Out in the Marshes

by shadow_lover

Summary

Maia flees his cousin's drunken advances, only to find something much worse than Setheris waiting for him at the edge of the Edonara.

Notes

In response to this prompt on the TGE Kink Meme.

Sorry, Maia.

**feb. 23, 2017 update:** I've added a brief coda as "chapter two." Thank you for joining me on this lizard rape eggstravaganza.
Maia knew how to take a blow. Flinch back as the hand connects to pull the force from the strike; keep his mouth shut so as not to bite his tongue; and don’t cry out. Whimpering only aggravated his cousin further, and he hated to let the servants hear him yelp. He was ashamed enough to wear his bruises before the household the next day.

It was even better to avoid the blows in the first place, and he was very good at that too. All he had to do was watch and listen and shrink himself away at the first hint of danger. He knew the tension in his cousin’s jaw, the way his eyes glazed over between one sip of metheglin and the next. The click-click of long fingernails tapping the desk. The moment of silence as they stilled. Maia knew to flee from the silence when he could.

Maia knew how to take a blow, but he didn’t know how to take this: hot breath close on his face, dizzying, and a thumb sliding along his collarbone.

“Hast grown taller,” Setheris slurred.

Maia stood frozen, eyes fixed unseeing at a point between their feet. Two pairs of worn-down boots on the threadbare carpet of the receiving room. He had grown taller—his boots pinched at his toes—but his cousin still towered over him by half a head. Setheris was taller, broader. He was even quicker before his fifth glass, and Maia’s lip had barely healed from the last proof of that.

Today, though, Setheris was slow. His long, cool fingers slipped under the edge of Maia’s collar to circle around his neck, and Maia couldn’t restrain his shudder. Something about the gentle touch hurt worse than the slaps and shoves he’d long grown accustomed to.

“How many times need I bid thee look at me when I speak to thee?”

Maia’s gaze snapped up, and surely Setheris could feel the racing of his pulse. He knew all of his cousin’s expressions—or so he had thought. Tonight’s was new to Maia. There was an abstracted heat in those pale eyes, a look of assessment that ran deeper than the usual disapproval.

“I’m sorry, Cousin,” he whispered, as he was supposed to. His ears trembled downwards, and his skin crawled under the slow stroke of Setheris’s fingers at the back of his neck. His every nerve screamed to run, though he knew it was far too late. It was impossible to duck a blow once Setheris already had hold of him.

Setheris bared his teeth, a twisted semblance of a grin. “Perhaps I will forgive thee,” he murmured. “If thou provest how sorry thou art.” Then his fingers caught like claws in the laces of Maia’s shirt, and he pulled close enough that the drunken heat of him pressed down the whole front of Maia’s body, and Maia—with a sharp new fear grasping cold at his lungs—Maia panicked.

He shoved Setheris away, hard enough the man stumbled into the table. Hard enough the shock ran through his arms, and he was stunned to see he’d managed it.

Then Setheris pushed back up, hissing obscenities. Maia’s fear took hold of him again, and he bolted from the room. Instinct turned him away from his own quarters. His door only locked from the outside, and would grant him no shelter. Instead he ran down the hall towards the servants’ staircase.

A crashing sound and a distant curse propelled him all the faster down the stairs. Ears pinned flat to his head, he ran so fast he could scarcely keep his feet beneath him. He didn’t know what
terrified him more—the sick certainty of Setheris’s touch, or the fact that Maia had hit Setheris. He’d never struck back before, never dared, and he knew he was due the thrashing of his life.

He ran through the dark kitchen. If Setheris was following down the stairs, Maia couldn’t hear it past his pounding heartbeat. He hit against the edge of the counter, sharp beneath his ribs, and then fumbled at the door. Once he’d thrown the latch, he broke free and into the open night.

His panic carried him out past the back gardens and through the scraggly line of trees that marked the limits of the property. He gasped for breath, sides burning with the effort.

Out past the trees, his feet slowed. Maia forced himself to stop. He still wanted to run, but a thread of sense was starting to weave back through his thoughts. There was nowhere to run out here, unless he wanted to lose himself to the Edonara.

And Setheris wasn’t about to chase him down through the darkness. Setheris was cruel, but he simply didn’t care enough about Maia to risk his own comfort on his charge’s behalf.

He would wait out on the edge of the Edonara, he decided, long enough that Setheris might have drunk himself the rest of the way to oblivion. Hopefully by morning the metheglin would have blurred the memory of Maia’s transgressions.

The moon hung high and full in the sky. By its light, Maia found a sturdy enough log to sit on. He shivered. Though moments ago the air had felt warm—as if it were the height of summer instead of early spring—he was suddenly cold all the way through. Without the rush of panic to drive him forward, he felt weak and shaky. The ground seemed no steadier than his stomach.

Setheris had—Maia didn’t like to think it, but he couldn’t pull his thoughts from the memory of cool fingertips, gentle on his ugly skin. Moonwitted hobgoblin though he was, Maia was not so stupid he did not know what that gentle touch meant. He’d read enough of Kevo’s novels and heard enough of Ääno’s unsavory tales from the village.

He’d dreamed of touch, sometimes, but never like this.

Maia’s eyes burned, and he fought back tears. Shouldst be grateful, halfbreed, crooned a poisonsweet voice in his head. No one else will ever touch thee. It occurred to him that he shouldn’t have fought back. It was always better to give Setheris whatever he wanted. As sick as he felt under his cousin’s leering gaze, surely it was better to submit to that than to suffer the usual scrapes and bruises. If he could bear it alone, in silence—if no one could see the marks—

A small sob escaped him, and then another. He covered his mouth to stifle the third. Someone would hear him. Someone would see him. He had to stay quiet.

Swallowing down his misery, he straightened his spine and began to count with his breaths. One, two, three, four—hold for four more—then out again. And in. His thoughts were too scattered to collect in prayer, but at least he could count. Too fast at first, but then the numbers slowed to match his steadying breath.

The warm air of the Edonara helped soothe the chill from his veins. He was tired, and the haze of exhaustion was like a balm to his frayed nerves. Maia felt quiet and still, his shoulders loosening, his hands heavy on his knees. The tension eased from his stomach.

Then something slid hot and rough around his neck, and tightened before he could scream.

White-freezing shock, then stabbing terror. Maia choked in the bruising grasp. He couldn’t turn his head to see who, or what—every struggling twist only sharpened the pain. His hands came up to scrabble at the noose and found rough-scaled flesh, wet, thick around as his arm.
And a warm, broad presence pressed up behind him. The limb—it was a limb, it was a monster, it was so utterly foreign Maia could hardly think—pulled him back and up. Maia’s frantic kicking had no effect. His breath came in thin gasps, and the stars blurred before him.

A massive, clawed hand caught his arm, yanked it down, and then his other arm was pinned too. Bright pinpricks of pain blossomed along his arms. The claws had broken his skin. The creature’s wetness seeped through his jacket, through his shirt. More limbs, claws, strange blunt shapes, pushed slowly against his back and thighs. Something wriggled wet between his fingers. He shuddered in the unrelenting grip.

As his head lightened, his legs grew heavy, and Maia stopped struggling. Just hung loose from the living bonds around his neck and arms. His toes barely touched the soft earth. When he fell limp, the grip on his neck eased just enough for an agonizing rush of air into his starved lungs.

That, at least, was familiar. Submit, and it will hurt thee less.

A dark shape loomed at the edge of his vision, and Maia was able to turn his head enough to see a set of gleaming white teeth, each as long as his hand, set crooked in an eyeless skull. Maia tensed, heart near stopping, but forced himself to stay still. The jagged maw nuzzled at his shoulder, up under his ear. A thick, forked tongue slipped out to lick along his cheek.

I hope Your Lordship never finds yourself out in the marshes. Maia wondered if he might die here, ripped apart at the edge of the Edonara. He wondered how long it would take Setheris to notice. If his father would care when he learned.

The appendage loosened entirely from his throat, and Maia saw it was the beast’s tail. No—one of its tails. He couldn’t count them as they curled around his ankles, around his thighs and waist, in a rough, constant friction.

Maia had regained enough breath that his head no longer spun. He gathered his wits, inhaled deep, and opened his mouth to—

The giant teeth were almost gentle around his neck, but the warning was clear. Maia’s scream died to a pathetic whimper.

One set of claws left his arm and splayed across his upper back. More rough hands around his waist, his hips. The reptilian beast had four arms, if those were all of them. Maia was dragged down to his knees. He tried to move with the shoves as best he could, to obey the creature’s wordless wants, but he couldn’t avoid the sting of shallow cuts along his neck, his arms, his waist.

The beast bent him over the log he’d been sitting on moments ago. Hours ago. Maia felt himself slipping out of time, into the same blank fog he’d dropped into so many times before. He barely felt the rough wood under his hips and stomach. The claws pinned his forearms to the dirt. The teeth still loosely clasped around his neck as the hot, heavy body slithered over his back. The strong, grasping tails spread his legs painfully far apart against the log.

When the creature’s second set of hands started passing over his body, he braced himself for the lacerations. There were none, though. When the claws sliced, they cut only his clothing. Ribbons of jacket, shirt, and trousers fell away, exposing more of Maia to the warm swamp air and the rough slide of scales.

And then there was the blunt press of smoother flesh against his bare back. At least a foot long by the feel of it, leaking slippery fluid from its narrow tip.

Oh, Maia thought in distant horror. It’s not going to kill me.
He almost wished it would.

Ragged, reeking breath filled his trembling ears, and beneath that was a thinner, whining sound. Maia didn’t know when he’d started crying. He couldn’t fall back into the blessed, blank fog, couldn’t stop shaking, as the beast’s shaft slid down his spine. The wet tip lodged between his buttocks and more fluid spilled hot down his crack. His skin lit like fire beneath the wetness.

He tried to clench against the intrusion, but something in the creature’s oil must have loosened his muscles. He couldn’t resist as the narrow head pushed into him. Maia screwed shut his eyes, but there was no pain. Only a disturbing, exhilarating heat. He sobbed harder. He forgot, for a moment, the teeth around his neck, and tried to struggle free, but he was pinned down too tightly to move.

The beast shoved further in. Maia gasped. A thunderous growl vibrated along his neck and down his spine. Narrow though the tip was, the shaft widened and widened as it sank into him, spearing deep into his tender, trembling body. The stiff rod was so thick he thought he might split apart. But, slick from the beast’s oil, his flesh gave way and let the shaft fuck deeper into him.

He wanted to vomit as the scaled belly scraped against his buttocks. The beast was seated all the way inside him, and he could feel the sick, unnatural bulge high in his belly. Caught between the cold, rough log beneath him and the hot, rough scales above him, all his desperate writhing did was intensify his torment. Please, Maia prayed, and he didn’t know to whom. Please help me. Please end this.

The beast shifted backwards, then forward again. Its rhythm was fast, rough, shallow, the massive cock withdrawing barely an inch before slamming back into him. Maia tried to relax his mind, to let himself fade away into the overwhelming heat, but each thrust scraping against his sensitive nerves pinned his mind to the present as firmly as his body was pinned to the earth. His every breath was a tiny, choked cry.

More of the slick fluid spilled inside him, and the heavy shaft worked faster into his frail body. Maia was too breathless now to sob. All he could do was lie there and take the punishing thrusts.

The beast froze, pressed all the way in. Another pulse of oil flooded through Maia. He could feel its heat seeping into every nook and cranny of him, and he hoped beyond hope his ordeal might be over now.

But then the monster’s thick cock thickened still more at the base. Maia whined with the unbearable pressure, the further stretching of his already overstretched hole. He could feel, in excruciatingly slow increments, something moving up inside the shaft.

The monster’s teeth tightened around his neck. Thin rivulets of blood trickled down to the swamp floor. The slavering tongue swiped into Maia’s half-fallen braid, and the beast groaned in apparent pleasure as the firm, round bulge in its cock popped up through Maia’s entrance. Maia moaned with relief.

But his relief was short-lived, as that first bulge was quickly followed by a second pressing up through his abused hole. Maia shook with the strain of it as blood and sweat and the creature’s intoxicating fluids dripped from him. Another lump, and another, and then he felt the first emerge deep inside him.

The beast pulled out slightly, and deposited the second just below the first. One by one the hard, round objects—Eggs, Maia realized, and he wanted to die—the eggs passed up and through him, to be packed deep within his overfilled body. He lost count. Each no larger than a chicken’s egg,
likely, but they spread the monster’s cock so widely, and there were so many. At least a dozen. It felt like hundreds.

Maia did retch, then, bile burning up his throat, spilling with spit from his gaping, gasping mouth. *Please end this*, he prayed again. *Please end me.*
Perhaps His Prayer Had Been Answered

Chapter Notes

...my apologies for the delay. I've realized I'm unlikely to finish everything I'd planned for this fic, so I may as well put up the rest of what I had and call it done. It's just another 400 words or so, but I think it concludes matters well enough.

At first, Maia did not understand the shouting. It echoed faintly through the sound of the beast above him, and the sick spiral of his thoughts. He noticed it only when the monster let go his neck. It let loose an infuriated howl, and its claws pressed harder into Maia’s forearms.

He saw a yellow glow at the edge of his vision. Perhaps his prayer had been answered.

The monster reared up off him. The massive shaft slid out too quickly; Maia cried out as the remaining lumps dragged too-fast from his tender hole. He struggled to push himself up, to run, but only collapsed again onto the log. There was more shouting, and the beast’s snarls and howls.

Then the howling receded into a hiss and a distant splash. The yellow glow brightened.

Overwhelmed with exhaustion and pain, Maia succumbed to the encroaching haze. His last lucid thought was one of recognition—the shouts had been Setheris.

Later, he was not sure whether or not he slept through the next hour. His eyes stayed open, but he could not move. He caught only fragments of whatever Setheris was saying to him. What Setheris was shouting at him. He was limp as a ragdoll as Setheris dragged him from the log and shoved him to sit up against it.

“—halfwit. Gods help me—”

His cousin had stuck the torch in the ground nearby. In the flickering light, his pale face looked nearly green with fear. Maia wanted to cover himself, but had not the strength to move his arms.

“Hast brought this on—”

Setheris’s jacket landed over him. Maia hadn’t even noticed his cousin taking it off. He couldn’t breathe quite right. Every inhalation shifted the heavy eggs in his belly.

“—and no one can ever—”

And Maia clung to that. Whether Setheris’s voice shook with anger or fear, he would at least grant Maia’s most fervent, delirious wish: to keep his shame a secret.

His arms were through the jacket sleeves somehow, and Setheris’s long fingers at his temple, pushing his hair back from his eyes. Maia laughed weakly. When Setheris grimaced and tightened his grip, Maia only laughed harder. His hand dropped to his swollen belly and pressed hard. Not an hour past, he’d felt such horror at his cousin’s touch, the violation of his body.

Now, he felt nothing at all.
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