

Encore Performance

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Dania clutched a rope as she swung her broomstick at her opponent. His sword flashed up and parried her. She twisted her weapon to avoid it being cut. Again. She shoved herself back to avoid his riposte. Her back foot caught one of the many bricks of the signal tower. Without testing it, she kicked off to scramble further up the rope. It burned her palm as she stopped after a few feet and swung blindly with her improvised weapon. It missed and she winced at the sound of the cracking wood. Her opponent, almost invisible in the dim moonlight, shot out of sight, following a different set of ropes that anchored the signal tower.

She breathed in the smell of damp wood and crumbling stone. Exhaustion of their duel weighed down heavily on her arms and legs. She groaned and found another toe-hold, scrambling up the side of the tower to regain the advantage of height.

To her surprise, she reached the top of the signal tower. The stench of oil and wood assaulted her. Grunting, she climbed up, broomstick ready to fight. On the far side, she caught sight of her opponent and jumped across the flat layer of heavy wood that made the top.

His sword flashed brightly as he rolled past her. She felt her weapon cracking against the tower's edge. In the dim light of a crescent moon, she could see a long crack down the length of her weapon. Swinging it around, she brought it into a brutal jab toward his mid-section. His sword flashed high and her eyes followed it for the mere instant it took her to realize he tossed it up in a gamble of his own. A swear on her lips, she tried to tear her attention to her attack, but it was too late. Her body shuddered as he grabbed the

end of her weapon and punched the center of the stick. Wood shattered and her momentum brought her forward as he spun around. His boots scraped against oil soaked wood and he slammed his end of her weapon hard against her back. She hit the wood hard, knocking the wind out of her but thankful she didn't fall off. He planted a knee against her back and pressed the broken end of the broomstick against her neck.

"I yield!"

The killing blow never came, then he spoke in a Belkim accent, soft and deep, exotic and powerful to her ears.

"Damn it."

Shocked, she looked back at him, "Damn it?"

He rolled her over and straddled her stomach, pinning her down against the oily wood. His ankles held down her shins. Her weapon, now his, hovered over her neck as he spoke.

"Honor says I must accept it."

Dania sputtered, "I-I surrender."

He chuckled dryly. She twisted slightly in discomfort, the wood digging into her back. He didn't move but she could see that he wore a black sneak outfit, close-fitting clothes and a mask over his face. She could feel powerful muscles in his thighs. For a moment, she considered trying to resist, but the shards of wood against her neck halted her movements.

Above them, thin clouds stretched across the moon, plunging the world into near darkness. A cool wind blew past them and she shivered. Her attacker peered around for a moment.

"Hrm, not entirely safe to climb down in the dark, I see."

She said nothing. He sighed.

"Guess I'm here until morning light. Are you going to struggle, or am I going to have to tie you to this?"

The idea of being tied to oil-soaked wood inside the signal tower brought a knife of fear against her. She shook her head. It would take only one stray flame to turn it into a column of fire. He said nothing for a long moment. She felt a flush of shame in her surrender.

"W-Who are you?"

He didn't answer, "Not the smartest thing for a saboteur to give his name, eh?"

“Oh.”

She wiggled slightly, trying to shift one of the sharp edges away from her back. He didn't relent on his pressure of her stomach. His voice, with his exotic accent to her, spoke up.

“I wasn't expecting someone here.”

She flushed with her plans, “I was heading to Thazes when I saw you.”

He sounded surprised, “Thazes? At this hour? The only thing open would be... you were heading to the Prancing Pony?”

She blushed at the name of the strip club. Thankful he couldn't see it, she said, “Yes, I heard my favorite stripper was leaving soon.”

Wry amusement rose in his voice, “Oh, who would that be?”

Dania considered her answer. “Hasier.”

He chuckled dryly, “You're too late.”

“What?”

“I'm afraid Hasier's last night was yesterday.”

Dania let out a long, shuddering breath. A few tears burned in her eyes, thinking about how she sneaked out of her guard duty to race to Thazes.

“Damn it.”

“Hold on,” she felt him moving on top of her, shifting position. The clouds above them parted slightly and she stared up at her attacker. Her lips parted in surprise and her body began to feel flush as she saw him remove his mask.

It was Hasier.

She whispered in shock and awe, “It's you...”

Hasier shrugged, “Sorry. Only here for a few months for cover.”

He looked down, then smiled.

“I remember you. You liked to sit in the front row. I remember that ribbon.”

Dania reached up to the ribbon that held her hair back, a gift from her father before she left for the army. She nodded, torn between the shame of surrender and being pinned by the hard-toned body of her favorite stripper. Her body answered by growing hotter, a flush creeping up her cheeks and between her legs. She twisted slightly, but not only to relieve the pain in her back but to rub her growing itch.

He leaned forward and his scent filled her nostrils. She could feel his body hard against her. She strained to feel his manhood pressing her stomach and could almost imagine the hard length she only fleetingly touched while shoving money into his shorts.

“Since you were such,” he smiles with his lips almost touching hers, “good customer, and if you actually meant your surrender...”

She gasped, her body igniting as she stared into his shadowed face. He spoke softly, delicately, teasingly.

“I might be able to give another,” he paused teasingly, “performance. Seeing that I can’t do my proper job tonight.”

It took all her effort to squeak out a “yes,” her body straining to press against his. He stared into her eyes for a moment, gaze flickering. He stole a kiss from her, hard and powerful, electricity streaming through her body. Lethely, he pushed himself up and away from her. The wood creaked beneath them as she scrambled to stand up, staring at his moonlit body.

He hesitated and she wondered if he waited for her to flee. Resolutely, she sat down on the oiled wood. She caught his smile and felt a thrill in her loins at the first cock of his hips.

They had no music, but she didn’t need any. Only her and the moon. The playful smile never ended as she watched cloth dropping off of his body, reveling sweat-slicked skin in the dim moonlight. Her lips parted with every movement. He drifted closer, teasing her as his hardness danced over her. She reached out, hesitating from the untold rules of strippers. Then the wind blew past her and she violated them, rubbing her palm against him, gasping at the stolen feel. He pulled away and she whimpered pitifully. He danced back, pressing himself against her. She gasped in rapture and stroked him, feeling his body as cloth fell away and she held his glorious length in her hand.

She brought it to her mouth and tasted his hardness. The smells flooded her as she buried her nose into his base. Her pleasure rose as his moans filled her ears.

When the last of his outfit fell to the wood, he began on hers. Setting clothes aside, he admired her naked body in the crescent moonlight. Strong hand spread apart her willing legs and he entered her with a shared moan of fulfilled anticipation. She gasped and

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clutched him as his hardness pierced her, filled her. Her lust ignited hotly as they stole each other's pleasure until the morning light.

Her personal encore performance.

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About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.