

# The Dix Dilemma

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## The Dix Dilemma

Romo and Baltek entered the Queen's chamber together, on a mission. Romo didn't think he could stand to watch any man touch his wife, but that the man was Baltek bothered him even more. The commander stood tall and strong, his angular jaw handsome and his skin fair in contrast to Romo's own. Renoa might perhaps take a liking to Baltek over her king, and that would break Romo's heart in two ways, for he loved Baltek as well. To save one, he might lose the other... or both.

Renoa, her black hair hanging free and her large dark eyes filled with worry, met him at the door. "What is it, my Lord?" she asked, her voice anxious.

Romo drank in the sight of her. Her pale breasts, so smooth and silky in her bodice, contrasted starkly to Baltek's hairy chest. Her curves made a lovely opposite to Baltek's angles. How he wanted them both! He took a deep breath, explaining as best he could what Mardro the magician foretold -- the only way to save her from becoming a channel for Onik's evil. Baltek remained silent.

"Mardro assures me that if another man beds you before the moon rises tonight, on the evenset of your twenty-third birthday, your blood will purify itself and Onik will have no hold over you. We have but a matter of minutes to complete the act," Romo finished.

Renoa looked up, her eyes filled with unshed tears. Baltek's face colored slightly and he looked away, but she stood and walked to him, touching his face with her fingertips. "I cry because of the betrayal of my people, not because of you," Renoa explained, her voice soft and resolute. "They knew of this when they betrothed me and chose to sacrifice me so they could have their war."

She reached up and kissed his cheek before turning to Romo. She untied her robes. "Will you stay?" she implored, and he nodded.

Her clothing puddled on the floor around her feet, exposing her full breasts and delicate, silky black hair between her thighs. Baltek seemed unsure of what to do next. Romo glanced out the window. The moon would rise in a few short minutes; there was no time to waste.

Baltek tore his clothes off, moving quickly to the bed and Renoa waiting there, her thighs spread and her eyes closed. However, though he tried, his cock remained flaccid. He rubbed it between her pink folds, but nothing happened. Renoa squirmed and opened her eyes, confused.

Baltek was a good soldier and would do anything for the kingdom, Romo realized, but he'd never shown any fancy toward a woman before. It was clear now why. The thought of Baltek's predilection for males both excited and frightened him. They had a mission to complete, one that would literally save their world. Romo had to find a way to excite Baltek enough to bring about an erection. The great king could think of only one thing to do, and he hoped it wasn't just his incredible need to touch Baltek that drove him to it.

Romo found his way to the bed, placing his hand on his commander's shoulder. He could see the anguish in his dear friend's eyes, and emotions he'd wrangled for so long took over. Romo pulled Baltek in his arms and, with all the great passion he felt, kissed him hard and deep, just as he'd always wanted. Baltek tensed, but quickly relaxed against the his king, ardently returning the kiss and deepening it even more. Romo tasted the depths of his friend's hot mouth, and Baltek's cock swelled in proportion.

Romo broke their kiss, rubbing Baltek's hard phallus against his own. His finest general surrendered to him completely. Baltek leaned his head against Romo's neck, his hot breath setting fire to the king's need. Placing Baltek's cock between his thighs, he commanded him gently.

"Place your cock inside our queen just like this and thrust into her gently until you can't control it anymore. Then ride her with abandon. She will need it by then. Do not think of anything else except your mating until you spill your seed deep inside of her. Do you understand?"

Baltek lifted his face to Romo, feral lust present in his eyes. He nodded.

A low moan reminded Romo of Renoa's presence. Would she be able to comprehend it all? He could only hope.

He turned his head to see her propped up on one elbow. She watched the men in their embrace, her eyes glowing and one hand between her legs. Her fingers moved in a steady rhythm, rubbing against her glistening lips and sliding deeper inside her pussy with each stroke. She spread her legs wide, and Romo could well see her slick folds swollen with the attention. His cock ached, but this was not to be his time.

As the moon headed toward the sky, he positioned Baltek between Renoa's thighs and nodded. A small smile crossed Baltek's face as he gripped her hips and pushed his rigid length just into her opening. Romo placed himself on the bed just as Renoa winced, biting her lip.

"Look to me, Renoa," he whispered as Baltek grimaced, the effort of trying to go slowly now showing in his tense muscles.

Deeper he pushed as Romo took a position above his wife, his dripping cock now at her mouth. Instinctively, she guided him with her lips. She squeezed hard, making Romo gasp, as Baltek entered her to the base, ripping her maidenhead and filling her completely. Renoa cried out, grabbing at Romo and Baltek froze. Both men stroked her body -- her face, her breasts, her thighs.

The tenderness calmed her instantly, and she adjusted herself around Baltek's hard cock. A slow smile replaced her fearful expression and her eyes narrowed. Romo

watched desire transform his bride right before his eyes. She licked her lips and eyed Romo's cock, nearly driving him over the edge. She lifted her hips to Baltek and moaned.

"Fuck me hard, Commander."

Baltek let his desperate need for release take over and thrust into Renoa, who spread her legs wider. As he increased his rhythm, Renoa took Romo's cock into her mouth and sucked him hard, overwhelming him with sensations.

Romo pushed himself into her mouth, enjoying the feel of her pulling his head deeper and deeper into her throat. Through his haze, he watched Baltek, his eyes now closed, ride Renoa, panting as he pounded himself into her. Perhaps he imagined himself planted between Romo's cheeks. It didn't matter now. Renoa's groans vibrating over Romo's cock begged him for release.

In moments, Renoa's orgasm rocked her, and Baltek followed just after with a wild howl. Romo, ready to explode, watched them ride their ecstasy together, their bliss heightening his excitement even more. He didn't really believe what just happened until Baltek suddenly leaned forward and kissed him as Renoa alternated between suckling and licking his cock. Between her attentions and Baltek nibbling the king's neck, Romo came, spilling his seed into his wife's mouth while Baltek held him.

The moon took its place in the sky, red as fire.

Romo collapsed on the bed beside Renoa, still breathing hard, and Baltek took a place on the other side, rolling on his back. Renoa sat up halfway and nodded toward her pussy.

"Look!" she said, grinning.

Romo followed her gaze. A black stain on the bed where her maiden's blood should be slowly turned dark red, then disappeared, as they watched.

"My blood purified itself. The evil of Onik is no longer in me."

Relief surged through Romo. He pulled Renoa close to him, caressing her face and kissing her hard. Something touched his arm, and he opened his eyes to see Baltek, his expression unreadable, staring at him.

Romo pulled him close and kissed him as well. The taste of his wife mixed with the taste of his best friend, and it intoxicated him. He wanted them both. He loved them both.

“What we did --” he started, but Renoa interrupted him.

“Can we do it again, my King?” she asked, her eyes beseeching.

“Yes, can we?” Baltek added, pulling Renoa’s dark waves away from her neck and nuzzling her there. Together, she and Baltek reached for Romo, and it was his turn to surrender -- to their desire, to his passion, to what would be best for the kingdom. Renoa rained kisses on his face while Baltek, his leg across the Queen’s waist, stroked Romo’s thighs.

Their bodies intertwined, readying again for the exquisite pleasure their mating would bring. And, as the blood red moon slowly returned to its pale silver form, Mardro’s laughter blessed the lovers’ union before mingling with their cries of passion and fading away into the night.

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