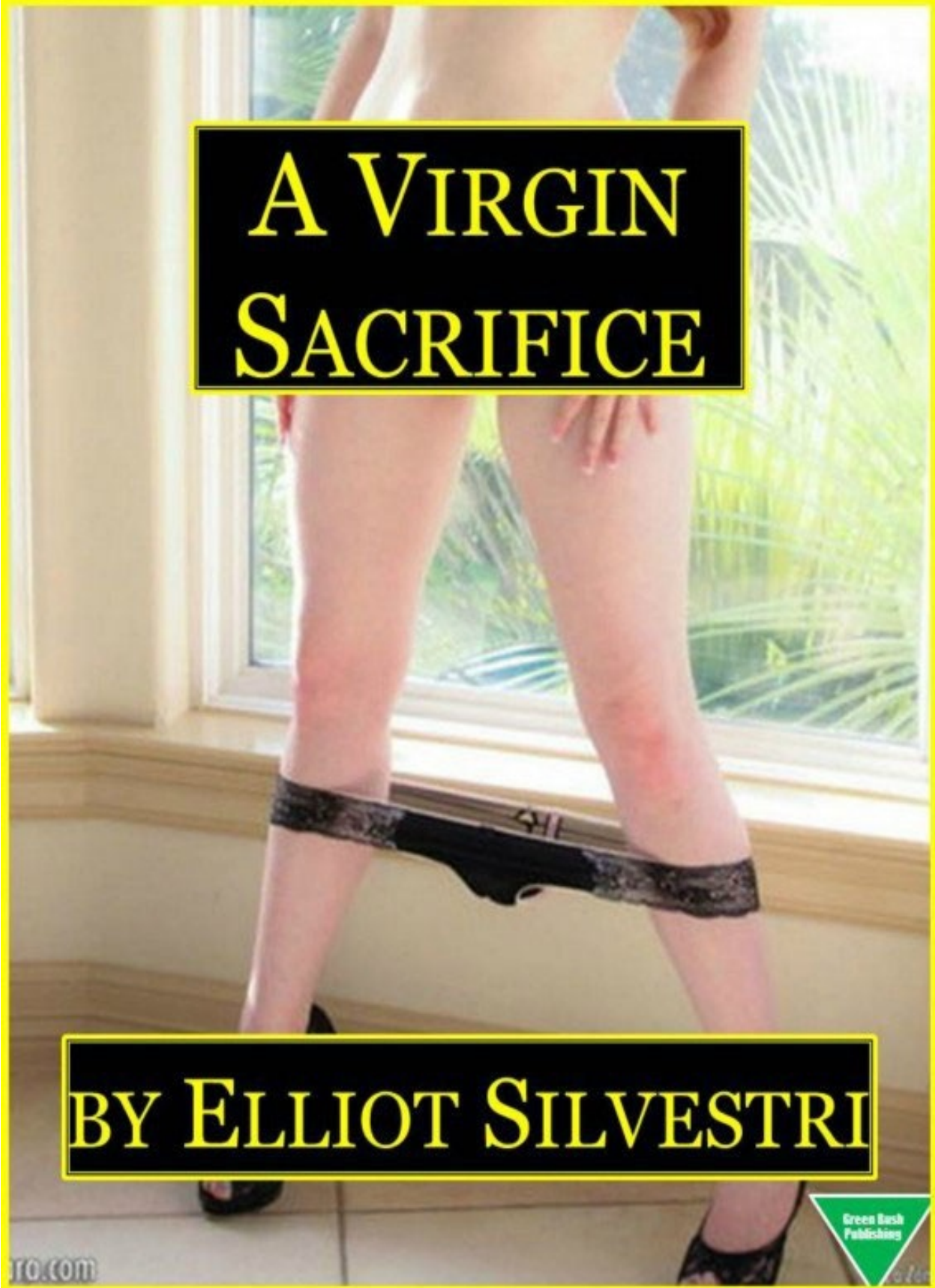
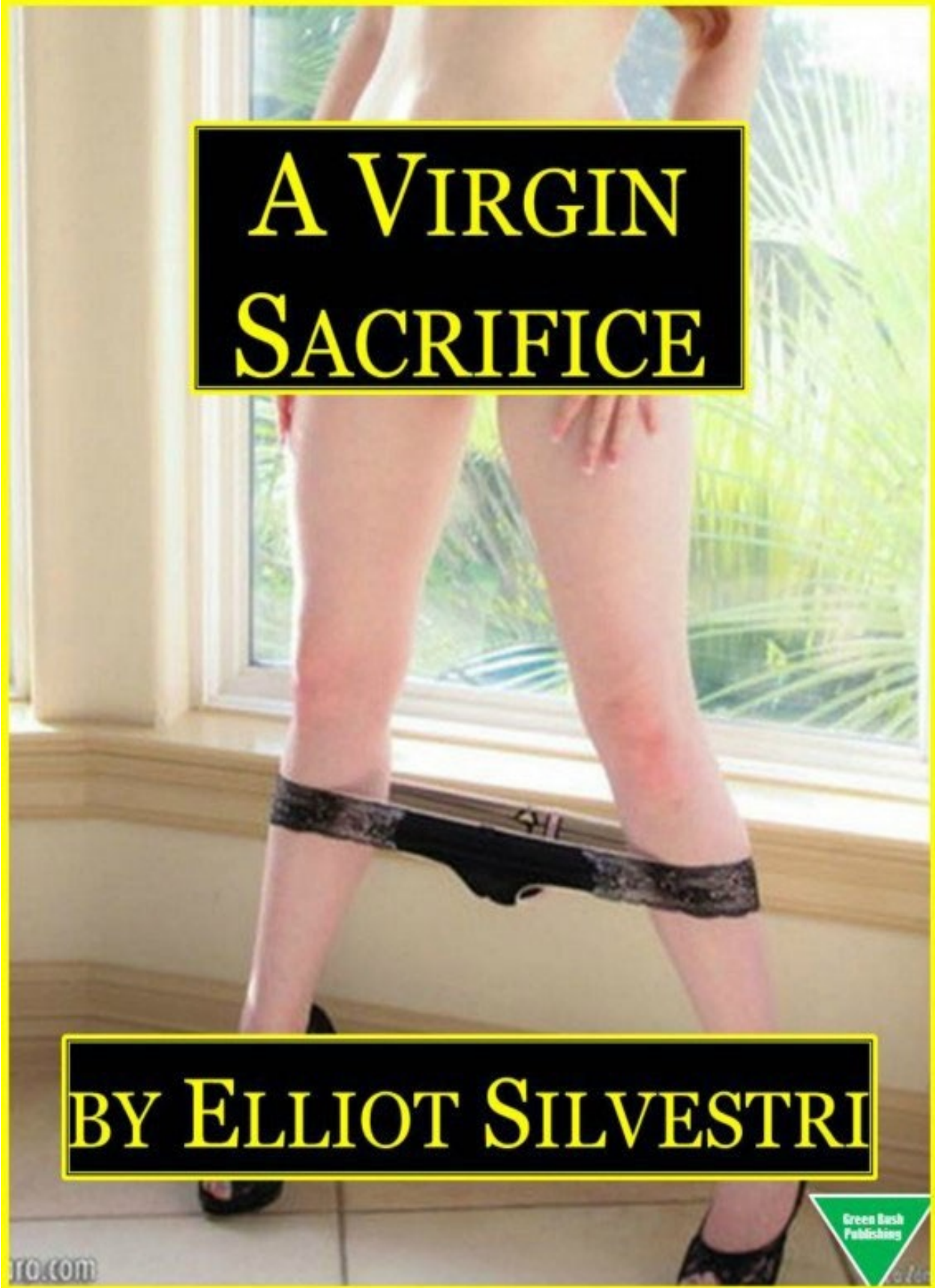




A VIRGIN SACRIFICE

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI



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A Virgin Sacrifice

By Elliot Silvestri

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

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Margeaux Known As

The Milk Thief

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Chapter One

“Paulie, want to see a human sacrifice?” my editor asked.

“Not unless you’re the victim, Scotty.” I didn’t even glance up from my keyboard. Working for an alternative weekly newspaper was all glory, let me tell you. Not only do I get to investigate, write, edit, and typeset all my articles, I get to do it while my editor hangs over my shoulder and then changes all the requests he made in the first place. Then, of course, the copy editor winds up changing my formatting anyway. It’s a living. Barely.

Scott Baford, called by the entire paper’s staff Scott Botard instead of his chosen moniker of Scott “Scoop” Baford, ignored my comment. “This is on the level. You know that religious group way up north near the border that supposedly practices all sorts of old religious practices from pagan times?”

“Pagan times were concurrent with much of Christian history,” I pointed out to him.

“Okay, pagan rituals. I think they’re supposed to be modern-day druids or something. There are always rumors going around the internet about how they practice human sacrifice and all sorts of bizarre ancient rituals.”

“‘And it must be true because I read it on the internets,’” I purposely misquoted. “Where’d you get that piece of info: Wikipedia or Imanutjob.com?”

“Nope, from the Northward Freedom Ecologists’ own website. I checked it out right after they sent me an invitation to their summer solstice celebration.”

I glanced up at him. “You serious?” I asked.

“As a heart attack, stroke and cancer all on the same day.”

“Going to pay my expenses to drive up there?” I asked. Puffery aside, if the Botard was serious about the assignment he’d pay me to go. I was seeing dollar signs already.

He held up an envelope. “Petty cash to get you started. Save your receipts and we’ll reimburse the rest when you get home. Your contact is some woman named Lilith Woods.”

I snatched the envelope out of his hand before Scoop could change his mind. “You serious about the name?”

“Yup, it’s all there. I’ll forward her emails to you.”

I was excited by this: a vacation up north at the paper’s expense. I’d take my girlfriend and make sure to get laid as much as possible, maybe even in the great outdoors.

Klare was hard at work her studio of our shared apartment when I got home. I took her paint brush out of her hand and started pulling off her clothes. “What are you doing?” she asked, not really protesting but more curious why she wasn’t being allowed to continue her artwork.

“Stripping you,” I answered. For some reason she still wore the same overalls she continually sported in college. They were now paint splattered and faded, but the clasps to the shoulder straps were easy to unhook and the denim clung tightly to her body, that’s why I liked her in them. I liked her even better out of them. Once the overalls were off it was a simple matter of removing her white t-shirt and pulling down her cotton panties. Since she never wore a bra while working she was quickly naked. I pushed her back to the futon mattress shoved into the corner of her studio where she took naps for inspiration. It’s also where we fucked when mood struck.

“Maybe I don’t want to have sex right now,” she said while laying back and spreading her legs. I kissed my way down her neck and over her chest—covered with blue and red star tattoos—down to her tiny, perky pink nipples. Today she was wearing gold rings in her nipples, each ring sporting dangling quarter-moon charm. I kissed, licked and sucked her nipples as she ran her fingers through my hair. “But maybe I can change my mind.”

“That’s what I’m trying to do,” I said, taking a quick break from her nipples then started kissing my way down her tummy. I followed the line of stars that eventually evolved into a sinuous rainbow running over her belly button—unpierced because she declared that particular adornment the province of teenyboppers—and then down to her quim. She was shaved bald—apparently

that particular affectation was not the province of teenyboppers—and the rainbow ended in a starburst right above her prominent clit. I had asked her several times how much time and money went into her elaborately beautiful tattoos. She refused to say; simply stating that a work of art is cannot be accurately valued in cash.

A moan issued from between her lips. Her scent was strong today and her juices started flowing when I licked between her legs. “You taste heavenly,” I told her, my words half-muffled by her fleshy sex. I could feel just the barest hint of stubble growing back. Shaving was allowed, but not waxing or electrolysis.

“Cock,” she sighed. “I need cock, not your tongue.” I didn’t need any further encouragement. In a wink I was out of my clothes and plunging my prick deep into her cunt. She was warm, wet and ready. She was always warm, wet and ready regardless of what she said she wanted. “Oh, that feels good,” she sighed, closing her eyes and locking her legs around my waist. “How long has it been since we fucked?”

“This morning,” I huffed into her ear. “You were half-asleep when I came in you.”

“You’re not supposed to have sex with me unless I give permission,” she said, her fingers trailing down to my ass.

“You didn’t protest,” I said.

“You should have heard me complain when I woke up with a soggy pussy and a wet spot on the bed.”

What could I do? You don’t get out of bed in the morning right away if you wake up next to a beautiful woman. “Sorry. Now turn over.”

She did as I asked, presenting me with her unmarked back and ass. For as much tattooing as Klare had done on her chest and abdomen, she had yet to decide what she wanted on her back. It was almost like fucking two different women depending on what side I was facing. I slipped my cock back into her, then pressed my thumb against the tiny brown rosebud of her asshole.

“Don’t,” she said, tensing up as I touched her and kept stroking in and out of her.

“You love it,” I told her.

“I know,” she sobbed.

“Ready?” I asked.

“Uh-huh.” She was beyond words now. I thrust a few more times into her, then carefully timed a quick thrust with my hips and my thumb at the same time, slipping by her outer sphincter. It was what she needed to make her cum, overfilled by my cock, thumb and spunk. She cried out in pain and pleasure. I loved hearing her excited cries. Never was she more beautiful than when she was cumming. Eventually we collapsed to the mattress and after a few minutes I pulled away my thumb and cock. She didn’t seem to notice for she had drifted off to sleep.

I was hard at work on my computer when Klare woke up and walked into my study. Naturally she didn’t bother to get dressed; I think I’ve seen Klare more often with the clothes off than on. “What are you doing?” she asked me sleepily.

“Researching the Northward Freedom Ecologists,” I told her.

“Why?” She still wasn’t awake. This was part of her process of coming back to reality.

“New assignment. I’m supposed to go visit them and write up their human sacrifice rituals.”

Klare blinked at me twice. Now she was awake. “You can’t be serious.”

“As serious as American obesity.”

“Why?”

“That’s what I’m going to find out. As for why I was given the assignment you’ll have to ask Scoop Botard.”

“When do you go?” I missed the tone in her voice, I was busy making notes.

“Tomorrow morning. Want to join me on a vacation up north all-expenses paid by the Capitaland Weekly? You can be my photographer.”

“I have my show in two days. And this is my fertile period.”

Shit.

“I’m sure you’re already pregnant,” I tried to reassure her. “We’ve has sex twice a day for the last week. And I’ll be sure to fuck you tomorrow morning.”

Wrong answer.

“You really don’t understand, do you?” I’d seen Klare like that before. Fire blazing in her eyes, fury masked her face.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I asked trying to deflect her anger.

“No,” she turned on her heel, stalked back to her studio, slammed and locked the door behind her. Even her leaving wasn’t all that bad. I got to admire the roll of her curvy ass as she left.

We had finally made the big decision to start a family, as it is colloquially known. Basically when Klare hit thirty she decided it was time to start having kids. She didn’t need to get married, and since I was the boyfriend of the moment (and for the past three years) I was automatically chosen as the father-to-be. I went along with the plan. But four months after the big decision, still no baby on the way even after near constant fucking on our part. I could tell she was starting to get more than a little anxious. But I still needed to do my job; after all, it was my income that was propelling our little family-to-be.

Still, there was no use arguing. I did my research late into the night and went to bed. I checked the door to her studio. It was still locked. I decided it was her loss and hit the road in my ancient Chevy Corsica, the sedan of choice for moms of all ages in the 1980s.

About an hour north of the city is a sign proclaiming the Northway as the most scenic highway in the United States. I had to admit it was probably true, but not having driven on every interstate in the US, I couldn’t say for sure. After three hours on the Northway and then another hour on minor state routes, I finally got to my destination.

The village of Hodspur was supposedly all owned by a single entity, some corporation that acted as fiscal agent for the Northward Freedom Ecologists.

There was something illegal about it, just strange. I was supposed to meet Lilith Woods at the town hall at noon. I anticipated finding the town hall more or less in the middle of the village, built in an early 20th century brick and pillar design. I couldn't have been more wrong.

The town hall was built on the edge of the village in a modern log cabin style. It was massive. Inside the building the offices were much like any other government building and I had no trouble tracking down Ms. Woods. And was I glad that I did.

Lilith Woods was a tall beautifully striking woman with blonde hair down to her waist, high arching eyebrows, lightly freckled skin, and an incredible body. She hid very little beneath her proper business suit; except for the fact her red silk blouse barely had enough buttons to close it over her prominent breasts. It was the kind of cleavage most teenage boys drooled over. I quickly shook her hand and sat down at her invitation in the office. This was a good thing, I was getting a stiffy and sitting allowed me to more easily hide my erection.

"So good of you to come see us, Mr. Dante."

"My pleasure, Ms. Woods. Tell me, why have you invited me up here? I thought your group was...fairly secretive."

She smiled. It was a look that promised pleasures and one that warned of dangers. "I'm the director of communications for the Northward Freedom Ecologists. Some members of the press have been giving us negative coverage and we've decided to change that."

"Uh-huh. You do know of course that you're more often given the title of minister of propaganda rather than director of communications by those same members of the press that I'm part of."

A light laugh pushed away my concerns. "Of course I do. That's why I've invited one and only one member of the press up to see our annual summer solstice celebration. You should feel honored."

"Or manipulated."

"True. But I'll give you full access to many things so many other investigative reporters have been thwarted of seeing."

“Like human sacrifice?” I asked. No reason to be subtle. If I was going to piss off my girlfriend by being up here, I might as well make it quick if I was going home with nothing.

Lilith shook her head. “We don’t practice human sacrifice, that’s simply barbaric. And one of those many false rumors spread by those who seek to destroy us.”

“Then what rituals does your sect practice?” I asked her.

Her brilliant smile almost won me over. Almost. “You’ll have to witness the summer solstice ritual to learn that.”

I smiled back, keeping my thoughts to myself, and allowed her to take me on a tour of the village. It was all very bland and dull: a rustic village with modern trappings. Apparently the NFE was big on getting their members to move to the village and work for the corporation—either on their many farms in the surrounding area that grew all sorts of organic foods or in one of the offices where they did all sorts of internet businesses, at least according to Lilith. It was all some big, modern ideal collective straight out of the 1960s, but with the corporate control of the 21st century, odd as that was.

“So where do all the weird sex practices and human sacrifices take place?” I finally asked out of boredom.

“Behind closed doors and in bedrooms, like any normal community,” she answered without missing a beat. “Except for the human sacrifices, of course. We stopped that back in the 1960s.”

“You’re funny,” I complimented her.

“Why thank you,” she replied pulling her car into a short driveway in front of a mid-19th century home. “I’m inviting you to dinner,” she said flat out. “There aren’t any restaurants in town, so unless you want to drive for an hour to eat, I’d suggest you stay.”

I didn’t tell her that I’d gladly follow her shapely ass anywhere, and if it included eating any manner of food off her naked flesh, so much the better. All thoughts of Klare were gone from my head. But I simply said, “Sounds delightful.”

And it was. I remember very little of the house because the moment I walked in there was stunning beauty lounging on the couch reading a book. I stopped in my tracks and stared, wondering if Lilith had a twin sister, only ten times more beautiful. Long blonde hair, incredible sapphire blue eyes, perfectly alabaster pale skin; she was gorgeous. This incredible creature stood up, presenting me with a pair of breasts barely hidden by her low-cut, too-tight t-shirt. Her nipples were more than obvious beneath the thin material for she wore no bra. Like so many young women, her t-shirt was short enough to expose her midriff and belly button. Her shorts clung to her loins like a second skin; there was no evidence of any undergarment on her body.

“I see you’ve met my daughter Impatiens,” Lilith said.

“Call me Ivy,” the goddess on Earth said to me. “What’s your name?”

I wanted to tell her that she could call me anything she wanted as long as she allowed me to kiss her feet, but somehow I managed to find my tongue, control it and tell her, “Paul. Call me Paul.”

“Her name’s not Ivy. Is it, Imp?” Lilith said.

“Impatiens Violet Young Woods,” she said. “Ivy Woods.”

“Clever,” I said.

“Too clever by half,” Lilith interjected. “I named her. Imp is a better nickname.”

I couldn’t say anything else; I was too transfixed by Ivy’s beauty. “And the best part is she’s no longer jailbait,” Lilith told me, glancing at my crotch. I hoped that my raging hard-on wasn’t too obvious.

“But I’m waiting to get married before I have sex.”

The two women’s laughter brought me out of my reverie and we managed to have a presumably delightful dinner. I don’t remember any of the details. I only remember the part at the end, probably after one too many glasses of wine, when Ivy had disappeared and Lilith and I were still talking at the table.

“I should get to sleep,” I said. “Isn’t your big solstice celebration tomorrow night?”

“Yes, but don’t go to the guest house.”

“Why not? Isn’t it for guests?”

“Yes, but it’s practically an old barn barely converted to proper accommodations for people. Stay here for tonight.”

“You have a spare room?” I blinked. She was a little blurry around the edges and I wanted to focus on her beauty, to make her look more like her daughter.

“Several, but you’d be staying in my bed.”

I laughed. What could I say or do? “I can’t sleep with the enemy,” I pointed out. “I’m a journalist and you’re a PR flack.”

“I’m sure I’m not the strangest bedfellow you’ve ever had.”

That was true. And I found it hard to leave when she started unbuttoning her blouse, exposing her near-sheer bra. Underneath the thin material her cherry-red nipples stood out prominently. “Your daughter doesn’t wear a bra,” I said. I was drunk. It was a stupid thing to say.

“She’s still a girl. She’ll be a woman all too soon.”

“I can’t,” I protested as she stood up and took my hand. She still had her bra on but I was sure it would be gone soon. “I have a girlfriend.”

“She’s not here,” Lilith pointed out. “I’m sure someone else is keeping her bed warm tonight. Help keep mine warm,” she requested, bringing my hand up to her chest.

I didn’t hesitate and slipped my finger under the sheer material and cupped her tit while lightly pinching her nipple.

“I’ll never tell if you don’t,” she whispered in my ear, then kissed the side of my neck. That was all I needed. Next thing I knew we were in her bedroom and she was pulling off my clothes.

In an instant she was on her knees, still in her bra and panties, taking my cock into her mouth. Since I was already stiff this was done out of her need to

pleasure me rather than to bring me to attention. Judging by her enthusiasm and skill, it was hardly the first time she had done this. Lilith easily took all my length into her mouth, letting her lips meet my trimmed auburn pubes. When she hit bottom, she looked up at me, mouth full of cock, exhaled through her nose, and slowly slid back, sucking hard all the way until she just had the head still in her mouth. Once there she continued to swirl her tongue around the sensitive tip and I was forced to push her away because I didn't want to cum too soon and I didn't want to waste my load in her mouth.

But she didn't let me go free either. One hand was still circled around my thigh, the other one was now gripping my balls, gently squeezing, keeping me stimulated and tight enough to keep me from cumming.

"Do you fuck every visitor to your village?" I asked. It was a rude question, but I wanted to keep her off balance, it was the journalist in me.

"I haven't fucked you yet," she pointed out. "This is just a blowjob. And the answer is no, I only fuck the cute or attractive ones."

"Thank you," I said without thinking. Then, "Wait, you haven't fucked me yet."

She laughed, loosed her grip on my package, stood up and stripped off her bra. Her breasts were even better loose than they were contained in the lacy material. High and firm, relatively small—no more than a B cup—and no droop even though, as I quickly calculated, she had to be at least thirty six years old, based on her daughter's revealed age during dinner. She then dropped her pants, revealing an almost perfectly flat tummy, just a slight bulge hinting at her age and past pregnancy. The tiny lace bikini panties she wore hid nothing from the imagination. I wanted to get on my knees and worship her pussy, but she had other plans.

"Get on the bed, face up," she ordered me. I had to obey; what choice did I have? She was on me in a moment, knees on either side of my hips, her hands caressing my face and hair, her tongue licking my neck and finding its way into my mouth. My hands slipped down her to ass and I began easing her rather modest panties down her legs. After only getting as far as was possible with her legs splayed wide, she rolled off me, stripped off her panties, and then was back on me in a minute. Apparently she favored an all natural look, her blonde bush was full and barely tamed; this was quite a change from Klare's naked pussy. My

girlfriend wouldn't go a day without making sure her pubes were shaved smooth. Lilith's grasping hand found my turgid cock and slipped me into her cunt. There was no resistance; she was wet and ready.

"Ooh," she sighed, turning her head and biting her lip, letting her hair fall into her face. "That feels good."

Right at that moment a stray thought passed through my head. "Uh, are you on some sort of birth control?" I asked.

She sighed and ground her hips down on me again. "No. Why? Is that a problem?"

"Aren't you worried about getting pregnant?"

"No." She now started pumping her hips up and down in earnest. I wouldn't be able to hold out much longer. I didn't want to cum inside her, but I also desperately needed to cum.

Like so many men in my exact same position I said the hell with it and unloaded my spunk into her pussy. Even if she did get pregnant I'd be long gone by the time the baby arrived.

When she felt my hot seed invade her inner sex, Lilith stiffened her body and clamped her legs tightly to me. Her lips went thin and she stopped all motion. Apparently her orgasms were the quiet variety. I could appreciate that because I could admire the beauty in her face.

"Ohthatwaswonderful," she said all in a rush when she was done cumming.

"Thank you," I said. "I do what I can to please."

"You'll be wonderful tomorrow, I'm sure."

"What does that mean, exactly?" I asked.

"It means you have to participate in the celebration, not just observe."

"But that's what journalists do, they observe, they don't get involved."

“You’re a traditional, old-school journalist then?” she asked. “Maybe we can get you to change your mind just this once.”

“How would you do that?” I asked her.

“Like this,” she said while dismounting me, slithering down my body, and taking my semi-soft cock in her mouth. I always enjoyed a good tongue cleaning after sex, and Lilith seemed to enjoy the mixed flavors of our fluids. And I enjoyed it enough to regain a full erection in a remarkable amount of time. But I still didn’t want to cum in her mouth. When I was sufficiently firm, I pushed her away, rolled her over, got between her legs and slipped my prick back into her warm, slippery cunt.

“Twice in one night,” she complimented me. “Oh to have a young lover and never want for a stiff cock.”

“I’ve always preferred older women.”

“What’s the biggest age difference you’ve had?” she asked me. For a woman getting fucked she was awful chatty.

“Um. Twelve years I think.”

“Oh, darn, I’m only thirty seven, that means only ten years between us. I was hoping to be your oldest.”

I let this pass a minute before I stopped fucking her. “Wait, how did you know I was twenty seven?”

She laughed at me and kissed my cheek. “I know a lot about you, honey. I have to keep up on everyone reporting on us.”

I started thrusting again. Call me crazy, but I always liked fucking older women. It’s like driving a classic sport car instead of this year’s model. Anyone can buy a brand new car, but only the connoisseur can acquire and appreciate a well-maintained and never surpassed classic. Her chattiness had rubbed off on me. “You said you’re thirty-six, right?” I asked.

“No. Thirty-seven.” She had closed her eyes and was concentrating on my cock now. With each thrust she’d tip her pelvis to increase the friction in her cunt and

then grind her clit against my pubis as the bottom of each stroke.

“How old is your daughter?”

She grinned but kept her eyes closed. “She just turned eighteen a few months ago.”

“So you were how old when you had her?”

“Nineteen, but just barely. I was eighteen when I was impregnated.”

“You started early,” I complimented her. I lightly caressed her tummy. “Your stretch marks are barely visible. How’d you manage that?”

“You wouldn’t believe the whole of it if I told you,” she whispered in my ear.

“In my high school you would have been labeled a slut,” I told her; Klare sometimes liked a little dirty talk during sex.

Lilith laughed. “We’re a little more open-minded than that around here. One of the many advantages of our little town. It’s one of the many reasons I’ve stayed here.”

“What are the others?” I asked.

“You’ll find out,” she said, reaching down and squeezing my balls. “Are you going to empty these boys into me soon?” In response to her question and her squeeze I came again, once more flooding her pussy with my cum. “Oh, yes,” she sighed into my ear.

We rested for a few minutes, me on top of her, balancing my weight, before I finally rolled off and started drifting toward sleep. A scary thought occurred to me that suddenly jerked me awake. “You aren’t married. Do you have a boyfriend, fiancée, anything like that? Someone who might come barging through the door in the middle of the night threatening my life?” I grabbed her left hand looking for a wedding band, engagement ring, maybe a tell-tale tan line of a missing piece of jewelry.

Her eyes remained closed as she answered. “No, nothing like that. You’re safe enough here.”

“What about Ivy’s father? Where’s he? Is he the jealous type?” I wondered what I would do if I came home in the middle of the night to find another man in bed with Klare.

“You don’t need to worry about him,” she told me. “He’s long gone.”

“How could he give up a beautiful woman like you?”

“There’s more to me than beauty. And who says he gave me up? Maybe I wanted to play the field a bit before settling down.”

“That was eighteen years ago,” I pointed out.

“And I’m still not done playing.”

“How many have you played with?” I asked, too sleepy to think about what I was asking.

“Um, let me do the math,” she said followed by a bit of silence. “Figure around seventy five.”

“Seventy five!” I nearly shouted.

“Yeah,” she mumbled sleepily. “That’s roughly four a year for the past eighteen years. But don’t worry. You’re in good company.” A moment later I heard her breathing moderate and she snored lightly.

“Seventy five,” I said to myself. “Makes my lifetime of six seem really pathetic.” I paused a moment. “Seven. Lilith is number seven.”

Chapter Two

I woke the next morning to an empty bed, but also the obvious sounds and smells of breakfast being cooked downstairs. I found my clothes and went looking for the kitchen. I found Lilith's daughter standing on a box wearing a long white gown while her mother knelt on the floor adjusting the hem.

"I can't believe you're taller than I was at your age," Lilith grumbled.

"Superior genetics," Ivy said, catching my eye as I walked in. Lilith's back was to me and I was able to admire the pull of her sweatpants across the curve of her hips and ass.

"Whatever," her mother said. "Step down, take off the robe, I'll finish hemming it tonight."

Lilith still hadn't notice me entering the room. Ivy, however, didn't break my gaze as she got down from the box, opened up the robe to reveal her nude body and handed the garment to her mother. If Lilith was a perfectly maintained sports car, Ivy was the model fresh off the assembly line. Her body was perfect. Not a flaw on it: full breasts, flat tummy, ample but not overly full blonde bush, perfect alabaster skin that looked like it had never been out in the sun's damaging rays. "Good morning, Paul," she said to me as she sauntered out the kitchen and up the stairs. I admired the sway and roll of her ass cheeks as she walked away.

"I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't leer at my daughter," Lilith said.

I turned back around. If Lilith shot even a momentary glance at my crotch she'd see the sudden erection I was sporting. But I was determined not to let that distract me.

"Then you shouldn't have let her strip in front of me," I replied easily.

"I didn't know you were spying on us."

"I wasn't. I just walked into the kitchen. You were distracted."

“True,” she admitted. “And she’s an adult. She certainly saw you there before she took off the robe. “She sighed. “She wanted you to see her. Kids these days. Care for some breakfast?” Without waiting for an answer she filled plates for the both of us and we sat down at the table.

“What’s with the white robe?” I asked.

“For tonight’s celebration, of course. I’ll have to get mine out as well. And we’ll have to get you one as well.”

“What for?”

“You’ll want to be there,” she simply said. “The entire village will be there. It’s why you came to see us.”

“White robes, midnight celebrations, a whole village turning out. Is this the elusive human sacrifice I’ve been pursuing?”

As she refuted each of my assertions, she ticked them off one by one on her fingers. “Your robes will be black, mine will be red. Not everyone wears white. It’ll be after sundown, not at midnight. And maybe the whole village will turn out, but there are always a few wet blankets in the mix. There won’t be blood or a human sacrifice. Everyone walks away alive.”

“Sounds a little disappointing.”

She shrugged. “Sorry. But I’m sure you’ll discover a few secrets before the night is out.”

We finished our breakfast and as she quickly washed the dishes at the sink I walked up behind her, slipped my arms around her lithe frame, pushing one hand up to cup a breast, the other I snaked down to probe at her pussy. Pressing her body into mine and arching her back, Lilith moaned in anticipation. I kissed the side of her neck and felt for moisture at her cunt lips. It was almost too easy that I was willing to fuck this beautiful woman again with barely a hint of guilt about my girlfriend back home. A moan of pleasure issued up from the back of Lilith’s throat.

“We can’t,” she groaned.

“Ivy’s here. Right. Let’s go up to your bedroom.” It wouldn’t do to have the young girl see her mother fucking a man she had met the day before on the kitchen floor.

“No, we can’t. No one’s allowed to have sex on the day of Summer Solstice. We’ll have to wait for tonight.” She reluctantly pushed me away.

“You can’t be serious.” My hard-on was reaching the point of pain.

“I’m sorry,” she said, sounding genuinely regretful. “But there are certain rules that must be followed. It’ll be worth it, though. I’ll make it up to you tonight.”

Was I really this much of a typical male that I would immediately throw away all thoughts of why I was here in the first place just so I could get laid? “Promise?” I asked.

Apparently I was just that much of a cad.

Her smile was pure. “I promise. It’ll be a night you won’t forget.” Her hand reached out and patted my erect cock. “And no masturbating either. I want you good and ready for tonight.”

Soon we were dressed and out the door. Lilith had many minor details to attend to for the evening. She offered to let me shadow her, but I opted to walk about the village and see what trouble I could find.

Problem was, I couldn’t find any. The locals were all polite and friendly. It seemed like they all knew who I was, and if not specifically a journalist, then definitely an outsider. I tried to strike up conversations wherever I went, and the locals were more than happy to discuss their general lives, but none said a word about themselves specifically or tonight’s celebration.

Bored I finally wandered back to Lilith’s house, hoping something interesting would be happening there. It was. She was sitting in front of a sewing machine rapidly running material through the presser foot. Ivy was nowhere in sight nor did I get the impression she was in the house.

“Afternoon,” I said.

Lilith didn’t even glance up at me. “Don’t talk to me. I need to finish this before

sundown.”

“Who’s it for?” I asked, ignoring her admonishment.

“You.”

“What do I need a robe for?” I asked as she held the sewed material up for me.

“Everyone needs a robe tonight.”

“Where’s yours?” I asked as she handed the dull black material over to me.

She pulled a red robe from the basket at her feet. It was bright red. I instantly felt drab next to her. “Why don’t I get to wear red?”

“Virgins in white,” she explained. “That’s why Impatiens’s robe is white, obviously. Guests wear black. Most people wear brown. And those with a touch of importance in our community wear red.”

“I didn’t realize it was so regimented.”

“It’s one tradition we like to stick to.”

“But this isn’t a human sacrifice? I don’t need to worry about getting blood on my robe?” I was half-joking with her.

She took my question seriously. “I wouldn’t worry about the robe. Any blood will get on your skin. We do the sacrifice in the nude.”

I goggled at her. “In the nude. Everyone?”

“Pretty much, a few keep on some of their clothes. And masks are popular to wear as well.”

“Masks?”

“Not everyone wants to be themselves during the ceremony,” she explained. “It also heightens the ritual and excitement of the event.”

“Do I get to wear a mask?” I asked.

“No, why would you want to?” She held up a hand halting any further questions. “We need to leave now, no more time for questions. You can ask me more after the ritual. Get your robe on.” She stripped down in front of me, divesting herself of all clothing, then tossed on the robe, completely concealing her nudity. I must have gawped at her during the process. “Well? Get a move on, we don’t want to be late!”

“I suppose I have to strip down as well?”

“Yes, you can’t be the only one wearing clothing!”

She watched as I stripped, a sly smile on her lips. I wondered if she was playing some practical joke on me, but decided to go along with it. I had to admit a touch of excitement was in me; this started to harden my cock. When my robe was on, she shoved a pair of sandals at me. I put them on and we dashed out the door.

We practically flew through the town, not quite running, but much more than a casual walk. There were no cars on the streets—a strange enough condition—but that didn’t seem to matter for everyone else was walking as well. We were all headed toward the large open field at the north end of the village, edged on one side by houses, the other three by encroaching woods.

By the time we arrived the field was already crowded, everyone wore robes, mostly brown and red, but a few other colors as well. A few people wore masks, but not many. They weren’t animal masks or bizarre Halloween masks, but simple cloth and wood pieces designed to hide the wearer’s identity, nothing more.

There were bonfires burning at all four corners of the field. At the far side of the clearing a natural stone table abutted on both ends by smaller fires. There was a large gathering of red-robed figures at the table. Behind them, arranged in a semi-circle, were two lines of white-robed figures, one of women and one of men.

This was obviously the altar where the sacrifice would be made.

Lilith grabbed me by the hand and guided me through the crowd. There was an intense murmur of anticipation in the air. As we wove our way through the milling bodies, a set of drums started pounding out a beat, this was immediately joined by cries of happiness. “What’s going on?” I asked my guide.

“We need to get you up front,” she said. “We need to have a lot assigned to you so you can participate...if you’re the lucky chosen one.”

“Chosen one?” I asked as one of the many people in the field tried to push an old-fashioned jug of wine into my hands. I demurred and he simply turned around and shared his bounty with his friends. “What’s that?”

Either she didn’t hear my question—it had gotten noisy—or she chose to ignore it. We wove between all the people pressing in around us, there was definitely an air of celebration about us. As we got close to the altar, I started noticing some of the people had started shedding their robes.

None wore clothing beneath their robes. Those that were naked started the usual movements that signaled the beginning of fucking, but I didn’t see anything all that exciting yet. It was barely a PG-rated orgy.

Finally we reached the front of the crowd and Lilith shoved me in front of a barrel full of wooden chips. “Take one,” she ordered. I did, she grabbed it from me, broke it in half, dropped one half in a bucket next to the altar, then handed me back the remaining half.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“Your token. If your other half gets picked, then you are the chosen one.”

I noticed most of the others gathered close to the altar were dressed in black or red, like Lilith and I. The light was rapidly fading and by some signal unseen and unheard by me, several of the masked red robed figures stepped forward. The drumming—still unseen by me—intensified, while the rest of the red robes behind the altar went back to the line of girls in white robes. They were all summarily disrobed and stood there, gloriously naked, except for the blindfolds I hadn’t seen until the rest of their bodies were unclothed.

“Are these the sacrifices?” I asked Lilith, nearly shouting to be heard over the drums and cries of the crowd.

“They are the virgins, one of whom will be selected as the sacrifice,” she explained. “We only need one to give up her virginity.”

And then it dawned upon me. It was a human virgin sacrifice. “You don’t

actually kill them, do you?” I asked Lilith for confirmation. “You just take their virginity for all to see?”

She laughed at me. “Of course. We aren’t barbarians. We simply celebrate life here. And what better way to do that than by a communal sacrifice of maidenhood.” She gasped and pointed. “Look! They’ve selected Impatiens! Isn’t she beautiful?”

Indeed, the red robes led Lilith’s daughter, now nude and blindfolded, to the edge of the stone altar. She was placed on her back, knees up, legs spread, her sex opened to the crowd, then each of her limbs were bound firmly to table with leather thongs. I was simultaneously appalled and excited. I’d never before seen an eighteen year old girl’s virginity taken, other than the one time I’d actually had sex with my then-virginal girlfriend in high school. Who, I wondered, would be the lucky guy from the row of male virgins that would get to deflower her?

I hadn’t noticed that one of the young men had already been chosen. But when I saw him being bound to the other end of the altar, in a similar position as Impatiens, I didn’t understand how the two would fuck for our entertainment.

But that didn’t matter to me now. The red-robes were shaking the barrel of wooden chits. One of the other nude girls was led over to the barrel. She plunged her hand into the barrel and pulled out a chit.

I shouldn’t have been surprised. A number was called out and it matched the chit in my hand. I began to wonder if I was being set up for some elaborate joke. The sheer coincidence of matters didn’t seem to bother Lilith. She was ecstatic at the outcome; I could see that she had to restrain herself from jumping up and down and clapping her hands.

I stood rooted in my spot, not knowing what to. Lilith took care of that. “You can’t say anything to her,” she instructed me. “The whole idea is anonymity and secrecy. Take off your robe.”

“What?”

“Take off your robe!” she ordered. “It’s poor form to just hike it up, you’re supposed to be naked for this.”

“For what?” I knew the answer, but I didn’t know what else to do or say. “You

can't honestly expect me to fuck your daughter in front of all these people!"

"I certainly do!" she responded angrily. I started to notice all the people around us were waiting anxiously for me to start moving toward the altar. "She's waiting for someone to take her maidenhead. You've been chosen for that honor." She grinned and groped at my robes, confirming what I already knew. My cock was erect and ready. "I see the flesh is willing, is it the spirit that's weak? Or do you have some strange moral code that lets you fuck only one other woman when not in the presence of your girlfriend?"

"But Ivy's just a girl," I protested weakly.

"She's eighteen, a woman, and waiting," was Lilith's terse response. Showing an intimate knowledge of her seamstress skills, she reached up and unclasped my robe. A quick tug quickly left me naked. This was greeted with cheers from the audience. Then she grabbed me by the rampant manhood and pulled me forward. "Now remember, not a word to her!"

I approached Ivy and she laid there on the altar. I didn't know what to expect, but the expression on her face, what I could see of it behind her blindfold, was one of a willing participant. She writhed ever so slightly under the entrapment of the leather bindings around her wrists, ankles, knees and waist. Like any man, I could only look at one part of her naked body, her open and exposed sex. Her blonde pubic curls were slightly damp, but her open lips told the true story of her desire. The labia were puffy and swollen pink, a steady trickle of her juices issued forth from her ripe womanhood, the firelight practically made her cunt juices sparkle, while her lustful scent filled the air around the altar. She wanted to be fucked.

"Go," Lilith whispered in my ear. "Keep silent. No words."

The altar was slightly cut out, allowing me access to her cunt between her spread legs. Instinct took over once Lilith gave me a little push to the altar; I took my cock in hand, positioned the head at Ivy's opening, and slipped it into her.

There was a touch of resistance as I started in, but I ignored that and pushed as hard as I could. Ivy gave a shout of pain as I sunk all the way into her ready pussy. I wasn't sure if it was because of the sudden jolt of pain or to celebrate her defloration. She struggled slightly for a moment, but her limbs and body were held fast by the leather thongs connected to the stone. It was a good

position to fuck her in. I stood on my feet, leaning slightly forward, keeping my weight on my arms. All Ivy had to do was lay there. When I started thrusting and she started moaning—in pain or enjoyment I couldn't tell—it suddenly occurred to me I was fucking her without even the thought of birth control. I could only assume the girl was somehow protected for I certainly wasn't wearing a condom and everyone else seemed more than happy for me to be fucking her bareback.

She had a sweet, tight pussy as behooved any eighteen year old who had never before been fucked. I didn't want to cum too soon and spoil the ceremony with too rapid a conclusion, so slowed my thrusts and looked up. I saw the naked youth who had been trussed like Ivy at the opposite end of the altar. He had been mounted by an older woman with large tits, short brown hair and a slightly bulging belly that showed stretch marks from at least one pregnancy. For an older woman, she was still quite attractive and if the eighteen year old beneath her was truly a virgin before tonight, he was getting a treat for his first time in the world of carnal knowledge.

I probably didn't last nearly as long as I wanted to or thought I did. But I blame that on the unusual circumstance of the night. All too soon I came—and came hard—filling Ivy's pussy with my semen.

She sighed with relief at the conclusion of our fucking. I wasn't sure if she came or not, but that didn't seem to matter to the red-robe who separated us once I was done. What happened next was a blur. I'm certain Ivy was freed from the thongs holding her down and her legs were drawn up to the sky. She was allowed to lay there as I stumbled back to the main crowd. I noticed the other couple on the altar was still eagerly humping away. I felt a bit embarrassed that my staying power was less than a teenage boy, but I was impossible to know if he had already cum and she was just grinding on him, or if he was making the most of his first time with a woman.

The crowd had degenerated into a mass orgy. Most of the robes had been thrown off and naked bodies spread across the field. The couplings and groupings were impossible to sort out. I saw men and women in all positions and all possible permutations: men with women, women with women, men with men, trios and more. There seemed to be no restriction on who joined with whom. I was confused; I didn't know where to go. Once again I was rescued by Lilith who took me by the hand and led me out of the orgy. No one seemed to notice our departure.

“You looked scared and exhausted,” she told me once we were at the edge of the field, standing on the sidewalk that signaled the start of the village proper.

“Just confused,” I said, trying to regain my composure. It was almost surreal. Somehow along the way Lilith had picked up my robe. She handed it to me and I put it on. I noticed that she didn’t bother to close hers. Her skin was slightly reddened and when I glanced at her pussy, there were the obvious leavings of another man. She had been busy while I was fucking her daughter. “Thanks for getting me out of there.”

“You’re welcome.” She looked back at the massive orgy with longing. “I was hoping to participate in the celebration for a little longer, but as your guide, I’m obligated to see to your needs. We wouldn’t want our community to get a bad report in your newspaper.”

If I hadn’t been so exhausted I would have gladly joined her back in the field to participate in the orgy. How many more opportunities in my life would I have to get such open and willing sex from complete strangers? But performing for the audience had taken too much out of me.

“Right now I’d just like to go to sleep,” I confessed. I wasn’t sure how much time had passed. It was now dark and officially nighttime, but what the hour was I didn’t know. Lilith walked me to her home, her robe open, exposing her nude body to the world, though the streets were deserted and no one but me was treated to the show.

Once in her house I was lead to the same bed she and I had fucked in the night before. Lilith helped me out of the robe and I fell onto the soft mattress. A moment later she joined me, her body now divested of the red robe. But she wasn’t there to sleep. I was immediately straddled by her firm thighs and she reached between my legs to find my cock. She did, but was disappointed to find I was soft.

“Oh, poor baby...all tired. Well I’m not and I need to fuck tonight. I’ve got just the thing for you.” She rolled off me and opened up the drawer in the nightstand next to her bed. The small wooden box she pulled out was without ornamentation except a bright brassy hinge and clasp. Her fingers danced on the clasp and it sprung open. “Just a little whiff is all you need,” she told me. “It’s powerful stuff.”

“I’m not snorting any cocaine,” I told her. Call me a member of Nancy Reagan’s army, but I didn’t need that in my life, it was fucked up enough.

“It’s not coke,” she laughed at me, licking her finger and dipping it into the off-white powder. I expected her to lick it off, but instead she reached between her legs and wiped the powder into her sex. “Whoo! That always gives me a thrill. And a tingle. You can either snort it or rub it on your gums. Needs to go on a mucus membrane, so rubbing it on your cock won’t work.”

“What is it?” I asked.

“An aphrodisiac,” she said. “Take some, quick.” She shimmed her hips. “I needed it bad earlier, now it’s even worse!” She proffered me a small metal straw that was hidden in the box’s lid.

Everything is an adventure in life. I stuck the straw in my nose and lightly inhaled the powder.

She wasn’t lying. A few moments after the aphrodisiac hit my system I was ready to fuck. My cock was erect and ready to the point of near painfulness. Lilith threw me down on the bed and mounted my sex. We were both hot and fiery and overeager to fuck; she after her anonymous encounter, me after stripping her daughter’s virginity. I could feel the other man’s cum in her quim and that only excited me more. We rolled over and over, each one wanting to take a turn being in charge. I came first when she was one top. She crowed with triumph as she came shortly after me. The aphrodisiac kept me hard after I filled her. I pushed her off me, forced her up on hands and knees, and then took her from behind. Her cunt was so slick I was having trouble getting any friction so I could get off.

“Want to fuck me in the ass?” she offered as I steadily increased my efforts and speed.

“No,” I grunted. “I’m going to fill you up so you’ll never have to fuck another man in your life!”

She laughed at me. “The day after you leave, I’ll have a new man in my bed. He’ll have my quim and my ass in the same night. He’ll erase any memory of you from my cunt.”

That was enough to make me cum again. I felt my orgasm from my toes up to my balls. It was almost painful cumming a third time that night, but it was still good. It was always good. I collapsed against Lilith, forcing her down on the bed, pinning her beneath my weight. My hand was on her cunt. I opened her wet, sloppy lips with my fingers, found her clit and started rubbing.

“No,” she weakly protested.

It was easy to ignore her complaints and bring her off again. It was good.

And then we finally slept.

Chapter Three

I woke to an empty bed. I was getting used to that. Again I found Ivy and Lilith downstairs in the kitchen preparing breakfast. I hesitated outside the doorway, eavesdropping on their conversation. It was the reporter in me.

“Are you sore?” Lilith asked her daughter.

“A little,” the girl I had deflowered answered. “But I suppose that’s to be expected.”

“I bet you aren’t half as sore as I am,” Lilith complained. “Paul fucked me twice last night.”

“I’m jealous!” Ivy cried.

“You’ll get plenty of more men in the future. You should be happy that you were one of the chosen last night.”

“Like you were,” Ivy said.

“Yes, like me. But I’m sure that had a little to do with the decision last night.”

“I wonder if I’m pregnant,” Ivy mused.

Pregnant? I wondered, my stomach sinking.

“Only time will tell, dear,” Lilith responded.

“You were lucky to get a bellyful on your first time,” she sighed wistfully. “I hope I’m lucky like you.”

“We’ll find out soon enough. Have a little patience.”

“Do you ever regret not knowing my dad?” she asked.

“Nope, I didn’t need a man interfering with me raising you. And you turned out

perfect. We're both better off not knowing. Just like you won't know who the father of your child is."

At this point I decided I'd heard enough but didn't want to get into a nasty confrontation, I snuck back upstairs and pretended to be coming down for the first time, being as noisy as seemed reasonable without being obvious. When I came around the corner into the kitchen both women were looking expectantly at me. "Why is it that you sleep in every morning?" Lilith asked me before I had the chance to sit down.

"Life of a lazy worker," I told her. "I get to set my own hours and therefore, I sleep in whenever I want."

Ivy said nothing to me. I tried to give nothing away as I looked at her, she seemed distracted. It was unlikely she knew that I was the one to fuck her last night, but I decided to play a game of informational chicken with her. "So I got to see you lose your virginity last night," I commented. "Not something that most girls generally want to do in front of a thousand people."

She immediately brightened. "Well, I'm not like most girls, am I?" She laughed and tossed her hair back. Somewhat like most girls her age. At least it wasn't a giggle. "Do you know who it was who deflowered me?"

I shook my head. "No, your mother already warned me about that. I can't reveal that to you. But what I want to know is how such a secret is kept from you when a thousand people already know."

At this point Lilith jumped in. "Actually, since we use outsiders as much as possible, most people here wouldn't know that identity of her first lover. And don't forget it was dark as well. His identity is well kept, trust me on that account." She smiled.

"Aren't you worried about getting pregnant? Or some STI?" I asked her. "Or did you take some precautions before your encounter?"

"Nope," she crowed proudly. "I did it bareback like nature intended. Don't you understand? I want to get pregnant, like my mother did with me on her first time, on Summer Solstice Celebration. I'm one of the lucky few born of such a union. I have to continue that lineage."

I was dumbfounded. Obviously these people lived in a different world than I. Before I could ask anything more to continue our conversation there was a knock at the door. The newly arrived didn't bother to wait for Ivy or Lilith to let them in, they let themselves in. It was a troop of five girls, all around Ivy's age, wearing white robes trimmed in red.

"Your escorts are here," Lilith said, as if the quintet had been expected.

"Who are they?" I asked her, looking at the cheery faces of the girls who surrounded Ivy.

"We are Impatiens' escort for the next month," one of the girls replied. "We are to keep her safe, it is our duty."

Ivy winked at me. "They're supposed to keep me from fucking any other guys until it's proven I'm preggers or not. I can't let a man anywhere near my holy pussy until the pee stick turns blue or the red waters rush forth again."

"Must you be so crude?" her mother asked.

"I know," she complained falsely. "Girls' these days, Mother," she sighed. "I have to go now." And with that the others escorted her out of the house. I only noticed now that Ivy was still wearing her pure white gown.

I immediately turned on Lilith. "You set me up to get your own daughter pregnant!" I accused her.

"So?" she asked archly. "Don't apply your common world morality here. She wants to be pregnant. The entire village wants her to be pregnant! It doesn't matter if she only just turned eighteen and isn't married. She has the support of hundreds of people here. Her child will never go hungry or starved for love. Can you say that of every child born in your community?"

I opened my mouth, bit back my answer, then spoke carefully. "I don't care what you do up here," I told her. "I'm sure if your daughter did catch a bellyful she'll be fine. What I don't like is the fact you used me to try and get her pregnant! What makes you think I'll give up the right to my child?"

I'll give her credit, Lilith was cool and unruffled. "First, it's unlikely she's pregnant with your child. Second, those escorts are taking her to a house where

she'll be sequestered for the next month. Big open secret here: every boy who wants a go at her for the next month will get it. They sneak the boys in the back door. Both boy and girl are blindfolded and allowed to go at it all night long. No one knows who the father might be if she does wind up knocked up. There will be so much cum in her pussy the next few days it'll be a miracle she'll be able to walk from being so sore and full. Don't worry, any child she issues forth is unlikely to be yours."

"Very underhanded of you."

"Thank you," she complimented me. "We try."

"And you know all this because you live here?"

"Partly that, and partly because—don't forget—I was in her exact same position. The village is very appreciative of any woman who conceives a girl-child on summer solstice. How do you think I was given this wonderful house? And to make doubly sure the virgin is impregnated, we let the boys have her as many times as she and they wish."

"You're prostituting her!"

"She knows what she stands to earn if she conceives. Is she any different from a wife who births a boy-child for a rich grandfather eager to continue the family line? How many wives earned their keep on their backs? It isn't the act she's being paid for, but the fruits of the act."

I shook my head. "This is strange. More than passing strange."

"I'm sure you'll give us a positive write-up in your paper," she said kneeling on the floor in front of me. "I'm sure more than a few men would be willing to join a community that so highly values virile men." She reached for me crotch and pulled down my pants. "Want to celebrate my daughter's coming pregnancy?" she asked, then took my cock in her mouth without permission.

I didn't resist her warm wiles. "You're very good at that," I complimented her.

"Most men think so," she said after taking my erect cock out of her mouth. "It's one of the many talents I've worked on over the years." She stood up and dropped the bathrobe she had been wearing. For a thirty-seven year old woman

there was hardly any difference between her body's and her daughter's. Other than a few faint stretch marks around her tummy, a good dose of freckles, and very well-hidden wrinkles, in the dark I'm sure there was no different between the two. Even their pussies felt much the same, except, of course, that Ivy's was a bit tighter, but I attributed that to her virginity, not age. Without so much as a by-your-leave Lilith straddled my legs and sat down on my lap, guiding my cock into her seemingly always well-moistened cunt. It was good to be back inside her again.

"How come you never had more children after Ivy?" I asked.

"I couldn't find the right man," she said while grinding her hips down on my manhood. I leaned forward and took a nipple between my lips, lightly biting the sensitive bud as I did so.

"But you don't know the man who impregnated you," I pointed out to her, my voice slightly muffled by her soft tits.

"And it's hard to improve on that perfection," she commented, starting to bounce up and down with enthusiasm.

"Did you get your tubes tied?" I asked. "Get serious with birth control? Never fuck a man since giving birth?"

"Shut up," she moaned. "Those answers, in order, are: no, no, no. I've just never been knocked up since."

"Have you ever tried to get pregnant again?" I asked looking up into her eyes that were glassy with building desire.

"Every time I've fucked since Ivy's birth."

And that certainly included me, each time since I met Lilith.

"That makes you a slut," I whispered in her ear.

"I'll wear the label proudly," she replied. "I'm not going to have a condom come between me and my lovers." A shuddering sigh escaped her lips and her body shook with her pleasure. When she was done cumming, she reached down between our bodies; one hand circled around my balls, gently and firmly

squeezing, the other went to her clit, which she circled with her nimble fingers. Her hips started jerking back and forth, it didn't take her long to make me cum. "Fill me up," she whispered in my ear. "Be a man and give me a baby."

When I emptied my balls into her womb, I wondered if she was lying to me, if it was the truth, and if I had any chance at all of getting her pregnant. I spent the rest of the afternoon seriously interviewing her about her community way up in the Adirondacks. It was interesting, but I got my most revealing insight as evening dawned and she asked if I wanted to indulge in a little adult entertainment.

"What? Do you have strip clubs up here? Bawdy houses?"

"No, just some televised porn."

"Why not?" I agreed. She switched on the TV, fiddled with the controls and settled on what appeared to be a reality show inspired bit of voyeurism. The camera must have been mounted high on the wall and was pointed down toward a large bed that was currently unoccupied. After a few minutes of staring at empty sheets I turned to Lilith. "Somehow I thought this might be more exciting."

"Wait," she said, not removing her eyes from the screen for a second. It a minute or two the scene was suddenly filled with two bodies. The man was topless and wore jeans. The woman was nude. They both wore blindfolds. It only took me a moment to realize the woman was Ivy. The pair rolled back and forth for a bit, kissing and petting like a pair of horny teenagers, before the girl managed to get his pants off and exposed his erect cock. All the while the camera was slowing panning in on them. It took me a minute to understand what was happening.

"Don't you find it even slightly distasteful to be watching your own daughter having sex?" I asked Lilith.

She shook her head, not looking away. "I saw her deflowered, why would this bother me?"

"It just seems more than a little odd. Incest is one of those universal sexual taboos."

"I'm not having sex with her, I'm watching her have sex."

“Still,” I said.

“We installed these cameras to keep people safe, not for voyeurism. And besides, what woman wouldn’t want to see her own grandchild conceived?”

“You’re the only woman I know that would want to do that.”

My slight was missed by her because just then Lilith squealed, “Look! He just came in her! It didn’t take him long at all. She can’t be satisfied.”

Before I could comment another figure entered the scene. It was another boy, again no older than Ivy, he quickly took the place of the other boy between Ivy’s spread thighs, sinking his already erect cock into her sopping cunt. “Oh good,” Lilith said. “Maybe this boy will get her off.”

“He didn’t last long,” I commented.

“Young boys are like that,” she said. “I should know.”

I opted not to follow up on that comment of hers. It was more than passing strange watching Ivy fuck two different guys in quick succession; the girl was insatiable. Another boy was led into the room and it wasn’t long before both boys were on the bed with her, one was fucking her from behind, spooning her as they lay on their sides, the other received a rather delicate blowjob from Lilith’s daughter. I was both aroused and aghast.

“Let’s see what else is on,” Lilith said, reaching for the remote and flicking through the channels. It dawned upon me that she wasn’t actually searching through television stations, she was clicking through the feeds of various closed circuit television cameras. Most were focused on empty scenes, most were boring, but eventually she found a pair of girls together on a bed. One was nude, on her back, legs splayed with the other girl, wearing just a pair of demure white panties, between her partner’s legs, face buried up to her ears in the girl’s muff. Lilith stopped. “Do you like lesbo action?” she asked me.

“What man doesn’t?” I replied.

“Good,” she said, as she unzipped her pants, pushed them down to the floor, and slipped her hand between her legs. “Mmm,” she sighed. I watched her busy fingers half-hidden by her lacy panties, and then looked back at the TV screen.

“Wait, weren’t those girls here this morning? Aren’t they the ones who took Ivy away this morning?”

“Mm-hmm,” Lilith absently replied. “The short one is really cute. I wouldn’t mind bedding her.” The short one was the one getting her pussy eaten out by her taller companion.

“Do they know you’re watching them?” I asked, once again in journalist mode.

Her fingers slowed and she closed her eyes, but didn’t remove her hand from her panties. “Yes and no. They know the cameras are there, but they don’t know when people are watching.”

“Okay,” was all I could think to say. I picked up the remote and studied the controls. They were fairly simple and in a moment, I was zooming in, focusing on the small tits of the shorter girl. Then I zoomed back out and discovered another set of voyeurs. “Who are those two?” I asked Lilith.

She sighed again and opened her eyes. On the screen were two young men sitting in a pair of chairs, there were heavy leather cuffs around their wrists and ankles, keeping them seated and in place. After a quick glance Lilith identified the pair. “Derek and David,” she said. “They’re a handsome pair. The girls are teasing them. Minxes. Don’t worry, they’ll be sure to fuck the pair before the night is over.”

“And they willingly allowed themselves to be tied up like that?”

This elicited a harsh bark of laughter from Lilith. “Of course they did! Once invited into the house they are assured of getting laid, but only by the rules set down by the girls. Apparently these two were promised a good fuck, but only if they were tied up. I can imagine a hundred scenarios under which they’d say yes. Besides, what eighteen year old boy wouldn’t want to watch a couple of girls making love in front of him?”

Only gay ones, I thought and went back to watching. Even live porn holds a limited allure with a ready and willing woman next to you. A minute later I was on my knees in front of her, pulling down Lilith’s panties. “I’ve been waiting for that,” she sighed, pressing my face into her pussy. I opened my mouth and once again tasted her copious juices. When I looked up and met her downward gaze I couldn’t help but think that somehow she had engineered the whole series of

events over the past few days and I was just an unwitting but very willing pawn in the whole process.

I went home the next day after a slow, languorous fuck in bed with Lilith. I actually woke up with her mouth on my cock. Once I was awake she wordlessly straddled me, taking my hard, wet cock into her waiting pussy. There was little left to say or do, though I desperately wanted to get in Ivy's cunt one more time, I knew that wasn't going to happen. Eighteen year old girls generally don't want to bed men approaching thirty when they have their choice of beautiful young men. Lilith sent me on my way in my ancient car with a kiss and no promise. I knew I wouldn't be back; her world wasn't the world for me.

What was waiting for me at home was a more than slightly ticked off girlfriend whom I hadn't bothered to call during my entire trip. True, she hadn't tried to reach me either—though I had my doubts about cell phone coverage up in the Adirondacks—but ignoring her wasn't a good idea, of that I was sure. Instead of finding my possessions thrown onto the street and the locks changed, I instead found a manila envelope on the kitchen table with my name on it. Inside, in a plastic baggie, was a home pregnancy test with a positive result. When Klare came home all was forgiven apparently. We celebrated her pregnancy with an evening-long fuck session, all the while I wondered if the baby growing inside her was truly mine. I had no reason to doubt Klare's faithfulness, just like she had no reason to doubt mine, but I'd fucked two women in the short amount of times that I was gone. Could I not expect her to do the same?

Everything was soon back to normal. In a few weeks my article was printed in the paper and I received some minor accolades from readers in the city and members of the Northward Freedom Ecologists. Klare and I started to look around to buy a house now that we'd be outgrowing our apartment. As autumn started to approach an envelope arrived at my desk at the newspaper. There was no letter inside, just the printouts of two ultrasounds from two women. Both were a little over a two months pregnant.

I didn't tell Klare.