready". He was as ready as he could be without actually fucking something. His cock had been hard to the point of pain for what seemed like hours.

She stretched forward and teased the skin around his wrists, soothing them with silky touches that remained as she leaned back. Marvin assumed that was permission for him to move as well and tried to lower his arms.

They stopped inches from the headboard. He arched his back and looked behind him. Silk cuffs coiled around his wrists and connected to the straps he'd seen on the bedposts earlier.

"Mistress?"

"Don't worry, sweetness. You'll still get fucked, but I like seeing you stretched out and restrained."

His throat tightened and his heart thumped in his chest so loud his ears started to ring. He wasn't sure this was fun anymore.

She bent forward, sliding down, her hips going high so he could see the curve of her ass as she knelt over him. Light glittered in her eyes as she watched him. She opened her mouth and laved her tongue across his nipple, sending a spark from the flat peak to his cock. His hips swung up. He opened his mouth to beg but all that came out was a grunt.

She raised her eyes, her lips breezing across his skin as she spoke. "Like that?"

"Yes, Mistress." The words sounded strained and tense even in his own brain. Marvin looked up. His knuckles were white as he gripped the straps holding his body in place as she repeated the caress, adding the almost pain of a bite at the end. He pulled on the straps, needing to reach her, slam her down on his dick. Low tinkling laughter rippled along his skin as she turned and gave his other nipple the same treatment. Wood groaned as he strained, every muscle in his body contracting.

She sat up, spreading her legs wide and placing the burning heat of her pussy against his stomach. Liquid branded his skin, sending a shaft of fire, well, into his shaft. She pressed her hand into his pecs, holding him in place.

"You've been such a good boy. You deserve a treat."

Lissa reached to the lace tying the edges of her vest together. She watched him as her fingers plucked at the bow, pulling long on the leather strap. The sides began to separate and she inhaled, pushing her breasts into the opening, the sweet curves pressing forward, straining to be released.

She gave one final tug on the string and the sides of her vest pulled apart. Her movements were slow and sensual, deliberately teasing him.

She shrugged the leather vest away, leaving her breasts bare, the tight nipples pushing forward. The firm mounds shimmied as she reached up and fluffed her hair. She hummed quietly.

"Like what you see, Marvin?"

"Yes, Mistress."

She trailed her finger around her breasts, stroking her nipples. He watched a shiver run down her spine as she teased the tight peaks. Her eyes twinkled. She leaned forward, planting her hands beside his head.

"Want to taste?"

"God yes."

She smiled and leaned down, closer but making him reach for what he wanted. He strained, pulling his body up, his lips closer. He opened his mouth and stroked one long lick across her nipple. A low moan trickled from her throat so he repeated the caress, the hard peak pushing against his tongue as he licked, the flavor of her skin a muted, sweeter version of the hot liquid between her thighs.

He savored the layers of sensation—the texture of her skin, the hard nipple against his tongue, the flavors. He mimicked what he'd learned licking her pussy and swirled his tongue around the peak before he sucked. Lissa moaned and her hips rolled, rubbing her pussy against his stomach. The heat was incredible, melting him. Wanting to give her more, he drew harder, pressing her nipple to the roof of his mouth. A lovely groan slipped from her lips.

She pushed against his shoulders, pulling him off her nipple. He whimpered at the loss and tried to fight her grip.

"Behave, Marvin." The command in her voice froze his muscles. He looked up at her. "Or I might decide you haven't been good enough to fuck my pussy."

"No, please, Mistress. I need—" The mere thought of missing out on feeling her cunt wrapped around his cock was enough to make him ease back. "Please."

She nodded and leaned down, bending over almost in half to trail her tongue up the centerline of his stomach, right between the rippling muscles of his abs. He ground his teeth together and held still, unwilling to risk her withdrawal.

"Such a good boy." As if to reward him, she reached between his legs and palmed his balls, squeezing just enough to make his eyes widen, not enough that he let the whimper lodged in his throat escape. Green eyes blazing into his, she straightened. The leather skirt was crushed high above her hips, leaving her pussy in the shadow but he didn't need to see it to feel the heat, the slick liquid coating his skin as she moved over him.

"Do you want to fuck me, Marvin?"

"Please, God yes." The words stumbled from his lips.

Lissa tipped her head to the side, the corners of those bright green eyes tightening down, a reminder of her strength and his position.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. Forgive my outburst." He did his best to lower his gaze but given his position, that was difficult.

She trailed her fingertips along the edge of his cheek. "Don't worry, Marvin. I'll just punish you later."

He gulped. "Thank you, Mistress."

"Now, do you want to answer my question properly?"

"Yes, please, may I fuck you?" Though technically, she was going to be fucking him because he was flat on his back with his hands tied above his head but at this point he didn't give a damn. He just wanted his cock inside her.

She pushed up high on her knees and for a moment he thought she was going to climb off him. He grabbed the straps in his hands, fighting their restraint, struggling to reach for her, to hold her in place.

Every muscle in his body relaxed as she cupped his cock in her hand. Well, almost every muscle.

He groaned and pumped against the slim warmth of her fingers. Focused now, she guided the tip to her pussy and slowly sank down. Heat enveloped his cock, setting his soul on fire. He groaned, struggling not to thrust up, drive himself into her pussy. She hummed, the sound approving, making him fight harder to maintain his control. She spread her legs, pushing his cock deeper into her cunt.

"Very good, Marvin." She whispered the praise even as she lifted up, retreating, stopping, with just his cock head remaining inside her. She rubbed her palms across his chest, her fingers pressing into his muscles, making sure he felt each individual fingertip. She curled her hands until her fingernails bit into his skin and scraped her hands down his chest, sending bright streaks of pain into his skin. The burning distracted him for a moment, one breathless second before she plunged down, slamming his cock, full and hard, into her pussy.

Marvin dropped his head back and groaned, the sound scratching his throat, his hips driving up to meet her downward thrust. Lissa's laugh sparkled in the air and she pulled back, once more sliding almost off his cock.

"That's it, sweetness." Even as she finished her praise she pressed down, the tight walls of her cunt gripping him, heating his dick until he thought it would explode. He pulled on the restraints, trying to reach for her, to hold her in place so he could fuck her.

"Please," he begged. "I'm going to come," he whispered.

Lissa shook her head, her eyes glittering and her lips pink and wet from his kisses. "Not yet, sweetness. I'm not done with you." She didn't retreat. She placed her hands on his stomach and slowly slid them upward until her palms rested on his pecs. "Hold out and it will feel so good."

He tried to take a deep breath but pressure around his chest only allowed a shallow gasp. She bent forward and placed her open mouth on his. Marvin grabbed at the invitation and drove his tongue between her lips, moaning as the warm flavor filled him. Hot and wet, just like her cunt. She pulled back, kissing and biting her way down his throat, her hips still pumping up and down, slow, so every time he entered her he thought he'd come but there wasn't enough pressure. He needed more.

"That's it, sweetness. Do you like the feel of my cunt around this hard cock?" She rolled her hips forward and Marvin thought his eyes might explode.

"Yes!" he shouted.

She chuckled and pressed down, sinking him deep again and stopping, his dick buried in her pussy.

"Very good, now breathe through it. Hold out. Don't come yet."

Marvin gripped the restraints and tried to follow her instruction. It was almost impossible. His chest was tight and his cock needed—

The door popped open and Jeremy strolled in. "Are you done with him yet? Alex is getting antsy."

"He can wait. You played with him for hours." Lissa pushed up and drove down hard, pushing him deep. She gasped and bit her lower lip. "It's my turn." She flipped her hair back over her shoulder. "But you can play if you'd like."

She lifted her hips and gave two slow, subtle pulses, designed, Marvin was sure, to keep him rock hard inside her. He clenched his teeth together and fought not to scream. "He's just so sweet." She drove his cock inside her again.

It was difficult to track the conversation going around him with the steady squeeze and pull around his dick. The mattress tipped to the left and Marvin realized Jeremy had joined them, naked, climbing onto the bed, his cock hard. He crawled forward, stopping long enough to share a hot, open-mouthed kiss with Lissa. Marvin licked his lips, wanting to feel the same, wanting those tongues in his mouth. He pressed up, fighting his restraints. The movement shifted Marvin inside Lissa's cunt and she pulled back.

"Impatient little thing, aren't you?" she asked but there was more laughter than reprimand in the question.

He didn't know how to answer and wasn't really sure he had the ability to speak at this moment. It was all too much for his beleaguered mind.

"Well, since he's not answering me as a good boy should—" Marvin's eyes got wide. *Please don't let her stop. Please, Mistress, don't stop.* He never got a chance to mutter those words. She looked to Jeremy. "Maybe you can give him something productive to do with his mouth."

"Love to." Jeremy grinned and winked...and came closer, his hard cock drawing nearer. Marvin instinctively opened his mouth, lapping at the drop of pre-cum adorning the tip. "That's good, honey." The newly familiar taste teased his senses, making him crave more. Jeremy pressed forward, pushing the first two inches of cock between Marvin's lips. He rubbed his tongue along the underside of the head, humming softly. This was good. He didn't think that having Lissa fuck him could get any better but this was better. He opened his mouth wider to take more but Jeremy pulled back.

"Wha - ?"

Jeremy grimaced and shook his head. "Sorry, Lissa, this isn't going to work."

Marvin opened his mouth to protest. It would work. He could make it work. Whatever he was doing wrong, he could do better.

Lissa sighed. "Fine. You can undo that hand."

Jeremy reached for the strap that held Marvin's left hand to the bedpost.

"He just looked so delicious all spread out." She murmured the words and slid another ten-fingered scratch down the middle of his chest. The bright streaks illuminated his skin and he arched into the caress. "He takes it so well."

Jeremy eased Marvin's arm down by his side and cuddled closer, getting his knee behind Marvin's shoulder and cupping his hand around Marvin's neck. Marvin groaned, understanding, pleased that Jeremy had thought of it. Now he had full access to that delicious cock. Comfortably. He opened his mouth, his tongue flicking out, needing to taste.

"Are you two ready?" Lissa asked, a touch of exasperation tainting her voice.

Jeremy chuckled. "Just fuck him, Lissa."

Yes, fuck me. He couldn't speak. Jeremy's cock filled his mouth, slow and deep. He sucked as Jeremy pulled back but then Lissa moved, riding his cock. She started out slow, but with each thrust, the power and speed built, driving him harder and deeper into her pussy.

Marvin groaned around the dick in his mouth.

His senses were overwhelmed and he just let his body go, fucking hard up against Lissa's downward thrusts, sucking every time Jeremy filled his mouth, loving the tastes and textures, the fire of Lissa's nails painting his chest.

Sensations pounded at him, highlighting his nerves, making his muscles burn.

He wasn't going to last much longer, couldn't. With his free hand, he reached between their bodies and cupped Lissa's ass, pulling her down, harder. Her cry rang through his head. A surge of masculine satisfaction filled his brain and he grunted, sucking Jeremy's cock deeper, loving the way they moved together—Lissa's pussy riding his dick, Jeremy's shaft sliding in and out of his mouth. Despite the fact that both moved on him, he felt powerful. He was the source of their pleasure.

He held Lissa's hip, pushing her down as he thrust up, sinking deeper, every inch of her cunt wrapping around his cock and squeezing.

Jeremy's cry came a heartbeat before he spilled, coming hard down Marvin's throat. Marvin swallowed as much as he could, his body reacting and taking it all in. He barely noticed when Jeremy slipped his cock from his mouth, his body and the small portion of his brain capable of thought centered on the woman fucking his cock.

She tipped her head back and groaned. "Good boy. That's it, Marvin. Again, just like that."

He slammed his hips upward, driving deep into her pussy, the wet walls clinging to his cock as he filled her, straining to go deeper, to fuck her and please her. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she thrust down, slamming his hips into hers.

"Yes, again. Come for me, Marvin."

Her words penetrated his brain even as she cried out. Her cunt contracted around him, tiny flutters that gripped him just enough. He pushed up, one more hard thrust, trying to get as deep in her as he could as he came, pouring his cum into her pussy.

## **Chapter Four**

Dazed, unsure how much time had passed, Marvin heard Lissa whisper that it was time for him to get up. Time for him to face Alex.

He slid off the high mattress, his knees wobbling for a moment before he braced himself and was able to stand. His fingers gripped the bedpost to keep his legs steady.

Jeremy's chuckle reached him and he would have been mortified except he was beyond embarrassment. And even as he laughed, Jeremy cupped Marvin's cheek in his hand and turned his head, pulling him close for a slow, sexy kiss. "I know what it's like, honey. She can fuck the strength out of you."

Marvin nodded. "But it was worth it."

Jeremy's mouth kicked up in a smile. "Fuck, yeah."

A masculine bond vibrated between them. They shared a smile and another kiss.

"I'm not quite done with you, Marvin." Lissa's words lilted across the air, somehow sounding innocent and sexual at the same time. His cock twitched in weak response, trying to get hard but there was no way. He'd come three times with Jeremy. Just once with Lissa—but, fuck, it had been a doozy. Even in Fairy Tale Land where everything was perfect, there was no way he could get hard again. Not happening. Ever.

"I can't, Lissa," he said shaking his head. She leaned in, her nipples pressing against his bare chest. Just the light touch made his cock struggle to respond.

"It's okay, sweetness. You don't have to do anything but lay there and take it." She stepped back, the commanding light returning to her eyes. "Turn around and bend over."

Marvin felt his eyes widen. He gulped and looked at Jeremy, searching for that bond they'd just created, searching for some comfort. Jeremy winked and took a step back.

The compulsive swallow pushed the fear down into his stomach. What did she have planned? More spanking? His ass still burned from the paddling she'd given him earlier.

But that didn't stop his body from responding. Every touch had ended in pleasure and he couldn't resist the temptation of more.

He turned and followed her instruction, bending forward, pushing his ass out. The blatant, open position sent another wicked shiver down his spine. It amazed him that in such a short time his body would be trained to accept so much pleasure.

"Still pink. Alex will be pleased." Lissa smacked Marvin's ass, two hard pops with her palm, reigniting the heat in his skin. "Alex will be even more pleased when he finds you open and ready to take his cock."

Marvin groaned, his dick springing back to life at the mere mention of Alex fucking him.

"That's it, sweetness." Lissa smoothed her hand down his ass. "You're going to love it when Alex shoves that big hard cock in your tight little hole."

Her words rang through his brain and Marvin moved, rocking his hips back hoping for more, more heat, more...just more.

"He loves it," Jeremy whispered.

"Alex is going to enjoy him," Lissa agreed, her tone low and sexy, almost hungry. The heat of her cunt warmed his skin as she pressed against his hip, the scent of her pussy juice filling the air and making his mouth water, craving more. "That's it. Lean forward just a bit more, sweetness."

A low groan slipped from his mouth as he leaned forward, pushing up on his toes, offering his ass for whatever she wanted to do to it. The image ricocheted through his

brain and he dropped his head to the mattress. Exhaustion threatened but there was too much to experience, so much that he didn't want to miss.

Cool and slick fingers slid down the crack of his ass even as she rubbed her pussy against his hip. The delicious combination of hot and cold unbalanced his senses, making him crave more of both. Pressure teased his ass, a brief flicker before she pushed in, one long finger penetrating him. She rocked against him, humping his hip. "That's it. Ooh, you take it so well." Her finger slid in and out of him, fucking him in shallow, slow strokes. The foreign movement sparked his nerves and his back arched. She withdrew and seconds later returned with two fingers slow and steady. Not too deep, just enough to make him feel it.

She spread her legs, wrapping one sleek thigh around his, pulsing up against him. "Take more." Her fingers slipped out and harder, thicker fingers replaced hers. Jeremy.

"It's okay, sweetness. Just getting you ready."

Lissa continued to rock her pussy against his hip, her liquid spilling down his skin as Jeremy finger-fucked his ass, two fingers riding in and out until Marvin couldn't stand it anymore.

"Please!" The one word seemed to be enough, seemed to be what they were waiting for.

Jeremy pulled his fingers from inside Marvin's ass even as Lissa released a high long groan. Liquid drenched his thigh as she rode her orgasm to its finish. Just being a part of her climax was sweet.

He pushed against the mattress, ready to straighten, but a strong hand in the middle of his back held him still. More chilly lube coated his ass and then pressure, hard solid pressure. Even as he wondered what was happening he remembered the butt plug that had been displayed on the bed. The chilly penetration lasted only a moment, stretching him to an almost painful reach then easing, with the plug situated solidly inside his ass. He cried out, the delicious weight filling him. The foreign sensation frightened him but he wanted more.

"Oh, yes. Alex is going to love fucking you."

"Hmm, yes." The soft reply slipped from Marvin's mouth as Jeremy nudged the butt plug in a little deeper.

"Good?"

Marvin nodded, his body adjusting to the sensation of being filled.

"Alex is quite a bit bigger than that tiny plug." Lissa's fingers skipped across his ass. "But he's going to go crazy when he sees it in you."

Marvin groaned, his mind creating the most devastating images—Alex hard and huge, driving his cock in and out of Marvin's ass. His cock twitched, the damn thing rebounding.

"Stand up, sweetness." He followed Lissa's instruction, the plug shifting inside him. A low cry burst from his throat. He clenched his ass, keeping the plug in place. "That's it. Take it slow."

He nodded and took a tentative step toward the door. The little plug didn't weigh much but its presence made his ass pulse.

"C-clothes?" He looked around. His trousers lay on the floor but there was no way he could bend over to pick them up. He glanced up at Lissa, then Jeremy, silently asking for their help.

Jeremy shrugged. "You won't need them and if Alex finds out you're wearing that plug, he'd just rip them off you anyway."

"You just go next door and wait on that big 'ole bed," Lissa added. "Alex won't have the patience to unwrap you tonight."

Again Marvin nodded. He took a shallow breath and continued toward the door, each step rocking the plug.

"Oh, and Marvin—" Lissa's voice stopped him as he reached for the door. "You're not allowed to touch that pretty cock of yours. No making yourself come. Alex will be there soon enough and he's going to want you hard and ready."

"Yes, Mistress."

\* \* \* \* \*

Alex paced the living room. He'd come downstairs, intent on fixing Lissa's chair, but hadn't been able to concentrate. He'd heard the sounds—the grunts, the moans, even the smacks of Lissa's paddle against Goldilocks' ass—and he'd stopped and listened, imagining what was going on in that room. He reached down and slipped his hand over his cock, just touching, imagining Marvin's fingers stroking him.

He shook his head and started to pace again. Fuck, when was Lissa going to be done with him?

Not that there would be much left for Alex to play with. Between Jeremy making him come three times and God knows how many times Lissa got him off, Goldilocks was going to be a melted pile of goo. Not that Alex minded that state, as long as he was the one who got the person that way. He didn't relish fucking a guy who was more interested in sleep than the cock up his ass.

He'd sent Jeremy upstairs to check on Lissa, to find out how much longer she was going to be, not so he could join in. Fuck, even through the closed door he could hear Jeremy's groans. Whatever the hell they were doing to him, it made him loud.

And made Alex's dick hard.

Damn, he should have taken him first. Kicked Jeremy out of his own room and fucked Goldilocks until he admitted that he belonged to Alex.

The thought jolted him. Even the sound of Marvin's shout echoing from upstairs barely registered in his brain.

What was he thinking? Marvin—Goldilocks, whatever—didn't belong to Alex. A strange ache filled his chest and he rubbed his fingertips into the hard muscle above his heart. It made no sense. He'd seen the guy for minutes. So why had he been thinking about Marvin for the past three hours? Wanting him. Wanting to rip him away from Lissa and Jeremy. He'd never felt possessive before.

Or he didn't think so. The past was strangely blurred, a weird combination of memories and dreams but somehow he knew that he'd never cared who else had fucked his lovers...until now.

But why Marvin?

"Arrrgh!" The sound helped clear out the mocking voice in his brain.

"Well, that sounded like a bear with a wounded paw."

He spun around and saw Lissa and Jeremy leaning over the railing at the top of the stairs. Both of them looked pretty fucking satisfied.

"What do you want?" he demanded, the strange thoughts turning to anger.

"Ooh, he does sound like a bear, all big and growly." Jeremy giggled.

"You two are fucking trying my fucking patience."

Lissa looked at Jeremy. "'Fucking' twice in one sentence."

"Hmm, what could he be thinking about?"

"Maybe fucking our little visitor?"

"You think? It was certainly an enjoyable experience."

Alex growled. "Did you fuck his ass?" That ass belonged to him.

"No." Jeremy rolled his eyes. "You said not to."

"I didn't either," Lissa said. He knew she had several strap-on cocks and together they'd fucked Jeremy — Alex in his mouth, Lissa in his ass.

"Well, uh, good." Alex looked around, not sure quite what to do. What he wanted to do was bound up the stairs and find Marvin but he restrained himself.

"He's in your room," Lissa said. Alex nodded but didn't move toward the stairs.

"He's waiting for you," Jeremy added in a singsong voice.

The two of them shared a conspirator's smile.

"And he's ready to take every inch," Lissa added with wink. She looked at Jeremy and flipped her head toward the bedrooms. "I think Alex needs a moment to gather his

courage. Let's you and I go play." They turned and started toward Lissa's room. "Have fun with him," she called, her voice tripping down over the stairs.

Fun. That's right. That's all this is. Hell, once he was done with Marvin, Alex would send him on his way. Pain stabbed in his chest but he ignored it. He would go upstairs, fuck Marvin and then send him on his way. He put his foot on the first step. Well, maybe he could stay for a little while longer, Alex thought. I had been thinking about fucking him more than once. But just tonight and then he has to leave. Unless Lissa or Jeremy want him again. That might take some time. Lissa rushed it a bit, Alex knew, because he'd left her so ready to fuck.

Ah, hell, whatever. I'm just going to go in there, fuck him and then figure out what happens next.

It sounded like a reasonable, logical plan, but he couldn't quite make himself walk through the door.

Marvin perched himself on the side of the high bed, feeling as if he was a child waiting for punishment. His ass still stung from Lissa's spanking but licking her cunt and, God, having her riding his cock had made the tiny jolts worth every stroke. His ass burned, a steady heat to remind him of what happened.

But now he waited for Alex and the anticipation was killing him.

He thought about getting up and pacing but the plug in his ass kept him in place. Every time he moved, the thing shifted inside him, making his cock harder.

In truth, he should make his escape, run from the house as he'd planned from the beginning. There was no one watching the door. He'd more than paid for the damage with Lissa's punishment. He groaned at the memory. Not much of a punishment really. Not when it felt so good.

And that's what kept him sitting there when he should have left, should have returned to Headquarters and erased the tale. He wanted to know what happened next. If it went as expected, what happened next would be Alex fucking him. Marvin

squeezed his knees together, enjoying the shift of the butt plug. He wanted more, wanted to feel Alex's cock in his ass.

The big man had been his focus from the moment he arrived. He desired Lissa and Jeremy but Alex was different. It no doubt had to do with the dose of Fairy Dust, but he felt a connection to Alex that he didn't with the other two. Even knowing the Fairy Dust was responsible, he couldn't ignore the pull toward the big man.

True love.

The words whispered in his brain and he shivered. Could that be it? Fairy tales were filled with finding true love and eyes meeting across crowded rooms. Was Alex his true love?

Even as he thought the words, the door creaked open and the man filled the opening.

Marvin gulped. The look on Alex's face wasn't about true love. It was about fucking. Marvin's ass clenched around the plug and he fought to hold back his groan. Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

"Good evening, Marvin."

Too late.

"Hi." He raised his hand in weak greeting, feeling young and unsure. At Headquarters, he was in charge, in command. Here, he was at the mercy of the man before him. And from the grim set of his eyes, Alex didn't have much mercy.

Marvin whimpered. Why did that make his cock even harder?

"Did you have fun with Jeremy and Lissa?" Alex closed the door behind him and strolled in. Marvin nodded more from the pleasure of seeing Alex walk toward him than in response to the question. "Did you let either of them fuck your ass?"

"No." He squirmed a bit, not sure how to bring up the plug Lissa had put inside him. Alex would find it soon enough.

"Good." He was close now. So close Marvin could smell him. He smelled like the forest, pine and earth, strong and sweet enough that Marvin wanted to taste, see if that sweetness would translate on his tongue. Alex cupped his hand under Marvin's chin and tipped it back, forcing Marvin's head up. "So pretty." He ran his thumb across Marvin's lower lip, the flesh tingling as he passed.

Unable to resist tasting, Marvin flicked his tongue out, catching the edge of Alex's thumb.

Alex didn't smile but light flashed in his eyes. Marvin felt another shiver skate across his skin. His cock twitched against his leg and he crossed his arms over his groin, trying to hide the reaction. That brought the corner of Alex's lips up in a half grin. He leaned down, putting his hands on the bed beside Marvin's naked hips. The movement was predatory, making him look dangerous. Very much like the bear he'd been before the Fairy Dust had changed him.

Fear almost made Marvin back away but lust kept him in position as Alex brushed his lips across Marvin's. *Oh, yes.* He'd loved Jeremy's and Lissa's kisses. Marvin moved with the caress, wanting more. Alex pressed another light kiss to Marvin's lips, flicking his tongue against the peak of Marvin's upper lip.

"Jeremy says you hadn't ever sucked cock before."

"No." The confession no longer embarrassed him. Neither Jeremy nor Lissa seemed to mind. Besides, now he had a little experience. Knew how it felt to have a cock in his mouth. Knew that he liked it and that he wanted to taste Alex. He just didn't know how to ask for it.

"Have you ever taken it up the ass?" Alex whispered the question while he kissed his way down Marvin's neck. When Marvin didn't immediately answer, Alex nipped his skin. The almost painful bite jolted Marvin out of his fog.

"No."

"Hmm." He rubbed his nose against Marvin's cheek, his breath hot against Marvin's skin as he spoke. "It's going to hurt, just a bit."

"Yes." Marvin almost winced at the desperate hungry sound to his voice. He wanted Alex to fuck him. The whole evening had been leading up to this, every touch and caress from Jeremy and Lissa had been leading him here...to Alex.

"You're going to love it."

"Yes," Marvin moaned again, turning his head and kissing Alex, sliding his tongue inside the other man's mouth, needing to taste him, to feel that connection. Alex allowed Marvin to lead for a moment then took control, cradling Marvin's neck and guiding him into position so their mouths fit together, open. Spicy heat coated his tongue as Alex twined his tongue around Marvin's, drawing him closer, every inch of his mouth explored and tasted.

When Alex drew back, he was breathing hard and Marvin felt some of the tension in his chest release. Alex wanted this. He wanted to fuck Marvin, almost as much as Marvin wanted to get fucked. Somehow he didn't think anything could equal his desire to finally feel all the sensations he'd been observing through the Looking Glass.

Alex flicked his bangs out of his eyes and straightened. He reached for the snaps on his vest and Marvin watched, intrigued by the tanned skin that appeared, wanting to run his hands across the thick muscles. Alex pulled back the edges of his vest and Marvin couldn't hold back any longer. He grabbed, slapping his palms against Alex's chest, his fingers biting into the solid, firm flesh. Heat burned his skin. He groaned and pressed harder.

Alex grinned. "Greedy." But he didn't back away. Marvin nodded and ran his hands down the hard muscles. The hours spent with Jeremy and Lissa had taught him well. He knew what felt good and knew what he wanted. He leaned close and lapped at one flat nipple. Alex grunted and pushed forward, encouraging Marvin's exploration.

The thought that all this glorious skin and muscle was his to play with made his cock throb. Almost worse than the plug in his ass. And there was no way to resist. He stroked and touched, sampling the muscled lines with his lips and teeth, loving the sounds that came from Alex, returning time again to his nipples.

He focused his attention on the broad chest before him. He scraped his teeth across Alex's nipple, drawing another sexy growl from his lover.

Alex slid his hands off the mattress and down Marvin's legs, grabbing his knees and spreading him, dragging him close to edge of the bed. The plug still buried in his ass vibrated and sent a delicious shock up his spine. He groaned and his head fell back. Alex took advantage and bent down, taking Marvin's mouth in a kiss that singed his toes. It was perfect. The wicked tingles in his ass, Alex's mouth on his and hot, hard flesh to stroke and lick. He groaned, fighting the urge to come before Alex had even fucked him.

The lack of oxygen made his head spin but he couldn't stop the kiss. He sucked on Alex's tongue, deciding he didn't need to breathe. It was a frickin' fairy tale after all. Surely he could survive without air if it meant being kissed by Alex.

Warmth trailed back up his legs. Alex's hands were huge, cupping Marvin's ass in one firm grip. He squirmed and moaned into Alex's mouth, loving the heat and strength. Alex slid his fingers into the slit between Marvin's cheeks, dipping down, his fingertips finding the base of the plug. He leaned back, pulling his mouth away. The loss of Alex's kiss shocked Marvin into awareness.

"What ...?"

"What's this?" He nudged the plug, rubbing it into Marvin's ass.

"L-Lissa." Another nudge. "She put it in. T-to get me ready for you."

Heat flared in Alex's eyes. "Turn over."

Feeling exposed and more than a little vulnerable, Marvin shifted back, needing space to roll over and Alex wasn't moving. The light brush of Alex's leather trousers against his bare skin inspired another shiver. Finally, in the circle of Alex's arms, he managed to turn, presenting his ass to Alex.

"Hmm, she turned you nice and pink too." He ran his hand down Marvin's ass, the warmth soothing against the burning pain of Lissa's strokes. "Have you come since she put that plug in?"

"No. She said I couldn't."

Alex chuckled. "She's a wicked little bitch, isn't she?" He reached beneath Marvin and lifted, raising his hips higher into the air. Marvin supported himself on his elbows, his thighs quivering. Heat surrounded his cock as Alex gave him two slow strokes. "Do you need to come now?"

Marvin nodded, then shook his head.

"Well, which is it?" Alex asked, not stopping his steady pumps.

"I-I want you to fuck me. Want to come with you inside me."

The firm hand on his dick stopped moving and silence vibrated from the space behind him. Afraid that he'd somehow offended Alex, Marvin twisted, looking over his shoulder.

Alex stared back at him, desire humming through his bright blue eyes.

"Baby, you could find yourself fucked hard if you keep saying things like that."

The endearment combined with the lust in Alex's gaze drove a wild surge of power into Marvin's chest. He wiggled his ass, just a small shimmy, to get Alex's attention.

"That's what I want."

The heat in those beautiful blue eyes flashed. "Then, fuck, baby. That's what you're going to get."

Alex nudged the butt plug again.

"Time to take this out so I can get to the business of fucking this tight ass." Alex smoothed his hand across Marvin's back. He moaned and arched into the caress. "Just relax, baby."

Marvin nodded, his body tensing even as he told himself to relax. He forced himself to inhale and concentrate on loosening his muscles. Alex's hands eased him further so he was ready when Alex gripped the base of the plug. He felt a tug and sighed, letting go of the plug. He dropped his head on the mattress, hiding for just a moment, imagining how he must look—splayed out, naked, wanton.

"So hot, baby. I'm going to make you scream."

Alex's murmured caress soothed him almost as much as his touch.

A warm cloth stroked across his ass then it disappeared and Alex's hands returned, hot and hard. Marvin shifted, tipping his ass upward. He felt empty, needy. The hours before had been preparation for this moment. He needed to be fucked.

"That plug won't be much help, baby. I'm still going to stretch this pretty ass."

A cool slick finger teased his opening, a warning before Alex pushed in, the movement slow, almost gentle. The plug had opened Marvin up so the finger slipped in without pain.

Marvin moaned and pushed back, sinking Alex's finger deeper.

"Don't be greedy. You're new to this."

"Feels good."

"Then maybe I should give you more."

Alex withdrew then pushed forward, two fingers sliding into Marvin's ass, slow and fluid and burning just a little.

"That's it, baby. Let me in. Fuck, you're going to be so tight."

Marvin squirmed and pressed back, trying to slide Alex deeper. The combination of Alex's words and the slow finger fuck was making Marvin crazy.

"Please."

"Soon, baby. I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't. Fuck me." The desperation in his voice might have appalled him if he hadn't felt the hot press of Alex's lips on his spine, the swipe of his tongue.

"Almost there, then I'm going to be inside you." He eased his fingers forward, a little harder. "Fucking this sweet ass, making you mine."

"Yes!" He couldn't take any more. "Please, Alex. I need you." He pushed his ass back, driving Alex's fingers a little deeper, drawing a groan from the big man.

"Such a pretty little slut." The murmured words only made the desire worse. Marvin spread his legs a little wider, opening himself even more.

Alex pulled his fingers out, leaving Marvin empty.

"No, please." The plea echoed off the walls but he needed too much to worry about pride.

"I won't leave you, baby." And then Alex was there, the thick cock pushing in. Even stretched, the broad head burned as it entered him. He opened his mouth, gasping in air, countering the delicious pain as Alex filled him. He must have whimpered because Alex stopped. "Too much?"

"No. Good." *So good.* He leaned back trying to take more. Alex grabbed his hips, holding him so he couldn't move, couldn't hurry him along. The desire to be claimed overwhelmed him. "Please."

Alex grunted and more hot cock slid into his ass. Marvin stuffed a bit of the blanket into his mouth to keep from crying out. It hurt but it felt good, like scratching, the pain taking away a worse ache. Making everything bright and clear.

Alex kept going, sliding that thick cock in. The pain built until it was almost too much. Almost. So full. He couldn't take much more. Then he felt it, the warmth of Alex's groin against his ass, the tight curls that surrounded his dick teasing Marvin's overly sensitive skin.

"Is that all right, baby?"

He nodded, not sure but knowing he didn't want Alex to pull out. He'd come too far.

"Just stay still for a moment, huh, baby? Then I'll fuck you, make you scream. Want it to feel good."

Just hearing the words took away some of the pain, the promise of Alex coming inside him. His body eased around the thick shaft buried in him, adapting to the

penetration. They knelt there, bodies locked together. Alex ran his hands across Marvin's skin, caresses that made the ache in his ass better and worse.

The awareness that he needed to move, needed *Alex* to move came to him slowly but then he couldn't resist. He wiggled his hips, fighting the pressure of Alex's weight. Alex drew in a sharp breath and his cock shifted, going a fraction of an inch deeper. Marvin cried out but not in pain this time.

"That sounds like I can fuck," Alex said. Hunger laced his voice and Marvin nodded. He was ready. Slowly, Alex pulled back, his cock sliding out of Marvin's ass. The sound that stuttered out of Marvin's throat was a cross between a scream and a whimper. Every nerve in his body seemed on fire, tingling and twitching and wanting more.

Thankfully Alex had more. He paused only long enough for Marvin's heart to skip a beat before he pushed forward, sliding back inside him. The movements were slow and steady, delicious. His body adapted to the wicked invasion. The pain faded and he wanted everything Alex had. He rocked back, meeting Alex's thrusts.

"Alex."

"You ready for more?" The grunted question was punctuated with a harder thrust.

"Yes. Please...Alex!"

"Yeah, baby, don't worry. Stay still and let me fuck you."

Alex canted his hips and penetrated Marvin again, his cock tapping a spot inside Marvin's ass. The almost delicate stroke sent a shock up his spine.

"Fuck!" The word ripped from his throat. "Again. Alex, please." His plea triggered a harsh thrust, Alex going hard and deeper inside him.

Then neither of them seemed capable of speaking. Marvin clutched the bedcover, crushing the soft material in his fingers, trying to hold himself still. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the cock sliding in and out of his ass, sensation scattering through his soul until he felt each thrust in every cell of his body. His cock was hard, leaking on

the satin beneath him but Marvin wasn't ready to come. Wasn't ready for it to be over. He would ache later, but in this moment, he couldn't give up the pleasure every time Alex filled him.

Alex sank into him again, nailing that sweet spot inside him.

His groan blended perfectly with Marvin's cry.

"Want you to come, baby." That was the only warning Marvin got before Alex reached around and gripped his cock, squeezing it and forcing Marvin to fuck his hand, hard thrusts, pushing his dick through Alex's fist. Marvin couldn't hold back. He lost the rhythm of Alex's fucking and pumped his cock into Alex's grasp. It didn't take much—his body was wound tight and ready to blow. He rammed his cock through that tight grip once more and he was coming, spilling on the deep purple bedspread.

"Alex!" His scream vibrated the bed. His ass clenched and he felt it tighten around Alex's cock. Alex's slow, steady thrusts jerked, slamming into him hard, the big man's control slipping. He drove into Marvin again. Tension zipped through his body. Alex shouted, his cry ringing through the room. Heat covered Marvin's ass and he moaned, taking Alex's cum inside him.

Marvin's upper body collapsed onto the mattress, his breath coming in hard pants. His ass ached and throbbed—and still it felt so good. To know that Alex had fucked him. Alex's heavy body sagged forward, tipping to the side to avoid crushing Marvin as he fell. He pulled his cock out, leaving Marvin empty again.

A vague nagging pulled on his thoughts but Marvin ignored it. He'd been fucked, sucked and spanked. He deserved a nap. With that thought and the soft snores of Alex drifting off beside him, Marvin closed his eyes and let sleep grab him.

\* \* \* \* \*

It could have been minutes. It could have been days. There was no telling. Marvin came awake with a gasp and a groan. What had he done? Besides completely fucking up a much-beloved fairy tale.

He lifted his head, finding the strength to sit up, balancing on his hand and his hip. He was in Alex's bed.

It only took a moment to realize he wasn't alone in the room.

He snapped his head toward the door and there they all stood...Jeremy, Lissa and Alex.

Jeremy flashed him a cocky smile. Lissa swung her paddle slowly back and forth. Alex folded his arms across his chest, looking dangerous, a hint of a smile on those wicked lips.

Oh, fuck, what had he done? He'd fucked them. All of them. And judging from the hard bulges displayed in Alex's and Jeremy's pants, he was in for another round. His cock twitched but Marvin mentally slapped it down. He had to get out of there. He had responsibilities. He had to fix this fucked-up fairy tale.

Alex took a step forward and Marvin's mind short-circuited. He couldn't do it. If Alex touched him, Marvin was sure he'd end up with his ass filled again. Too tempting. He had to get back to Headquarters. Had to return to work and stop this tale. Destroy the copies and erase the characters.

"Ahhh!" He screamed as Alex approached the bed.

Marvin threw himself off the high mattress and leapt for the door, almost expecting one of the three to stop him. Instead as he flew down the stairs he carried with him the faint recollection of surprise and maybe a bit of hurt on their faces.

His trousers were conveniently draped over a chair in the kitchen. Marvin grabbed them and didn't stop.

His body moved, following the flow of the fairy tale, finally completing the story.

He'd screamed and run from the house.

In the original tale, Goldilocks returned home, safe and sound, hopefully never to harass wildlife again.

Marvin ran up the path, stopping almost at the point where he'd met the "real" Goldilocks. He was naked and shaking. A shout echoed from behind him. Marvin looked over his shoulder. Jeremy stood in the door, his shoulder lifting in silent question. Alex appeared behind him and the center of Marvin's chest ached.

Damn that Fairy Dust. If it was just the sex, he could handle it but the formula also inspired love.

He shook his head. He couldn't. He had to go back. Had to make Alex and Jeremy and Lissa disappear forever.

He reached into his trouser pocket, pulled out his wand and tapped the top of his head. The world around him shimmered and faded.

He opened his eyes and he was home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Marvin rocked back and forth, his quill dripping ink on the parchment. The Fairy Godmother schedule sat before him. He had a month's worth of fairy tales to schedule, making sure each Fairy Godmother had enough time to complete a tale, incorporating new tales and shifting the stories around so no one got bored by repeating the same tale too often.

That's what he was supposed to be doing.

Instead of seeing the words scribbled before him, his gaze kept straying to the thin tome beside him. The embossed cover announced it as the Master Tale—Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

After the episode down below, he'd returned to Headquarters and collected all of the copies, destroying them so no child could read the botched version. The words had been sanitized as the Master Tale had been magically inscribed but still the story detailed how Goldilocks loved to "play" with Baby Bear, had to be punished by Mama Bear and "slept" with Papa Bear.

Marvin groaned and reached for the book. In all reality he should have destroyed this copy as well, erased this version of the story so it ceased to exist, but he hadn't found the strength to do it. He flipped open the cover and turned to page one.

"Once upon a time, there was a little boy with hair so golden and soft that everyone called him 'Goldilocks'..." Marvin skimmed the tale, not lingering over the scenes between him and the Bears. It was too painful. He turned to the last page and sighed. This is where it had to end. With "Goldilocks" fleeing the frightening Bears.

Marvin touched the parchment, his fingers tracing the picture of the Bears' house, the three figures filling the doorway.

An ache filled his chest. In just a few hours, he'd grown to care about them, more than care. He missed Jeremy's quick smile and Lissa's husky voice.

And Alex. He'd probably spent the least time with Alex but that's where his mind—and heart, if the truth be told—kept turning. The Fairy Dust had done its job. Marlena hadn't replaced the normal product. She'd just enhanced it. So the true love, happily ever after element was still part of the dust.

Somehow, in this tale, he'd found his true love. Alex. He tapped his quill on the table and wondered if Alex felt any of the effects from the dust—besides being turned into a human and, of course, fucking Marvin's brains out.

The pain in his chest intensified but he reached for the book. It was time. He couldn't keep—

Ink scratched across the paper and words began to form, sentences appearing on the blank page opposite of what should have been the end of the story.

Baby Bear sighed and looked at Mama Bear.

"Do you think Goldilocks will come back and play with us?" Baby Bear asked.

Marvin stared at the words. The story was still open. The Bears still existed. They were continuing on with their tale. And talking about him.

"I hope so."

"Me too," Baby Bear agreed. "He was fun."

"Papa Bear liked playing with him too," Mama Bear said. Papa Bear growled and knocked his porridge bowl to the floor. He stood up and stomped to the door, leaving Mama Bear to clean up the mess. "Ooh, someone is a little cranky this morning."

"He's sad that Goldilocks won't play with us, isn't he?"

"I think so."

"I wish Goldilocks would come back," Baby Bear said, tears filling those wide eyes.

The center of Marvin's stomach dropped away.

They wanted him. Wanted him to come back. To come and "play". He was sure the words that came from Jeremy's mouth hadn't been quite so bland. They'd been sanitized during the translation.

The Bears wanted him back—to fuck. His cock leapt at the idea. Seated safely at his desk, Marvin reached down and squeezed his hard shaft. It had been less than twenty-four hours and already he'd jacked off twice—clinging to the memories for inspiration...Jeremy's lips, Lissa's paddle and, damn, Alex's cock, fucking him, hard, deep. He groaned and stroked his erection.

Prior to his visit into the tale—and being doused with the special Fairy Dust—Marvin had never felt physical desire. He'd watched Marlena and her lovers, fascinated and intrigued but his body hadn't responded. Now he could only thank the dress code that he wore the long robes of the Fairy Godmothers or else all of Headquarters would know he had a permanent hard-on.

Well, as permanent as twenty-four hours could be.

He sighed and rubbed his cock. He could retreat to his rooms and take care of it himself.

Or with one flick of his wand, he could be there, back with the Bears.

Back with Alex.

He moaned just thinking about the gruff man. He'd been sore this morning, still feeling the hard fucking that Alex had given him.

A quick turn of the page and everything had been new again. The lingering ache in his ass was gone and he missed the sensation, missed the reminder of Alex inside him.

But that wasn't the only ache. His chest, his heart seemed out of sync. He knew it was the HEA dust. He stroked his fingertips across the drawing of Papa Bear. He'd enjoyed his time with Jeremy and Lissa but the one who called to him was Alex.

He wished he'd never turned the page. At least then he could have carried the reminder a little longer of Alex fucking him.

Marvin licked his lips. He hadn't had a chance to suck Alex's cock. Didn't know what his cum tasted like. He closed his eyes and remembered Jeremy between his lips. Alex was so much thicker. Stronger.

But then there was Jeremy. What would it be like to have Jeremy fuck him? Or maybe he could fuck Jeremy.

Ooh, and Lissa. He squirmed in his chair. She was so strong and her pussy—wet and slick.

He moaned and tightened the grip on his cock. It would work to bring him a little relief but it wasn't what he wanted.

What he needed.

A conversation from earlier in the day rang through his head. He'd been eavesdropping on two Fairy Godmothers as they'd eaten lunch. Normally, he would have blocked it out but they'd been talking about Goldilocks and the Three Bears and how it didn't really fit as a fairy tale. A good moral lesson but there was no love, no adventure.

There's love, Marvin thought, his heart breaking at the thought of Alex. He knew it was insane. He'd hardly spoken to the man except to beg but the Fairy Dust had created the emotions, bound him.

And the thought of erasing the man the he loved was too painful.

More scratching on the page caught his attention.

A crash rang from outside, shaking the sturdy walls of the Bears' home.

"What was that?" Baby Bear asked, clinging to Mama Bear, hiding his face in her skirts.

Yeah, right, Marvin thought. Jeremy had his hands up under her skirt and if his face was anywhere it was between her breasts.

"It's okay, little one. That's just Papa Bear."

"He's mad about Goldilocks?"

"Yes." She squeezed Baby Bear tight, holding him close. "We'll give him a moment to calm down and then we'll go visit him in his workshop." Baby Bear nodded. "Shall we play a game until then?"

Marvin whimpered. He could just imagine what kind of "game" they were playing. He walked a loop around his desk. He didn't know what to do. Clearly the best thing to do would be erase the tale but he couldn't, particularly not with Alex so furious. There had to be some kind of wicked bad karma for pissing off a fairy tale character.

"Oh, fuck it," he muttered to the empty room. He reached under his robe, stripped off the tweed trousers and grabbed his wand. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and concentrated on the house of the Three Bears. He tapped the wand to his head and blackness surrounded him, a brief moment of pure darkness before he was sucked backward.

He crushed the scream that threatened, holding his breath until his feet landed on solid ground. The impact shook his back teeth. His eyes popped open and he yelped.

Lissa stood, her eyes wide for a moment, then dropping down into piercing little slits.

"Well, look who's back." She didn't sound pleased.

He quickly took in the scene—Jeremy, naked, bent over the dining room table, his ass just starting to turn pink from the strokes of Lissa's pancake turner. She wore an apron, just like in the drawing, but nothing else, leaving her ass and breasts bare.

"Marvin!" Jeremy leapt up from the table and threw his arms around Marvin. At least someone was happy to see him. The warmth from Jeremy's body seeped into Marvin's skin and he sighed. He hadn't realized how cold he'd been. He wrapped his arms around Jeremy and returned the hug, the embrace staying platonic for moments before Jeremy dropped his hands down to Marvin's ass and squeezed.

His cock responded, getting hard, fast. He rubbed against Jeremy's erection. Oh yeah, that's what he needed. A few good pumps against Jeremy's hot body and he could come.

A throat clearing dragged him back.

Jeremy chuckled, his hips tilting back, away from Marvin's cock, leaving a cool tempting space between them.

"Jeremy, you forget yourself." Lissa's commanding tone—the full-on Mistress in Charge—made Marvin's cock leap.

"Oops, better get back to my punishment." He winked and hurried around to the other side of the table, bending over. He looked up. "And you'd better face the wrath before we can play," Jeremy said.

"Wrath?" But he didn't get an answer. Jeremy winced. Marvin looked at Lissa.

"Alex isn't used to someone running from his bed." Her eyes twinkled with a mixture of laughter and reprimand. "I don't think he cared for the experience."

Jeremy nodded. "You should probably go see him first." Still, the smile in Jeremy's eyes soothed some of Marvin's fears.

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"Any suggestions?"
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"Suck him."

"Fuck him." Jeremy tipped his head. "Or beg him to fuck you."

"Yeah, I'd already planned on that," Marvin muttered as he turned to the door.

"And you—" Lissa's voice followed him out. "You don't get up and walk away from my table without asking permission, do you understand?" A sharp smack rang through the air chased by Jeremy's groan.

"Yes, Mistress."

Marvin allowed himself a small smile as he walked the short path outside and around the house to the small workshop. Growls that sounded just like a bear rumbled from inside. Marvin paused, just for a moment. He was here. He had to either walk inside or leave and erase the tale. Make them disappear completely.

His heart stuttered at the thought. He couldn't do that. Just couldn't.

He took a deep breath and pushed the door open. Alex sat hunched over, his back to the door, his shoulders tight and pulling as he ground a chisel into a broad piece of leather.

"I'm not in the mood, Jeremy."

"I-it's not Jeremy."

Those strong shoulders tensed and Alex slowly straightened, the movement almost fluid by the time he turned around.

"Oh, it's you." He turned back to the work in front of him. "What do you want?"

Though Alex was in human form, this was the angry Papa Bear from the fairy tale. Marvin swallowed, trying to loosen his constricted throat. Didn't work. He gulped again. He tried to find the words to apologize, maybe explain, but how did he tell someone that they were a character in a fairy tale? The attempt at speaking came out as a garbled grunt.

After long, silent moments, Alex sighed. He'd come to the workshop for some peace, to burn away the images of Marvin. And now he appeared. Alex refused to let himself be happy about that. Goldilocks had been gone a day and it hurt. He didn't want to live through it again.

Hearing nothing from Marvin, Alex turned and crossed his arms over his chest, staring down the beautiful man before him. His cock woke up but Alex ignored it. Fuck, even pissed, he wanted Marvin. Wanted to fuck him, hold him, beg him to stay.

But if he wasn't going to stay, Alex wanted him gone now.

He drilled his gaze into Marvin's and waited. He wasn't going to start. He hadn't been the one to run screaming from the house.

"I came to apologize," Marvin said. Alex grunted, not quite ready to give in. "I shouldn't have disappeared like that."

Marvin moved forward cautiously, almost like he thought Alex would hurt him. Which just pissed Alex off even more. He'd never hurt Marvin. *Then why are you glowering at him like you're going to eat him?* He rolled his shoulders back but couldn't quite drop the shield of his arms, not until he knew whether Marvin was staying or not.

Alex's stance relaxed just a bit and Marvin felt a little knot unravel in his chest. The light in Alex's eyes wasn't quite so dangerous. He didn't think Alex would hurt him but honestly, fairy tales were quite violent. The sanitizing translation program cleaned up the language but the lingering actions remained.

"I woke up in your bed and realized what had happened." Hunger flashed in Alex's eyes, as if he was remembering too. "I'd never felt anything like that." He blushed just thinking about it. His time with Jeremy made him grin. Lissa made him gasp. Alex made him ache. Wanting more. "I didn't know anything could feel that good." He shrugged. "Or that scary." He took another step, daring to reach out his hand and brush his fingers across Alex's massive forearm.

Alex didn't react and he knew that he'd made a huge mistake. Though Alex might be *his* true love, he obviously wasn't Alex's. It happened all the time in fairy tales. Unrequited love. He would just love from afar.

"I'm sorry," he said again, removing his hand from Alex's arm and stepping back.
"I won't bother you again." Marvin knew from watching tale after tale that there was

no hope. The handsome prince ended up with the pretty young virgin, not the sort-ofcute guy with no fashion sense.

"When you leave, will this feeling go away?"

Alex rubbed his hand into his chest. Marvin recognized the movement. He'd made it himself a hundred times in the past twenty-four hours.

"Do you want it to?"

"Yes. No. I don't know. Why can't I stop thinking about you?" Alex practically shouted the words.

"It's magic."

"What?"

Marvin pulled out his wand. "It's magic. Like me disappearing."

"Can you make this ache go away?"

"Yes." He could erase the tale or maybe he could just erase himself. Then Alex would never know that he existed.

"But then you go away as well." It wasn't a question.

Marvin nodded.

Alex shook his head. "No. I don't understand it but I want you here. I want you. In my house, in my bed."

The tight little knot in the center of Marvin's stomach released and he sighed. Alex wanted him, wanted him to stay. At least for now.

Alex's eyes tightened at the edges.

"Are you going to disappear again if I fuck you?"

Marvin shook his head, emphatically. "Not like that. I mean, I have to go back. I have my job and my boss and, you know, my bed."

The corner of Alex's mouth kicked up. "I got a bed you can use."

"Really?" The ache in his chest swelled, bursting into joy. The sensation sank lower in his body. His cock twitched, making the front of his robes tent.

The edge of Alex's mouth kicked up in a smile as if he saw Marvin's cock trying to break through.

Marvin felt his own lips respond in kind. He dropped his gaze, suddenly shy at the heat in Alex's stare. He looked at the ground and then let his eyes wander up the tight leather that encased Alex's strong legs. The powerful muscles looked solid beneath the pale leather. Marvin's hands curled up into fists, resisting the urge to reach out and touch. He paused when he saw the thick press of Alex's cock against the tight leather.

He licked his lips. He knew how it felt to have Alex inside him but he hadn't gotten to taste. He raised his stare, meeting Alex's blazing eyes. Without speaking, he sank down, landing on his knees between Alex's feet. The need to touch, to taste his lover surged through him. He rubbed his cheek against the hard bulge, heat radiating through the leather. The smell of leather and Alex made his cock throb. He reached down and curled his fingers around his cock, needing a touch.

"Don't."

He looked up at the stern command.

"Don't come. I want you to come when I've got my dick inside you."

Marvin groaned just thinking of it, wanting that.

He pulled the strings that bound Alex's trousers closed, loosening the tight hold, loving the way Alex's cock pushed against, opening the top of the trousers. The woodsy scent of Alex's skin filled his head. He pulled down the edge, moaning as his cock came free from its confinement, standing tall and long and oh so thick.

Marvin turned his head and pressed his open lips to the shaft, losing himself in the heat, the flavor.

Fingers slipped into his hair, holding him in place. He pressed his tongue out, rubbing along the soft, hot skin. He licked the underside of the shaft, savoring the flesh

against his tongue. Fighting against Alex's grip, he eased back, sliding along the thick shaft until he reached the tip. He wrapped his lips around the head and sucked, sinking the first few inches of cock into his mouth.

He moaned, loving the taste, the hint of bitterness combined with the underlying salt of Alex's skin. He opened his mouth wider and pressed forward, taking as much as he could, relaxing his throat to take more. He gagged and Alex started to pull back. Marvin grabbed Alex's ass, his fingers digging into the firm muscles, holding him in place, not letting him escape.

Trying again, Marvin pushed forward, taking more and more cock into his mouth. This time when Alex hit the back of his throat, he swallowed, the thick shaft sliding deeper. The bass groan was his reward, vibrating down Alex's cock, resonating in Marvin's throat. He allowed his lover to pull back but not far, gripping and pulling Alex deep again, losing himself in the sensations, feeling it solid inside his core.

Hands landed on his cheeks, strong and hard, pulling him back.

The force jolted him out of the heady daze that filled his brain. He looked up, sure his eyes conveyed his confusion.

"Do you want me to come in your mouth?" Alex demanded, a line of steel bracing his words.

Marvin nodded. Alex traced his fingertip down the line of Marvin's jaw.

"I don't think so, baby. I'm going to fuck your pretty ass. Fuck you so hard you scream."

A soft whimper, barely audible, slipped from Marvin's throat.

"You want me to fuck you. Later, when your ass is sore and you can't take me anymore, then I'll fuck your mouth."

Knowing this was part of his punishment for disappearing the last time, Marvin nodded.

The thick cock slipped from his mouth. He licked his lips, remembering the taste, the feel, the power.

Alex reached down and grabbed Marvin under his arms, pulling him up, forcing Marvin to raise his eyes, to meet that wicked blue gaze. So dangerous.

"So, Marvin, you ready to have that tight little ass fucked?"

Knowing there was no other answer, he nodded. He started to turn away but Alex's hand stopped him. The big man shook his head.

"No. I want to see your face this time. Know that you're not going to vanish."

"I won't," he vowed though his mind raced at the possibility of being face-to-face with Alex while he was getting fucked. His cock twitched and he was sure with one touch he could come. But he wanted Alex inside him when he did.

A smile glittered in Alex's eyes and made his lips curl. "Come here, baby." He pulled Marvin close, almost lifting him as he turned and walked the few steps to the worktable. He brushed aside the bits of leather and tools with a sweeping arm and plopped Marvin down on the smooth surface. Alex shoved his trousers the rest of the way down. Marvin licked his lips, the taste of Alex's skin lingering, making him want more.

"You are a greedy thing. Don't worry. You can suck me off later. Right now, I want that ass." He considered Marvin for a moment. "How many layers do you have on under that robe thing?"

The growly voice made Marvin shiver and he squirmed, pulling the robe up and off, leaving him naked. Alex stepped back, looked at him and smiled.

"Nice."

Marvin's cheeks heated but his embarrassment didn't last for long. His cock pressed up against his stomach and his body ached, wanting more, wanting to be filled.

Alex must have been thinking the same thing because he moved forward, one hand sliding around Marvin's neck, drawing him near and blinding him with a kiss that made the room swirl. With the other hand, Alex shifted him, drawing his backside to the edge of the table then easing Marvin back until he lay splayed out before him.

Alex loomed over him and Marvin shivered, barely able to take a breath. It didn't matter. He was going to get fucked, was going to have Alex's cock inside him again. Nothing else seemed important.

Alex reached out and snagged a bottle of lube. Marvin briefly wondered where it had come from inside a leather workshop but the thought evaporated before it began. It was a fairy tale and things appeared when they were needed.

The cool shocked him as Alex slid a slick finger against his ass. He tensed. Even wanting this as badly as he did, his body still fought the invasion. A hot, challenging stare from Alex gave him the strength to take a deep breath and will his body to relax. Even as he did, Alex's finger invaded the tight hole. Marvin groaned, knowing there was more, savoring the smooth glide. A tiny burn accompanied the slow penetration, not enough to hurt, just enough to remind Marvin how it felt to have Alex's cock inside him. The memory urged him on and he wiggled, pushing his hips down, trying to get more.

"Hold still. You'll get fucked," Alex vowed.

Marvin raised his gaze and stared at the blazing blue eyes.

"I promise, baby, you're going to get fucked."

The words shot through Marvin's groin, the promise, the intent making his cock impossibly harder, ready to burst without even a touch. Alex removed his finger and added another, the burn a little brighter as he pushed inside. Marvin took a deep breath and enjoyed the hint of pain. The corners of Alex's mouth bent upward in a hint of a smile. "You like that, baby?"

"Yes," he groaned and, as if that wasn't enough, he nodded, squirming on the two fingers slowly pumping in and out of his ass.

"One more and then you get fucked." Alex pulled out and then pushed forward, three fingers spreading Marvin's ass. The pain was sharper this time but knowing where it would lead allowed him to endure. He tipped his head back and breathed. His body eased around the shallow penetration and he wanted more, wanted to feel the fullness of Alex's cock.

Alex's free hand slid up Marvin's stomach, rubbing heat into his skin. He pressed his fingers into the taut muscles of Marvin's chest, gliding over the flat peak of his nipple, pausing and circling the pad. The tiny caress bloomed beneath his skin and he arched up, trying for more, needing more. A low whimper burst from Marvin's throat.

"Please," he begged.

"Please what?"

"Fuck me." He barely found the breath to speak the words. "Please, fuck me."

Alex froze, his bright eyes staring down, considering the man beneath him. A flash of panic ripped through Marvin's chest. Maybe this was punishment for his frantic departure. What if Alex wasn't going to fuck him? What if...?

Alex slid his fingers free. For one moment Marvin was empty. Then the broad, thick head of Alex's dick pressed against his opening. The preparation had helped but still it burned as the wide shaft slid in, going deeper, claiming all of him. Strong fingers gripped his hips, holding him in place, his knees draped over Alex's arms, spreading him wide.

Alex looked down and Marvin blushed, knowing what Alex saw—his cock sliding into Marvin's hole. He squirmed within Alex's hard grasp, trying to move him faster, wanting to feel all of it.

"Slow down," Alex commanded but laughter rumbled beneath the words.

"Need this." He grabbed Alex's arms, trying to pull him closer. "Need you."

Alex grunted and pushed a little deeper, a little harder. Almost there. He kept coming, filling Marvin until his groin pressed against Marvin's ass and every inch of that delicious cock was buried inside him.

They were both breathing hard. Alex released his hold on the Marvin's hips and planted his hands on the table, leaning forward, bending Marvin's legs, sending his hips higher and shifting his cock inside Marvin.

He came closer, his beautiful mouth opening as he drew near. Marvin stretched up, needing his taste, needing to connect. Their lips met, open and wet, tongues sliding against each other even as Alex pulled back, easing his cock out until just the head remained inside. Shivers raced up Marvin's spine. As if Alex could feel them too, he moaned into Marvin's mouth, pulling back to nip at his lower lip.

He gave Marvin one more quick kiss then straightened. Though Marvin regretted the loss of Alex's heat, he wanted the power of his fucking more. Alex punched his hips forward, the thrust pressing the head of his cock to that special point in Marvin's ass.

Marvin reached out, needing something to steady his world as Alex began to fuck him for real, slow, steady, hard thrusts.

Sounds filled the room—heavy breaths, grunts, the table legs scraping against the stone floor.

"Damn, you're a sweet fuck." Alex drove in again, nailing Marvin's gland and giving him another of those lovely jolts, his mind barely unable to comprehend that Alex was speaking. "I want to stay inside you all night."

"Yes." He groaned and pushed his ass down, sinking Alex deeper, a little harder.

"Please."

"You want to come, baby?"

He nodded, unable to speak, the slide of Alex's cock inside him so lovely, hot. Too much. His huge rough fist reached up and wrapped around Marvin's dick, squeezing, tight, just enough. Alex stroked him, pumping his cock in time with the slow, deep fucking of Marvin's ass.

"That's it, baby. Come for me. Let me feel you come on my cock. I want it."

Alex's voice vibrated through his head blurring the line between sound and sensation until the words flowed through him, driving him on, pushing that thick cock harder into him until he couldn't stand it. His head tipped back and he cried out, his shout echoing off the hollow walls of the shed.

The faded sound of his cry blended with Alex's growl as he drove into him one more time, pumping his cum into Marvin's ass.

Exhaustion clawed at him, pulling him down, until he collapsed back on Alex's worktable. The lovely heat of Alex's hands skimmed up and down Marvin's stomach and chest, hot sexual words murmured in the silence.

Yes, this was what he needed.

Marvin lifted his head and looked up at Alex. A smile curved his lips, a mixture of innocent pleasure and pure sexual demon. His cock was still hard inside Marvin. Alex's eyes fluttered open and he met Marvin's stare.

"You're not disappearing." It wasn't a question but Alex's gaze was shuttered.

Marvin shook his head.

"Good."

"Yes." He pushed up, wanting to feel those lips against his.

The door popped open, smashing into the wall. Marvin squeaked, fearing the worst—that Martin had found him. Locked beneath Alex's weight, he twisted and looked around the big man on top of him. He stared at the doorway.

The sight made released the muscles in his shoulders. Lissa and Jeremy filled the open space.

"See, I told you they were playing." Lissa's voice rang through the air. "Without us."

Alex shifted, not losing his grip on Marvin. "We had a few things to settle." His hand slid down Marvin's hip to his curved ass cheek and squeezed. "Just between us."

"Well, is it settled? We want to play too."

The hand on his ass tightened as Alex nodded. "Yeah. Let's go upstairs. My bed is much more comfortable."

"And much less dusty." Jeremy shook his head and sneezed.

"Let's let them clean up and come upstairs." Lissa nudged Jeremy toward the door. She paused and looked back over her shoulder. "Don't get distracted. We all want to enjoy him."

Alex nodded but they didn't move.

"And this time—" Lissa punched Jeremy's shoulder. "I get him first."

"I don't think so," the younger man protested. "You fuck the strength out of him and then what about the rest of us?"

"Oh, I'll leave plenty for you. In fact, he'll be begging to be fucked when I get done." Lissa's drawl and the wink she flashed at him made Marvin's cock swell. Alex chuckled as if he recognized Marvin's reaction.

"We'll follow you up."

The door closed behind them but Marvin was reluctant to leave the warmth of Alex's embrace. Alex didn't make any efforts to lift off him so Marvin returned to his activity before they were interrupted—kissing, tasting, stroking all that smooth skin, displayed out for him.

"We will have to go up in few minutes. You don't want to piss off Lissa."

Marvin blinked, remembering how she'd made his ass burn when she hadn't been upset. The concern must have shown on his face because Alex laughed.

"Don't worry. I won't let her hurt you." Alex smoothed his hand down Marvin's ass. "But they can forget about who gets you first." Marvin shivered. "Think you can take me again?"

"I'd like to try."

Alex looked down and smiled, his lips wide in a grin.

"Damn, Goldilocks, I hope you can come play often."

## **Epilogue**

Marvin tapped his fingers on the table, resisting the urge to open the book. He could practically hear the words scratching themselves onto the page. He picked up his quill and made the final changes to tomorrow's schedule. It was the last thing he needed to complete before he could technically go to bed.

He was still down a Fairy Godmother, what with Marsha not working out. She'd been transferred into Monster Creation and Monitoring. It seemed to be a good fit. Marvin was quite proud of himself. He'd managed to hold it all together...in between visits to the Bears.

He shifted in his chair, the ache in his ass moving through his core. He'd specifically not turned the page on the master story, wanting to enjoy the sensation a little longer, loving the way he still felt Alex inside him. As soon as he turned the page, the story would be reset and the delicious pain—from Alex's cock and Lissa's paddle—would disappear.

He made one final check of the schedule, sent it off to the Fairy Godmothers and stood up. It was time. He opened the book. The drawing showed the Three Bears sitting in their living room—Papa whittling, Mama knitting and Baby playing with a train. Marvin tried not to laugh. Lissa? Knitting? Not in this tale. He knew what he'd find when he showed up. They'd be in the living room, probably naked, most likely fucking. Or Lissa and Jeremy would be fucking.

Alex would be watching. Lately he'd been waiting until Marvin showed up to join in.

His ass tingled as he remembered the last time—Marvin had been delayed, showing up hours late. Alex had been hungry and ready. He'd dragged Marvin

upstairs and fucked him hard, riding him three times that night, leaving Marvin aching, exhausted and totally sated.

"It's getting late. Maybe Goldilocks can't come and play tonight," Baby Bear said. The words scratched themselves across the page.

"He'll be here," Papa Bear assured the little one.

Translation...he'd better get his ass here.

Marvin heard Alex say the words even if they never made it to the parchment.

*Ooh, someone is hungry.* Marvin grabbed his wand, unable to stop the broad smile stretching his lips. Time to go visit the house in the woods.

Alex watched Jeremy and Lissa. Jeremy flat on his back, Lissa riding his cock, driving him deep into her pussy.

The offer had been made for him to take her ass, for the two of them to fuck her together, but he'd declined, claiming that he wanted to watch.

The truth was...he wanted Marvin. More and more, he'd been pulling back from the other two, waiting until Marvin showed up. He didn't mind them all playing together but it didn't feel right unless Marvin was here.

And later, when Jeremy and Lissa were exhausted and ready for sleep, he'd send them to Lissa's room and it would just be him and Marvin. Alone and together. He'd learned about Marvin's job and that Alex was—supposedly—a character in a book. It didn't make a lot of sense to him but that didn't matter. As long as he had Marvin.

Bright silver and gold sparkles rippled beside him and within seconds Marvin was there, wearing those strange long robes that covered his tight little body. He glanced around the room, seeing Jeremy and Lissa, but turning his attention to Alex. His eyes lit up and he smiled.

"Hey."

#### Marvin and the Three Bears

"Hey." Alex reached out and wrapped his hand around Marvin's neck, pulling him down for a kiss. Marvin didn't resist. At all. He moved in, opening his mouth, accepting Alex's tongue, tasting sweet and hot. Long, intoxicating moments later, they pulled back. Marvin glanced over his shoulder at the couple fucking on the couch.

"Looks like they're going to be a while."

"Yeah, it could be hours before Lissa lets him come." Alex said it loud enough that Lissa and Jeremy could hear. She looked back and grinned.

"Maybe we should go upstairs." Marvin leaned in. "Just you and me."

"Sounds good." He pushed himself out of the recliner, following Marvin to the stairs. He turned back and looked at his other lovers.

One was good and hard. The other nice and soft.

**But Marvin?** 

Marvin was just right.

## About the Author

Tielle (pronounced "teal") St. Clare has had a life-long love of romance novels. She began reading romances in the 7th grade when she discovered Victoria Holt novels and began writing romances at the age of sixteen (during Trigonometry, if the truth be told). During her senior year in high school, the class dressed up as what they would be in twenty years—Tielle dressed as a romance writer. When not writing romances, Tielle has worked in public relations and video production for the past twenty years. She moved to Alaska when she was seven years old in 1972 when her father was transferred with the military. Tielle believes romances should be hot and sexy with a great story and fun characters.

Tielle welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

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