

“Kraider’s choice”

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I was sleeping in Kraider’s tent when he and his soldiers returned from their raid. I looked up warily as Kraider entered the tent. He glanced over at me and called out, “Pet! Come here!”

I got up from the bed immediately. My wrists were tied together in front, as usual, and my leash was knotted to a tent pole nearby. I untied my own leash from the pole and turned to face him, holding the leash in front of me.

I approached Kraider slowly, looking up at him. I still felt uneasy, cautious, still not used to reading his mood or intentions. He silently watched me, the thinnest grin on his face, enjoying the slow movement of my curves, my hips swaying as I stepped closer. He took the leash from my hand and doubled it over around his.

“Pet serve me now,” he said. I reached up and touched his bare chest with my fingertips, gliding my fingernails down his bulging chest muscles and down his solid abdomen. I reached for the drawstring of his loincloth, and without breaking eye contact with him, let loose the waist and let it drop to the floor.

I already felt so small before him, my face barely coming to his chest, my small frame feeling even tinier before his large stature. So I felt even smaller as I gently slid to my knees before him and paid homage to his ownership of me in the best—and most enjoyable—way that I knew. I began with just my tongue but soon took him inside my mouth, feeling him grow larger all the while.

When I was able to work him into a solid erection that pointed well above my head, he reached down and pulled me back to my feet. The head of his cock traced down between my breasts and came to rest against my belly. The heat of it warmed the cool skin of my tummy.

I reached upward again, my hands gliding up his chest this time. He grasped my bound wrists in one huge palm, and raised them high over my head. Then he leaned forward and ducked his head between my arms so that my wrists were pulled to either side of his head, the rope that joined them resting across the back of his neck.

With his other hand he reached down to grasp my rear. He scooped me up off the ground and onto him as he stood tall again. I wrapped my legs around his waist as if I was straddling a solid oak tree, one leg on each side of the trunk. He easily held me there, his hands cupping under my rear and the back of my thighs. He lifted me higher, until my face was even with his, and I was looking directly into his eyes.

I clenched my slim legs around his waist and crossed my ankles behind his back. I felt my soft breasts flattening against his hard chest. My hands gripped his shoulders with the rope around the back of his neck. My entire body was wrapped around him in a tight hug, and yet I still could barely reach all the way behind him.

Then he began to slowly lower me down until I felt the hard tip of his cock pressing against me from below. He moved me sideways a bit until he was confident I was positioned correctly over him, then began lowering me down onto him, impaling me with his still-hardening shaft.

I groaned in need as he lowered me down further, and he delved deep within me. With my legs up and around him, the angle was perfect for him to keep going deeper and deeper until I could feel myself coming to rest where his shaft met his body. He held me there for just a moment, then began slowly raising me up again.

He lifted me all the way up and off of him, and I gave a soft whine when I lost contact with him. I squeezed him tighter with my legs, wanting him back again. A moment later, he gave me my wish, lowering me down onto him again.

Again and again, he lifted and lowered until I was crying out with pleasure, it feeling like he was filling me fuller and fuller with every stroke. When I came, it was loudly and it lasted long, while he kept my body moving up and down. I clung to him, wanting him close, and as he moved faster it felt like he was simply rubbing me up and down on him, using me to stroke himself. It felt amazing to be used that way, and I squeezed with my legs, trying to will him to come as I bounced along.

Finally, I could feel him spasming and spurting inside me, and I joined him in convulsing once again myself. I dropped my head onto his shoulder as we both slowed, and I could feel both our heartbeats slowing from a rapid gallop to an easier clip.

Kraider then began walking back toward the bed, still carrying me easily with his hands on my rear, his cock still cleaving me deeply. He then held me with only one hand while using the other to ease us onto the bed, me on my back and him hovering over me.

After just a moment of him holding there, still buried within me, I could actually feel him hardening already. He grinned at me, and then began thrusting deeply into me once again.