

# Golden Stag

**By Neo Mint City**

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All characters in this story are at least 18 years old

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# Golden Stag

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## City of Dondomrdale

The four adventurers walked under the large portcullis and into the city proper. The guards waved them through while signaling to stay back. They were questioning a shady-looking merchant and searching his wares.

Waving to Guard Trovbon, Alaya continued walking. He returned the wave and returned to searching the merchant's wagon.

"He's so cute." Chrissatha whispered.

"I know. You should have Alaya introduce you." Hailey whispered back.

"He is too tall." Wyette said.

"Says the half gnome." Hailey shot back.

Each frowned as they walked away from the guards.

"Alaya-

"No. You want fuck my cousin? Go talk to him yourself." Alaya said, "I'll be at the Stag if you need me."

Leaving the Dondomrdale's city gates behind them the four went their separate ways.

## The Stag

The city was busy with construction and set up for the countess' birthday celebrations and the festival she held at the end of the month. Banners marking the occasion hung from every archway, glow moth lamp, and tower window. Six blocks and a leg of miniature hippogriff from Olaf's Street Meats Alaya walked to the alley next to the wood and brick building. It led to the adventure's bathing entrance of the Golden Stag Bordello. The excitement stirred her body.

"Alaya!" Came the cheer as she crossed the first half of the steamy entrance. Five smiles greeted her each from the cheerful faces of the impish male bathers.

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Batting aside the short white curtains, emblazoned with a golden stag, hanging from the archway she smiled at the young cocks sitting in and around the large stone bath. She said, "Boys, it's been too long."

"It's only been two weeks." Lead Bather Haylee said. Standing, he ordered, "Wynn, Nova, break is over"

Wynn was soaking in the large bath. Rising to greet her the water flowed off the half-orc. Like the other bathers, he wore a tunic spun of Oroshian moth silk. Dry, the gossamer fabric held a cloud-like color. Wet, it was as if Wynn wore nothing, except the mithril cage around his delicate cock.

Slipping a tray of cheese, biscuits, and white stag sauce into a cubby Nova licked his fingers. The gooey sauce was a house specialty. He rinsed his hands and moved to help.

Shortly after buying the Golden Stag Bordello the brothel's new proprietor Madame Dimitria installed the entrance and bathes. Shortly after that, she caged all of her bathers, Dimitria had found the young cocks drained and exhausted by her female patrons. Often the ladies only paid for the bath and not the services of her studs.

The five willowy young slaves were already stripping Alaya of her armor as she sat on a large stone bench. Nova was washing her arm with a warm cloth. Haylee removes the red ribbon holding her dirty blonde hair in a ponytail. It cascaded down over her shoulders, hovering over her collarbones. Haylee moved to the shelves containing the shampoos and soaps. Each of Madame Dimitria's effeminate bathers placed her armor and clothing in a basket to be taken and washed.

Guiding her to a bench they laid her down and began soaping then washing her body. The youngest, Nova's hand continually washed her aching pussy. His other hand ran a warm wet cloth along her leg. Bailey washed her other leg. His hand would slide in any time Nova was absent from her pussy.

Both Avery and Wynn washed her arms and chest. Each washed her large honeydew breasts, taking care to rub any spec of grim from her adventure away. Wynn took extra care to pull and pinch her nipple until she moaned and Haylee reminded him of his place and true task.

Haylee washed her hair with a lavender-scented shampoo. His thin fingers worked along her scalp. His touch was like magic soft, yet strong. Gentle, yet firm.

*He has to know*, she thought, looking up into Haylee's angelic face. He smiled down at her. Each of Alaya's hands rolled Avery's and Wynn's balls and cages in her palms. She would tease them with a light squeeze and watch them squirm as they tried to wash her.

Alaya lost track of their captive cocks when the boys rolled her onto her back. They had placed a fluffy towel down. She enjoyed ten hands scrubbing her backside. *Nova, you naughty boy*, she thought.

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Nova's hand was rubbing her pussy. One finger was slipping in and out of her. His other hand was pretending to wash her ass cheek.

"Miss Alaya, it's time for your soak." Haylee said. The boys moved away to their next duties.

Holding back a frown Alaya slowly stood up and stretched. Giving the boys a good show she began walking to the large stone tub. Steam rose from its surface. Rumor was the Madame had a Fire Elemental living under the tub to keep it hot at all hours of the day.

Haylee was placing the shampoos on the shelf. Alaya's hand caught Nova. She sucked on his fingers as she winked at him. He blushed. Then she slid one leg into the hot water. Once fully in the water four of the bathers joined her. Haylee began rubbing her shoulders. Avery and Bailey moved to massage her legs. They both sat in the middle of the tub as they worked her sore muscles she felt her toes bounce on the undersides of their balls. She began flicking her toes when they touched. Both boys smiled at her.

Wynn and Nova sat at her sides, they massaged her body with imported sea sponges. Every moment or so Haylee would give an instruction to one of the young bathers keeping them on track.

Nova's right hand disappeared from his work. He smiled at Alaya  
"Ahhh ahhh." She moaned.

His hand slid along her pussy lips. Two fingers slipped into her and he began pumping her.

Alaya moaned again and stared at the naughty bather. Her tongue wetted her lips and her breathing quickened as the young cock's fingers worked their magic.

Wynn's hand reached over and played with her far nipple as his tongue began flicking the closest one. He then took it into his mouth and started sucking.

Both boys began grinding on her toes and feet with their captive cocks and clean-shaven balls.

Her breathing quickened. Searching hands reached out and began playing with Nova and Wynn's caged cocks and balls.

"Ohh, aahh." Nova moaned.

Haylee pretended like nothing was happening and gave orders that aligned with their actions. If anyone new walked in, his bathers would appear to be doing their normal duties, cleaning Miss Alaya.

The sensation of two slender fingers pumping in and out of her mixed with all the other feelings that played across her skin. The bathers' constant and simultaneous touching and caressing brought her to orgasm faster than she would have liked. Throwing her head back to scream in pleasure, she was met with Haylee's lips. He kissed her long and passionately as she shook. The ecstasy washed over her. Every part of her body was in heaven.

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She felt her feet crush into effeminate balls. The one who sucked her nipple was failing to produce the milk he so clearly wanted. Nova was still pumping her as fast as he could as she came down from the wave of bliss. Her tongue chased around Haylee's mouth.

Haylee released the kiss as Alaya stopped shaking. He said, "Sorry, Miss A-" he was interrupted attempting to say they didn't want Madame Dimitria hearing her cries of pleasure.

His grip loosened and he released the kiss. Both of Alaya's hands turned loose the balls she was squeezing. She reached up and pulled Haylee down for another long kiss.

"Mmm. That is just what I need to start the night." She smiled as two of the boys continued grinding on her feet. She said, "It's too bad I can't take you on adventures. The nights would be a lot more fun."

Alaya moved to rise and the young cocks stopped playing with her. Haylee was quick to give them orders as he looked around to make sure neither Madame Dimitria nor a new patron had entered. Finding none he moved to the wall of towels and guest clothing.

Two of the willowy males held her hand as she stepped out of the stone bath. Water dripped from all of their bodies. The bathers appeared to shimmer as the water clung to their silk tunics. Any sense of modesty was long lost on these boys. The wet tunic blended in with their skin. Not a hair on their bodies. Nestled on their balls the mirthal cock cages shimmer brightly. Alaya was unsure if it was just the water dripping on the metal or the yearning for the boy's excitement.

All five moved in to dry her body. Haylee gave instructions to the others as he produced a small cloud of silk. Nova paid extra care to dry her breasts thoroughly. Twice she felt his hand on her large breast without the towel to dry. She smiled each time and Haylee reminded him of his real duty.

Wynn and Bailey draped a white mesh Oroshian moth silk tunic over her. Avery wrapped a long skirt with two slits down each hip of the same material around her waist. The condensation and missed water drops on her body saturated the fabric, it vanished from sight.

Looking down at her breasts Alaya smiled. With Nova and the other bathers' help the thrust of her lust-filled loins was abated for the moment. She would be able to select a stud without rushing. Enjoy a drink or two and a performance if Madame had one scheduled for the night.

At the exit, Alaya turned, "See you soon, boys." She blew them a kiss as her elbows squeezed her large tits together. It had the desired effect.

Avery ground his hips on the edge of the stone bath in front of him.

Nova and Bailey both asked her to come back.

Wynn smiled and rubbed his balls and cage.

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Haylee just leered at her, used to the games female adventures played.

Wiggling her ass in the transparent fabric she heard more calls for her to return. She strolled into the dimly lit hall leading deeper into the brothel.

Steam trailed behind her. Two candles lined the hallway, walking further in the lavender scent of the baths was replaced with sweet perfumes and hints of musk. Sounds of a busy night echoed down the hall to her. Reaching the entrance to the main room her skin was dry. The translucent silk lifted from her skin and fluttered around her body with each movement as it dried.

Twelve of the fourteen tables were filled with women of every race. The bar was lined two deep with customers ordering drinks as they built the courage to select and bed one of the Golden Stag's studs.

Alaya wasted no time and moved to the small stage at the end of the bar. Several males were lined up. *Oh, a lot of new studs*, she thought.

A shadow loomed above Alaya. The woman standing next to the stage was over eight feet tall. Her silk floor-length dress was dyed a brilliant green. Two layers of skirting wrapped around the lower half of the dress. Green roses covered the dress hiding her nipples and other areas of her voluptuous body. One bare leg, bent and posed forward as the dress's inner skirt parted around her light olive skin. Her outer skirt wrapped around from her back and parted in the middle. Like the inner shirt, it was a brilliant green and like Alaya's silk tunic, it was transparent. The silk skirt was attached to jeweled lace cuffs on the women's wrists. Allowing the outer silk skirt to flow with her every gesture. Her dark brown hair danced over her enormous breasts. The massive tits threatened to spill out of the dress every time she moved. Each was easily four times the size of her head. She smiled at Alaya's approach.

"Madame Dimitria, you're as lovely as ever."

"Alaya, you've returned. You're glowing. Were my bathers naughty?"

"No, just exist for an evening of pleasures you provide." The look in her eye said she didn't believe Alaya.

Madame Dimitria held out her hand in front of six males of various races. Removing the long pipe from her lips, she said, "Alaya, my dear you've had most of these boys. Briar, Crimson, and Lindon are new. Boys present yourselves."

The closest male stepped forward, a human, he wore only a white mesh kilt. Like Alaya's tunic, it showed everything. The collar on his neck indicated him being owned by the house. The numbers on each side of the collar were in common; ten for his length and five and a half for his girth. Soft his cock was a hand length long.

Alaya's eyes roamed his muscles. Two large scars crossed his chest. Both were made by weapons. He looked only a few years older than Alaya. His hair was cut short and styled to attract patrons.

Flashing Madame Dimitria a smile, she steps closer to observe the next stud.

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Dimitria's long arm gestures to the stage. A gentle breeze flowed past Alaya. Briar stepped back and Crimson stepped forward.

Bald with a beard down to his belly, it was a fiery red. A slight point to his ears suggested elf heritage, his broad shoulders said dwarven, and the slight green tint to his skin said orcish. His general appearance spoke to a human parentage. Muscles rippled as he stood before Alaya. Two inches shorter than the first. His cock was an inch long, but it had the bulk of a medium-sized apple. Hidden further by his foreskin the shallow bulbous prick was nestled above his massive balls. A ring of silver metal wrapped both securely.

Alaya's eyes jump up to his collar, the Doloshin marks for seven indicating his length and nine on the other side of the short chain indicating his girth.

*That would break me, she thought, even with Madame's cream.* She stepped to the next.

The gnome, Lindon, stepped forward. He was holding his flaccid cock. Not out of excitement or for pleasure. Out of necessity, at twelve inches long it was half his height. Without a beard, he looked almost like a halfling, two pointy ears gave away his gnomish heritage. His only clothes were an Oroshian silk scarf. From the back of his neck the scarf draped over the front of him. Accenting his dangling cock, showcasing it.

*Maybe, if I wasn't as tired,* she thought.

"Alaya darling, fancy a romp?" The red-skinned devil asked. Leaning on a pillar he twirled his tail in one hand. His forked tongue darted out toward her.

"Not today, Ember." She said, "Last time, Chrissatha would not stop blessing me after she found out we played together."

"Silly healer." He hissed and slipped off to find another patron to charm into a sinful night of passion.

Surveying the room she saw a satyr dancing on a table for half-dozen women, his thin cock swinging around like a bolo, all twelve inches of it. Many of the women got their hands slapped by Timlynn's cock as they reached out for it.

In another booth, without a table sat the retired gladiator, Burrguard. The minotaur's enormous body left only room for one woman on either side. Currently, both seats are empty. His short dark brown fur ripple with muscles. He had draped a bolt of the gossamer fabric around his waist belt like. The ends hang down covering his massive beast cock. He was Dimitria's second largest stud at twenty-two inches.

Alaya looked away before he saw her smiling at his cock. A shadow moved to her right. Turning she saw a figure slithering to the stairs and the private rooms on the second floor.

The lamia male, Ramzal was leading two sisters off. One walked next to him, caressing one of his two cocks. The other he carries with his black and jade tail. The tip already found its way under her tunic as it coiled around her right breast, massaging her soft skin.

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A single drop of excitement escaped Alaya's lips. Ramzal never went soft, a quality of his lizard half. With two leviathans she could have had both her holes filled until she passed out. With him coiling around her she would get a full body massage.

Pushing the image of being warmly coiled out of her thoughts Alaya turned back to the line of new studs. A familiar laugh came from the bar.

Taking a tall pink swirling drink mixed with a mint color from the bartender, a shirtless figure held up his beverage and clanked it with the older dwarf sitting next to him. They both drink, the shirtless male sipping his fancy beverage, the dwarf chugging his beer.

The smell of fire and sweat filled her lungs as she approached. "Aren't you supposed to be swinging a hammer?" Alaya asks.

The half-elf at the bar turned to her. His lopsided grin made her bite a lip. Kylar placed his drink in her hands. "No orders." He shrugged. His hand rested high on her hips, he said, "Miss Dimi, offered me a room and coins if I came, repeatedly, for her customers. Then she told me to just come straight from the forge. What's an elf to do?" He wore only sandals and leather pants covered in patches of soot.

Alaya sipped the sweet peach brandy. Her hand ran across Kylar's pecs. Muscles hardened from years of swinging hammers. Forging armor and weapons.

One rough hand slipped from her waist, chasing around and in between her ass cheeks. His other hand glided up under her tunic to caress her breast. Alaya was pulled into his embrace. His leg slid between her thighs. Her leg slid between his thighs. The leather of his pants felt raw, as it pushed aside the silk skirt. His hand left a dark imprint as he pulled it away from between her breast and a loose tunic.

Only for a second the idea of lodging a complaint crossed her mind before his hand ran down and up her side. Soot sneaked across her body everywhere he touched her.

"An evening with me?"

"Can you even last the whole night?"

He smiled with his lopsided grin, he said, "Well, I am only a part-timer here. It would be quite the feat for me to be able to keep up with the Stag's most beautiful customer. But I'll give it my all."

"If only your cock was as big as your arm, lad." the dwarf said as he took a long pull on his beer.

"Oh, the mastersmith is right. If you had that of a big dick, I could forgive you." Alaya rubs the bulge running down Kylar's leather pants.

He rolled her nipple between his fingers, "If you don't want me for the night. I could always make you a pair of rings for these perfect breasts. I might even know a sorceress or two that could enchant them for you."

"Aren't you still learning your craft?"

"He is, nother hund years." The dwarf next to them said.

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Kylar's eyes rolled as he wrapped both arms around Alaya's waist. "I'll be a master greater than him in the next fourteen years."

"Humph." came from the glass at the dwarf's lips.

"No jewelry today. I'm not looking to get tied down. When was the last time you worked here?"

He furrowed his brow as he thought about his last shift. His eyes meet hers, "As chance would have it we have been busy with the preparations for the festival, so a little over two weeks. The last time I saw you."

"He works you too hard." Alaya nodded to the dwarf ordering another beer.

"Without all the blacksmithing I would be skinny. Like all of the bathers. None of the muscles you love." Kylar said. He slid his fingers over her ass and massaged each of her cheeks.

"Mmmm..."

"See, I can be all kinds of fun." rough fingers continued massaging her.

"That last battle did leave me sore. We had to take down a half dozen Setmire Hounds." She ran her fingers over his shoulder blades and back as he held her. "You'll have to do most of the work...?"

He planted a kiss on her forehead. He said, "I could do that and I'll still make you those rings." His grin returned, "For when you want my handmade art to rest on your breasts."

"We'll see about that." She bit his ear and turned, "Madame Dimitria, I'll take this failing smith for the first half of the night."

"Of course, dear." Dimitria smiled. She signaled to her new studs and turned to lure in another patron looking for sinful delights.

Kylar worked randomly, two nights a week at most. She often had to remind him to stop in. Alaya enjoyed his company every time he was in house.

"Good luck, boy." The dwarf said, "She looks like a spitfire."

Kylar laughed off the dwarf as he and Alaya turned for the stairs. His hand slid along her back and up her side. His rough hand cupped the underside of her plump breast. The stairs were a blur as they groped each other.

The wooden door closed behind the two. Lust filled the air. Alaya turned around to see Kylar stepping out of his leather pants. His cock was hardening to its full eight inches. As he looked at Alaya she saw a raw hunger. She felt a similar hunger stir in herself.

Kylar's arm made strong from countless hours at the forge pulled her to him. He kissed her as they came together. His arms lifted her into the air until he was looking up at her face. He kissed her.

Alaya slipped her tongue between his soft lips. Her legs wrapped around his waist. She felt the room spin as he turned. Her back was pressed into the cool wood of the door. She ran one hand through his dirty blond hair. Brushing her pussy with the

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outside of her thumb her hand grasped around Kylar's manhood. The heat from it was hot like the bath waters. She gilded it.

He broke off the kiss, burning his face in her shoulder and neck. His cock breached Alaya. She was slick from excitement, he slid in easily. The soft velvet welcomed him in. With one long slow thrust, he penetrated her.

"Ahh Ah!" She moaned.

He grunted.

Alaya thought about telling him to move to the bed. He rocked back. Then forward. She forgot about the bed as he thrust her against the door. That was the problem with part-timers, they did whatever they wanted.

Hips moved back and forth. His cock spread the heat from his body into her with each motion. Every third or fourth thrust Kylar would adjust his stances to give her a new angle to receive his pleasure.

"Ah... MU... Ahh ahhhhahh!" She cried out as he filled her.

His lips kissing and nibbling her neck Kylar stopped changing position as she moaned loudly. His hips continued their barrage. His cock twitched with excitement he knew she was nearing orgasm.

Her face began twisting with pleasure and he relentlessly pounded her. Alaya didn't notice the door slapping and clacking behind her with every thrust. Her only thought was the mass of steel muscles hammering her with the equally hard cock.

Patrons and Studs walked past the door with knowing smiles as the wood was pounded by the two lustful lovers. Some were even lucky enough to hear their moans escaping through the door.

Grunts from him were matched by her moans. Both of pure pleasure.

The speed of his thrusts changed. Faster. His cock twitched, repeatedly.

The stimulation peaked for Alaya. Her eyes were half closed and glazed over. Her pussy began twitching and spasming. For a moment she lost all control and her body just shook. Ecstasy flooded her body and brain. The pleasure of being fucked by the muscle-bound half-elf's cock rushed through her.

"Ah! Gh!! Ahhh! Kyy! Fuckkk!!" Alaya's screams echoed throughout the room and through the door.

"Arh! Oh Aaahh!" Kylar moaned. His face mashed into her shoulder. His hips bucked twice as Alaya's orgasm began. His balls tightened. Cum swelled through them and out of his cock. His sperm mixed with the flood of juices Alaya produces. Shaking in his strong arm her pussy vibrated on his cock. He groaned a second time as he sent a second load deep into her.

Her mind cleared, she had no idea how long they had stayed there. "Take me to the bed. Make me feel like that again." His cock twitched in her as she said the words. Alaya rolled her lower lip between her teeth as the pleasure shot out of her pussy.

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Kylar was breathing heavily. He wrapped his hand around Alaya's soft ass and held her as he walked to the bed. He smiled his wicked smile as he dropped her onto the fluffy bedding. His cock slid out of her and bounced in the air

Her ankle caught on his powerful thighs as she tried to pull him to the bed, "You're a bad boy." Anticipation leapt from her eyes across his muscular body, eventually settling on his nine-inch cock.

"Oh, I'm the best boy." He wiggled his hips and his cock wiggled at her. He leaned down and kissed her belly. Before she could grab him he was standing up. His cock wiggled at her again.

One hand wrapped around the wiggling cock as she moved to him. Her other hand slid his length as she played with his tip. His was slick with their shared juices. Slick and still hard as steel.

Fondling his balls, Alaya looked up. A bit of shock and confusion had replaced the look of anticipation she had been looking at Kylar with.

"Where is Dimi's ring?" Alaya asked. Each Stud was required to wear one. A cockring around their prick and balls. Madame Dimitria's rings prevent unwanted children. Slaves and species known for their higher vital and reproduction rates had locking rings. Only Dimitria had the keys for them.

"Oh, I knew I forgot some." His lopsided grin returned. "Want me to leave and get. I'm sure Dimi won't keep me too long."

Less than a second passed as she weighed the risks, "No, Knock me up and you'll just have to raise our little elf while I'm adventuring." She pulled his cockhead to her lips.

"I could live with that, but I'll be working on a second one whenever you're home."

Letting go of his cock she wrapped both hands around the back of his head and pulled him into a long kiss. Kylar's large cock pushed its way into her velvet pussy as they kissed.

He placed one hand under her armpit. The other was at her side as he held himself above her. Slowly at first, Kylar pumped into and out of Alaya. Her inner walls pulling and tugging on his cock.

Alaya moved her legs to either side of the bed and rested her feet on the Talsann fur carpet. One hand fell to the bed and gripped the bedding. Every second she was filled with his large cock. It would disappear the next as he withdrew. Her tongue twisted and twirled in Kylar's mouth as he continued filling her.

Ripples of sweet pleasure pulsed through Alaya each time Kylar entered her. She felt the building delight of another orgasm with each of his movements. Sweat rolled off of him and onto Alaya and the bedding. The smeared soot from the forge transferred to the bedding from their undulating bodies. His pace increased steadily as the minutes

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slipped by. She felt her hips betray her intention of letting the half-elf do all the work. They started rising to meet his thrusts.

His pace quickened.

Breaking from her his head smashed into the bedding next to hers. "Fuffuck! Oh! Alayaaaa! Ahhh!" His moans were muffled by the blanket as he came.

"Hoolly fuckk! Ah Kyy Ahhh! Yaasss! Kylar Ky!" Alaya screamed as she felt the first burst of cum fill her. Kylar cock throbbed and pulsed in her as he came, sending her over the edge of ecstasy. Alaya's hands dug into the bedding. Her arms tensed. Back arched, thrusting her pussy up at the muscular half-elf. At the same time legs and feet flex. Her whole body shook as wave after wave of ecstasy rushed through her.

A second splatter of cum came out of the cock deep in her, sending her into a second of orgasm. She felt her toes curl impossibly tight as she moaned, "YAA Ya ah ah oh gods! Yyees Ky! Yess!"

Kylar rolled off of her and onto the bed. One hand taking hold of her left breast. His breathing was heavy and rapid. After a moment it slowed, a smile on his face.

Her mind spun in pleasure as her breathing began to slow. Coming down from the high he had given her she leaned up and over. To thank him. His hand slid off her large breast as she did.

He was asleep. A soft snore escaped his lips.

'Someday I'll get three rounds out of you.' Alaya whispered. Running one hand across his hips she caressed his cock. Spent of energy, it twitched but remained flaccid.

Rolling off the bed and into a lengthy stretch another light snore from Kylar told her he was more than done for the night. Alaya found a basin and towel. After a moment of work, she had removed the soot from her body. The soot that had not been remove by the bedding during their lustful fucking.

Affixing the silk skirt around her waist she reached for the door. Seeing the matching tunic on the floor she decided Kylar could find it when he woke. Something to remember her by.

The brighter light of the main hall prevented her from stepping out until her eyes adjusted. All but naked she walked out to find another stud to slate her lust.

Reaching the balcony, her gaze roamed the main floors. Half of Madame Dimitria's studs were missing. Two were being led to private rooms. Ember was guiding an inexperienced blond to his private suite. His tail wrapped around her leg, working its way upwards with each step they took.

Her hand glided down the rail as she walked to the balcony to the large staircase. Three couples could pass each other without touching. Nodding at Freaggin the elf as she passed with a lovely young barmaid in tow Alaya reached the steps. The elf and his new consort paid her no heed. She took each step slowly to view the patrons and available studs. Not seeing Ramzal she reached the main floor.

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Nearing the sparkling elf bartender she saw him hold up her favorite spirit. He had two chilled shots waiting for her as she reached him. The first was gone in a second.

The elf leaned over the bar, he said, “Miss Alaya, that new human slave. Everyone is missing out, I hear. He might be plain looking but the few ladies that have chosen have come back for him repeatedly.” He was gone a second later. Pouring a large beer.

Alaya pecked the cheek of the dwarf waiting for his beer. She whispered, ‘If he is half the smith he is a cocksman you’re lucky to be teaching him. But do me a favor and work on his stamina.’

“Aya, lass. I’ll see if I can find us a job across town. So he be run’n back and fore.” the dwarf was chugging his fresh beer even as the last words slipped out of his mouth.

Padding his pauldron Alaya apprentice blacksmith slayer moved to find another stud to ride. The room was thinning out as girls and studs slipped off for the night. Even Timlynn the Satyr had found someone brave enough to take his cock and inexhaustible thrusts. Her eyes caught on Dimitria.

Madame Dimitria was closing a sale for Brrguards services. Or trying to. The minotaur was eight feet tall. His cock hung past his knees. His girth was larger than Alaya’s forearm, larger still as it neared his base.

She smiled at the three in negotiations. *Even I’m not that brave*, Alaya thought. Watching Dimitria hand the redheaded girl a salve of stretching cream.

Onstage was a goat woman singing as a halfling played a lute and tapped her feet. Their melody was light and fast. Several drunk patrons sang along with them.

Along the back wall were the new sex slaves. The least experienced studs, and the ones who were not brave enough to wander around and try to solicit lustful women.

Alaya smiled, she thought, *Dimi, must not have started the nightly auction. There are so many still*. She moved to walk the line. Her hip swayed and her breasts bounced.

Tapping cocks as she walked passed each available stud Alaya watched for their cocks to jump. Ones that didn’t move generally meant they had already serviced someone that day.

Briar’s cock jumped up and almost smacked her back. Anthinnah’s tip came to mind. “Let me see your collar.”

His head lifted.

‘You will do.’ She whispered into his ear. A quick lick around his lobe and she grabbed the six-inch chain hanging from the collar. “Madame, I’m taking this one.”

Dimitria looked over from the booth, she replied, “Excellent, Alaya. Room 209 on the left.” Dimitria smiled as she turned back to the redhead, “Now he can ride you or you can ride this grand bull. But if you don’t choose quickly, some other lusty lady will steal him from under your nose.” She nodded at Alaya leading Briar up the stairs.

## Golden Stag

Excitement and worry crossed the face of the young redhead as she pocketed the stretching cream and asked for a second one.

Burrghard snorted in delight at the girl.

“Do your best to breed me, fuck slave.” Alaya said. Her mind still lingering on Kylar. Alaya placed her knees on the bed. Stretching down her tits glided across the blanket. Her legs spread and she lowered her ass to the height of his waist and hard cock.

“Miss, the ring.”

“I know, just pretend.” She mashed her face into the fabric, her toes wiggled with anticipation.

Briar smiled as he pulled her ass apart. His ten-inch cock ached at the thought of breeding the woman before him. He rubbed the full length of his cock along her pussy lips. She moaned. Pressing the tip in she let on a quiet scream of pleasure.

“Hyy! Agh! Ah!” Alaya screams, doing her best to keep it quiet. She pictured Kylar above her as Briar pressed in. She thought, *Fuck yes, Kylar!*

He smiled as his cock slipped in without resistance. She soaked him with her juices. Briar grabbed her hips and quickly began thrusting his cock into her. She pushed back with each long thrust. The sound of slapping filled the room with each impact of her ass on his hips. Moans of pleasure joined the noise

Sweat from both their bodies made Alaya tricky to hold onto as he reached his limit. Breaking, he moaned, “Mm... MMH!! Ohh-ah!”

“Ahhh Ky! Ahh Mmgh! Hard Kyla... Ohhh! Ahh! Oh! Kyyy!” Alaya screamed into the bedding as her body was racked with a powerful orgasm. Her fists pulled and tore at the bedding as she felt three long hot jets of cum shoot into her. The gooey warmth soaked her pussy. Dipping out between her lips and his buried cock.

As her breathing slowed her mind returned, “Fuck me gain, Ky... Briar. Harder this time.”

His cock was freed from her tight wet pussy as she rolled onto her back. She rested on her elbows as she looked up at him. Alaya raised a leg to his shoulder as he moved his cock to her.

“Remember you're breeding me, soak my pussy in your thick cum.”

“Yes, Miss.” Briar smiles as his cock entered her again. Her pussy was wetter and hotter than before. She pulled him in as he rocked forward. Ten inches of cock hit the entrance to her womb.

She moaned, “Haaaah... Ah! Ky!”

“Fuck, Miss, you're tight.”

“No, more talking, just breeding.” Alaya closed her eyes. Kylar filled her thoughts. Briar's grunts helped with the image of her half-elf slut. Moans of 'breed me' and Kylar's name echoed through the room as she was fucked.

## Golden Stag

One strong hand gripped Alaya's right ass cheek. Briar's other hand held her shin pressing into his chest. His frame bucked and thrust into her. His cock felt on fire with pleasure as she thrust back. She tightened around him each time he entered. Like he was taking a virgin for the first time with every thrust. Her wicked moans made it clear she wasn't.

The intensity of it sent her into a body-shaking orgasm. Briar continued fucking her as the carnal gratification touched every part of her body. Her hand clawed at the bed as she shook. The first subsided and the second began. Then the third, then the fourth. Then she lost count.

Her moans filled the room until she passed out. The strongest orgasm came right as Briar did at the end. He slid out of her still semi-erect after a few moments of rest. Miss Alaya was fast asleep. He tried to wake her once to see if she wished for another session. She only moaned, 'Kyy' and continued sleeping.

Trained by Madame Dimitria he gently moved her to the bed proper. Covered her in their cum and sweat-soaked blanket. Then curled up next to her. Gently caressing her body until he drifted off to sleep.

### Morning

Rays of warm sunlight streamed from the window as Alaya woke to them shining across the bed. Stretching as she pushed herself half up the blanket slipped from her upper body and her large chest bounced. Briar was still asleep. She nudged him.

He continued sleeping.

Thought of the night before and his unyielding thrusts as she orgasmed came back to her. Throwing the blanket back his cock was still flaccid. Seeing her silk skirt on a chair Alaya moved off the bed. The sun still rising, she smiled as she secured the silk on her hips.

'Time to see if Wyette killed anyone well she was in her cups.' she whispered. Thinking of the time they had dragged the body of a fellow adventurer to Chissatha, waking up the whole church for a resurrection.

The hall was mostly empty, a few women passed out here and there. Some not finding anyone they liked and others having been beaten to their beds by another woman.

"A drink before you go, Miss Alaya?" The Night Star Elf bartender asked. He poured her a large juice before she answered. "Feel free to take it with you to the baths. Halyee is the only one on shift at the moment."

"Thank you, Anthinnah." She sipped the juice, "And thank you for that tip." Her head nodded toward the room.

"Of course, Miss. I'm glad he performed well for you."

## Golden Stag

She smiled, "More than well. Tell Dimi, she should triple his rate." She turned to leave.

"I understand she is planning to raise his rates once word gets out. I'll have Madame bill the guild as usual."

Alaya waved as she sipped the Bloodgrapefruit juice and walked for the hall leading to the baths and her clothes.

Three adventures exited the guild hall as Alaya walked up the steps. An elf bowwoman held the door for her. Thanking her, Alaya felt the elf's eyes wander her body as she passed.

Three figures blocked the bounty board as Alaya approached. Their bickering told her her party hadn't agreed on what to do next.

"Dread wolfs?"

"No, how about this haunted mansion?"

"Ghosts?! Absolutely not!" Chrissatha said.

"Chrissatha, you're a cleric. Ghosts are what you do!" Wyyette said.

"No, no, no! And that is final." Chrissatha said, "No ghosts."

"Fine, Snappines are in season." Wyyette said.

Hailey frowned, she said, "That sap gets everywhere." she unconsciously adjusted her perky tits.

"Monster hunt in the eastern farms," Wyyette's head tilted, "with three legs?"

"We just came from that area." Hailey replied.

"Oh, a slime coven needs to be cleaned out." Wyyette tried again.

"That's worse than the Snappines." Hailey said.

"How about this lost cat? Wyyette asked. "It has a ribbon on its right ear."

"What!? That's a bounty for little kids." Chrissatha almost stomped.

"With the way you're both acting, I thought you were." Wyyette said.

"No fighting in the party!" Alaya said, coming up behind the three. "Save it for monsters and bandits."

"You looked refreshed." Hailey said. Turning fully to Alaya, she asked, "How many did you break this time?"

Laughing, Alaya answered, "Only two. Still sore from that last fight. I think I have a new kink to try out next time though."

"It wasn't that devil again, was it?" Chrissatha asked. One hand gripping her holy symbol.

Golden Stag

End

**By Neo Mint City**

2023

### About the Author

What is Neo Mint City? Neo Mint City is a fictional city on a fictional Earth. NMC enjoys writing fun and provocative stories and sharing them with you.

The city is part of a world of interconnected stories. They happen in... you guessed it, Neo Mint City. You can enjoy each NMC storyline as a stand-alone or as a whole. Plus thrilling tales of supporting characters from the mainlines.

NMC also writes non-canon tales. Molly and Jonny's adventures are non-canon to NMC. We have considered adding them to the canon world and may do so in the future if the right story comes along. For now you can enjoy them in their stand alone series. Jonny's Turn is next up.

Thank you for reading my story. I appreciate you taking the time to read my spicy words. Truly you are awesome!

Sticky regards,  
Neo Mint City

# Golden Stag

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