

Torn Between Seductions

By

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The distant bellow of trumpeting horns rouse me from my slumbering dreams and I pull my covers over my head with a groan of irritation.

A moment later my covers are torn off the bed and my pillow is yanked from under my head and smacks me across the face.

“Brother,” my twin sister shouts excitedly, “get out of bed and get dressed at once!”

I open my eyes with a yawn as Reina thrusts open the heavy curtains to my balcony, allowing the morning sunshine to flood my bedchamber in the castle’s central tower.

As I rub the sleep from my eyes, she marches to the foot of my bed and places her hands stout on her slender hips. “Did you not hear the horns announcing the arrival of the Fae? Are you not eager to meet your suitresses?”

Gripping the base of my morning erection jutting from my undershorts, I wave it at her in an attempt to shoo her from my chamber.

Reina frowns at me unperturbed. Her wild orange hair, which can only be tamed by braiding it, is in long pigtails, swaying in the zephyr coming from the open balcony. The ruffled skirt of her cobalt short-dress billows in the breeze, flashing her slim thighs. She is as pretty and petite as she is perky. Her wide eyes are as bright blue as the shimmering sea under the noon sun. Her rosy complexion and gentle cleavage are spattered with freckles. The subtle curves of her sylphlike figure are especially enticing.

I casually stroke my shaft as I admire my twin sister staring at me expectantly.

She rolls her eyes annoyed. “You have a mere week to choose a bride, a choice that’ll also decide the fate of our kingdom and you’d rather lay in bed and play with your prick?!”

“Won’t you turn around for me, sweet Sister, so I can see your cute bum?”

“I’ll sit my bum on your face if you don’t get out of that bed!”

Smirking, I chuckle at her. “I think I’d enjoy that.”

“If Mother discovers you tugging your cock when you should be getting dressed, she is going to have a fit!”

Continuing to stroke, I muse, “Are you really so raring to have a Fae sister-in-law?”

Reina grins, “Perhaps it’s the Fae brother-in-laws I’m eager for. I’ve heard nothing but wondrous things about the Fae royalty.”

“Oh please, you can barely handle one brother as is.”

“I’m sure they would be more respectful and *certainly* more ambitious than you, dear Brother.”

“My first decree as king will make sure you cannot marry any of them, Sister.”

“Father is as strong as he is stern. You will not be king for many years to come, I’m sure. I’ll be married before then. Now get out of bed!”

“If I stop now, I’ll be *utterly* frustrated all day.”

“You should have considered that before you started yanking it!”

“Please turn around for me. I beg of you, Sister.”

“*Fine*,” she huffs, “but hurry.” She spins around and lifts the back of her dress.

I chew my lower lip at the sight of her adorable apple-bottom and stroke my shaft firmer. Her taut cheeks protrude from the leg openings of her white satin bikini panties, begging to be bitten.

Reina looks back over her shoulder at me and asks, “Would it speed things up if I wiggled my bum? We don’t have all morning.”

“Yes, that may be helpful.”

Watching me, she shakes her bottom with a bashful giggle. “Is that what you like? Are

you ready to burst?"

"I appreciate the effort but it's not going to be enough to make me cum. Take down your panties, please."

Reina halts her teasing wiggling. "Are you quite serious, Brother?!"

"Yes, Sister, I'm entirely serious."

"I'm not a dancing girl!"

"Do you want me to finish in a timely manner?"

She exhales an exasperated breath, and grumbles, "Fine, but don't ask anything else of me."

I stroke myself swifter as she peels her panties down to her knees, exposing the entirety of her bubbled buns.

"Ooh, Sister," I moan, "your bum is oh so divine!"

Reina blushes. "Thank you, Brother."

I groan as I stroke and stroke, ogling her bottom, wishing I could grope it.

"Come now, Brother, hurry up. You really must finish already."

I pant, "Bend forward and spread your cheeks for me."

She flares her wide eyes. "I'm not a common whore!"

"I'm almost ready to cum. I just need a peek between your cheeks, I *swear*."

"I'll give you ten seconds." Looking peeved, she leans forward, palms her cheeks and splays them wide, unveiling her rosebud.

I furiously fist my pulsating prick at the sizzling sight of her puny pink pucker.

Reina pleads, "*Cum, Brother, cum!* Hurry, Brother, spew your *cum*!"

I glance from her rosebud to her imploring eyes and sit upright as I grunt, "Ooh yes, Sister, ooh yes!" I tremble and gasp as my cock shoots ropy cords of spunk across my sheets while Reina holds my gaze with her beautiful blue eyes!

"Well," our Mother, Queen Dione, comments from my doorway with an expression of irritated surprise, "that's one way to get your brother out of bed."

Reina hastily pulls up her panties and straightens her dress. "Mother, Rian is simply *impossible!*"

Dione sashays across my bedchamber, her boisterous bosoms bursting from her elegant azure dress, her swaying curvaceous hips demanding attention. Her long lustrous hair, white as snow reflecting moonlight, whips about in the cool breeze.

She caresses Reina's flushed cheek. "Don't fret, I'm not upset. I've done much more to spur your father into action. Go put on your tiara while I help your brother."

Reina hurries out of my chamber to her own across the hall and I leap out of bed to dress.

"Rian, I'll pull out your clothing while you freshen up. I thank the heavens in a week you'll have a *wife* to look after you."

The immense throne room is all white marble and gold trimming with crimson rugs and ornate tapestries and crystal chandeliers. The length of the hall is lined with banquet tables, most of which are barren. This first meeting of royal families and subsequent breakfast is to be a private encounter.

My father, King Malik, sits beside my mother on the top level of the dais, while my sister and I sit on either side of them on the level below. A mage stands hidden behind a curtain to be sure no magical methods of manipulation are employed by our guests.

I'm dressed in royal-blue velvet robes fit for a prince and a golden coronet sits atop my head, both of which I'd rather not wear.

I wink playfully at my sister, now wearing a delicate tiara of white gold bejeweled with blue diamonds, and she juts her tongue at me.

My father signals the royal guards, garbed in ceremonial armor, to open the massive doors.

As the doors are swung open, a great kaleidoscope of rainbow butterflies flutter inside and disperse all across the hall before dissolving into twinkling stars that zip and zoom like tiny bolts of prismatic lightning.

When I look down from the stunning lightshow, the royal family of faerie is standing before us, short and svelte.

The only daughter steps forward and the king introduces her. "Princess Fayette of the Fae."

Her luminous skin is pearlescent white, her flowing hair translucent turquoise, and her large eyes are radiant fuchsia. A troupe of purple pixies prances around her head like a halo. Her wispy short-dress is constructed entirely of colorful feathers held together with behemoth spider's silk. Her sparkling wings flutter on her back as she curtsies with a demure smile that causes my prick to twitch.

I rise and step down from the dais to bow as my father introduces me. "Prince Rian of the Manfolk."

Princess Fayette is so diminutive and dainty, if not for her small breasts I might mistake her for a child. I stand a full two feet taller, towering over her.

One of the faerie princes steps forward, holding a small mahogany chest. He opens it, presenting me a crystal pendant. "If Princess Fayette is chosen, this age-slowing magick totem will be your wedding gift so that you may live as long as your faerie wife." Fae live hundreds of years.

Tribal drums boom and the faerie family move aside for the royal family of elves to make their ostentatious entrance.

The elven king and queen march down the hall, tall and tenacious, as their many sons and daughters perform aerial cartwheels and double flips all the way to the dais.

The eldest daughter leaps forward and performs a dramatic bow, before introducing herself. "I am Princess Elyssa of the Fae."

Her mossy skin is the deep red of rich rosewood, her ornately braided hair the vivid green of fresh pine needles, and her almond-shaped eyes the shimmering purple of amethyst. Her long pointed ears are pierced with small golden rings all along the rigid helixes. An amaranthine wreath of thorny vines and crimson berries is weaved into her braided hair. The tops and bottoms of her ample breasts are left bare by her white fur bandeau, which matches her breechcloth.

I offer a modest bow before introducing myself. "I am Prince Rian of the Manfolk."

Princess Elyssa stands a foot taller than me and she appears able to best me in a wrestling match, which I certainly wouldn't mind enduring. She is as sensually fascinating as she is seemingly formidable.

Leaning in close, she purrs into my ear, "If you choose me, my younger sisters will be yours as well. We will worship you devoutly."

I glance at her six sisters, each of them equally gorgeous, and gulp audibly at the thought of sharing my bed with all of them.

Ascending from his thrown, my father invites both Fae families to join us for breakfast.

The faeries sit at one end of the table and the elves at the opposite with my family in between.

Faeries only eat vegetation, so an assortment of fruits gathered from every corner of our kingdom is set before them. They eat with their fingers, not bothering with the silverware.

Elves only eat flesh and other products of animals, so an assortment of roasted meats and fine cheeses are offered. They eat with their knives, ignoring the forks and spoons.

My family chooses from the fruits and the meats, utilizing our silverware properly, of course.

Throughout the breakfast feast, the faerie brothers take turns singing soft melodies for our entertainment. The elves do not appear happy with the melodic faerie music, yet they remain silent. I assume, as a show of respect for their hosts.

To my dismay, my sister seems to be enthralled by the elven brothers, giving them furtive glances and coy smiles. Just because I am to marry one of the Fae doesn't mean she should interbreed. My marriage is for the sake of building an alliance. I may have to choose Princess Fayette simply so Reina cannot marry an elf prince. If our kingdom is aligned with the faeries, the elves will not desire my sister due to the political ramifications. Instead, I presume they would join with the Dwarf kingdom. The height difference between the twosome would be rather amusing.

Once everyone has finished eating, my father thank the Fae for sitting down with us for breakfast and commands servants to lead them to their temporary residences so they may rest for the morning to recover from their arduous journeys.

After the Fae have left the hall, the mage exits his hiding spot to report. "My lords and ladies, I detected no use of manipulative magick by either party, however, I am quite sure they were aware of my presence. I may be the most powerful mage in your kingdom, but their Fae magick is of a much higher echelon."

After an exhausting day of ceremonies and observing various competitions between the Fae princesses, my sister helps me strip off my robes in my bedchamber. Our mother will no longer allow the attractive young maidservants to aid me in dressing and undressing due to my proclivity to petition sexual favors.

"So, Brother," Reina inquires, "are you partial to either of your suitresses?"

"I know who *you'd* like me to choose."

She tosses my robes aside. "Am I really so obvious?"

"Oh please," I roll my eyes, "you've been drooling over the elf princes since you first laid eyes on them."

"Princess Elyssa is remarkably resolute. She'd make an excellent queen."

I tug off my undershorts to take my evening bath and Reina averts her gaze once I catch her staring. "Are you going to help me bathe as well, Sister?"

"If you choose Princess Elyssa you'll have all the help you could ever hope for."

I smirk. "Seven elves may be a few too many."

"With your insatiable libido," she frowns, "I'm not so sure."

"Maybe I should sleep in your bed with you tonight in case any of the elves attempt to take advantage of you in your sleep."

Reina cocks her head glowering. "As if you wouldn't, Brother?"

I chuckle. "Do you really think so little of me?"

“After this morning’s indecency, I wouldn’t put it past you.”

“Are you still daydreaming about that little exchange of passion?”

She glares. “Exchange of passion? You truly are *utterly* impossible.”

I caress her freckled cheek. “I’ll never forget the *yearning* look in your eyes as you *begged* me to cum. It was rather breathtaking, really.”

“You mistake *impatience* for yearning. And I wouldn’t call that begging, more like *annoyed* pleading.”

“Call it what you will. I know what I witnessed.”

“You are deluding yourself, Brother. I don’t lust after you. I cannot wait for you to be married so you have someone else’s leg to hump like a horny mutt.”

“Such harsh words,” I snort, “now I’m sure you lust for my affections, sweet Sister.”

“I’ll show you sweet, Brother!” Reina draws back her slim arm and smacks my cock.

I howl with laughter as her face flushes with anger. “There’s that intense passion again!”

She stomps a heel with a huff of frustration and marches out of my chamber.

I shout after her teasingly, “Goodnight and pleasant dreams, Sister!”

I close my door after she slams hers and then I trot into my bathroom and draw myself a bath. I’m going to miss teasing my sister after I’m married. She truly is my best friend, no matter how difficult I make things for her. I’m sure she knows it.

Once I’ve scrubbed myself clean, I lean back in my tub and close my eyes. I stroke my shaft below the surface as I recall the memory of Reina spreading her cheeks for my pleasure. I’m stunned by how extremely enticing it was to peek at her puny pink pucker.

“Prince Rian,” whispers a dulcet voice that sends tingles throughout my body, “may I enter?”

I open my eyes to find Princess Fayette sitting in my bathroom window, her expression expectant, her sparkling wings flittering. “Um, sure, you may enter.”

Hopping down from the window, she skips to the tub like a child at play, pixies still haloing her head.

“Don’t those pixies get tired?”

“They dance in shifts except when I’m sleeping, of course.”

I muse, “Did you *fly* up here to my chamber?”

“Yes, my wings are strong.” She smiles. “Are you impressed?”

“Yes, but what brings you all the way up here?”

“I wanted to play with you without our parents hovering over us. Is that okay?”

“It is against the rules, but it’s okay with me.” I grin. “I’ve been known to break a rule occasionally.”

Leaning over the tub, she whispers into my ear conspiratorially, “I’ve heard you break many rules on a regular basis. Is this true, Prince Rian?”

I chuckle. “So it is. Please, address me as Rian. There’s no need for all the formalities when we’re alone.”

She giggles with giddy glee. “Okay, if you would like, you may call me Fay!”

“You have a very playful nature, even for a faerie. May I ask your age?”

Her pearlescent white complexion reddens and her wings furl with obvious embarrassment. “I’m only fifty. I hope you are not displeased by my young age.”

I tuck her translucent turquoise hair behind a pointed ear. “You’re much older than me.”

“Yes, but you’re a Manfolk. I’m less than half your age considering our aging rates.”

“That doesn’t bother me at all, I *swear* it, Fay.”

Her aura brightens and her wings unfurl as she beams at me with childlike excitement. “I am so relieved, Rian!”

“I’m happy you feel better.”

Fayette smiles at me coyly. “May I join you please?”

“You mean in the tub?”

“Yes, I love hot baths!”

“Um,” I hesitate, “sure, okay.”

She yanks her wispy short-dress over her head, sending pixies fluttering in all directions, and twirls around on one foot, revealing the entirety of her naked nubile body to me. She reminds me of my sister before she filled in. Her small breasts and rounded bottom are pert and pleasing. Her womanhood is but a tiny pink slit and her mound is completely without fuss.

Fayette flutters into the air and splashes into the tub with a bout of giggles.

“I must admit, Fay, you are absolutely adorable, especially in comparison to your elven competition.”

Leaning forward on her hands and knees, she smiles wide. “Does that mean you like me better than her, Rian?”

“Well, I really should wait until the end of the week to make that judgment.”

Her gaze drifts down my muscled body between my legs. “Rian, you have a very *large* stamen and it’s erect. Is that because of me?”

“Uh, it was actually erect before you joined me, but your *allure* has sustained it.”

She bats her lashes shyly. “May I touch it please?”

“Have you ever touched a prick, I mean stamen before?”

“No, but I would like to if you wouldn’t mind.”

“I guess it’d be okay.”

“Thank you.” Fayette gazes into my eyes with a demure smile that incites my cock to throb. Her large radiant fuchsia eyes are incredibly dazzling.

I hold my breath with anticipation as she reaches between my thighs and closes her small palm around my cockhead. I utter a soft moan as she squeezes it gently as if she’s feeling a mushroom for the first time.

She giggles. “It’s squishy and solid at the same time.”

As she retracts her hand, I blurt, “You can touch it more if you want.”

“No, thank you.” She climbs to her feet. “Would you like to touch my flower?”

I lick my lips as I stare at her slit. “May I kiss it please.”

Fayette blinks at me bemused. “You want to kiss it?”

“Yes, if you wouldn’t mind.”

“That seems odd to me but I guess you may.”

I scoot forward, grasp her narrow waist, and press my lips to her sensitive button atop her tiny pink slit.

Fayette quivers and she closes her fists in my wet hair, taking a firm grip. “Rian, that felt very *good*. Please kiss my flower again.”

I slide my hands from her waist to her taut little cheeks and clutch hold of them as I seal my lips over her nub.

She shivers and squeaks and pulls at my hair as I swipe my tongue back and forth against her sensitive button at a steady pace.

“Rian, that feels so good! It feels like a powerful magick is building up inside me and it’s going to squirt out of my flower!”

I withdraw one hand from her clenching cheeks to stroke my shaft while I continue to tongue-lash her swollen nub. I pump my prick in rhythm with my swiping tongue, groaning into her seeping slit.

“Ooh, *Rian*, please don’t stop! Please keep kissing my flower! I love it so much!”

I groan louder as I pump my prick faster and swipe my tongue swifter and she thrusts her pelvis, humping my mouth with mounting urgency!

“My flower is going to squirt magick at any moment! I can’t hold it in! I feel like I’m going to explode into rainbow bliss!”

Fayette clamps her thighs around my head as she convulses and cries with jubilation and sweet nectar sprays into my grunting mouth as I quake with orgasm while my cock spews spunk into the water!

As her climax wanes, she sinks into the tub and I pull her into my arms and kiss her soft mouth as she whimpers and whines and curls her slim legs around my waist, pressing her pussy to my prick. She sucks her nectarous ambrosia from my tongue as I tremble with aftershocks of ecstasy. Her mewling mouth tastes as delicious as her creamy cunt.

When she finally breaks away, she rubs her cheek against mine and nuzzles my nape. “Thank you, *Rian*. That was truly the most amazing experience I’ve ever shared with anyone.”

I stroke her head and kiss her temple. “My pleasure. I can say the same. But we can’t tell anyone.”

Withdrawing her face from my nape, she nuzzles my nose and pecks my lips gingerly. “It’s our secret. I promise.”

I cradle her cheeks in my palms and kiss her mouth deeply again, moaning softly.

She giggles into my mouth and so I pull away. “What is so funny, *Fay*?”

“Your stamen is pulsating against my flower and it tickles!”

I chuckle. “Sorry about that. My stamen really likes you.”

“Do you really like me too,” she coos, “or is it just your large stamen?”

I smirk. “We are definitely in agreement on the matter.”

Fayette hugs me with zeal. “I really like you too.”

“The water has become chilly. We should get out now.”

She climbs off my lap and out of the tub, dripping water onto the rug.

I climb out and pull down two bath towels from a shelf she is too short to reach.

After we have dried off, she curiously presses my persistent erection down and giggles as it pops back up again. “Is your stamen going to stay erect like that forever?”

“No,” I snort, “I’m sure it’ll wilt after you leave.”

“I don’t want to leave. And I feel weak after that explosion so I don’t think my wings can carry me safely to the ground. Can I sleep with you?”

I advise, “If someone catches you in my bedchamber, we’ll both be in tremendous trouble.”

“I’ll awaken at dawn and leave before anyone sees me.”

“Okay, but I warn you my stamen is going to be poking you all night.”

“I’ll squeeze it between my thighs so it can’t poke me, *Rian*.”

“That is an excellent plan.”

She plops on the toilet and releases her bladder while swaying her dangling dainty feet. “I really needed to tinkle! Do you need to tinkle?”

I chuckle. “I can’t tinkle when my stamen is erect.”

Fayette titters. “I hope you don’t tinkle in the bed!”

“No,” I snort, “I won’t.”

She follows me into my bedchamber and I turn off the lights but her aura acts as a night light. We climb into bed and she wiggles her little bum against me as I curl my arms around her and she closes her silky thighs around my erection while her pixies disappear under the covers.

Craning her neck, she pecks my lips with a kiss. “Goodnight and pleasant dreams, Rian.”
“The same to you, Fay.”

Once she is asleep, I fondle her breasts while gently rolling my hips, using her clamped thighs for my pleasure. Closing my eyes, I find myself envisioning my sister spreading her cheeks for me again. I fantasize about penetrating Reina’s rosebud until I burst between Fayette’s thighs and fall asleep.

I awaken to my sister tearing my covers off the bed, yanking my pillow from under my head and smacking it over my morning erection.

A pixie that must have been forgotten flutters out of the sheets and flees via the open balcony, inciting my sister to sneer at me.

“*Brother*, what have you done?! Have you lost your mind?! And why are you naked?!?”

“*Sister*,” I yawn as I rise into a sitting position, “why do you care if I sleep in the buff?”

Grabbing the pillow laid across my lap, she beats me over the head with it. “Did you sleep with the faerie princess or didn’t you?!”

“We shared a bath and my bed but I did not penetrate her, I *swear*.”

“Then why are you naked?!”

“I did not have any underwear to offer her and it would have been rude if I wore my own.”

“Why did she sleep here?!”

“Because she was rather tired after sharing a hot bath.”

Reina growls, “You are impossible!”

“Are you jealous, sweet Sister?”

She clobbers me with the pillow over and over again as I bellow with laughter.

“I surrender, Sister, I surrender! Please stop hitting me already!”

“Get out of bed and go freshen up so I can help you get dressed for the day’s many activities! And no funny business either!”

She raises the pillow high and I roll out of bed before she can resume furiously clobbering me with it. “I’m going, Sister, I’m going.”

After lunch during a recess from the festivals and feuding Fae families, I visit my black stallion in the royal stables to soothe my mind.

I’m in Umbra’s stall feeding him fresh apples when Elyssa drops from the rafters above with such silent grace, she doesn’t startle either of us.

“Prince Rian,” she purrs, “how are you feeling this afternoon?”

“I’m feeling just fine, and how about you, Princess Elyssa?”

“You don’t seem just fine.” She strokes Umbra’s thick mane. “Perhaps I can help somehow?”

“Unless you can speed me through time to the end of this week, I’m not sure you can help me.”

Elyssa bares her sharp teeth in a predatory smile, her almond-shaped amethystine eyes shimmering seductively. “I’m afraid that is unachievable.”

“Are you sure? I’ve heard marvelous things about Fae magick.”

She leans in close, sniffing, and wrinkles her pointed nose. “You absolutely *stink* of faerie. You’ve spent time with her?”

I grin guiltily. “Who I spend my private time with is none of your concern.”

“She is a manipulative bitch. I bet she’s convinced you she’s only an innocent child.”

I narrow my brow surprised. “And you claim she’s not?”

“Far from it, I swear. She is playing a role.”

“If you speak the truth, she is a superb actress.”

“What favor did she grant you during your time together?”

“Whatever do you mean, Princess?”

“If I’m to be your wife, you must be honest with me.”

“Are you so sure I will choose you?”

“I’m obviously the superior choice.”

I can’t help but smirk. “Your self-confidence rivals my own.”

Elyssa puffs up her chest, emphasizing her ample breasts protruding from her white fur bandeau. “I will be the greatest queen your kingdom has ever known, which in turn will make you the greatest king.”

“With your six sisters to satisfy, I’m not sure I’ll have time for kingly duties.”

“My sisters will keep each other satisfied when you do not desire their devout worship. They are to be a gift, not a bothersome hassle.”

“I was only teasing you. I’m sure they’ll be delightful. Maybe even more so than the long life the faerie’s magick totem would afford me.”

Elyssa asserts, “That totem would afford you long life at the cost of your will. You would become a mere puppet for the faerie kingdom.”

I balk, “Are you positive?”

She nods. “If you do not trust my word, have your Manfolk mage evaluate it.”

“Thank you for the warning.”

“Now, Prince Rian, I insist you tell me what favor the conniving bitch granted you.”

I glance around to be sure no one is listening. “She blessed me with the privilege of *kissing* her flower.”

“So then I will allow you to kiss my rosebud. I cannot permit her to win you over with trivialities.” Elyssa slings herself over Umbra’s back, placing her rounded rump level with my face, and tugs down her fur breechcloth, exposing her plump red cheeks. “Do as you wish, darling.”

My cock grows rigid in my velvet robes at once. I caress the mossy flesh of her bubbled buns before squeezing and splaying them wide. Her tiny rosebud is violet. Pressing my face deep between her cheeks, I dab it with my tongue tip and she utters a low groan.

“Ooh yes, tease my elfin bud with your tongue, you deviate prince!”

I swirl my tongue with increasing pressure until it pops through her resistant rosebud and drives deep inside.

She reaches back and fists my hair sternly. “Ooh yes, bury your tongue in my virgin bud, you perverted Manfolk!”

Groaning with gluttony, I plunge my tongue in and out of her tight hole, relishing the taste of her and wallowing in her mewling moans!

“Ooh yes, you’re going to make me cum with your slithering tongue, you filthy boy!”
I fumble with my robes until I liberate my pulsing prick and then stroke it in a frenzy of fervor!

“Ooh yes, make your cock spew while you defile me with your tongue, you miscreant!”
I gouge her bum with ravenous obsession as I pump my prick hard and swift!

“Ooh yes, I’m going to cum, I’m going to cum!”

Her rosebud clinches tight around my probing tongue as she shivers and squeals with rapture and my cock shoots splooge as I tremble with joy!

Dropping down and spinning around, Elyssa kisses me with passion, before purring, “I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did, my depraved groom.”

This is the end of the free preview of [Torn Between Seductions](#).
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