

Firedrakes Weyr presents

RE-SCUE
LAURA TOLOMEI



I'm coming
By
L aura Tolomei

The tongue lapped almost simultaneously the hard cock standing proud and the cunt just inches away. Another vigorous lick on the bulging head, then he jammed two fingers in her slit—surprisingly wet for being a woman and at her first time, too—pushing inside and out to get them thoroughly drenched in sticky fluid before shoving them in his lover’s mouth.

“Delicious.” Sucking avidly, the beautiful man with long, light-brown hair and mysterious smoky-green eyes scraped off all traces of her taste before raising his gaze. “You think it’s her, precious?”

“Can’t tell for sure, lover, not until—”

“Hey, you two, why do you keep talking like that?”

Fuck her!

Come on, Bhren. Shydyan squeezed the hungry shaft forcefully to make it twitch in pleasurable anticipation. *You know how close-minded people are over here.* Annoyed, he looked away from Bhren to fix his gaze on Mrs. Chameleon, the fat matron in charge of this forgotten Pleasure Dome. *We read all about them, so from now on, let’s just stick to mind-talking.* “We told you. We’re foreigners, so we don’t know your language too well.”

“You’re not from the desert?”

I still don’t like it, Shy, or her for that matter

But we have no choice, lover. “No, Mrs. Chameleon, we aren’t,” though their tanned faces and almost black bodies would suggest otherwise, particularly on this side of the planet. Then again, they had traveled far and wide to find what they were looking for, what their advanced society apparently couldn’t provide anymore, while here, a mere dot on their 3-D map, lost in the middle of the most extensive desert known to mankind, they might—

“So you like her?” Lips twisted in a snarl, the calculating glint in Mrs. Chameleon’s beady eyes told Shydyan she had already appraised their worth and how much money she could make out of them.

With her rates, she better be the one!

Calm down. Let me handle the bitch. “If you let us finish here, maybe we will.” And Shydyan returned to pampering his lover’s huge erection, hungry for the young woman straddling him. She was nothing like plump Mrs. Chameleon—thin, to the point of being emaciated, with almost inexistent curves, which Bhren had insisted on choosing, arguing that her type might still retain the memory buried somewhere in her genes. But if she did, there was only one way to find out.

As if impatient to get on with it, the young woman moaned, swaying her hips in a tantalizing movement that caught Shydyan’s complete attention.

“Therry, shut up!” Mrs. Chameleon cut her off. “You knew what you were getting into when you came here.”

Therry opened her mouth, but before it could turn into an argument, Shydyan grabbed her hips and pulled her on top of the waiting dick.

Remember I want her ass, precious. Bhren’s thick voice sounded like an order, which in part it was for they liked to play games while having sex. *Now!*

As if reading their thoughts, and even more amazingly understanding their foreign dialect, Therry tried to wriggle away, but Shydyan was quicker and pushed her down on the tip of Bhren’s demanding erection, making sure it aimed at the back entrance. *It’s not like it’s going to hurt her;* he assured smugly, *not after my earlier treatment.*

Away from the cultured city they had grown up in, he and Bhren had traveled a great length before reaching the godforsaken place they were at, leaving behind all traces of civilization, or so it seemed in their frantic search. Yet, once inside the Pleasure Dome,

Shydyan hadn't focused on her, not immediately since he was sick and tired of bony women that looked like men. In fact, he had enough of men, too, of their straight lines and rigid bodies, hungering for curvy hips, plump breasts, round asses instead, though they were no guarantee. Then again, everyone on Theta Zed had to adapt, particularly the women whose seductive elegance and sensual bodies had been turned into hollow promises.

Yeah, and she liked it a lot I'd say. Bhren grinned at the memory, licking his lips in anticipation.

When the matron had paraded her girls, Shydyan's eyes had predictably strayed to the woman-like types wriggling soft breasts and big butts to entice his appetite, while Bhren instead had immediately spotted her, poking his ribs and pointing at the scraggy frame half hidden behind a curtain as if afraid to be seen.

"We'll take her." His lover had nodded in her direction before turning to Mrs. Chameleon.

"Are you sure?" The woman's eyes had enlarged. "Two handsome men like you deserve much more—"

"I said we'll take her."

Shydyan knew the tone all too well, having learned it indicated Bhren's determination at getting precisely what he wanted—nothing more, nothing less—not to mention his impatience with whoever dared stand in his way.

Somehow, the matron understood it, so she shut her mouth and pushed the scrawny thing up front. "All right, sirs, but I have to warn you. She's a virgin, and the rules dictate—"

"We know all about the rules." Shydyan cut her off brusquely.

They had been going to Pleasure Domes for far too long to ignore even the most insignificant, though the one about not allowing virgins to be alone with their first customer was fairly common. To ensure the girl's safety, the matron had to be present and paid for, thereby doubling the price for a single performance.

"What's her name?" Bhren had wanted to know before moving to the private quarters.

Do we care, lover?

They had been going steady for a long time, which was strange for Theta Zed's standards. A real love affair, so their envious friends remarked, unable to explain how it could've withstood the usual crises associated with regular couples—lack of enjoyable women, repeated group sex with or without the official mate, stray sex with whatever man caught the moment's fancy. Then again, fidelity wasn't an issue, couldn't be in a world where men had to be satisfied only by other men. So Shydyan and Bhren proved to be an exception, their passion overwhelmingly strong in spite—or because—of the loose sexual behavior that fueled it, perhaps due also to the intimate sharing of thoughts and feelings, which set them above the others, beyond a purely physical attraction.

Yes, because despite his inclinations, Shydyan burned for Bhren, his straight yet sexy lines turning him on like no woman could, and he had ever since first laying eyes on him in a crowded men's club room. One look at the handsome dark man pumping his enormous dick in a wide-open butt, and Shydyan had known that man would be his, the mere thought of the same giant cock ramming up his ass or shoving down his throat turning his piece into stone. And Shydyan had gone to great lengths to conquer him, stopping at nothing, accepting every one of his terms and of his multiple partners, whether enjoyed together or alone, until the need of a woman became overpowering for Bhren, too.

Trust me, Shy. I have the feeling she's the one.

“It’s Therry. She’s a stray, you know?” Pulling her by an arm, Mrs. Chameleon led the way. “Came by about five years back, claiming she had no family, and asked me to give her shelter in return for her services.”

“So she’s not interested in the legend?” Bhren frowned puzzled. “She doesn’t want to find out if she can—”

“That stuff is just a myth.” The matron shrugged.

“You don’t believe it?” Up till then Shydyan had thought every woman would think it was true and try her luck, at least once in her life.

“Of course not, but it keeps business going.” Her shrewd eyes glittered avidly as she opened a door and gestured for them to enter. “Particularly when I get my hands on the plump ones, and lately I’ve been blessed by a good lot of them coming straight from the city, not the desert like this sorry ass you chose.”

But Bhren’s resolve didn’t waver one bit. “Is that why Therry’s still a virgin?”

“Of course, sir, who’d ask for her?” With an unfeeling gesture, she ripped off Therry’s clothes. “See?” She pointed at the naked frame, all skin and bone. “Too skinny.”

Just perfect.

Bhren, how can you say that? You know I like—

Trust me, precious, and taste her before judging. The smoky-green eyes flashed mischievously, forcing Shydyan to take another look and notice, something he hadn’t before, her startlingly purple eyes and silky, long, reddish hair going down to her butt. *And if you’re good, I’ll let you have her ass first.* This time, his lover’s sardonic gaze seemed to mock him. *Just imagine how tight it can be.*

Swinging his head back to the matron, Shydyan gestured in the young woman’s direction. “Turn her around,” he ordered.

That her back side wasn’t bad, sounded like a rueful admission as he took in its round and compact shape. In fact, at a closer inspection, she didn’t look so undernourished, more finely tuned by firm, well-developed muscles hidden beneath a glowing amber skin, as if she had done some kind of training.

“So you noticed it, too.”

“What?” Mrs. Chameleon creased her forehead at his lover’s unfamiliar words. “So do you take her?”

“I said we would, and we will.” Bhren immediately switched to the proper language.

Then shall I pay her?

Go right ahead, precious.

Shydyan loved the nickname. It made him hot and hard just to hear it, and this time was no exception, he realized, sensing his cock stirring to vigorous interest as he handed the matron a bag full of gold, the only commodity they understood this side of the world.

“Bring her here.” Once the transaction was over, Bhren didn’t waste any time. “We’ll test her mouth first.”

“Oh, she’s good with it.” After having counted and pocketed the money, the older woman made Therry kneel in front of their crotches, her hands already working at freeing the prized possessions hidden by the clothes. “Now suck like I taught you,” she ordered, pushing the young woman’s head on the first available shaft.

Obediently, Therry opened wide and swallowed Shydyan’s equipment. Nothing unusual at first, however inexperienced, but then most women had no trouble with blow jobs. And like many trained in a Pleasure Dome, Therry probably learned by sitting in on some of the older women’s performances, though her mouth seemed particularly apt at pleasing his challenging

master, tongue curling around his increasing rigidity to suck him deeper, brushing the sides with lengthy strokes that drove him crazy.

“Really?” Inevitably locked on his perceptions, Bhren couldn’t help the comment.

“Is something wrong?” The matron was quick to jump in, even if she hadn’t understood the exclamation.

“Nothing, Mrs. Chameleon.” *Except my dick’s getting so hard, I’ll have to stick it in her ass sooner than I thought.*

That good? Licking his lips, Bhren grabbed the woman’s hair. *Let me have her while you take her ass.*

Therry’s head bobbed to his lover’s shaft, enveloping it with a fiery wrap that made Bhren groan in pleasure and push to get as far down as her throat. Aroused by his lover’s reactions, Shydyan moved to her back, propping her buttocks to his convenience, but like all the women he had already fucked, she tensed every muscle as if afraid he would force his entry and hurt her.

Try what we read, Bhren suggested, still keyed on his lover as much as Shydyan was on him.

It always happened like that between them, both sharing sensations as they lived them, experiencing their two sides of pleasure, which doubled it and in turn linked their love even tighter.

Relax, Shydyan whispered in his mind as if she could actually hear him. *I don’t want to hurt you.* And to prove it, he slipped his hand to her cunt, to find the clit e-books assured swelled proportionally to women’s pleasure, though judging from the dimensions he had grown used to, it never did. Yet, this time he felt a throbbing knot swimming in the midst of honey dewed fluid that stuck to his fingers. Astonished, he bent and licked it, her flavor suddenly filling his senses with something he had never tasted before in his life, so he kept lapping, unable to leave the warm, savory, silky flesh over which tongue and fingers glided, stopping here and there to explore unknown crevices, lingering on the edge of the drenched slit before plunging inside and following a rhythm Therry herself had set by moving back and forth, rubbing her tender skin on whatever part of him came her way—fingers, chin, mouth, tongue, nose. And the knot at the top had grown, he felt it while darting rapid strokes on it, a considerable size for once.

At her other end, Bhren’s cock was about to burst. *Hurry up, Shy, I want to taste her, too.*

You gave me her ass, remember? Straightening up, Shydyan plunged the sticky fingers in her ass. *Now you’ll just have to wait your turn.*

But her yelp took him aback. “Please, don’t.”

“Don’t worry, gentlemen. I’ll get her to reason.” Moving surprisingly fast given her age and weight, Mrs. Chameleon grabbed Therry’s hair. “Stop it immediately.” She yanked the hair to enforce her order. “He’s paid a bag of gold to have whatever piece of you he wants, which includes your ass, so now it’s his!”

Therry nodded slowly, not convinced.

“Hey, girl!” The matron’s rough handling tilted up the young woman’s head, making Bhren’s dick plop out of its snug space. “I kept my side of the bargain. Now it’s your turn to keep yours.”

“Do you think you’ll get her cooperation like this?” Bhren’s sarcastic tone tried to help Therry.

“With the new ones, it’s the only method that works.” Letting go of the head, Mrs. Chameleon pushed it back on the neglected bulge. “Sorry to have interrupted your pleasure, sir.”

“No need apologizing.” They were both beyond it, Shydyan thought, with his hard shaft already pushing into her narrow entrance, thoroughly drenched after he had repeatedly dipped his fingers in her exciting dew and brought it where he needed it most. *I’ve never known women could get wet.*

The e-books said they would.

Oh, even the matron doesn’t believe them anymore.

But I always thought it was just a matter of finding the right woman.

Sliding deeper in the cramped space, Shydyan couldn’t help wondering how his lover could’ve known, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary. Yeah, and what a world it would be if all women had these reactions. Leaning forward, he fingered what had become a swollen gland double its original size, stroking it forcefully until her ass ceased to resist, and he plunged to the balls, sucked by what seemed a spasmodic craving, a sensation only felt in a man’s butt, never a woman’s.

Hey, you found her button. Bhren’s husky breathing testified to his increasing fascination as he adapted his thrusts to the ones Shydyan shoved in the back, both growing more rapid and confident the more the tight cavities gave in to their persuasions, until Bhren had been adamant. *That’s it! I must have her.*

So they had switched position, his lover lying down, Therry straddling him, her back to his face, and Shydyan screwing her ass on the erect tip, checking that it was a perfect fit before pushing her down on Bhren’s chest, making her spread her legs to expose the gleaming cunt. By now she was dripping, neither could believe it, their hands gliding on the slippery surface to feel each delicate fold and penetrate the tight slit with surprising ease, maybe also thanks to Shydyan’s quick tongue flickers over the moist clit.

No woman to their experience, or their friend’s for that matter, had ever reacted like this, their world plagued by women’s inability to feel pleasure in sex, even if some myths claimed there existed one man, and one alone apparently, capable of unlocking the climax they couldn’t reach with anyone else. As a result, women flocked the Pleasure Domes to sell their bodies to strangers in the hope of finding the right one, obtaining only scrumptious earnings for greedy matrons grown fat by their attempts, with only one lucky woman out of a thousand to come with the fabled orgasm. And to have found one who felt pleasure with the both of them...it seemed priceless.

Using a firm shove, Shydyan took her pussy, breaking through the virginal barrier, then giving her time to recover, which she did, particularly after Bhren stroked her clit seductively, urging a cooperative response. When she relaxed, Shydyan adjusted his rhythm to his lover’s thrusts in her ass, pumping in a coordinated dance that allowed each to penetrate deep inside while the other pulled slightly out. And however trapped she was between them, Therry moved, too, rubbing her swollen knot against Shydyan’s crotch before pushing her ass to suck Bhren’s cock to the hilt.

I think I’m about to come, lover.

I can’t hold it either, precious, so—

No, wait for me!

The imperious order came out of nowhere, exploding in both their minds simultaneously, and it took them a second before they realized. *It’s her!*

Then the contractions began, a wave so strong it carried her overboard, sweeping them along in a tide too overpowering to stop. *Yes, it's me and I'm coomiiiiin...*