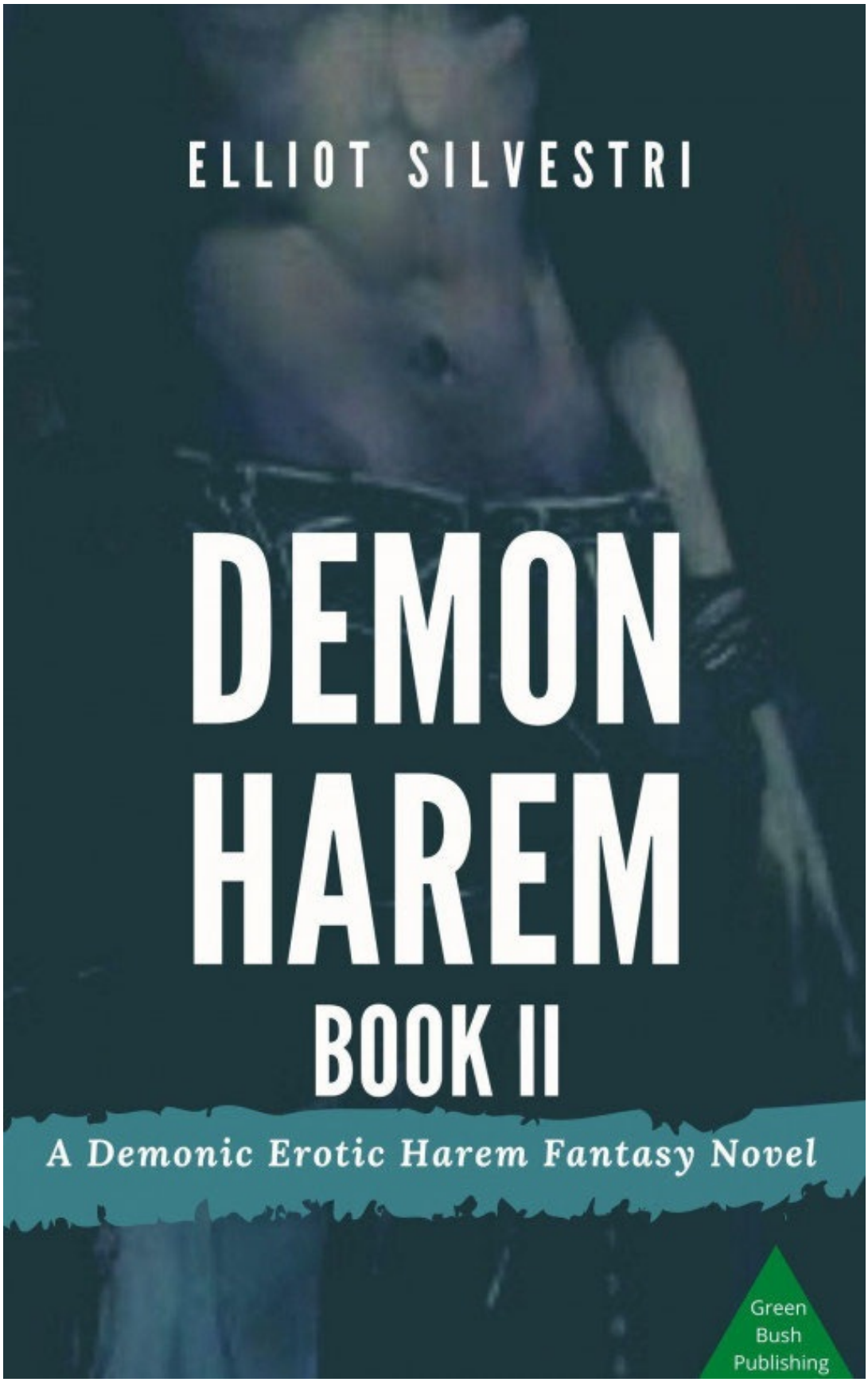
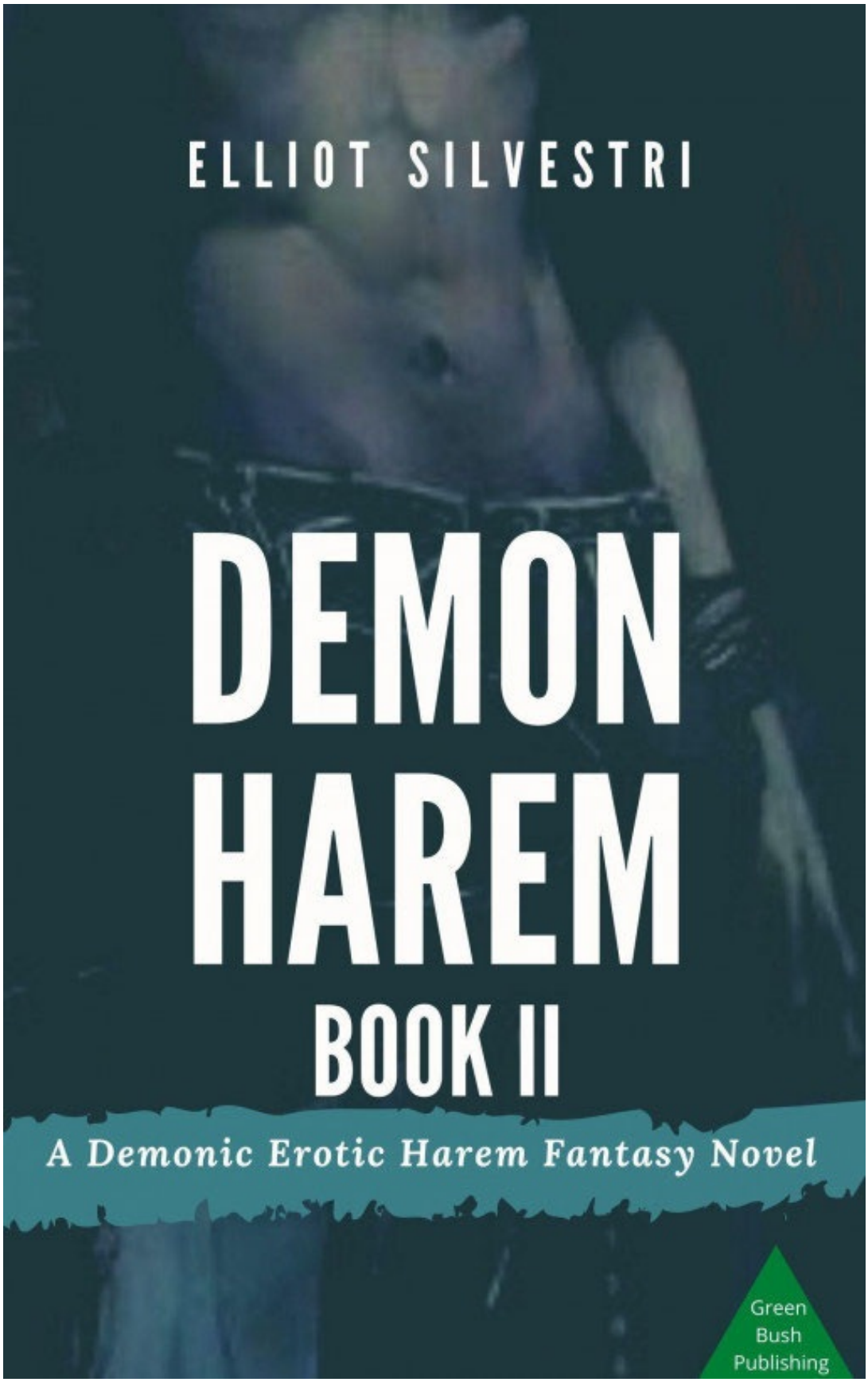

ELLIOT SILVESTRI
DEMON HAREM
BOOK II
A Demonic Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel
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Demon Harem

Book II

An Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Demon Harem

Book II

An Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel

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Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Chapter 5

“Silence!” Killenne said over Evie’s screaming.

Evie continued to scream, but she made no noise. Her mouth was wide open and no sound came out.

“You found an annoying one,” Killenne commented to me.

I’ll admit it. I was staring at her chest. Her tits were only covered by a thin athletic bra and I could see the outline of her nipple shields through the material. It was black which nicely set off her purple skin.

“I didn’t find her,” I said as Killenne glared at me. I realized she was expecting me to say something. “She found me. She’s my housemate.”

That amused Killenne. “Playing a dangerous game.”

Before I could reply, Evie inserted herself between us. She was running her mouth, but no sounds came out. It was a neat spell Killenne had used on her.

“I’m not playing!” I protested.

Killenne looked me up and down. “You look good as a demon. Half-demon, I mean. Sexy. I can see why you’re attracting all sorts of women.”

Because we were ignoring her, Evie started flapping her arms around for attention. I was getting annoyed at that now and she seemed to have calmed down a bit. At least she wasn’t actively screaming any more and she was obviously alive.

“Can you let her talk again?” I asked Killenne.

“Amplify,” said the succubus.

“—the fuck’s going on here, Seth!” she finished and seemed thrilled to have her voice back.

“Simple,” I said even though it was anything but. “I’m a demon—”

“Half-demon,” Killenne corrected me.

“—and you’re attracted to me because I’m a demon. And this is Killenne, she’s a succubus and keeps an eye on me.”

“You’re fucking demon!” Evie was near hysterical again.

I raised a warning finger. I liked the claw at the end. “Half-demon.”

“And succubus,” added Killenne. She looked Evie up and down, carefully inspecting the other woman’s nude body. Just her gaze was enough to cause Evie to cover her tits with one arm and her crotch with the opposite hand. “Don’t cover yourself, girl. You’re beautiful. I’d go for that pussy if Seth here hadn’t already laid claim to it.”

“I can’t believe I just fucked a demon,” said Evie, slumping to the bed but still covering herself. “I can’t believe demons exist.”

Killenne snorted at that comment.

“What was I thinking? I fucked another guy! Alex can’t find out!”

“Alex?” asked Killenne.

“Her boyfriend,” I explained.

“Technically fiance,” Evie corrected me. “Why did I fuck you?” she moaned in emotional pain. “This was so stupid.”

“You fucked him because he’s a half-demon,” Killenne explained. “He’s irresistible to normal mortal women. That’s why.” She looked me up and down again. “Of course, I fucked him as well. He’s tasty, isn’t he?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Evie moaned. “I didn’t give him a blowjob. You stopped that.”

Killenne giggled at that. “Don’t feel bad. You aren’t the only one who fucked him recently.”

Evie’s eyes were huge. “I already knew about Judi, but you fucked him as well?”

“Yes.”

“And don’t forget Janine,” I interjected, proud of myself.

That only served to upset Evie further.

“I think you’d better leave,” I said to Killenne.

“The girl is distraught!”

“I’ll get her calmed down,” I reassured the succubus. “She just made a mistake. She didn’t know what she was doing with me. She needs to keep her relationship with Alex.”

Killenne smirked at me.

“You’ve got a lot to learn, young man,” the purple-skinned demon lectured me. “But the best way to learn is to fail and correct the errors of your ways.” She winked at me then winked out of existence.

“You’re a fucking demon!” Evie wailed at me.

She was right whether she stressed demon or fucking. But that wasn’t the point at the moment.

I quickly looked at myself in the mirror and briefly admired my demonic body. This couldn’t be the way I was going to look the rest of my life. Clearly Killenne could change her appearance, or at least use magic to mask it, so I closed my eyes and focused and wished myself to appear human again.

I could feel my skin ripple and there was a vague sensation akin to fingernails on the chalkboard only worse and silent, and when I opened my eyes, I was myself again.

No, I was always myself. I was just human in appearance again. According to the mirror and my eyes.

But what can you believe nowadays?

Evie had collapsed back onto the bed and was sobbing and sniveling. I grabbed her upper arms and hauled her to her feet. This was made slightly uncomfortable by the fact that we were both still naked, but I needed to get things back to some

semblance of normal.

I did what anyone, or any half-demon I suppose, would do.

I slapped Evie across the face.

Her face was getting quite a workout. I sort of wish I had cum on it.

“Get a hold of yourself,” I told her.

She put her hand to her face. Already I could see the marks of my fingers on her cheek.

“So you fucked me? So what? So I’m a demon? So fucking what?”

“Half-demon,” she muttered.

“Great. You were listening to what Killenne was saying. You’re not the first woman to cheat on her boyfriend or fiance or whatever the fuck. Take a shower. Slap a smile on your face and maybe fuck Alex tonight. I won’t say anything and you won’t say anything. He will never know.”

Evie nodded. Maybe she wasn’t thinking straight. Maybe she was. I didn’t care. “Right. This was just a one-time thing.” She quickly gathered up her clothes and exited my room.

She had a great ass, I’ll give her that.

Evie got herself together and jumped into the shower. I waited until she was done and was changing her clothes in her bedroom. Maybe both of us showering immediately after work might be a bit suspicious but I didn’t give a fuck.

I was proud of my recent record in fucking women.

I wondered if all women were vulnerable to my demonic dick nature. Could I bed anyone just by looking at her and giving her an eyebrow waggle?

I wanted to find out.

Everything was back to normal, more or less, when Evie approached me in the living room.

“I was thinking about you in the shower,” she said.

I grinned and tilted my head at her. “So soon?”

She sighed in frustration. “Stop that. I need to focus right now. I’m not attracted to you. You’re not my type.”

“Good to know. Alex won’t be suspicious.”

“But I want to fuck you again. Right here and right now.”

I gave her a level gaze. “That’s not what we discussed.”

“I know, but I’m intellectualizing it. I want to have sex with you, but I’m not going to do it. It’s sort of like…when you need to have an orgasm and don’t want to have sex so you just masturbate a bit to get off, but nothing more than that.”

“I feel so flattered that you think I’m only worthy of lame jilling off.”

“No, it’s not that!” She was exasperated and I was a bit annoyed with her. “It’s that…you have this…aura about you that makes me want to fuck you.”

“Huh. Really?”

“Yeah, really. I mean, you’re attractive enough—”

“Thanks.”

“—but there’s nothing really that makes me want to fuck you…other than this mystical thing you’ve got going on.”

“That’s pure charisma, baby.” I gave her a leering wink.

“You said recently you’ve been fucking women left and right.”

“So?

“Has that happened before?”

I paused. “...no.”

“So maybe it’s because you’re a demon.”

“Half-demon,” I corrected her.

“Just don’t mistake sex for love,” she told me. “I did that once in college with a guy I hated.”

“What happened to him?”

“I fucked him every chance I got. I wound up breaking up him and his girlfriend.” She shook her head. “Not worth it.”

Evie had given me a lot to think about. I retreated to my bedroom for the night.

Alex arrived home late that night.

I heard the two of them making the bed springs squeak.

I jerked off to them.

Chapter 6

Maybe I shouldn’t have, but I resolved not to fuck just any woman who threw herself at me over the next couple of days, just to see what would happen.

It wasn’t exactly like I had women throwing themselves at me.

At least it hadn’t been happening until my twenty-fifth birthday.

Maybe the receptionist at the front desk gave me a longer stare than usual as I walked in. Maybe she winked at me.

I tried to ignore her.

I got all the way to my office and actually got some work done before I got off track.

My phone buzzed with a text message and I foolishly looked at it.

I know we’re supposed to follow the three day rule, but I want to fuck you again right now.

It was from Judi. Just looking at the message made my cock hard.

Technically it hadn’t been three days yet. We were approaching seventy two hours.

I was about to text her back before I realized I was already breaking my resolve.

“Don’t fuck women just because they offer,” I told myself aloud.

I ignored my good advice and texted her back.

I’m at work. Maybe tonight?

It took her all of thirty seconds to respond to me.

What are you doing on your lunch? Me?

She followed that with a winking emoji.

I couldn’t help myself.

I didn’t say no.

The parking garage at my office didn’t offer much in the way of privacy. That was fine because it was dark enough and we were stuck in a corner and Judi only gave me a blowjob in the front seat.

She was very good at it.

I had given her directions to my car and after a quick kiss she lowered her head to my lap and unzipped my pants.

“You don’t have to do this,” I warned her.

“I want to do this,” she mumbled around my knob.

I let her do it.

I figured I would tell her about my demonic dick aura when she was done.

It wasn’t like I was hurting her.

I noticed after half a minute that while she was slobbering all over my cock she had shoved one hand up her skirt. I heard her wetly fingering her pussy. She was using her other hand to hold my cock.

I could have been a gentleman and pulled up her skirt and fingered her ass or pussy, but she was doing such a good job, I just decided to sit back, relax, and enjoy the show.

I didn’t know if I was just sailing on the high of having been with so many women recently or if Judi was particularly talented at sucking cock because she had me on edge in no time at all.

I had to actively fight against cumming too quickly.

I didn’t fight that hard.

I gave her enough warning but Judi didn’t stop sucking.

I admired her for that.

As I unloaded into her mouth, she swallowed every spurt I gave her.

I admired her more for that.

“Oh fuck you can suck!” I groaned when she was done.

Mostly done. She kept sucking and sucking, trying to get every last drop of my cum. I was in my super-sensitive phase so she had me gasping again and trying to get away from her hungry mouth.

Eventually I had to push her off my cock.

That left her smacking her lips and swallowing hard, getting the last of my spunk down her throat.

“Delicious!” she declared when I caught her eye.

“Are you serious?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” She had a triumphant grin on her face.

“Uhh…most women I’ve been with say cum tastes horrible,” I informed her as I tucked my cock away and zipped up, adjusting my pants in the process. I was glad that I hadn’t accidentally changed into my demonic form as I came. That would have been…difficult to explain.

“Yours is tasty,” she said, licking her lips. “Some men improve the taste by eating lots of pineapple and drinking fruit juices. Do you do that?”

I thought of what I’d eaten over the past week.

“Uh…no. I guess I’m just lucky.”

“Or I am,” she said with the look of a woman smitten. Or worse. She moved quickly and grabbed the back of my neck, pulling me close for a kiss.

I didn’t taste any of my cum on her tongue, which suited me just fine.

After she broke our kiss, she further surprised me by sticking her fingers into her mouth, sucking off her pussy juices.

“You’ve got it bad,” I breathed.

“What?” she mumbled around her fingers.

“Lust. Need to get fucked. More lust.”

“I’ll fuck you anytime, anywhere,” she said happily.

“Really. Fucking hell and all that, Judi. We barely know each other.”

She ran a finger along the edge of her lips, presumably to get the very last remains of my cum. “So? I’m just in it for the sex.”

“Somehow that’s worse,” I muttered.

I had turned away from her and she now grabbed my chin and turned my face back towards hers. “I think you did this to me.”

“What?” Did she know I was a half-demon?

“There’s just something about you that I can’t resist,” she said and quickly kissed me again. “I’d do whatever you asked me to. Anything.” She gave me another quick kiss. “I know this is crazy and wrong, but with you it feels right.”

Her words made me nervous. One of my friends in high school had been a nice guy who had suddenly become the target of an obsessive girl. She was the prototypical psycho stalker girlfriend.

It took him all of high school and going away to a college as far from her as possible to escape.

I didn’t want that to happen to Judi.

“Look, Judi, this has been great and all, but you seem a little on edge, a little obsessed, and a little, I’m going to say it, crazy. Are you bouncing back from a bad breakup or something?”

She pulled back a little and adjusted her skirt. “No. I’m fine. You just…do something to me. I can’t resist it. My roommate took away my phone all weekend so I couldn’t call you.” She gave me a wan smile. “Sorry.”

“No, no. It’s fine. I’m just…not looking to get into a relationship right now.”

Her expression brightened again. “That’s fine. We don’t need a relationship. Just give me a call whenever you want to fuck. Or get your dick sucked. Or whatever. Need a third for you and another girl? I’m there.” Taking a deep breath, she gave me another quick kiss and then opened my car door, practically running away in the process.

This was getting a little too crazy for me.

I didn’t know if I wanted to stop it.

Chapter 7

I managed to get through the rest of the day without any more women throwing themselves at me. I did notice more than a few stares of women in the office directed at me. Or maybe I was just being egotistical. I don't know. A few men as well.

To clear my head when I got home for the day I decided to go for a run. It was the one bit of exercise that I appreciated. I felt like I was actually going somewhere and doing something when I ran. Weightlifting seemed sort of pointless and repetitive to me.

It was a nice day. The house I was living in wasn't far from a public park, a couple of blocks. I jogged to the park, found the running path, and set out on my way.

I was there early enough to catch the attention of many of the women running and walking the path. I was a bit faster than most of them so I got to see some shapely asses. I resisted looking over my shoulder as I passed them to check out their faces and tits. I had to figure out my new reality of knowing I was half-demon before I did anything else with my life.

Still, I could feel their eyes on me. I saw a few change direction on the looping path so they could face me on each circuit. I only did a few circuits before deciding to call it quits.

As I jogged back to the house I got the distinct impression that I was being followed. I stopped at a corner to make sure.

An attractive Asian woman jogged up next to me and stopped as well, waiting for the traffic to clear. She wore expensive looking athletic wear, long sleeves and pants to guard against the slightly chill air and maybe from too much sunlight.

"Hi!" she said with a little too much enthusiasm.

I'd been approached by women before, but never while working out or jogging. This was new to me. Everything seemed new to me.

"Hey." I wanted to avoid her, not because she seemed weird or strange or was ugly, but because I already knew where this was heading.

“I haven’t seen you around here before.”

She was engaging with me and I didn’t want that.

“I just moved to the area.”

And I was engaging with her. Not what I wanted to do.

“I’m Kari.”

“Seth.”

“I was going to ask if you come here often, but I guess not.”

“No. Not yet.”

The street cleared and we crossed together at a steady jog.

“My house is just up ahead,” she said. “Do you need water or…anything else?”

She didn’t wink or leer at me, but I could feel that was exactly what she was implying.

“Uh. I’m only a block up ahead myself.” Damn it! More information I didn’t want to give away.

“Oh! We’re neighbors! Well stop in and say hello!” She grinned widely at me.

I felt trapped.

I knew what was going to happen and I couldn’t stop it.

We arrived at her house. It was much nicer than the place I was renting, probably because she owned it and hadn’t chopped it up into rented bits. Before I knew it I was following her into her house. We wound up in the kitchen. She offered me a bottle of water from her refrigerator.

I don’t remember the small talk that we made.

“It’s hot in here. Do you mind if I take this off?” Kari asked and before I could reply, she pulled her top off.

We were just standing in her kitchen drinking water. That was it. And she just whipped her top off.

She had an athletic bra on underneath. I stared at her chest. I could tell the bra was compressing her tits. She was much more well-endowed than I had initially guessed.

“I-I-I don’t mind at-at-at all,” I stammered out while staring at her chest.

“Like what you see?”

“Yes.”

She laughed at me. “I don’t know what it is about you, Seth, but there’s a sexual magnetism about you. I’m never this forward with anyone.”

“I’m flattered,” I managed to say.

I saw her eyes dart downward, looking at my crotch. I had a huge erection at this point and I knew she saw it. I didn’t even bother to try to cover up.

She held up her left hand. It was free of any rings. “I’m not married. It’s been a while since I’ve been with any man. Wanna fuck?”

I laughed nervously and she frowned at my reaction.

“No, no!” I assured her. “I’m not laughing at you. It’s just that…”

“You have a girlfriend?”

“No.”

“Wife?”

“No!” I laughed again.

“Then what?” She stood before me, posing. One hand on her hip, the other toying with the strap to her bra.

“I’ve had a…bit of success lately on the romantic front.”

“How about a little more success?”

She abruptly pulled up her bra.

I was right. She had large tits. Not the largest I’d ever seen, but certainly the most spectacular. Large but perfectly formed with the right ratio of breast below and above the nipple and areola.

Her skin was ever so lightly honey-colored but her nipples were dark brown. They were erect and just begging to be kissed and sucked.

“I just want to get laid,” she said, tossing aside her athletic bra and marching up to me.

Her tits squished against my chest. She shoved a hand between our bodies so that she could cup my hard cock through my running shorts.

Fucking hell did her hand feel good.

We kissed. Her tongue aggressively rammed into my mouth.

I pushed her back against the kitchen cabinets. She didn’t object. She didn’t object when I kissed the side of her neck, between her breasts, both nipples, her taut stomach and belly button. After she kicked off her running shoes, she certainly didn’t object to me yanking down her tights and panties. She moaned in approval as I kissed her mound.

Kari shaved her scant pubes into a thin and wispy landing strip. I pushed my tongue into her slit and her body trembled as I found her clit.

“Oh shit! Yes. Fuck yes!”

I knelt down in front of her, pushed her ass up on the counter and focused entirely on her pussy as she draped her legs over my shoulders.

“Fuck fuck yes!” she cried out as I explored her folds and creases. She quivered uncontrollably when I sucked on her clit and stuck a pair of fingers inside her, searching for the hidden spot.

When she came, she left a puddle on the counter that dripped down the cabinet.

“You need to fuck me,” she said. “I need your cock in me.”

She hopped down from the counter and grabbed my hand, pulling me, presumably, toward her bedroom.

When I saw her back, I hesitated.

Up until that moment I thought that Kari was just a typical suburban woman. She had the middle of the road appearance and practical haircut of a working woman. Her house was normal, plain. Except for her sudden need for my cock, she seemed completely ordinary.

And then I saw the tattoo on her back.

It was huge and colorful and ornate and incredible. I didn’t know the exact style but it definitely looked Japanese to me. It had an old school Japanese demon fright mask as the core of the design and it made me uncomfortable. Not because she had such a large tattoo, but because of what it was trying to tell me.

She felt me pulling back on her hand.

“What’s the matter?” she asked. “Don’t you want to fuck me?”

I just pointed at her back. She was naked and I was still dressed. I should have wanted to fuck her, but the tattoo was causing my erection to wither and I had no idea why.

Her brow furrowed at me. “You don’t like my tattoo? Don’t you find tattooed women sexy?”

“It’s just…disturbing to see that sort of imagery,” I managed to say. She had dragged me halfway up the stairs to the upper floor of her house. My face was nearly level with her ass which was tight and perfectly shaped. She had the best body of any woman I had been with ever. She was definitely older than me, but that wasn’t what was holding me back.

“It’s a traditional Hannya design…with a modern twist. It’s supposed to ward off evil.” Her eyes narrowed as she looked down at me. “You aren’t evil, are you, Seth?”

She had turned all the way around now and my face was even with her pussy. That I could deal with. I put my arms around her thighs and kissed her mound. “I’m not evil. I just want to fuck you.”

“Are you a submissive?” she asked, a curious tilt to her head.

“Not at all.”

“You’re down on your knees in front of me.”

I then lifted her up off her feet and threw her over my shoulder, carrying her the rest of the way up the stairs.

At the top I hesitated, not knowing if I should go right or left.

“Where’s your bed?” I demanded of her.

She pointed from her upside down position and I followed the way.

Her bedroom featured a huge bed that was low to the floor. I found that interesting as I carefully laid her down on her back.

“You’re so strong,” she said, one hand trailing down my body to once again cup my cock through my shorts. “Take off your clothes for me. Show me your cock.” She licked her lips. I noted that her other hand was between her legs, massaging her pussy.

“Are you a slut?” I asked her as I stood up and took off my shirt. It was easy to kick aside my sneakers.

“Never considered myself to be one…not before today.”

When I pulled down my shorts and underwear her almond-shaped eyes went wide and she licked her lips. “I’ll be your slut today and every day.”

Kari got up on her knees, took my cock in her hand and wrapped her lips around my erection.

I let her suck me for a minute.

She wasn’t as good as Judi, but I wasn’t going to complain.

“I don’t want to cum in your mouth,” I said as I pushed back on her shoulders and extricated my cock from the depths of her throat.

“You can cum in any of my holes,” she said, her eyes shining eagerly with lust and probably more than a little of my demonic influence. I knew that was what was affecting her sudden need to be fucked by me.

And was that really so bad? What was wrong about giving in to my half-demonic nature and letting the women who were attracted to me have incredible orgasms?

Nothing. There was nothing wrong with that.

I slowly pushed Kari onto her back on the bed. She automatically spread her legs for me.

“You can cum on my face or tits or wherever you want,” she said, wrapping her fingers around my hard cock. “I just need you.”

I chuckled a little. “You just think that you do,” I assured her as she led my cock to her entrance.

“Just fuck me,” she begged as she inserted me between her lips. I smoothly pushed forward and filled her up.

She gasped at the penetration and entwined her legs with mine so I couldn’t escape.

“Ohhh…yes!” she cried out. “I haven’t had a cock in…months.”

I kissed her because I didn’t know what to say.

She kissed back eagerly, accepting my tongue into her mouth like she accepted my cock into her pussy.

We rutted and grunted together. It was just animalistic sex. That’s all we needed.

I could feel my cock growing, getting bigger and harder. I knew I was already big but somehow I was getting bigger.

“You’re splitting me in half!”

“Sorry. I’ll pull out.”

Kari tightened her legs around mine. “Don’t you go fucking anywhere.” She kissed me again. “I haven’t been this full in…forever. So much better than a vibrator.”

Her gasps were sharp and intense, but her pussy was plenty wet and she wasn’t complaining, so I kept fucking her even though my cock felt huge to me. Maybe it was because her pussy was small and tight.

We didn’t stop.

I had to kiss her again. I kept her pinned to the bed and fucked her harder as I pushed my tongue back into her mouth. She accepted me happily.

I shoved my tongue down her throat. It took me a moment to realize that wasn’t just an expression. It wasn’t only my cock that was growing. My tongue stretched and lengthened and I filled up her mouth and forced its way down her throat.

It took Kari a moment to realize what was happening. I couldn’t stop it. I couldn’t help myself. I kept going. I was fucking her pussy with my cock and her throat with my tongue.

Her eyes went wide as I pulled back and we both saw the impossible length of muscular tongue extending from my mouth to hers. If she wanted to scream, she couldn’t. I was amazed she was still breathing.

I couldn’t stop fucking her. My hips had a mind of their own. I was operating just on the power of my little brain.

Still, her body was coming up to meet my thrusts so there was nothing to panic over, though we both should have been freaking the fuck out.

I pushed myself up on my hands and looked down at our conjoined bodies. Her tits were still huge. My tongue was sort of in the way of the view, but I could see my cock buried deeply in her pussy.

And then I saw my body. I had changed to my demonic side. Deep red skin and unnatural hair. I was sure there were horns on my head again. I wasn't sure if Kari was worried about having an abnormal tongue down her throat or a demonic dick up her cunt.

Maybe both.

And of course I was too lustful to stop any of this. I fucked her harder and I came.

I came hard.

My cum squished around in her pussy and frothed with every additional thrust. I could feel it leaking out of her body. She screamed—or tried to scream—around my tongue. Her body quivered like she was having an epileptic fit. Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head.

I came and I came and finally after what seemed like forever, I couldn't cum and more and I collapsed on top of her.

It took a moment but my tongue eventually shriveled up and returned to normal proportions. The same happened to my cock. I started to wonder about my demonic anatomy.

"That was fucking incredible," Kari said when I had completely slipped out of her pussy and throat. "I've never been fucked by a demon before."

"Half-demon," I automatically corrected her.

"Whatever. And your tongue down my throat? Mind-blowing, maybe because I could barely breathe but I need that to happen again. Would you fuck my ass?"

"Not right now," I demurred and rolled off her.

She curled up right next to me, not letting me escape.

"I feel like such a slut. Thank you."

That was a curve ball I didn't expect. "Uh…you're welcome."

She ran her hand down my body. “My parents were upset enough when I got divorced. They’d fucking flip if they knew I had just fucked a demon.”

“I…didn’t need to know that. And I’m only half-demon.”

“I’m only three-quarters Japanese. It doesn’t matter to me.”

“You’re taking the fact that you just fucked a demon fairly well.”

Her hand moved from my body—she had gotten close to my cock but didn’t touch it—and went up to my head where she caressed my horns. “I was repressed for so many years. My parents. My husband. My family. My kids. I want to do everything now, if that includes fucking a demon, so be it.” She paused and asked me breathily, “When can we do this again?”

Chapter 8

I was freaked out after leaving Kari's house and retreating to my own place. I promised we would hook up again. I wasn't sure what freaked me out more: the fact she had kids in college, that she was divorced, that she threw herself at me with no prompting and I had happily fucked her. I couldn't stop myself.

The good thing was that I was getting control of my demonic shape changing. It happened mostly when I was climaxing, but with a little concentration I could will myself back to human from demon, but I couldn't really get myself to demon on my own.

In less than a week I'd fucked a complete stranger I met at a bar, a succubus, both my female roommates (one to be married, one unattached), and now an older neighbor.

When I was a teenager, this would have sounded like perfection. Now, as an adult it was equal parts great and terrible. There was no way this was going to end well.

Back home I showered and hid in my bedroom. I didn't want to face either Evie or Janine. The last thing I needed was for us to wind up in an orgy on the living room floor.

The next morning I was determined to get to work late, after everyone else had left the house. I hid in my room like a coward.

When I was certain everyone was gone, I showered and got ready for the day.

I wasn't expecting an ambush by Evie and Janine when I walked into the living room.

They were laying in wait for me.

Well, not literally, they were talking quietly on the couch.

That should have made me nervous.

It did.

I froze like a deer in the highlights. Or a monster confronted by powerful adventurers.

“I thought you two left for work.”

Stupid way to open a conversation.

“We’ve been waiting for you,” said Janine. “We need you to explain yourself.”

I took a step back and did my best improvisation. “This is all a big mistake. Sort of. Let me rephrase. It’s all accidental. I didn’t mean to fall into bed with you, Janine. And I’m going to put a bit of blame on you, Evie. I never intended on having sex with you. You’re spoken for. We’re all adults. I think we can move on from this.”

They glanced at each other. “That’s not what we meant,” said Janine.

I was puzzled. “Oh? What did you mean?”

Evie spoke. “We meant how did you so easily get us into bed?”

“Look, this is all new to me. I never knew I was a half-demon. That’s… unexpected. I apologize for seducing you but I’ll be sure not to have sex with the two of you in the future.”

They looked at each other again. That was making me nervous.

“That’s not what we wanted either,” said Janine.

“Right,” said Evie. “We were talking and we decided that we’re happy to share you.”

I blinked. “What?”

Janine pointed to herself. “Me on odd days. Evie on even days.” She grinned. “Get it?”

“What…what about other women?” I asked because my brain wasn’t working correctly.

“I think we’re more than enough for you.”

“But I’ve got Judi and Kellianne and now Kari as well. They all want me.” I wasn’t bragging, but just telling the truth.

Okay, I was bragging too.

They laughed at me. “Do you really think you’ll want other women beyond us? I don’t think so,” said Evie boldly.

“What about Alex?” I challenged her.

“Don’t worry about him,” she said dismissively. Janine looked uncomfortable but said nothing.

I wasn’t going to be cowed by a couple of women. “Okay, today’s the twelfth. Why don’t you give me a blowjob before I go to work, Evie?”

It was the moment of truth. They exchanged another nervous glance but then Evie got to her feet and walked up to me. Janine started to get up and leave the room, but I stopped her.

“No, don’t go. I want you to stay…and watch.”

Again they looked at each other. They were planning something beyond this. I just didn’t know what.

“Okay,” Janine said quietly.

Evie went down on her knees in front of me.

Women happily offering me blowjobs was something I was never going to get tired of. I helped Evie with my belt and zipper. A second later she had my cock out and was sucking it. I wasn’t hard, but it only took a few seconds for me to rapidly grow.

I glanced at Janine. She sat back down on the couch and was absently rubbing between her legs as she watched the blowjob. Both women were casually dressed in yoga pants and loose-fitting tops. Not exactly sexy, but easy to remove.

In less than a minute I was breathing heavily at Evie’s attention. I was still

staring at Janine, however. “Why don’t you play with yourself?” I suggested to her.

She nodded and pushed down her yoga pants.

I couldn’t see her pussy because it was completely blocked by her hand going to town on her clit and tunnel.

That didn’t matter because Evie had my cock down her throat and was enthusiastically blowing me.

I’d never done this sort of thing before, been with two women.

“Do you want to just suck my cock or do you want me to fuck you?”

Evie removed me from her throat. “Fuck me, please. I need your cock and your cum.”

She stood up and quickly stripped. Her clothes just seemed to fall to the floor. A moment later I was out of my clothes as well. I forced her down onto her hands and knees. It goes without saying that her pussy was moist and ready for me.

I just shoved it in. She grunted in appreciation. I grabbed her hips and started fucking. At this point I didn’t care that she was someone else’s fiancee. I was going to enjoy myself and fuck her until she screamed for me to stop.

I missed Janine’s approach. One moment I was looking down at my cock pistoning in and out of Evie’s pussy and the next I glanced up to see the short blonde scooting her butt on the floor, getting her pussy under Evie’s face.

Evie didn’t even hesitate. She lowered her mouth to Janine’s pussy and started eating her out like a starving wolf.

“Unholy fuck!” I cursed. “I didn’t know you two were bi.”

“I’m not,” moaned Janine.

“Me either,” Evie said between licks.

I didn’t want to contradict them so I just kept fucking Evie while watching her

devour Janine’s cunt.

It took no imagination to realize why, for so many men, a threesome was the ultimate fantasy.

I was going to make the most of this so while I fucked Evie I focused on not cumming and trying to make Evie cum as quickly as possible.

Apparently she liked getting fucked from behind while eating pussy. She had trouble focusing on Janine’s pussy but the mere idea of getting it from both ends was exactly what she wanted.

When she came, her pussy clamped down on my cock and she hyperventilated as she climaxed.

“You didn’t make me cum,” Janine whined.

“Sorry,” Evie panted. “Give me a minute.”

“Never mind. I’ll take care of it.” I moved Evie out of the way and turned Janine over onto her hands and knees as well. She was eager to accept my cock. I sank all the way in on the first thrust probably because Evie had more than adequately prepared her pussy for me.

“Oh fuck yes!” This wasn’t from Janine, but Evie. She was off to the side and watching us.

“You like watching?” I grunted at her.

“I love watching. I love everything about sex.” Her hand was between her legs, not to hide her pussy, but to masturbate. I watched her jill off while I fucked Janine but I wanted more.

“Get down in front of her and spread your legs. She needs to eat you out.” I spoke directly to Evie but she hesitated.

“I’m not bi…or lesbian,” she said as he continued to finger bang herself.

“You said you love everything about sex.”

She nodded and obeyed. Her reluctance melted away the moment she got her pussy in front of Janine's face. Her eyes rolled back in her head and Janine eagerly ate out her friend's pussy.

"You're both bi and just don't want to admit it."

They were silent on that issue, but Janine was more than happy to keep taking my cock. I pressed my finger against her tightly puckered asshole. I considered pulling out of her cunt and shoving it in there, but before I could make the switch, her body trembled with orgasm.

Apparently my being a half-demon didn't just make it easier to get women into bed, but they also came a hell of a lot easier. I was a sex god!

Well, a sex demon.

Half-demon.

"Are you gonna cum too?" Evie asked as her thighs clamped around Janine's head. She wasn't cumming, but I could see she was close and wanted to.

"In…in a minute."

"Cum in me," Evie begged.

I shook my head. "You need to share," I told the both of them.

It took a lot of effort, but I pulled out of Janine's pussy and reached over to grab Evie, pushing her down next to her roommate. I only had to pump my cock a couple of times to unleash my cum on both their asses. It took some control but I forced myself to remain human. I didn't need to change into a demon again right now.

I was impressed with the size of my load. I had splattered the thick white liquid across both their asses.

"I would have done anything to earn that cum," said Evie with glazed eyes.

"You can still have it," I told her. "Just lick it off Janine's ass."

This time there was no hesitation on Evie's part. She turned and started licking my leavings off her friend's skin. It didn't do all that much for me sexually, but the thrill of power and control I had over her kept me hard. I didn't know what to do with my demon dick in the moment so I just watched as Janine shivered at her friend's attention.

"You like that, Jeanie?" I asked the thin blonde.

She nodded. Maybe I had some truth telling aura around me. That would be interesting. "Uh-huh."

"I want you to do the same thing."

By this point Janine's ass was mostly clean so Evie was subjected to the same treatment. I watched as Janine eagerly gobbled up what I had left behind.

I just stood there watching them. I liked the power I had over them.

"I need to call work," I said. "I think we're going to spend the rest of the day finding out what depraved things I can do to the two of you."

"And each other?" Evie asked a little too eagerly.

Janine laughed nervously, but then turned her head and kissed her roommate.

Obviously the dynamics of our relationship had changed drastically in the past hour.

"Keep kissing," I encouraged them. "I want to watch the two of you while I call work."

They were happy to do so. Having my own little real porn show in front of me made it incredibly easy to lie to my manager. I claimed to have been violently vomiting all night and barely got any sleep. I promised I'd be in the next day if my stomach could settle down.

I don't think she fully believed me, but I was still riding high on the contract that Killenne had gifted me so I was well above production quotas which is what they really cared about.

After disconnecting the call the two of them looked expectantly at me as they continued to kiss and play with each other's tits.

"Now, I believe the two of you are both familiar with sixty-nine, yes? I think Janine should be on top because she's smaller."

They didn't argue. They just laid back down on the floor. It would have been smarter for us to move to a bedroom for a couple of reasons.

First, beds are great places to have sex. They have the right amount of give and support.

Second, Alex walked in on us as Janine and Evie had their faces buried in the other's cunt while I was slowly jerking off to the two of them.

He walked into the house through the front door and stopped just two steps in. The door had already slammed behind him and he was about to call out when he spied his girlfriend on the floor with her face between their roommate's legs.

And me watching them while jerking off.

"What the fuck!" he screamed.

I didn't blame him for being upset.

Evie shoved Janine's ass to the side letting her see her boyfriend. That wasn't exactly a great move on her part. I uncomfortably grabbed a pillow from the couch and put it over my erect cock. I wasn't sure if Alex had seen me yet or not.

"I can explain!" Evie blurted out which was only the second worst thing she could have said in that situation. The worst would be something along the lines of "You've made me into a lesbian." But that would have been a lie.

Alex spied me. "The fuck?! What are you doing, dude? Getting off on my fiancee?"

I stood up with the pillow in front of my cock which was probably just a wasted effort of concealment. He knew what I had been doing. "In my defense, I was just watching." That was a lie. I had been fucking the both of them and jerking

off. I wasn’t just watching.

Alex’s hands balled into fists and I was reasonably sure that he was going to hit me. I wondered if I should shift into demon form because it might protect me a little. I had no intention of punching him. After all, I was fucking his fiancee.

“What! The! Fuck!” he screamed at all three of us.

I could feel the guilt on my face as I just looked at him.

A second later he whirled around and marched up the stairs to the bedroom he shared with Evie.

“This isn’t good,” she moaned.

“You’d better go to him,” Janine advised.

“We could invite him to join us,” I suggested.

“That’s not a great idea,” said Janine. “How would you feel if—”

She didn’t finish her statement. We jumped when we heard screaming coming from upstairs. This was followed by slamming and banging, presumably from Alex in the bedroom. Evie had started toward the stairs but stopped short at the sound of the banging.

“Maybe we should wait a minute for him to cool down,” she said mostly to herself.

There was some more screaming, mostly incoherent words. I distinctly heard “fucking whore” and “cunt-licking lesbian”.

“This isn’t good,” I muttered.

We glanced around the room and stood awkwardly. I finally dropped the pillow because my erection had abated.

“Maybe I should go talk to him,” suggested Janine. “As a neutral party.”

“I don’t think he’d see you as neutral,” I told her.

The discussion ended right then because the bedroom door slammed open and Alex came thundering down the stairs. I wanted to grab my pants but it was too late.

He swept into the living room and pointed an accusatory finger at Evie. “I knew you’d fucking cheat on me you…you…cunt!”

Alex had an overnight bag in his hand and was trembling with anger. I was rooted to the spot. It was obvious he wanted to continue to scream and yell and rant and rave, but he just ran to the front door, threw it open, and raced to his car. A moment later he was speeding down the street.

“That’s no fucking good,” I muttered.

“I shouldn’t have cheated on him,” Evie said sadly, shaking her head.

“He doesn’t own your body,” Janine snapped at her. “You can fuck whoever you want!”

“This is my fault,” I said. “We all know that.”

They didn’t contradict me because it was true.

Alex’s entrance and entirely well-deserved rage had put a damper on our half-assed plan to spend the day fucking in every possible combination in every room of the house.

It wasn’t much of a plan and it was mostly in my head, but I had high plans for it.

I looked glumly at my phone on the end table. I sat back down on the couch and put the pillow back over my crotch. Janine was the least perturbed by the interruption. She walked confidently to the kitchen, swinging her hips back and forth. I admired her ass. It was just the right mix of firm and fleshy.

A moment later she returned with water bottles for us all.

“Fuck him,” she said to Evie. “Metaphorically, that is. Either he’ll get over it or he won’t.”

“I don’t think this is something he can just…get over,” Evie said. I was upset to realize she was on the verge of tears.

Before I could say anything my phone buzzed with a call. My first instinct was to silence it and deal with the mess I had made. Then I saw the caller ID was for Judi.

“Shit. I should take this,” I told the women.

They didn’t hear me. I think.

I answered the call.

“Hello?”

“I want to fuck you so bad right now,” Judi’s voice said in my ear. “I’ve already left work. I’m driving over to your office. Want to fuck in the parking garage again?”

I wanted to point out she had only given me a blowjob in the parking garage, but instead I said, “I’m home right now and—”

“Changing course. I’ll be there in fifteen minutes.”

“No! This isn’t the best time!”

She laughed. “Why not? You got some other woman in your bed right now? I’m okay with that. I’m willing to share.”

“Now isn’t great,” I started to say, but realized that Judi had hung up.

Evie and Janine were looking at me.

“It was Judi,” I explained. “She’s looking to get laid.”

“You get a lot of that, don’t you?” Evie asked.

“No, not real…” I paused. “Well, yeah. Lately, every woman I see wants me to fuck her.” I sighed. “Let me call her back and tell her not to come.”

“It’s fine,” said Janine. “You can fuck her.”

I shook my head. “No. Now is not the time.”

“You just took the day off from work. Why waste the day if you aren’t going to get laid?” Evie smirked at me.

“The timing…”

“Sucks, but it could be worse,” Evie said. “It’ll be fine.”

As it turned out, it was more than fine.

Chapter 9

Judi showed up a half hour later. By this time both Janine and Evie had gotten dressed. They didn't want to and, frankly, neither did I, but we decided that greeting Judi in the nude, even though she and I had some sort of weird sexual relationship going on, wasn't the best move.

Even I got dressed and tried to pretend all of this was perfectly normal.

Judi greeted me at the door with a kiss. Janine and Evie were pretending to casually hang out in the kitchen and living room when she arrived.

"Oh! I thought we'd be alone."

I gave Judi a wink. "Don't worry. They won't bother us," I said to Judi and drew her up the stairs to my bedroom.

"You're getting right to the good stuff," she said as she allowed me to lead her.

"You came here to get laid, didn't you?" I asked.

I could feel Janine and Evie shooting dagger eyes at us as we went upstairs, but I wasn't going to turn down Judi just because I had just fucked the two of them.

Once I closed the door, we tore our clothes off and I buried my face in Judi's pussy.

She had very recently waxed or shaved; she was hairless from the neck down to her toes. I knew because I eventually kissed every inch of her skin and sucked on her toes.

The sex was incredible. Pure. Animalistic. Rough with the right mix of passion. I didn't bother to tell her to keep quiet. Janine and Evie knew what we were doing and I got off on the idea of my other lovers hearing me fuck another woman.

It's not bragging to say that I made Judi cum five times before I finally spent my load in her pussy.

I didn't bother to use a condom and she didn't ask.

I allowed my body to change when I came.

What I forgot was that Judi didn’t know that I was a half-demon.

Her eyes were closed when I came because she was coming down from an orgasmic high.

She started screaming when she saw my changed face.

I suppose if you go to bed with a rather handsome—bragging, I know—man and suddenly find yourself fucking a literal demon—half-demon, I know—that would be cause for concern.

“What the fuck!” She started swatting at me, trying to push me off her.

When I was in demon form I was a lot stronger than usual. She couldn’t move me and my cock was still inside her.

“Judi! Calm down! It’s me! Seth! I have something to tell you!” I grabbed her hands and stopped her from hitting me. They didn’t really hurt, but her slaps were annoying as hell.

There was sheer terror in her eyes. “What happened to you? What’s wrong with me?!”

“Nothing. I’m a half-demon. Sometimes I change when I cum.”

Seeing as she couldn’t escape and I wasn’t really hurting her, Judi started to calm down.

“Holy shit this isn’t good,” she gasped.

“I thought the sex was pretty good. And, if anything, you should say unholy shit.”

She chuckled a tiny bit. It was a good thing that women quickly got on board with my demonic nature.

After her laugh there was a short, uncomfortable pause.

Luckily the pause was filled with the sounds of sex. Other people having sex.

Judging from the timber and pitch of the voices moaning and groaning, the other

people have sex were women.

Judi and I stared at each other for a long moment.

“Are your roommates having sex?” she asked me breathily.

“Uhh…it sure sounds that way.”

Her eyes darted back and forth. “That’s kinda hot.”

I laughed.

“Shh!” she shushed me. “They’re turning me on. I didn’t know they were lesbians.”

“They’re not.”

She gave that a moment’s thought. “That’s even hotter.”

“I never would have guessed that you were a lesbian,” I teased Judi as Evie and Janine’s cries became more passionate. Evie’s voice was normally lower than Janine’s so it was definitely Evie who was about to cum.

“I’m not,” she said. “I’m bi.”

That piqued my interest. My cock was steadily deflating so I rolled off her and lay on my side, resting my head on my hand. “Really? How do you feel about threesomes and group sex?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. I’ve never been in an orgy or anything like that. I’ve only had sex one-on-one.”

Evie was getting really loud now. I found it distracting. Hot, but distracting.

“But with both men and women?”

“Never at the same time.”

Evie screamed, “I’m cumming! Fuck! I’m cumming!”

“Want to try something like that?”

She laughed at me again. “Are you going to ask your roommates if they want to have group sex?”

“Yup.” I jumped off the bed and pulled her off as well. “Now’s the time.”

“What? You’re crazy!”

She might have thought I was crazy but she didn’t exactly resist when I pulled her down the hallway to Evie’s bedroom door.

We were both naked. I was in my demonic form. Evie was panting heavily behind the door while Janine laughed quietly.

I was about to just open the door and barge in when I thought better of it and raised my hand to knock. Before I could do so, Judi grabbed my hand and hissed at me, “This is a terrible idea.”

“You’re right. I should just walk in.” I did so before she could stop me, pushing the door open to walk in on Evie and Janine in the middle of fucking.

Evie was naked on her bed, legs spread. Janine was lying between Evie’s legs, wearing just her panties, slowly pumping a vibrator in an out of the other woman’s pussy. They both looked as I barged in.

“Seth!” Judi cried out too late as I stepped into the bedroom.

The two women on the bed made no motions to cover themselves. “It took you long enough,” said Janine, her expression amused and annoyed at the same time.

“We bet how long it would take you to hear us and come running to play with these luscious pussies,” said Evie as she pushed out the vibrator that Janine had been using, turning it off and tossing it aside, and started fingering herself.

“Oh…wow,” said Judi.

“Nice tits,” commented Evie looking at my naked companion. It was one thing to be bold and lust-besotted, but it was another to confront it with two newly minted lesbians having sex. Judi covered her breasts with her right arm and her pussy with her left hand.

“Nice tats,” said Janine admiring the many tattoos over Judi’s body.

“Uh…thank you?”

Janine rolled to her side, displaying her own tits. “Care to join us?”

“Umm…” was Judi’s reply.

“Sure!” I blurted out.

Judi and I stared at each other.

The two on the bed giggled at us.

“I thought you said that you were bi,” I said in a staccato beat.

“I am but…” she glanced nervously at the two on the bed. “I’ve never done it in a group of four before. I wanted to start with maybe a threesome.”

“Jump in with both feet,” I told her and didn’t exactly drag Judi to the bed, but she didn’t exactly come willingly either.

“You remember Judi, don’t you, Evie?”

“How could I forget?” I was surprised the my housemate was so eager to have sex with anyone, let alone a complete stranger, so soon after her fiance had stormed out of the house, but I figured that had to be the strange reaction all women seemed to have to my demonic presence.

Evie pulled Judi to her for a kiss.

It was a passionate kiss.

“Fucking hot,” breathed Janine as she looked at me. “She’s not a lesbian, is she?”

“No. Just bi like you.”

“I’m not bi!” Janine protested.

“Says the woman who is naked in bed with another woman using a vibrator on

her," I pointed out.

"Okay, that's just…experimentation," she said.

"Like fucking a demon?" I asked her, getting on the bed with the three. Janine didn't object when I got on top of her and we started kissing.

"Half-demon," she said between kisses.

"Shut up and suck my dick."

That Janine was more than happy to do. I rolled to my back to allow her to fellate me which also allowed me to watch Evie with Judi.

Judi was surprisingly aggressive and hadn't allowed Evie to get off her back. Judi was eating Evie's pussy like she was starving. This wasn't exactly a group grope but more of two couples having sex next to each other.

I wasn't complaining.

It started slow and casual. We traded partners. I had my tongue and my fingers in all of the women at one point over the next hour. I was taking my time, not wanting to cum, not wanting to spoil the perfect time we were having. I lost track of who had given whom the most orgasms. They were all into double digits and I hadn't cum once.

I was saving it.

Eventually the three of them got into a little circular daisy chain, mouth to pussy. I watched approvingly but realized that I was being left out.

There was only one thing to do. I carefully stepped over them and settled into the middle of the circle.

All three reached for me as they continued to eat each other out. I had fingers around my cock and my balls and one brave digit probed at my asshole.

Then there was a flash of light and a small explosion.

"What in the name of Satan's ball sack is going on here!?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

Turn Off My Feelings 1

Amelia knew that Kristen had been grooming her, not just for a higher position in the company, but for personal reasons as well.

When Amelia looked back, she realized it was obvious. She had missed the first few signs, but as the process had moved along, she had willingly participated.

That all culminated with her flying on the corporate jet to a resort that Kristen promised was everything a woman could dream about. Kristen said that the only things Amelia needed to bring with her was a sunhat, sunglasses, and sandals. The three essentials she had called it.

“Nervous?” Kristen asked.

Amelia realized she had been gripping the armrests of the seat much harder than necessary. Forcing herself to relax, she took a breath. Calming herself wasn’t helped when Kristen extended her arm and placed her hand on top of Amelia’s. They were sitting side-by-side in the small plane and there were a few other passengers on the flight with them. It wasn’t a private setting, but it was damn close.

“Yes.”

The older woman smiled at her young protégé. “We’ll be fine. I know this is supposed to be a business trip, but once we get to the resort, you’ll relax just fine.”

With a blink Amelia realized she hadn’t even been thinking about what was going to happen to her at the resort. She had been worried about her immediate situation.

“Oh...not that.” Her statement was a lie, but there was no reason to worry Kristen. Amelia was determined to do what was necessary to make her way up the corporate ladder. “It’s just that...it’s just that I’ve never been on a plane before.”

Arching one eyebrow perfectly, Kristen smiled. “Well, get used to it. If you want to be successful in Artemis Investments, you’ll be taking a lot of trips like this.”

She squeezed the younger woman’s hand as the pilot made an announcement over the PA and a moment later the jet rushed down the runway.

Amelia took a deep breath and thought about how she had wound up here.

Amelia had been super conscious of how her clothing wasn’t nearly as nice as her new boss. The first thing that she had done after her first day in the office was rush to a department store and purchase several suits that were more appropriate for her new position.

Naturally Kristen noticed Amelia’s suddenly brightened wardrobe right away and commented on it. “That’s the sort of attention to detail we appreciate at Artemis Investments. You’ll go far here...if you can hack it.”

Amelia had to hack it. She had no other choice.

It was Kristen who took Amelia under her wing. It was difficult enough to be successful in corporate banking and investing, but it was a hundred times more difficult for a woman to have that success. Amelia had eased some of that difficulty by joining with a woman-forward company, but even that was no guarantee.

She had barely been at Artemis Investments a week when Kristen commented on the engagement ring that Amelia sported on her left hand.

“I hope the size of the ring isn’t a reflection of his love for you.” They were in Kristen’s office auditing reports, the basis of the job Amelia had earned.

Amelia blushed deeply and went to hide her hand, but realized that was a childish gesture. As she tried to find her voice to reply to Kristen, the older woman continued on.

“You’re too young to get married.”

“We fell in love in college,” Amelia lamely explained. It was the truth.

“Are you getting married soon?”

“We haven’t set a date yet. Not right away. He needs to finish dental school.”

“Ah. A doctor. Wise choice in marriage strategy.”

“It’s not a strategy. I love him.”

“Does he love you? With such a small diamond?”

“It was his great-grandmother’s.”

Kristen paused and nodded. “I know you’ve only been here a week, Amelia, but I like the work you’ve been doing. Two things. First, I want you to report to me going forward. I can spot talented women and I don’t want anyone else stealing you away. Second, I want to invite you to dinner at my house tomorrow night.”

Amelia had trouble answering. “I...I...I don’t know what to say.”

“Say yes. This business, the business of money, is all about relationships.”

“Yes. Should I bring my fiancé?”

“No. Just yourself.” Kristen smiled. “It’s not necessary for women to have men around all the time.”

Amelia was nervous about how casually to dress for dinner. She went with more formal over casual.

Kristen’s home was nice. Elegant but not overstated. From what Amelia understood of how much money the company’s directors made, the woman could easily afford a gigantic mansion, but instead she had an understated modern home on the edge of the city. Not a gated community, but far enough outside heavily populated areas where a fence was mostly decoration.

None of this surprised Amelia. She was learning how to deal with moneyed

people. However, she was confused when, after being admitted to the house by Kirsten, her husband was in the kitchen busily moving food from catering dishes to fine china plates.

“I don’t cook,” Kristen said. “Jonas does, but tonight we ordered in.”

“It smells delicious.” Amelia hadn’t expected to meet Kristen’s husband, but it only made sense he was there in the house. However, she hadn’t expected him to eat with them.

Still, Amelia didn’t object and happily accepted the food and wine that Kristen plied her with.

Their conversation was all over the place. Amelia knew that Kristen was sounding her out, figuring out who she was. Amelia had expected all sorts of questions about her background and wasn’t the least bit ashamed to admit that her family was very poor while growing up and that she had gone to college entirely on an academic scholarship.

“I don’t care where you came from,” said Kristen. “All I care about is what you can do for the company.”

“I was hired out of the internship program.”

“With high praise and recommendations. Why are you so eager to get married?” Kristen was blunt. She didn’t have time to waste on unnecessary formalities.

Amelia didn’t shrug. She answered directly. “I fell in love. Evan doesn’t care about my family background.”

“Hmm. You’re too young to get married.”

Glancing at Jonas, who had remained politely silent through the meal, Amelia pointed out to her boss, “You’re married.”

Kristen smiled. “To a man who serves my needs.”

The couple exchanged a secret smile that said volumes that Amelia didn’t understand.

“Serves your needs?” Amelia was confused.

“How do you control your fiancé?” Kristen asked.

“Control? I...that’s a crazy question. I don’t control him. I love him. We love each other. We have a partnership.”

Kristen scoffed at her naïvety.

“One of you will be in charge of your relationship. I suggest that it be you.”

Amelia flicked her eyes back and forth between Kristen and Jonas. “Are you the one in charge of your relationship?”

“Yes.” It was a definitive answer. Jonas didn’t even flinch.

“Oh.”

“It’s good to have a husband, but I suggest that you never let him control you.” The way Kristen was talking made a shiver run down Amelia’s spine. Clearly this was something she had given a lot of time and thought to.

“That makes sense,” she agreed while eyeing Jonas. She couldn’t place his age. Certainly more than thirty but less than fifty. Handsome in between elegant and rugged. He was dressed casually in khakis and a dress shirt with reading glasses tucked into the breast pocket. The way he moved spoke to a certain level of athleticism. Without his active participation in the conversation Amelia realized she knew nothing of the man, which is what made what happened next all the more remarkable.

“Have you ever cheated on your fiancé? What’s his name? Evan?”

Amelia was shocked. “No. Of course not.”

“Never had sex with another man while dating him?”

“No.”

The questions were inappropriate, but Amelia knew how important relationships were in her job.

“Ever wanted to?”

Amelia giggled nervously. It was the only appropriate answer. “Wanted to? Yes. But I would never act on that.”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s wrong.”

“You don’t owe him loyalty.”

“Of course I do.”

“No. You don’t. The moment you start thinking like that, he’s already controlling you. So...you need to have sex with another man before you get married.” Kristen looked askance at Amelia. “You have had sex with Evan, haven’t you?”

“Yes! We live together.”

“Have you ever had sex with another man?”

Amelia cleared her throat. “Yes. In college...and high school.”

A small smile pulled at Kristen’s lips. “Good. You still need to fuck someone else before you get married.”

“No...no I don’t.” The conversation had gotten out of control. Amelia didn’t know what to think of her boss. “I think I’ve had too much to drink,” she said while raising her mostly empty wine glass. While it was her second, she knew that she wasn’t drunk and was thinking more than clearly enough.

“You do,” Kristen insisted. “Otherwise you’ll always wonder. Or you’ll cheat on him before you realize what you’re doing.”

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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