An Unfortunate Choice

by heeroluva

Summary

The assassin takes the wrong target and pays the price.

Warmage turned General turned King, Vira Apsimar wouldn’t be very good at his job if he couldn’t see through cheap illusions, but the illusion that’s currently talking to him is anything but cheap. A lesser mage would certainly have been fooled, but there’s an emptiness to the illusion, a perfection that no creature can ever hope to possess that gives it away. His barrier is in place when the knife slides against his shield instead of between his ribs, and the would-be assassin convulses as he’s caught by an electrical pulse, dropping to the floor as his guards converge on them.

Vira can’t even be mad at them for failing to see this coming. Whoever had planned this certainly had a lot of money, a lot of skill, or both. He knows he has many enemies, those unhappy with his progressive ways, though who take offense at his lowborn status, or even those who loathe magic and its users despite the fact that the world basically runs on it these days.

Nitali, his second-in-command turned head of his guards, pulls off the assassin’s mask, and seeing the glare Vira knows he just has to break him.

Vira gives Nitali a sharp grin as he says, “Have him bathed and brought to my chambers. I have a new specimen that I’ve been dying to test out.” The man’s eyes widen just slightly at the implication, and he fights against the hands that drag him away, but while many underestimate Nitali for her small size, she has him well in hand.

It’s several hours later when Vira’s finally able to return to his rooms, and he’d almost forgotten about the incident, pausing as he takes in the sight of the man naked and tightly bound like a present.
laid out in the middle of his bed, a gag in his mouth and a blindfold over his eyes.

Vira’s always had an appreciation for beauty and this man is male beauty at its finest, his body a work of art, his muscles perfectly defined. Vira slips out of his robes easily, and with a wave of his hand, the man rises up floating behind him into his laboratory.

Another wave of his hand brings forth a pole topped with a cone that starts narrow but then grows to nearly a foot wide. The cone is spelled to remain forever lubed, and it’s easy enough to raise his assassin over it. The man tenses as he feels the first press of it against his ass, and at the same time, Vira pulls his magic back, holding him upright but no longer supporting his weight. He watches as gravity does its job well, a muffled shout escape past the man’s gag as his body weight forces a good ten inches of the cone into the man quickly, his hole already straining.

Vira watches the way the man struggles, his thighs trying to tense, but with his hands bound to his ankles, he has no hope of gaining leverage. Vira watches silent for several minutes as he goes through periods of struggling that does nothing except force him further down the cone and periods of stillness as his muscles tremble at the strain.

Pulling a jar down from the shelf, Vira’s cock gives a throb as he twists the lid open and pulls out the small slug like creature. He hadn’t had a chance to see the effects first hand yet, but the stories he’d read were… magnificent.

Grabbing the man’s half hard cock, he dangles the creature over it and watches as it stretches, elongating as it clearly smells food. Letting it go, Vira watches with fascination as it wastes no time in pressing into the piss slit, body quickly wiggling out of sight as it sinks deeply into his cock.

The man screams behind his hang, struggling wildly as his cock bulges around the intruder.

“This little creature is a bag slug,” Vira begins as though he’s addressing a classroom while he reaches down and cups the man’s low hanging balls, giving them a squeeze. “They’re called that because they spend nearly all of their life living within a creature’s testicles. They aren’t native to this area, or you most certainly would have heard of them before. What makes this slug special other than where it chooses to live is that it’s a glutton, but a patient one. It wants a large meal, so it pushes your semen production into overdrive.”

Vira feels the man’s testicles wiggle beneath his hands. “Ah, yes, there it is. Oh my, you’re swelling already. How fascinating.”

Vira steps back and takes notes, watching the way the man’s stomach begins to bulge as he slips further down the cone, the way his testicles swell.

When he comes, Vira has to admit it’s rather impressive, so much cum that it looks like he’s pissing it.

Vira opens Levi’s cage next, his pet eagerly reaching tentacles towards him, but he gently shoos them away. He’s not on the menu tonight. The assassin’s eyes go wide as Levi reaches out to him, trying to shake his head in denial, but there is little that he can do. Vira continues to stroke his cock slowly, certain that this show is just going to get better.

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