

Orson and Mircea

The first time they met secretly in his tower, they were all over each other within minutes. The wizard's robes came off. The barmaid's dress came up. And inhibitions went out the high open windows.

But it was as things progressed in the relationship of Orson the Wizard and Mircea the Voluptuous that things became.... intense. There was little love between the two of them. Yet the limits to their passion were virtually non-existent. It soon became that they could not live a day without falling into each other arms at some point, in some secret place.

When Orson's elderly housekeep became suspicious about another man's wife coming over so often, the couple moved to the woods. When the local hunters began to complain about strange noises in the grove at odd hours, they moved even further. With Orson's great powers they traveled to lands far from their own. And with his vast knowledge of realms and magicks, they found things that other lusty couples could not find.

A time sometimes comes in a couple's relationship when they find they want to explore each other...and someone else. This time came to Mircea and Orson, and they were excited. But with the reputations each had, whom could they possibly involve in such an escapade?

And so it came that they found the nymph.

One day, while lovemaking in a scrub of low bushes, they heard her song. As they looked over in the direction of the sweet noise, there she sat against the trees lining a pond in the forest the two lovers had found respite in for the day.

She was not much taller than Mircea, and slighter than the red-haired barmaid. It was evident in her bones, her slender frame. She could not compare to the curvaceous Mircea when it came to womanly form. But there was something otherworldly about her, and it was that that attracted Orson to her. When he gazed upon her eyes, so blue and flowing as if they were an extension of the clear sky, when he took in her hair, white as the lotus flowers and water lilies....his member became hard all over again. And anything that had that reaction in the wizard automatically intrigued the buxom barmaid.

The next step would be to convince the nymph to become amorous with the couple. Orson had every intention of fulfilling his every fantasy with Mircea for as long as he could, for as long as he found her haunting his dreams with her red hair and green eyes. And this nymph was a possibly fleeting addition, but still, something he would like to pursue.

Mircea knew little about nymphs. She knew much about men, though. She suggested to Orson that perhaps if the nymph came across the couple "accidentally", and had a moment to watch them in their...affairs? Perhaps then she might take interest. After all, how could even a magickal nymph deny the allure that Orson seemed born with?

For a wizard, he was rather attractive. Many of the girls had lusted for him before he had decided on Mircea. He was not tall enough to be intimidating to the women, and he was thick enough to not be mistaken for a woman in his long flowing robes. It was his gaze that changed most women's minds

though. With his hazel eyes, his face could take on the coldest, cruelest of looks. And with a woman like Mircea in his bed, whom all knew had extreme tastes in pleasure....all other women of the kingdom shuddered and thought twice before batting eyes at this wizard.

And so it was that Orson and Mircea arranged to return to the pond side. Mircea's farmer husband was out farming, of course. Since his wife could bear no children, he thought little of her anymore, and did not bother himself with her affairs as long as his meal was on the table when he was done and his mead was free at the bar she worked at.

Orson brought them back to the forest via his flying carpet. He thrilled at the shivers that went through Mircea's soft and curved body as she clung to the edge of the red Persian rug, her bodice showing off much of her cleavage and the chill wind causing her large nipples to harden easily.

When they landed, he almost forgot their reason for being there. Instead he busied himself with undressing Mircea, ruthlessly tossing her clothing to the side as he brought her heavy breasts to his lips.

Mircea always thrilled with every bit of attention visited upon her by Orson's lips and fingers. As his hands cupped her breasts and his mouth teased the hard nipples of her breasts, she placed her hands on his head, encouraging his kisses as her head tilted back and her freed hair flowed down over her behind.

Orson suddenly upended Mircea, and she fell onto the soft moss of the pond side. Unable to resist anymore, Orson began to lick and lap his way down to her puss. It seemed to beckon to him with its strong musk scent. And it was nothing for his tongue to quickly slide between the well-wetted lips and thrust into Mircea deeply. His reward? Her excited squeeze with her thighs around his head and shoulders, making him thrust deeper and deeper.

It was then that they realized at the same time that they were being watched, after all. Neither had thought of the nymph from the minute they landed until now.

With her legs around Orson's head and shoulders, and with his tongue deep within the walls of Mircea's privacy, the couple turned their eyes without moving their heads and looked into the nearby trees.

There she stood, motionless, almost as if mimicking a tree herself. Her pale skin had a tint of green to it. Her white hair was long, thin, and shining. And she was quite nude.

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