

## Inch by Inch

The old veteran had been a soldier for thirty-nine years and was the kind of worldly-wise man whose advice should not be ignored. Stepping forward from the boisterous mob he looked down at Palik and gave a reassuring grin.

"Listen to me, lad," he said, crouching on the dusty ground. "Just take your time and don't listen to these drunken fools. Don't hurry, or you'll wake up tomorrow with a sore cock."

Palik looked up, lifting his head while supporting his bare-chested torso on pale skinny arms. Breathing in gasps, he met the old warrior's kindly smile with an anxious frown and said: "But the woman is so tight, Sergeant Tomas. I've tried pushing really hard, but she resists too strongly, closing her flesh against my penis. And now the whole regiment seems to be gathered around, mocking my failure."

"Don't fret, boy," the sergeant replied. "These comrades who encircle you like a pack of howling wolves are merely drunk on strong ale or wine. The regiment fought a hard battle today, and now we celebrate the victory. You performed brilliantly in the combat, young Palik, slaying five foemen with your sword. It is because of your achievement on the battlefield that the captain has given you the great honour of taking this woman, this enemy swordmaiden, so just relax and enjoy it."

"But I'm a virgin," Palik protested, flicking sweat-soaked strands of dark hair out of his eyes. "I don't know what to do. Also, I feel such a fool, with my trousers pulled down to my knees and my bare ass displayed to my comrades. I wish the older ones would stop teasing me so cruelly!"

"Take your time, like I said," Tomas replied, patting the young man's bony shoulders. "Penetrate the girl slowly, inch by inch, until her flesh yields to your hard hungry cock."

At that moment, a burly soldier staggered drunkenly forward from the encircling crowd, pointing a hefty finger at Palik while nudging the old sergeant.

"Go on, Tomas!" the man slurred. "Show the skinny kid how to fuck a female prisoner." "Get back, you idiot!" the sergeant retorted, pushing the drunkard aside.

"Give the boy some space!"

Biting his lip, Palik took a deep breath and looked down at the slender girl who writhed so helplessly beneath him. He guessed that she was maybe a couple of years his senior, perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two. Her olive-brown body struggled frantically as she lay naked on the ground, her limbs splayed wide and stretched taut, her wrists and ankles cruelly tied to wooden pegs. A tangled mane of black hair framed her face as she glared up at the pale-skinned youth who lay on top of her.

Palik felt a pang of regret when he again pressed his loins downward, his hips touching hers as he drove his erection towards her crotch. Somewhere in his heart he felt enormous pity for this girl, whose terrible misfortune had been to become the sexual plaything of her enemies. Palik wondered what her name was, and what hopes or dreams had persuaded her to become a warrior, and why she had not instead stayed in her homeland to dwell in peace among people who would cherish and protect her. To Palik she seemed uncommonly lovely, an image of dark beauty who surely deserved a better fate than to be stripped naked and staked out like an animal. But the flames of lust burned hotter than his compassion and he longed to probe her secrets, his virgin penis throbbing with an insatiable urge to explore her deliciously tight vagina.

The girl bared her white teeth in a fierce snarl, her nostrils flaring as she tensed her abdominal muscles against the renewed invasion of her womanhood. Sleek sinews flexed in her arms as she tugged desperately at her bonds, her defiance bringing a chorus of lewd laughter from the soldiers who crowded around.

"That's right, you little whore!" they yelled, spitting beer at her face. "Wriggle and squirm, like a frightened kitten. Make young Palik fight all the way along your hole!"

Trying to ignore the raucous shouts, Palik kept his eyes on the girl as he strove to force his aching phallus inside her body. Taking the advice of old Tomas, he pressed the tip of his manhood against the lips of her cunt and gave a small thrust that pushed the swollen bulb a little way inside her orifice. Wriggling her hips to shake the intruder out of her flesh, the girl hissed and cursed, her pert breasts wobbling like ripe gourds as she bucked and twitched. Sweat glistened on her smooth brown skin, oozing from every pore until her whole body seemed to be covered in oil. At last, however, she gave a frustrated groan as Palik applied enough pressure to force his cock another inch inward.

"Good lad!" said Sergeant Tomas, kneeling closer to peer down at the terrified girl. "Keep going, Palik. Inch by inch, until she yields to your rod. Can you feel her muscles gripping your shaft firmly?"

Palik nodded, though he felt too breathless to speak. Another small thrust drove his penis even further, perhaps a couple of inches deeper, to a place where the girl's vaginal muscles squeezed so hard that he cried out, though he felt neither pain nor discomfort. On the contrary, the sensation of her warm slick cunt enveloping his erection in a tight fleshy glove was so thrilling that he almost fainted. He realized that the gradual penetration had borne his phallus so far inside her body that she could no longer prevent him from thrusting towards his goal.

"I've done it, Sergeant!" he gasped triumphantly, ramming his groin against her splayed crotch. "I've got past her defences at last. Slowly and patiently, inch by inch, just as you advised."

"Well done, boy!" the old veteran replied, rising stiffly to his feet. "Now you can take the reward that you so richly deserve. Your valour on the battlefield has earned you the regiment's first reaming of this gorgeous maiden."

Palik chuckled, his hips thrusting slowly back and forth while he listened proudly to the applause and cheers of his fellow-soldiers. The ribald taunts and mocking jibes were gone, being replaced by a loud cacophony of congratulation and encouragement.

"You're a real man now, comrade!" a muscular corporal yelled in his ear. "But don't take too long with the bitch. She belongs to all of us, and we'll share her around the whole regiment tonight."

"Stand back!" said Sergeant Tomas. "This is Palik's victory, so let him enjoy every minute of it. Are there no other female prisoners to satisfy your lust?"

"None as pretty as Palik's dark bride," the corporal replied. "So, tell him to hurry up. He's moving too slowly, driving the rest of us crazy while we wait for him to squirt his juice. Every man here is desperate to fuck this amazingly beautiful girl."

"Did you hear that, Palik?" said Tomas, gazing down at the skinny youth. "Your comrades need to know when you're likely to finish. What answer shall I give them?"

"Ten minutes will be sufficient," came the weary reply. "Or maybe twenty. I cannot say for certain."

"Twenty minutes!" the muscular corporal groaned. "Perhaps we should all wander off and

come back in one hour?"

"Good idea!" said Sergeant Tomas. "And bring some ale for the boy when you return. I reckon he might have quite a thirst by then."

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