

A World Away, part 3 (mf, scfi, timetr, cons, Fdom, bd)

by this guy (thisguy.1066@gmail.com)

Summary: Still tied up, the male high school student is given to a leather clad temple priestess...

## THE FOREST TEMPLE OF THE SLOPED SPRING

After what felt like two hours of walking down the slope of the hill we came to a line of rocks (each about the size of a basketball) on the ground. Mre-vha turned us left, and began leading me along the line of rocks. Another half-hour's walk had us standing in front of a strange structure built into the side of the hill. The bottom portion, about seven or eight feet tall, was most definitely solid: made of boulders (the smallest nearly the size of a motor-scooter, the biggest about the size of a small car). Above that was an extremely rustic, very open (gazebo like) structure of wood (small tree-trunks and branches: none of them appeared to be more than six inches in diameter), crowned by an extremely steep wood roof. Walking around to the high side of this unusual structure, we ascended a set of eight steep stone steps...

After making a 90-degree right turn at the top of the steps we stepped under the roof of the rustic gazebo-like structure. Directly in front of us was a stone slab. Mre-vha took the rabbit bones from the sock and placed them on the stone slab, then turned to me. Having no idea what was going on: I just stood there. She smacked me on the arm. I shrugged my shoulders as if to ask, "what?" Rolling her eyes, she took my hands (still tied together at the wrists) and forcefully shoved them against the piece of fur that was tucked into the waistband of my boxers. I removed the fur and placed it on the stone slab next to the bones...all the while looking at Mre-vha. The little smile that appeared on her face told me I was doing the right thing.

When I looked away from Mre-vha I realized we were not alone. Standing opposite us, on the other side of the stone slab, was another woman. Looking to be a few years older than Mre-vha, she could have been a runway model: quite slender; her arms and legs were stick-like, I doubt her breasts were any more than an A-cup...if that. Her straight very dark-brown hair was pulled back in a strikingly simple pony-tail, her skin was somewhat paler than Mre-vha's, but she had similarly strong facial features. Like Mre-vha, her clothing: an almost conventional mini-skirt and a long vest (both in black leather) with a series of bones for buttons down the front didn't scream "out for a day in the woods." But that was not all that she was wearing, wrapped tightly around her neck was a simple black leather dog-collar-like necklace studded with what looked like animal teeth.

She placed one hand on the bones and the other on the fur before making an indecipherable guttural moaning sound. Closing her eyes she tilted her head back, as she pulled the fur and the bones across the stone slab towards her...then off the edge of the stone slab. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed that Mre-vha had bowed her head. After fifteen seconds of silence, the woman in black leather spoke, "Ga-rom." She motioned towards me, "Ga-rom." Mre-vha smacked me on the arm with the back of her hand and began pushing me against the stone slab while pulling

my arms upward. Assuming they wanted me to get on the slab I did my best to climb up onto it: not the easiest task considering my wrists were still tied together.

Once I was on the stone slab Mre-vha pointed to me then down at the stone slab in the same way she had told me to sit down in the forest the night before; so I sat. Mere seconds after my butt touched the stone slab there was a hand on each of my shoulders: the two beautiful women were forcing me to lay down on my back.

The moment my shoulders met the cold stone of the slab I was laying on I realized where I was: in a temple, laying on an altar! Not more than a second after having that realization I shuddered: fearful that I was about to be SACRIFICED.

Nervously, I turned my head towards the woman wearing black leather, pointed at myself with the thumbs of both hands (which were still tied together at the wrists) and broke the silence, “John,” I pointed at myself again, “John.”

“John...” she said, pointing at me. I nodded eagerly; hoping that she’d be less likely to sacrifice me if she knew my name.

From behind me I heard Mre-vha speak, “Mav uunk tra-qi paz ruc.”

The temple priestess gave me a little smile before pointing at herself and saying, “Krum-veh.”

I pointed at her and repeated, “Krum-veh.” She nodded.

As I breathed a small sigh of relief, Krum-veh spoke across me to Mre-vha, “Gaz hok ra. Pizz-ee sche proa ri-bou-yef.” Just as I turned towards Mre-vha, she did an about-face and began walking away. At that moment my heart sank in my chest as I was gripped with the fear the she was leaving me there at temple to be sacrificed.

Mre-vha couldn’t have made it three steps down the stone staircase when I felt a hand firmly grip my crotch. I quickly turned my head back towards Krum-veh. There was a definite sparkle in her dark brown eyes as she pulled my inflating cock out, through the fly of my boxers. She began gently rolling my balls around with the fingers of her left hand as she repeatedly squeezed my inflating cock with her right hand.

Once my seventeen-year-old cock was fully inflated, I could feel it begin to throb in Krum-veh’s hand. She gave me a look that seemed to ask if I was ready; I began nodding eagerly. She let go of my manly parts and climbed up onto the stone slab/alter.

When Krum-veh stood-up on the slab, I was surprised to see she was bare-foot. Without saying a word, she turned and swung her left foot over my body; planting it firmly on the slab next to my right thigh. She pulled the bottom of her black leather mini-skirt up revealing her bare, hairless pussy; and proceeded to squat down over my pubic region. Less than a second later I felt the soft, warm (and amazingly already moist) skin of her pussy against the tip of my rigid

cock. At that moment it hit me: I was about to have sex with a woman in her twenties! “Oh man; my friends are gonna be so jealous when I tell them...” I began thinking.

Krum-veh continued lowering herself down until my entire cock was inside her warm wet pussy and she was sitting on my balls. She closed her eyes tightly and began bouncing up-and-down. I simply laid there on the stone slab, letting her use me as a living fuck-toy. Looking up at her face I couldn't help but try to guess her age, “Twenty-two?...twenty-three?...”

A few seconds after Krum-veh closed her eyes, her lips parted as she began breathing more heavily. After a few more seconds passed, the walls of her pussy seemed to be getting slightly warmer around my cock... Then, in singular movement; she threw her head back, her body tensed, the walls of her pussy began rippling around my cock, and my crotch was flooded with wetness. It was truly amazing: in that moment every part of her body seemed to freeze, except the walls of her pussy...

It couldn't have been more than five seconds before my boxers were soaked through and through with the warm liquid that was, quite literally, flowing from Krum-veh's pussy. As I began to feel the wetness wicking up the back of my t-shirt, my butt-cheeks tightened under me: I was about to have an orgasm. I took a breath and allowed nature to take its course: my hairy teenage balls drew up under my cock. A fraction of a second later the cum began surging up the little tube on the underside of my cock. I took a deep breath, exhaling as the first tablespoon-sized spurt of my hot, thick, sticky, creamy-white, sperm-laden, teenage cum spewed out of the little hole on the tip of my cock...spraying deep inside Krum-veh's pussy. Little more than a second later a second spurt followed the first, followed by a third, and a fourth...

I was breathing heavily, practically panting, as the sixth (and final) spurt of cum oozed out of the little hole on the end of my cock into her warm, incredibly wet hole. Astonishingly Krum-veh's orgasm continued as I laid under her. My cock may have been inside her warm wet hole, but after the three orgasms I had had with Mre-vha over the past ten hours... I guess you could say I was sexed-out: a humbling experience for a seventeen-year-old guy.

As my member began to wilt I started counting. It wasn't until I reached “forty” that Krum-veh's orgasm began to slowly die-down. When her eyes opened, a full twenty seconds later, her entire body was glistening with a thin sheen of sweat. Not only was she breathing heavily through her open mouth, but she was making the oddest sound...it almost resembled a little-girl's giddy giggle of joy...

As Krum-veh caught her breath a full five minutes later, the giggling sound stopped. Despite the fact that her eyes appeared to be both out-of-focus and looking in different directions; she practically rolled her body off of me. She effortlessly hopped down off the stone slab/alter, before motioning for me to join her.

I took a deep breath before sitting-up. After exhaling, I swung my legs to the side and hopped off the stone slab/alter. When my feet hit the stone floor of the temple I finally realized where Krum-veh had come from: there was a narrow staircase that “fell” down through the floor behind

the stone slab / alter. Once I was fully standing on the stone floor of the temple, Krum-veh pointed at me then towards the opening in the floor.

I didn't move. Tilting my head back I took another deep breath as if reveling in the wonderful orgasm I had just had. Taking the second or two the deep breath had given me to weigh my options. My wrists were still tied together and my dick and balls were hanging out the fly of my boxer short: limiting my possibilities somewhat. For one thing, I could simply turn and run: Krum-veh was bare-foot and I was wearing hiking boots; all the hard things that litter a forest floor would help to give me a pretty good chance of out running her... Alternately Krum-veh was quite slender...slender enough that I was fairly sure that if I slammed my body into her, I'd have a pretty good chance of sending her over the side of the temple: improving my chances of a getaway... Of course there was always the possibility of head-butting her in hopes of knocking her out... There were two little problems with all of these "escape" plans: firstly I had no idea where I was; secondly Mre-vha was somewhere out there in the woods. Between that big knife she was carrying and what she'd done to the rabbit...well, trying to run away seemed more like a form of attempted suicide...

Ultimately I decided that trying to get away would be the equivalent of signing my own death warrant. Krum-veh began pushing me towards the opening in the floor: wanting to live, I let her. A few seconds later she was pushing me down the very narrow (barely more than eighteen inches wide) and surprisingly steep stone staircase. Descending the narrow and steep stairs into the darkness below the floor of the temple was terrifying. Note only did I have no idea what awaited me at the bottom of the stairs, but for the darkness I couldn't actually see the steps below my feet; and, to cap it all off, my arms were still tied together at the wrists!