Love Sweet Sex Magic



Elliot Silvestri

4: Delusion

Green Bush Publishing

Love Sweet Sex Magic



Elliot Silvestri

4: Delusion

Green Bush Publishing

Delusion

Love Sweet Sex Magic 4

An Erotic Novel of Sexual Magic

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Delusion: Love Sweet Sex Magic 4

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

Adidas Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian's Contract

Selassie Service

The Key holder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Marge Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Mike & Cookie

Milking the Alleyways

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Mentally Milks Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odets Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Propellants Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sexy Preg

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarcane Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Bibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Preview

About the Author

[4]

Chapter One

I had to meet Bob in person. Not that I wanted to, but I needed to make sure my coven sister was actually married to a true demon and Birch wasn't just lying to me. Of course, I figured he was lying to me, but it is always prudent to check.

"I just can't have you over," Joy said to me. "I mean, maybe he isn't a literal demon, but what if he is? And even if he isn't, what good would it do to have him find us in bed together?"

I liked that's immediately where Joy's mind went, but she was way ahead of herself. I didn't think the best way to meet her husband would be for him to discover his wife in bed with a woman. Sure, lots of men have the fantasy of discovering their wife is bi and joining in, but that wasn't going to happen.

"He's not going to find us fucking," I told her. "You're going to invite me over for a nice dinner."

Joy froze. "That might be problematic. It wouldn't be a good idea for a notorious witch to be spending time at the local pastor's house."

"But fucking the local pastor's wife is completely acceptable?" I asked archly.

She grimaced at my confrontation. "Well, I can't help that."

"Tell him you want to discuss the differences in our religions."

"What is our religion, exactly?" Joy asked. She was more into witchcraft for the lesbian sex and female empowerment aspects and less of worshiping the Earth Mother. I could appreciate that, but I also realized that I needed to spend time instructing her and Aisling about the more spiritual aspects of being a witch.

"Worshiping the Earth Mother," I quickly explained. "Wait until Samhain rolls around. We go wild on Beltane and Winter Solstice as well. But that can wait. First, you need to set a dinner party for me and you and Bob." I passed her a silver flask. "You'll need to slip this into whatever drink he consumes before I

come over.”

“What is it?”

“Just a little mixture of spring water, tea, whiskey, a drop of Aisling’s blood, my amrita, and a few special spices.” Those special spices included cinnamon, nightshade, and an imperceptible amount of urine.

“Aisling’s blood?” Of course she would pick up on that as the one ingredient that was unusual.

“Yes. I love having a virgin handy for such things, but we won’t be able to keep her a virgin for much longer. I don’t want to bleed her dry, but the temptation is there.”

Joy laughed and took the flask and then gave me a kiss. She rolled out of my bed and started dressing. I watched her. There was no reason not to.

“Are you ready to lose your virginity?” I asked Aisling right before I went down on her.

We were in her bed. It was the middle of the day. It would have been more fun to do it in the middle of the night, but her mother was away during the day and risking getting caught by Margaret wasn’t a complication I wanted at the moment. I was keeping Aisling’s mother in mind for a possible recruit into the coven. She was the right type; the only complication was having a mother and daughter in the same group. It would make the orgies more complicated than normal.

“Haven’t I already?” she asked. She was naked and I was peering at her pretty cunt. It was topped by her pretty dark red curls and the dark pinkness of her glistening lips was an enticing invitation.

In response to her naive question, I sharply slapped her thigh. “Of course not. You haven’t had a cock in this beautiful cunt yet, have you?” I kissed the top of her cleft, wiggling my tongue down against her swollen clit just a little to coax a truthful answer from her lips.

“Nooo...” she moaned beautifully.

“Then are you ready to give up your virginity?” I asked taking a quick breath before licking the length of her labia. She opened up for me. It didn’t take much. She was a horny minx.

“Yesss…”

I kissed her clit again and then sucked it. She quivered. Aisling might have been beautiful and willing to fuck whenever I asked, but she was also easily manipulated by her body. That was useful for me but she needed to work on her power of resistance.

“We need to find you a nice virgin boy to deflower you,” I informed her.

“Both of us virgins?” I knew what was running through her head. A man fucking her for the first time. The power of the cock to a virgin was irresistible, even for a witch. She would learn to temper her needs and her lust and even use it, but for the moment I needed two virgins dedicating themselves to the Earth Mother so I could gather their energy. The only way I, and my coven, was going to be able to defeat a demon was with every advantage we could amass.

Now the problem was to find an eighteen year old virgin boy. But before that I needed to get Aisling off.

I put my face into her crotch and my tongue up her cunt. While she didn’t exactly dissolve at my attention, her little sighs of ecstasy were much appreciated. Making love to a young woman was a pleasure for me—and should be for anyone—because there is little more beauty in the world than a young woman’s ripe cunt.

I didn’t need to coax her out of her clothes. She took them off for me both willingly and happily. I didn’t even have to take my own off. I was wearing my standard black dress with too much lace but showing plenty of thigh. As we were sprawled on her bed the material of my sweater and dress kept dragging me down and making it difficult to move around. Eventually I had to pull back and shed my sweater and lift up my dress over my head, throwing it aside.

That made it easier to kneel with my ass in the air as I ate her out. It was too bad we didn’t have a third in the room with us; I’m sure the view of my ass would

have been much appreciated.

I would have appreciated a mouth on my cunt or a cock up it. That was not to be.

Making Aisling cum was easy; fun, but easy. The energy she released as she came was easy for me to gather up and hold. I wouldn't be able to store it forever—energy wants to be used and released—but a slow build up to my confrontation with Bob was just good planning. While I was fairly certain he was a demon, I wasn't yet a hundred percent convinced.

I needed to be sure.

After making Aisling cum so many times that I lost count, she finally pushed me away from her sore and exhausted cunt. "Enough! Enough! You're going to make me pass out."

"Would that be so bad?" I asked as I pulled back and extracted one of her curly scarlet hairs from my mouth.

"No...but I don't want that right now."

Her body was too much to resist. I slipped up next to her, pressing mine against hers. We kissed and she traced her fingers over my bra and down to my stomach. "Want me to return the favor?" she asked, her fingers skimming along the top edge of my black silk panties.

More than anything I wanted her to go down on me and make me cum so many times that I forgot my name.

"No, I can't."

To her credit, Aisling pouted. "Why not?"

"I need to save my energy for Bob."

Now she frowned at me. "What does that mean."

"Do you really want a lecture on the tenets and applications of worshiping the Earth Mother right now?" I asked her.

Aisling plunged her fingers into my panties and found my wet cunt even as she shook her head at me, feigning innocence. “No,” she said trying to keep a straight face.

I enjoyed her fingers going in and out of my cunt for a moment. There was no harm in a little fun and games...as long as it didn’t go too far and I kept myself under control.

The thirty seconds I allotted her dragged into a minute. My cunt started leaking like a sieve and I was getting too hot.

It would have felt a lot better if I just gave myself over to her, but I—unfortunately—was too disciplined. After all, the existence of my family line and family lands depended on my next few important decisions. Hating myself for it, I grabbed Aisling’s wrist and dragged her fingers out of my cunt and my panties.

“We have to wait,” I told her. “I can’t cum right now.”

“Why not?” she pouted again.

“I need to build up my sexual energies,” I informed her. “I think now would be an excellent time for that lecture on our religion and Mother Earth.”

Aisling sighed and crossed her arms over her perky tits. “No.”

I shoved aside her arms and pinched a nipple. She gasped and relented. “Now, as I was saying, all good witches worship Mother Earth and while I’ve taught you the basics…”

I continued on for a while. Nothing dries up a cunt and diminished desire than long, involved lectures on religion. While I felt bad about it, my lecture was necessary.

The next day I took Aisling with me to meet Nicholas. I was briefly worried that maybe getting two young randy people together would be a bad idea, but I had to take the risk. I was grooming Aisling to be one of the leaders of my coven and if she couldn’t manage to handle a second-rate drug dealer like Nicholas then she

wasn’t of any use to me anyway. She needed not to worry about breaking some minor felonies.

My true worry wasn’t the law or police, but her wanting to get high and/or fuck Nicholas. I needed to keep her pure for a few more days.

“You just walk in?” she asked me as I slipped open the back door and walked into the kitchen.

“Why not?” I asked her. “I’ve been fucking him for over a year and buying the devil’s lettuce for longer.”

She blanched at my casual use of slang. “The devil’s lettuce? Isn’t that...disrespectful?”

I sighed. “It’s just slang, Aisling. It doesn’t mean anything. What do you want me to call it? Pot? Weed? Marijuana? Cannabis? Hashish? Herb? Tree? Hemp? Get over it, girl.”

After walking through the kitchen I opened up the basement door and walked down the stairs without checking to see if she was following. Aisling would have the option of leaving in humiliation out the back door, or following me.

By the time I was halfway down the unfinished stairs, I heard her footsteps behind me. That made me smile.

An instant later I frowned because there was arguing coming from the basement where Nicholas had his lair. I listened for a minute because I didn’t want to walk into a situation that was dangerous.

“Fucking hell, Nick! You’re an asshole!” I didn’t recognize the voice, but it seemed vaguely familiar.

“Yeah. Fuck you too.” I recognized Nick’s laconic way of speaking right away.

“I’ll pay double,” the semi-familiar voice said.

“I’m not going to give or sell to you, no matter what.” Nicholas tried to sound tough, but he couldn’t pull it off.

Now the second voice became almost shrill with anger. “You’re a fucking asshole, you know that, Nick. I hate being your brother!”

It all fell into place. I knew Nicholas had a little brother, but had never seen him until now. I turned the tight corner at the bottom of the stairs and let my heels click loudly on the cement floor. They both turned at the same time to look at me and Aisling.

Being more familiar with Nicholas I ignored him and focused on the other man. Young man. He was young, but old enough. I reached out with my connection to Mother Earth and explored Nicholas’s brother. I was unfocused but managed to speak. “Who is this, Nick?”

Reluctantly my weed dealer and occasional lover said, “Harry. My little brother.”

I smiled, letting my good feelings—and my desire—waft toward Harry. “He’s so handsome.”

Nicholas groaned in annoyance. Harry looked briefly proud, but then he flushed bright red with embarrassment. “I can’t believe this shit,” Nicholas mumbled to himself.

Holding out my hand to Harry as I walked up to him, I said, “So nice to meet you, Harry. I didn’t know that Nick had a younger,” and here I paused and looked at the young man who provided me with America’s illicit drug of choice, “and more handsome brother.”

While I didn’t think it was possible, Harry’s face flushed brighter red. Poor thing. He shook my hand more out of need to do something rather than just be stared at. “Thanks. I mean...I don’t know if I’m better looking— “

And here my protégé interrupted him. Her actions greatly increased Aisling’s value in my eyes. “Oh, you’re definitely better looking than Nick.”

At that moment Harry only had eyes for Aisling. I couldn’t blame him, of course. Aisling was gorgeous with her wavy red hair, pale skin, and high angular cheekbones she could have been any of a number of shallow things based entirely upon her looks. Instead she had chosen to use her natural beauty to bring about better things to this world. And give herself a little power. I couldn’t blame her for that either.

“Th-th-thanks,” he stuttered out. Clearly he was enamored of Aisling. I couldn’t blame him for that. This was good. It was going to make things easy for me.

Seeing that the two youngsters were busy making eyes at each other, I sent out a little feeler into Harry and realized he was perfect. He hadn’t yet fallen to his brother’s bad habits and, miracle of miracles, he was still pure.

Or at least pure enough for my plans.

I dropped his hand and moved to the side to talk to Nicholas. “I’ll need my usual order and I’ll want to talk to your brother in private.” I glanced to where he was talking quietly to Aisling. I had to trust that while maybe she was attracted to him, she wasn’t so stupid as to actually fall for him. He was just a pawn in my plans. A beautiful pawn, but nothing else.

“No!” I frowned at Nicholas’s reluctance to uphold his end of our unspoken bargain.

“Why not?” I demanded of him.

“I’m not letting you...uh...I’m not going to let you pay in the usual way. Not with Harry here.”

I firmly fixed my smile in place. “Of course not. I have cash.” This I produced with a wave of my fingers. It wasn’t even real magic, just sleight of hand, pulling a few bills from within my dress’s sleeve. It was more than enough to pay for what he supplied me with.

Not that I wasn’t willing to fuck him right then and there in front of Aisling and Harry. I didn’t have any qualms about that.

It only took the slight bit of energy sent through the air where it easily dispersed to make Nicholas change his mind. He needed the money more than he needed to keep his little brother on the straight and narrow.

Nicholas’s plan wasn’t going to work. If Harry didn’t follow in his brother’s metaphorical footsteps then I was going to corrupt him.

He was ripe for corruption.

After a moment of resistance Nicholas got the baggie that I needed. I accepted it from him and turned on my heel. If I wasn't so busy I would have been happy to fuck him then and there, but duty and family responsibilities called.

I did pay for my weed, however.

"Aisling, time to leave," I told her.

It was enough to wake the two out of their eyelock. She pulled her hand back from his. I produced one of my cards and handed it to him. It didn't matter if he read it or kept it or not. Just taking the magic-infused bit of cardboard stock was all that I needed.

"Here's my number if you need anything," I told Harry. I couldn't resist. I had to make Nicholas suffer because he couldn't run his little brother's life. "How old are you, anyway?"

"Eight-eight-eighteen," he stuttered out. "I just started at UAlbany this fall."

I smiled and pulled my hand back from his. "We'll have to work on that stutter. I can fix that for you."

"Don't!" warned Nicholas but I was already retreating with Aisling up the stairs.

"Don't you dare," Nicholas said to his brother. "She's nothing but trouble."

"Don't worry, I won't," Harry promised, but it was a lie. I knew it was a lie. Harry knew it was a lie. Aisling knew it was a lie. If Nicholas chose to believe what Harry had said, then he was a fool.

"Does he please you?" I asked Aisling once we were outside where it was safe to talk.

"Yes. Very much. He's easy on the eyes."

"Let's hope he's easy on everything else. He's going to be the one to deflower you."

"He is?!" She was elated and scared at the same time. I loved that. "How do you know he's a virgin?"

Looking straight ahead as we marched back to my house I lifted my chin a bit and said, “A wise witch always knows.”

Chapter Two

Not wanting to waste the energy we'd all receive from Aisling's defloration, I knew I had to make sure that Bob really was a demon. It seemed so logical, but without confirmation, without the risk, I couldn't afford to throw away the one thing that gave us an advantage.

Of course, if things went poorly I'd be dead, so all my problems would be solved.

I wasn't sure what to expect upon meeting Bob. Joy had set up everything for a nice, formal dinner for the three of us. She was going to play the role of the devoted housewife to the local pastor, a role she had played a dozen, or a hundred, or maybe a thousand times before. I had told her to play everything as she normally would and follow my lead.

And, most importantly, to be ready for anything.

Joy met me at the door when I rang the bell. I could tell from the look in her eyes it took every ounce of her being not to embrace me like a lover and passionately kiss me.

I wondered when it was the last time she had fucked her husband.

Instead, she gave me a chaste kiss on the cheek.

It pained us both.

Meeting Bob was almost a disappointment. He wasn't the immediate monster I wanted him to be. Neither was he the dashingly handsome husband that made the other women in the neighborhood want to fuck him, consequences be damned.

Literally.

He was bland. Evil so often is. He was just a bit taller than me with hair that was once black but was headed toward gray and was already white at the temples. Maybe he had been a looker when he was younger, which would explain a lot, but now he was just a background extra in someone else's cinematic masterpiece.

The sunlamp tan was just the metaphorical icing on the cake.

“Bob, this is Luna, my friend,” said Joy as we entered the living room.

I held my hand out to Bob. I wasn’t sure what Joy was cooking in the kitchen, but it smelled delicious. Bob was busy pouring himself a drink—I suppose it was good to know he was a drinker—so he couldn’t shake my hand right away. “

“You’re a beautiful soul,” he said to me once he took my hand. It sounded like something a pastor would say upon meeting someone new. Sort of like the cringy “have a blessed day,” that too many faux Christians use instead of goodbye. His hand was warm and soft and I was momentarily taken aback. He might have been nothing special to look at, but Bob’s touch did have an electrical sexual component to it. “Would you like a drink?”

“Th-thank you,” I stuttered out and immediately hated myself. I refused to be so easily taken in by a man I didn’t know. “Wine if you have it.”

“I prefer scotch myself,” he said softly turning to the small bar and opening a bottle, pouring me a glass along with one for Joy.

I shook my hand as he turned away. His touch lingered with me and I wondered if it was because of something in me or him.

Our conversation in the minute it took to sit down to dinner was so banal I don’t remember a word of it. That might have been the core of the problem. We were halfway through dinner before I remembered anything. My wine glass had been filled several times. I was dizzy from too much alcohol. I needed to be clear headed.

I didn’t know what I was saying, but my hand was on top of Joy’s.

And Bob’s.

I knew the electric flow of lust. I had manipulated it more than once to my advantage. I couldn’t stop it. There was no way. I wasn’t directing it. The only way was if Bob was doing it. He was a demon.

Unless Joy was directing it and she had brought me to her demon-husband’s lair to fuck and kill me.

This was twisted.

I needed to be clear headed.

The simplest solution was to use a solution.

I stood up. “I need to use the restroom,” I said and immediately headed in the right direction. I knew the layout of these houses. I didn’t ask permission. I just excused myself. I couldn’t let Bob, or anyone, get control over me.

In the bathroom I peed and drank as much water as I could and then whispered the spell to remove the alcohol from my blood. It was a simple cantrip and it should have been more than enough to dispel the drunkenness that muddied my thoughts.

It didn’t work.

Or rather, it didn’t work as well as it should have. I could feel the effects of the alcohol had dissipated but I was still fuzzy-headed. I knew what I needed to do, but I couldn’t do it.

Since I couldn’t hide in the bathroom for the rest of my life, I went back to the dining room with the rough outline of a plan. It was the best I could do.

I didn’t even get to sit down. Bob stood up the moment I entered the room. I thought he was just being a gentleman, trying to emulate the behaviors of years gone past. Instead he grabbed my wrist and pulled me to him.

I couldn’t resist. I didn’t want to resist. He pressed his lips to mine and I parted mine so he could slip his tongue into my mouth.

Pressing my body against his, I felt the warmth of his skin and his rising lust. I would have happily kissed him forever, but I felt a hand on my back that didn’t belong to Bob; he had one on my hip and the other held my wrist.

It was Joy. She watched us kiss as I attempted to part from Bob. He briefly held me for a second but then released me. Turning to Joy to give her some words of advice—I was planning on telling her to flee or to help me—she instead kissed me.

It was the passionate kiss I had initially wanted from her. Had she messed up the dosing of the potion I had given her? What was going wrong?

Bob didn't seem to mind his wife kissing me. If anything, he was pleased by it. He was still pressing his hips against me. I could feel the firmness of his cock.

I kissed him again. I couldn't help myself. I wasn't ashamed because there is no shame to sexual expression, but I didn't know what I was getting myself into.

Our kisses went back and forth. Joy even kissed her own husband, which for some reason pleased me, but it couldn't stop there.

The next thing I knew we were in their bedroom. I was familiar with the bed. I had fucked Joy in it many times. Pulling back from the two of them I shed my shawl and slipped the straps of my dress off my shoulders.

Neither was upset to find me standing in their bedroom in a corset, stockings, boots, and nothing else. I could see Bob's eyes focused on my naked cunt, but what was he expecting from me? To wear panties? I think not.

"Do you mind?" I asked Joy as I approached Bob and cupped his hard cock through his pants.

She shook her head and stood back. I still wasn't thinking clearly, but I knew what had to be done, even if it made me completely vulnerable.

Kissing him again, this time while holding his cock through his pants, was like a dream. I could feel her eyes on me and that made it even better. I didn't want to make Joy jealous. There was no need, but making her jealous felt so good.

It didn't feel as good as Bob's cock and I wasn't even really feeling his cock. I was feeling his bulge through his pants. There was only one thing to do.

I went down on my knees and got to work unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. He didn't resist or help. Joy continued to watch. I was thrilled when Bob's plump cock popped out.

He wasn't huge, but he was thick. His cock looked red and angry, obviously because he was horny. It was my pleasure to take the monster into my mouth.

Giving head to a literally hot cock is fun and a lot of work, but always worth it. I could take all of him up into my mouth and into my throat since I'm able to repress my gag reflex. I didn't like that his pubic hair tickled my nose but at least it was black and not gray.

I was pleased that he was hard, nice and hard. I didn't have to work to get him hard and when he was erect it wasn't just a loosely inflated balloon playing at being a hard cock. He had a hard cock. I didn't give him head for very long because I didn't want him shooting his load down my throat. Not that I'm against that. I've swallowed plenty of cum in my lifetime and plan on doing more of it, but wasting perfectly good cum was a crime when it was useful for so many potion recipes.

Besides, at the moment I truly wanted to fuck Bob. Could you blame me? I was a horny witch.

It took tremendous willpower to back off his lovely hard cock and take a breath. Looking up at him with dewy eyes I asked, "Do you want to fuck me?"

Joy was standing right next to her husband. I saw them break their kiss. She had helped him out of his shirt so the only clothing he was wearing were the pants pooled around his ankles. During my blowjob she had also shed some of her clothing. Her shirt was off and her black bra was straining to contain her large tits. She still wore her skirt and I was tempted to slide my hand up it, to feel the smooth stockings she wore. I wanted to feel how hot her cunt was. I wanted her husband to see his precious, innocent wife be lesbianized by another woman.

"I want you to fuck her," Joy hissed in his ear.

"Of course I want to fuck you," he told me and my heart sang with his approval. "Help me undress."

Looking back at the moment, it was humiliating to be the one taking off his shoes and pants. I wasn't his servant, but I was happy to serve him.

"Normally I like my conquests to be naked, but the corset and stockings work for you. Take off the boots. I want to see your feet."

Of course he was a foot fetishist. That only made sense. I got to my feet to make it easier to unzip my boots and step out of them. Once I was out of them his hand

went to my cunt, inspecting me.

I let him explore my cunt. He had earned that right. Besides, I liked it. I wasn't exactly dripping wet, but I was working up to that mark. His middle and ring fingers went right into me like they should. Exploring me must have thrilled him because it caused his cock to jump and twitch about. While he didn't know how to find my clit, he managed to curl his fingers around and touch my g-spot, which was fine, but does nothing special for me.

Withdrawing his fingers he offered them to me. I wasn't going to be rude so I sucked my amrita off them. I love the taste of my cunt. He then plunged his fingers back into me so roughly I moaned a little.

"See how she likes it?" Bob asked Joy.

"Uh-huh."

"She's definitely a slut. Probably a whore as well. I wonder how much money she'd charge me."

"She should pay for the privilege of letting you fuck her," Joy declared. In the moment it was a saucy comment. It made me vaguely aroused but I didn't know why. I wasn't opposed to paying for or being paid for sex, but it seemed out of character for Joy to say such a thing.

"I think we'll call it even tonight," Bob said as he pulled his fingers out of me and offered them to his wife. Joy eagerly slurped them between her lips. The joke was on him, I thought. Joy's tasted my cunt a dozen or more times. He wasn't humiliating her or me by such an action.

I liked it when he put his fingers back into me. They were short and fat like his cock and I imagined what it would be like when he actually fucked me. This time he sawed them in and out of my cunt, accidentally rubbing my clit a bit as he did so. He made me wetter and even more eager to fuck him, but that wasn't his purpose or goal.

This time when he withdrew he tasted my cunt on his fingers. He nodded his approval. "She's got a good cunt. One worth fucking, don't you agree, dear?" he asked Joy.

“Yesss…”

Abruptly Bob spun me around and slapped me smartly on the ass. “Get on the bed,” he ordered. “Head down, ass up.”

The words were like golden chimes in my ears. I wanted to obey. My ass stung from where he had slapped me, but that was all preliminary play. I deserved it.

Their bed wasn’t nearly as fancy as mine but I was still eager to fuck on it with Bob and Joy because of the charm I had hidden under the mattress. It wasn’t nearly as powerful as the one on my bed, but it would be fun to try it out.

I climbed on the bed and got into position on my hands and knees with my ass pointed up in the air. It wasn’t my favorite, but sex is a physical negotiation between all involved parties and getting fucked like an animal could be pleasurable even though I preferred to ride on top of my lovers like a proper witch should.

The first thing I felt was his warm mouth on the stocking-covered toes of my right foot. It was uncomfortable because I have sensitive feet and I find the practice a bit vile, but Bob seemed the sort to have lots of kinks and secrets so it didn’t surprise me in the least. After a few seconds he moved over to my left food and sucked on those toes for a minute before standing up. Placing his hands on my upturned ass was a bigger thrill than I like to admit. He caressed me a minute, sizing me up, certainly eyeing my exposed cunt.

Once more his fingers delved between my legs and went into my cunt, sizing me up, exploring my angle, smearing my amrita all over my pudendum. At first I thought this was foreplay and an affectation, but when he started touching my anus, I knew something was amiss but I didn’t protest. I couldn’t protest.

I wasn’t sure which way was the truth.

He pushed his thumb up my ass. It had to be this thumb. There was no way that his other fingers were that thick and I was certain, based on the angle and other digits touching me, that it was his thumb. I’d had other things up my ass before —mostly cocks and fingers and the occasional tongue along with toys and magical implements—so this wasn’t something new to me, but always before it

had been discussed. Bob was rudely using my ass without so much as a “would you mind?”

To be honest, I sort of enjoyed it.

“Is she ready for you?” asked Joy.

“She, most indeed, is ready for me.”

Then I felt his hot cock head pressing against my puckered hole. Even though I didn’t want this, I forced myself to relax. Lubrication is the key to anal sex and I knew I wasn’t lubricated nearly enough. While I wanted to tell him to stop, I couldn’t. There was no possible way for me to protest and at the same time I wanted his cock up my ass anyway.

He pushed inside of me in the wrong hole and it was lovely.

At first he just rested inside me once he had pushed all the way in. That was fine. That’s how it’s supposed to be done. It was surprising how much I wanted to be anally violated. He gave a couple of slow, steady strokes in and out of me, not pulling all the way out but just resting the ridge of his cock head right at the edge of my sphincter.

It was too much to resist. I put my hand down between my legs and started jilling off. His cock in my ass wasn’t nearly enough for me. I might be a witch, but I was a woman as well and needed what I needed to enjoy sex. I had barely gotten in a couple of strokes before he realized what I was doing and smacked me hard enough on the ass to make me yelp in pain. “Don’t abuse yourself when I’m buggering you!” Bob barked at me.

I froze in position, my fingers still teasing my clit. There was no way I was going to be able to truly enjoy getting fucked in the ass without jilling off.

“I can’t,” I gasped out even as I let my fingers continue their work.

“Stop her,” Bob ordered Joy.

My friend and lover and coven-sister moved onto the bed in front of me. She grabbed my left hand away from my cunt and held it, along with the right one. It was infuriating having her hold me like that, but it also gave me the opportunity

to kiss her, something I couldn’t resist.

Even with my tongue down Joy’s throat I struggled to pull my hands free of her grip. She was much stronger than I gave her credit for and I didn’t dare risk using a strength-enhancement spell with Bob’s cock up my ass. All I could do was stay there between the married couple and take their punishment.

It was at that point that Bob started fucking me properly. He was rough and hard and didn’t care a whit for my pleasure. All of those factors combined made it better for me. A witch quickly learns to use her body in ways normal people would never imagine. I had enjoyed being buggered on many an occasion for a variety of reasons.

This was the best buggery of my entire life. It was much more pleasant than I had remembered and I couldn’t remember the last time a man had put his cock up my ass. Maybe it had been too long and I had forgotten how good buggering was. Either way, being used by the Schwabachs was more fun than it should have been.

Bob showed a huge amount of control in not cumming too quickly. I had figured him for a premature ejaculator, especially with a new lover, but that turned out not to be the case. He was nice and hard and full in my ass. The climax I was expecting was going to be huge and I was hating myself for having to go through it.

“Are you ready for my load, you fucking slut?” he abruptly asked me while he kept pounding away at my sore ass.

“Fuck yes!” I declared. “Fuck my ass! Fill it up! Cum in me!” I hated that I was giving myself over so easily, but it was impossible to resist.

If he came in my ass any of his spunk was going to be useless to me, but I didn’t come here to harvest healthy semen.

And that reminded me why I was there.

Bob was a demon, I was convinced of it, so why was I in bed with him and his wife? This was supposed to be a test and I was failing it. I just wanted to know if he was a true demon and his nature so I could defeat him.

Instead, my body started shaking and my orgasm made my entire body quiver. I had forgotten how powerful anal orgasms could be.

Without any warning he pulled out of my ass, leaving me with a lost feeling. I felt the hot droplets of his cum covering my ass and back as he erupted. For a man he was excessively loud when he came.

Joy released my hands and moved to the side so she could lick up her husband's cum from my back and ass. Her tongue on my skin felt good. I sighed even as I put my left hand back to my pussy to find my swollen and pulsing clit. I rubbed myself for another little, sharp orgasm.

"Your turn," Joy said to me, following it with a kiss.

I didn't know what she meant because all I wanted was Bob's cock back in my ass, but I got the idea when she laid down on the bed in front of me and spread her legs wide open. It was just natural for me to go down on her. Bob slapped me sharply on the ass, which I was starting to love and hate, and said, "Keep going, slut, get her ready for me."

He didn't have to tell me that. I was already doing it, but he wanted to be in control. That I understood. Joy grabbed the back of my head and directed me where to put my tongue. She wanted it all over her cunt: clit, up into her vag, down along the labia, against the perineum, and finally she tilted her hips and pushed my face down further. Licking her asshole was hardly the worst thing I'd done in my life. Maybe it was a now-popular perversion because it upset so many people. I had my own asshole licked many times, mostly by eager lovers who I needed to keep under my control, but this was something else. I supposed it was to be the osculum infame, the shameful kiss, but to me it was just another act of pleasure.

Joy certainly appreciated it.

While I ate her out, Bob watched us intently. I could feel his eyes boring into me. I wanted to please him by pleasing Joy and that made me angry. I had already pleased Bob and he still wanted more. As he watched, he periodically smacked my ass, whether in approval or as a rebuke for not performing to his whim, I couldn't tell.

"Enough," he eventually ordered, though I hadn't yet gotten Joy off yet. "Suck

my dick," he told me.

I knew his cock had been in my ass and I didn't care. I still wanted it. I couldn't ever remember being so randy in all my life. I hoped he was going to fuck me with it.

For some reason he hadn't gone completely soft after cumming all over me. It was easy to get him hard again. It's always the ones you never suspect. Of course the local pastor is a sex freak. That only makes sense. He's so repressed in public he can only let his true nature out in the bedroom.

That being said, his cock didn't taste bad at all after being dipped in my asshole.

Naturally he didn't want to fuck me with it. He wanted to fuck his wife. I found that strange. Why fuck your wife when you have a perfectly willing slut in bed with you?

Even so, I helped. I guided his cock into Joy's waiting asshole. She was still on her back but had stuffed a pillow under her ass, raising it up to the right angle. Bob's cock was drooling plenty of precum now. Or maybe it was drooling postcum. I couldn't tell the difference. It was delicious either way. His cock went right into her ass without any further preparation and I was proud of my lover and friend. She took his cock like she had done it a hundred times before, if not more.

They rutted like animals who didn't know the true purpose of sex. It was beautiful. Her voice called out her approval of his buggering with moans and groans that were music to my ears. My hand went to my cunt and I jilled off in time with their fucking. Joy came first, as was her right, and I quickly finished before Bob could stop putting on a show. It wasn't as good as getting fucked in the ass but it would do.

Abruptly Bob pulled out of Joy's ass and pumped his thick cock with his fist. A second later he sprayed cum all over Joy's body. His spunk was thick and white and the scent drew me to Joy. I couldn't resist. Without being told I knew what to do and started licking up Bob's cum.

Swallowing cum is infinitely better than wasting it in someone's asshole. I

eagerly licked up and swallowed Bob’s leavings. The taste was off, but that was most likely because I wasn’t used to Bob’s cum. It was sourer than I liked. He needed to change his diet.

“Very good, whore,” he praised me when I was done. Just to tease him a little I kissed Joy to give her a taste of his cum once again. “Did you swallow it all?”

“Most of it,” I purred at him. The taste might have been sour, but I still liked it.

“That’s good enough. It doesn’t take much.” He pulled me up to him for a kiss and that’s all I remembered.

Chapter Three

I woke up to Maith opening the blinds to my bedroom. “What time did you roll in last night?” he asked me.

“What?”

“You came in during the wee hours. Hells, I got in before you. He or she must have been a good fuck because you went right to bed. Not even a celebratory glass of wine. Is your cunt sore?”

The elf looked at me inquisitively. My agreement with him was worth it, but I didn’t like him wandering into my bedroom when he wasn’t invited. I noted that the elf wasn’t wearing a shirt and had a small bandage on his right forearm.

“What’s that?” I asked, pointing as I got out of bed. Somehow I managed to undress myself before going to sleep. I wasn’t ashamed at being naked in front of Maith but I was puzzled as to how I got in my bed in the first place.

He looked at the bandage on his arm. “New tat. Wanna see?”

“No. What did it cost you?”

“A blowjob.”

“Giving or receiving?” I swung my feet onto the steps and stumbled unsteadily down to the floor. My silk robe hung from the hook next to the door. I slipped it on for warmth, not modesty. Looking down I could see my hard nipples clearly outlined under the thin silk.

“Receiving. Who knew that a big fucker like Diesel doesn’t only like getting sucked off by a sissy boy, but likes sucking off sissy boys?”

I blinked at him. “Not me, certainly.” I shifted my stance a little bit and realized something. “And no, my cunt isn’t sore.”

“Huh. I woulda thought that it would be.”

“Why?”

“You were having some pretty wild dreams. I wasn’t spying on them, but you

were broadcasting them pretty strongly. I tried to block them out, but those were some wild fucking dreams. Literally. I know you didn't actually do them, they were dreams and all, but the other time's that happened you had been to orgies or whatever. I guess the sex was good."

"It was." I pondered a bit. "My ass is sore."

"Got a spanking?" Maith grinned at me. "New lover got a spanking or a punishment fetish?"

"Neither. I got ass-fucked last night."

"Literally?" Maith was amused.

"Yes."

"Didn't know you went for that."

"Generally I don't. It's a waste of—"

"Good semen," he finished for me. "I know."

"I was overcome in the moment."

"Sure you were. We've all done things were ashamed of."

"Right. Well, at least he fucked Joy in the ass as well…" I trailed off.

"What's the matter?"

I shook my head at him and headed for the bedroom door. "Nothing. I just need to check on something." I rushed to my laboratory. What I was planning I could actually do anywhere but it was easier to focus in the lab. Besides, Maith didn't like going there. He said the smells affected his sensitive elf nose.

He was just a sissy boy in my opinion.

In the lab I sat in my chair and focused on the charm I had left under Joy's bed those weeks ago. It was still there and still active, but it was weaker than it should have been. Something had disturbed and disrupted its power.

Only when I came out of my trance did I realize something. There was no way that Bob should have fucked both me and Joy in their bed. It was wrong. Not morally, because group sex is a way to honor Mother Earth. Maybe it was morally wrong for Bob Schwabach's public face, but in private he could do what he wanted.

But why wouldn't have Joy spoken to me about it beforehand?

I performed a simple summoning on Joy. It wouldn't make her teleport in front of me but she would leave her house immediately to see me. I could have used a major summoning and that would have teleported her, but explaining her sudden and abrupt disappearance, possibly in front of her husband, would have been a problem.

Waiting was the worst part. I hate waiting when I already know what the answer is. It might have only been nine in the morning, but I poured myself a too-large glass of wine and gulped half of it down before Joy arrived. I forced myself to slow down. Being drunk when talking to her wasn't going to help my case.

The knock on the door summoned me out of my lab. Grabbing a flask off my workbench, I arrived in the foyer at the same time as Maith. He rankled at me, "How am I supposed to help you if you don't let me do some of the menial work?"

"Not now, elf," I muttered, pushing him aside and admitting Joy.

"I don't know why, but I felt like I had to see you this morning," she said, greeting me with a kiss on the cheek.

"That's because I summoned you."

She was momentarily puzzled. "You didn't call. We didn't have plans."

I ignored her confusion. "Your husband is a demon."

"Oh, don't be overly dramatic, Luna. Okay, so last night didn't go well. I mean, I was afraid to come out to him. Admitting to my husband that I'm a lesbian is a big step and—"

I cut her off by putting my hand in her face. "Stop. Here, drink this." I handed

over a silver flask.

“You’ve already been drinking this morning, Luna. Is that really a good idea?” Still, she accepted the flask from me.

“There’s no alcohol in there,” I told her.

“Smells strong.”

“It is strong. Just drink it.”

Joy glanced at the shirtless elf standing in the foyer with me. Maith might be an elf, but he is a handsome elf. He could have been fucking as many human women as he wanted, but he preferred males. I knew he was tempting to her. “Go on,” he encouraged her. “Drink up. I want to see where this is going.”

Uneasily, Joy lifted the flask to her lips and sipped a tiny bit. That’s all that was needed. It took a few seconds but once the potion settled into her stomach, it hit her good and hard.

“That fucking bastard!” she spluttered in pure, unadulterated anger.

“Fucking demon bastard,” I qualified for her.

“What is this?” she demanded, waving the flask in my face.

I took it from her and capped it. “A potion of clarity. Very difficult to make so please don’t waste it.”

“I can’t believe he fucked you last night!”

“He took away your memories,” I told her.

“Why didn’t he take away yours?”

“He tried to. He didn’t realize I’m a witch—”

“I’m a witch too!” she protested.

“But you haven’t been a witch as long as me. I have more experience. And he’s done this to you before. You’re an easy target for him.”

“He’s fucked other women in front of me before?”

“I can’t say for sure, but it seems likely, doesn’t it?”

She angrily rubbed her rump. “Yes. He buggered the both of us, didn’t he?”

“Yes, he did.”

“Did you like it?”

I looked away before answering. “Hate to admit it, but yes. What about you?”

“If my memory is clear now, then yes. Apparently I fucking loved it. What are we going to do about it?”

“Well, your husband is a demon, he buggered the both of us last night, he’s probably bedded half the town, he stole my family’s lands, he let his devil partner be banished away because it suited him just fine to have everything for himself. So I’m pretty sure we’re going to perform a banishment ceremony and you’ll never see him again.”

“Are we going to kill him?”

“No, just send him back to Hades.”

“So...sort of?”

“Yes. But first we’ll have to sacrifice a couple of virgins.”

“Do we have a couple of virgins. I only know of one.”

I smiled. “Sacrificing virgins is easier than you think.”

There was no need to bother using a summoning spell on Aisling. We just called her with a telephone; I was a modern witch, after all. For the other virgin we had to resort to witchcraft to bring to my lands because Aisling wasn’t nearly as competent as I wanted her to be.

“You didn’t get his phone number?” I asked Aisling. I was exasperated. Had things changed so much from when I was that young? Kids these days with their cell phones and they didn’t even know how to get someone’s phone number to talk and make plans. “After all that flirting you didn’t get it?”

We were walking from my house back to the barn. In years past my family put on a show of farming, but those days had passed and now we used it mostly for storage, but more importantly I intended to use it for a fairly complex spell ceremony.

“I thought you had his number!” she complained.

“Why would I have it?” I protested.

“You’ve been fucking Harry’s brother! Why wouldn’t you have it?”

“Where’s the logic in that?” I asked as I arrived at the barn and slid the heavy door aside. “I go to his house when I have need of him. I don’t call him.”

My two coven-sisters hadn’t yet seen the barn. It wasn’t that impressive but they both gasped anyway. It’s a large wooden barn, red exterior faded to rust brown. Dark brown raw wood inside. In some of the nooks and stalls along one wall were some bits of innocuous equipment that I and my grandmother had stored away. In the center of the barn’s wooden floor was a massive stone, perfect for sacrificing virgins on.

I don’t know the origin of the stone. In a story my grandmother told me it either came from Europe with the first settlers of New England—which seems unlikely because a small ship from England wouldn’t want to carry a three ton block of granite—or came from a long-lost quarry and was carefully shaped in the first years of European settlement of these formerly wild lands. That seems more likely.

It wasn’t just a block. On one end it was t-shaped, on the other end it was v-shaped. The victim’s head went at the top of the t with the victim’s arms along the two arms of the block, which was really an altar. The victim’s legs went along the v ending. Yes, usually it was a female victim and her legs were spread. She was always naked. She was always exposed.

Sometime in the years between the carving of the stone and it’s placement in my

barn, heavy iron rings had been embedded into the body of the altar. A slight touch of magic kept them from oxidizing; the black iron was as pure as the day it was set into the stone.

“Ready to sacrifice your virginity to the cause?” I asked Aisling.

She didn’t have a ready answer for me. That was not unexpected. The sacrificial altar is imposing and meant to be scary. Fear is a great motivator and a great way to propel magic from the originator to a user.

“I...I guess so.”

I smiled. “Great to hear your confidence.” I walked over to the stone and rested my hand on its cool surface. With a powerful artifact like the chantry it was easy to send a powerful summoning to Harry. It was a matter of a moment’s work. “Get undressed,” I told Aisling. “He’ll be here soon.” I turned to Joy who was still taking in the place that was the other center of our growing coven. “Start lighting the candles. Be sure to keep them in their cases. I don’t want the barn burning down.”

“How?” she asked the moment I turned off the small flashlight we had brought along. Evening was upon us and it wasn’t fully dark yet, but inside the barn it was much darker than outside.

In the darkness I smiled and snapped the fingers on my left hand. A small flame sprung up from my index finger. Using it as our only light source I crossed over to Joy, Taking her right hand in mind, I passed along the knowledge of the spell. “Your turn,” I told her.

Experimentally she snapped her fingers and was pleased with the flame she created. From there she circled the barn widdershins, lighting every candle in their glass containers. I turned back to Aisling.

To my disappointment she was still fully dressed. “What are you waiting for?” I asked, exasperated. “Get undressed. We need to get you ready.”

“Ready?”

“Have you ever lost your virginity before?”

“Uh...no.”

“Then you need to get naked and ready for it. You need to by sky clad like a true witch.”

In her defense, it was a cold night. In my defense, I told her to get naked and I expected her to follow the order of her coven mother. She let her black woolen jacket fall away and then, as I watched, she shed sweater, skirt, bra, boots, stockings, and finally panties.

Her nipples were hard and erect. It was cool but not cold in the barn, not with all the candles lit. And a touch of magic. Still, she managed to have a nervous shiver.

“Excited?” I asked her. Aisling’s beauty was such that I had a hard time taking my eyes off her body. Small but full breasts topped with pink nipples, slightly curved tummy, a dark triangle of scarlet hair at the apex of her thighs, the egg-like shape to her buttocks. She was a real-life walking beauty. If I was a man I would have thrown her on the ground and fucked her right then and there.

As it was, my pussy was wet and begging to be fucked, but at the moment we were short of cocks.

Even so, I still felt myself drawn to her. I couldn’t help but put my hand out and caress her shoulders down to her back and physically admire her smooth buttocks. She didn’t shy away from my touch, but it was easy to sense that she was nervous and afraid. Maybe a little relaxation sex and petting would settle her down.

Before I had a chance to move things forward there was a loud banging at the door. Interrupted before I even had a chance to truly seduce my young protégé. Sighing, I left her and walked back to the door.

“You’re here earlier than I expected,” I said to Harry as I slid open the door.

He was panting heavily as if he had just run from his house, which he most likely had. There were a few minor scratches on his face from where he ran through the orchard. I felt bad about that because I didn’t realize how much strength I had put into the summoning. I didn’t want him to kill himself in his rush to follow the will of the spell.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “But I had to get here as fast as I could. I don’t—” and when he caught sight of the naked Aisling the words stuck momentarily in his throat. “Holy fucking shit.”

“Please don’t curse like that,” I asked him. “But I can tell that you are pleased with Aisling’s presentation.”

“Okay...sorry.” He was staring openly. I didn’t blame him; just moments earlier I had been staring openly at Aisling’s lush body. Her nudity had a conspicuous effect on him. His face was flushed and when I looked down at his pants, the bulge of his erection was obvious. To say the least, he was distracted.

“Can I ask you a question, Harry?”

Aisling had now spotted her lover-to-be and smiled at him. She turned her body to the side, not to be coy or to hide her nudity, but to play and tease him. Aisling was a natural.

“S-s-sure,” he stuttered out.

“Are you a virgin?”

It was an embarrassing question. It was a humiliating question for an eighteen year old boy to answer. I already knew the truth. He could have lied. It didn’t matter.

“Y-y-yes.”

“Good.” I reached for him and grabbed his cock through his pants. He gasped at the unexpected contact. “Nice and hard. Are you ready to sacrifice our virgin?” I asked him.

He couldn’t answer me. I wondered if any woman had ever touched his cock. He hadn’t expected to come to a barn in the middle of an apple orchard this night and lose his virginity. There were worse ways to be invited into the world of sexuality.

“I-I-I didn’t expect this.”

He was slightly taller than me. I stood on my toes and leaned in to kiss him on

the cheek. Harry was a handsome young man. But he still seemed shocked by my kiss. Only after I kissed him did he take his eyes off Aisling. “Why?”

“Because we have need of you,” I told him and let go of his cock. “Aisling, lay down on the altar.”

This time she obeyed without question. Joy joined me at my side, eager to see what was going to happen. From a small pocket dimension that was easily accessible inside the barn, I produced four lengths of red silk bindings.

Aisling performed admirably, mounting and posing on the altar before laying down and spreading her limbs. Working together, Joy and I bound her wrists and ankles to the iron rings set into the altar. She remained calm, tied to the altar, her legs spread and on display for us and for Harry.

“Take off your clothes, dear boy,” I told him.

“W-W-Why?”

“Because it’s easier to fuck her when you’re naked. You could just get your dick out, but that’s rude and it makes it difficult for me to gather the energy you two will be releasing.”

He still hesitated, even when being told he was going to get to fuck a beautiful woman who was tied up and willing to be fucked by him. Yes, we were using him, but that’s the nature of sex.

“Don’t worry,” I assured him. “I can tell you have a wonderful cock. You have nothing to be ashamed of.”

I wanted to reach out with a tiny compulsion charm, but that would be at odds with the purity of the moment that we needed to capture.

Slowly he began taking off his clothes. I was impatient on this point, but it was sort of like waiting for an unveiling of a piece of fine art. It was worth the wait.

With his clothes on, Harry was unremarkable. With them off he was impressive. He was more athletic than his older brother, had the perfect placement of body hair that made him look masculine and sexy at the same time. His cock proudly rose up from his crotch at a slight curve. From my perspective he was the perfect

size. She was going to feel him but he wasn't so large that there were going to be problems when he penetrated her.

I wanted to grab him by the cock to guide him to my coven-sister, but I maintained my composure and took his hand instead. I led him to little stone step between the v-legs of the altar. At the bottom of the altar there were little indentations for his knees and legs.

When I helped him into position I couldn't resist letting my hand trail down his back and caress his buttocks. They were firm and taut. They had to be.

"Should I...should I just fuck her?" Harry asked. He already had his cock in hand and was leaning over her, ready to penetrate. For her part Aisling was perfectly at ease with whatever happened. She wanted to be a virgin sacrifice and with the silk bindings she didn't have any way of controlling her fate.

Plus she was smitten with Harry so that helped.

"No. Not yet," I told him as I moved around to Aisling's head. I bent over and kissed her. She kissed me back happily. "Ready?" I asked her.

"Of course."

"He looks hard enough," said Joy, trying to work up some skepticism in her voice. "Does she need any help."

I understood Joy's need to want to participate, but just her presence to help amplify the release of energy was enough.

"Check her," I told Joy.

Eagerly she dipped her fingers into Aisling's cunt. They came out soaking.

"She's good," Joy reported.

"Go ahead," I told Harry. For a teenage boy he was showing remarkable poise after being told to show up at an old barn in the middle of an ancient orchard at nightfall to fuck a virgin. At any moment he was going to explode and I needed him to explode in her cunt not all over her tummy.

Harry was shaking, partly because he was nervous but also partly because he was so eager to lose his virginity.

From my angle I couldn't see all that much other than his big cock slowly sinking into Aisling's cunt. Joy had a better view, but I wasn't in the barn to watch porn.

He went all the way in on the first stroke. Aisling's cunt was like a natural spring of lubrication. In his eagerness he almost fell atop her and started pumping his hips right away. Either he was a natural or had watched a lot of porn. I was guessing the latter.

I placed my hands on either side of Aisling's head as she started breathing heavily. The altar was like a lens, focusing her energy and her orgasm.

The two youths tried to hold off as long as possible but their first session lasted less than a minute. They both came at nearly the same time. It was perfect. I gathered up all of their joy and ecstasy and relief and lust and hoarded it all for myself.

The moment it was settling within me I could feel my cunt start to drip with anticipation.

Sadly I knew I wasn't going to get to fuck anyone or anything any time soon.

The barn door slammed open again.

No one was surprised to see Pastor Bob standing there with eyes blazing.

I would have been happier if his dick had been out, but we don't always get what we want.

The last thing I wanted was to see Pastor Bob because he was a literal demon intent on killing me.

And my protégé.

And his wife.

And the recently devirginized Harry.

It wasn’t going to be a good night.

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 3

Helana refused to acknowledge or even think that perhaps she had been deceived beyond what she was expecting in the Kingdom of Uralia. After slipping back into her bed she lay awake for hours before sleep took her.

She wanted more than just sleep to take her.

The wakeup greeting she received was both unwanted and far too early. The sun had been up for hours but was held back by the thick drapes on the windows. Seeing as she was a princess and had only one official function within the palace there was no need to rouse her early. It was easier on the servants to leave her be and go about their day with one less problem.

It was Sir Pierce Victor who swept into Princess Helana's bedroom at the ungodly early time of four hours past sunrise. He forced a serving maid to accompany him with food and refreshment. The rudest action he took was to throw open the drapes flooding the room with light and forcing Helana to moan in protest.

"Sleep," she muttered into her pillow. "I need sleep."

"You need to rise and shine like the sun, my darling," said Pierce. "Come, break your fast with me and we'll plot and plan your conquest of this snooty empire." He ushered the maid out of the door, not that the simple girl cared anything for the politics the two represented to her.

It was his devil may care attitude that forced Helana's eyes open. "Who are you?" she demanded. She sat up, clutching the sheets to her chest, not out of a false sense of modesty, but because she didn't want the interloper to feel he was in any way superior to her.

"I am," he replied, resting his hand on his chest, "Sir Pierce Victor, assistant gentleman to Prince Arpad. I'm sure you've heard of him. You had his dick inside your quim, if memory serves."

Helana was taken aback by his crude language. What type of man—what type of gentleman—spoke that way to a princess without leave?

And then something else occurred to her.

“What are you doing in here alone?” she snipped at him. “How did you get past the guard? Where is Sgt. Sawyer?”

Sir Pierce daintily picked up a grape from the silver food tray and popped it in his mouth. He savored it for a moment, chewing and tasting, before swallowing. Helana watched him closely. He was dressed in the finest, most stylish clothing of any of the men she had seen in the palace. If he were a woman, she would have described him as beautiful with an elegant nose and Cupid-kissed lips. His light brown hair was a little longer than was usual for men in the palace, but he wore it well. In all, Helana was a little jealous that he was more attractive than she was.

“The good sergeant let me in,” said Pierce. “But don’t you worry about her. Or your precious quim. It holds no interest for me.”

That made Helana gather up the bedclothes even tighter to her body. “Why is that?” she asked nervously.

“You can’t tell?” he asked archly, sipping at a small glass of morning wine.

She shook her head.

“I’m a hoofter.”

Helana stared blankly at him.

“I sleep with men,” he told her bluntly. “I suck pricks for my amusement and sexual gratification. I do other, nastier, things but we don’t need to discuss that right now.”

It was a revealing secret which surprised Helana; men with men was unusual but not strictly forbidden in Jadwig, but she didn’t know all the rules in Uralia. From what she had gathered it wasn’t illegal or forbidden, but was looked down on and mocked. Sir Pierce seemed completely at ease with himself.

Still, she gathered the blankets even more tightly around her. “And you are the prince’s gentleman?”

“Assistant gentleman,” he corrected her. “You’d think he’d give me a step up in title, us being childhood friends and all, but that’s politics for you, isn’t it?”

“I suppose…” said Helana warily.

“Now let’s get you out of bed and ready,” he said brightly.

“Ready for what?”

“Ready to make you a little more appropriate for Uralia?”

“More appropriate?”

Sir Pierce grimaced. “Your look and style are…shall we say…stuck in Jadwig…about thirty years ago.”

“I didn’t know I was so…unfashionable,” she all but sneered at him.

“Totally fixable!” he declared.

“Does it really matter?” she asked. “I’m only here for one reason and I spend that one reason without any clothes on.”

He sighed dreamily. “I know. And you’re gorgeous without your clothes. And your skin!” He looked to the heavens. “Women would literally kill for it so that they could wear it themselves. We can fix your hair, that’s easy. And of course the ladies have gotten to your tits and quim already. Barbaric tradition.”

She looked down at her nipples, suddenly not afraid to let him see her nudity. “I rather like the rings and shields.”

“And the love ring and love chain,” he sniffed. “Did you enjoy it going into your flesh?”

“It hurt only a little.”

Pierce pursed his lips. “Well, it is a virtue to suffer for beauty. If you find beauty in such piercings.”

“I do!” Helana wasn’t sure if she actually did or not, or if she was being contrary, but if all the other women in Uralia had a love ring—and as far as Helana had seen, they all did—then she was going to have one as well.

He let out a long, slow breath. “Maybe it’s because I prefer pricks to quims, but if you find beauty in it…then I will allow it.”

Helana picked up her chin a bit, a touch of pride in her small victory, though she hadn’t realized she had been fighting for it. “A wise choice,” she said, returning to her princess-like authority.

“What style chain did they give you?”

The question caught Helana short. “What do you mean?”

“What style of chain did they give you after Prince Arpad fucked you? It’s customary for a woman’s ladies-in-waiting to gift her a love chain. There’s a whole secret ceremony that you’re supposed to go through to receiving it. I’m a man so I’ve never seen it. The first step is for the lady—or princess in this case—to be witnessed in the act of physical love with a man, usually her husband, but discrete lovers are also allowed, or so I’m told.”

Helana looked at him blankly. “What?”

“You don’t get your chain until your fiancé fucks you,” he explained simply. “Let me see yours so I can determine where you stand in the order of things in the palace.”

“How can you determine that?”

“A cheap love chain means you aren’t valued and aren’t expected to go anywhere, an elaborate and expensive and ornate one means you are well respected. So let me see yours.”

Helana frowned. “I don’t think so.”

Pierce’s expression sours. “Oh, please. You’ve been paraded through the palace naked. Everyone has seen your goodies. I have no interest in your quim other than to evaluate your status. I’m a hoofter, remember? If you were a man, I’d happily lay down in bed with you and suck your prick but—sadly—you’re a

lacking a prick."

She had absolutely nothing to go on, but she was sorely upset over her betrayal by Arpad. As betrayals went, it was fairly minor. They weren't married. They were barely engaged. Their betrothal would end if she didn't fall pregnant. She certainly hadn't expected him to be faithful to her after their initial meeting. It was common in Jadwig and in Uralia for both men and women to have lovers outside of the marriage.

What hurt was that one of Prince Arpad's lovers—maybe his only lover as far as she knew—was her closes lady-in-waiting, the Lady Ada.

Helana sat up and got on her knees, dropping the blankets from in front of her body. She felt no shame in exposing herself to this hoofter. If anything, she rather enjoyed it.

Looking her up and down Sir Pierce merely said, "Nice tits. I see the ladies are favoring the smaller nipple shields. That's a style that should never go out of fashion. We had a countess here ten years back with enormous tits and areolas like dinner plates. Completely unflattering. She ushered in these huge petal shields that were like…well, they were like dinner plates. I can't imagine how many women had their tits pulled down because this one bitch couldn't deal with having larger than average areolas." He paused and smiled. "Well, that's past us. Very pretty nipples."

"Thank you."

"Now open your thighs so I can see your love chain. They did a lovely job shaving you—which is a bit of a shame considering your hair color—but I need to see your exposed quim."

She altered her stance a bit to no real effect. His eyes were inspecting her quim from just a few feet away and he couldn't discern what type of love chain she was wearing.

"I don't see anything," he said, worried that something had gone awry with her anatomy. He was as close to a woman's quim as he dared to be and even that was too close. Her lady bits were pink and her inner lips were only slightly protruding from the larger outer. He could see the love ring that went through her flesh, but there was no dangling chain. "Have you tucked it up inside of

yourself?”

“No. I haven’t been given a love chain yet,” she informed him and carefully got off the bed to find her robe. She didn’t need to wear it in front of him; she felt completely safe because he was everything he appeared to be. At least in her eyes.

“Why not!” He was deeply offended. It had been far too long already. If anything the women should have had their little ceremony last night after Helana had been fucked. How was he supposed to raise her up in the strata of the palace if she was treated so shabbily.

Helana only shrugged which slowed down the process of getting the robe on her body. Sir Pierce quickly became offended at her ineptitude and helped her into the garment. Somehow one sleeve had gotten tangled inside the other. She nodded her thanks to him and seated herself on the comfortable chair next to the dining table. If nothing else she was famished. Sir Pierce had managed to turn around her sour mood. “I wouldn’t know. This is the first I’m hearing that I’m supposed to have a love chain already.”

“You were pierced a week ago,” he said, more as a statement than a question.

“Yes.”

“Any problems healing?”

“Not so far.”

He tapped his teeth with the fingernail of his pinky. “It’s that bitch Lady Ada. Mark my words well. She’s the problem.”

“Why is she the problem?” Helana asked, feigning naiveté. She speared a piece of melon on her fork.

“Don’t play the fool with me, girl,” he reprimanded her. “She’s the problem because she’s fucking Prince Arpad. Don’t tell me that you don’t already know that.”

Nothing escaped Sir Pierce, Helana quickly figured out. “I didn’t know for sure,” she hedged. “But if you say so…”

“I certainly say so. Not that I blame him. She is a beautiful woman. Different from you, of course, but a beauty in her own right. And to hear Prince Arpad tell the story, she fucks like a goddess come to life to spoil the nobility of this wondrous country.”

Helana was surprised. “He…he told you he’s having an affair with her?”

“I am his assistant gentleman, am I not? And his childhood friend? Of course I know this sort of thing.”

There was nothing for Helana to say. She chewed the fruit in her mouth and said nothing.

Sir Pierce studied her carefully. “Are you more upset that he’s having carnal relations with other women or that one of them is your lady-in-waiting?”

It took Helana a moment to digest what he was saying. It hadn’t occurred to her before then that Prince Arpad was sharing pleasures with more women beyond her and Lady Ada.

“I’m not sure,” she managed to force out of her mouth.

“It doesn’t matter. Get used to it now, dear girl, for he’s the sort to bed any pretty face that strikes his fancy.”

The hard truth hurt her. It took far longer for her to digest the fact that Pierce had given her than she liked. He wasn’t cruel; he gave her as long as she needed.

They ate in silence.

“What do we need to do so that I can continue my rise?” she asked Sir Pierce.

“New wardrobe and a hair stylist. I’ll take care of everything else. But first we need to summon your lady-in-waiting so that she can go through the ceremony gifting you your love chain.”

Helana’s back stiffened at his suggestion, but she nodded. If it was necessary, she was going to do it.

The hardest part was having to face Lady Ada. “What should I say to her?”

asked Helana.

“About what?” His flippant question annoyed her.

“About her fucking my fiancé, of course.”

He set down his morning wine and looked askance at her. “Why, nothing, of course.”

“Nothing? Nothing! Why not?”

“What good will it do?”

“It’ll…it’ll put her in her place!”

“No. It won’t. She is the prince’s favorite right now. If not for you, he’d probably breed her tomorrow. You’re entirely dependent upon her to guide you through the palace—except for me, but I’m not to be trusted. It’s in her best interest to keep you from becoming favored by the prince but not so disliked that you are hated and despised by everyone.”

Helana knew all this was true, but it still hurt. “So I do nothing? Pretend I don’t know?”

“Precisely.”

“How cruel do you want her to be to me?”

“It’s not cruelty; it’s survival. And you have the advantage now. You know about her indiscretion but she doesn’t know that you know.”

While Helana didn’t know what she could do with such information at the moment, she nodded, putting her trust into the man she had just met.

He was charming and seemed so sure of himself.

Was it an act?

Sir Pierce spoke to the maid outside of Helana’s bedroom and a few minutes later Lady Ada appeared, perfectly coiffed and dressed. It was next to impossible for Helana not to shoot daggers at the woman who was betraying her.

Upon entering the room, Lady Ada paused the moment her eyes feel on Sir Pierce. “What are you doing here?” she demanded of the man.

“Merely getting our girl ready for her big debut in palace society.”

“She was bred by the prince yesterday,” Ada pointed out.

Pierce held up his finger and waggled it back and forth. “Tut tut. She was fucked by the prince yesterday. We don’t know if she’s been bred yet. We should schedule another session this afternoon or tonight.”

Ada went cold. “I believe the prince has other duties scheduled tonight.”

Pierce sniffed. “He’s too busy to assure his lineage and to secure a place in the order of succession if his older brothers’ children were to fall victim to…illness or accident.”

“You’re evil, Pierce.”

“I’m realistic.”

“You’re supposed to be Arpad’s friend.”

He leaped to his feet, suddenly taking offense. “I am. If I were not his friend, I wouldn’t be insisting he fucking fiancé.”

“You shouldn’t be plotting the deaths of Arpad’s nephews.”

“And nieces,” added Pierce. “But let’s concentrate on the girl for the moment. I’m trying to make life better for her. And my best friend.”

“Your only friend. Every other male...friend of yours is just a lover.”

“And too many to count,” he sighed. “Put her on the prince’s schedule, Lady Ada. I’ll make sure we have the requisite witnesses. Or do you want to be accused of being derelict in your duties?” He gazed meaningfully at Helana. “Isn’t it part of your duties to make sure the Princess Helana provides the prince with an heir? Or is he too exhausted to do the absolute minimum with his betrothed?”

Lady Ada let a long pause hold in the air before she answered. “I’ll make it happen. Are you satisfied?”

“In my love life? No, never. But in this matter…yes. Now there’s only the matter of her love chain.”

“I’m working on it.”

“Work faster. Gather the ladies. You only have until the prince needs to get on the breeding block this evening.”

“The royal jeweler only works so fast,” said Ada.

“He could work faster if the commission was already in place,” Pierce pointed out.

“It already is!”

“Excellent. I won’t be here for the ceremony, but I look forward to the results.”

“You’re a prig and a perv,” Ada said snidely.

He smiled coolly. “Helana was sharing with me how much she wanted to show off her new jewelry to me. I’ll just want a quick peek before she visits Arpad tonight. Arpad will be disappointed if his beloved isn’t properly bejeweled for their second coupling.”

“Beloved?”

“Beloved. Betrothed. Bedded. What’s the difference?”

“Once again, you’re a prig and a perv.” She nodded in respect to Princess Helana, whirled on her heel, and marched out of the room.

“Notice she didn’t say a word to you?” asked Pierce.

Helana hadn’t noticed, but now that it was pointed out, she nodded.

“She needs to show you greater respect,” he said. “And now, if you don’t mind, I’ll take my leave of you. I’ll return shortly with a new wardrobe for your body and a hairstylist for your tresses.”

Click here to continue reading Princess Not-So-Innocent 3 on Smashwords

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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub