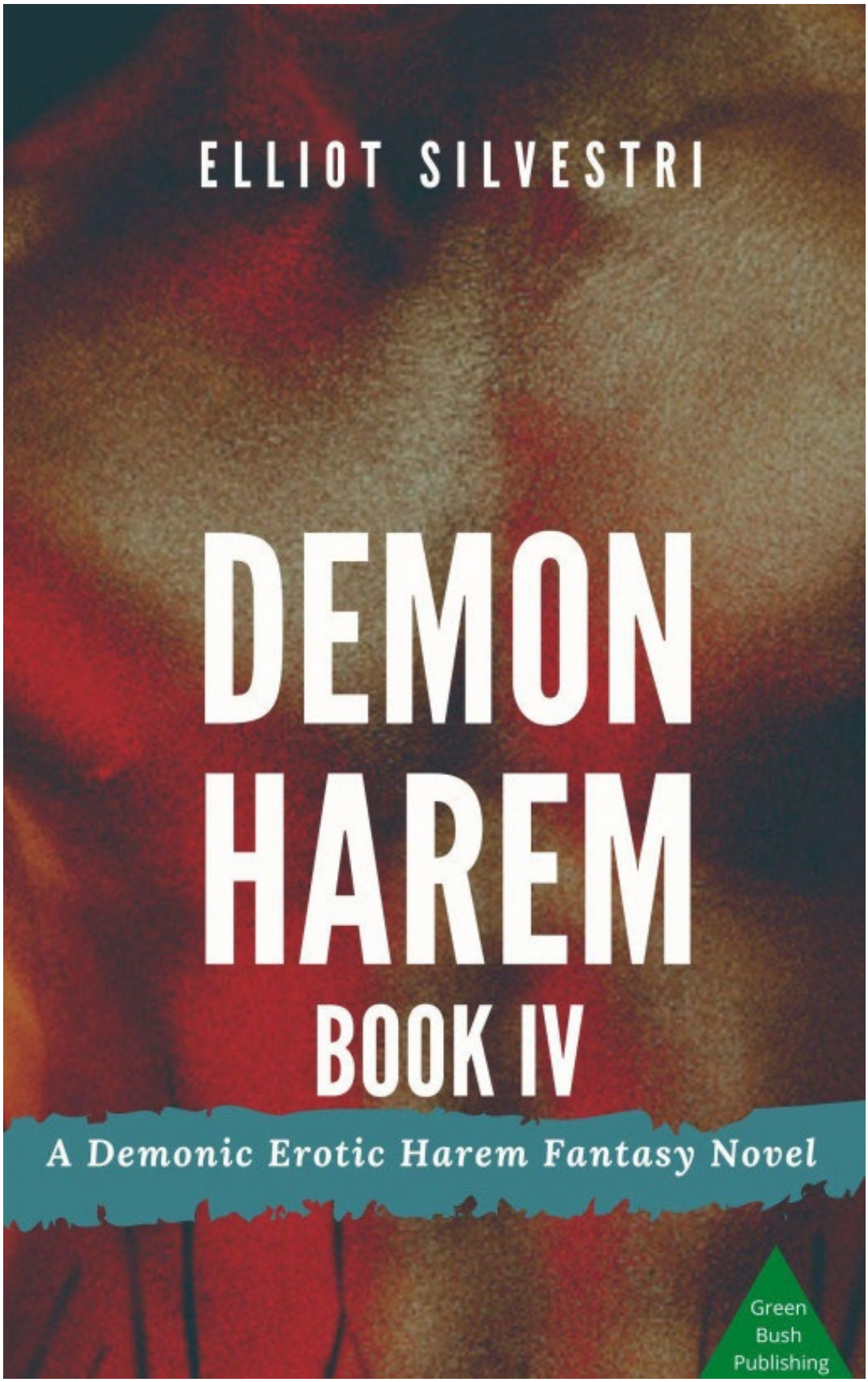
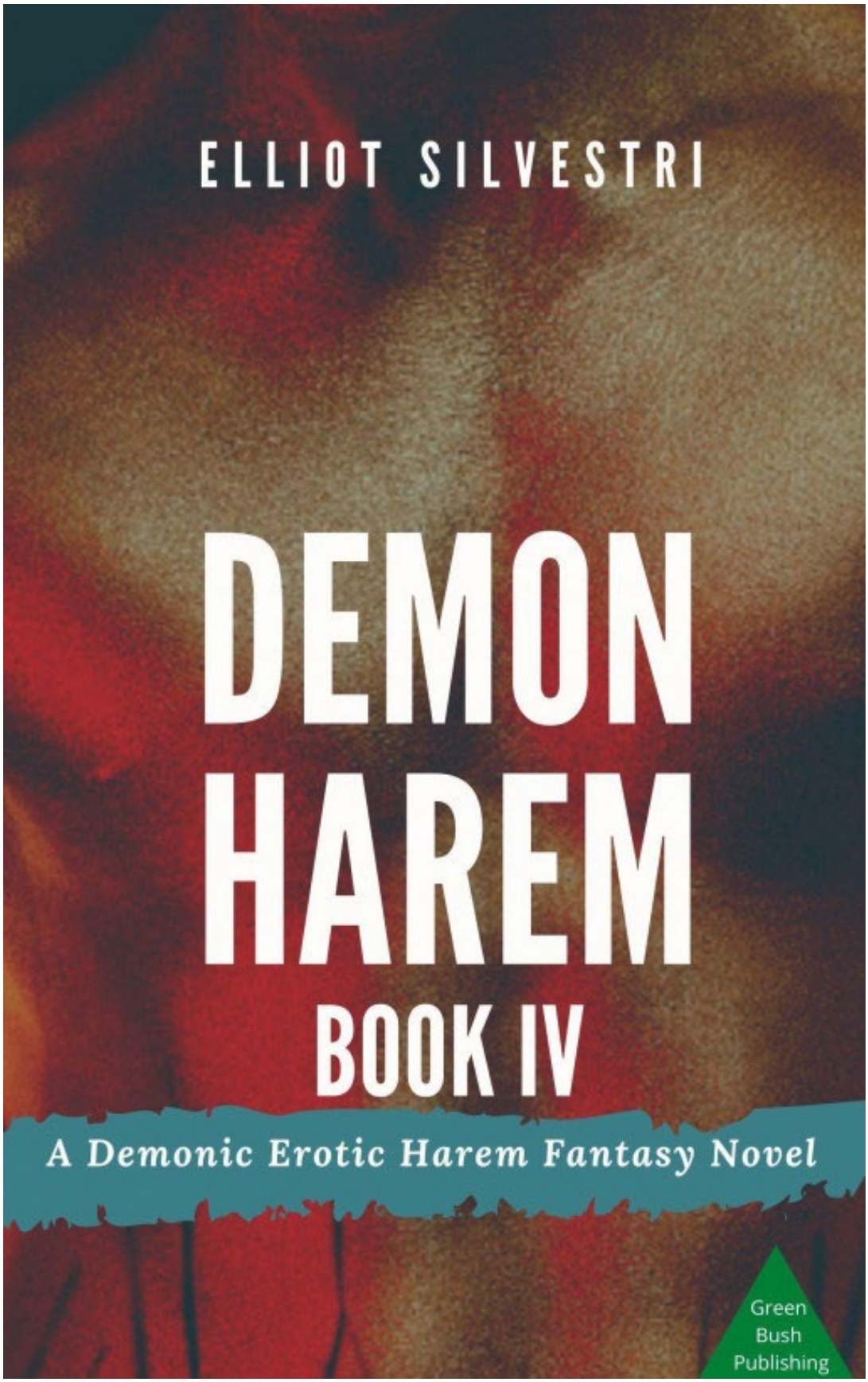

ELLIOT SILVESTRI
DEMON HAREM
BOOK IV
A Demonic Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel
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Demon Harem

Book IV

An Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Demon Harem

Book IV

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.

Contents

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Preview

About the Author

Book 4

Chapter 13

The first order of business was to get Mikki cleaned up. She took a quick shower. I wanted to offer to help her, but chose to keep my mouth shut.

When Mikki tried to get dressed, we discovered that only her bra and underwear were undamaged. Her skirt, blouse, and pantyhose were ruined. Much to her embarrassment she asked to borrow something from Evie.

Mikki was a few inches taller and a few pounds heavier than Evie. That turned out to be a good thing. The leggings and t-shirt she loaned our neighbor showed off every inch of her curves without being obscene.

Eventually she came downstairs and we confronted her. I hadn't changed from my demonic form, though I did keep my pants on. No shirt, though.

Evie and Killenne were both still dressed from their jobs. Well, Evie's actual job and Killenne's made up job of whatever supposed professional saleswoman or buyer she was supposed to be.

It was obvious Mikki wanted to escape back to her house in shame, but we weren't going to let that happen.

"I know what you're thinking because I was in your exact same position," said Evie as Mikki crept down the stairs.

Our neighbor blanched at Evie's words.

"Well, maybe not exactly. I mean, I haven't had the chance to take Seth's cock up my ass. I meant what I said earlier. I'm jealous. You're lucky."

Finding a bit of courage, Mikki said, "I'm sorry, but I really just want to go home and forget all of this." She pushed past Evie and headed to the front door.

Killenne spoke while in her Kellianne form. "Do you really want to go back to your terrible life? Your cheating husband? The lousy sex? Saying words in church every Sunday that you don't believe?"

“I believe!” she snapped at the woman she didn’t know was a succubus.

My demon lover held up her hands in protest. “I forgot. Just ask Jesus to forgive your sins and everything is suddenly okay in the universe and with your soul. Right. I’ve met Jesus. He knows you’re full of bullshit. He also doesn’t care.”

“You’re a liar!” Mikki shoved her finger in Kellianne’s face. “How could someone like you have met Jesus?”

In response, Kellianne, in a puff of smoke, turned herself into her demonic form. Somehow a succubus in a business suit was incredibly sex.

“Trust me. I know Jesus better that you ever will. I offered to suck his dick. He declined. Biggest disappointment in my life. Apparently there’s a couple of angels he had been fucking on the regular and he was saving all his holy manna spunk for them.”

To her credit, Mikki didn’t scream and cry and carry on when Killenne transformed “You’re a liar!” she accused the succubus and promptly slapped her across the face.

Killenne easily took the slap. I was impressed with her restraint in not attacking Mikki. “Let me ask you this. Are you happier with a religion that makes you miserable or would you rather have all your holes regularly reamed by a demon?”

“Half-demon,” I corrected Killenne.

The pretty brunette’s face became a mask of confusion and anger. A second later she burst into tears and collapsed on the couch.

I felt bad for her.

Not as bad as Evie who immediately rushed to the woman’s side and sat down next to her, consoling her through her sob-wracked body.

Glaring at us, Evie said, “You two need to ease up a bit.”

I winced and nodded. “I’m sorry, Mikki. You never intended to get involved in all of this.”

I wasn’t sure if she heard me or not. Her sobbing was loud and the tears were flowing.

Killenne glared at me and then said, “I can set everything right for you. If you’ll allow me, I’ll wipe away the memories of today and you can go back to your… normal life.”

That paused Mikki’s sobbing. “You can do that?”

“You can do that?” I immediately asked, echoing Mikki.

Killenne shrugged her purple shoulders. “Yes. I mean, it’s possible. Depends on her resistance. Do you want me to fix you?” She directed the question to Mikki.

My latest paramour considered it for just a second. “No. I can’t consort with demons.”

Killenne snickered. “You’ve done a lot more than just consort with a demon.”

Finding a bit of courage, Mikki stood up. Instead of confronting Killenne she marched up to me. Her face was red and blotchy from her crying. Tears still streaked her cheeks, and yet she was still pretty.

I let her slap me. I saw her hand moving and I allowed it to happen. Her slap was surprisingly strong.

“Fuck,” I commented.

“You deceived me! You’re a demon and you deceived me!”

“It is his nature,” said Killenne, coming to my defense.

“And he also gets women all hot and bothered just by being near him,” said Evie.

We all looked at her.

“Oh come on, you don’t think I haven’t noticed? I mean, when I’m right here in the same thing, what I want to do most and tear off my clothes and fuck him. The further away he is…well, the urge is less, but it’s still there.”

“Huh,” said Killenne. “She’s surprisingly insightful. How about it, Mikki? Do you want me to erase these bad memories?”

Mikki stepped back. “No. I will not willingly allow a demon to play games with my mind. God would never forgive me.”

“God forgives everything, or so I thought,” I said.

Mikki gasped and looked like she wanted to run. Instead, she walked with dignity to the front door. There she paused. She turned her head halfway, not looking at us but not looking away either.

“I don’t hate my life. My husband…he’s one of the elders in our church. But he’s addicted to porn. He makes me do things I don’t want to do. I don’t want to be with him. I…I don’t know what I want. Please leave me alone.”

With those words she hurried out the door.

“She’ll be back,” said Evie confidently.

“Mhhm-hmm,” Killenne agreed.

“What? You’ve got to be kidding,” I said.

Evie just shook her head at me. “If I knew there was a sex demon next door and my religious nut husband who I hated wasn’t at home any more, I’d be getting my pussy fucked from here to Sunday and back.”

I had my doubts.

Chapter 14

The next week passed by with what passed as normal for me. It was a blur of sex with Judi, Evie, Janine, Kari, and occasionally Killenne who continued to make appearances at my job to make it look like I was crushing it in the sales department.

The story of what had happened with Mikki quickly spread among the women. That resulted in them constantly looking out the back windows to see what was going on in Mikki's house.

Mostly it was nothing.

It was interesting how easily I could get the women to do anything I wanted when it came to sex. All I had to do was ask and Janine would finger bang Judi like they were teenage lesbians having sex for the first time in her family room before Mom and Dad got home. Judi would willingly eat Kari's ass. Kari would wear a strapon to fuck Evie. Evie wasn't the least bit shy when I told her to take pictures of her pussy and send them to Alex. I felt a little bad about that.

When I asked her, Evie claimed not to have heard a word from Alex. We all came home from work one day to discover all his stuff had been removed from the house.

Evie, strangely, wasn't all that upset.

"We kept putting off setting a date and all that," was all she really said.

I noted that she had been wearing her engagement ring up to that point. The day after Alex's possessions had disappeared from the house, the ring disappeared from her finger. It wasn't surprising, but I had to blame myself for their breakup.

On the other hand, sex with the women was great. They let me put my cock in all their holes. By the end of the week I had cum in all of their pussies, mouths, and asses. I had cum gobs on their bodies, faces, even in their hair. They never complained. It was sort of eerie the way they didn't protest at all when I shot my load. Wherever it landed thrilled them. I was starting to think their primary form of sustenance was my semen.

One night I had just finished fucking Kari in my bed and could hear Evie and Judi going at it in Evie's room. I had no idea where Janine was. What I had

learned was that any time I was having sex with one woman, any of them in the house, or even reasonably near, would want to have sex with me, with each other, or by themselves.

I learned that there were more vibrators in the house than eating utensils.

I had made Kari cum a half dozen times before leaving her a dripping mess in my bed. I needed to use the bathroom while she recovered. As I was exiting the bathroom, I heard the doorbell ring.

“Who the fuck could that be at this hour?” I trudged downstairs because Kari was thoroughly wiped out and I could hear Evie and Judi still having sex. As I passed through the living room I noted the clock said it was just past seven. My sense of time and what was an appropriate hour had been twisted as well.

Opening the door I found myself confronting Mikki. I wasn’t sure if I had ever expected to see her again. At least her eyes weren’t crazy and she didn’t have a mask of anger plastered over her face.

“Hi.” She seemed to force out the words. Her entire body was rigid, as if she was being forced to do something against her will.

“Hey. How have you been?” There was no reason to be rude. I was in human form because I had better control of myself now. A simple orgasm wouldn’t cause me to change unless I wanted it.

“Terrible.”

I blinked. “Well, I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Can I come in? I need to talk to...you.”

I raised my eyebrows at her. “You know if you do…there’s good chance you’ll wind up having sex with me or one of the women living here.”

“I’m willing to risk that.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Come on in.”

I was wearing just my bathrobe. Since we had had sex the week before, I didn’t

bothering covering up all that much. When we went to the living room and sat down I noted that Mikki kept her eyes focused on my face, not my body…or crotch.

I took the couch. She sat on one of the chairs. I wanted to tell her that I had fucked Janine in that chair the day before. Or rather, I had been seated on the chair while Janine bounced up and down on my cock.

“What do you want to talk about?” I asked her.

“You make it next to impossible to do anything when you’re home having sex with…these women,” she said. She tried not to make it an accusation, but it came out as an accusation.

“We’ve closed the windows and are trying to keep it down.”

She shook her head. “No. That’s not what I mean. I mean…I can feel it when you’re having sex.”

I was skeptical. But then again, I was half-demon and I had a newly discovered effect on women. So, sure.

“I’m not going to stop having sex just because you’re…uncomfortable about it.”

Mikki stared down at the floor and didn’t say anything for a long time. She only looked up when a particularly passionate moan came from Evie’s room.

“I’ve masturbated more times in the past week than ever before in my life,” Mikki confessed.

“Congratulations?”

“I’m tired of masturbating.”

“Then don’t? Or move. I don’t know what you’re asking of me.” To be honest I was a little frustrated. Not sexually, but at her roundabout purposeless conversation.

“I don’t want to move.”

“I don’t have a solution for you.”

“I want to have sex with you,” she admitted to her feet.

I grinned. “All you had to do was ask.”

“With all of you,” she continued. Still she didn’t look up.

“I’m sure the ladies will be happy to oblige, but your god will probably object.”

“I…I know. But I’m okay with that. I’ll confess my sins and maybe I can make this work.”

“You mean fornication and sodomy and all the rest?”

“I’m looking forward to the sodomy the most.”

That made me snicker. “What flavor sodomy?”

She didn’t say another word. She simply slid off the armchair and knelt in front of me.

I wasn’t going to stop her. I especially wasn’t going to stop her when she pushed apart my knees and opened up my robe before leaning forward to take my cock into her mouth.

“The oral sort of sodomy?” I asked her as she started sucking.

Mikki was silent. Her mouth was full of my cock; she couldn’t speak.

I let her go at it for a minute. She had to have tasted Kari’s pussy on my cock. Just that though made me rise. Well, that and her eager sucking.

After a minute I pushed her back.

“Wait, let's do this right if you’re going to debauch and debase yourself.”

“What?” Her eyes were glassy with lust. I loved that I had corrupted her.

In reply, I snapped my fingers and initiated the change from human to half-demon. I didn’t do it in a flash of light and cloud of smoke like Killenne. It was

more like a quick morphing of flesh.

Overall I was a little more muscular and taller as a demon. That translated to my cock as well. It changed in Mikki's hand.

It didn't discourage her from resuming sucking me.

If anything, it encouraged her.

I leaned back in the chair and let her work her magic on my flesh.

In no time at all I was fully erect and she continued on sucking the head and working the shaft with one hand while massaging my balls with the other.

She must have been doing a lot of research and reading in the past week because her technique had grown by leaps and bounds. In short order I wanted to cum in her mouth, but I wasn't going to let that happen.

I pushed her off me. "Get up and strip. I'm going to fuck you until you're screaming."

It didn't take her long to undress. The skirt dropped to the floor first, followed by her boring blouse. Underneath she had a slightly more attractive and matching set of lingerie on. White lace that hides everything. In a way it was sexier than a set that showed everything. I felt like I was corrupting her further.

Her tits swung free when she reached behind her back to unhook her bra.

"Nice tits," I complimented her.

Instead of blushing, she smiled. "Thank you."

Her next step was to peel down her panties. They were no longer granny panties, but weren't exactly a stripper's sexy thong either.

I wasn't worried about her panties once they were gone. I was pleased to see that she had done a little grooming on her bush. It had gone from wild and natural to tamed and sculpted. She hadn't gone overboard with the scissors and razor, but obviously she had taken the step in an attempt to please someone.

Me?

Herself?

Her husband?

She let me stare at her nude body for a moment before self-consciousness overcame her and she flung one hand over her tits and used the other to hide her pussy.

I shrugged. “Turn around and bend over the chair.”

Her eyes went wide. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to fuck you. Why else would you have come over?”

I stood up and stroked my cock a few times. She had made me pleasantly erect. I wanted to see how wet her pussy was. I was positive she was already soaking because she was so repressed everything she had done since she walked into the house had definitely turned her on.

It was her plan, but it scared her as well. I loved the conflict in between her body and her mind and her unrelenting lust.

Slowly, without a word, she turned around and presented her ass to me.

I had admired it before. It was just the right combination of firmness and size, not too much jiggle but with the perfect amount of padding.

When she moved too slowly in bending over the chair, I pushed her down which made her ass jut outward and it ran into my cock.

Mikki jumped at the contact.

“Ready?” I asked her.

“Shouldn’t you get a condom?” she blurted out as I took my cock in hand and probed between her legs.

“Not necessary.” I was right. She was literally dripping with desire. I ran the length of my cock along her lips. When I rubbed against her clit, she shuddered

with the need that had built up in her body.

“Isn’t it though?” she asked politely which was immediately replaced with a low groan as I penetrated her.

In order to stay upright she braced her arms on the chair and locked her knees.

“Oh sweet Lord,” she half-cursed as I pulled out and then dove back in.

“I don’t think he has anything to do with this,” I told her as I grabbed her hips and started slamming away at her pussy.

She gasped and then started up a steady stream of moaning as I fucked her.

That lasted for a minute before she started running her mouth.

“Oh yes…oh God yes…deeper, please…harder…faster…oh my…oh yes yes yes…please more…I can’t…I can’t…I can’t…”

And then she did. She came rather hard with a scream and her entire body shuddering. Her knees buckled and she wanted to fall down, but I held her up. I was plenty strong as a demon.

“You can,” I insisted. “And you will. And I don’t think your god has anything to do with you cumming on my demon dick.”

I gave her a moment and then started fucking her again. I loved the sound of my body slapping against her ass. Just as I was getting back into my groove, I heard a noise and looked up. Janine was in the living room watching us.

That didn’t disturb me, but Mikki must have picked up on my shift in attention. Looking up from her bent over position, she spied Janine and gasped.

In that moment she tried to cover up her tits and pull away from me in the same motion. I kept a firm grip on her hips and didn’t allow her to escape. All she really accomplished was temporarily hiding her tits before having to expose them again as she put her hands down on the chair.

I resumed my hard fucking of her.

“I knew she’d be back,” said Janine.

“Yeah,” I grunted.

Mikki didn’t say anything. She was mashing her lips together trying not to moan and groan or run her mouth about what a good job I was doing on her pussy.

“Didn’t think it would take this long,” Janine added.

“Go away,” Mikki managed to say before sobbing out, “Oh god, oh god, I’m gonna…I’m gonna do it again.”

“Cum,” Janine encouraged her. “No! Wait! I’m going to call down Judi and Evie.”

My housemate hurried up the stairs. She was still fully dressed. I would have been less surprised if she had taken off her pants and started jilling off to the two of us.

“I need to leave,” said Mikki, trying to get away from me.

I held her in place. She resisted. I grabbed her arms and twisted them behind her back. This meant I had to force her up closer to the chair, but that didn’t matter. I was going to cum inside her. Hopefully with an audience.

A few seconds later the trio of women hurried downstairs. Janine was still fully dressed, but the other two were naked. I hoped that Janine hadn’t interrupted them in the middle of sex. I hoped they were taking a break.

“Show time!” Janine crowed as she jumped onto the couch and leaned forward to watch us. The only thing missing was her holding a bowl of popcorn.

Evie and Judi joined her. I noticed Evie’s hand between Judi’s legs which made me wonder exactly where they had left off.

“Make her cum,” Janine called out.

“Will do,” I grunted.

Mikki turned her face away from the other women. I pulled her up so they could

see her big tits. She resisted, but not much.

“Time for you to cum again,” I encouraged her.

“No. I can’t…not in front of…of an audience.”

“Let me help,” offered Janine.

She slipped off the couch and knelt next to me and Mikki. Without so much as asking permission, Janine put her hand between Mikki’s legs and quickly found her clit.

The little shriek of the formerly completely uptight woman made my cock throb. I was on edge but I didn’t want to cum. Not yet.

“Shh,” Janine reassured her. “I’m just helping. I love to have my clit played with when I’m getting fucked.”

Mikki just moaned in shame. I fucked her harder for that.

She couldn’t resist. It was all too much for her. Her pussy tightened up on my cock and suddenly I felt a hot flash race through her body, focused on her pussy. She screamed loudly as she came.

That was all I needed. I filled her up with the seed from my demon dick.

I swore she came a third time as I pumped my semen into her.

Janine laughed as Mikki came. Evie and Judi clapped their hands, applauding the performance.

After I pulled my cock out of Mikki’s pussy, I wiped it off on her ass and then allowed her to collapse to the chair.

We were going to have to get a professional upholstery cleaner into the house eventually to get rid of all the semen and amrita we were leaving literally everywhere.

“I can’t believe I just did that,” Mikki mumbled into the chair’s cushion before sitting up and confronting us.

“But did you like it?” asked Janine, licking her fingers.

She looked away in shame. “Yes,” she admitted in a small voice.

The three women giggled at their counterpart.

“Don’t,” Mikki begged. “It was so hard to come over here…”

“I bet it was hard,” joked Evie.

“Was the cumming hard?” asked Judi.

“Please don’t,” Mikki said, finally turning her head back.

I was amused at the women’s sly attacks on the overly-religious Mikki, but I felt bad for her at the same time.

“Why not?” asked Janine. “You obviously knew that coming over here was going to get you fucked. If it was such a problem, you should have stayed home.”

“Don’t pick on her,” I instructed my lovers. “It took her a lot of courage to debase herself like this.”

“Please don’t say that,” begged Mikki.

I turned on her. “Then why the fuck did you come over? Just to get laid? Fine. But you knew the risks. Did you really think I’d fuck you once a week and nothing else would happen? What about your husband? What about your god? What about the life you pretend to live for your friends and family?”

I could get sex with any of a variety of women, the ones I was already fucking and others that caught my eye. I didn’t like being used by Mikki because she was horny and her husband had left her.

“He left me,” she said in a small voice.

“Yeah. I already got that,” I replied.

“My husband and God,” she clarified.

The women stopped giggling. I had to admit it wasn't funny anymore.

"I'm no Christian," I said, "but if your god leaves you because of who you are, then you deserve a better god."

"I could be a better person. I cheated on my husband."

"Is that why he left you?" asked Janine.

"No. He left..because he was cheating on me…" And she burst into tears again.

It was a good thing that Evie, Judi, and Janine were there because I'm terrible with people crying.

I left the living room and got a drink of water in the kitchen. I considered cracking open a bottle of whiskey before returning, but opted to stay sober. Though I did wonder if I was affected by alcohol when in demonic form.

The four of them were commiserating about Mikki's change of fortune. Somehow in the few minutes I was gone, they had absorbed her entire life store and were sympathizing how shitty her soon-to-be ex-husband was and how it wasn't a sin to have sex outside of marriage.

"When you consider that most people have sex outside of marriage, sin is rampant and God isn't all that effective of a deity," I opined.

They all glared at me.

Chapter 15

I knew when it was time to leave. I retreated to my bedroom and tried to listen to their conversation. The words were too muted.

Frustrated and annoyed, I found the black crystal to contact Killenne. “I need you,” I said into it wondering if it would work. Killenne seemed to come and go on her own accord.

Two seconds later she appeared in my bedroom in a puff of smoke and a flash of light.

“I really fucking wish you wouldn’t do that unless it’s entirely necessary,” Killenne complained.

She was nearly naked, wearing only a tiny black leather thong that contrasted sharply with her purple skin. In one hand she had a whip. In the other she had a steel dildo large enough that I was frightened for the elephant that was surely the only thing that the dildo could be used on. I was momentarily mesmerized by her free-swinging tits so I missed her question at first.

“Hey! Fuck head! Seth! Why the fuck did you summon me? I have a devil that needs torturing otherwise Sirtirix is going to be pissed at me!”

I took that in and plunged forward. “I think I may have corrupted that religious nut next door.”

Killenne’s face went from gloomy to sunny. “Well that’s great news! Congratulations! It’s always so satisfying to corrupt those who think they are better than they actually are. I mean, when you come right down to it, humans are little more than animals ready to rut at a moment’s notice. You aren’t really corrupting any innocence, you’re just freeing their true nature.”

“That…wasn't the reaction I was hoping for.”

She put down her whip and giant dildo on my desk, seated herself primly on the chair, crossed her legs, and tilted her head to the side. “And what, pray tell, reaction were you looking for?”

“How to get her in good standing with her god again?” I asked hopefully.

Killenne laughed in my face.

I didn't blame her.

"First of all, you are a demon—"

"Half-demon."

"Second, I've met the entity that Christians (and to be honest, Jews and Muslims as well) point to as their god. He's a nice guy. Totally embarrassed about how, after two thousand years, people still think the so-called virgin he fucked was virgin. Yahweh is a nice guy, but he stopped listening to Christians years ago. Which is okay, they stopped listening to him first. You did Mikki a favor."

"I…I did?"

"You did," she reassured me. "Wanna fuck?"

"Excuse me?"

"You summoned me from a very important…business meeting." she looked longingly at the whip and dildo on my desk. "Either we're going to fuck or you need to send me back to my meeting."

"I thought you said you were torturing a devil."

She smiled which showed off her long incisors that were equal parts sexy and scary. "I was. That was all business."

"You could have just said that."

"My way is more fun. And it was business. I'm going to let you in on a little secret, the economy of Earth isn't controlled by a cabal of Illuminati or the Jews or the Freemasons or whatever. It's controlled by devils and demons playing with the souls of humanity."

"That…that explains a lot. I guess that all the billionaires in the world are devils and demons?"

She laughed at me. "Of course not. That would break the rules. All the

billionaires and most of the millionaires have sold their souls to various devils and demons. We're all just cogs in the wheel of business."

"Oh."

"That explains why so many people think billionaires are soulless monsters. They are. It also explains why so many people practically worship billionaires: they are nearly supernatural entities themselves. Soulless ones, but even so." She paused and licked her upper lip while idly twisting one of her nipples. "So…are we going to fuck or are you going to send me back?"

"How do I send you back?"

"Just reach deep into your soul and will it to be."

I didn't know what that meant, but I wished she'd go back to where she came from.

It worked.

I willed myself back into human form and took a breath. I could hear the women's conversation still going on downstairs so I put on some music and tried to think about other things.

It was stupid that I was a demon (well, half-demon) and I was trapped in my bedroom because the women I was banging on the regular were having a heart to hear conversation downstairs and I was too afraid to confront them.

What kind of inhuman monster was I?

After much soul-searching (did half-demons have souls?) I found my courage and was determined to go confront them. Maybe get my dick sucked. Certainly I was going to fuck at least one of them and make the others watch. I was determined to cum on at least one face and make another of them lick the recipient's skin clean.

Just as I was about to march out the door, there was a knock and when I opened the door Janine was there with a smile on her face.

"Mikki wants to invite us over to her place," she said pleasantly. "She has a

surprise to show us."

I couldn't say no.

The next day we all trooped over to Mikki's place. She said she wanted to get it ready for us.

I wasn't all that surprised at what Mikki showed us. I mean, her husband was a gold star religious nut so of course he would have a chapel in his house. I wasn't sure what exactly to expect, but the conversation between the women had cleared up a lot of problems and apparently Mikki wanted to show us what sort of life she had been living before I happened to move in next door to her.

"This is…nice," I said.

Janine, Evie, and Judi all looked around with wide eyes. Only Kari seemed unimpressed by what the walls had hidden.

"My cousin is a Realtor. She could make a lot of sales pitches off of this."

The house was newer and included what Kari called a great room that was set off from the rest of the house. She said normally it was used as a game room or study or home office or a playroom for younger kids. Mikki and her husband, or maybe just her husband, had remodeled it to be a worship chapel complete with four pews, an altar, a giant golden cross hanging on the wall, all sorts of religious iconography painted on the walls. It was garish. Not Catholicism in its over-zealous glory prime garish, but garish all the same.

It wasn't just a chapel, it was a mini-church.

"Wow," was Janine's comment. "Just…wow."

"I guess the tiny house movement has made its way to megachurches?" joked Judi.

"Is this a private family church or can anyone join?" asked Evie. I wasn't sure if she was serious or not.

“Josh and I put this in because…because his faith and God are important,” said Mikki.

I learned that Mikki’s husband’s name was Josh. Interesting.

“And they aren’t to you?” I prompted her.

“They were. At least…I thought they were.”

“So…why are you showing us this place?”

The women had started to wander around, mostly looking at the murals on the wall that portrayed Jesus as some sort of New Age superhero. It was unsettling.

“It’s over between Josh and me,” she declared. “Because of…everything. I had turned a blind eye for so long. I had my suspicions but it was easy to pretend that he wasn’t cheating, that he wasn’t watching and using porn. He was obviously having sex with that slut Kaytee and he wasn’t doing research he was abusing himself.”

“You can say fuck and jerking off,” Evie told Mikki.

The tall woman just gave Evie a curt nod. “I know but…I don’t like using that sort of language.”

“But getting fucked by Seth is okay?” Evie taunted.

Janine swept in. “We discussed this, Evie. This is difficult for Mikki. She’s had a tough upbringing.”

Evie smirked and walked away.

“This is pretty and all, Mikki,” I said to get things back on track, “but why are you showing this to us? Do you want us to help you redecorate it?”

“Sort of,” Mikki said and took a deep breath. In a dramatic motion, she tore open her blouse. It wasn’t like in the movies where the sexy heroine’s shirt just pops open with a breathtaking reveal of her heaving bosom. The top buttons came free easily, but the bottom of her blouse was a tougher go and she struggled a bit.

That was okay. I was looking at her lingerie upgrade that put a nice bit of cleavage on display. There was lace and maybe her bra was designed to be cleavage maximizing.

“Nice tits,” I commented to her.

“Thanks.”

“Why show me them?”

Taking another deep breath she said, “Because I want you to fuck me in the chapel.”

The others’ attention had been caught by Mikki’s theatrical disrobing. “You mispronounced ass,” said Evie. “It’s not chapel, it’s ass.”

“Ignore her,” I said.

Mikki just nodded and unzipped her jeans. It was the first time I had seen her in anything but a skirt. It did nice things for her ass. I watched along with the others as she wiggled her jeans down over her hips. Just like that she was standing in the middle of the chapel in her bra and panties.

“I want you to do it with me on the altar,” she said, turning around and walking away from me.

I had been wrong. She wasn’t wearing just bra and panties. She was wearing a bra with a matching thong.

“Nice ass,” Evie commented.

“Do you want the women to watch?” I asked, a little stunned but more than happy to go along with the plan.

It was too bad that Mikki wasn’t Catholic. I would have loved to rail her on the altar while a disapproving Jesus looked down from his crucifix at us.

“I want them to…participate,” said Mikki as she turned back around and rested her gorgeous butt on the edge of the altar. She parted her long legs. She wasn’t revealing anything, but the gesture was vulgar.

I loved it.

I approached her slowly. “How do you want me to fuck you?” I asked her.

“On the altar. Missionary position. When you climax, I want you to turn into a demon.” She looked around at the others who were approaching the altar. “The others can watch or do…whatever they want to each other.”

I shrugged. “Sounds good to me.”

I’d never prayed in a church, or anywhere, before, but when I got down on my knees in front of Mikki and the altar, it felt right. She lifted her hips up just enough so I could pull her thong over her wide hips and down her legs.

Mikki sighed happily when I pressed my face into her pussy and wrapped my arms around her thighs. Her sex tasted of heaven. Or maybe of hell. Maybe a bit of both.

She shivered when I sucked on her clit.

“Oh…sweet lord,” she moaned. Her arms were braced against the altar. I pressed her tighter against the stone surface, pinning her in place as I assaulted her cunt with my lips and tongue.

Her breathing quickly became ragged and shallow as she worked her way up to a climax. I wanted to grab her ass and shove a finger up her asshole, but I had trapped her fleshy ass between me and the altar so that was impossible. She was moving around in ways I hadn’t anticipated which forced me to look up from between her legs.

She was looking down at me, my nose buried in her little tangle of hair as I ate her lovely pussy. Her movements were uneven because she was in the process of removing her bra.

I looked up just as she freed herself, letting her tits bobble free. I saw the uncertainty on her face and then she gave me a small smile before cupping her tits so she could pinch the nipples.

The only thing to do was close my eyes and focus on her pussy.

Around me I could hear the four other women having sex. My vision was obscured by Mikki's body, but their loud moans and the sound of flesh striking flesh, and digits probing wet orifices told me everything I needed to know.

Mikki struggled but I knew she was getting close. Amrita was flowing easily from her pussy, dripping down over my chin and onto the floor between my knees. When her thighs pressed tightly to my head I knew she was about to cum.

I continued my assault on her clit, sucking it deeply into my mouth.

When she came, she screamed.

It was musical.

I heard at least one of the other women in the chapel cumming as well. Maybe two. Possible three. It was unlikely it was all four, but I could dream.

The cries of orgasm were quickly replaced with something else. At first I thought that maybe a truck was rumbling by. Then maybe it was a thunderstorm rolling through the valley. When the house started to shake I was certain it was an earthquake though this area was known for its seismic stability. It wasn't a metaphorical little earthquake either. Maybe the women were cumming hard, but they weren't cumming that hard.

The smoke and the flash of light were the giveaways. Unless the house was burning down what we had inadvertently done was summon up a demon.

For just a moment I thought that maybe it was Killenne, upset at having been left out of our little sacrilegious orgy.

No such luck.

When I pulled back from Mikki's pussy, I saw a tall and imposing figure perching on the altar. He was obviously a demon. Dark red skin. Huge horns. Cloven hooves for feet. Thick black iron rings through his nipples. Talons at the end of his fingers. I was used to demons now, or so I thought, but his sudden appearance would have been a lot easier to take in if he didn't have a massive dong with several black iron rings through the meaty flesh.

Seeing him towering over her, Mikki screamed and scrambled away, knocking

me to the floor.

The scream attracted the attention of my lovers and they looked up. Their reaction wasn't as over the top as Mikki's, but shrieks of surprise filled the room just like the smell of sulfur from the smoke that accompanied the demon's appearance.

Looking around the room from atop the altar he took in the naked bodies of the women but focused on me instead.

"Hello, son," his deep voice rumbled.

"Oh shit."

Chapter 16

The demoniac figure glared down at me. He tilted his head to the side which made his large horns move crazily.

After my little exclamation, I was silent.

The demon claiming to be my father only let the silence last a long uncomfortable moment.

“I take it from your reaction you didn’t expect to summon me?”

His voice was deep and rumbling. I could feel the sound waves hit me in the chest. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that the women who had recently been eagerly fucking each other had now stopped and were staring at the tall demon standing on what was the family altar in Mikki’s house.

“I…I…I wouldn’t have thought that it was possible to summon a demon in a church,” I stuttered out.

He grinned at me, showing me an inordinate amount of sharp, pointy teeth. “Churches are the best places to summon demons. Though I’d call this more of a chapel than a church. I’d have to go into a long dissertation about how Christians have largely abandoned what Yahweh started when he sent his little spawn to Earth, but they’ve become a nice focus for those looking to make their way to the material plane.”

“What the fuck?” I spluttered.

“Let’s just say that Jesus isn’t cool with most Christians.”

“Okay…” I shook my head and recovered. “How the fuck do I know that you’re my father? You could be any demon claiming to have banged my mom.”

The demon looked around at the orgy that had been stopped mid-stroke and mid-fuck and mid-fingerbanging. “It would be very polite to offer me one of your women,” he rumbled while spending a little too much time leering at Judi.

“I don’t think so,” I said. Everything I knew about my nature and demons was whirling around in my head. I only wished that Killenne was there to help me out because I wasn’t sure what was real any longer. “They are their own persons.

I’m not ‘offering’ one to you. That’s incredibly regressive and antifeminist.”

The demon laughed at me. “As if demons care a whit for what humans construct in their cultures. You have acquired a nice harem. I admire that.”

I ignored his veiled compliment. I was suspicious of everything. “You need to prove to me you are my father or you need to go back to where you came from.”

“Bold. I like that.” He gestured at his face and body, letting his hand linger near his huge cock. I spent too much time staring at his pierced cock. “Don’t you see the family resemblance?”

I glared at him. “No.”

He laughed. “How would you like me to prove our relationship? Demons don’t have DNA like humans.”

That called into question my mere existence, but I didn’t want to explore that at the moment.

I looked around the room, which I had to admit was more a chapel than a church. “You’re the one claiming to be my dad. So prove it,” I challenged him.

He nodded once, curtly. “I like a challenge. The father shouldn’t have to prove anything to the son, but look at Yahweh and Jesus. Am I right?” He gave the room a once over with his yellow eyes. “Simple enough. Where’s the succubus?”

“Who?”

“I believe she goes by Kellianne on this plane of existence.”

I blinked because I knew who he was talking about. I just didn’t want to make things complicated.

“Not here,” my purported father rumbled. “Simple enough to solve.” He snapped his large clawed fingers.

An instant later, in a small puff of smoke and flash of light, Killenne appeared.

She was bent over at the waist and immediately stumbled forward. She wasn’t

able to catch herself because of a pair of thick gold manacles around her wrists holding her hands behind her back. There was a matching spreader bar attached to her ankles keeping her legs apart. Other than these two pieces of kink-ware she was naked.

I winced as she fell on her face with a little yelp of pain.

“What the fuck!” Killenne screamed a second later. I heard a small snap of her fingers and the golden bondage equipment disappeared. She was completely naked now which was a small disappointment because the gold had complimented her purple skin nicely. The succubus wasn’t the least bit shy about getting to her feet while nude and whirling around to face me.

“What the fuck are you doing, Seth?!” she demanded of me. “I was busy getting fucked! Do you know how hard it is to find an iron-cocked demon willing to plow me so hard I forget my name?”

I silently shook my head and pointed behind her at my supposed father.

Killenne looked over her shoulder and let out another little yelp of alarm. “Merihem! I didn’t see you there!” She let her eyes fall to his large but flaccid cock. “I see that the rumors are true,” she said with admiration and licked her lips.

“Was it Zepar?” he asked her.

“Was what Zepar?” she asked innocently.

“Zepar the minor duke of Orsikan. I believe he has an iron cock.”

“I…uh…didn’t catch his name. He was a good fuck, though,” she said with a wink as she put a hand between her thighs and rubbed her pussy. When she pulled her hand away, I could see that it came away wet and sticky.

“You are indeed a true slut,” the demon said. “You are a credit to succubuses everywhere. Mind sucking my cock for a bit to truly prove that status?”

Killenne let out a girlish giggle that turned my stomach. Not because of her behavior, but because she was acting so differently in front of this demon

“What the fuck, Killenne!” I burst out. “Is this red fucker my father or just a sunburnt lizard?”

The succubus took stock of her situation. In a stage whisper she said to me, “You need to give me a little more time on that, Seth.”

“He’s right fucking there in front of you,” I pointed out.

“I know.” Her stage whisper didn’t change at all.

I met my supposed father’s gaze with a shrug. “I don’t know. She’s sort of been working for me trying to solve this little mystery of who's my daddy.” I gave him a shrug. “Did you fuck Stella Blakenship about twenty-five years ago?” I asked him.

“I fucked a lot of human women twenty-five years ago. And five years ago and five centuries ago.”

I glared at Killenne. “You’ve been less than helpful in this,” I pointed out.

“I was doing it out of the goodness of my heart,” she said.

“I doubt that,” I told her and glared at the demon going by the name of Merihem. “I know this is a stupid question, but is there any certain way for me to determine who my father is? It goes without saying that I can’t trust you or anyone on this matter?”

“Does it matter?” he shot back. “You’re half demon and I’m claiming you as my son. Isn’t that enough?”

I looked to Killenne. In that moment I saw the look of admiration and perhaps obsession as she gazed at Merihem. That told me everything. “Can I trust him?” I foolishly asked her.

“No, but you can’t trust anyone. And he is one of the demons I was looking at as your possible father, if that helps.”

“I’ll make a pact,” Merihem offered.

My eyes narrowed on him. “Isn’t that something devils do?”

It wasn’t Merihem who answered, but Killenne. “Devils make deals, but only for your soul. They are always true to their word. Demons will make deals, but they don’t care about your soul; they only want power. And they’ll lie about keeping the deal if it isn’t to their advantage.”

I scoffed at Merihem. “Doesn’t sound like much of a deal to me.”

The red-skinned demon took the talon on his left index finger and drew it across his chest just enough to cut the skin letting out dark red, almost black, blood. “I swear that I will keep this pact and answer truthfully, if you give me what I desire,” he said.

I looked at Killenne. She gave me a shrug. “That’s about as good as it’ll get,” she told me.

“Still not much of an assurance,” I grumbled, but looked back to Merihem. “What do you desire so that I can find out the truth of this?”

“One of your harem,” he said.

“Not a—”

“I’ll fuck him!” Mikki quickly said.

There was a soft, collective gasp from all the other women.

And Killenne.

And myself.

“You don’t have to do this,” I said to her, taking her arm and pulling her away from the altar.

“I want to do it,” she said. Her eyes shone with lust…and madness. I had seen that look before in a few women and it was never a good sign. “Have you seen his cock?”

“How couldn’t I?” I complained with bitterness. “It’s nearly as big as my leg.”

“Bigger!” my so-called father bragged. Obviously with his sharp, pointed ears he

could hear what we were whispering.

I sighed.

“You’ve changed, Mikki,” I told her. “You weren’t like this a week ago.”

“I didn’t like who I was a week ago. Besides, when am I going to get another chance to fuck a demon?”

Her language had gotten salty. It was partly my fault. I shouldn’t have been fucking her or seducing her or corrupting her.

But I couldn’t help it.

And, oddly, I wanted to see Merihem fuck her. The idea appealed to me. I didn’t like the idea of the creature that might be my father fucking a woman I had recently used—and corrupted—but this was my life now that I was half-demon.

“I suppose I can’t stop you,” I said.

“Wonderful!” crowed Merihem. He extended his hand to the fallen Christian woman. “Invite me into your cunt so I can get off this altar.”

I gently pulled her back as she reached for his hand. “Is this safe?” I asked Killenne.

“As safe as anything is with a demon,” she told me.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“He wants to fuck a human woman. Her invitation will allow him out of the accidental protective circle you’ve created on the altar. Demons just don’t destroy things and people for fun—well, some do, but Merihem’s the wrong breed—they always seek power. And pleasure.”

That was the best reassurance I was ever going to get.

With a sigh I nodded and let Mikki reach out for Merihem.

The moment their hands touched, there was a vague electrical thrill transmitted through the air.

As the demon descended from the altar, he seemed to take on more realistic proportions. Before I would have claimed he stood ten feet tall and had a three foot long cock. Now he seemed to be maybe six and a half feet tall with a proportionally large cock.

It was still pierced through with the iron rings.

I watched, fascinated, as Mikki went down on her knees in front of him and took his cock in hand.

Almost at once it started rising.

Mikki had no trouble at all putting it in her mouth. I could hear her sucking as the ever-enlarging rod of flesh pumped in and out of her throat. It was oddly disturbing and erotic.

Killenne sidled up to me. “I didn’t get to finish what I had started when your father summoned me here. Help a girl out?”

I was mesmerized and was only able to vaguely nod. We both watched as Merihem’s cock impossibly went down Mikki’s throat. It had to be reaching all the way to her stomach, but she wasn’t choking on it at all. Killenne’s hand went around my cock. I was already rock hard. A second later she was down on her hands and knees in front of me. I slipped my cock into her moist, wet, and swollen lips, filling up her cunt.

A moment later Merihem whirled Mikki around and pressed her up against the altar, bending her over the flat top. His cock pointed upwards from his crotch at a forty-five degree angle.

“Ready to be reamed like never before, my lovely?” he growled at the corrupted Christian woman.

“Fuck yes! Please!” She shouted out the words like a whore.

It took him no effort at all to pin her in place and force his cock into her.

She screamed and moaned at the violation of her body. It took me a moment to realize he hadn’t been aiming for her pussy. Down as low as I was on the floor with Killenne, I could see that Merihem was using Mikki’s asshole.

“No! Not there! Please! Not there!” she begged.

He had only eased in the head and a bit of the shaft when she started complaining.

He didn’t stop.

He had a lot more shaft to go.

She quickly changed her tune.

“Oh fucking unholy hell, yes! There! Give it to me there! My asshole wants it more than my cunt!” Her hand went down between her legs and she violently started frigging herself. I couldn’t wonder what it felt like to have a giant demon dick jammed up her back entrance without any lube at all, but maybe I didn’t understand everything about demon sex just yet.

“Oh! Yes! Harder! Faster! Fuck me! Please fuck me! Use my dirty asshole!”

Merihem had her by the hips now and was fucking her like a virgin on prom night. It was raw and brutal and incredibly sexy. I wasn’t going to be able to last long with Killenne, especially after her pussy tightened up on me as she started cumming while watching the same obscene show I was being treated to.

I dumped my load into Killenne while Mikki screeched as she came. I wasn’t sure if she was having the orgasm of her life or if Merihem’s big cock was tearing her in half. Or maybe his piercings were tearing her up inside. Maybe all three.

As I watched, my demon father pulled out of her ass mid-orgasm, and he continued to spew his thick, white cum all over Mikki’s ass and back. The big demon backed away, a shit-eating grin on his face. He left Mikki slumped against the makeshift altar, panting and moaning slightly.

I didn’t know what to do next, I wanted to press him on the issue of my parentage, but before I could get a word out of my mouth, Janine, Evie, Kari, and Judi all swooped down on Mikki as she attempted to slowly lower herself to the floor.

They kept her in a semi-upright position as they licked up Merihem’s cum from

Mikki's soft skin. No one had told them to do so and yet they were doing it eagerly. I wouldn't have put it past them to debase themselves like that—they certainly weren't shy about consuming my cum when it landed in their mouths or wherever—but to see it done without so much as their participation with Mikki and Merihem was weird.

"That's the power of demon sex," Merihem rumbled to me as he shook the last few drops of cum off his cock and into Janine's open mouth, feeding it to her like a baby bird receiving food from her mother. Janine had the good graces to look ashamed as she swallowed up his cum. "But I suppose you have bitches falling all over you." He looked at the five women I had been regularly having sex with over the past few weeks. "You have a good start to a harem. You've even seduced and have a succubus. Very nice."

"He doesn't have me," snapped Killenne as she got up from the floor.

Merihem walked up to her. His hand was on his still-hard cock. She took a step back, intimidated by the big demon.

"Do you enjoy fucking the half-demon?" he demanded of her.

I could see the fear in Killenne's eyes. "Y-y-y-yes," she stammered out.

"Have you tasted his cum?"

She glanced briefly at me. "Yes."

"Down on your knees."

It was obvious that Killenne was trying to resist, but for whatever reason she had to obey the powerful demon. He pumped his meaty cock with his fist a couple of times and then shoved it into the succubus's mouth. She didn't protest or bother to resist.

I should have been offended, but instead I was intrigued.

His cock has just been in Mikki's ass. The other women had finished cleaning up Mikki and were watching Merihem abuse Killenne. He face fucked her as she held onto his hips.

The exchange didn’t take very long. My cock was confused over the display, but I managed to stay half-hard. To my shame I got harder when Merihem started to cum. I could see he pumped his seed down Killenne’s throat and then he pulled back to finish on her face.

Showing her true nature, the succubus opened her mouth and encouraged him to cum on her tongue. She looked incredibly hot and sexy and satisfied when he finally stepped away from her.

“Well?” he demanded. “Speak the truth.”

Killenne wiped the last of his demon seed from her face, greedily sucked her fingers, and swallowed the last of it. Turning her head to me, she proclaimed, “He is indeed your father.”

Merihem let out a deep rumbling laugh. “I’ll be back for you, boy. It’s good to know that I have spawn in the material world.”

With that he hopped back up on top of the altar and said a few words I didn’t understand. That, combined with some arcane gestures, resulted in a large puff of smoke and his abrupt disappearance.

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

Turn Off My Feelings 3

The sex with Kristen was amazing. Amelia had moved past the guilt stage of illicit sex. The difficult part was not acting a fool at dinner with all the other women and guests at the resort's restaurant. She had a secret she wanted to scream to the world and at the same time she wanted to keep it private.

Besides, she couldn't be the only woman in the resort who had bedded another of her gender.

Kristen had helpfully put gauze pads over her freshly pierced nipples before they got dressed for dinner. Bras, Kristen reminded her protégé, were frowned upon at the restaurant. Amelia wasn't sure that was true, but she went with it. Just a dress and a g-string for the both of them.

She was eager to get through dinner and then get back to the suite where she could fuck Oliver.

Or maybe fuck Kristen. Again.

Or maybe both of them.

They were halfway to the restaurant when Amelia's phone rang. She was carrying it in the tiny clutch purse that Kristen had allowed. "Shit," she cursed upon looking at the caller ID.

"Problem?" asked Kristen.

"My fiancé."

"Not really a problem. You don't have to answer it."

"I sort of do. I made a promise." She winced as she pressed the green button to accept the call. "Hey hon."

"You wanted me to call every night," Evan reminded her. "I'm just being a good fiancé for you."

“I know. Sorry I’ve been busy. But I have a surprise for you when I get home.”

“What is it? Tell me!”

Amelia couldn’t tell if Evan was being playful or insistent. She glanced at Kristen and wondered if the other woman could hear Evan’s words.

Then she realized it didn’t matter. It was Kristen who had given her the cock cage for Evan. The cage he was currently wearing. She needed to show her boss she was entirely onboard with the Artemis lifestyle. “You’ll have to wait. But I think you have something for me.”

The disappointment was clear in his voice. “What are the three words?”

“Corridor. Blue. Hexagon.” Amelia pulled all the words from parts of the hotel they were standing in. Kristen was being very patient, listening in—not eavesdropping—on Amelia’s conversation.

“Okay, just a moment I’ll send you the picture.”

This time Amelia had a clearer head. She waited patiently for the picture to come on her messenger app.

“Your fiancé?” Kristen asked quietly so the mic wouldn’t pick up her voice.

Amelia muted the phone. “Yes.”

“What is he sending you?”

“Let me show you.”

A second later her phone buzzed with an incoming text. Evan’s cock was still properly caged and the yellow security tag was in place. His emasculated cock was resting on a piece of paper with her three passwords.

“Very good,” she said to Evan. “I have to go now.” Without further conversation, she needed the call. She then showed Kristen the picture of her fiancé’s cock.

“Very nice. You’ve got him under control already.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“If he’s reluctant when you get back, just be firm in controlling his cock. He’ll grow to love the lifestyle.” Kristen couldn’t help but giggle a little. “They always look so small in their cages, don’t they?”

“I suppose.”

“Sometimes I just want a really big cock. But small ones are nice too.”

They proceeded down the hallway.

Dinner was lovely. Tasty without being ridiculously filling. Amelia carefully checked out all the other women in the dining room. Most appeared to be between thirty and fifty, making her one of the youngest in the room. There were others who were obviously over fifty, but all were well-maintained. Money could buy that.

Among the guests the ratio was 90-10 in favor of women. Staff seemed evenly divided between men and women. Amelia didn’t comment on any of this. The conversation at the table was easy to follow and had almost nothing to do with business matters tonight.

There were no violent interruptions either.

Amelia had just enough wine to feel faintly floating when they walked back to the suite. She was holding Kristen’s hand, partly out of affection and partly to help with her balance. Amelia wondered if they would wind up back in bed together.

Eating the older woman’s pussy had been a big step for her, but Amelia had enjoyed it. It was weird playing with and sucking on her pierced nipples, but the strangeness had only helped her enjoy the sex.

The thin gold chain she had seen Kristen wearing around her waist when she had fucked Jonas had been there again. As far as she could tell in her brief time when she was in bed with Kristen, there wasn’t an obvious was to remove it. That made it even sexier to Amelia. She wanted one.

And for her part Kristen had been an excellent lover. When she plied her fingers and tongue on Amelia's pussy, the younger woman had been driven to heaven. Sadly, Kristen had to avoid touching her tits, but that was fine.

It was the kissing that had really gotten to her. Kissing was so intimate and so personal, and Kristen was so good at it. Better than any man Amelia had ever kissed.

She didn't want it, but she knew she was developing a crush on her boss. That was wrong.

Amelia was smart enough to know that was exactly what Kristen wanted.

They were giggling as they opened the suite door and stumbled inside. Amelia was wondering if she had it in her to seduce her boss back to bed, but she froze when she spied the two men waiting for them in the common room.

"Oh right," Kristen muttered under her breath.

Maybe Kristen wanted Amelia back in her bed as much as she did.

"Hello ladies. Who is who?" The taller man spoke to them. "I'm Jason. Who requested me?"

Amelia glanced at Kristen who literally licked her lips, but subtly. "I did."

"You must be Kristen," said Jason as he moved around the small table in the middle of the common room. Amelia couldn't take her eyes off him. He was tall and had dark skin. He was bald, but it was by choice. His head was shaved. More than anything he had a welcoming smile and was devastatingly handsome.

Amelia was jealous and she knew she didn't have any right to that emotion.

Kristen went to her lover to be and went up on her toes to kiss him. Amelia couldn't believe how forward she was, but it only made sense. It was what they —or Artemis—was paying for.

"Remember what we were talking about on the way to dinner, Amelia?" Kristen abruptly asked her.

Amelia blinked. “Uh...no.”

Kristen laughed. The wine had affected her as well. “Jason, why don’t you show her why you are so popular?” Turning back to Amelia, Kristen added, “I had to book him weeks ago. I’m lucky.”

Jason was wearing the standard lavender polo and white shorts of the resort. Without any ceremony or warning, he just pulled down his shorts and underwear to reveal a large cock.

Amelia gasped, not at the size, though he was impressive even while flaccid, but that he would do such a thing.

She wasn’t as cosmopolitan as she wanted to be. Not yet.

“I know, right?” asked Kristen as she wrapped her hand around the large cock. Jason had trimmed his pubic hair to almost nothing. At Kristen’s touch he started to harden and rise. “I’m a lucky girl. Don’t take this the wrong way, but since you have a date already, I’m taking this big boy to bed alone.”

And with that Kristen turned away from her underling, holding Jason’s cock, leading him to her bedroom. He shuffled behind her, displaying his muscular ass to Amelia and the other man in the room.

Suddenly remembering she wasn’t alone, Amelia turned to the stranger. “You must be Oliver.”

He smiled and nodded. His hair was sandy brown and he wore glasses, giving him a slightly nerdy and shy appearance. Holding up a bag, he said, “I am, and I brought everything we’ll need tonight.”

Remembering that everything was a test with Kristen, Amelia said. “Excellent. Let’s get down to business.”

She crooked her finger at him and walked with confidence to her bedroom.

Once they were in the bedroom and closed the door, Amelia took the initiative and was downright aggressive with Oliver. He didn’t seem to mind, other than dropping his bag to the floor.

She kissed him and decided that there were undoubtedly hidden cameras in the bedroom and everywhere else in the resort. She was certain that Oliver would have to fill out a report that would wind up on Kristen's desk.

To show her renewed loyalty to Artemis, Amelia pulled at Oliver's clothing, getting him to strip. He stumbled out of his sandals and allowed her to take off his shorts. She knelt down in front of him to inspect his cock.

It wasn't nearly as big as Jason's, but that didn't matter. She took all of it in her mouth—an easy task since he was only half hard—and sucked eagerly.

Oliver moaned. "Ohh...you don't have to do that."

"But I like sucking cock."

"I appreciate it but most women don't summon me to give me a blowjob."

Amelia ignored his words for a minute and continued to suck him. His pubes were short and a shade lighter than his hair, which was unusual. She caressed his ball sack, feeling the delicate orbs with the sack rolling around until he got fully erect and his sack pulled up to his body.

"You're going to make me cum," he half complained.

Finally Amelia backed off. "Is that bad?"

"No, if that's what you want. You can still peg me after I cum if you want."

Amelia blinked up at him. "Excuse me. Peg you?"

He pointed to the bag on the floor. "That's my specialty. Getting pegged."

She glanced where his finger indicated. "I put on a harness and a fake cock and fuck you in the ass?"

He turned his head slightly. "Isn't that why you requested me? It's why most women request me."

"Uhh...yeah. Sorry. I forgot. Busy day. Too much wine. Umm...I've never pegged a man before."

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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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