

A World Away, part 4 (mff, scfi, timetr, cons, Fdom)

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Summary: The male high school student is taken into an underground chamber under the temple, he meets a young leather clad temple priestess...

## FIRST DAY INSIDE THE FOREST TEMPLE OF THE SLOPED SPRING

In addition to being very narrow (little more than eighteen inches wide), the stone steps were surprisingly steep (each step felt like it was a little over a foot tall) as well. Descending the narrow and steep stairs into the darkness below the floor of the temple was terrifying. Not 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!

I counted each step I descended: nineteen, before I stumbled onto the flat floor of the room inside the base of the temple. Nineteen steps: somewhere between nineteen and twenty feet down. Thinking back to what the temple looked like from the outside I knew we were below ground level...well below ground level.

Krum-veh pushed me a few feet further into the extremely dark subterranean room before stepping around me. I heard an unusual, yet strangely familiar, rustling sound. A moment later a very small fire seemed to appear out of nowhere. The flickering orange-ish light of the small fire provided just enough illumination for me to be able to see the room I was standing in. The floor, walls and (strangely) vaulted ceiling were all stone. One square-ish pillar (made from a single piece of stone) stood in the middle of the space (almost certainly supporting the stone alter, above).

My eyes were adjusting to the flickering light of the fire and I was beginning to get my bearings on the space. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a movement around the corner of the stairs. I quickly glanced back towards the fire: Krum-veh was standing on the other side of it poking at it with something. There was someone (or something) else in the room with us...

Despite being gripped with fear, I was determined to do whatever I could to protect Krum-veh: she was, after all, carrying my seed in her belly. Attempting to calm my nerves, I turned: squaring myself off with the area where I had noticed the movement around the corner of the stairs. Squinting my eyes, I did my best to see: peering through the darkness I made out a figure...Krum-veh. I could have sworn she was on the other side of the fire; I turned my head to see that she, in fact, was on the other side of the fire. Quickly turning my head back, I saw what appeared to be Krum-veh next to the stairs again. Either this was some sort of exceedingly creepy reflection / optical illusion...or Krum-veh had a twin.

...A twin who was staring right at me and walking towards me... I could, not only, feel my heart pounding in my chest, but hear my heartbeat ringing in my ears as well. I both feared I might have a heart attack and hoped I might get to have sex with Krum-veh's twin in the same instant. As this "twin" approached me I realized there was no way she could actually be Krum-veh's twin: she was significantly shorter than Krum-veh and looked to be several years younger. This must have been Krum-veh's younger sister; since she looked to be about thirteen that would seem to make sense... The fact that they were dressed identically and had the same length hair pulled back in nearly identical ponytails was more than just a little bit creepy.

Once this younger girl was about three or four feet from me I pointed at myself, "John," I made my introductions.

The girl glanced in Krum-veh's direction with a puzzled look on her face. Krum-veh spoke, "Mav uunk tra-qi paz ruc."

The girl looked at me again, this time so intently that a part of me thought she was contemplating diving into my eyes, and said, "Schren-veh."

"Schren-veh," I repeated pointing at her. She confirmed her name with a single nod; a nod so long that it resembled a Japanese head bow.

A moment later Schren-veh was very tentatively reaching out and touching my t-shirt. She rubbed the cotton fabric between her thumb and fingers. The way she was touching my t-shirt made it seem as though she'd never seen or felt fabric before: talk about strange... After a few seconds her fingers stumbled across the stiff spots from where the cum I had shot before getting my dick into Mre-vah's pussy had landed the night before. She spoke across the room to Krum-veh, "Yekk vuund tar-qi wourb zie niegz."

"Ia, klies zie neigz," Krum-veh responded. I had no idea what the two sisters had been saying, but suddenly Schren-veh bent over and was untying my boots. Once the laces on both of my boots were untied I lifted my feet, allowing Schren-veh to remove them.

Standing, she began pulling at my boxers, which were around my ankles in short order. As I stepped out of my boxers it hit me: I was naked from the waist down! 'This has to be the most amazing sex dream ever,' I thought as I glanced across the room.

While it was obvious that Krum-veh was aware of my near nudity; she was doing a fairly good job of ignore it. Schren-veh, on the other hand; well...all of her attention was focused on my pubic region. Suddenly I felt a warm, very soft something gently touch my slowly inflating dick; looking down I saw that Schren-veh had reached out and was very tentatively touching / holding my dick. She was curiously examining my pubic region in much the same way Maggie O'Brien had about a decade earlier when we were just little kids: that had been the first time Maggie had ever seen a boy's dick. So, I had to wonder, if this similar (almost identical) reaction mean that Schren-veh had never seen a guy's dick before?...

My train of thought was interrupted by a fairly quiet and yet decidedly unpleasant scraping sound of metal on metal. My gaze snapped to Krum-veh: she was moving one of those old-fashion 'witch's cauldron' type pots onto the fire. She fidgeted with it a bit and once it was sitting in the fire to her satisfaction looked across the room towards me and Schren-veh.

"Vii bouz kaab klies zie neigz," Krum-veh said, her words startling Schren-veh who was instantly grabbing at the hem of my t-shirt. In barley two seconds Schren-veh had pulled my t-shirt up and over my head, but there was a problem: my wrists were still tied together.

"Oub..." Schren-veh said holding up my arms, clearly to show Krum-veh that my wrists were tied together.

"Ia, yaq-mubbo zie prawl," Krum-veh spoke: her tone belying that her words were an order, not a suggestion. Schren-veh seemed a bit nervous as she began untying the knot in the leather strip Mre-vha had tied my wrists together with. Finally my wrists were untied! With my new-found freedom I pulled my t-shirt the rest of the way off and stretched my arms.

I was fully nude and yet the two women who were with me didn't really seem to care at all: Krum-veh was first pouring water into the cauldron on the fire, then tossing other things into it, meanwhile Schren-veh picked up my boxers and t-shirt and laid them on a stone slab that projected out into the room from the wall. She then proceeded to lift a piece of wood up, out of the floor; as she did so the room was suddenly filled with the sound of flowing water.

I almost didn't believe my ears: running water under the floor... In disbelief, I wandered over to Schren-veh and looked down through the hole in the floor to see a stream flowing under the floor of the room we were in. Hearing and seeing the water was enough to make me realize how truly thirsty I was: the three or four ounces of Mre-vha's urine I had drank plus the blood from the rabbit the previous night couldn't have added up to the amount of cum I had shot in the four orgasms I'd had...

Bending over, I cupped my hands and dipped them into the quite cold running water. I brought the water up to my face and sniffed it. It had no odor, so I brought the water in my cupped hands to my mouth and tasted it. I don't think I've ever had water that tasted so good: it was, for lack of a better word, crisp and just slightly sweet with a hint of saltiness... I quickly swallowed down the water in my hands and went back for more...and more. By the time I no longer felt thirsty I must have drank something in the neighborhood of a quart (32 ounces) of water.

Refreshed from the deliciously crisp cold water; my attention returned to the activities around me: Krum-veh was still doing something with the cauldron of water on the fire. Schren-veh had wetted my t-shirt and was rubbing it back-and-forth over the square-ish edge of a rock projecting into the room. Initially I wasn't sure what Schren-veh was trying to do; then it hit me: she was washing my t-shirt!

For a while I just stood there, naked, contemplating the things that had happened to me over the past twenty-four hours. Ultimately, I could only conclude that this place, where ever it was, was a world away from everything I'd ever known... For a second I wondered if maybe this place

was heaven... But that would mean I was dead, and I didn't feel dead; actually I'd never felt so alive, so that couldn't be it...

“Maruum kaz nu-ok,” Krum'veh's voice broke my train of thought. Turning towards her, I watched as she poured two ladles of the contents of the cauldron into each of three wood bowls. It was now obvious that she had been cooking a meal over the fire; how had I not figured that out before?

In a matter of seconds Schren-veh had manhandled me into a sitting position on one of the stone slabs that projected out from the wall into the room. She quickly crossed the room, retrieved two of the bowls from Krum-veh and returned to me, before practically forcing one of the bowls in my hands. Once I was holding the bowl of what looked to be a thin water/broth based soup, Schren-veh sat next to me on the stone slab. At the same time, Krum-veh walked across the room, sat on the other side of me and handed each of us a (somewhat crude) metal spoon.

Mere seconds later the two leather clad sisters began eating the soup. I followed suit; dipping my spoon into the soup in my bowl then bringing it up to my mouth and between my lips. The soup had a slightly woody taste... As the three of us sat there eating in silence I cataloged the contents of the soup: nuts, a few different types of leaves / leafy vegetables, carrots, some sort of squash, a very stringy root (I think), and some mushy clumps with the texture of oatmeal and the taste of saw dust. It may not have been the most appealing thing I've ever eaten, but it tasted far better than the school cafeteria's pizza-bagels with their green cheese\*...

Both sisters finished eating at about the same time; I finished about half a minute later. Schren-veh stood before taking the empty bowls and spoons from me and her older sister.

When Schren-veh turned away from me, I happened to glance down at her thirteen-year-old butt. The black leather of her mini-skirt cradled its round shape so perfectly that with one single throb my dick went from a little less than half-hard to full attention and only slightly softer than the stone slab I was sitting on. In that instant, my brain lost control of my body. With my dick doing the thinking, I simply reached out and grabbed her surprisingly firm thirteen-year-old leather clad ass. Schren-veh let out a shriek and jumped about two feet into the air; sending the bowls and spoons flying across the room.

“Holy shit,” I thought as she spun around to see my seventeen-year-old dick standing at full attention stiff as a flag pole and throbbing. There was a sparkle in her eyes as she seemed to float towards me. Again I reached out, this time with both hands, grabbed her by both of her deliciously round butt-cheeks and pulled her towards me. Quickly finding the bone buttons that held her mini-skirt in place I undid them: the black leather miniskirt fell to the floor with a plop.

I pulled Schren-veh onto my lap with ease. Amazingly my throbbing seventeen-year-old dick somehow managed to find her pussy on its own. As the head of my dick slipped in through the outer ring at the opening of her pussy, I happened to glance over to see a smile on Krum-veh's face. This was one strange place: if I'd had sex with the younger sister of any of the girls I'd been with before coming here, little more than an hour after doing them, they'd have been mad

as shit. And yet, Krum-veh actually seemed to approve of my bare dick being buried in her thirteen-year-old little sister's pussy...wow!

The weight of Schren-veh's slender thirteen-year-old body moving down onto my lap effectively drove my seventeen-year-old dick all the way into her pussy in a single motion. Wow, was her pussy TIGHT: by far the tightest my dick had ever been in. It was warm, but less moist than I would have expected...potentially making sex with Schren-veh a painful experience...

With Schren-veh sitting on my lap facing me, her body impaled on my hard dick; I reached between us and began undoing the bone buttons down the front of her black leather vest. With the last button undone, she rolled her shoulders back; allowing the vest to fall off her onto the floor near my feet.

I wrapped my arms around her bare back and pulled Schren-veh's body towards me until I felt her small hard nipples on her flat chest pressing against my chest. I began rolling my hips as best I could (sitting on the stone slab): about an inch of my dick sliding in-and-out of her tight hole. Thankfully the inside of her pussy was slowly getting wetter.

We hadn't been coupled for much more than a minute when I felt Krum-veh's left arm and leg behind my body. Looking down over Schren-veh's shoulder I saw that Krum-veh had wrapped her right arm and right leg behind her younger sister's body. Using her arms and legs, Krum-veh was squeezing the three of us together... It was a strange sensation to say the least; and yet it was turning me on beyond belief.

Krum-veh leaned her head in and began whispering something into Schren-veh's ear. The fact that I would not have understood the words didn't matter since I couldn't even hear her voice. Those words though, seemed to be doing quite a lot for Schren-veh: as she began rolling her hips while gently bouncing up-and-down on my lap, the inside of her incredibly tight pussy was getting warmer and much wetter. All the moisture building up in Schren-veh's pussy was creating an obscenely erotic slurping sound every time my seventeen-year-old dick drove into her young pussy; and an even more erotic sucking sound every time my dick slid out of her. Initially I couldn't believe how loud the sound was; that is, until, it dawned on me that we were in a room that was completely made of stone...a perfect echo chamber.

Mere seconds after Krum-veh began whispering to her younger sister, the physical sensations of Schren-veh's incredibly tight pussy wrapped around my dick combined with the loud slurping and sucking sounds of us fucking were becoming too much for me. When my butt-cheeks tightened on beneath me I knew there was no stopping, or even holding off my impending orgasm. I decided to 'force' my orgasm, and began thinking about how great it was going to be when my cum shot into Schren-veh's pussy. And that was all I needed: 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 dick. 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 Schren-veh's pussy.

Since I was all but certain this was the first time Schren-veh had ever had sex, I tried to do my best to make it a memorable experience for her...for some reason I felt that if I shot an absolutely huge amount of cum in her she'd be sure to remember her first time (and me) for the rest of her life... So I thought about sex and my orgasm as much as I could; hoping that would help me shot a huge load of cum into Schren-veh's thirteen-year-old pussy. A second spurt, followed by a third, and a fourth... So far my plan appeared to be working. Five, six, seven, eight... This had the potential to be the biggest hardest orgasm of my life, and it just kept coming...nine, ten...

By the time the twelfth spurt of my spurt of my hot, thick, sticky, creamy-white, sperm-laden, teenage cum was shooting out of me I was beginning to feel physically tired. But I wanted to make sure Schren-veh would remember this for the rest of her life; so I kept thinking about sex. Another shoot of cum shot out of my dick; I probably would have fallen over if Krum-veh's arm wasn't wrapped around my back. That was it: the fourteenth spurt of cum slowly oozed out of my dick...and I passed out.

\* author's note: the cafeteria at the high school 'this guy' (the author) went to actually did serve pizza-bagels with cheese that was green in color: no idea what they tasted like, as 'this guy' was never able to get past the color.