# Love Sweet Sex Magic



Elliot Silvestri

5: Provocation

Green Bush Publishing

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**Provocation**

**Love Sweet Sex Magic 5**

**An Erotic Novel of Sexual Magic**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Deception: Love Sweet Sex Magic 5

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Version 2

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Chapter One

“Fucking bitch!” Pastor Bob screamed at me.

It was an incorrect insult. I wasn’t fucking anyone at the moment and I was a witch, not a bitch. But I wasn’t there to argue semantics with him.

“You’re interrupting a private ceremony!” I screamed back at him.

I was never trained as a combat witch. What’s the fun and purpose of that? Killing people? No thank you, goddess. I prefer the subtle arts.

Either Pastor Bob was too confused by slamming his way through the barn door or was stunned by my reply. Either way, I took the opportunity to blast him with some eldritch energy.

It didn’t hurt him.

“Ha! Doesn’t hurt, little cunt!” If anything the eldritch blast might have energized him.

While I hadn’t intended the blast to hurt him, I certainly hadn’t expected it to invigorate him. It did have one other affect that I did intend. It shredded his clothes from his body.

Pastor Bob took a step forward, probably to attack me, and managed to stumble over his own feet, tangled in the remains of his pants. I tried not to giggle because I needed one more blast. Summoning it up was easy. I had lots of energy left to spare, but I didn’t want to waste it either. My second blast was more focused with a slightly different purpose. It wasn’t just an eldritch blast designed to shred flesh and clothing; it was combined with a reveal self component. My initial blast had that component as well, but I wasn’t sure if it would work correctly.

It worked perfectly.

I didn’t hurt Pastor Bob, but with his clothes and anything else he was carrying burned away in the energy gifted to me by Mother Earth, through Aisling and Harry’s sacrifices it was easy to peel away his false face and flesh.

It might have hurt him. I don’t know. He certainly screamed in agony, but that

could have been because I revealed him for who he truly was.

A demon.

He was both terrifying and beautiful to look at. His flesh was mottled red and gray. His fingers curled into claws. He didn't have a tail or horns, but did sport small vestigial leather wings and a mouthful of sharp teeth.

But all of that was barely noticed by me because my eyes went right to his cock. Without any clothes it was easy to see his huge organ and I was genuinely frightened of it.

Even flaccid it was enormously large. It dangled between his legs, large and pendulous and red up to the tip that darkened not to purple, but to a deep, dark black.

He screamed some unintelligible noise at me. Or maybe it was my little coven: pretty red-haired Aisling, recently deflowered by Harry, the younger brother of my weed dealer, and Joy, recently Pastor Bob's wife, but I was pretty sure she had made the decision to divorce him the moment he appeared as an actual demon.

It was sort of sad because Pastor Bob was an excellent lover, at least in human form. Both Joy and I knew that because she had been fucked by him too many times to remember, and I had joined him and her in bed for a rather fun three-way romp. The fact that he mind-controlled the two of us, to varying degrees of success, was an argument against staying married to him. He had been fucking her, using her body, while they were married, and making her forget. Why exactly? I didn't know, but I was determined to find out.

Which meant that I couldn't just outright kill him.

Stepping around the stone altar where Aisling was still bound, I moved into a position to protect my coven. "Leave!" I ordered him. "You've not been invited here."

"I'll burn this place to the ground," he growled at me. "I'll take all of your land and everything on it." He chuckled to himself. "I'll even reap the pity of the community when they discover my...wife...was going to leave me for a lesbian cult...but they all died in a barn fire during a candlelit orgy."

He had a point. Joy had lit every candle in the joint. Maybe too many. I had to lure him in, however.

“Stealing?” I asked him. “How...expected.” I formed another eldritch blast in my hand. The green energy glowed around my fingers. “But you won’t be walking out of here.”

Recovering from his initial shock, Harry screamed, “What the fuck is that!” He pointed at Pastor Bob’s demon form with one hand while covering his manhood —such as it was—with the other. I couldn’t really blame him; he had recently be devirginized by a bound witch while her two coven sisters looked on, and now he was naked in front of a demon who appeared ready to kill him.

I sort of felt sorry for Harry.

But I had other things to worry about at the moment. Since I had already used him as a pawn, I didn’t feel bad about anything that was about to happen.

“That’s my husband,” Joy said gently to him. “Or was my husband. He’s a demon. I don’t think our marriage is valid any longer.”

“That’s divorce, demonic style,” I commented, unable to resist.

Aisling and Joy smirked in amusement at me.

Pastor Bob, of course, ignored our little jokes. “I'm going to kill you all and eat your souls,” he announced, continuing his advance on us.

“Do demons still do that? I thought you bought human souls to torture them for eternity in hell.”

“That’s fucking devils and you know it you cunty witch!” he spat at me.

He was so close now. I reached out with my hand and lightly touched Harry’s shoulder. If I had to use him, then so be it. That’s how life worked. I let my influence flow into his body. It was wrong, but he was but a man and a pawn and a human. All things easily replaced if he didn’t survive.

“He’s...he’s so perfect. And beautiful. And sexy. He’s my new god, my desire, my everything.”

I hadn’t realized how easily manipulated Harry was. I felt a tiny bit bad about it, but then I realized that he probably had more than a touch of latent homosexual attraction in him. Of course his private thoughts and desires and urges were his own, but I used them to fight a demon.

I didn’t regret it.

Harry went down on his knees and his cock rose up from his crotch. “Please,” he begged Pastor Bob.

The demon invading my barn, the sanctum sanctorum of my coven, paused. He was weak-willed when it came to sex. All demons were. They had a special desire for humans, which explained his marriage to Joy.

All I needed was for him to step inside the protective circle I had hidden under the barn boards that supported the altar.

Easy enough.

I had already charmed Harry to remain where he was. Aisling wasn’t going anywhere, she was still bound, nude and helpless, on the altar. I had enough courage to stay the course.

It was Joy who was the unanticipated wild card in the proceedings. To my dismay she stepped in front of Harry, blocking Pastor Bob’s approach to the young man.

“Don’t do this, Bob. You don’t have to hurt him.”

Bob grinned evilly at her. Can a demon grin any other way than evilly? “I’m not going to hurt him, Joy.” He spat out her name like it was a curse. “I’m going to fuck his face.”

“He’s a boy. He doesn’t even…” she trailed off. She didn’t know enough about Harry to know what he liked.

For all I knew, it was Harry’s dream to be on his knees sucking demon cock. If that was the case I was perfectly screwed.

“He doesn’t like sucking cock?” Pastor Bob asked Joy, his tongue lasciviously

exploring his sharp teeth. “How would you know? You like sucking cock. Or...you did.” He grinned at her and grabbed his overly large and still flaccid cock. “I can’t tell you how many young boys...young and pretty boys who have sucked this cock.” His grin broadened into something even more disgusting. A human mouth wouldn’t be able to open up that wide, but somehow he managed to split his cheeks so he could show all of his teeth. “This cock has been sucked by so many young, pretty boys while you were at home alone in bed, taking care of my needs.” He paused. “Well, almost all of my needs.”

“You fucking bastard,” said Joy as she raised her hand to slap her demon husband across the face.

She was too slow. He easily avoided the blow and then hit her in the head so hard she went sprawling across the barn. I gasped and tried to retain my focus. I told myself she wasn’t dead, she was just stunned and couldn’t get up right away. Maybe she wasn’t fine, but she’d survive.

She had to.

It took all of my self control not to go running after her. Joy was on her own for the moment.

Joy’s sacrifice gave me an opportunity. Maybe Pastor Bob suspected a trap; other than blow to his wife he was calm and collected. His anger was a show. The momentary distraction of Joy’s attack was good enough for me to slip by Pastor Bob’s defenses. He was looking for a direct attack, but I was much more subtle than that.

I wasn’t going to invade his mind or cast a banishment hex against him. Too difficult and too direct.

I seduced him instead. He wasn’t expecting a seduction spell. Especially not one that benefited him and not me. Especially one that didn’t involve me as the target or focus.

Pastor Bob appreciated a good cock sucking. I could understand that. Harry was, with my help, more than willing to do the deed. It was easy to convince the demonic Pastor Bob to step forward and offer his cock to Harry’s waiting hand and mouth.

Aisling's first and only true lover stretched his mouth as far open as he could to accommodate Pastor Bob's huge member. I feared for the boy because when it started to grow it was going to pop out of his mouth or split his cheeks wide open.

Harry quickly got to work sucking and bobbing his head up and down on Pastor Bob's evil cock. For someone who was inexperienced he took to the task with enthusiasm and skill. It occured to me that perhaps Harry might have been a pure virgin with women, but had some experience with men. That wasn't a problem for me or the Earth Mother, but I wondered what his brother would think.

My concerns over Pastor Bob's cock were slightly alleviated when, as Harry continued to fellate the demon, his cock didn't grow as much as it just hardened and rose up. He was plenty big already. Maybe judging it as the size of my forearm was an overestimate, but it seemed damn close.

Harry threw himself into his task completely. That was partly the fault of my magic, but also because he was undoubtedly enjoying it as well. When Pastor Bob was fully erect and his cock looked more like a weapon than a sex organ Harry started having trouble bobbing his head up and down. There was no way it was going to go down Harry's throat.

That left Pastor Bob only one option.

"I didn't know that Harry would be such a good cocksucker," Aisling said quietly to me as I hurriedly began to untie her silk bindings while Pastor Bob was distracted. She wasn't upset at her sort-of boyfriend, or at least boyfriend of the moment, happily sucking a demon's cock. She understood what witches had to do to survive in this world.

"That's partly my fault. Stay quiet. Don't distract them."

Pastor Bob's eyes rolled up into his head. Harry was a good little cocksucker. I didn't dare try to go around the altar to check on Joy. I couldn't distract Pastor Bob at this point.

Aisling carefully slid off the altar at my command. Abruptly Pastor Bob pulled his cock free of Harry's mouth. "Very good, little boy. Let's see how you like it up your ass."

He yanked Harry to his feet, whirled him around, slammed him down, bent over the altar and got into position behind Harry.

I almost felt bad for Harry.

Almost.

I could have acted right away. Maybe I should have, but that would have wasted my small advantage in the situation. There was no way I was going to blow this and if Harry had to get fucked up the ass by a giant demon cock for me to get back my family's lands, then so be it.

We all had sacrifices to make and Harry was just a man. He hadn't sacrificed enough yet.

Distracted by the possibility of easy sex and definite humiliation of his partner, Pastor Bob wasn't paying the least bit of attention to me or Aisling. With one large paw-like hand on Harry's lower back, he pinned down the young man. With his other taloned hand he held his engorged cock at the base.

I watched intently—not from pleasure but a need to time things perfectly—as Pastor Bob lined up his cock head with Harry's beautiful and puckered asshole. For being in a tight situation, Harry was going with what was happening to him. Maybe he was the slightest bit willing, but maybe he was also more than willing. I mean, how often does one get the chance to be buggered by an actual demon? Maybe Harry was into that sort of thing. It's not exactly something that comes out on a first date.

Pastor Bob's cock was drooling a steady flow of precum. I didn't know from study or experience how lubricating demon precum was, but for Harry's sake I hoped it was better than Astroglide or Sliquid. Pastor Bob's cock was huge and while I didn't know how tight Harry's ass was, since he was a virgin until a few minutes ago, it was likely he was very tight.

I didn't want Harry to be hurt, but that didn't mean I wasn't willing to have him pay the ultimate price for me.

The black-headed dick penetrated Harry's ass. Harry let out a long, low groan. Maybe it hurt a little, but he was enjoying the torment more than any straight boy would admit to on their first buggering. Pastor Bob pulled out and then

pushed back in, a little deeper this time.

Who knew that a vile demon could be a gentle and attentive lover?

Aisling started to move forward, but I grabbed her hand and held her back. It wasn't time yet. Pastor Bob started rocking his hips back and forth, slowly and steadily moving his cock in and out of Harry's attractive little ass. I was a little jealous of both the demon and his lover. It had been far too long since I had been properly buggered and I would have minded buggering Harry either. I knew that Aisling had designs on him, but she should be prepared for a little competition from her mentor.

"Oh that's fucking hot," Aisling breathed into my ear.

I had to agree, but I didn't tell her that. I needed to maintain the aura and role of a leader and confident woman. But it was fucking hot. With a demon cock up his ass, I'm sure that Harry would agree it was hot too. Demon cock's had to be hot, right? That only made sense.

It also made sense that I needed to end this before Pastor Bob came. Maybe getting ass-fucked by a demon would be fine, but I wasn't going to take that risk if it wasn't necessary.

Everyone knows that demons are too easily controlled by sex. They are little more than sex fiends. Devils will come after a person's soul and happily fuck them as well, but demons only want sex. And then maybe literally eat the flesh afterwards. And, in my case, apparently steal my family's lands. I could only figure that it was some ploy to acquire more souls and weird human sex, but I wasn't spending a lot of time puzzling over the motivations of sex-crazed demons.

"Uhhh," Harry groaned. I could just barely see his cock pressed up against the cold stone altar. If he came, that would actually be a good thing for the altar. I couldn't remember the last time it had been properly blessed by good human sperm.

"Fucking human worm filth," Pastor Bob spat at Harry. "Cocksucking bitch! Sissy boy likes it up his ass, doesn't he?"

I moved in closer. The moment was at hand. The timing had to be perfect. Too

late and I wouldn’t be taking him at his most vulnerable as he came, too soon and my spell would simply slide off him in his moment of crisis.

Standing behind Pastor Bob, I focused on his large, pendulous balls as they slapped back and forth, gradually tightening up to his body. I listened to his breathing, making sure that he was right at the verge.

“Get ready for the explosion of your life!” Pastor Bob announced. He was an idiot and he was making it incredibly easy for me. He grabbed Harry’s hips and an instant later I grabbed Pastor Bob’s balls.

“Wha--?” he exclaimed.

Squeezing his most vulnerable bit of anatomy as hard as I could I let all the energy gifted to me by Joy and Aisling and Harry flow out through my hand and into Pastor Bob, turning it into an attack that he didn’t expect at all.

“I banish you back to hell!” I declared.

He screamed. For just a second I wasn’t sure if he was cumming or going.

“Fucking cunt!” he screamed at me. “Cock sucking bitch! Whore for shit! Piss drinking battleaxe bag of tits! Ugly trollop of a whore fucking mother! I’ll kill you and eat your soul! I’ll cut off your tits and feed them to you!”

I was expecting all of these insults and more. Each one that reached my ears caused me to squeeze his balls more tighter. I wasn’t sure if I was actually hurting him or not, but hurting him wasn’t the point. Getting rid of him was the point. He could cum all he want, fucking all the whores of hell, as long as I got my lands back.

I was a simple woman that way.

The thing about fighting off an attack when one is in the middle of an orgasm is that it’s almost impossible. My grandmother used to tell me stories about how some of our foremothers would work as street prostitutes during the hard times. The sex work was fine, but it also gave them an opportunity to rob their customers—many of whom would happily kill a sex worker after fucking her—by going through the john’s pockets while they were pressed up against an alley wall. It wasn’t an exactly honorable living, but it was a living when little else

could be done. My great-great-great-grandmother supposedly stole a necklace out of a man's pocket, an extremely valuable necklace intended either for his wife or his mistress. That necklace funded the purchase of the land that I currently stood on.

I was more than willing to banish a demon back to hell to get back those lands. If my great-great-great-grandmother could fuck and steal for the land, the least I could do was banish a demon to honor her.

Pastor Bob continued to scream and curse at me while he came. And he was going. I could feel the energy I was releasing forcing him back to hell. He dug his claws into Harry's hips causing the young man to scream in terror. It also caused the young man to cum. I could see his cock pumping out thick, white seed against the side of the altar.

"I'll be back, bitch," Pastor Bob promised. "I'll be back and I'll eat you body and soul from the cunt up!"

"Big talk for a demon going to the deepest depth of hell," I coolly replied. "But it sounds sort of tempting."

He snapped his jaws at me and spat the moment before he disappeared, leaving behind two unwelcome presents: a gob of spit on the floor next to my foot and red cum spattered all over Harry's back.

"That was the best cum of my life," Harry breathed. "Better than when I jerked it with a rope around my neck."

I glanced nervously at Aisling. "I think your lover has some serious sexual problems."

Aisling was staring at him with wide, round eyes. "It's kinda hot, if you think about it."

A low moan interrupted my unplanned reply. "Joy!" I remembered the third member of our coven and rushed around the altar to check on her.

Joy was still sprawled on the barn floor, but she was stirring. I helped her roll over, contrary to every bit of first aid I had ever heard, and quickly inspected her. Other than some superficial scrapes on her hands, arms, and face, she seemed

fine...except for the small gash on the side of her head that was bleeding slowly, the blood mixing and sticking in her hair.

“Oh, fucking hell,” she complained. “My head is killing me.”

“You did great,” I told her. “Bob’s no longer here.”

“Great,” she grinned ruefully. “That was the first—and only—time he ever hit me. Ever raised his hand to me.”

“And I banished him to hell for it. He won’t be coming back. Ever.” I wasn’t completely sure of that, but it was true enough for the moment.

“Now how am I going to explain a missing husband to his church?” Joy asked. She was a practical woman. I liked that.

“We’ll worry about that later.” I started to prepare a simple spell to heal her, or at least take away the pain. A potion would set her to rights in a few minutes. It was easier than explaining to the emergency room doctors why she had a gash on her head. Too many potential questions about domestic violence.

“It’s fucking hot!” This came from Harry and interrupted my thoughts and spell. The tone and timbre of his voice told me he wasn’t complimenting Aisling on how attractive she was, nor was he describing how great it felt to get fucked in the ass by a demon. Few living humans could claim that.

“What’s fucking hot?” I asked, my attention drawn away from Joy.

“My back, it’s fucking burning.” The pain in his voice was too obvious now. I stood up and looked at Harry. He was seated with his bare ass on the edge of the stone altar with his cock dangling down between his legs. He was being attended to by Aisling, who was doing nothing more than inspecting his back. What more could she do?

“Let me see,” I ordered, all but pushing Aisling out of the way.

Red splotches decorated his back. It was obvious they were burns but for a moment I couldn’t figure where they had come from. The burns were bad, though the flesh wasn’t actually charred. It looked like the worst sunburn possible, but it was located in spots on his back, not all the way across his back

evenly.

“Cum splatter,” I said.

“What?” Harry was seething in pain now.

“Cum splatter. Pastor Bob came all over your back. His cum must have burned you. Or you have a bad reaction to demon cum. Have you ever gotten someone else’s cum on you before?”

“NO!” He screamed this at me like I was the villain in a bad 80s high school comedy accusing him of being gay. I wasn’t accusing him of being gay. He had just been buggered by a demon. Maybe he was a bit gay, but he had also just fucked my very sexy, very female protégé so he didn’t have anything to worry about.

Other than the bits of smoke slowly rising from his back.

It was worse than I had first thought.

“Let’s get you into the house,” I said. “I can do more healing there.”

Aisling was getting anxious. “Why not do it right here?” she asked.

“Because my healing potions are in the house.” I turned him around. “Let’s go.”

“Shouldn’t we get dressed first?” Aisling asked as she started grabbing clothes from the barn floor. I understood her nudity taboo, but now was not the time.

“No one is going to see you,” I said with determination. Putting some magical emphasis in my voice I added, “It’s time to go. Now!” I led the little parade from the barn, across the corner of the orchard, and into the house. While it was easy for me to do it with dignity, everyone else had some problems. Joy was holding her head and couldn’t walk a straight line Aisling was naked, but carrying some of her clothes, which made her seem more vulnerable than it should have. She was helping Harry, who was hunched over and limping for some reason. He had his hands in front of his crotch, hiding his cock from any prying eyes. There weren’t any prying eyes within miles. Or at least within easy visual range.

We got to the house and I got to work, going directly to my lab to gather some

supplies while the three others more or less collapsed in the kitchen. By the time I returned to them Aisling had managed to get Harry's underwear back on him. Why she did that I had no idea because he looked a lot better naked than he did wearing boxer briefs with stripes. I rather liked the look of his cock.

"Here, drink this," I told him, passing him a flask. He was seated on one of the kitchen stools and I walked around him to examine the wounds on his back. Smoke was still rising from them. That was wrong in so many ways, but it then reminded me of something I had forgotten.

"Are the candles still burning in the barn?" I asked.

Joy looked up from where she was slumped against the cabinets. "I think so. I didn't blow them out."

She didn't look steady enough to walk back to the barn, blow out a hundred candles, and walk back on her own. I looked to Aisling. "I need you to take care of that."

I could see she wanted to stay with Harry, but some things we don't get to choose. With a nod she agreed and quickly stepped into her clothes, giving her some warmth and modesty, not that she truly needed either. "Be careful," I warned her. "Pastor Bob is banished but he might have left behind a trap or a curse."

"I'm a smart girl," she said with more confidence than she had earned in her short life. After giving me a quick kiss on the cheek, she disappeared out the back door.

I didn't have time to worry about her. I had to focus on Harry and Joy. Noticing that the flask in Harry's hand still hadn't been opened, I asked him, "Did you drink the entire thing?"

"No," he said slowly, shaking his head. "I haven't had any of it."

"Drink!" I ordered him. "You're dying!"

Maybe I was being overly dramatic, but I didn't know what I was dealing with. Maybe demon cum was the most caustic substance in all of reality. My order, with a bit of psychic assistance, was all he needed to put the flask to his lips and

drink.

After one sip he made a face, retched, and exclaimed, “It tastes like horse piss!”

“How would you know?” I asked, “Do you spend a lot of time in barnyards sucking horse cock and getting surprised when they urinate instead of cumming in your mouth.”

He blanched at my accusation. “No. It just smells...awful.”

I sniffed at the potion. It smelled normal. Perhaps a bit acidic, but that was normal. I even put a few drops on my tongue. There was a certain sparkle and zest to it, but certainly not horse piss.

Passing it over to Joy I told her to take a drink. She too sniffed at it but shrugged her shoulders. “Smells fine.” She took a heavy swig and smiled. “Headache’s gone.” Taking her fingers she pressed them to the laceration on the side of her head. They came away only slightly sticky and red. “I’m pretty sure it stopped bleeding.”

“Lay face down on the counter, Harry,” I told the injured boy. My kitchen was a classic farmhouse kitchen that has been renovated with a large island in the center. It was almost large enough to accomodate all of Harry’s body. Only his lower legs hung over the edge.

The burns were still steaming or smoking or whatever they were doing. I held my hand over them. The heat coming off them was shocking.

“Can’t you heal him with a touch of magic?” asked Joy.

“I used up all my energy to get rid of Pastor Bob. But I have an idea.” I took the flask from Joy and let a couple of drops fall onto one of the burns.

It sizzled and bubbled away. Harry screamed at the contact.

“We’ve got a problem,” I informed them over Harry’s cries of pain

“What problem?” asked Aisling appearing as if from nowhere. She looked at Harry with concern.

I looked at her. “You took care of all those candles so quickly?”

“Eatenus exstinxisti,” she said.

“A simple extinguishing charm? Clever girl.”

“Why didn’t you do it?”

“Because it’s next to impossible to do from this distance.”

She shrugged. Her clothes were a little more in order, but I knew under them she wasn’t wearing any undergarments. That shouldn’t have made a difference in the situation, but just the thought was enough to make my cunt wet.

“So what’s the problem?” she asked. “Beyond the obvious.” Harry’s screams had faded somewhat but he was still seething in pain. The screams had devolved to whimpers.

“I think your almost-boyfriend has been poisoned by Pastor Bob’s cum.”

“That sounds like a problem,” she agreed.

“Why didn’t that happen when I fucked him before?” asked Joy.

“Because then he was in human form,” I explained as if it was patently obvious, because it was patently obvious. “Human cum instead of demon cum.”

“What are you going to do for him?” asked Aisling. She wanted him to be cured, to be safe.

I wasn’t sure if I was going to be able to help him.

“I need something stronger than a simple healing potion,” I said as I headed to the lab. “Joy, come with me.”

My willing coven-sister followed. In the lab I found a plain sleeping potion and handed it to Joy. “Give this to him. He’ll just fall asleep. He’s going to need it.”

She nodded and ran off with the small flask. I set to work whipping up a quick potion.

The problem with being skilled at making potions is that everything has a solution through the human body, but those solutions can take an inordinate amount of time to take place.

I pulled an old potion from my stasis cabinet. The potion was stored in a small crystal phial. A little went a long way but I was still worried that it wouldn't be enough.

At that moment Malaes decided to zip into the lab and started batting a small mouse underneath the tables. It was a pure feline instinct to do so but in that instance it annoyed the hell out of me.

I let a little of my power flow out of me and into the cat who almost instantaneously turned back into his human form. The timing was just right and Malaes bonked his now very human head on the underside of the table.

"Ow! Fucking hells and cunts, Luna! Why'd you do that?"

"Leave the poor mouse alone."

"Sorry. Feline instinct," There was a whizzing sound in the air and before he could say anything else he suddenly doubled over in pain. His breath left his lungs with a powerful gasp. "What the fuck!" he complained in a half-wheeze.

I grinned and then grimace. "Sorry about that. I enchanted your chastity cage so that it locks on the moment you're human form," I explained to him. "Can't have you fucking around outside the house."

"You could have said something earlier! My balls are going to be fucking bruised purple and green for the next month."

That gave me a wonderful idea. I grabbed the philter and raced out of the lab. "Thanks, Malaes. I owe you one!"

"One what?" he called to me. "One blowjob?"

Ignoring his vile suggestion I ran up to my bedroom. I could still hear Harry moaning in pain. I hoped that Joy had administered the sleeping potion, but I didn't focus on that.

There were a lot of ways I could have contacted Maith but doing it from the bedroom was the easiest method. And the most powerful one. Stripping off my dress I grabbed a trusted marble dildo from the chest of drawers next to my dressing room and sprawled on it, my legs wide.

Everything that had happened had made me nervous, but it had also turned me on just enough that slipping the marble dildo into my cunt was a fairly easy task. I didn't need to cum, I just needed to commune with a horny, banished elf. The marble dildo was less a sex toy and more of an antenna used to communicate with him.

I still needed to move it in and out of my cunt, so there was a certain pleasure in it. The idea was to build up just enough sexual energy where I could easily contact Maith. It was supposed to work across dimensions and realities. Obviously that was more effective than a cell phone and it was never out of range.

"Piss off, bitch. I need my private time!" Maith's voice was clear in the minor telepathy I had used. He was also angry, which was out of character for him. Well, he was often angry, but not at me. I was giving him sanctuary.

"I need you, Maith! Now is not the time to get snippy with me!" I was angry and under stress. He needed to do what I wanted.

"I'm in the middle of getting my cock sucked. Give me ten minutes."

"I don't have ten minutes!" I paused and reconsidered my words. I didn't know if Harry's life was truly at stake and how much time he had, but waiting certainly wouldn't help matters. "It's not my life, but someone who will interest you."

Baiting an elf with a sly promise of sex wasn't much of an enticement. Maith was beautifully handsome and hadn't had any trouble acquiring sex partners in the human realm. He didn't discriminate; he fucked men and women and everything and everyone else. Harry, while young and handsome and willing, wasn't much in the way of bait. Still, I sent an image of him, naked and with a slightly larger erection than I truly remembered, but memory is pliable.

"Nice, but I can get that any day of the week, and probably twice on Thursday night."

“Thursday night?” I was letting him distract me. That was a bad idea.

“Ladies night. Two for one specials.”

I sighed. “He’s not just pretty.” I sent an image of him fucking Aisling and morphed it into an image of Harry buggering himself, and then changed that to him with a rope around his neck buggering himself. Yes, it was a lie, but a lie of theatre and it was for a good cause.

I was pretty sure that Harry would be willing to blow Maith as a thank you for saving his life.

Pretty sure.

“That kid is dangerous and a huge risk taker. Bad news.”

I hadn’t expected such a sober response from my horny house elf.

“But you’ll hate yourself if you don’t get the opportunity to fuck him at least once before he accidentally offs himself,” I said persuasively.

“Okay, I’m cumming.”

“Good, teleport. I’ll make sure to recompense you for the expenditure.”

“No, I’m cumming, not coming. Fuck! I lost it! Hold on a second! Fucking bitch.” He muttered the last phrase and I ignored it. It was worth it to save Harry’s life. I sent a compulsion spell down our psychic connection. It wasn’t much but it was enough.

A second later there was the smell of brimstone in my bedroom along with a popping sound as air was displaced. “Demons dicks, Luna! I was getting my willy waxed by Diesel while his girlfriend watched! How many more times am I going to get that opportunity in my life?”

“Hundreds,” I assured him and I withdrew the marble dildo from my cunt. “It’s good you weren’t cumming anyway. I need your cum.”

“I hate being at your beck and call.”

“Would you rather be executed by the elf tribunal?”

His face went sour. “No. What the fuck do you want?” Maith wasn’t normally rude to me, but since I had pulled him out from the middle of getting his dick sucked, I didn’t blame him.

“I need your cum.”

“You know I don’t normally swing that way, Luna,” he said, straightening himself up to his full height and puffing out his chest. It was only then that I realized he was completely naked. There was no way for me to know if he was actually getting his dick sucked by his tattoo artist while the artist’s girlfriend watched. I hoped it was the case. “But for a pretty girl like you, I’m willing to make an exception.”

He turned to me and showed me his cock. It was hard and wet, I assumed from the cock sucking he had recently been pulled away from. I’d seen Maith’s cock before, but never had it been so large and so red and swollen. Already he was drooling precum. Actually, it was more likely he had been on the verge of orgasm and I had ruined that for him.

I was sorry, but I didn’t have time to tell him that now.

“That’s great, but right now I need you to jerk off for me.”

I set aside the marble dildo and produced a small rectangular silver platter from the storage cabinet next to my bed.

“I need you to jerk off onto this.”

Maith stiffened, and not in a good way. “You know I don’t swing that way.”

“I know you have your pride, Maith, but it’s for a good cause.”

“Your orchard and family pride isn’t a good cause.”

“It’s to save the life of the boy that you want to fuck.”

Giving me a sidelong glance he considered the platter. “And you promise that he’ll fuck me?”

“I made no such promise!”

“You certainly did!”

“I most certainly did not! I wouldn’t prostitute out someone else, not without their permission.”

“Then I’m not going to jerk off for you!”

I sighed. It shouldn't be this difficult.

“I’ll do what I can. But you need to save his life first,” I informed him. “I’m positive he’s the sort of boy who would be happy to have sex with an elf because no one he knows is going to have that opportunity.”

“Swear to it,” Maith said, his eyes narrowing on me.

“I swear to it, but he makes the ultimate decision.”

“If he refuses, I want a boon.”

That was risky, but I didn’t have much choice. “Fine. Agreed.”

Maith spit in his hand and I figured he was going to start jerking off. I was wrong. He held out his hand to me.

Sometimes elves have a not-so-quaint tradition that I’d be happy to see forgotten or die out. Nevertheless, I spit in my hand and shook his.

Then he spit in his hand again, got down on his knees, and started jerking his cock. The amazing thing was that he hadn’t gone soft during our debate and negotiations. He was still hard. That was an elf trait, I figured, or maybe it was something unique to Maith. It didn’t matter either way to me. I took the silver platter and placed it down on the floor between his knees.

Maith didn’t even acknowledge me when I did it.

I just hoped that he got down to it quickly. I—or rather, Harry—needed Maith’s cum as soon as possible. It wouldn’t take me long to complete the potion, but still. I hated waiting.

It was a simple operation. Maith closed his eyes and pumped his fist up and down on his cock. While I liked watching men in the middle of sex, watching a single man whom I had no emotional romantic connection to get himself off held little appeal for me.

Or maybe I was just anxious for him to finish so I could go save Harry's life.

It had to be the latter.

While I was anxious, it truly didn't take that long before Maith finished. He shot out thick, long ropes of cum. Since it was elf cum and not human cum, it wasn't truly white, but slightly bluish with sparkles inside it.

Sparkles.

Like he was a fucking fairy or something.

Maith's aim was true. He managed to land all of his cum on the platter. I was glad that my grandmother had sprung for the extra expense in silver when she purchased it.

"Thank you, Maith," I said, picking up the platter. "Your donation and effort will not be forgotten."

"I got off to the idea of fucking you in the ass while that pretty boy Harry buggered me at the same time," he told me.

I didn't know if that was the truth or not, but Maith was the sort of elf who would say just such a thing to be creepy and piss me off.

Instead I just ignored him and took his sample down to my lab. Whipping up the proper adjustments to the potion was easy and only took a few minutes.

By now my heart was pounding in my chest. I hadn't bothered checking in on Harry and the other two women because I was afraid of what I might find.

He was still alive when I got back to the kitchen. His moans hadn't changed. Joy had used the sink to wash her face and the side of her head where the blood had commingled with her hair. She looked better.

Aisling hadn’t moved from Harry’s side. The way she was looking at him gave me pause.

“Don’t tell me you’re in love with him,” I said as I walked confidently into the room. I had to have the right attitude or they would lose confidence in me.

“I’m not in love with him!” she said so quickly and so vehemently that I knew she was lying. Or she wasn’t sure of her feelings toward him. Certainly she was at the very least infatuated with him. I couldn’t blame her. He was beautiful and she had just had sex with a man for the first time. Of course she was temporarily enamored of him, even if it was just a minor infatuation.

“Okay. You’re not in love with him. So hold him down because this might hurt.”

I had no idea if it was going to hurt him or not, but I needed to give her something to do.

I hesitated a second. I wanted to have Harry drink some of the potion, but he was mostly asleep. The moans he was making made me nervous because they sounded weaker than before and it wasn’t from the sleeping potion.

Still, a healing potion was always a blessing. I poured it over his back.

It was like cancelling out the sleeping potion.

He jumped up and shrieked like a legion of devils was chasing him down to hell.

I and Joy joined in to hold him down. I wasn’t sure what would happen if he somehow managed to get up and actually run around. It was possible he would make it all the way down to hell.

The good news was that the potion worked well, even poured on Harry’s back. The burning wounds stopped smoking and started healing. He’d have scars, but that was a small price to pay.

Working together the three of us took Harry’s now completely unconscious body up the stairs and dumped him into one of the guest bedrooms.

“Now what?” asked Aisling.

“Now we fucking rest,” I said.

## Chapter Two

“You’ve really fucked things up, you know that?”

I groggily pried open my eyelids to see Malaes sitting on the edge of my bed. He was naked but for his cock cage. I could just barely see it from where I was laying. “It’s too fucking early in the morning to deal with you,” I complained. “Let me go back to sleep.”

“Can’t. You’ve got problems to deal with.”

“I just banished a demon to hell and saved the life of a young man. Plus it was just a few days ago that I got rid of a devil. If anything, this town owes me a huge favor and the keys to the city.” I paused and considered my words. “Okay, it’s not a city. I know that. It’s semi-rural suburbia. I still want the key to the fucking city.”

Malaes let me finish my rant. “Harry’s parents are downstairs. He didn’t come home last night and they started quizzing your weed dealer, I think you know him as Nicholas, the college dropout who lives in his parents’ basement. They showed up at the front door looking for him. Something something, seduction and cougar and group sex and yada yada, going to be calling the police in a minute.”

I sat bolt upright. “Fuck!” I looked at him again. He was naked and wearing only his cock cage. “And you spoke to them wearing only that!” I pointed to his little dick.

Malaes grimaced at me. “Of course not. I was in my cat form. Maith was talking to them.”

“The fucking house elf…” I groaned and flopped back onto the bed, throwing an arm across my eyes. Things were not getting better.

“Don’t worry. He had his glamour on. He looked like a normal human, maybe a little short.”

“What did he say?”

“Exactly what I told you.”

“About Harry. What did he say about Harry?”

Malaes cleared his throat. “He admitted that Harry was here—”

I groaned louder.

“—but he assured them that Harry only spent the night for safety’s sake.”

“How did that work?”

“Surprisingly well. Aisling is talking with them as well. She gave them a song and dance about not wanting them to judge her and punish Harry for dating an older woman. She claims to be twenty three.”

“I think that’s the truth.”

“And she claimed to be your niece or some bullshit.”

“They know…”

“They know that Harry spent the night, and that maybe Harry lied about his age to Aisling and got drunk and fell down and hurt himself. I’m not sure they’re buying it all, but apparently the dad is proud that his son bagged a beauty like Aisling.”

He paused.

“They don’t know anything about you being a witch.”

“Okay. Let me process that.”

“She might also be using a charm person spell on them,” Maith added.

“Fuck me…”

“Is that an offer?” he asked as he hopped down from my bed.

“Hells no.”

“Ah well. I have a date anyway.”

“A date?” I was confused and looked out the window. It was the middle of the day. How long had I slept?

“Muffin is going into heat. We’re meeting at the hedge.” He blinked at me and transformed into cat form before slipping out of my bedroom door.

“Fuck me,” I cursed, got out of bed. At some point in my exhaustion I had stripped off and was naked. Not bothering to dress I just threw my robe around my body and stepped into some slippers.

Not wanting to rush downstairs, I glided down the steps to find Aisling sitting calmly in the parlor with Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale. Aisling actually looked put together in her black dress with red flowers embroidered on the seams. It took me a moment to realize it was my dress but now was not the time to lecture her about borrowing my clothes.

“Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale, thank you so much for coming over,” I began smoothly. I had placed a glamor on myself so I looked like a professional in a smartly tailored suit instead of the neighborhood slut just rolling out of bed at noon.

Aisling stood up right away. “Joanne and Keith, please meet my aunt Margery Luna Carrier-Goode.”

The couple looked like any of a hundred generic middle-class, middle-aged couples. They were unremarkable. Except both were holding cups of tea and had broad smiles plastered across their faces. Turning my head slightly toward Aisling I asked my protégé, “What’s wrong with them?”

“I think I used a little too much of your charm potion,” Aisling said softly, pretending to take a sip of her own tea. “But they are very open to suggestion right now. I don’t want to spoil the magic.”

I smiled, calming myself. “You’re a clever girl.”

“Harry’s still in the bed upstairs. Should I check on him while you deal with these two?”

“Yes. Please.”

Before I had a chance to deal with Joanne and Keith Drysdale the doorbell rang.

Aisling paused at the stairs, but I shooed her away to check on her paramour. “Please excuse me,” I said to the couple and went to the door.

When I opened the door it was Todd Wilson. It might have been a bit over the top on my part, but I did a double take when I saw him. “Hello…” I didn’t know what else to say.

Todd just smiled at me. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

“Umm...sure.” I stepped aside and gestured for him to enter. “Why are you here today?”

He gave me a look like I had lost my mind. Maybe I had.

“We have an appointment, don’t we?”

It was entirely possible. I had lost track of things over the last few days, but I wasn’t going to admit that to him.

“We do?” I heard myself saying and immediately hated myself for it.

“Yes. To talk about Alexiandria’s progress.”

“Oh. Right!” I had no memory of that. I could have summoned my cell phone to my hand, but I was positive that if he saw the phone flying through the air he might think something was up.

Todd furrowed his brow at me. “Is something the matter?”

I looked down at myself. More than I wanted to admit, I liked Todd. He was a fun fuck. I wanted to fuck him right then and there. It had to be some of the residual energy from the day before, but my cunt was wet and I was wearing just my robe. He saw me wearing a suit, but that was just the glamour I had put on for Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale. It worked on him too.

“No. Not at all. I just have other clients in the other room. We ran over our usual time. Give me a minute and I’ll get rid of them.”

The problem of the Drysdales wasn’t going to go away any time soon. I could just give them a nice suggestion and send them on their way, but that was only

kicking the problem down the road. As I was moving back to the parlor Aisling came down the stairs. Todd caught sight of her and couldn't help but stare.

I stared too.

Aisling is always a beauty.

"Have you taken care of him yet?" I asked, indicating the guest room where Harry was currently laying down.

"He's fine," she reported. "I just have to dismiss Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale."

I needed to trust her on that. I was too unfocused to deal with people. I wasn't sure what she was planning for them, but I was sure it would be fine.

"Come to my office, Todd," I said to the man who couldn't tear his eyes away from Aisling.

I didn't blame him.

"Todd?" My voice was both cajoling and seductive.

He followed. I knew he would. I could smell the lust on him and he knew he wasn't going to get a chance at sex with Aisling.

"I'm worried about Alexiandria," Todd started to say as soon as I closed the office door.

"You don't have anything to worry about," I told him. "She's going to be fine. I'll give her a potion tomorrow."

"A potion?"

"I mean some therapy. "Don't worry about it." I didn't want him to keep talking. The best thing to do would have been to put something in his mouth, but since I didn't have a cock, I instead went down on my knees and pulled out his cock. Sucking on his cock would have to be good enough to keep him quiet.

Don't tell my coven, but there is a certain satisfaction in sucking a man's cock, even for a witch. Maybe especially for a witch. While he's getting some

pleasure, I’m completely in charge of him. I control him through his most precious possession: his cock and balls.

Todd quickly responded to my attention. He was already half hard when I fished him out of his pants, and he got the rest of the way there after a couple of licks. By the time I was sucking on the head and massaging his balls, his mind was completely off his daughter and focused on me. And my mouth.

And my cunt.

I wanted him to focus on my cunt. As much fun as it was so suck his cock, I wanted him to fuck me properly as well. But I also wanted to swallow his cum. There are few more powerful substances in the world than a man’s cum. Now, while Todd’s cum was lacking an essential ingredient, that being sperm, it was still full of all sorts of other essential elements that witches crave.

I was going to suck him dry, swallow every drop of his load, magic his cock back into a steel-like rod so he could give me a proper rogering bent over my desk. It was every witch-therapist’s dream.

“Oh fuck, you’ve got to stop,” he begged me.

I ignored him. If he really wanted me to stop, he’d do something about it. I instead curled my hand tighter around his balls and bobbed my head up and down faster. I probably looked like a cheap whore, but it was going to be worth it.

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna...I’m gonna…”

I never found out what he was gonna do because he erupted inside my mouth. His cum was sharp and pungent and maybe a little saltier than I would normally like, but it was good and I swallowed it.

Then I kept sucking. Guys love it when witches keep sucking their cocks after they cum.

Eventually he gave out and stumbled backwards against my desk. He even had to put the heel of his hand against my forehead, forcing me off his cock. I was disappointed but his cum eventually gave out so I had to stop sucking.

“Ready for more?” I asked after wiping the last bits of his cum from my chin.

“Can’t I get a minute?” he asked.

“You won’t need one,” I promised him, but before I could even drop my robe there was a tremendous crash from the parlor.

“What was that?” Todd was as startled as I was.

I gave him a pathetic look. “How the hells would I know?”

He shrugged. “It’s your house.”

“But I can’t see through walls.” Gathering my robe around me, I opened the office door and went back to the parlor.

I had figured that Maith or Malaes was up to no good. I was wrong.

From somewhere Joan Drysdale had produced a strapon dildo and was using it on Keith’s ass. “Where did you get that harness?” I heard myself saying.

She had him bent over the back of the couch and was pegging him with such great enthusiasm that they knocked over the lamp. I was just glad it wasn’t my grandmother’s antique oil lamp, but that was in my lab, where it was safe.

My voice got her to temporarily stop. They both looked at me without any shame. “Do you mind?” Keith asked me.

His cock was pressed up against the back of the couch. “Just don’t get cum all over the fabric,” I told them and walked out. I had so many questions, but I was eager to get back to Todd’s cock.

As I left Joanne resumed buggering her husband’s ass with enthusiasm. It made me wonder where she got the lube to use on him. Assuming she was using lube.

Before I could get the ten feet down the hallway to my office there was a terrible scream from upstairs. I closed my eyes and prayed to the Earth Mother that it wasn’t something serious. Who else was in the house? Maith. Malaes...maybe. Aisling. Harry. Joy, but I think she was sleeping. Was there some demon invader or other creature crawling about?

I had to go upstairs to investigate. There were voices coming from the guest room that Aisling was using for Harry. Preparing myself I summoned up some eldritch energy and focused. I wasn't feeling particularly strong at the moment so it was a good thing the door was slightly ajar.

There is little one can do to prepare to see others in compromising positions. Maith was on his back on the bed, knees up to his chest while Harry was on top, plowing him with his handsome cock up Maith's ass. It was Maith who was howling out his pain and pleasure. I stepped inside.

"Don't stop them," said Aisling. She had my dress hiked up to her waist, as she sat in the chair in the corner, watching. One leg was tucked up under her body and her scarlet topped cunt was open to viewing, or rather it would have been if her hand wasn't halfway shoved inside herself.

Aisling was enjoying the show.

There were scars on Harry's back, but they weren't bad and might very well fade away to nothing. I was glad to see he had enough energy to fuck my house elf. Maith's cock was erect as well and he was jerking himself off as Harry buggered him.

It was a good day for anal sex in my house.

"Are you okay with this?" I quietly asked Aisling. It was an unnecessary question. She obviously was.

Her eyes were glazed and didn't move from the show on the bed. "It's perfect and lovely."

"You aren't in love with Harry, are you?"

"Just his cock."

That was an acceptable answer.

I went back downstairs to my office, ignoring the sounds of sex all around me. Todd was waiting for me, but had put his cock away.

"What are you doing?" I asked angrily.

“Waiting for you,” he replied nervously.

I threw open my robe and let the glamour fall away. He was stunned to see me naked so quickly, but he wasn’t thinking clearly because a naked and willing woman was right in front of him. “Get your clothes off,” I ordered. It took a bit of energy not to use a spell to make his clothes disintegrate.

A moment later he was naked. A moment after that we were kissing passionately up against my desk, but his cock was barely stirring. To hell with safety concerns.

I grabbed his cock and let power flow out of me and into him. He was hard in an eyeblink of time.

“I want to fuck you,” he breathed in my ear.

“I want you to fuck me,” I replied as I pushed him away and bent forward over the desk. He moved right in and slipped his cock between my legs. I reached across the desk and into one of the drawers. He kept trying to put it in my cunt, but I had other ideas.

I’m the sort of woman who keeps lube in her professional desk because one never knows if a masturbation fantasy will suddenly take me away. Or, in this case, if I have a horny man in the room. I handed him the bottle and he got the idea, drizzling it down into my ass crack. It wasn’t much lubrication, but it was enough.

It took a few tries but eventually he got it into my ass and started buggering me. If everyone else was doing anal today, i might as well join in.

Todd wasn’t shy and fucked me like I needed to be fucked. He even reached around and rubbed my clit. He was a true gentleman.

I should have been worried about Joy’s absence, but I wasn’t. Sex will do that to the human mind. I should have been focusing on other things, but I was too wrapped up in myself.

Still, the sex for everyone in the house was good. It was very good.

But it was very bad for Joy.

# End

# Preview

# Princess Not-So-Innocent 4

Helana arranged herself on the couch in a pose that she thought conveyed the idea of “come hither” mixed with blatant sexuality.

Sir Pierce Victor frowned at her, his head slowly shaking. “How can one so beautiful managed to make herself look both unattractive and much like a common street-walking whore?”

She returned his frown. “That is not a compliment.”

“I’m glad your ears are working,” he answered.

When Helana started to rise up off the couch her lady-in-waiting interposed herself between the two, though Lady Ada would have been glad to let the two go at each other with full venom. It would be amusing but it would also be counterproductive to her end goals.

“Why don’t you instruct the young princess on how you want her posed? She’s a noblewoman from Jadwig, not a model. She knows nothing of what you need. She’s not even a common streetwalker of the type you bring back here too often to fuck.”

That roused Pierce’s anger. “I bring them back here to sketch and paint them!” he insisted. “I’m making art unlike anything ever seen in the this kingdom ever before.

“Sketch, paint and fuck,” Ada amended. “Just get the girl to do what you want and we’ll all be done here a lot quicker.”

“Fine!” he started to approach Helana, side-stepping Ada, but the princess held up a cautioning hand.

“Just tell me what to you. I don’t need your hands on me.”

It was an odd standoff between the two. Their relationship had started off well.

The two had personalities that meshed well and they had goals that complimented each other. This was an odd turn for the both of them.

Helana didn't know why she didn't want the nobleman-cum-artist to touch her, but it just seemed wrong because of their difference in rank and her nudity.

What followed was an amusing exchange of directions, repeated directions, misinterpreted directions, Helana moving her limbs ever so slightly, and then ever so slightly back, displaying herself, partially concealing herself, and at one point Pierce threatened to restart the whole process by claiming the need to rotate the couch ninety degrees to get the correct lighting.

Ada watched the whole process with disinterested amusement. It took far too long and wasted too much time, in her opinion, but neither were asking so she kept silent.

Finally they were done. Ada was relieved because the minor bickering was finally over. She had precious little to do during this long process.

"I need an assistant to help me with this part," Pierce complained as he disappeared across the room to dig out supplies.

"You'd have an assistant if you didn't insist on fucking them all and making them leave when you're done with them," Ada called after him.

"Was that really necessary?" asked Helana.

"No, but it was funny and amusing."

"Why do two have such an antagonistic relationship?"

Ada said nothing and busied herself arranging the drape of Helana's love chain over the young princess's thigh. She then tilted up Helana's chin just a touch—this after much up and down had already gone on between Helana and Pierce—and handed Helana a glass of wine.

"This early?" asked the princess.

"It's a prop, not for drinking."

Helana tried to wine anyway. It was barely palatable.

Pierce returned hauling a huge canvas with him. It was easily eight feet long and four feet high. The orientation made sense considering how Helana was arranged on the couch. “Why did you change her chin tilt?” he asked Ada as he gently placed his warm fingers on her jaw and easing it down just a fraction of an inch. “And why did you give her wine?”

“It’s weak wine and she needs something to do to amuse her while you drool over her body recording it for all posterity.”

Helana was amused they were arguing over her. She could have been angered by it, but that wouldn’t accomplish anything.

“I’m not drooling over her, I can assure you of that,” said Pierce. “Now if she had a prick instead of a quim…that would be something entirely different. That I would drool over.” Judging that her chin was adequately set Pierce took the glass of wine from her hand and then moved it from the back of the couch to between her legs. “Arrange your fingers carefully,” he told her as he moved her fingers into and around the folds of her quim. “I want you to display yourself and to amuse yourself, but you also need to seduce the viewer of the painting at the same time.”

What he was trying to accomplish was for her to show that she was making love to herself while putting on a show for the gaze of the future art observer. It was less about self-pleasure and more about pure art.

“You’re making her look like a commons trollop,” said Ada, but she didn’t do anything else to stop Pierce.

“That’s how all the noble-born and royalty like their wives to be shown,” replied Pierce. He was exaggerating, Helana was certain.

Reasonably certain.

“How am I supposed to remember how to keep my body,” said Helana. “Certainly you won’t get this all done in one session.”

“I’ll sketch you first,” said Pierce, “for body positioning and overall layout. It’ll be easy. You’ll see.”

It wasn’t easy. Helana found it incredibly boring. She only had to lay there and do nothing. Doing nothing was boring; she hated doing nothing. A conversation would have been fine, but as soon as Pierce settled her exactly as he wanted, Ada started going in and out of the room attending to errands and other supposedly important affairs.

Helana wouldn’t have been surprised if the woman was having an affair with another man while fucking Prince Arpad at the same time.

Strangely Helana didn’t feel any real anger toward the lady-in-waiting for carrying on a sexual affair with her fiancé. It was to be expected. She was a bit jealous, but Helana was certain she’d get over that.

Pierce refused to speak with Helana as she posed because he was concentrating on his art. He moved quickly and precisely. Helana couldn’t judge the quality of his work because she couldn’t see it from where she lounged on the couch.

It was no wonder that artists so often used prostitutes and waifs as models. The work was boring and it would take one of little intellect to want to pose forever in the same position.

Her only relief came during the noon hour when a servant brought food for the little group to feast upon. It wasn’t much of a respite, but it was enough to be able to move again and have something to eat.

“Don’t drink any wine,” Pierce told her.

“Why not?” she asked after she downed half a glass just to spite him.

He glared at her. “Because it will change the color of your complexion. I want you perfect.”

“For a hoofter you certainly lay a lot of claims to how a woman should look.”

“It’s my job,” he told her. “And it’s yours to just lay there, on the couch or on the bed, it doesn’t make much difference, does it.”

“Stop it,” said Ada to the both of them. “Bickering gives you something to do, but it doesn’t help any of us.”

“Posing barely gives me anything to do,” groused Helana.

“You have two jobs in the palace,” said Ada. “Look pretty and fuck the prince. Right now you just need to look pretty. And you’re doing that rather well.”

“Am I?” Helana asked snidely.

“You are,” Ada said with sincerity. “Continue to do it well and I’ll promise you a reward tonight.”

Helana was intrigued by this promise. She was also angered by it.

“You’ll promise me a reward.” Helana was offended by the outrageous offer because she was not a child.

“You’ll enjoy it,” Ada said with her secret smile that annoyed and intrigued Helana.

As it was there, was little she could do about it. As Ada had said, it was Helana’s job to look pretty and give the prince an heir.

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# About the Author

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

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