Love Sweet Sex Magic



Elliot Silvestri

3: Deception

Green Bush Publishing

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Love Sweet Sex Magic 3

An Erotic Novel of Sexual Magic

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Deception: Love Sweet Sex Magic 3

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Chapter One

Breaking a promise is anathema to me, especially to a lover. I had promised Todd a wonderful three-way and he was going to get exactly what he wanted. It took some arranging, but it wasn't that difficult.

What was more worrying was the difficulty I had in getting Birch off. While I wasn't the least bit surprised that he was bisexual, I was worried that neither myself or Todd, and even the two of us together, weren't good enough to get him off with magic. Under my bed I had carefully carved into the hardwood floor a circle charm designed to enhance the sexual pleasure and performance of everyone who I invited in.

Birch should have been cumming again and again, especially since he had drunk the aphrodisiac in addition to having the charm under the bed. I had given him everything a man could possibly want from a woman...and another man. I was disappointed that I had to use my magic on him to make him cum, but maybe it was just performance nerves. Men are such fickle creatures when it comes to sex; I've been disappointed more than once by a man who couldn't perform.

I could have hired a nice sex worker for Todd and me. I knew plenty of them; there was a small community in the city of my little exurb, but that didn't work well with my plans. I could have recruited Aisling for this little adventure, but I wanted to save her virgin cunt for another special occasion. There were some other possibilities I could have exploited with a little persuasive language and maybe a minor spell, but instead I determined it was time to bring Joy fully in the fold and have her make a commitment to my burgeoning coven.

I stopped by her house unannounced to find her still in her pajamas with a dreamy look on her face. If she was another person, I would have accused her of trying illicit drugs, but she wasn't that person.

"Still in pajamas at this hour, Joy?" I clucked my tongue at her while inviting myself inside. "The gossips will talk."

"Let them," she said dismissively. As soon as the door was closed and we were safe from prying eyes, she rushed to embrace and kiss me.

The charm I had hidden under her mattress was doing its work.

"I'm exhausted," she confided in me once she took her tongue out of my mouth.

“Why?”

“Bob can’t get enough of me,” she said. “As soon as we get in bed at night, no matter how tired we are or what we’ve been doing all day, even if we’ve been arguing, we get down to business right away.”

“Really?” I asked pretending to be surprised.

“And by business I mean fucking,”

“I understood that.”

“I’ve had his cock more times in the past two weeks than I’ve had all our marriage, I think.”

I hope she was exaggerating, but one never knew. Caressing the side of her face I told her, “I need you to do me a favor.”

“Does it involve going down on you?” she asked, pressing her body against mine. It was tempting, so tempting, but I focused myself. I didn’t have time to fuck her right then and there.

“It does...but you’ll have to wait a bit.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow.”

“Too long,” she complained, pressing her leg between mine. I was wearing a loose, flowing dress and could feel her thigh against my cunt. I wanted to fuck her, but I was pressed for time. There was no reason why I couldn’t enjoy fucking her tomorrow alongside Todd.

I gently pushed her away and put a minor hex into my words. “You’ll have to wait.”

She pouted, but I expected that. “I can’t.”

“You can and it will be worth it. My place. Tomorrow morning, nine a.m. Be prepared to fuck a man other than your husband. I want to see how well you do

at that."

Her eyes went wide. I suppose it was one thing to cheat on your husband with a woman because I was significantly different from Bob, namely I had a cunt and he had a cock, but to be told I expected her to fuck a man while I watched pushed her to the limit of her life-long training as a supposed Christian. While I knew she had already left the hypocrisy-ridden organization that employed her husband, she was still stuck in the mindset that trapped her. "I can't do that…"

"Sure you can," I assured her with a kiss. "And you'll love it."

"Will I?"

"Don't you want to be part of my coven?" I didn't let her answer that question. She was already in too deep and there was no easy way for her to back out, especially since she was pursuing her true nature with me.

I turned on my heel and marched out of her house.

The walk to Nicholas's house was long, but I reveled in the exercise. I needed to work off some of my excess energy. Admitting that Joy had gotten my cunt wet was difficult, but I didn't have to admit it to anyone else but myself. I needed some supplies from Nicholas and maybe I'd fuck him to work off my excess lust.

Slipping inside his parents' house was easy, as it always was. I liked the little rush of energy I got from sneaking in. I felt like a teenager getting away with something. From time to time I wondered what would happen if his mother or father caught me fucking Nicholas. That was an extra thrill. I wasn't worried. What would they really do? And if a real problem developed, I always had my magic to fall back on. Some people were easily manipulated.

Most people were easily manipulated.

"Nick?" He didn't immediately reply when I called his name, so I went down the steps to his basement hideaway. Nicholas was lying on his bed, wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. His face was covered by a towel. When I saw the blood on his shirt I started to panic.

Rushing over I tore the towel from his face. Under it was a bag of ice he was

using to stop the swelling of his bloody nose. I noted a growing black eye as well. His one good eye snapped open, terrified at my sudden presence. He hadn't heard me because he had air pods shoved in his ears. Up close I could just barely hear the tinny music.

"What the fuck, Luna!" he exclaimed as he sat up. "What are you doing here?"

I calmly sat back and regarded him. "Looking for you. Looking for some of your devil's lettuce. Looking for your cock as well, but from the looks of things…"

"Fuck…" he complained. His voice was off because of the swelling. It was too nasal.

"What happened?" I asked him, putting some influence in my voice, just enough to compel him to tell the truth. If he truly fought it, he'd be able to lie, but I'd know it.

"Bad deal," he said curtly. "A fucking teenager punched me because he thought I was shorting him. Fucking teenagers."

I didn't remind Nicholas that he was barely more than a teenager. "Were you shorting him?"

The connection between us told me he wanted to lie, but he didn't. "A little. Not much, but when you deal in bulk shorting by a gram or two here and there, it adds up."

"You don't need the money that badly," I reminded him. "You're doing well and you have mommy and daddy's money." I reached for the bag of ice he was clutching to his face but he pulled away. "Let me see," I said forcefully, grabbing his chin in my hand and holding his face so I could inspect the damage. "I know what I'm doing and can make you feel better."

"I hope so," he muttered. "I'd love to fuck you right now." Even injured he was ready to fuck. I had to admire that in the young man.

I let my hand graze across the front of his sweats. He was getting hard. "Let me fix you up and then maybe we'll fuck...but I want my weed."

"Yeah, sure." He was so easy to manipulate.

Ever so carefully I traced my fingers over his face. The worst of the swelling was on the left side, where he was hit. There wasn't any serious damage. Swelling. Bruising. A minor abrasion. A bloody nose. I let the magic flow through my fingers.

Healing magic is the most difficult sort to do. I wasn't going to repair him directly, instead I just addressed the symptoms and got his nose to stop bleeding. It wasn't easy, but it worked and I think he barely noticed. I covered up the effect of the magic by giving him a light kiss on the lips.

"I feel better already," he said. The swelling had visibly gone down and he was no longer bleeding from his nose. I didn't fix him completely because that would have been too obvious.

"It's all the blood rushing to your cock," I said. "Just keep your ice pack on your face. I'll pay you for the weed."

"No!" he begged. "The only thing that will make me feel better is fucking you."

"How romantic," I told him but I didn't resist when he grabbed my wrist and pulled me back down for a kiss.

"Please…"

"For a lid," I said. It was unfair, but I was going to work him hard.

In response Nicholas pulled down his sweatpants to show him his full cock. It was tempting. He wasn't completely hard, but he was nicely swollen. I lowered my mouth and him and started sucking.

He was already leaking precum and quickly got hard in my mouth. I was kneeling on the floor next to his bed, my face toward his feet so I didn't have to look at him. Maybe that was shallow of me, but he was a little rough to look at in the moment.

When he started groaning I stopped sucking him. "Wait! Don't!" he begged.

Men are so stupid sometimes, especially young men.

I stood up and hiked up my dress so I could peel off my panties. He got a quick

glimpse of my cunt as I sat down on his bed straddling his body, still facing his feet. I took his cock in hand and guided it into my cunt. I wasn't that wet, but after my time with Joy and getting worked up blowing Nicholas, I was wet enough, plus I had left behind saliva slicking up his cock.

Stockings are critical to wear when it's cold. More importantly, they make it easier for a quick fuck when I didn't want to take off all my clothes. Once he was in me and I was bouncing up and down using my thighs, Nicholas pushed up my dress so that he could see my ass.

Men are so predictable.

I'm sure he enjoyed looking at my ass, and he was probably the sort who enjoyed gazing as my asshole as well. That was fine if that's what he wanted. I don't always understand men.

Fucking him was fun and efficient. I made sure to cum first because I didn't want to be in his bed for hours on end. When my moment of crisis came on, I shuddered a few time and then relaxed.

"Almost there," Nicholas grunted as he grabbed my hips, holding me in place, fucking upward into me. I didn't care if he finished or not.

It only took him a minute and was worth it; I came again. He came in me. I got off and went to the bathroom to wipe away his useless sperm and then pee.

When I came out he had a baggie of weed for me. I put my panties back on and gave him a kiss.

"Thank you, I really feel better," he told me.

"I don't doubt it," I told him. "I have a magical cunt."

He laughed. "I don't doubt it."

Sometimes its more fun to be honest than to lie.

Chapter Two

They both showed up at the appointed time. Their timing couldn't have been better if they had tried. Unfortunately I had planned on them arriving a few minutes apart so I could set the scene. For me to open the door on Joy and Todd chatting on my front porch was more than a little uncomfortable.

I covered up my discomfort. That's what I do.

"Hello, well, it's good that you're both on time. There's no need to make small talk that way. We can get right to business." I invited them both inside. I brought them to the parlor because that's the place for entertaining. It would have been odd to take them directly to my bedroom, but that's where we were going to end up.

"Drinks?" I offered them as they silently filed into the parlor. I had already laid out tea and alcohol and other potables.

"So early in the day?" asked Todd, eyeing the scotch I had on my small bar.

"Why not?" I asked as I poured him a measure into a glass, dropping in some ice. "We're going to be fucking in a minute. Isn't that also traditionally an activity reserved for the evening?" I handed him the glass and he nervously sipped from it.

"Do you need something stronger?" I didn't address the question directly to either of them. Joy shook her head. Her eyes were wide with anticipation. I saw her eyeing Todd. He was a handsome man even if he had a vasectomy. Still, that made our little encounter easier.

I poured her and myself some tea. I didn't tell her there was a splash of whiskey in it until she took a sip and coughed lightly. "You didn't tell me you spiked it," she said weakly, smiling around her surprise.

"No, I didn't." I also didn't tell her I had slipped in a few drops of virility potion to both her drink and Todd's. What they didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

I let them stand uncomfortably for a minute before I said, "You know I made Todd a promise, don't you Joy?"

"Yes," she replied easily, her nerves settled by the whiskey and potion.

“What was that promise?” I asked her.

“You promised Todd a sexual favor...with you and another woman.” I turned to Todd. Despite what we had done together with Birch, he was still surprised at his good luck. At least he thought it was good luck. His face was a bit flushed from the combination of alcohol and the potion and the realization of what we were going to be doing in a few minutes.

“Joy is a friend of mine,” I explained to him. “She’s actually a lot more than that.” I reached for Joy’s forearm and drew her close. She almost spilled her tea, but that didn't stop me from kissing her like a lover would.

“Holy shit,” Todd exclaimed despite himself.

“I can assure you that shit has nothing to do with it,” I told him. “Does she please you?” I asked him.

While Joy was an older woman, she was still attractive and she put real effort into her appearance. Today she was wearing a dress like I had requested. It wasn’t black, but it was a deep burgundy-wine color and plunged enough to show off her cleavage from what had to be a pushup bra.

“Y-y-yes,” he stuttered out.

I raised an eyebrow. “You don’t sound certain.”

“It’s like you’re offering her up as a sacrifice to me or something,” he said, nervously. His face was still red, but I checked his crotch and the evidence of a hard cock pressing against the front of his jeans was more than obvious.

I laughed at him and Joy wisely joined in. “No, not at all like a sacrifice. Joy’s an experienced woman. She’s much better than a virgin sacrifice.”

“Would you like to see?” Joy asked as she pulled down the shoulders of her dress. I moved behind her and unzipped the dress. She let it fall to the floor and proved to him that even for an older woman she had a body to die for. I could only see her ass, which looked lovely inside her satin panties, but Todd’s eyes didn’t know where to look. Her face. Her tits. Her cunt. The flicked up and down her body.

She only gave him a few seconds to examine her before she went down on her knees and opened up his jeans. He couldn't believe what was happening as she released his already hard cock and started sucking on it.

"She's very good, isn't she?" I asked Todd.

He gasped and nodded. That was the best I could expect from him.

"I know I promised you two women, but give me a moment, won't you?" I asked him.

Todd said nothing. He was...distracted.

Since I didn't want to get my dress soiled or torn, I untied it as let it slip from my shoulders. I had switched things up for the day and was wearing a deep charcoal dress. Underneath I had my usual panties and stockings but I was wearing a more comfortable full body basque because my dress called for it.

It was a shame that Todd missed my undressing, but with his cock down Joy's throat, I couldn't blame him for missing some details. He willingly went along as I helped him out of his shirt and pulled his jeans down along with his form-fitting underwear. Joy, showing more skill than I would have given her credit for, kept on working his cock as I got Todd naked.

I admired his taut buttocks for a moment before I went down on my knees next to Joy, sucking Todd's pendulous balls. He started gasping and I didn't want him cumming too soon. Just pushing back Joy wasn't going to be enough, though I did that.

The wonderful thing about learning a spell is that is it easily reversible. A little virility charm can be turned into shirking hex. Todd was just about to fall over the cliff of orgasm, but I let a little negative energy flow into him and suddenly he was going soft.

"Fuck!" he complained. "I was almost there."

"Do you really want to cum so quickly?" I asked, kissing the side of his cock before standing up and pulling Joy with me. She didn't resist.

Just to keep things on edge for Todd, I kissed her passionately, like we were old

lovers reunited after too long apart. She helped when I unhooked her bra, freeing her tits. I didn't even get the opportunity to help her out of her panties. She stood in front of Todd, posing, completely comfortable in her own skin.

I liked how easily she went along with my plan with a man she barely knew. It was possible that fucking a man she didn't know was easier than fucking someone who wasn't a stranger.

Todd's cock went back up as he took in her beautiful and curvy body. "Can I?" he asked reaching for her. I wanted to watch him fuck her, but not in my parlor. I needed them in my bedroom for a very good reason.

"Of course you can, but you need to do it in my bedroom."

I led the way. We went up the stairs with Joy's eyes level with my still panty-covered ass, and Todd's eyes on her naked ass. I wasn't certain, but I think he snuck in a kiss on her bottom.

As we walked into my bedroom, I pushed my hand between Joy's legs, feeling her cunt. I made sure that Todd saw me and grinned at him. "Just making sure she's wet and ready for you."

"Well?" he asked eagerly. "Is she?"

I pushed a finger up into her cunt. She wasn't sopping wet but it wouldn't take much to get her to that state. "Not quite. You need to go down on her and get her cunt ready."

He was slightly put off by my language, but I wasn't going to use soft terms just to relax a man. If he couldn't handle the word cunt then he didn't deserve to eat or fuck one.

I made Joy lay down on the bed with her knees bent upward. Todd knelt on the stairs and put his face between her legs. The effort he put in was commendable, especially considering that he did it as I slowly jerked him off, watching the action.

Joy moaned and writhed beautifully. Maybe Todd was that good at eating cunt. I was going to find out for myself, but only under trying circumstances. Trying circumstances for him.

“That’s enough, I think,” I said, pulling on his shoulder, making him disengage from her. Joy looked suitably angry. While I wasn’t sure how close to orgasm she was, it had to have been close. I didn’t worry. She would get hers soon enough. “Get on the bed,” I told Todd. “Face up. She’s going to ride you.”

They were adults. They should have had better sense than to let another person, let alone a witch, tell them what to do, but they followed my orders. I simply watched. I watched as Joy put got on top of Todd’s body, grabbed his cock and guided it into her sopping cunt.

The thrill I felt as she sank down on him can’t be described. They were two strangers with no real connection and I had them fucking without question. I watched a minute as I stripped off my panties and then unhooked my basque leaving me naked but for my stockings. I was ruining stockings at an alarming rate lately.

There was no reason to join them immediately. The lust charm under my bed would ensure they kept going regardless of their own desires until I wanted them to cum. Pushing my fingers up into my already wet cunt, I got my amrita all over my middle and forefinger and offered it to Todd. He eagerly sucked it clean. I repeated the process with Joy. She was just as willing; there was no surprise there.

I joined them on the bed, moving carefully into position as Joy continued to ride Todd’s cock. I faced her and lowered my cunt down on his face. Todd knew what to do and got busy with his tongue. Meanwhile, I leaned forward and embraced Joy. We exchanged a kiss.

Her eyes were unfocused. She needed to cum but that wouldn’t happen until I released the spell holding them both off. I slid my hand down to her cunt, felt where his cock was penetrating her, and then found her clit.

She gasped a little as I rubbed her most sensitive organ. Leaning in, I put my lips next to her ear.

“Do you want to cum?”

Joy just nodded.

“Do you want me to make you cum?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I need you to do something for me.”

“Okay…” Her body was riding up and down, she was already communing with the Earth Mother. She was weak to my suggestions but strong in her own body.

“You know I’m a witch.”

If this was news to her she kept it to herself, of course, having Todd’s cock inside her cunt gave her a place of focus. “Uh-huh…”

“I need you to join my coven.” I could have cajoled and threatened. I could have cursed her life and her family, but that’s not how I wanted to build my coven.

“Yes...please, yes.”

Was she trading her old religion for worship of the old mother? It didn’t matter. She had sealed the bargain. I released the withhold charm and she came like she had never cum before.

It was enervating to see her body electrified with sexual energy making her quiver and pulse. Life would never be the same for her.

As I held her up so she could recover, I enjoyed the attention of Todd’s tongue. He wasn’t going to be able to make me cum with just his mouth, but that was fine. We were going to be in my bed for a while.

Todd put good effort into eating me out as he continued to fuck Joy. After her strong orgasm had passed, she pushed back from me a little and grinned at me like she knew that she was getting away with something.

“Do you like cheating on your husband?” I asked her. There was no reason to be subtle about it. She had chosen to be a witch. She was cheating on her husband not only with me—which was understandable because sex with a woman was something her husband couldn’t supply Joy—but she was also cheating with another man from the neighborhood. In Joy’s case it meant she liked sex and needed it more than what she was getting at home.

Or maybe she was just a bit of a slut. I was fine with it either way.

Her answering grin told me everything I needed to know. “Yes. When the sex is this good, yes.”

“See what becoming a witch does for you?” I asked her.

She didn’t answer right away. She was focusing on Todd’s cock—which was understandable—and she was digesting her betrayal to her husband and her, or maybe his, religion—which was also understandable.

“I’m gonna cum,” she mumbled, her eyes closing.

“Again?” I asked her.

“Uh-huh.”

I reached down to where their bodies joined. Todd was hard and pulsing. He was ready.

“Cum first, Joy,” I said. “Then let him fill you with his seed.”

She nodded and ground her hips down on him. Once she had made the decision to throw aside her old life, she was completely given over to what I had made her into. That was a very good thing.

Todd continued to try to fuck her, but she had taken control of their coupling. I wanted to slip my hand down to her pussy, to feel her pulsing clit, to cup his tightening balls, but that wasn’t going to happen.

“Ooh! Fuck! Fucking hell! Fuck my cunt!” Joy became vulgar when she came. It was a good attribute. She was shaking atop his body, his cock spearing her cunt. I could tell he was right on the edge. Anyone could have seen he was right on the edge.

He stopped moving his tongue on my cunt. That was understandable. He even took his hands away from my hips and thighs, forcing me to hold myself above his face. He was lucky that I had strong thighs because I didn’t have any compunction about sitting on his face and smothering him. It was a good thing for him that I’m not into queening.

Once I noticed that he was grabbing Joy’s hips to hold her steady. I could hear

him stirring his cock in her cunt. He only lasted a few seconds longer.

“Oh!” The dose of cum that Todd shot into her startled my friend. She shouldn’t have been startled, but maybe it was the heat of his cum or maybe the violence of it. He groaned louder than any man I have ever laid with.

“Good?” I asked her.

She blinked several times before she was able to answer me. “Yeah...better than the first time.”

“Every orgasm is better than the last time in my bed,” I told her, leaning in for a kiss. She was happy to kiss me. Todd took the hint and started kissing my cunt again. But I didn’t want that. It was easy enough to push Joy off his cock.

“Why?” she complained and I crawled down Todd’s body and grabbed his softening cock. It was wet with Joy’s amrita and his cum. That didn’t discourage me, if anything, it was an enticement.

“Because you had your turn,” I explained calmly. “And we’re here for him, not for you to have fun.”

I looked over my shoulder at Todd. He looked exhausted but just a little attention from my hand seemed to rejuvenate him.

“You have a beautiful ass,” he complimented me. That was the entirety of his view: my ass. I’m sure he didn’t mind, not if he was enjoying eating my cunt while I sat on his face.

“Thank you,” I said before lowering my mouth on his cock. I could have used a little magical energy to rouse him, but I didn’t. I just sucked him like any normal woman.

It only took a few seconds for the charm under my bed to activate and completely harden him.

“Oh fuck,” he exclaimed. The charm was a little combination of an aphrodisiac and a control person spell. The specific control was blood to his genitals. It worked on both men and women and anyone else who joined me in bed.

“You got him hard quick,” Joy marveled at me.

I gave her a confident grin. “It doesn’t take a lot with some men,” I told her. I gifted Todd a compliment. “And Todd here is horny and skillful. Why wouldn’t I want him hard?”

They said nothing as I crawled the rest of the way down his body and lowered my cunt onto his reanimated cock.

It fit me perfectly and Todd was treated to a view of me riding him. My ass is perfectly average, but that was more than enough for him. Joy watched in fascination as I pumped my ass and thighs. I’m sure this wasn’t the origin of the rumor that witches love to ride broomsticks.

“Come over here,” I told her. “I want to kiss you while I cum.”

I could have forced her, but getting a lover to do what I wanted just by asking was so much better. She happily complied because I had already trained her to want to obey me. We kissed and she played with my tits. She even took the initiative to put her hand down to my cunt, finger my clit, and make me cum.

I didn’t need to cum, but this little encounter was for the pure pleasure of sex. I didn’t have any ulterior motives.

Well, no serious ones.

I wasn’t sure what slipped from between my lips when I came, but the look of shock on Joy’s face stilled my heart for a second. “What?” I asked.

“I’ve never heard someone speaking in tongues before,” she blurted out.

“Isn’t that an average Sunday morning in Bob’s church?”

“We don’t do that...but what you were saying was hot and sexy and…” She kissed me.

I had to keep a tighter control on my magic during sex and especially during orgasm.

Joy kept kissing me while Todd took over fucking me instead of me riding him.

It was too easy to just hold still and let him go to work on me. I was lost in Joy's kisses when he came.

The hot spunk he shot into my cunt caused a thrill of bliss to radiate through my body. For a second I was sure he had somehow managed to find a little magic and control me, but it was just some residual mystical energy being released where I was unused to it.

He grunted and groaned and called out when he came. "Fuck! Fucking fuck!"

Joy had to laugh at him. "He puts on a good show."

"You should seem the mess he left in my cunt," I told her as I lifted up my hips off his cock. I grabbed her hand and shoved it between my thighs.

Almost by instinct she slipped a pair of fingers up into me and felt the huge load that Todd had deposited. Pulling her fingers free, she asked, "How did he cum so fast and so much?" Looking at her fingers she marveled at how wet they were. She did the completely natural thing and popped them into her mouth, sucking away our combined juices.

"Magic," I said with a giggle.

Joy and I shared a laugh while Todd was completely baffled by our reaction. "I'm spent," he announced.

"Want to go again?" I asked him.

"There's no way for me to get it up again," he promised me.

"I bet we can help you with that."

He managed to force open his eyes just enough to see two naked women looking at him. I grabbed Joy's wrist and brought her fingers to my mouth to suck away the last of my amrita and his cum. "You're welcome to try," he invited us.

Joy knew me well enough now to know what I expected of her. Together we moved to either side of Todd. I grabbed his balls and she grabbed his shaft and we got to work.

It takes coordination for two people to perform fellatio on a third, but Joy and I worked together. She sucked his cock and I sucked his balls. Then we switched. We used our hands and our mouths. Maybe Todd was certain he was completely spent—after all he had just cum twice inside of fifteen minutes and he hadn't been a teenager in half a lifetime—but we managed to get him hard and on the verge of orgasm.

"I can't, I can't," he begged us to stop.

We didn't stop.

I did get Joy to back off his cock so I could use my hand on him. Todd was plainly bewildered when he shot out a third load of cum and enough of it to cover my face and Joy's with some left over to drip down on Todd's belly.

Wasting no time I licked up what had dripped down. Even if there was no sperm in his cum, it still had other benefits for me. Joy joined right in, mostly because I was doing it, but it was good for her. As a new witch she needed to follow the rituals as well. She wasn't the least bit confused when I licked Todd's cum off her face; she did the same for me.

"You two are wild," was Todd's reaction.

"This is the way things should be," I told him.

"Yeah...it wasn't this way with my ex," he complained. "She was lousy in bed and she cheated on me."

Joy raised an eyebrow at me but I slightly shook my head, keeping her quiet.

"You shouldn't talk about former lovers like that," I chided him.

"Sorry," he apologized, his anger blunted. "I was lost in the moment."

"Is that why you two broke up?" I asked. "Because she cheated?"

"Cheated and ran off with her boyfriend."

Joy looked away. "I shouldn't say anything, but…" she displayed her wedding band to Todd. His eyes went wide. "It's complicated," she told him, as if that

explained away everything.

It was the truth, but she didn't need to bring it up. I decided to distract him. "Would you like to fuck me or Joy again?" I offered. "This is the special time I promised you."

He laughed at me like I knew he would. "I can't remember the last time I came three times in a day, let alone an hour. I was probably a teenager. If anything, I should go before you two wear it down to a nub."

He rolled off the bed. He was close to the risk that Joy and I represented. If he stayed in my bed she and I could literally fuck him to death. There was real danger to Joy as well since the charm was mine.

"Where are my clothes?" he asked, confused as he looked around the room.

"Down in the parlor," I told him as I slipped into a black silk robe with purple edging. "Would you like a robe?" I asked him, about to offer him a pretty and filmy robe but he was already out the bedroom door. I instead gave it to Joy. She slipped it on; it hid nothing from the eyes which made it perfect. I didn't have time to play with her. I wanted to make sure Todd got out the door safely.

I was halfway down the stairs where I could see into the parlor. Todd had already entered and was grabbing his clothes off the floor.

"Who the hell are you?"

I froze at the voice, closing my eyes and sighing. Now was not the time.

Todd whirled around, his clothes bunched in front of him, hiding his cock, though Aisling had already seen just about everything he had on offer. His eyes went wide when he saw her lounging in one of the chairs idly playing with her phone.

It was a fair bet that she had probably taken his picture already. Young adults now were very eager to record compromising nudes.

"I'm Todd," he managed to squeak out.

Smoothly I glided into the parlor and got Aisling to her feet, ushering her out of

the room. “I see you’ve made Aisling’s acquaintance,” I said. “We’ll give you a bit of privacy to get dressed.”

I didn’t have to force her out of the parlor and into my professional waiting room, but she didn’t exactly walk alongside of me.

As we exited Aisling cast her eyes over her shoulder. “I’ve always wanted to fuck an older man,” she pouted.

“You’re a virgin,” I said. “You’ll fuck who I tell you and when.” I pushed her into the waiting room and closed the door, locking it with a spark of magic. She’d puzzle it out shortly but by then I’d have Todd out the door.

“Who the fuck is she?!” Todd demanded as he pulled on his clothes, hurrying for no other reason than he had been caught by a young woman.

“My protégé,” I said smoothly. “I’m tutoring her for a college course.”

“You run a strange household,” he complained as he found his shoes.

“You have no idea.”

He was shaking his head as I escorted him to the front door. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“Doing what?” I asked innocently as I opened the door and slipped my arms around his body.

“Getting involved with a woman who has a pretty wild sex life.”

“You have no idea,” I told him and I kissed him passionately. He wasn’t exactly my slave so I needed to make sure he had as much of my essence as possible to keep him pliable. After we broke our kiss I cupped his cock through his pants. “I’ll be wanting to use this wonderful organ again.”

“This is crazy. I can’t do this.”

“Why not?”

“I can’t keep having sex with another woman who is married to someone else.”

“Who said you were going to have sex with Joy again? Maybe I’ll let you fuck Aisling next time.” I had to promise him a next time. I had to keep him bound to me.

“Her?” he asked, pointing to the waiting room.

“Yes. Pretty, isn’t she? I’ve tasted her cunt. It’s beyond heavenly.” His cock stiffened under my hand. He didn’t stiffen because of my touch or magic. The idea of fucking Aisling was all he needed.

“Fuck…” he breathed.

“I’ll call you,” I told him as I closed the door.

By the time I got back to the waiting room I found Aisling chatting with Joy, both calmly seated in my waiting room.

They looked at me. “We’re a coven now?” asked Aisling.

I smiled as if I intended this to happen. Aisling looked beautiful as always, casually dressed in a pair of black tights and and oversized gray sweater. All of Joy’s goods were on display. It was the perfect moment.

“Of course we are. Together we’re going to get back my family lands and you two are going to get exactly what you want out of life.”

It was at that moment Malaes walked by in human form, naked as the day he was born except for the cage on his cock. “Careful, girls, she’s a witch and a liar. I should know.”

I frowned and pointed at him, releasing a bit of the magical energy I had built up fucking Joy and Todd. There was a flash of light and Malaes found himself back in cat form, his cock cage clattered to the floor.

“Let’s have a serious discussion, ladies,” I said to them.

Chapter Three

“You just turned a man into a cat.” Aisling said the words in such a flat tone it was like she was reading directions on how to bake a cake. Her next words weren’t so calm. “How the fuck did you turn a man into a cat!” Those words were screamed at me.

“I’m a witch,” I told her. “You know that. You’ve even helped me with my potions and magic.”

She had now hopped up out of her chair and started pacing around the room. “I thought you were kidding, or making potions that were just scams to get money from gullible middle-class suburban women.”

I took offense at her assessment of my honesty and magical ability. “I’m not a liar. And I pride myself on being a powerful witch.”

To illustrate my point I snapped my fingers and made a flame form on the point of my index finger. From that I lit a candle on a corner table. It was a minor trick, not powerful magic, but it got the point across.

“I thought...I thought that you were just trying to recruit me for a weird sex cult,” Joy hesitatingly said.

“Well, that’s just a bonus of being a witch,” I told her.

A little smile pulled at the corners of her lips. “Okay. I’m fine with that. I’m ready to leave Bob. Maybe I’m not a lesbian, but I’m sure as hell not happy with him.”

“What...what kind of magic can you do?” asked Aisling. I was annoyed at this question because she had already seen two pieces of proof positive of my abilities.

“Anything you can imagine.”

“Can you...can you summon a demon?”

“Sure. But that’s difficult magic and you’d better have a purpose in summoning a demon. They don’t like to be bothered unless you have a real need and that need had better coincide with their desires.” I paused and tilted my head. “Do

you have desires?”

“I don’t know what to do with my life,” she confessed and then took in a deep breath. “But maybe I have an idea now. Can you teach me magic?”

“I already have. And yes, we’ll continue.”

From there was a long, boring, drawn-out conversation of what I wanted and expected from them. I was going to get my family lands back. I had already given Aisling a direction in her life. Joy was happy to stay with her husband as long as she got to have sex with me and others. It was easy. It was simple.

I asked them for a lock of their hair and a drop of blood.

“Why?”

“That’s how we seal the coven,” I explained.

“Is three really a coven?”

“Traditionally it’s thirteen, but a coven is any group of witches. We’ll build, but slowly.”

“So what do we need to do next?” asked Joy.

“The first thing we need to do is eliminate whoever owns my lands now and get it back,” I told them. “We’re going to need your husband for that,” I said to Joy. “And we have a real problem with Birch Hawke.”

“What’s wrong with him?” asked Aisling. “He’s a bit of a twat and full of himself, but he’s done a lot of good for local environmental causes.”

She deflected Joy’s stare.

“What? I keep up on local stuff.”

“The problem,” I said, “is that he’s not human.”

“How would you know that?” asked Aisling, plainly a little peeved. I could understand she admired Birch for his supposed good environmental work, art, and handsome looks, but she needed to move beyond that.

“I fucked him in my bed and he couldn’t cum.”

“So?” she asked more than a little defensively. “Maybe you’re a lousy lay.”

I frowned at her and Joy put a restraining hand on her arm. “Think carefully before you say anything else,” she warned her coven-sister.

Though her pretty mouth was open, Aisling said nothing and closed her lips.

“I know,” I repeated after I let the moment hang between us for far too long, “because I fucked him in my bed and he couldn’t cum. Joy,” I said, turning to my older coven-sister, “did you have any trouble cumming today when we were in bed with Todd?”

“No,” she answered quickly. “Probably the easiest time I ever had in getting off. Well, maybe the first time I used a vibrator was a little easier. Don’t tell my husband I have one. He’ll shit the bed over it.”

“Did you notice how easily Todd came?” I asked.

She nodded enthusiastically. “He came three times. He even commented on it. We were only up there an hour and he got hard and came three times.” She covered her mouth with her hand and let out a little gasp. “I can’t believe you enchanted your bed to fuck him.”

“It’s just for better sex overall, my dear. Don’t let it worry you. After all, you got all the benefits as well.”

It took Joy a moment, but then she understood. “Okay. That all makes perfect sense.”

“So...do I get to fuck Birch?” asked Aisling.

“She’s a virgin,” I explained to Joy. “That’s why she’s so eager to get laid.”

Joy was confused. “I thought you already had sex with her?”

I sighed. “I did. She hasn’t had sex with a man yet.”

“Confusing.”

“Don’t talk about me like I’m not here!” Joy complained.

I turned to her. “You’re not going to get to have sex with Birch,” I explained.

“Why not?”

“Because I’m saving you for the right time. I’ll need that energy for right moment.”

“What does that mean?”

“Don’t worry about it for now.” I breathed in. “The real problem is that Birch is either a demon or a devil or some other unworldly creature.” Both of them looked at me like I had lost my mind. “What?”

“That sounds crazy,” Aisling said.

Joy jumped in. “I mean...if we just hadn’t seen you do those tricks—”

“Magic,” I corrected her.

“—right. Magic. I’d think you were crazy.” She paused. “And I still think you’re crazy.”

Aisling had a cogent question. “What’s the difference if he’s a demon or devil or whatever? And how can you be sure that he’s not really human? Did you see him change into a monster with horns or something?”

“I fucked him in my bed and couldn’t get him to cum. You’ve been in my bed as well. If I was fucking you, would you have been able to resist cumming?”

She frowned and nodded her head. “Okay, you make a good point. What do you need to do with him?”

“Ideally I'd like to kidnap him, place him in a protective circle, strip away his false nature, reveal him for who he is, and then contract him to return my lands to me.”

“Sounds kinky,” Joy declared.

“It should be,” I agreed, looking at Aisling. “You’re the bait.”

“I thought you said I couldn’t have sex with anyone until you said so?”

I smiled at her. “Don’t worry, you’re not going to have sex with him.”

While I hated to admit it, seducing men, especially for a young, eager, attractive woman who was offering herself to a man was what I lived for. The timing worked to our advantage and it was only a week later when I sent Aisling into the arts center for a show that Birch was part of. I had invested her with a bit of an erotic charm, not much, just enough that she would easily pass by any wards that Birch might have put up.

Sadly, the newest member of my coven was going to have to use her natural charm to seduce the man.

I couldn’t risk Birch possibly figuring out that something was amiss, so I didn’t wait outside the venue for her. Aisling went in on her own. I went to Aisling’s house and knocked on the door. She knew her mother would be there, but that was the least of our problems.

When she opened the door, Margaret immediately recognized me. Of course she did. She was an excellent client, but that didn’t stop me from using her.

“Luna! What are you doing here? I didn’t order from you and forget about it, did I?”

“No. Of course not.” She and I laughed along with each other at her front door. I turned to the side and introduced Joy. “Do you know Joy Schwabach? She lives just down the street.”

Margaret started to say, “I don’t think so…”

Moving quickly I tapped her on the forehead. She seemed stunned for a moment, but then her eyes rolled back into her head and she started to collapse. Joy and I moved together to catch her fall and move her body into the foyer.

“What did you do to her?”

“Simple sleep spell. With any luck, she won’t even remember us being here.”

We dumped Margaret in her bed and closed the door. We only had a little bit of time before Aisling showed up with Birch in tow.

I hoped.

There were several ways to trap a celestial being of power, the easiest of which to do was when it was weak and vulnerable. I had told Aisling to get Birch drunk, but that on its own wasn’t going to be enough. He had to be disoriented and vulnerable. I told her to ply him with everything we had.

Waiting is the worst part. Proper planning prevents poor performance. Once Margaret was taken care of we efficiently set up Aisling’s room. Then we had to wait.

We had to wait for two hours.

When the text came from my favorite redhead, we secreted ourselves into the room and I added a simple look away charm on Joy and myself. It’s not as effective as a straight invisibility spell, but it’s much harder to detect. If we didn’t move, it would be next to impossible for Birch to see us. His eyes simply wouldn’t be able to see us.

We heard them stumble into the house and held our breaths. It was obvious they were drunk, or at least Birch was. Aisling promised me she would only have a drink to make it seem realistic.

“You promised me a puff of the devil’s lettuce!” Birch declared.

“You promised me a puff of your dick!” called Aisling loudly. She was giving us a good warning. Now I’d wished she’d stop. “Shhh! You don’t want to wake up my mother.”

“Is she as fucking beautiful as you?” asked Birch. We could hear them stumbling up the stairs.

“Eww! Don’t be gross. I don’t want to see my mother doing...that!”

“What is that?”

“I’ll show you as soon as we get to my room.” The door banged opened and I involuntarily held my breath. Birch didn’t have eyes for anything in the room. The smell of alcohol hit me right away. I inhaled deeply for the scent of marijuana—I had given Aisling a joint from Nicholas to share if needed—but couldn’t detect anything.

It seemed like his eyes passed over the spot where Joy was standing, but there was no reaction from him.

A moment later Aisling was down on her knees, opening up Birch’s pants. He looked drunkenly down at her, besotted with booze and lust.

Out of the corner of her eye, Aisling glanced my way. As subtly as possible I indicated that she should move him to her bed.

“This is killing my knees,” she said. “Lay down for me? I like giving head that way.”

“As long as I get your ass tonight, sure, why the fuck not?”

Birch thought he was in control. He kicked off his stylish canvas shoes and pulled down his hiking pants along with his boxers to reveal his cock that wasn’t all that impressive. The alcohol hadn’t hit him that hard because he was sufficiently hard. Aisling wrapped her lips around it and slowly moved him back toward the bed. When his calves hit the low mattress he fell backwards.

He was close, but it wasn’t enough. Not yet.

I let Aisling work on his cock for a while. She had an incredible talent for sucking cock. I had seen plenty of women and men suck cock and she did it with enthusiasm and skill that belied her virgin status.

For his part Birch just lay back in his drunken state and enjoyed what my protégé was doing to him. I quickly glanced across the room at Joy who was watching just as intently as me. I wasn’t sure if she was enjoying the show as much as I did, but we weren’t here for a sex show.

In the short week that we had before luring Birch to Aisling’s bedroom, I had started training the both of them in manipulating magical energy. Any woman can do it, but some have better skills at it than others. My natural inclination

toward the magical arts let me find women with the same talent. While I didn't have the time to show them how to tap into the power of Mother Earth to create simple spells, I did manage to teach them how to tap that sweet source of energy and let it flow. Specifically, they directed that flow to me.

I let it build. I knew what I was going to do and I didn't feel like getting involved in a serious, drawn-out battle with a demon or devil. Not knowing what exactly Birch was presented a problem because I couldn't specifically tune my magic to counter him.

But then again he was trapped in the magic circle we had chalked on the floorboards under Aisling's bed before putting the rug back over it. He was uniquely trapped.

The power that Joy channeled to me built and built. Eventually it was going to come to a head and I needed to strike.

I did so when I saw Aisling's finger's tightly circling the base of Birch's cock. He was right on the verge of orgasm and completely helpless.

Or so I hoped.

The first thing that happened was the magic circle started to glow under the rug. This didn't worry me because it always happened. There wasn't any risk of fire but it would eventually alert Birch because of the light. I had to move fast.

Focusing I released the spell I had been slowly building. It wasn't complex, just a simple reveal spell, but I had to hold back enough energy for the second part of my plan. Joy kept funneling power into me and I used it liberally.

Aisling timed it perfectly as I released the compulsion into Birch. She relaxed her fingers around his cock and gave it one more stroke, letting the cum fly free. He let his guard down at the wrong moment. As he orgasmed I forced him to shapechange. It was much the same spell I had used on Malaes only this time I was forcing him to reveal his true self.

When he realized what was happening he fought it, but he was trapped in a magic circle while being attacked by three witches. He didn't have a chance.

I was surprised and disappointed when he reverted to his true self. His legs

crooked, his skin took on a reddish cast, horns grew from his forehead. I assumed there was a tail but it was trapped underneath his body. I had been fearing the worst, but it wasn't as bad as it could have been. He was, as far as I could tell, a cross between an imp and a gremlin.

I hated it when creatures of the underworld interbred.

At once he tried to attack me but I lashed out with four scarlet bands of Cthorack, each grasping a limb and pinning him into place on Aisling's bed.

"Get back!" I ordered her. "He's still dangerous."

Aisling scrambled off the bed. She had heeded my warning and when Birch had cum she had aimed his cock away from her. I didn't know what was going to happen. In human form he was safe enough, but as an imp-gremlin he was dangerous. Aisling was the first to see the smoke rising from her bed.

"Is the smoke because he's a demon?" she blurted out.

"He's a devil, a very poor, third-rate, hybrid devil, but a devil."

"Why is my bed smoking?"

"His cum is causing it, I think. It must be very acidic," I speculated.

For his part, Birch continued to curse ineffectively at me. "Witch whore cunt! Lying slut of an asshole! Bitch on a stick! Your mother sucks a million cocks in hell!"

"First thing you've said that's true," I said and let some more energy flow through the scarlet bands of Cthorack. He screamed in pain. He was truly a weak devil which made his accomplishment of stealing away half of my family's lands from my mother all the more impressive.

"Fucking die bitch!" he spat at me. He literally spat at me. The glob of acidic spittle hit the limit of the magic circle, briefly hung there a moment, and then slid to the floor.

"Get some towels," I ordered Joy. She rushed to comply. Aisling grabbed away her ruined bedsheets and smothered the bits of smoke.

“Release me!” Birch demanded.

“Not on my life,” I sniffed at him and regretted it. He stank like brimstone and shit. It’s not an attractive smell to say the least. “Who were you working with?” I demanded.

“Why should I tell you?”

I was momentarily distracted by his cock. As a human it was unimpressive. As a devil hybrid it was twice as large and sported bony spurs all over his shaft. There was no way that would have been fun to fuck. No thank you, evil. It was a good thing that I forbade Aisling from actually fucking him.

“Because if you do, I’ll simply banish you back to hell.”

The briefest of uncertainty passed over his face. “You don’t have that ability!”

I continued on, unconcerned. “And if you don’t I’ll just kill you outright.”

“You haven’t the courage!” he blustered at me.

I touched my pinky and thumb together. He started gasping, not because he couldn't breathe—he didn’t need to breathe—but because I had started squeezing his head. I wasn’t sure if I could crush it but I was willing to do what it took to find out.

He exposed his cowardice too soon for me to make that discovery.

“It was Brob’thal! Brob’thal! I swear it to the depths of Tartarus!”

I paused in my torment of the devil. They are always too quick to respond to a little torture. It might take a day to torture information out of a human, and torture rarely works on humans, but is always effective on devils.

Go figure.

“I’ve never heard of Brob’thal,” I told him calmly. I released most of the pressure on his skull, but kept enough there to remind him he was still under my control. “Who is he?”

Birch just laughed at me. “Of course you know him. I can smell him on you.”

At glanced at my coven. “The only man I’ve slept with is you...and you are not a man...and Todd.”

“Todd,” Joy quickly agreed. “He was a good fuck.” A smile twitched at her lips.

“But he came with both of us,” I pointed out to her. “And he was a good fuck, though I’ve had better.”

Birch continued his devilish laughter. I wanted to punch his sharp teeth in, but that seemed a little excessive. Besides, I didn’t want to slice my knuckles. “No. It’s only on her.” He indicated Joy with one long taloned finger. “She’s been fucking him for so long I was certain that he was in the room when I walked in.”

“And yet you still allowed Aisling to suck your cock?”

“I’m not going to pass up a good blowjob,” he chuckled back at me.

I suppose I couldn’t blame him. He was horny and stupid, which made him the equivalent of most men.

Turning to Joy I told her, “I think he means that your husband is a literal demon.”

“Don’t be silly I’ve been with him for years. And every time I’ve fucked him it’s been normal...and boring...and not really satisfying.”

“Sounds convincing to me,” commented Aisling.

A thought occurred to me. “How much real estate does your husband’s church own?” I asked her. “And has it purchased much recently?”

The answer stuck in Joy’s throat. She only made a sound of wounding.

“I told the truth,” complained Birch. “Now let me go.”

“First prove Bob is the demon,” I told him.

“He has a small dick!”

I scoffed at him. Joy said, “That’s partly true.”

“And he loves it when I stick my finger up his asshole when I suck him off.”

Joy made her little noise again. Maybe her sex life with Bob wasn’t so dull. Or maybe it had been good at first but when the demon came into his own he found sex with a devil was more to his liking. “So?”

“He has a small scar on the left side of his cock,” Birch went on. “I was the one who gave him that. He has a hairless patch just above his cock.” He grinned and ran his pointed tongue over his teeth. “Convinced now, cunt?”

Joy looked to me and nodded.

“Begone, devil,” I proclaimed and made the ritualistic symbols. “Never return to this plane.” There was a brief flash of light and he was gone, hopefully forever, but I doubted it.

“Now what?” asked Aisling.

I sighed. “Now we have to get rid of Joy’s demon husband.” I turned to my sister-witch. “Sorry, Joy.”

She shook her head. “No. it’s fine. I was going to divorce him anyway.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 2

Lady Ada led Princess Helana back through the large, imposing hallways of the palace. Helana didn't want to admit it, but after a week the twists and turns of the palace still confused her. What was worse, she was still somewhat intimidated and impressed with the opulence of the wall decorations.

"Now what do I do?" Helana asked as Ada ushered her through the maze of corridors.

"We go back to your rooms and we wait for your husband-to-be."

Helana paused in her steps. "You must be joking, Lady Ada."

As quick as she was with her wit and with her feet, Lady Ada wasn't quite quick enough this time to stop at the same time as Princess Helana; she continued on for two and a half more quick steps before coming to a halt. "Why would I joke about that?"

"I just…wait for him to appear?"

"Yes."

"I don't go to him? I don't invite him to my place. I just…wait."

"Well, yes. When he appears is entirely dependent upon you." She smiled thinly and glanced up and down the long hallway. Only a few servants were moving in the distance. The initial interest in Helana had waned somewhat.

"Upon me? What can I do, then, to get him to come to me?"

The thin smile disappeared. "Nothing, Princess Helana. His interest in you depends upon my reports."

"Your reports?" Helana was thoroughly confused now.

“Yes. My reports. My reports as to when you are most fertile. Prince Arpad is a busy man. He has many places to go and people to…people to do as well.”

Helana was offended at Ada’s implication, even though she knew it was undoubtedly true. She picked up her skirts and started marching down the hallway, not really sure where she was going, but moving anyway.

Ada followed. It was her job, after all.

Hours later, after Ada had managed to escort Helana to her rooms, the lady returned to Helana’s apartments with a servant carrying food, drink and other refreshments. Since she was next to starving, Helana ate silently with Ada. She consumed more wine than was wise, but there was precious little else to do in the gilded prison in which she had been ensconced.

“The other ladies and I are having a small party in your honor,” said Ada as they finished eating. Helana poured herself another glass of wine and said nothing. “It’s a woman-only affair. We’d love to have you there.”

“I’m sure you would.”

“It’ll be this evening, of course. And we’ll be having the party with you or without you there. You can stay here and enjoy the…wonderful view,” she said indicating the pretty gardens outside the window, “or you can join the social culture of Uralia. Your choice.”

Ada left. A few hours later she returned, dressed for the party. Officially it was her job to dress and prepare Princess Helana, but Helana, showing her more humble roots and self-reliance, had already found an appropriate dress in the closet and had applied makeup kept in the dressing room. It wasn’t the height of fashion or cutting edge design, but the princess had done better than Ada would have imagined.

“We are pleased to have you join us at your betrothal ceremony, Princess Helana,” Ada said formally.

“Better than rotting here.”

“Much better,” Ada agreed. “Shall we?”

Once more they marched out into the corridors, but this time was different. They were immediately followed by a pair of women that weren’t dressed as servants or noblewomen, but were in what appeared to be military uniforms. They wore snug fitting jackets and skirts that occupied the space between formal and utilitarian. What Helana had failed to notice on her first glance at the women were the pistols they wore on their belts. While she hadn’t expected an escort to be beautiful, the pair had androgynous, bordering on masculine, visages. They also carried themselves unlike any woman Helana had ever seen.

Helana looked inquisitively at them and then back to Ada. The lady waited a pregnant moment before answering. “Our escorts,” she said.

“Why do we need escorts within the palace?”

“Protection.”

“From what?”

“From any threat,” Ada replied, cagily. “Don’t worry. They’re well-trained.”

“Should I address them?”

“No. That would be a bad idea.”

Not knowing what exactly to expect, Helana didn’t know what to think when she wound up in a smaller room that had four women, formally dressed, and waiting for them. There was food and drink on a table along the wall and little else. She missed them at first, but after she let her eyes scan the room, Helana noticed a pair of the female guards keeping semi-hidden in the corners of the room.

“This is a party?” asked Helana.

The four women were already drinking wine and sampling the hors d'oeuvres from the table. “The duchesses Marim and Kayla,” Ada quickly introduced two of the women, pointed them out. “Baroness Livia and the Lady Errither. They form your ladies-in-waiting.” Each curtsied in turn, accompanied with a smile and a giggle.

Helana turned to Ada. “I thought you were my lady in waiting.”

“I am. This is your retinue. You’ll need them on occasion.”

“I will?”

“Of course.” The conversation ended as Lady Ada brushed by everyone else and went straight to the banquet table. Helana expected her to sample some of the food for she herself was hungry, but instead Ada opened up the brocade handbag she had been carrying. From it she pulled a small round looking glass and a green glass bottle.

“Thank goodness, Ada,” said the one Helana thought was Marim. “We’ve been waiting for you.”

“You could have started without us,” said Ada as she uncorked the bottle and tipped out some fine white powder.

“But it’s more fun with you,” giggled the one Helana had decided was Kayla.

“With me?” Ada said doubtfully.

“With you and your refreshments,” Kayla corrected herself.

The small group of women pressed around Ada as she prepared the powder. Helana, unable to help herself and seeing as the party was supposedly in her honor, forced herself into the group, pushing up next to Ada.

It was fascinating watching her work. From somewhere she had produced a small knife and was using short, rapid movements to chop and divide the powder into equal little piles. The powder wasn’t perfectly granulated but was of different sizes which Ada efficiently chopped into pieces. As her work drew to a close all the other ladies suddenly had small silver and glass tubes in their hands. Ada’s eyes fell on Helana. “Didn’t bring your own straw?” she asked while she pulled two silver tubes out of her handbag.

“Me first,” said Lady Errither as she abruptly pushed in and placed her tube over one of the little powder piles. She delicately placed the other end of the straw in her small nose and inhaled sharply, sucking the powder up into her nose. Standing upright she continued to inhale while pressing her fingers to her nose.

“Sweet,” she declared. “Very sweet. I can taste it in the back of my throat.”

“My turn,” said one of the other women, pushing aside Helana and repeating the process that Lady Errither had started, sucking up another pile of the powder. Helena was certain that such a push was a breach of etiquette, but she didn’t protest because of her curiosity.

Why were the women so eager to partake of the powder?

Before Helana could ask the question, she felt Lady Errither’s hand on her forearm. “I just wanted to tell you how beautiful you are and what a pleasure it is to meet you. Prince Arpad is so lucky.”

It was an odd way to be greeted for the first time by the woman, but Helana took it in stride. “Thank you. It’s so nice to hear some kind words.”

What Helana didn’t expect was Errither to suddenly press forward to embrace Helana. Even this was easy to deal with…until she felt Errither’s lips on her neck. And then Errither’s lips were on hers.

Laughter filled the background. For just a second Helana was certain the laughter was directed at her, but when she pushed back and looked at the collection of bodies, it wasn’t just Errither kissing her. The other four were busy exchanging caresses and kisses. Helana didn’t have to be a genius to connect the powder to their behavior. She watched their inappropriate public behavior for a few seconds. But they weren’t really in public, were they?

And was it inappropriate if she had already done similar things with Lady Ada?

It was Lady Ada who stopped the kisses before things went too far.

“Ladies, gentlewomen, noblewomen, please behave yourselves,” she said with more than just a little giggle behind her words. “We are here to celebrate Princess Helana’s betrothal and she hasn’t even partaken yet.”

Ada gestured to the one remaining pile of powder on the small mirror. With her other hand she offered the silver straw to Helana.

The princess was unsure of what to do. It seemed like such a risk not to follow their example…but at the same time she didn’t want to wind up like every other

Uralian noblewoman.

Did she?

“What is it?” Helana asked as she took the straw from Ada.

“Venus powder,” said one of the ladies-in-waiting.

“Love pollen.”

“The lord’s dust.”

“Virgin’s pride.”

They all giggled again.

Helana knew exactly what they were talking about and what the intent of the powder was, but she had a question. “Why are you taking this if there are no men around?”

The group tittered again. Marim and Kayla seemed to have lost interest in whatever Helana was saying and were focused on each other. They weren’t kissing like lovers, not yet. But Helana knew it was going to happen, and from the looks of things, it was going to happen sooner rather than later.

“Sometime it’s better to have love pollen without a man around,” said Ada, lifting the silver straw up to Helana’s nose. “A man can be so…fickle when it comes to see.”

“He comes and he goes,” Errither suggested making Livia laugh aloud.

It was Livia who added, “A little of Venus’s love powder and sex doesn’t need to be a five minute affair, but an all-night one.”

Gently she pushed Helana toward the mirror.

There was no resisting. Helana put the straw right over the little white pile and delicately inhaled. She didn’t know what to expect but she hadn’t expected it all to go flying up into her nasal cavity. Just the sensation of the fine powder flying up where nothing but air should go was strange enough, but then after a few

seconds she started to realize why the powder was so sought after by the women.

It caused a pleasant tingle in her nose and then a few seconds later the tingle was reproduced in her nipples and then in her quim. She felt a sudden affection not just for Ada but for all the women at her party. It was ridiculous, she knew, but it was there and she wanted to act on it.

After smiling and laughing along with them a few seconds further, Helana felt an intense warmth emanating out from her belly. It was as if she was suddenly swallowed a hot cup of tea, but only much more pronounced. She was too warm. Her body got sweaty and she wanted out of her heavy dress.

“I’m so hot,” she complained.

“Let me help you with that,” said Ada.

But it was Errither who worked most eagerly to divest Helana of her clothing. The dress was designed to be easily put on and taken off. When she had dressed herself earlier Helana thought that was just clever Uralian design, but now she realized it was a design of necessity. She didn’t want her clothes on and elaborate stays and hooks and buttons and other closures would just slow her down.

If given half a second’s reflection she would have stated she wasn’t ashamed to show off her body even to such a small audience. Under the dress she had on a corset that lifted her breasts but exposes her petal shield-covered nipples. Knickers were absent since noblewomen didn’t wear them. She felt the hard ring through her labia, now exposed to the air. While she still wore the fancy shoes that complimented the dress, the only other piece of true clothing she wore were the stockings that covered her legs.

She should have felt exposed but Livia was as naked as she was while pulling at Ada’s dress. Mariam and Kayla were in the midst of stripping each other. Helana wanted to watch them, but then Errither’s lips closed over her nipple and she refocused her attention.

It was more accurate to say that Errither started sucking on the petal shield that hid Helana’s areola. It was a strange sensation because of the way that her nipple was pulled by the piercing as Errither eagerly went after Helana’s nipple. It was enjoyable, just new and different, but Helana couldn’t help but wonder how the

metal shield felt inside Errither's mouth.

Abruptly Errither pulled back and gasped, filled with pleasure at having begun servicing the princess and wife to be of Prince Arpad.

"May I continue, Your Majesty?" she asked Helana. The formal language and tone surprised Helana because she knew that she would not have been so composed if their positions were reversed.

"Of…of course," Helana stuttered out.

"Can I do more?" she asked but didn't wait for an answer. Her mouth went from Helana's breast to her sternum and then began a straight-line descent towards Helana's sex.

The princess didn't stop her. Errither eagerly got down on her knees, unconcerned at the state of her dress and how she might be ruining it, so that she could more easily reach her princess's quim. Helana found herself backing up and resting her buttocks on the edge of a chair or couch. At the moment she didn't care to discover the exact nature of the piece of furniture. With the support of the chair she parted her thighs giving Errither the access she needed to cool the fire that burned within her sex.

When Lady Errither's tongue touched her clit, instead of quenching the fire that burned within, it seemed to make the blaze burn harder. Using the tip of her tongue, Errither burrowed further into Helana's folds. She knew exactly what she was doing. Or maybe it was the Venus powder that was doing it. Perhaps both. Helana found herself on the razor's edge of pleasure in no time and tried to hold back to savor every little sensation, but it was impossible.

She quivered with delight against Errither's face. The incredible heat from her quim somewhat abated giving Helana just a bit of breathing relief.

"Oh…oh my," she exclaimed. "Only God knows how much I needed that!" The women all tittered at her reaction. While they were all in the midst of their own lovemaking they had been watching Errither with Helana. "Why…why are you laughing at me?" she demanded, trying to establish some sort of dominance over the group. She was their social superior and they were supposed to be serving her.

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