

Chums of the Ring

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It was the eleventy-eleventh day of the year, the last day of April or the first of May, depending upon whether one used the archaic or the runic measurement of days. But irrespective of which calendar system was complied with, Frilbo Bobbit and his three chums were relishing the benefit of the Spring sunshine. And such a glorious vernal day it was too! The swallows swooped over the grass moorland, pheasants strode proudly by, their blue and red feathers glorious against the blue, red and yellow hue of the wild flowers of the meadows, and above the four chums loomed a blue sky dappled by the odd passing cloud: white and non-threatening, not at all suggestive of the misery and drizzle prevalent in the Realm of Dark Thunder toward which their quest was to take them.

But, at that moment, for Sid, Jollity and Niblet, Frilbo's three similarly diminutive chums, such dark thoughts were banished as they wrapped their naked bodies around each other and the grass stains of their amorous passion coloured their knees. Sid's mouth was locked around Jollity's potent member, pumping his lips and throat back and forth on its invigorating hugeness. Behind him, Niblet's penis was thrusting into Sid's arse, whilst his hand pumped Sid's own erect penis upon which he had only moments before been impaled. Above Sid, the two chums, Niblet and Jollity, so devoted as friends that the designation of espousal was not at all inappropriate, battled their tongues together in adoring, open-mouthed urgency.

Frilbo observed his naked chums with envy. He himself wore only his tunic, having abandoned his britches at the Muggledown Tavern, along with those of his three companions, after they had been obliged to leave in such indecent haste when the Inclement Horsemen stampeded through the inn, butchering the tavern-keeper and

his trusty servant. Frilbo's erect penis bore evidence of his desire to accompany his chums in their fuck and suck fun and frolics, but as our hero contemplated the gold ring threaded through the glans of his penis, engorged by the blessing of this Ring of Dark Dreariness to dimensions greater than that normal to one of the denizens of Middle Thwaite, he reflected also why it was not advisable that he let the enticement of his chums' flesh tempt him to the species of sexual congress toward which he was most devoted.

When the Great Wizard Waldorf entrusted Frilbo with the ring, threading it through his penis with a magic spell, he also explained that although it had now blessed the little lad with a penis the envy of all his chums, and of all the other virile youth of Middle Thwaite, this was an onerous blessing. His was an erection to be satisfied only within the anus of the Dark Lord of Thunder in his Dismal Realm, also known as the Morbid Dominion, and until that time it was Frilbo's duty to restrain from the pleasures of sodomy if he wished to save the people of Middle Thwaite, and indeed all the people of the known universe, from the evil machinations of the Dark Lord Thesaurus.

And here Frilbo was, having travelled full many a league from the village of Bumbleberry Marsh, across the Plains of Drizzleforth, through the shadowy forests of Bombadildo, over the great Ribbly Dibbly River and beyond even the distant town of Muggledown where the Inclement Horsemen had sought the arses of his three chums and he as they fucked, sucked and buggered each other, in the company of the fair youths of the tavern. And now, if he were in Bumbleberry Marsh today, the eleventy-eleventh of the year, it would be the great day of Vernal Celebration where his anus

would normally welcome many a fair cock into its tight embrace.

Frilbo stroked his long penis with melancholy sadness as he ruminated on the joys of buggery and boisterousness now denied him. He reminisced of the circle of fair youths, joined cock to tail, as the boys of the village competed in their animated passion for the title of best and most persistent fucker. The roars of laughter as, one by one, the boys would surrender, their penises shrivelled as they gave of their precious seed inside or on top of each other, until there might be only two or three fuckers left, often including himself and his faithful servant, Sid.

And now, much as he was so eager to fuck, the opportunity was forbidden him to penetrate the fair rim of any of his three companions; although this was an abstinence the others need not observe, even faithful Sid, whom Frilbo so much enjoyed fucking, but now granted leave to fuck and be fucked by young Jollity and Niblet.

“To be sure, sire, you be dreadfully down in the dumps,” remarked Sid, who had reluctantly disengaged himself from Niblet and Jollity to be by his master's side. The other two chums continued regardless, mouth attached to and chewing at the cock of the other, the stains of grass, buttercups and daisies sullyng their pale white skin.

Frilbo sadly regarded his servant, naked from his lush red locks to his bare feet, his penis still semi-erect and a persistent moist trickle of clear pale semen in the red hair of his inner thigh: whether his or one of the other chums' Frilbo did not know.

“You speak aright, dear Sid. I be in a right frump. Today it is that we would be celebrating the eleventy-eleventh. Instead here we be, many leagues yonder, only to

convey to the dismal denizens the buggering of the ring.”

“’Tis a sore duty, sire, to have to fuck the Lord of Wickedness, that be so. Although the ring doth suit ye fine, sire. Your cock is a true majesty. May I be permitted to suck it for ye?”

“You may that, dear faithful Sid,” Frilbo agreed. “You may lick it dry. But as you know, I cannot take your dear arse as I so much desire.”

“That is for the vile Duke of Darkness, I know, sire. That his arse should be so honoured, and every other denied, is such a curse that I cannot declare! And he, I am sure, is Duke of the Dangleberries as well as of every other foulness.”

“Dangleberries!” exclaimed Frilbo, who was in horror of fucking an arse too ripe in haemorrhoids and dreaded the dangleberry plague as much as he did that of sucking a prick dipped in diarrhoea. “Surely there are not too many horrors that we must endure, sweet Frilbo. Come ply your lips to my cock. Perchance the release of my manhood will distract my thoughts from the horrors to come!”

Alas, despite Sid’s diligent application to Frilbo’s penis, his tongue tugging at the ring about the glans and his tonsils brushing against it when the cock was deep inside his mouth, this was not distraction enough for Frilbo’s thoughts. Even as he ejaculated, semen splattering over Sid’s mouth and nose, catching his eyelids and frothing on his tongue, his thoughts were less on the pleasuring he was receiving as it was on his absence from the Vernal Festival and his fear of the haemorrhoids of iniquity.

He smiled at Sid, unable to hide the sorrow that lingered, even as his faithful servant knelt by so lovingly, a trail of semen over his face, entangled even in his

eyebrow and eyelashes, and dripping down from his nose and lower lip onto his chin and thence onto the coarse red hairs of his hirsute chest. He bent forward to kiss Sid on the mouth and as his servant reciprocated, and the two chums' tongues became sloppily and salvatingly entwined, his penis once again stirring, no doubt ready to plunge anew, it was now that, with his physical passion asserting itself once again, he recalled why it was he had been so neglectful of his chums before.

“Nay, sweet Sid. My love for you be too great! Were only it less! But when I see your derriere, so hairy and tempting, I fear I cannot check my lust. And then I might fuck you up the arse, with the accursed ring on my cock's end, and the evil which should be returned to the rectum from which it emerged will instead be buried inside you.”

Sid pushed himself off his master, a trail of semen attached to his mouth and chin, hanging like a drawbridge between him and Frilbo's nose. He grinned foolishly and brushed away the viscous trail with the back of his hand, regarding it before rubbing it off on his arm and hip.

“I wonder much, master, why it is that when the ring was in the possession of your uncle, Tesco, and, before that, in the care of the vile changeling, Grobble, that it seemed not as foul a thing as it does now. It served your uncle well as he fucked the great ogres, whose arses are as wide as an open door, and so charmed the Guardian of the Mizzle Lampshade that he spared the life of poor Grumbleguts.”

“Those were different times, Sid, as well you know. As Waldorf and I have explained to you for many hours, with digression upon digression, delving deep into the history of wondrous things, of distant forgotten battles and strangely garbled

AngloSaxon neologisms, of boats, and dragons, and ceiling wax, of cabbages and things, this is a mysterious dark timeless struggle in which the fortunes of Middle Thwaite and all the world bound by the zephyrs and the great tree Yggdrasil are but a small insignificant thing. It is a struggle, boundless, mysterious, dark and sempiternal, that can only be resolved by an act of anal intercourse within the caverns and under the shadows of the flames of the dread dismal Realm of Dark Thunder.”

Sid nodded. “I know that, sire. ‘Tis a struggle even to understand this struggle. But I know now, as I consider the orcs, ogres, goblins, gremlins and werewolves of our journey, that many evils have been brought into the world. And if you can banish all this vileness by the penetration of a dangleberry-festooned arse, then this quest must be worth the making.”

“Thank you, Sid. But I see you are desirous of more carnal fun. Return to Niblet and Jollity, as they are surely in need of more spice in their frolics. Their arses are welcoming and your cock is upright and ready.”

Sid nodded. “Thank you, sire. It is a shame indeed that you are unable to join in our cavorting. But we shall all be eager to rim your arse this eventime should you so require.”

“I will that, Sid. My arse needs a fair rogering. But away, Sid! My desire for you may yet become too great!”

Although Sid’s delight at returning to the fleshy fray was apparent, and should have given his master much cause to celebrate, Frilbo was too melancholy for that. He sighed again and no longer taking pleasure in the sight of his three chums’ anal romps, he raised himself up off the rock on which his bare arse had rested, and wandered off.

As he ascended the pastures, the urgent sound of his chums' lovemaking becoming less distinct, he attempted to distract his mind and his all too easily aroused penis from thoughts of sex or anal intercourse. Little dunnocks fluttered through the bushes. Hare and cony frolicked in the long grass. A doe cantered by over the ridge of a nearby hill. Frilbo was soon out of sight of his companions, hidden as they were by the dips of the meadows and shrubby foliage, and he sat on a boulder that looked out beyond towards the Micklerum Hills, where many countless leagues further would tower the great ridge of the Crackwhore Crag which enclosed the Dark Realms.

It was difficult to believe that such horrors could exist, thought Frilbo, as he stretched his legs ahead of him, his penis and its attendant ring lolling against his inner thighs. Even though he had seen, even smelt, the Inclement Horsemen, who carried with them an evil, foul odour, much like that of mould on a towel left damp and neglected, or, even, a thunderbox left unattended after a large oriental dinner washed down with amber ale.

Frilbo shuddered. He had been told that the Inclement Horsemen would dearly love to fuck him up the arse, but most of all for him to fuck theirs'. This act of sexual congress, the Great Wizard Waldorf explained, would be sufficient for all base foulness and evil in the Dismal Realm to be unleashed upon the world. And although Waldorf had not been too precise as to how this wickedness might be manifest, he knew that the innocent joys of Middle Thwaite, such as the Festival of Buggery, the Rite of Fellatio and the Passage of Fertility, these would all be banned and a time of dreariness and despondency would descend upon all good folk.

As these morbid thoughts passed through Frilbo's mind, it was at this moment

that he saw a sight that once again restored his belief in the bounteousness and goodness of the world. For there, striding towards him, naked and upright, was the most beautiful youth that Frilbo had ever seen. He was manly of chest, prominent of jaw, handsome of gait, delightful of face and virile of member. Only Frilbo's own ring-enhanced penis matched the splendour of that which swung between the thighs of this handsome fellow, whose beauty was such that Frilbo's penis immediately attained a stiff, unbending, almost painful, erectness.

"Who be you, sweet youth?" asked Frilbo, as the fellow approached nigh.

"I am but a goatherd in pursuit of my capricious flock. Have you perchance espied them, dear sir?"

Frilbo was sure that he'd never before heard a goatherd use such a polysyllabic vernacular, but out here in the distant Pugglemoor Meadows the natives might speak in a more convoluted dialect than they did in Middle Thwaite. He smiled at the naked youth, aware that his desire for the flesh was revealed rather too obviously by his throbbing member.

"I have seen not one goat, let alone a flock, sweet youth. You have surely lost them in some other part of the moor."

"'Tis possible," admitted the goatherd. "I was tempted by the flesh of my uncle to a moment of sweaty swiving, and when we were sated my flock had gone! But you are a handsome fellow, dear sir. May I feast upon your cock?"

"Indeed you may," said Frilbo who was nothing loathe of the opportunity of a fair boy's lips upon his penis.

"Goodness be!" exclaimed the youth, who crouched down in front of Frilbo,

taking his penis in the palm of a hand, whilst his other stroked Frilbo's inner thigh, stirring the hairs to unnatural tenderness. "This is a most proud member! I am most desirous to know it better."

With that the goatherd tilted the penis towards his mouth and moved his head up and down on its monstrous girth, the mouth puckered, and the cheeks sucked in, as his head moved up and down, up and down, his tongue, teeth and lips pulling the penis towards a more and more painful and strenuous erection. Frilbo gazed down at his unexpected lover, while struggling to remove the tunic which seemed so inappropriate to the desire for coupling that so filled his breast.

The practised skill at sodomy that Frilbo enjoyed so often was all that forestalled his penis from exploding into a mess of semen, restraining himself enough that he was able to turn around, proffering his anus, a widened aperture from daily penetration, for the youth to take with his huge erect member, one surely larger even than that of the Great Wizard Waldorf, whose greatness was testified not only by his majesty nor by his magic incantations. And as Frilbo bent down on the grass, his nose buried in the daisies and meadow grasses, his elbows crushing the insects that scampered within the greenness, and his knees digging into the soil, behind him the goatherd was thrusting urgently and expertly into Frilbo's anus, a hand cupping his testicles and the other jerking his penis with slow, measured strokes that kept it erect but did not bring it to a premature ejaculation.

Frilbo was besotted. Never before had anyone fucked him with such a huge penis, except the great wizard, and even he, possessed of such great power and potency, was not a fucker of the same subtlety or skill as this talented goatherd.

Perhaps this quest would be one well worth the journeying he thought as he relished the long slow thrusts behind him.

“This is such a handsome cock!” exclaimed the goatherd, tenderly fingering the glans, the nail just touching the ring. “I would so love for you to thrust it in my arse.”

“But that I cannot do!” protested Frilbo. “I am on a great quest and my penis is not to penetrate any arse, nor indeed any other nether orifice, until my quest reaches its climax.”

“But climax is exactly what you wish to achieve,” said the goatherd, still thrusting into Frilbo’s anus, but gripping his penis quite tightly.

“But that is the peril. I must not ejaculate inside any orifice while possessed of the ring. For if I do, great evil and damnation will be unleashed onto the world.”

“What balderdash!” scoffed the goatherd. “And anyhow a man of your practise and skill in the art of buggery could surely restrain yourself from ejaculating. Come, sire, my arse awaits. Please take it! Please take me now!”

Frilbo was truly spellbound by the goatherd, and let himself be coaxed by the youth’s tender touches, sweet kisses and urgent thrusts into a position behind the goatherd’s anus. And here indeed was a sweet anus, tight without being too tight, puckered without being vise-like, embedded between two manly buttocks, muscular and firm, inviting and open. And then, for the first time since Waldorf had threaded the ring through his glans and Frilbo announced to the villagers of Bumbleberry Marsh that he would leave the creature comforts of ale and manly company for the tribulations of distant lands, the diminutive youth with the excessive member took it

upon himself to plunge it within the goatherd's anus. And he thrust back and forth, his penis stiff and urgent, the semen inside him stirring in his testicles and ready to erupt inside the goatherd's rectum.

And then, just before he was about to ejaculate, he was forcefully pulled off the goatherd, roughly thrown backward onto the grass, and only then, his penis no longer inside an orifice, did it spurt and secrete its precious viscous fluid. He was so dazed by the abruptness of this, and still so drunken with passion, that he was only partly aware that the goatherd that he had, just a moment before, been fucking with such urgent and delightful passion, was being sliced into a bloody pulp by the diamond-sharp blade of a large sword in the grip of a man taller and more muscular than any Frilbo had ever seen before.

There wasn't a great deal left of the goatherd after the swordsman had sliced away at him. The head was severed and lay in the grass, blood spurting from its neck and the tongue sticking through the teeth and lips. The decapitated torso had lost all four limbs, also left about in the grass, and the body itself striped with deep gashes from the fearsome blade.

"Who are you? And why have you slain my lover?" cried Frilbo angrily. And then, more in fear: "And do you wish also to slay me?"

The murderer stood above him, wiping his bloody blade on a cloth, dressed in leather and steel from his buckled boots to the huge hat upon his head, from which a feather flopped over his eyes. He looked down at Frilbo, his eyes hidden by the shadow of his hat, but the gleam of his white teeth visible and clearly in the shape of a smile.

“Worry not, Frilbo. For Frilbo is your name, that I know. I am Spunker, a knight of the Kingdom of Lycra, who has come many a league in pursuit of you. But not to wish you harm, but to guide and guard you. I have been sent on this mission by one we both know well: Waldorf the Mauve. He has entrusted me with this mission, knowing that the future of all space, time and the quantum fluctuation rely on you bugging the vile Duke of Dismalness.”

“Spunker?” asked Frilbo. “I have heard Waldorf mention your name. And you have come not a moment too soon. I was fair on the point of releasing myself inside this mischievous being that came to me in such alluring form. Surely he is just a foul demon who has disguised himself to tempt me.”

“Actually no,” said Spunker. “He is genuinely a goatherd; although he was once a scholar in the great College of Crinklegate. He is a great and expert fucker and really didn’t deserve to be slaughtered by me at all. But the urgency of the situation was so great and my enthusiasm for slaughter (in a worthwhile cause) so considerable, that I took it on myself to really let go. However, had you released your sperm inside him, then all the universe would have unravelled, the planets would have ricocheted, quarks would have imploded and an era of discontent and dreariness would have descended upon the world. So, my action has, indeed, saved the day, and that of future generations.”

“I thank you then for your brave and courageous action!” said Frilbo, shaking Spunker by the hand. “Are you to accompany my chums and me on our quest?”

“Indeed I shall,” said Spunker, with a jovial chuckle. “And I shall explain to you in great discursive detail, with many footnotes and romantic nonsense, what great

history and what foul battles justify my presence and also what great misery and sadness I carry with me. But first, little one, I have heard from the Great Wizard Waldorf that you have three fine companions who are most worthy fuck companions!”

“Indeed I have!” laughed Frilbo. “And soon you shall have the pleasure of meeting them and getting to know them both as fine fellows for the imbibing of ale but also for the pleasures of fleshly satisfaction.”

“That is a pleasure which, being more than two days since I last fucked a man, in the tavern at Lower Gringlewich, I look forward with great glee!” announced Spunker, clutching his genitals beneath his britches with a gloved hand, while sheathing his blade.

And so it was that Frilbo and Spunker joined Niblet, Sid and Jollity for several hours of fun, frolicking and fucking, leaving behind the goatherd’s body in several pieces, to attract flies, vultures and wolves. And fortunate it was too that not one drop of seed was spilt inside his anus, but was lost instead on the grassy meadow, for great tragedy otherwise would have come from this act and many thousands of pages of dense print and heroic sex and epic battles would not have been written.

And the fabric of the universe did in truth remain intact.