

**TALES**  
From The  
**UNDER**  
**HOME**

**MATTHEW CHAPEL**

# The Gladiator and His Mistress

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*Sex, blood and slaves. This is life in the Underhome.*

TALES FROM THE UNDERHOME

The Gladiator and His Mistress

Matthew Chapel

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## I

Svelok's back crashed heavily into the coliseum wall with a crunch of metal on stone. Ducking low, he dove and rolled away, his limbs carrying him with preternatural speed under an axe that tore a sizeable chunk from the bricks.

On his feet once more, the human had put some distance between him and his foe, giving him a chance to take a breath and re-assess the situation.

... beg your pardon. *Foes*, plural.

Svelok sidestepped, feeling the slipstream of a club brush his cheek, then leaned back as the point of a sword sought out his throat. His own sword came up and deflected the follow up strike of the blade, and once again Svelok dove to the ground, curling into a ball and smoothly rolling beyond the inhuman reach of his rival gladiators.

There were three of them, each with the recognisable features of a human. But they were not Purebreed humans like Svelok. They were altogether far too large, and not to mention ugly. He didn't much like the word 'Otherbreed,' but it was an accurate label, as unfortunate as it was.

Burned by the invisible poison that swathed the surface world, the Otherbreeds were bulky creatures with bulbous muscles on full display. Veins pulsed angrily, slightly aglow with eldritch light visible in the flickering of the flames in the torch sconces that illuminated the coliseum. Their necks were thick with meat and muscle, impossible to tell apart from their shoulders and the loincloths did little to hide their swinging girths, however tragically inert the appendages were.

Otherbreeds were made for fighting. Mother Nature had warped them that way. They were popular contenders in the arena, but difficult to train due to the perpetual brain damage the invisible poison had inflicted.

In a feat of co-ordination that seemed more of a fluke than an intelligent attempt to overwhelm Svelok, the three Otherbreeds formed up for another bout. The one with the axe roared, while the one with the club weighed his weapon in both hands. The Otherbreed with the sword that was almost as big as Svelok was tall gave several test swings, nearly cutting his brothers and earning a cuff upside the head.

Standing his ground, Svelok lowered his centre of gravity, wringing the leather binds on his sword's hilt in a two-handed grip. There was no point retreating. He was surrounded on all sides by the rounded walls of the coliseum, and above them the massing crowds of spectators screaming to be entertained by bloodshed. There was literally nowhere to run.

Facing three Otherbreeds on his own hardly seemed fair, and Svelok would be lying if he said he'd faced tougher odds before. He'd surely bested

larger more powerful foes before, but that was in single combat. This was a wholly different kettle of aquatic creatures. With three large foes out for his blood he almost needed to have eyes in the back of his head. The way they kept trying to surround him, forcing him to deflect and roll out between them it looked very much like they had him on the ropes.

He wondered if his mistress was in any way concerned. He should have known better.

High above the coliseum sands in a private box, Ivy's succulent body reclined in the silk cushions of her chaise. Whereas the rest of the crowds in the stands were in tense uproar at the one-sided battle before them, the lioness was the very essence of calm. Her sidelong lounge showed off the slender length of her long legs and unintentionally pronounced the curves of her sleek hourglass figure.

She was spectating the fight alone, as she normally did, with no-one of importance to admire the way her body filled out her form-over-function attire. A small serf stood in the corner, a jug of wine in his hand and his eyes watchful of Ivy's glass rather than the display of violence not fifty metres below. As with Svelok's performance in the ring, hesitation was not tolerated among serfs. When Ivy's glass ran empty, she expected it to be filled without having to ask.

When the enemy made a mistake, she expected her prize gladiator to execute victory immediately.

Were any of her other gladiators in the sand right now, Ivy would have been biting her manicured nails. Three-against-one didn't abide by normal gladiatorial rules, and gladiators were an investment like the other serfs she owned. A dead serf could not serve. A dead gladiator could not win her fights and rewards of gold.

But Svelok was no average gladiator. Ivy had spared no expense on his training and education. It showed in the way the human carried himself, the way he flowed among his enemy and manipulated his well-earned custom sword like it was an extension of his being. Ivy had confidence in Svelok that was borderline arrogance. So, unperturbed by the unusual display of her rival fielding three of her gladiators against Ivy's single fighter, the lioness casually brushed a few strands of her platinum hair from her emerald eyes and sipped her drink calmly.

The audience of commoners roared for human blood. Ivy imagined Lady Gahya, who had fielded the three Otherbreeds, was roaring with them in her own private box on the opposite side of the coliseum. They were pining for death. Specifically, they were pining for Svelok's death.

Svelok had fought in the coliseum enough times that he was usually a

crowd favourite. But these three Otherbreeds were so unexpected and exotic that the spectators instantly took a liking to them. It seemed the public approved that these three hulks were a worthy enough spectacle to strike Svelok down. It would be an end befitting a hero.

Svelok grimaced. The coliseum had enough dead heroes. He wasn't eager to join their ranks. And while he planned to deny the people what they wanted, he would please the crowd at the same time.

He ducked under the axed aimed at his head, and stepping into the blow he sidestepped a mighty swing of the club.

It was almost like he knew where the Otherbreeds were going to strike just before they did. In fact, Svelok knew exactly what was going to happen, but he didn't need any mystic supernatural senses to tell him where to move.

The sword came down and Svelok twisted. The flat of the blade grazed the back of his carapace and sparks flew. There was a thud as the edge found sand and Svelok swung his arms for balance before bobbing to one side, the axe nearly finding the flesh on his cheek.

Svelok wasn't having as much trouble as he was letting on. The fight was more of a dance. A choreographed act. He would have done as well in theatre as he did in the pit. The crowd ate it up. Even the Otherbreeds thought he was at the end of his rope and they laughed at his ducks and weaves.

Little did they know Svelok had just figured out their predictable pattern of movement. The slave-beasts surged onto the human, expecting him to scamper away.

Svelok rushed them back.

The first with the club always had poor footwork. It charged, headlong with over-powered swings and little regard for balance. Svelok stepped in, lazily avoiding the otherwise lethal mass of the weapon and the Otherbreed practically threw itself upon his blade. The silver steel broke through the soft flesh in the abdomen and slipped through the narrow slots between the ribs beside its spine.

Stepping around the Otherbreed, he wrenched the blade from its gut, tearing several bloody hoops of intestine at the same time. The monster fell heavily and squirmed, fruitlessly trying to scoop its innards back in.

The other two unperturbed by the sight of their dying fellow followed through with their own attacks. Again, Svelok was a step ahead.

He rolled under the sweeping axe and lashed out. the steel of his sword sang as it cleaved through thigh and femur with preternatural ease. The leg came off clean – for a given value of clean. The Otherbreed saw it's own blood fountain like a flowing well into the sand and stared with wide eyed shock and pain. It was teetering off balance and falling when Svelock span around and his

sword sang another deathly tune.

The second Otherbreed's head bounced and rolled to the feet of the third, making the one with the mighty sword hesitate a moment. The second of reprieve from the inhuman assaults gave Svelok time to return a two handed grip to his sword.

In comparison to the Otherbreed's weapon, which favoured weight and size to the extent that the notches and uneven edges of the blade hardly mattered anymore, Svelok's custom sword was as finely crafted and honed as the human's skills with the weapon. The grip bound in leather and gold laid into the ornamental spacer and ring-shaped pommel, the blade itself was silvery, gleaming in the pit's torchlight and seemed fit to be wielded by a king. Etched into the blade were the words:

'I am Mercy.'

Two foes had been granted mercy from their cursed lives. Svelok would extend the kindness to this last Otherbreed shortly.

The beast roared and surged forward. The rugged blade it carried swung this way and that, but every swing was punctuated by the clang of steel on steel and a shower of bright sparks. With each strike, Svelok's own blade stood in its path, deflecting quickly and with surprising sturdiness. Despite all the power the Otherbreed threw into each strike, Svelok matched the blow like an unstoppable force meeting an immovable object.

It seemed this stalemate would go on forever, the two dancing about each other, framed in a dazzling light-show of sparks and glittering steel flourishing this way and that. But like the others, this Otherbreed was predictable, swinging by a pattern.

And it was almost at its end.

It drew back for one last powerful strike. Svelok knew it was coming. He had prepared for it. And when he saw it, instead of deflecting or pulling away, the man stepped in and struck with pinpoint accuracy. Steel met flesh in a flash of silver, and it happened so fast the Otherbreed didn't even notice at first.

The foe's blade crashed harmlessly into Svelok's armoured side, the sword and the hand holding it now separated from the arm and carrying no more force. The Otherbreed screamed, grasping at the bloody stump as Svelok kicked it in the back of the knee and took it down a notch.

His blade finally pierced the Otherbreed through the neck, in the back and exploding out the front. He twisted viciously then followed through, tearing the weapon out to one side with a bloody flourish.

The Otherbreed's head lolled grossly to one side, not quite coming off but not quite attached anymore either. Dead, it collapsed into the sand with a plume

of dust while Svelok fanned his sword, then slid it smoothly into the sheath across his back with a rasp of steel.

The crowds went insane. They had been denied the glorious death of a hero, but as a compromise they had been given a show of divine bloodshed. An expression of death as fine as the artistry that decorated the royal palace. Svelok raised his hands in time tempered tradition and the people cried his name in glory.

Above, Ivy's own little smatter of proud applause joined the din of approval. And she rubbed her thighs together, realising an itch that had been forming as she watched Svelok with pride.

## II

‘The Stocks’ was the name given to the area beneath the coliseum floor, the ground so affectionately referred to as the pit. The place was, as per usual, a den of hustle. Serfs with buckets and shovels were running in and out to replace the blood stained sand. Other, larger men were in charge of dragging away the corpses of the fallen. Other gladiators prepped for their turn on the battlefield, sharpening blades, donning armour, practicing their skills on dummies or a few were content to just leer across the stocks at their competition.

Ivy found Svelok just off the elevator, the wooden construction rattling behind him as it lowered several burly serfs and the bloodied remains of Svelok’s kills. He didn’t walk directly towards her when he spotted her, and Ivy gave a sigh. It was no error of Svelok’s. He was exquisitely trained in all aspects of being a serf, including etiquette. And when he did not rush to bow at her feet, Ivy knew in an instant that another mistress had demanded his attention.

Ivy could guess who it was before the bustle of lower tier serfs in her path scattered.

Pacing back and forth in front of Svelok was Lady Gahya; the owner of the Otherbreeds the Purebreed human had slain. But, she did not seem infuriated with Svelok as one might expect. As the crocodilian woman paced, she wore an amused expression and eyed the man from head to toe with barely concealed lust and interest.

Ivy knew Gahya from their younger days. Back in school they had been rivals too. But at least back then Gahya didn’t need gold or custom designed dresses to arouse a male.

Her station as the Grand Matriarch’s advisor in this district had left its mark on her. Too many serfs at her beck and call had made the crocodile lazy, and she was in turn starting to look out of shape. Her buxom curves were altogether more copious than Ivy’s, and the tailor fit of her dress seemed to draw a bit of attention to her belly. On the upside she had a very large bust to offset her fatty trimmings, and the finest make-up artists in the kingdom had worked their magic on her ladyship.

She was by no means grossly unattractive, but the years had not been as kind to her aesthetic as they had been to the lioness.

Gahya’s long maw moved as she spoke, and Ivy did not hear what was said until she got closer.

“... your mistress must be proud.” Gahya’s hand boldly moved forward, and for a second it seemed like she might slide a claw down into Svelok’s pants. She was stopped only by Ivy’s voice, her report as sharp as the rap of her stilettos on the floorboards.

“His mistress is *very* proud of him!” She was loud enough to turn a few heads.

Gahya withdrew as if burned and she turned with a flicker of surprise in her aspect.

Quickly, the lioness closed to Svelok’s side and she tapped a nail on his chest plate. Her opposite arm draped over his shoulder and she leaned, the human effortlessly supporting her weight.

“Excellent work, pet. You never cease to impress.”

Svelok nodded, keeping his gaze fixed on the floor in front of him. He knew better to lay eyes on either of the women unless told to do so. “You are too kind, mistress.”

Looking up as if only just spotting the other woman, Ivy gave a toothy smile. “Oh, Gahya. So sorry about your gladiators. At least they tried.”

Gahya gritted her fierce, interlocking teeth. “Mmmmm. Yes, indeed.” She glanced at the serfs dragging away the mutilated Otherbreeds she had fielded. “I’ll have to get my money back from that charlatan who sold them to me. He promised they would win me at least a dozen fights... each.”

“Buyer beware,” Ivy quipped.

Putting the past where it belonged, Gahya then took a refreshed breath and managed a new smile, turning her gaze on Svelok. “Now, tell me more about this magnificent specimen of yours. I have seen him before but never up close.” She twitched, seemingly wanting another attempt to feel him for herself.

“He is rather impressive, isn’t he?” Ivy said proudly, running a finger down his jaw. “I trained him myself. From a young age of course.” Her smile turned a little devilish. “Young Purebreeds have such stamina.”

Gahya’s eyes widened a little again. “Surely you don’t mean to say he is trained as a bed serf?”

“That he is.”

The crocodile gave a throaty sound of approval, licking her lips slightly. “A warrior and a bed serf? Interesting. He must be... *vigorous*, no?”

Ivy’s smile crawled to one side. “That’s a word for it.”

“May I?” Gahya asked this time before reaching out.

With a watchful eye, Ivy nodded. She didn’t mind other women playing with her toys, just so long as they had the simple decency to ask first. Gahya had almost failed in that respect, but Ivy was ready to forgive the woman’s little stumble in etiquette. Especially to show off what she had on the good chance Gahya would be leaving this encounter jealous.

The crocodile found Svelok’s crotch without hesitation and she fumbled with the buttons on the front of his khakis. Ivy knew he always favoured his

armour light, hence he only wore a plate vest. There was a leather vest under that, protecting his shoulders but leaving his arms bare, and other than his sturdy boots he neglected to wear armour on his legs. He claimed it weighted him down too much, afflicted his freedom of movement and made him slow.

But, unable to move for lack of permission to do so, he stood at the mercy of Gahya's explorations. It didn't take long for her to unencumber the rod swelling inside his pants, and with a wide-eyed gasp she closed her fingers around the firm flesh of his cock. She pulled it out of his pants almost too eagerly, and Ivy felt her pet twitch, but he made no indication he'd been hurt.

Gahya in the meantime was entranced with what she had found. The man's stalk barely fitted in her hands, which were by no means petite. Soft, the length was little over six inches in length and a hefty, satisfying girth that made Gahya swallow a gulp of air.

"By the Holy Matriarch... his stem is gorgeous," she breathed. "Might I see him grow?"

Ivy smirked. "Of course."

She tapped Svelok to indicate permission, and slowly but surely his cock swelled to full length in Gahya's hand. She stroked it with an approving flicker in her eyes.

She was engrossed, practically obsessed at the sight. Ivy figured it took the woman's every ounce of self-control not to drop to her knees and begin worshipping the erection. "Incredible. Trained for battle and for the bed. He must fuck like a wild beast."

Ivy didn't answer. Instead, as Gahya seemed to pay the throbbing prize in her hand more attention than anything else, the lioness decided to have just a little fun. Unbeknownst to the other woman, she leaned over and breathed a single command into the human's ear.

Svelok's eyes fell shut and for a second it seemed he was focusing. The moment only lasted a split second. Then he stiffened.

Gahya felt it. A tremor, then his cock swelled between her fingers. It was following by a rush, and then a jet of cum exploded from the tip. Three full salvos, high pressure slammed into the heel of her hand and painted her green scales halfway up to her elbow. Three more jets caught Gahya on further unawares, directed past her hand and splashed down the front of her over-priced dress.

Gahya gasped, not with revulsion but surprise. And then annoyance set in as she realised there were several long, sticky splotches all down the front of her designer dress.

"You little..." She seethed silently for a moment then threw Svelok a

glare. "You did that on purpose!"

Svelok's posture wilted a little. "I apologise, my lady. I am powerless to your beauty and your divine touch. Even the sound of your voice excites me to no end."

A well-choreographed lie, without a doubt. But Gahya was tantalised by it at the same time and her anger was suddenly replaced with a fresh bout of lust. She crooned, nibbling her bottom lip as her hips swayed. She was rubbing her thighs together and Ivy caught the distinct scent of her arousal. It had been lingering under the sharp tones of her perfume this whole time, but it had suddenly become much more pungent.

Her eyes flashed and she looked directly at Ivy now. "Sister, I would very much like to borrow your pet for the night. I'd be willing to pay top rates as well. What say you?"

She was licking the salty cum from her fingers as Ivy answered, savouring like one might when sampling a wine.

"My Svelok has fought hard in the arena today. I think he should be entitled to a little reward, not more work don't you think?"

"I'll reward him very well, I assure you," Gahya said.

"Hmmm. I'm sure you will." Ivy eyed the other woman as she told her own little lie. "But if it is all the same to you, I would like to take my pet home and have him relax before he takes on his duties again tomorrow.

Gahya sighed, then seeing the sense in it nodded. Reluctantly though. Moving close to Svelok again, she lowered her voice and said huskily, "If my voice excites you so, then someday soon I would like to sing an orgasm for you. Would you like that, dear?"

Svelok smiled indirectly. "I would, very much so, my lady."

Gahya hummed, her hand finding his still-rigid cock one last time and giving it an affectionate squeeze. "Yes you would."

Licking her fingers one last time she nodded to Ivy and took her leave. The crocodile was barely out of sight when Ivy let out a breath. Smiling more genuinely now that they were alone, so to speak, the lioness hooked a finger under Svelok's chin and forcefully directed his gaze to hers.

"Tell me, pet. If given the choice, would you like to fuck Lady Gahya?"

Svelok's expression was neutral as he said it, but there was the hint of a smirk in his tone. "I would rather perform my next fight in the pit with naught but my swinging cod, mistress."

Ivy laughed. Then leading him away, her fingers wrapped possessively about his hot length, her laughter turned into a purr. "You know exactly what I like to hear."

### **III**

When they arrived home, Ivy led her pet directly to the living room where the other serfs had already prepared for their arrival. A roaring fire that matched the embers in Ivy's lusty eyes blazed in the hearth, and an open bottle of exquisite vintage wine, as opposed to the swill that was always peddled at the colosseum, stood breathing on the side table.

Ivy however ignored the bottle and took to her pet immediately. Svelok had not been given the chance to even bathe, the musk of sweat and bloodshed still radiating from him like an aura. His mistress seemed to relish the scent though breathing it in deep as she undid the clasps of his armour and threw the pieces of metal carapace aside. When it came to be her turn she pushed Svelok's hands away, as if refusing to be unclothed. Instead she merely tore apart the plunging neckline of her dress to free her breasts and folded her skirt up over her sleek hips. Ivy collapsed onto the couch a moment later and forced Svelok's mouth between her thighs like a lover with little time to spare.

The human didn't just know what the lioness liked to hear; he knew what she liked, period. He needed very little cues and he set to work immediately, lapping and licking her spread cunny with the enthusiasm of a virgin exploring oral sex for the first time.

Ivy drew her legs upward, nearly folding her legs behind her neck to give Svelok unfettered access. The mistress trusted him to work to the best of his ability, and as per usual the loyal serf did not disappoint. Ivy drew in a sharp breath, mouthing something unheard as her eyes fell shut and she lost herself in the pleasure of his tongue plundering the sweet confines of her pussy. Her hands pawed at his skull, her fingers tangled in his short hair. With short gasps of breath she whispered sweet praise to her loyal serf.

The songs capturing Ivy's rapture drove Svelok in. It was as encouraging to him now as the sound of steel singing through flesh and bone was in the pit. His mouth pressed harder against her labia, and his strong tongue drove into the hot tunnel concealed just within. The wet and slippery ministrations made Ivy shudder then jump as if she'd been electrocuted.

Her song turned into a wail that pealed the walls. It was no doubt heard in the next estate over, and she fantasised of her many other serfs hearing and growing aroused. She kicked at the air weakly, no longer in control of her own body. All she could do to suppress her voice was bite her lip. But as she did, Svelok doubled his efforts.

One hand squeezed at her taught rump while the other slid keenly up her inner thigh. While his tongue worked her crevasse, his fingers found the slippery, swollen nub of sensitive flesh just above the opening. The contact was

electric and Ivy was unable to hold back another cry of pleasure. Svelok's fingers slipped and slid across her clitoris with small, feverish circles. The mistress was driven mad and it could have been easily said how it was Svelok who was the master in this situation.

But Ivy didn't mind. Especially not when he did this for her.

Grabbing a handful of his hair she forcefully jerked his mouth from her pussy, several long strands of saliva connecting her sodden and matted lips to his. She was smiling breathlessly, her whole body heaving with every breath as she sat up.

"Such a good pet," she purred, her hands sliding down over his armoured vest and finding the familiar clasps she had personally secured when Svelok donned the armour before the fight. "But I think its high time for your reward."

Svelok smiled. "Making you happy is reward enough for me, mistress."

She giggled. "Oh, then this will be a reward for us both then."

Her eyes blazed with lust as Svelok's vestments came away, revealing the hard muscles of his torso. She dropped back on the couch, laying with her legs spread like a two-copper-whore.

Aside from dropping his armoured vest to one side, Svelok had no further need to undress. The front of his pants was still open, his cock hung out like a leash which Ivy used to lead him the entire way home. Ivy liked to parade her favourite serf around like that in public, enjoying the jealous stares of other anthros in the street when they saw the sublime rod she had at her beck and call.

And in her current state, Ivy could not wait for trivialities like removing his pants. She wanted... *needed* him. *Now!*

Easing his hips forward, he placed the base of his stem on her labia, the wet lips parting softly to embrace the hot, throbbing flesh of his shaft. Then with a smooth motion slicked by the mixture of her arousal and his saliva pooling in her winking opening, Svelok drew back. Back and forth he slid, the length of his shaft rubbing tantalisingly across her slippery clit and making Ivy shudder and smile with delight. But still there was something stern in her eyes. Something unsatisfied.

"Don't tease," Ivy breathed huskily. "You know what I want."

Svelok did. And he gave it to her. One hand aimed the crown down slightly, the glans spearing her opening and driving deep in one slick motion. Ivy's body yielded to his assault, her velvety walls tight but spreading with ease to allow his girth in. In a second he was hilted inside her, and Ivy mouthed a silent scream.

In just one thrust inside there was no stopping it. The lioness convulsed and climaxed over his cock. Her fluids jetted out between her spread lips and

splattered Svelok's stomach. The heat and the convulsions of her inner muscles rippling across his shaft was nearly enough to set the human off as well. But nearly two decades of practice had made perfect, and Svelok contained himself.

Not for any loving benefit. His mistress had just orgasmed, and that would have normally marked the end of the evening's frolics, whether Svelock finished or not. But Mistress Ivy was so kind, she wanted to reward him tonight for his performance in the pit. She wanted to make tonight special for him. And so, he wanted it to be special for her too. He wouldn't let himself cum yet. He wasn't done with his mistress just yet.

When Ivy's jittery motions settled down, Svelock started moving. His hips rocked back and forth in a circular motion, with drawing all the way out until just his glans seated comfortably in her opening, and then lowering his hips he drove his cock back up and in, slamming her all the way to the hilt. The force made a wet slap and jolted Ivy's whole body, her breasts bouncing nicely for a brief second. The rhythm repeated, starting slow and drawing a long, pleased moan from the lioness. And building as the minutes passed, soon he had accelerated to a rapid pounding motion that made Ivy set her nails painfully into his shoulder blades.

She was squealing with delight, the sensitive fire in her pussy stoked once more and building her to a second climax. Her tunnel quivered with glee and she could do nothing to stop her hips rocking forward to meet Svelok's thrusts.

Ivy hissed in his ear, "It's okay my darling. Cum whenever you like."

"I fully intend to, mistress." Svelok gritted his teeth a moment as he felt Ivy's walls tighten a little. "I'll cum when I feel you've had just about enough. That is my reward. Tonight I fuck you raw, as hard and as long as I want."

She hadn't realised that was what she wanted to hear. Ivy's head crashed back and she arched her back. Her claws set in the couch cushions as she cried out with delight. By training Svelok, by conditioning him to the rigors of her favourite bedroom activities she'd created a monster. But she loved it.

No longer caring about trying to be quiet, Ivy let it all out. She screamed at the top of her lungs, smiling all the time as her body was jerked back and forth by the jackhammer pace of her pet's thrusts. She couldn't feel her legs any more. Her toes curled numbly in her boots as she gushed once more.

Climax after climax followed. Svelok didn't slow for a second. A sheen of sweat formed on his body and his ragged breaths drew shorter as nearly an hour passed. But he did not relent. His pace was perfect, his form pristine. Finally, Ivy could take no more as what she guessed as her fourth orgasm passed and she blinked away stars.

The friction in her slick tunnel was still wet, lubricated by orgasm after

orgasm, but Ivy grew slightly sore. It wasn't uncomfortable, but the sensitivity had built to the breaking point. She slung one arm around Svelok's neck, dragging him into a tighter embrace, her opposite hands setting its claws into his muscles.

"Please!" she begged at the ceiling. "Please, my pet! I'm going mad! You've set a fire in my pussy! Cum inside me! Please, just fill me up!"

"You needn't beg, mistress." He whispered in her ear.

His cock swelled, stretching Ivy's numb nethers out just a little more. Burying his face in her neck, Svelok clenched as if to hold back the torrent of seed. For a second he succeeded, but then with a clench of his abdomen he released and came as hard as he could manage into her.

She could feel it as it rushed up through his cock, then burst from the head and into her wanting cervix. She took it all in, the hot cum painting her insides, irrigating her hidden depths with sticky warmth. The sensation made her cum one last time, quietly and calmly. It completed her, and totally out of breath she slumped weakly on the couch, reassured she wouldn't fall of the world only by Svelok's weight holding her down.

She teetered there, right on the verge of consciousness as the universe span all around her. Slowly and surely Svelok came down from his own high and lifted his torso a little. His powerful arms were planted to either side of her body as he gazed down into her eyes.

Ivy could only think of one thing to say. "We should take this to the bedroom."

Svelok smiled back.

###

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