**Wild Harpy Chase**

Kiran stepped into the Lounging Lamia and smiled as she sniffed the air. Wine, women and roasting meat, everything an inn should have. Being a Shadizari inn, there was a greater degree of overlap between the second and third items than usual, but that suited her just fine.

She walked inside, looking for a seat. The first table was occupied by a group of women engaged in some kind of competition. A half-elf futa was sitting on the table, giving a dwarf maiden a vigorous and clearly enjoyable buggering, while an elf lay next to her, apparently recovering from her own round with the half-elf. Lined up by the table were two other women, a human and a half-orc, both bent over while a serving wench oiled up their backsides in preparation for their turns.

Kiran wandered over. "Betting?" she asked the other human, a traveller from the iron cities of the north-eastern jungle by her dark skin and green eyes.

The woman nodded. "She bet she could fuck the lot of us to orgasm without coming herself. I ask you to join us, but I don't know if distracting her would make the odds worse or better."

"That's fine," Kiran said. "What are the stakes?"

"If she comes, she goes to the kitchens. If she doesn't, I do and the others go to the meat market tomorrow."

"Well, I wish you both the best," Kiran said. "One of you will certainly be eating well," she added, admiring the woman's meaty thighs.

"May you do the same," the woman said, and Kiran moved on.

The second table was also full; the benches packed with women on each side, and serving wenches clad in the inn's distinctive tunics, too short to make more than a token attempt at covering their rears, were laying down platters laden with more women. Kiran saw curried dwarf, wine-drowned tiefling and honey glazed human among the dishes, and licked her lips.

The third table was almost empty, with only a few women sitting quietly down one end. Better still, the free side offered an excellent view of a party of adventurers choosing their dinner. Kiran took a seat and waved over a serving wench, asking for a jug of wine and slipping a thick silver coin into the woman's bountiful and mostly exposed cleavage.

As the wench sashayed off Kiran settled down to watch the show unfolding on the next table over. Bent over the table, bottomless and rumps up, were a drow and a human. The drow was one of the adventurers, judging by the leathers hanging around her knees and ankles, and the human had one of the inn's tunics pulled up over her head. On either side of them were a dwarf and another human, arguing over which one to eat. On the other side of the table sat a half-orc, clearly bored with the argument and wanting to eat.

The inn was too loud for Kiran to make out what they were saying, but as she watched the basics of the argument became clear. The dwarf was arguing for the drow and the human for the serving wench. Their motivations were less clear, but she thought the dwarf was arguing from frugality - the wench was not one of their own and they'd have to pay for her, not just the cooking and additional ingredients. The human was presumably arguing based on more culinary concerns - the drow, like most elves, was slender in the extreme and her jet black backside looked modest indeed next to the wench's plump, pale brown rump.

Kiran was firmly on the human's side of the debate. Not only did the wench's rump look spectacularly delicious, but, not being part of their group, the adventurers would not be so attached to her and only order what they could eat. Kiran was not flush with gold at present and picking up someone else's scraps seemed her best chance for a good meal. She licked her lips, imagining a rack of ribs. The adventurers would probably go for the rump and thighs, she thought.

The other wench returned, bearing a jug and a cup. Kiran smiled up at her and slipped another coin into her cleavage. "If they decide to have your colleague cooked," she asked, "would you be so kind as to tell me which cuts they've ordered?"

"Of course, madam," the wench replied with as she set down the wine. She flicked up the front of her tunic with a saucy smile, exposing a glistening cunny, before hurrying away.

Kiran turned back to watch the adventurers argue, each prodding at their preferred rump as they made their point, when someone sat down in the space next to her. The new arrival looked to be a southern barbarian, from the pale skin and blonde hair, and she was clad in incongruously fine scraps of gauzy material that emphasised all her finest features. Two ovals of it topped her breasts, the outlines of her nipples and the thick rings that pierced them showing clearly through, and a square of it sheathed her cock, leaving head and base bare. Kiran gazed at it in lust, both sexual and culinary.

"Been in Shadizar long?" she asked the barbarian, who shook her head, sending her thick blonde locks flowing about her head.

"Just got off the boat," she said. "You?"

"A year or so," Kiran said. She'd actually been born in the city, but had spent most of her life elsewhere. "Looking for work, then?" Both the very poor and the very wealthy came to Shadizar, the former to make money and the latter to spend it, often on dining on the former. Despite the fineness of the barbarian's abbreviated clothes, she did not seem wealthy.

""I could use some," the barbarian said. "Why, you need some fighting done?"

"I need a swordswoman, yes," Kiran said. "If all goes to plan you won't need to do any fighting, but there will be some danger all the same."

"Probably for the best. I still haven't gotten used to these," the barbarian said, patting one of her massive breasts.

Kiran nodded. "New, are they? They're very fine. Where did you get them done?"

"Archana's harem," the barbarian said with a frown.

"Ah." Kiran winced. Archana was queen of a city a few days sailing down the coast from Shadizar, and was infamous both for her habit of abducting beautiful women and futa, and for what she did with them once she had them. Even the legendarily depraved highborn ladies of Shadizar were growing short on tolerance for the witch queen, and whispers of coming war had been circling the city for months. "Congratulations on your escape, then."

"To my shame, I didn't escape. There was a rebellion. The army was lured to the outlying towns and the city was taken while they were gone, from what I've been told. Her harem were all freed, save for those who would not survive freedom and were cleanly slaughtered. Archana's head is on a spike and her body in the bellies of those she tormented."

Kiran raised her cup. "To freedom and the sweet flesh of queens, then," she said.

The barbarian smiled and raised her cup of mead. "A good toast," she said, and drank. "Tell me, who am I drinking with?"

"My name is Kiran. Yours?"

"Ulrikke," the barbarian said. "So, tell me of why you need a swordswoman, but not to fight."

"One of Shadizar's minor- Oh, curse it!" Kiran swore as the serving wench on the other table stood and fixed her tunic, while the drow made no move to cover herself.

"What is wrong?" Ulrikke asked, following her gaze.

"I was hoping to get some of that wench if they cooked her," she said, indicating the group. "Now they're going to eat that dro- no, hang on..."

Instead of the drow undressing further, the dwarf began unbuckling her belt and, trousers down, bent over the table herself. Her pale rump was as plush as the serving wench's, if not more, and like the drow she wouldn't cost her party extra. Her erstwhile human opponent groped and prodded at her thighs and rear until, satisfied, she turned to the serving wench and nodded. The dwarf undressed the rest of the way, baring a splendid pair of tits, and was soon taken off to the kitchen.

"Why not buy your own serving wench?" Ulrikke asked, as they ogled the departing dwarf.

"I can't afford it," Kiran said.

"How can you pay me for this work, then?"

"I'm getting paid for that," Kiran explained, "and we can split the money. I didn't get an advance, though."

"I see," Ulrikke said. "Well, as it happens, I took more treasures from Archana's palace than just my breasts. I will choose a wench and you may buy what I don't eat."

"That would be wonderful," Kiran said.

"And in return you shall suck my cock tonight," Ulrikke added.

Kiran looked down at the thick shaft between Ulrikke's legs. It seemed as hard as a rock, but wasn't rising. "Absolutely," she said.

"Then I must find a serving wench." Ulrikke looked around and waved one down. "You have a tiefling working here, yes? I think I would like her for my dinner. Please bring her here so I can check."

There was indeed only one tiefling working at the Lounging Lamia; the rest of the staff were all human, and most native Shadizari, dusky skinned and black haired. The tiefling, who was quickly found and brought over by the other serving wench, had deep red skin and hair a darker shade of the same. She raised her arms up to touch her horns and turned slowly on the spot so Ulrikke could have a good look. Her tunic was even less covering than the others', as her tail lifted it at the back, revealing as much buttock as could be seen under the thick base of her tail.

Ulrikke urged her to bend over the table, parting her legs and lifting back her tail to get a good look. She was broad hipped, like most tieflings, and had meaty thighs and a plump rear. Ulrikke squeezed her rump and slipped a finger into her fillet.

"She looks delicious," she said.

"How would you like her cooked, madam?" the other wench asked.

"What do you recommend?" she asked Kiran.

"Wine drowned and then roasted is the usual way to prepare a tiefling," Kiran said.

"Wine drowned?" Ulrikke repeated. "What is that? Can she not be cooked alive?"

"Wine drowning is just what it sounds like," Kiran said, "she's plunged headfirst into a vat of wine, up to her hips, until she drowns. Apparently it improves the flavour, like basting. You can't cook tieflings alive because they're so difficult to harm with fire. They don't actually start cooking until they're dead, so it's best to snuff them first. Drowning them is the usual way if they're going to be cooked whole."

"I see. I will have her wine drowned and roasted, then, and will take the full hip cut," Ulrikke said.

"A fillet from her inner thigh, please," Kiran said.

The serving wench nodded and led her colleague away to the kitchen.

"So," Ulrikke said, "now dinner is taken care of, you can tell me about this job you have."

"Well, for the last few months a harpy has been hunting on the south road," Kiran said. "No one has done anything about her because all the big caravans only go west and east, and no one with any influence or wealth has cared about any of her meals. She only attacks lone swordswomen, you see, and lone swordswomen heading south are almost universally common-born and poor."

"I see," Ulrikke said. "Something has changed, I take it?"

"Indeed. Lady Chantrea, a minor but nonetheless wealthy noblewoman, recently lost her daughter Dara to the harpy," Kiran continued. "Apparently Dara disregarded advice to take some bodyguards with her. Her Ladyship is holding a feast in three days time, and intends to have a centrepiece of stuffed harpy. We get paid for supplying the poultry, retrieving Dara's signet ring and also for bringing back any bits of Dara we can identify."

Ulrikke nodded. "I see. I take it then that you intend to use me as bait?" she asked.

"Yes, it needs to come to us; hunting it down will take far too long. Here's the plan..." Kiran shared her plan with Ulrikke, who agreed after some hesitation. Business taken care of, they moved on to other things, They talked and drank and ordered more. Kiran had spent a minute watching Ulrikke's breasts rise and fall as she laughed, and was weighing the possibility of plunging her face into the barbarian's cleavage when their dinner arrived.

Kiran's thigh fillet was a rather anonymous slice of meat, but there could be no doubt where Ulrikke's had come from. The tiefling's hips were sitting on her plate in their entirety; rump, fillet and all the fiddly bits in between. Her tail had been removed and curled around the plate, leaving a short stump just above where her buttocks separated. Ulrikke grinned, picked the meat up, and licked along the fillet, starting from the clit and continuing until she reached the base of the tail.

"Good?" Kiran asked, chewing her own meal.

"Delicious," Ulrikke said, and took a bite out of one plump buttock. Juices ran down her chin as she tore the meat free. Tiefling meat was strange, tasting distinctly of smoke, even if boiled or eaten raw. It was nonetheless delicious. Ulrikke ate it down to the bone, and finished with a loud belch.

"Now," she said, turning to Kiran who had long since finished her own, "I believe you owed me a little something."

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Kiran had watched Ulrikke's cock as they'd gotten up to rent a room, and again as they'd gone up the stairs. It hung long, thick and hard, and glistened slightly at the tip, but, well... it hung. Was she not aroused?

Kiran was not an unattractive woman, being Shadizari by birth, but she hadn't grown up in her home city's culture, where beauty was a way of life, and women with too noticeable flaws were more likely to end up in a feed trough than another's bed. Among women who not only were beautiful but who practiced and performed beauty, she felt a little dull. The modesty of her clothes - the neckline of her robes went several finger widths above her areolas, and the hemline fell almost halfway down her thighs - further contributed. She could not forget, either, that Ulrikke had spent a year in Archana's harem, and while Archana's tastes reportedly ran to the grotesque, Ulrikke herself was proof that she had also produced surpassing beauties.

They reached the room and Ulrikke untied the silks from her breasts and cock, letting them flutter to the floor.

"Should I-" Kiran began, but Ulrikke put her hands on her shoulders and pressed her gently down. Soon she was kneeling, Ulrikke's cock hanging in front of her face. Ulrikke spread her legs and urged Kiran forward. Kiran stretched out her tongue and touched the tip to the head of Ulrikke's cock. It tasted faintly salty. She got closer, trying to get it into her mouth, and it swung away, pushed by her nose, instead of holding rigid and still.

Kiran giggled and kissed its base. "I'm not sure your cock likes being sucked, Ulrikke."

"You need to use your hands," Ulrikke said.

Kiran cupped it in her hands and guided it into her mouth. It was impressively thick and incredibly long, and Kiran was not a big woman, even for a Shadizari. She felt quite accomplished when she wrapped her lips around the head, and more so when she sucked it into her mouth. Her tongue lapped at its underside, circled around its head, and repeated. Ulrikke's cock dripped salty pleasure into her mouth.

"That's good," Ulrikke said. "Keep going. I want to feel your chin brush my sac."

Kiran's eyes widened, as she stared up the shaft. She could, she thought, fit perhaps the same amount again in her mouth. That would get her less than halfway up the shaft. Still, she gave it her best effort, inching her way up until it pressed against her throat.

"Now swallow," Ulrikke instructed, and Kiran complied, suddenly feeling her throat open and Ulrikke's shaft slide in. "Oh, yes, that's good. Do all - uh - do all Shadizari girls open their - oh yea - their throats for a bit of tiefling meat?"

With that, Ulrikke gripped Kiran's head and held her in place. Kiran felt Ulrikke's cock start to pulse in the tightness of her throat. Ulrikke gasped, twitched, and sent a torrent of creamy seed down Kiran's gullet. She released Kiran, who fell to the floor and gasped, and sat down on the bed.

"That was amazing," she said. "I was worried that after Archana I wouldn't be able to have sex any more but... that was great." She looked down at Kiran, who was getting back to her feet. "I guess you're not used to deep throating, then?"

"I haven't had that much experience with futa," Kiran confessed, "and those I have slept with generally preferred the holes below my waist."

"I'd have preferred your cunny myself," Ulrikke said, "but Archana did something to my cock, and now it doesn't get up anymore. It's longer and just as hard, but it won't get into position for fucking. So either I bottom for other futa, or I get sucked."

Kiran loosened the belt of her robe and let the garment pool around her feet. She was bare underneath. "I think my cunny would have preferred that too," she said, touching it. Her fingers came away dripping wet. "Will you make it up to it?"

"I only eat pussy when I'm about to eat fillet," Ulrikke said.

"So use your fingers," Kiran suggested, demonstrating with her own as she approached the bed. "You've got such big, strong fingers."

Ulrikke grinned and reached out for her, pulling her onto the bed

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Aeark flew low over the canyon wall. The harpy knew if she flew higher she might be seen, and her prey would flee before they heard her voice. She crouched on the edge of a cliif studded with rocks that would mask her form. She was hungry, as harpies usually were, and the road in the canyon had delivered fine prey before.

A lone horse and human were coming down the road. Aeark's keen eyes saw the human was supple and meaty. Big teats too, the harpy's favourite part. Aeark began to sing.

The change in the human as she heard the song was immediate. She reared in her horse and looked up at the canyon walls, searching for the source. When Aeark fluttered lower, showing herself, she urged the horse forward, towards the harpy.

Aeark led the human towards a narrow trail up, hidden in the ridges and rocks of the canyon wall. It has been a great pain for her to find a way for walking creatures to get to her nest; thinking in two dimensions did not come easily to her. She fluttered from one boulder to another, leading the human up and around. The trail was tremendously indirect and slow, but if it was straightforward it would be too easily discovered.

Eventually the trial grew too narrow and the human had to abandon her horse. That was fine with Aeark; she ate horse when she had to, but she had been eating very well on passing humans and intended to continue doing so until something more powerful than her evicted her from the canyons. As much as she didn't like to think of it, there were many creatures that thought of harpies as a good meal.

Aeark's nest was in another canyon, on the other side of the cliff from the first. It was sheltered under an overhang, hiding it from larger fliers, and high up to dissuade walking creatures from investigating. That the long walk exhausted Aeark's prey was an added bonus.

The human followed Aeark into her nest and stopped, gently swaying in time with the harpy's song. Aeark hopped and fluttered over, clumsy on the ground, to inspect her more closely. A thick, meaty body, big teats, yes, all very good, the harpy thought. A cock too, not tasty but useful. Harpies didn't have futa of their own and mating with humans before eating them was their only means of reproduction.

Aeark, still singing, tore off the flimsy silk covering the human's cock and stroked it gently. When a minute of her ministrations failed to induce an erection, however, she became frustrated. It didn't matter, the harpy decided. She'd mated recently anyway. She climbed up the human's tall body, tearing off the silk over her breasts as she went, and readied herself to tear out her throat.

Behind her, Kiran dropped her invisibility spell and held out a finger behind Aeark's head. There was a flash and Aeark fell limply to the floor. Ulrikke shook herself and looked around.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"The harpy's lair. She entranced you with her song, just like we expected," Kiran said. "Now, come on, tie her up and gag her before she comes around."

Ulrikke accepted the rope from Kiran and set to work, while Kiran looked around the cave. There was a large pile of mouldering bones, a second pile of treasures and a bed made from looted clothing. The bones would clearly be of no use, they'd been picked clean and gnawed into anonymity. The treasures, on the other hand, might have something.

She picked through the pile, adorning herself with armbands, necklaces and rings of various precious metals as she went. A few things she put aside as they didn't fit her but she thought Ulrikke might look good in them, a matching set of bronze wristguards and cocksheath, for one example. Near the middle of the pile she found Dara's signet ring, and on one side of it she found her sword.

"Come and look at this!" Ulrikke called out to her.

Kiran looked around. The harpy was awake and struggling futilely against her bonds. Ulrikke was standing out from under the overhang, by a wide, flat rock in the sun. Kiran got up, bringing the sword and the things she'd picked out for Ulrikke. She passed the things to her barbarian and knelt down to look at what was on the rock: sub-dried cocks. The harpy didn't like them fresh, she supposed. She took one that seemed both new and dark enough to have been Dara's.

"Ready to go?" she asked Ulrikke, who had put on the bronze things instead of replacing her silks. "That looks good on you," she said. "You look a proper warrior now, rather than a harem-girl."

"I'm going to have a look through that pile," Ulrikke said. "These are good, but my tits are feeling bare."

Kiran nodded and watched the jiggling of Ulrikke's backside as she walked off. With nothing else to do, she went to check on the harpy. She'd never had the chance to examine one up close. It had mostly stopped struggling now, having found it was bound too tightly, and since its mouth was gagged and its claws were tied out of the way she felt quite secure in getting close.

Its torso looked roughly elven, slender and hairless, apart from the slight protrusion of the breastbone, which made its modest breasts more prominent. Its head was less similar, having sharp teeth and feathers instead of hair. Its thighs were indistinguishable from an elf's, with a perfectly normal fillet between them and rump above them, but its calves were covered in feathers and ended in claws. It had no arms, only wings, thought they were clawed in a manner that suggested they could be used to hold things.

Kiran patted the bird-woman on its fillet and it cawed gently behind its gag. She didn't know if that was a noise of protest or encouragement, but it didn't matter; it would be stuffed and roasted soon enough. Remembering something she'd left in the pile of treasure, she got up and went over to where Ulrikke was searching through it.

"What do you think of these?" the barbarian asked, turning to show Kiran the golden spirals adorning her breasts.

"Very pretty," Kiran said, "but I don't think the gold matches the bronze."

Ulrikke sighed. "I haven't found anything else in here. Do all Shadizar's warriors go bare-breasted?"

"That or near to it," Kiran said. "Most of them were probably poor; more successful mercenaries would be joining the caravans along the coast. Still, I'd expect there to be a few copper cups in there."

She knelt down, looking for something she'd seen in there before. "Maybe keep the gold ones; they might have been Dara's. Ah, here, try these on."

Kiran helped Ulrikke adjust and get into her new garment. Once on, four squares of bronze scales covered the top, bottom and sides of each of her breasts. They didn't cover much, Ulrikke's enhanced bust being considerably larger than the previous owner's, but they looked good.

"I like them," Ulrikke said. "I saw them before but I thought they were to wear somewhere else. Were you looking for something?"

"Yes," Kiran said, digging into the pile again."I thought you might be a while, so I was thinking of having some fun with our captive. Here!" She produced a silver faux-cock, with a thick, angled stub at the back for her own cunny to grip on. "I suppose you're ready to go now, though," she said.

Ulrikke shrugged. "I wouldn't mind testing out those swords," she said. "Go fuck the bird."

Kiran grinned and hurried back over to the harpy as Ulrikke unsheathed a heavy, gilded sword and took a defensive stance. It hadn't moved, of course, being still tied up. The position it was tied into, with its knees pulled up by a rope around its back and its feet and wings tied above and behind its head, put its fillet in full view. Kiran knelt down next to it and started to stroke.

The harpy made a few ambiguous croaking and cawing noises as Kiran stroked, rubbed and patted at its fillet. Whether it was up for it or not she didn't know, but soon its fillet started to dampen and Kiran introduced the silver cock, running its head up and down the harpy's lips while she gently thumbed its clit. When the cock slipped into the harpy almost on its own, Kiran decided it was ready.

Getting herself ready turned out to be another matter. Kiran usually bottomed, and her few times doing otherwise had involved either no toys at all or a device with straps to secure it. She lifted the hem of her robes and slipped the short end of the cock into her own dripping cunny. Squeezing it a few times seemed to indicate it was secure. Aiming it took some difficulty, but she eventually got it lined up and thrust.

 Instead of the front end going into the harpy, the back end fell out of her. It felt amazing, but wasn't what she wanted. She tried again with the same result. Changing tactics, she pushed the cock into the harpy first and then fitted the other end into herself. Still gripping it in her hand, she thrust it back and forth several times until she got used to how it angled in her cunny. The way it moved against her tightly squeezing muscles was simply delicious and entirely novel to her, and she was having a gasping orgasm in no time at all.

"That looked like fun," Ulrikke said, coming over with her newly chosen swords. "Shame I can't get my cock up or I'd take a turn."

"I'll suck you on the ride back if we can find a good position," Kiran offered. "What do you think about bottoming, though? I've never used one of these before and it was amazing," she said, removing the silver cock from the harpy and wiping it clean on the ropes.

"You want to stick that thing up my rear?" Ulrikke asked, hauling the harpy up.

"Well, the way you walk around with a bare bottom is very inviting," Kiran said lightly.

"Maybe," Ulrikke said after some thought, "If I get very drunk. Come on, now. You can walk behind and keep your eyes on my bare bottom if you like. I just hope nothing's eaten our horse."

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Nothing had eaten their horse. The harpy was stuffed in a sack and tied to the saddle, the same way Kiran had come in to keep her out of sight, and they rode back to Shadizar. It was night when they arrived and the city's gates were shut, but Dara's ring convinced the guards that they were on business for Lady Chantea and they were allowed in.

Lady Chantea's gardens were filled with the kind of flowers that never went out of fashion among the Shadizari nobility - the kind that fill the air around them with powerfully aphrodisiacal perfume. Kiran and Ulrikke were given masks as they entered, to keep them from being overcome. Amid the bushes small saddle-like seats, fitted with polished brass cocks, were placed for the relief of flower-drunk guests and the easy collection of overwhelmed thieves. They saw one of these stripped and plucked from her perch before being taken away to, they presumed, the kitchens.

Inside the Lady's mansion the air was clearer but the decorations almost as inflaming as the perfume. Tapestries, statues and friezes, all depicted women in bed or on the table. Many of the subjects of both were previous Ladies Chantea, commemorating notable affairs and demises. Kiran was particularly taken by a sequence of friezes depicting one long ago Lady being bound into a curling position that forced her cock into her own mouth, and then dipped in a pot of boiling oil to fry. She looked delectably crispy afterwards.

They were shown into the present Lady Chantea's parlour, where the Lady reclined on a chaise longue, dressed in her signet ring and a long chain of pearls tied about her waist and being fed grapes by a gorgeous futa slave while another rubbed scented oils into her feet and legs. Her Ladyship's ancestors had come mostly from the north-east, and centuries in Shadizar had not faded the bloodline's dark skin. She was shorter even than Kiran and plump, with enormous breasts and voluptuous buttocks.

"Milady," said the major-domo who had guided them inside, "Kiran is here, the mercenary you hired to find the harpy that devoured your daughter."

"Excellent, excellent," the lady said, not looking, "has she undressed yet?"

"She has not, milady," the major-domo said. "Shall I have her and her companion undress?"

"Please do, it's so much more comfortable when we're all clothed alike."

They stripped quickly, handing their clothes to servants the major-domo summoned.

"They are nude, milady, for your inspection," the major-domo said, and withdrew.

Lady Chantea turned to them and smiled, her eyes gazing hungrily at their bodies. "Hello, aren't you a lovely pair. You must be Kiran - such a classical Shadizari beauty - but who is your companion?"

"My name is Ulrikke, your ladyship."

"A southerner, I see. Such magnificent tits and cock you have; I love a well-hung futa. Would you be so kind as to fuck me?" Her ladyship asked, spreading her legs.

"I'm afraid my time with Queen Archana has rendered me incapable of enjoying any of your holes but your mouth, your ladyship," Ulrikke said.

"Has it? That is a shame; such a good thing the bitch is dead. Never mind, come over here and stand by my head, I'll suck you when I'm not talking." Lady Chantea beckoned Ulrikke over. "Now, I take it the harpy is in that sack? Show her to me," she commanded, and brought Ulrikke's cock up to her lips.

Kiran grabbed the harpy by its bindings and hauled it out of the sack, holding it facing the Lady.

"Very nice," Lady Chantea said, taking Ulrikke's cock out of her mouth, "small breasts but plenty of thigh meat. She will do nicely." She clapped twice, summoning a pair of servants. "Have the harpy taken to the kitchens and tell the cooks she will be the centrepiece of tomorrow night's dinner," she ordered and the servants hurried to obey. "Now, you both are of course invited to tomorrow night's dinner. Would you prefer to sit at the table or lie on it? You are both delectable, I would be pleased to have you as either guest or dish."

"I'd prefer to be a guest, thank you, my lady," Kiran said. Ulrikke echoed her opinion.

"Very well. If either of you change your mind, go to the kitchens before midday tomorrow so there will be time to prepare you. Now, what about my daughter?"

"I found her ring, as it was described to me, milady," Kiran said.

"Come here and show me," Lady Chantea said, beckoning her over. "Yes, that's it. Do you have anything else of her?"

"I suspect this might have been hers," Kiran said, presenting the sword and spirals, and the Lady nodded. "There was also this," she added, presenting the dried cock.

Lady Chantea spent a while looking at it. "I can't tell," she said, sadly. "Dara's was much bigger, of course, but who knows how being dried shrinks them? Still, I'll have the priestesses do what they can. Now, someone will show you to a room. I'll send your friend along when I'm done with her."

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Kiran was able to have a long bath and dress for bed by the time Ulrikke got to their room. The barbarian looked exhausted and walked straight over to the bed without a word. Kiran stopped her just before she collapsed onto the sheets.

"Hey!" she said, "bath first. You reek of sweat and perfume." She pointed to the tub in the corner of the room.

Ulrikke groaned, but staggered off to the bath.

"You were doing okay on the ride back," Kiran said as the tub filled, "what did her ladyship do?"

"Sucked me until I came so hard it felt like half my guts shot out," Ulrikke said as she settled in to the water. "I hope you weren't expecting a tumble tonight; I'm wrecked."

"Was she better than me, then?" Kiran asked.

Ulrikke groaned again. "I don't know. It felt amazing at the time, but like I said, I'm wrecked now. I'm just glad she didn't want to do anything else. Even Archana didn't make me feel like this."

"Hopefully we'll have time to rest up through the morning," Kiran said. "You're going to need your strength for a Shadizari dinner party."

"Everyone's going to be fucking everyone else?" Ulrikke asked.

"At the least."

"I really don't want to think about that right now," Ulrikke sighed as she got out of the bath. "In fact I don't want to think about anything until midday tomorrow. Don't wake me up."

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Kiran did not wake Ulrikke up. Both women were awakened by a knock on the door. Ulrikke grumbled as the door opened but Kiran looked down and saw a prominent bulge under the sheets - the barbarian had clearly recovered from her exhaustion. A woman stepped into the room, wearing familiar spirals on her breasts and a ring.

Even without the jewellery it was obvious to Kiran that the woman was Dara. She wasn't plump like her mother, but would clearly be so with less exercise, and her breasts and buttocks were similarly spectacular. The cock between her legs was thick and virile, not at all like the shrivelled thing they'd delivered to her ladyship.

"I see the priestesses did their work well, ma'am," Kiran said.

Dara smiled. "They did, as did you. I wanted to see you before dinner, to thank you for your work. My mother is offering you considerable payment, I trust?"

"She is most generous, ma'am," Kiran said, "and you are very welcome for our help."

"My other reason for wanting to see you," Dara said, approaching the bed, "was that I wanted to spend some time with you without the distractions of the food and the guests."

"You don't do your mother's sucking trick, do you?" Ulrikke asked as Dara climbed onto the bed.

"I'm not quite as adept at that particular act as she is, no," Dara said. "If you're worried, though, I'd be more than happy to split your rear."

"I'll trust you with your mouth," Ulrikke said.

"Alright," Dara said. "Pass me that pot. Kiran, come here."

Kiran got out from under the covers and crawled to where Dara knelt at the end of the bed. The highborn futa pulled her into a kiss, the spirals rubbed against her breasts. She felt Dara reach out and accept the pot of Ulrikke and a few seconds later she felt Dara's fingers, now slick with oil, parting her cheeks.

When Kiran was well oiled Dara pushed her down on the bed, between Ulrikke's spread legs, and seized her ankles, pulling them up and over her head. Though she was expecting it, Kiran still gasped as Dara's cock poked, pressed against, and then slid in to her slick pucker. She wrapped her own arms around her legs, keeping them in place, and Dara plucked the spirals from her breasts, revealing hard nipples surrounded by wide areolas.

Dara lowered herself to lie on Kiran's thighs. She was taller than her mother, but not tall enough that her face came up to Kiran's. Instead she lowered her head to press a kiss between Kiran's breasts, and then looked up at Ulrikke. Kiran did the same, seeing from her limited point of view only Ulrikke's hand pumping lazily up and down her cock.

Dara reached out and touched it, her palm gently cupping the head. Ulrikke released it and Dara laid it down over Kiran's face. She licked along its underside while Dara leaned down and took the tip into her mouth.

Kiran closed her eyes, feeling Ulrikke's legs bracketing her, Dara's weight holding her comfortably in place, the musky scent and taste of Ulrikke's cock on her face and the steady thrusting of Dara's in her rear. This was how she preferred sex - pleasure with few expectations. She lapped mindlessly at Ulrikke's cock for what seemed like endless hours until she felt it flex and pulse at it shot a load into Dara's mouth.

Dara swallowed it expertly and sat up, pinching together the folds on either side of Kiran's clit and pumping her hips more vigorously. Kiran came suddenly and intensely, followed shortly by Dara filling her rear and withdrawing.

"That was quite something," Dara said, licking her lips. "I look forward to seeing the two of you again at dinner." She fetched her discarded spirals, waved goodbye and left.

Kiran was too blissfully sated to even lift Ulrikke's cock off her face, but the barbarian spoke.

"You know, I've heard a lot of bad things about the Shadizari nobility, but I think I could get to like her."

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The dinner began at dusk. A few hours before, a servant had visited Kiran and Ulrikke with a selection of suitable clothes. Kiran had taken a silky blue half-jacket that joined at the front just under her breasts, matching stockings and garter belt and a pair of thin slippers. Ulrikke had forgone cloth altogether, opting for a pair of spirals similar to Dara's but in bronze, a matching sheathe for her cock, armbands, anklets and a half skirt of short chains that dangled down over the top third or so of her rear.

When they arrived at the party, they felt they'd overdressed. Few of the other guests wore anything more than jewellery or a few bits of ribbon. They were at least bare enough to not be confused with the servants, who were distinguished by clothes that entirely covered their shoulders, bellies and legs.

Lady Chantea was even barer than the last time they'd seen her; her head had been shorn bare and her only jewellery was her signet ring. She was sitting on a comfortable lounge, greeting her guests with kisses on cock or cunny, and being leisurely fucked by Dara, who was sitting between her spread legs. The guests made no comment but Kiran and Ulrikke were somewhat taken aback - incest was a bit out of the ordinary even for Shadizar.

If their discomfort was at all apparent Lady Chantea took no notice, however, waving them over as soon as she saw them through the milling crowd of guests. They hurried over, the guest being greeted waiting politely while Lady Chantea kept hold of her beribboned cock, ready for a kiss.

"Lady Jassan," her ladyship said, "I'd like you to meet Kiran and Ulrikke, who rescued my dear Dara and caught the centrepiece of tonight's dinner."

Lady Jassan, a tall futa with classical Shadizari looks, politely stoked and squeezed one of Kiran's breasts, then one of Ulrikke's. "I look forward to tasting the bounty your hunt has brought," she said. "It is good to see you well also, Dara. Your mother's parties would not be the same without your bouncing breasts."

Dara's tits were indeed noticeably jiggling as she thrust into her mother's cunny. "It's good to see you as well, your ladyship. What of your family? Your eldest must be old enough to join us soon?"

"Another few months, yes," Lady Jassan said, "and she has not let me forget it. She'll be attending her first and last revel as the centrepiece if she doesn't give me some peace."

Lady Chantea kissed her cock and the next guest approached as Lady Jassan walked off to mingle. Kiran and Ulrikke stayed by the lounge to be introduced to each guest as they were greeted, hearing rote compliments on their prowess and Dara's health. Kiran had some interest in the nobility of Shadizar, but Ulrikke quickly grew bored and it was a relief when the last guest was greeted and they were able to go.

Kiran was approached and embraced by a noblewoman after only a few steps. The woman kissed her with a mouth full of wine, wrapping one arm around her shoulders and placing the other hand firmly on her rear. After her initial surprise Kiran melted into her, savouring the taste of the wine and reaching up for the other woman's breasts.

Without breaking the kiss the woman led Kiran over to an empty lounge and lay her down on it before lying down herself, face to cunny with Kiran. They licked and groped, lying on their sides, and Kiran soon felt the head of a cock pressing against her pucker. Knowing what the party would be like she'd wisely oiled herself up while dressing, and with the woman's help and encouragement it slipped in easily.

Both the woman and the futa left after all three had come. The woman hadn't been among those greeted, and Kiran never saw the futa at all. She rested on the lounge for a little while, glad to be off her feet, and soon another woman approached her and sat between her legs. She pinched Kiran's nipple and offered her a sip of wine before wrapping her legs about her. They held each other tightly, breast to breast, cunnies grinding against thighs, until they collapsed in mutual orgasm.

The time until dinner passed. A pair of futa held Kiran tightly between them, one in her mouth and the other in her rear. After them a woman urged her down onto her knees to lick between her thighs, matching the servant licking between her cheeks. She quickly stopped trying to remember or even look at faces. Partners came so quickly she began to think they were lining up for her.

She didn't see Ulrikke or Dara until the gong was struck and the guests were led to their seats. Dara was next to her mother at the head of the table, of course. Ulrikke was on the opposite side from Kiran, just far enough away that they couldn't speak. She looked drunk, and Kiran wondered just how much alcohol was needed to have an effect on the enormous barbarian. Certainly far more than the few sips she'd had herself.

The harpy had pride of place, lying on a platter with its head on a tall spike. Its belly was swollen hugely with stuffing and its now featherless skin was brown and crispy. The guests admired the roast, making several lewd comments about the uses a live harpy might be put to, and then the bird was carved. Dara, of course, received the fillet. Kiran had a slice of thigh and stuffing and Ulrikke a section of ribs.

It was an interesting meal; a taste much like femme meat but a texture like fowl, perhaps wild pheasant. Several guests proposed hunting expeditions to find more and test other recipes. Harpy pie was a recurring suggestion. As the dinner wound down dancers came out to entertain the diners while they digested.

Kiran was familiar with the usual forms of Shadizari dance, and initially assumed it would be much the same, with either more skilful or attractive dancers. Her initial assumption seemed correct as the guests reached over to stroke their neighbours' cocks or cunnies, until the first dancer completed her dance and was strangled by the second. The second met the same fate, then the third, until the sixth and seventh dancers, stunning half-elf twins, locked garrottes onto each other as they made love and died mid-climax.

The bodies were removed to much cheering and a bubbling hot cauldron of, by the smell, honey was carried in. Lady Chantea rose to make a speech.

"Beloved friends and treasured enemies," she began, "I'm so pleased to have you all here tonight to hear this announcement. After much thought I've decided that it's time for me to officially declare Dara my heir to the Chantea title. I'm sure she will enjoy treating with you just as I have."

The guests applauded. Dara rose and bowed, then kissed her mother. She then picked her up, carried her to the cauldron and dropped her in headfirst. Kiran was mildly shocked, although her surprise was tempered by the lack of reaction by the guests to anything but the jiggling of Lady Chantea's rear bent over the rim as she kicked and flailed. Dara plucked the signet ring from her finger and put it on her own before pushing her mother down again and helping herself to her rear. Lady Chantea's struggles grew weaker as her daughter fucked her, until she went still entirely and Dara pushed her the rest of the way in.

"Dessert will be served shortly," Dara - now the new Lady Chantea - said, to further applause, "please, enjoy yourselves while you wait."

The guests needed no further encouragement and fell on each other immediately. Kiran's head was in her neighbour's lap, her mouth full of cock, before she'd quite processed it. The woman must have known, she realised as she sucked, that was why she'd shaved her head, so the honey wouldn't be full of hair.

Kiran quickly fell into the same almost trance as before as she was passed from guest to guest. Mouths on her cunny, cocks in her rear, all blended into one until she felt a familiarly outsized pair of breasts press against her own.

"Da- my lady!" she said, quickly recalling Dara's recent elevation through incestuous matricide. "What are your plans for me tonight?" she asked. Lady Chantea's cock was squeezed between their bodies, as though indecisive as to whether to go up to be breasts and mouth or down to her rear.

Dara kissed her, nibbling gently on her lips, before asking, "What are your plans for yourself tomorrow?"

"I suppose I was going to stay as long as you wanted me, my lady, and then look for other work. Did you have need of me for something?" Kiran asked again in turn, gently stroking Dara's plush bottom.

"I do," Dara said, and kissed her again, "bearing my children. Damn the family tradition, my little sister-daughter can find someone else to fuck her. Stay here, as my concubine."

Kiran gaped. "Truly?" she asked, and Dara nodded. "What about once we have a child?"

"Three children," Dara said, "that's the usual way. Then you roast. In return, you get all the luxuries I can provide. Fair?"

"Fair?" Kiran asked. "Impossibly generous." She kissed Dara, and felt her new mistress's cock slid into her cunny. "Mmm... starting on the children already, my lady? You must really want to see me cook."

"Who wouldn't with a rump like this?" Dara asked, slipping a finger inside.

After they finished Dara carried Kiran up to the head of the table, setting her down in front of her as she sat down. Dara lay back and Kiran quickly got the idea, taking Dara's cock into her mouth and sucking it back to hardness. They got in two more, first with Kiran straddling the chair and then bent over the table, before dessert was served.

The former Lady Chantea was quite a sight; her skin glistened with honey that dripped from her mouthwatering curves. She'd been roasted on a spit, from rump to mouth, and the honey had worked itself all through her body as she cooked. Dara had her second fillet for the night. Kiran had a slice of caramelised tit. It was the sweetest thing she'd ever eaten.

"Delicious," she said to Dara," but don't do me like this. I think I'm more the savoury type."

Dara smiled, nodded and gently bit Kiran's nipple.

Dessert was less formal than dinner; many of the guests left the table for the lounges to mingle again. Ulrikke walked up to the head of the table, eating from a plate of steaming rump meat.

"Your ma turned out well," she said as she sat down. "Even better than that harpy meat, and that was fine stuff."

Dara nodded regally. "I can only hope Kiran turns out so well."

Ulrikke looked at them quizzically.

"I'm staying here," Kiran explained, "Concubine."

"What does that mean for the reward, then?" the barbarian asked.

"I suppose you can have the lot," Dara said.

"What are you going to spend it on?" Kiran asked.

"I'd like to try and get my cock fixed. I'd like to feel something other than a mouth on it," she said. "After that, women and futa. Fucking and eating both."

"Nothing like some good, old-fashioned squandering?" Kiran asked with a laugh.

Ulrikke shook her head. "No, there's not. I've got something lined up for after that, anyway. A bunch of the ladies here fancy themselves hunters, and want to bet they can catch me. Offering good money, too."

"If it's the ones I'm thinking of," Dara said, "that will end with your rump on a grill and your head and cock on their wall."

Ulrikke shrugged. "We'll see. At least I'll get in some good hard fucking first."

"Words to live by," Dara said, and they raised their glasses.