

Obeskor's Dungeon

In the darkness, quiet scuffling could be heard. Soft shoes trying desperately to hide its coming on the dirt floor that lead through the caverns to his dungeon. He would not be quiet as he approached, his footsteps hammering across the floor as his pace increased. He could hear her shuffle for a hiding place, he could smell her fear grow as she discovered she did not know her way back through the maze.

Her female scent carried lightly over him as he stormed closer. He enjoyed the fear that his growls and stomps brought those that dared enter his dark kingdom. Adrenaline soared through him as he approached his prey. With a gigantic rumble, he was upon her.

Large green hands reached from the darkness, knocking her shield from her hands and catching her up by her wrists. A squeak whispered from her throat where words of binding should have formed. She struggled, desperately trying to remember the spells that should have stopped this creature but he dragged her up as if she were a rag doll and breathed rancid breath into her face.

“Pretty little wood elves have no place here.” He hissed, drool running down his chin. Her eyes froze staring into the monster's in front of her, it didn't just seem that he wanted to kill her, the sparkle that laughed at her made her shiver from head to toe. Desperately she battled against the hand that held her wrists above her head.

“Struggle, little elf,” his face moved in next to her neck and she could almost feel his sharp teeth on her tender skin. “Scream too, I like it when my toys scream.” His voice mocking her, but she could feel the seriousness behind it. As if this mindless monster were not quite what she had been told. Fear froze her tearing at something she should remember but became lost in the way he breathed calmly through the nose ring he wore.

His calloused hand reached up and tore her tunic from her chest. A resounding “NO!” echoed off the cavern walls; his cackled laughter following it.

Slamming her against the wall, she felt the rock dig into her skin. Her legs desperately kicking at him as his fingers cruelly pinched her naked nipples. He pressed against her, the chain mail digging into her naked skin, his wet tongue trailed over her cheek and she tried to pull her face away only to slam her head into the wall.

“Don't do that pretty, I can hurt you plenty and I wouldn't want you to miss any of this.”

“Please don't,” her voice a silent whisper in the darkness that seemed to get darker by the minute.

His hand moved down over stomach and then roughly grabbed her between her legs. He laughed again as she screamed. Pulling her higher up on the wall he ripped her belt tossing it to the ground and then with a firm tug pulled lose her leggings. She kicked and screamed but he didn't even seem to notice, his eyes intent on the one thing he had not had in awhile.

His eyes watched as his hand pressed into the soft fur between her legs. The warmth flooded over his chilled fingers, but the wetness was not enough to make his next goal attainable. He knew how to fix this, and it had been a very long time since any females had made the mistake of coming here alone. He could think of no reason not to take his time, he could feast on the succulence of her skin when he had fulfilled the other primal need that tore at him.

She desperately tried to keep her legs closed as his fingers forced their way between the folds of her skin, her protesting unnoticed. She was angry as she looked down to what his eyes stared at, the cool breeze of the caverns had made her nipples hard and her resisting had not made his eyes budge at all from the work he had set himself too. She stopped kicking, trying to recall even one spell that she could hit him without that she did not need her hands to cast.

As if alerted by her failure to prevent his fingers from exploring her most sacred place, his eyes scanned up her nearly naked body to her glazed eyes. In her attempt to recall a spell she could cast in this dank home of his, she had left herself open for what he wanted next. Pulling her from the wall, he brought his lips to her ear and thrust his finger deep into her.

“Scream, little elf” he whispered and she did. His finger slowly thrust in and out of her; frantically she tried to pull away from him. “Scream, and you might live for more than one night.” He whispered as his desire increased with every drop of silk-laced softness that slid down over his fingers.

The need to answer this instinct was much more than his hunger. He feed well on the heroes that attempted to slay him. He could go months on the party that had met their doom here last week. They still hung - most of them - in the far corner of dungeon, gently smoking.

Her breasts rubbed hard against his chest plate, the pain almost as unbearable as the finger that thrust into her over and over again. It wasn't a small finger, no more than this creature that held her immobile was small. His bulking form standing easily half again her height and broader than even maybe three of herself. She desperately wanted him to stop, its largeness bigger than her small amount of experience could compete with.

She trembled as she felt his large thumb pressing against her clit. “How could this monster know where to touch?!” She nearly screamed. Her body responded even as she tried to stop it, no longer could she focus on anything remotely resembling a spell, she concentrated on not letting him have her but she struggled helpless against him.

The warmth slowly slides into her middle, and she found her kicking to be helping more than hindering him. A loud scream escaped her lips, and he smiled wide holding her to look into her face. The flushed color of her cheeks told him he was winning.

With a grunt of triumph, he wrapped his lips around her naked breast, bringing another scream from her soft little lips. He hungered to feel those lips wrapped around him his cock, but even now he knew she would bite, and then he would kill her. She was showing signs of an obedient sex toy, and here they were hard to come by. Maybe, since he had food, he had time for a pet for a bit. He sucked her nipple into his mouth, letting his sharp teeth drag against her tender skin as he rolled his tongue over the tip.

He moaned at her squirm and cry of pain. Her juices rolled down his fingers now as he thrust deeper into her. Almost time, he forced patience, he would rip her open if he weren't patient, and then the smell of blood would drive him to feeding off her.

His thumb carefully circled her swollen clit, there were some that had come here that he had simply used and put with his food, this one would be fun if he could control her. She responded nicely to the roughness. She bucked against him as he sucked the other nipple into his mouth, her muscles closing tightly around his finger, so tight he almost couldn't pull it loose for a moment. Her scream, this time, brought less fighting and soft pleas for him to stop.

He liked begging too, and he needed her softness. Her muscles slowly released his finger. Fumbling with his belt loop as he brought her to the floor. Dropping her to the ground roughly, he grabbed her ankle quickly as she tried to back pedal from him. He laughed as she winced at the ground dragging against her skin.

"I'm not done pretty," he pulled the rope from his side and roughly clasped her wrists again. "I am enjoying this very well."

"No, please no." Her eyes held tears but her hard nipples told him he would have what he wanted in the end, and maybe for as long as he could go without feeding off her delicious skin.

His tongue gruffly licked her neck as he tied her wrists together. Pulling her ankles one at a time to her hands he tied them together too. He left her lay there as he stood up, she pulled weakly at the ropes and watched him for some sign as to what came next.

His hand absently rubbed his cock as he considered his options. At this point, he felt he could thrust himself into her mouth a bit, her glazed eyes and wet pussy told him he had some control over her now. And a little biting wouldn't hurt; a firm grasp on her hair would keep it minimal.

He undid his belt watching her eyes. She stared as he set his axe to the floor and as his belt came off so did the heavy clothe that covered his manhood. Her eyes grew large at the sight of what awaited her and she screamed again tugging at the ropes that held her bound. He laughed heartedly at her fear. Her mouth would do nicely first, he thought staring at her hard nipples. As she tugged endlessly at her bindings, he knelt beside her.

"Struggle, little one, and scream for me," he said quietly. One hand grasped her hair hard and the other reached down and cupped her pussy, pressing his palm hard into her wetness. She screamed as he commanded and he pressed her lips to his cock, it jumped against her. She squeaked out "no"s as he pushed her face to him. A soft twist to her hair brought another scream and he thrust himself into her mouth causing her to gag.

He smiled, she didn't bite, and her soft lips felt just as nicely as he had imagined. He rubbed circles into her soft fur as he pumped her mouth over his cock. Her hard nipples rubbed against his knee and her fingers grasped the chain mail as if holding on for dear life. He could fill her many times over, he felt the pressure building, and he would.

The wetness seeped onto his hand as he rubbed her pussy, he could feel her clit swelling more, and he knew he could not hold out much longer. He would let this time fill her mouth making her choke, that would be pleasure, he thought. Her top teeth gently dragged down his cock as he pulled her back and forth. His cock was barely halfway into her mouth as it hit the back of her throat, her gagging driving him over the edge.

Thrusting his finger into her pussy he let the pressure escape, hot liquids flooded down her throat, he pulled her off as the trembling of her body was overtaken by fits of coughing. He smiled at his dripping cock and gave her a minute to calm down. His fingers gently playing in her wetness, exploring her swollen clit. Her eyes met his, fear and pleasure made such a wonderful expression on her face.

“Good little elf,” he whispered. “Now, lick it clean and I will give you what you want.”

“No, please” she whispered but his fingers pulled tightly on her long blonde hair. Slowly her small tongue left her mouth and touched the tip of his dark only slightly deflated cock. A small grunt freed itself from his lungs as she licked down the length. It jumped and slapped her on her cheek. She gasped.

He pulled her closer, “Lick my balls, little one,” he said as his soaked finger sought another way to make her scream. “I want to hear you beg and scream, little elf.” His finger pressed into her ass and she screamed as he wished.

Her back arched and nearly ripping her own hair from her head as he gripped tighter to keep her face near his balls. “No, no, no please, not there, not there!” She cried out, clawing at his armor and trying to push away from him with her feet.

“Lick it little one, lick it good.” Holding tightly to her by her hair he pulled her further up onto his lap.

Her tongue moved over his balls, the wrinkled skin and hair making her want to gag again. But his finger pressing slowly into her bottom made her override the urge. His thumb again made little circles over her clit. She wanted anything for her body to stop responding, to fight this monster that made the warmth climb her stomach until it overwhelmed her. Nothing of these moments made any sense. She wanted it to stop.

As if sensing that he had begun to let her lose from his control he thrust his finger in deep. A scream echoed through the caverns and her back arched forcing her to strain roughly against her bindings. He smiled at her closed eyes and hard nipples and relinquished her hair. His finger slowly fucked her ass as he slid his hand behind her back and pulled her into his lap.

His hardness pressed into her lower back as he held her firmly there. His teeth cut the rope from her hands after his tongue licked up her arm. “Sweet,” he grinned as her first hand came loose, “you are lucky I have eaten, however,” his teeth freed the other hand and foot “I have not had desert in a very long time.”

Her eyes were wide with fear, “Please, no please don’t, please” she whispered. Her hands pressed against his chest as he pulled her up to him, his tongue trailed down her cheek and neck.

“Oh, yes, pretty,” he let his teeth softly graze the nape of her neck, “YES!” She trembled in his arms; a squeak escaped her lips as his tongue explored her neck. Her fingers dug into his upper arms, he was not sure if to hold him there or in some attempt to make him stop. His hardness grew against her hip and she shuddered unexpectedly again.

“No!” she screamed and tried to pull away again. Lifting her up, he forced her to the ground again. Only a moment did he spend over her scrumptious breasts as she pulled desperately at his long ears trying to keep him from going any further. His large bulk pressed between her trembling legs and he methodically removed the remaining scrapes of clothes that clung to her body.

He stared appreciatively at her naked body. Her screams of “no” hardly more than begging whispers. She tried to scoot out from his strong hands, he laughed at her fruitless efforts. Bringing his face to her stomach, he thrust his large tongue into her belly button and was greeted with her hips instantly arching against him. His hand pressed down on her chest forcing her to let lose his ears and he dove into her hot wetness.

Pressing his thumb into her wet hole his fingers lifted her bottom to grant him better access and he drank in her delicate scent. His tongue slide past her soft light fur to the silky wetness that was sweeter than he could have imagined. Sweeter than the strange foods he sometimes found carried on the warriors that penetrated his lair.

His rough tongue ran over her swollen clit, the purpleness of her inner lips drove him wild and he hungered to fill her again, only this time he would force his hardness into this hole that held tightly to his thumb. Her back arched against his hand and her fingers clawed endlessly at his wrist as he slowly explored her sacred flower.

Slowly he pulled his thumb from her and drove his tongue in, drinking the precious liquids that overflowed onto his chin. His hardness would wait no longer, and though he enjoyed this endless torture, it was time to see if he was too large for this little flower.

His soaked face, dripping, rose from between her legs. Her eyes opened slightly staring at him with the faraway look of one conquered. She no longer had fight in her; her body overruled her mind and stole any thought or reason from her. He had felt her orgasms even as she fought them, and now she could no longer remember what she was besides the endless waves that overtook her.

He slowly brought his tongue back over her belly, stopping to bring another scream from her as he thrust it into her belly button. His hands grasped her wrists and pulled them with him until he held them over her head.

“Beg, beg little one, “ he whispered, his lips pressed into her ear, his tongue softly exploring it as he rubbed his hardness the length of her wet pussy, pressing over her engorged clit.

“Please,” her voice a whisper.

“Louder, I can’t hear you little one.”

“Please,” her hips arched against him as her voice raised just a touch.

“You are going to scream,” his sharp teeth tugged gently at her earlobe. “It will hurt a lot.”

“Please,” she squeaked out, “please.”

He grunted in her ear and pulled up a bit to get the angle he needed. Her legs tried to wrap around his large form but failed and he pulled up. Sitting on his knees, he grabbed her legs and held them wide. He watched as his large cock pressed against the hot wetness, pressing, slowly attempting to fit in. She screamed as his head pushed in.

“Yes, scream little one,” he grunted pushing harder slowly forcing himself into her tightness. He had barely any of it in her, her skin strained against him. His finger slowly circled over her swollen clit. She let him in more.

Finally, hunger overcame him and grabbing her by her waist he pulled her to him, forcing her down on him. His cock pressed deep into her, and she screamed over and over again, as he lifted her up and down on him, but she didn’t fight, had ecstasy not begun to over take him he would have seen that her thrown back head and fingernails digging into his arms was her own ecstasy, as he grew even larger in her.

His eyes closed as he brought her hips down on him again and again, he felt his cock slam into her, her muscles so tight around him that he could not imagine that she would not tear when he exploded. Her mind was wrapped in endless floods of pleasure that ruled her every sense, every thought. Suddenly he came in her, their juices entwining and flooding back over his balls as he held her tightly on his throbbing cock.

Gently he pulled her up and down once more, and realized that she lay unconscious in his arms. She breathed heavily so he knew her not to be dead, and began to worry that some of the warm fluids flowing down over his knees were actually blood. But he did not smell blood, just the sweet smell of sex permeating every inch of the outer catacombs that lead to his home.

He lifted her slowly off his now soft cock and she trembled against him but did not wake. Seeing that she was not bleeding at all, he lay her down on the ground for a moment, watching her sleep as he slowly dressed.

“You are a very good pet,” he smiled at the sleeping wood elf. Lifting her up slowly, he headed into a deeper part of the dungeon to keep her for himself.

The small wood elf awoke to find that she lay on a soft bed, something akin to silk she figured, but she was chained, unable to move, and by some magic unable to cast. A frown found its way to her lips.

“It is only for your safety, little one.” The gruff voice spoke from the corner. “There are other things in my home that are not like me, and to them you are a small snack that will hold them over until some other creature should find themselves lost in the catacombs.”

A tremble overtook her body as the memories of why she came to be asleep, flooded back through her. She pulled weakly at the chains knowing what would come next, dreading it, or worse, wanting it.

He stood and walked from his dark corner to her. Slowly large fingers explored down her naked body and paused over her belly button. She stared at his fingers, in anticipation he felt, and drove one softly into her belly button. A gasp escaped her lips and her back arched of its own free will.

“Will you scream for me again, pretty?” He whispered as his tongue found its way to her ear. His fingers were now buried in her soft folds searching for the place he wished to fill again. “And cum for me, little one.” He said driving his finger into her.

A scream broke from her lips, and her hips pressed up against him. Her anger desperately tried to overcome the warmth that engulfed her. Her face flushed again as his palm pressed against her swollen clit. A tremor slowly began to overcome her and he lips sucked a nipple deep into his mouth. She tugged on the chains that bound her to the bed to no avail.

The light tremors that rocked over her body made his hunger build faster. Her wetness still overflowed from his last attempts and it became obvious his wait this time would be short. Pressing his finger deep into her she shuddered with ecstasy and he pulled her legs up by her head. Climbing onto the bed, he took his hard cock into his hands and smiled at her frightened eyes.

“Next time, sweetness, next time I will give you more time to prepare.” He pressed his hard cock deep into her, one hand holding her ankles and his other softly circling her clit. His grunt was low and he closed his eyes as she screamed. The screams made the conquer so much more sweet. He wondered if she could handle his largeness in her ass too, but knew he would have to wait to explore such possibilities.

His eyes closed as he pumped hard into her, he released her ankles and lay across her small form nearly suffocating her as his thrusting became fast and hard. His grunts nearly blocking out the sound of her screams as he drove deeper into her. He felt the swelling of his cock with each new thrust and she cam beneath him driving him over the edge.

Pleasure erupted through him, but something on the edge of his hearing told him something was wrong. She was breathing beneath him, he had not smothered her, what was it he heard? He pressed into her again enjoying the sweet softness that wrapped around his shrinking cock. As the pleasure filled him again, a sharp pain that cut into his lower back interrupted it.

Tumbling off his toy, he tried to come to his feet, but another bout of pain cut into the side of his neck. With a cry, he tried to see the culprit that attacked him. He never laid eyes on

the dark form that brought yet another sharp pain to his back. His knees buckled beneath him and dropped him lifeless to the cold hard floor of his home.

The small wood elf watched the dark figure lean over and exam his handy work. “Everine, I fear you enjoyed this much more than you would like to admit.” He said without looking up.

“Why did you wait so long to rescue me?” She asked breathlessly.

“Avoiding the topic?” He asked standing up and quietly drinking in the beauty of her naked body. “If you didn’t so badly need a bath I would say I had you right where I wanted you.” His grin was sheer sarcasm and he made no move to free her. “Besides, my dear, it’s all in the timing.” His wide smile glowed in the darkness of the room.

A shimmer filled the room next to them and a green robed mage stood in the corner that was once dark. “Hmmm, I miss all the good stuff.” He muttered assessing the situation with a single glance. Robin reached over and released her hands from the chains as the mage tossed a backpack onto the bed. “Dress, Everine, and let’s see what today’s work has brought us.” He smiled happily and began summoning the rest of their party as she pulled on her armor.