

The Fertile Grove: Cheeky Chappy (Ciara/Nina)

A “Detachable” story

By Devin McTaggart

It sounded so good, didn't it? Beating the Secret Six, having two epic victories under my belt, and six beautiful women scheduled to get married to me, but there were two things I didn't really take into account on the day my win was announced.

First, I still had the rest of the semester to get through.

Second, I had to start integrating my soon-to-be wives, not only into *my* life, but also into dealing with *each other*, and if you think having *one* partner is a pain in the ass, lemme tell you, having six is way more of a challenge.

Thankfully, I had a professor step in and run interference for me at first, mostly because I think the idea of all six women showing up on my doorstep on the same day would've resulted in my death, or at least a complete and total overwhelming. Since I'd just basically become the All Star of the University, it meant that Wedge Deepcopper, yours truly, was now the kind of person they needed to be taking care of, so they were ensuring nothing bad happened to me, otherwise it would've been all the gossip about how sore of losers they were.

The professor who showed up, Professor Harwise Antevestian, was a High Elf whose contempt for me couldn't have run hotter, but he also knew that if he failed to have me prepped, it would reflect poorly on his name and station. Elves and dwarves have never been the best of allies even in the smoothest of times, but I knew that Professor Antevestian was also an Ansuz Hagalaz Othala Fraternity alumni, and apparently during his debriefing, Robér admitted that he had used some of my ideas to defeat the AHO challenge, and that was something the Professor seemed to take personally, the fact that I *could've* beaten his frat, but that I'd been too busy working on pursuits I considered more important. I wouldn't find out how deep his anger ran until far later, but I started to have hints of it even right at our first encounter.

The professor was dressed in his most prestigious clothes, like he somehow thought getting dressed up like a fop would make me somehow listen to his opinion more. I'd never been one all that impressed by wealth and splendor, so to me, it looked more like the git thought he could *buy* my respect with his appearance. I was going to have to disabuse him of that notion right quick, I remember thinking when I first saw him. It wasn't all that hard, but it was a lesson I'd make a point to reinforce each time he came around.

When he showed up to my home off campus that first time, he regarded me with an equal mix of admiration and annoyance, but he also didn't show up alone. In tow, he had Nina Vanderbilt with him, the woman who was scheduled to become my bodyguard, and Ciara O'Murphy, the one of my soon to be wives I was most looking forward to seeing and had put first on my list.

My selection of Nina had caused almost as much fuss as my beating the Kenaz Jera Dagaz Sorority challenge itself had done. She was a human woman of such high and mighty social standards that a couple of members of the college faculty had come to try and talk me out of choosing her, simply because she had been such the debutante. I was shaking the very laurels of their societal underpinnings by picking her, and that made them all more than a little nervous. The upper echelon of society were supposed to be above the ability of lowly folk such as from I interfering with their lives. I remember asking the faculty if they were telling me that I *couldn't* have Nina, to which each of them said that, no, that wasn't what they were saying, but that if I would consider someone else instead, some additional benefits would be extended to me.

Benefits, I would ask, greater than having an insanely talented and beautiful witch as my personal bodyguard and fucktoy? They never seemed to have much of an answer to that, which proved I'd made the best choice possible.

Nina and Ciara standing outside my door made a wonderful contrast to each other, and had such different energies, right off the bat.

Nina had dressed like she was trying to set a record for number of layers worn – seven or eight layers of cloth and fabric over every portion of her body except for her exposed face, so it was difficult to get a good idea of what laid underneath those clothes in those earliest moments. The clothes were mostly blacks, grays, and blues, with even her neck covered by a couple of scarves. She smelled expensive, like she picked her perfume based on whatever was in fashion rather than whatever complimented her own natural scent, and it made her stand out even more.

Ciara, on the other hand, looked like she was having a grand old time watching Nina having to swallow her pride and admit defeat. She was dressed in a relatively loose-fitting peasant's blouse, much of her generous cleavage on display, and a skirt that she'd made sure gave me more than a welcome eyeful of exposed legflesh, covered in those all too delicious freckles of hers. If Nina was trying to keep everything buttoned up, Ciara wanted me to know everything she had for me was on open display, eager and willing for me to savor all of it. She smelled akin to a familiar tavern, that warm and inviting mix of scents like good beer, a better meal and just a hint of some perfume that couldn't have cost all that much but was the perfect compliment to everything else about her. She'd also come from a working-class family, and that was one of the many reasons why we've always got along famously.

Each of the women had a bag with them, as if they had realized they would need to move things into my place but didn't want to commit to bringing everything at once, so they'd only packed what they'd thought they would need for the first few weeks. I suspected that Nina's bag was filled with wildly impractical things while Ciara had packed a smart combination of things that were comfortable along with a couple of things she thought she looked sexiest in.

"Mister Deepcopper," the Professor said to me, Ciara staring at me with delight and mischief in her eyes, and Nina looking anywhere but. "May we come in?"

"Don't suppose there's anything to be gained by telling you no, so sure, c'mon and make yourselves at home," I said, stepping into my cottage, leaving the door open for them to move in after me. My place wasn't a mansion by any stretch of the imagination, but it was decent housing for an unaffiliated student in his last year at the College. The majority of students joined one of the fraternities or sororities early on in their schooling, and those that didn't often stayed living in on-campus housing anyway, but I'd chosen the pariah's option and had taken residence in a house that seemed to flip between students every few years after my second year at Eternal Wayfarer College, one which I would sell just a few months later to another student to use during the fall. By then, I would be far and away from the campus, working on bigger and better magics of my own. "Good to see you, Ciara, Nina."

"The unmitigated gall of you, Mister Deepcopper," Nina sighed. "You have any idea the amount of shit you've stirred up with your little victory?"

The professor was about to say something, but I beat him to the punch. "Nina, don't take this the wrong way, but shut the fuck up," I said harshly, pointing a finger up at her, even though she stood nearly a foot taller than me. "You aren't going to be one of my wives. Ever. You're going to be a concubine and a bodyguard, and that means you're going to speak to me respectfully, because as of this moment, your insolence won't be tolerated. I can and *will* punish you if needed. Sir or Master, none of this 'Mister' shit. We can get off on the wrong foot or the

right foot, but the only person you're going to be making miserable by being petulant is yourself, because I know my rights as your owner, and I know exactly how to both reward and punish you, within every inch of freedoms allotted to me by the accords. Am I making myself abundantly clear?"

It's funny, looking back at that moment with the knowledge I have these days, but even then, in that look of utter shock and fright upon her face, I could still see the hints of sexual excitement and thrill that were mixed in. No one in her entire life had ever stood up to her, challenged her authority on anything, and for the first time, she realized she was completely out of control of her own life... and she realized to her own surprise that she kind of *liked* it...

I was going to stand my ground and let that awkward silence fill up the entire damn house if that was what it took, but after a few seconds, she swallowed a breath of air and nodded, which I chose to completely ignore as a response. She could vocalize her opinions, or I could choose not to acknowledge them. And a second or two after that, she found her voice again. "Yes Master. Sorry Master. I apologize for my insolence."

"Better," I chuckled. "And you, Ciara. Think I was cheeky enough with my adventures in sorority raiding?"

The tall, muscular redheaded human woman bent down, placed a hand on either side of my head and pressed her lips against mine hard enough to even make *me* blush a little bit. "You're a *very* cheeky chappy, but you're going to be *my* cheeky chappy, so I reckon I can't complain all that much, now, can I?" she giggled, her voice breathy and warm, like the last embers of a fire during summertime. "I'm flattered that you chose me to be your First Wife. When I saw the list of all the women scheduled to be wed to you, knowing that you put me ahead of all of them, well, it's quite the honor."

I heard the sound of the professor clearing his throat and turned my attention back to him. "If I might have your attention once more, Lord Deepcopper," Antevestian said. "You're most certainly aware that your level of success in the challenges is... highly unprecedented, so as to not overwhelm you or your partners by introducing them all into the mix at once, we will be bringing them to you one at a time over the course of the next several weeks. You indicated that Miss O'Murphy was to be your First Wife, so she's been brought first, along with Miss Vanderbilt, who will serve as your bodyguard and concubine, despite our repeated recommendations that you select someone else."

"The fact that you all keep trying to talk me out of it has only convinced me how right I am," I told him, smugly. "If you hadn't said anything at all, I might've been tricked into thinking it was a poison pill, and changed my mind, but instead, you've all kept lining up to try and change my mind. Well, it won't be changed. Anything else you're here to do?"

"Have you decided what you want to do upon your graduation? There are a remarkable number of opportunities available for a mage with your... skill at creative thinking."

"I'm not in any rush to pick a profession," I told him. "So, I'll get to it when I'll get to it. If organizations want to leave their contact information for me to consider, that'll be fine."

The professor didn't look happy with my response, but I'd expected such. Everyone wanted me to be following along some preordained path, keeping in step with whatever they thought was best, but the Deepcopper brothers carved their own path in life. My brother hadn't been railroaded into whatever path the College thought was best for him after his graduation, and I wouldn't be either. He'd eventually decided on his own accord to accept the ten-year contract offered to him by Impregnable Madeline's Potent Securities, or the IMPs, as a sneaker, but it wasn't mandatory to accept it. Still, the lure of it was strong, even then.

“Alright, Lord Deepcopper,” he sighed at me. “A decision isn’t needed at this time, but I thought it best that you know there were offers starting to come in in addition to the contract you’d won, including a personal offer from Lady Astorayl from the Kingdom of the Sunless Sea.”

Now *that* was the first surprising thing he’d told me since he’d walked into my home, so I made a mental note of it. “Intriguing,” I told him. “She hasn’t reached out to a student in quite some time, unless it was done under the table.”

“It is, in fact, quite the honor.”

“Unless you have anything else to tell me then, you’re welcome to take your leave Professor.”

The Professor made his way back to my front door, clearly unaccustomed to a student speaking to him with the confidence of a Grand Master, feeling a little lost in my presence, as if he wasn’t at all sure how he could manage the situation and regain a feeling of control in steering our conversation along a path of his choosing, rather than one of mine. “I will see you again next week, Lord Deepcopper, unless you find yourselves transgressing upon school etiquette.”

“I’d think by now, Professor, that it would be clear I know the rules of this College better than anyone else,” I said with a smug smirk. “Til we meet again.” I closed the door to my home behind him and locked it, before turning my attention back to Ciara. “Too much?”

She devolved into a fit of wild giggles, shaking her head, making her long coppery locks sway in front of her face like a jungle of orange vines. “It’s *so* nice to see the staff having to eat crow for once, considering how much they like to lecture us on every damn thing we do each and every day. They truly don’t know what to make of you, unable to decide if you’re extremely adept, extremely arrogant or both.”

“I hadn’t *meant* beating the challenges to be the kind of thing where I was demonstrating my strengths over theirs, but I guess it just sort of turned out that way,” I sighed with a weary smile. “Most of the teachers here are pretty cool, but I swear, some of them have forgotten what it’s like to be young and invincible.”

“Mmmm,” she agreed, moving over to push me down to sit on the couch in my living room before sliding her ass down onto my lap. “So how are we going to celebrate our first night together? You use me in front of Nina here? Or maybe use her in front of me and then me in front of her? Or maybe you’d like to play with the dislocation spell a bit more?” she purred into my ear. “It was all sorts of thrilling to feel you deep inside my guts without knowing how or when the next thrust was coming.”

I felt a tingle running down my neck. “Could... could you do the same to her?” I said, gesturing to Nina, whose eyes widened a little bit nervously. “I know you know how to do the dislocation spell on yourself, but...”

Ciara traced her tongue against my ear as she laughed huskily into it. “Of course I can, if my Master asks it of me. And *she* certainly can’t say no. It’s not a lot of prep time for the spell either. It looks as though you have the tools around your home I would need. Would only take a moment or two. Would you like me to, m’lord?”

I nodded eagerly as I pointed over at Nina. “Strip. All of it.”

Nina looked over at Ciara, as if hoping for maybe a bit of sympathy, but found none in my partner’s face. The socialite had made more than her fair share of enemies with her pretension and condescending attitude towards her fellow students, and while I’d been unaware that they’d had beef in the past, everything comes out in the wash, as my Magical Energies & Flows professor had told us on our first day of class. Nina began to slowly and nervously peel

away the layers of her clothing.

Beneath it all, Nina was actually rather a fit woman, something I suppose I should have expected from someone who had originally been intended to be running her father's magical corporation one day. Her skin was pale, like alabaster or shale, a soft shade of milky white, but the fact that she had *very* generous breasts beneath the layers upon layers of fabric came as a relative surprise to me. They were massive for her frame, almost overwhelmingly so, although I didn't detect even an ounce of magical crafting there. Sometimes it's true; there truly is no substitute for excellent genetics. I hadn't expected her nipples to be a light shade of brown, though, expecting them to be pink like roses, instead finding them tinged a shade like fertile earth. Her hair was jet black, like onyx or other fine volcanic glass refined near some of the warmest locations across the globe. It hung down only to her shoulders, although the amount of curl to it was truly impressive. She also had a small triangle of black curls above her pussy, but the woman had at least enough confidence in her appearance that she stood with her arms folded behind her, as if she had decided that since this was her position now, she would do it to the best of her ability. She wanted me to *enjoy* looking at her, her legs akimbo enough to give an almost showroom quality to her stance, to draw my eyes in to savor her muscular and curvaceous form. "Am I... pleasing to you, Master?" Her voice wasn't at all as confident as it had been earlier, but the undertones of excitement and thrill still rippled deep in it.

"Indeed, you are quite lovely," I said to her. "But we're going to have a little bit of fun with you now. Ciara, you should probably join her, and then you can cast the spell on her."

"Of course, my Lord," Ciara said with a sultry curtsy, dipping low for a moment before she reached down and yanked off the loose top, casting it aside. She wasn't as busty as Nina, but she was nearly as pale, and Ciara did, in fact, have *very* thick pink nipples atop large sized areola. And while Nina's skin was smooth and without blemish, Ciara's had a smattering of freckles all over her body, it seemed, tiny little spots of brown flecked across the skin. She had kept the heart shaped block of riotous copper curls atop her snatch, and the small golden glowing tattoo in dwarvish was there as well, which made me chuckle.

"I'd worried that was only temporary when I first saw it," I told Ciara, gesturing to the symbol.

"It was," she said with a wry smile. "But after you ravished me during the contest, I knew I was going to get it made permanent. So as soon as you'd returned my pussy to me, I went to get it redone with more enduring magics. I figure it can be our little secret."

"Well, a family secret," I said to her. "I intend to play with my wives together from time to time, so I hope that doesn't bother you. If it does, we can make it work, but I'll be disappointed."

Ciara held her pinky to her lips as if to make herself look younger. "I won't be a bad girl, daddy... unless you want me to be." Then she giggled and I laughed with her, while Nina seemed to shuffle her weight from one foot to the other, a touch nervously.

"Get the spell done," I told Ciara. "Both on yourself and on Nina."

"You going to take us both here in the living room?" Ciara teased. "You savage. I love it."

Ciara knew exactly how to get herself prepped, with the same necklace she'd used before, laying it down against her slit before twisting her fingers into a quick little gesture and when she lifted the necklace from her body, her pussy was poking through the open hole and a bit of faint blue glowing light covered where her cunt would normally be on her body. "What does that even feel like?" I asked her out of curiosity.

“It’s surreal, because if I smooth my hand down here,” she said, rubbing her hand across the surface of the blue light, “my brain knows what should be there and is confused because it isn’t. Like, consciously, I know my cunt’s in this necklace.” She waved the necklace through the air, swishing it around. “But my brain still has trouble rectifying feeling the air rushing over it as I’m swinging it with the fact that the rest of my body is firmly convinced it’s stationary. Mixed signals.”

“You’re... going to do that to me?” Nina asked, a hint of trepidation in her voice. But despite her nerves, her eyes revealed a streak of interest and arousal.

“She is,” I said to her. “And then I’m going to use the both of you.”

Ciara had crafted a second pendant from things lying around my house, and while it wasn’t as ornate as the one Ciara had made for herself, it seemed like it would do the job just fine. She moved to lay it over Nina’s pussy, her vulva a bit more full and flush than Ciara’s, and when Ciara waved her hand across the necklace, Nina’s breath caught then let out again, as Ciara pulled the pussy pendant away, Nina’s dark blue eyes widening in surprise. “That’s it?” she asked. “No pain, no pinch, no sharp sensation? Nothing? I was expecting it to at least sting a little.”

Ciara giggled, rolling her emerald green eyes. “If it did, I would’ve been a piss poor mage,” she said, taking Nina’s pendant, swinging it around in a circle quickly, which made Nina break into a shy smile, almost in surprise. I could see the unusual sensations were already starting to do a number on her nervous system.

“That’s crazy,” Nina said. “I get what you mean about everything feeling unusual and awkward.” She licked her lips, her own curiosity clearly getting the better of her. “So, what now?”

I tugged my shirt off and gestured for Nina to come over and pointed to the table inside my living room. She moved towards the table and then slowly hopped up onto it, as I gestured for Ciara to come over towards me. She held the pendant with Nina’s pussy in her right hand and her own in her left, holding them both out to me. I took the one with Ciara’s pussy, a wry grin upon my face, and laid the pendant down just over where Nina’s pussy would normally be.

The look on Nina’s face as I fished out my cock and pressed forward to sink into Ciara’s pussy where Nina’s should be sent all sorts of conflicting signals up Nina’s spine, I’m sure. Her body could feel the force of mine rutting forwards against hers, pushing into her, but she couldn’t feel me inside of her, something that had to be doing a number on mind.

I’d been inside Ciara’s pussy before, and it was wonderfully soft and velveteen, with a certain cling to it that belied exactly how much she was enjoying herself. The look on Ciara’s face was worth a thousand words, her knees buckling, just standing off to the side as the sensations of my cock running her through were bottling up inside of her body, as Nina’s legs wrapped around my waist, encouraging me to thrust even harder, each pound of my body against hers making her tits jiggle and sway.

“Ffffuck that’s good,” Ciara whispered sharply, her breath hissed like it was difficult for her to draw back in, even as I pushed my cock all the way in until my balls were resting against the ring of the pendant itself, feeling Ciara’s pussy having to stretch to take my dwarvish girth inside of her, the look on Nina’s face envious and jealous, but still doing her best to add to my pleasure, leaning her head up to kiss against my neck.

As much as I would’ve loved to have a long session with her, Ciara’s cunt was simply too snug and clenched around me for me to keep my endurance up. It was a remarkably wonderful experience, lush and lovely. I wanted to savor it as long as I could, so I tried to do anything I

could to prolong the experience, running through mineral density charts I'd learned in my youth in my head. In the end, the sensations of her snatch finally pushed me over the edge and into a searing orgasm, as I blasted her pussy full of my hot cum, which sent Ciara into a fit of shivers, her hand clenching onto the table, as if her legs would give way at any moment, her knuckles sharp white with tension. She's fucking marvelous, beyond my ability to do her justice.

I didn't pull my cock from the pendant pussy until I'd slipped it away from Nina's crotch and tilted it so that it was pointed upward, letting the physics keep my cum from dripping out of it. I stepped over to Ciara and grabbed her mane of hair, yanking it back to make her head point upwards before shoving her down onto her knees. Once there, I flipped the pendant with her pussy upside down and held it over her face, as she eagerly opened her mouth, a bit of my cum mixed with her own juices dripping out of it and into her open maw, her tongue snaking out to make sure she got all of it.

Once I'd drained my cum from one of her holes to the other to my satisfaction, I took the other pendant from her hand and placed it right in front of Ciara's mouth, so Nina's pussy was directly in front of it, the other girl squeaking from behind me. I snapped my fingers at Nina and gestured for her to come and kneel next to Ciara, which she hopped to without reservation, sort of seeing what I had in mind.

This was my first real experience with Nina, so I decided to explore a little, pushing a fingertip into her pussy that was right against Ciara's face. Nina was remarkably tight, so tight that I worried I might rip or tear her going in, so I decided to give her a good fingering before we got to that point. I slid one of my thick calloused dwarven fingers inside of Nina's tight slit and saw her shudder hard next to me. She was ridiculously tight, which implied she certainly wasn't all that sexually active.

That was certainly about to change.

I pushed a second finger in with a first and curled my digits, more to get her lubricated properly than anything, although she seemed like she was enjoying it as well. But getting her slick was my lead motivation, and the more I toyed with her snatch, the faster it seemed to soak.

Without so much as a warning, I slipped my fingertips out of Nina's pussy against Ciara's face and then shoved my dwarven dick hilt deep inside of Nina's cunt, my balls resting against both the ring of the pendant and Ciara's chin, as Nina let out one of the filthiest, most whorish moans I've ever heard, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!" Nina started gasping, as I began to facefuck her pussy via Ciara's face. She was *much* tighter than Ciara'd been, but the fact that I'd gotten her nice and sloppy, as well as the fact that I'd already popped off a load just a few minutes ago, meant I could keep going a lot longer this time around.

Nina felt *divine* and I knew I was going to take great delight in using her cunt any time I wanted, her walls so tight they were clinging to me even when I drew back, pulling her just a little inside out.

Ciara's hands reached up to grab the pendant to hold it in place before she took one of my hands and guided it into her crazy wild locks of hair, grabbing a fistful of them to push her face more onto me, and my cock even deeper inside of Nina's detached pussy as I did.

Nina had tried to remain on her knees but had fallen onto her back, grasping at her own tits, pinching her own nipples as she seemed lost in a sea of orgasms, but I wanted to make sure that when I nut inside her, it would blow her fucking mind. Ciara decided to help, reaching a hand down to cradle my balls, and finally I leaned forward, tugged Ciara's face down hard, and just unloaded inside of Nina, easily the most intense and overwhelming orgasm I'd ever had in

my life.

I pulled my cock from Nina's throbbing, pulsing cunt and almost staggered back a few steps before sitting down in a chair in my living room, nearly slumping back into it, especially as I watched Ciara turn the pendant around and press it to Nina's own lips, making the girl drink my cum from her own detached snatch, as Ciara shot me a sly wink.

And this was just the opening salvo. I had five more wives-to-be still yet to come.