Love Sweet Sex Magic



Elliot Silvestri

1: Seduction

Green Bush Publishing

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Love Sweet Sex Magic 1

An Erotic Novel of Sexual Magic

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Seduction: Love Sweet Sex Magic 1

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Version 2

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Chapter One

“Cage or collar? What’s it going to be?”

Malaes curled his lip back in disgust. I didn’t give in. You always had to be firm with a slave. This was his punishment and he needed to take it.

“Collar,” he finally decided.

I was surprised, but that was his choice. He stood still while I reached up and circled the leather collar around his neck. It was dyed bright red and contrasted nicely with his pale skin and shiny, black hair.

The moment after I fixed the buckle in place, the change took place. He shrank down into a large tomcat, the collar shrinking with him. He angrily shook his head and twitched his tail. A moment later he dashed out of my den.

I much prefer it when Malaes wore his cock cage. He stayed in human form and I could admire his naked body, but on the other hand he was a distraction that way.

I went looking for a different distraction. It was a wonderfully sunny and breezy autumn morning. I could smell the change of the seasons on the air when I left my family’s ancient home and headed toward the disgustingly boring suburban housing development on the other side of the orchard.

My family had lived on this land for generations. I had been gone many years when my mother fell ill and was forced to sell some of the land to survive. When I returned half our land was occupied by interlopers. I blamed myself but instead of taking petty revenge, I looked to my grandmother for advice and decided to use them to my advantage.

A modern witch had to embrace modern solutions.

As a modern witch I immediately regretted my choice of dress. It was traditional black with plenty of lace, but I should have worn tights or stockings instead of bare legs. No matter. My jacket was wool and warm, even if it left my legs bare. I eschewed the non-traditional pointed conical hat and wore a much more stylish beret. If witches actually rode brooms for transportation I would have embraced the switchover to vacuum cleaners. Much more efficient.

My first stop was at the Drysdale's house. I needed supplies for the potions I would be brewing. Officially and legally I was a licensed therapist who dabbled in natural medicines and herbs to alleviate the problems of modern life. It was a convincing lie my neighbors were happy to believe. Besides, the basic upper middle-class white women, married and divorced and otherwise, were always looking for some alternative to make their empty lives fuller.

I was just providing a service they needed.

The Drysdale's house was on the edge of the development. It was just another ticky-tack house of tan siding and white trim. There were three designs of houses in Apple Meadows. This was doubled to six when the builders realized they could simply flop the blueprints over and have a mirror image of the three houses. The owners could choose between tan or beige or sandstone siding with white or antique white trim.

It was truly horrible.

I emerged from my orchard and walked through the Drysdale's backyard. Both Mrs. and Mr. Drysdale were gone to work for the day. Or perhaps Ellen Drysdale was shopping. I had never met the two. I had only ever spoken to their son who still lived at home and was a college dropout.

He was, however, doing well financially with his marijuana resale business. It was an illegal business, I had warned him, but like so many young men he wasn't worried about the future. He bought his supplies across the border in Massachusetts and sold to college and high school students who either couldn't buy on their own or were too lazy to make the hour drive.

He also sold the devil's lettuce to at least one neighbor, a witch who lived in the farmhouse on the other side of the orchard.

I didn't need the weed, but I did enjoy it. I also did occasionally need it for some of my potions. "Nick?" I called as I opened the back door. I had punched in the security code he had given me. That was a foolish choice of his, but twenty-one year old boys weren't known for their wisdom.

The pungent smell of burning weed filled the air. I knew he was downstairs in the basement tending to his handful of plants he was growing. He had no talent for agriculture. Nicholas Drysdale had two talents: selling pot to kids and

fucking middle-aged witches.

I tried not to think about the fact that I was close in age to Nick's parents. I especially tried not to think about it when I was in bed with him.

There was no reply and I closed the door behind me. Walking through the kitchen I headed to the basement door and opened it. The smell of weed hit me in the face like an elemental force. If his parents didn't know he was getting high during the day, fucking into the afternoon, and selling at night they were idiots.

"Nick?" I called again as I headed down the stairs. I grimaced as I looked at the recently redecorated living room on the edge of the kitchen. Shiplap? Really Mrs. Drysdale? Will you follow every trend?

"Down here," he called up to me.

I walked confidently down the stairs, even in my high-heeled boots because they had a practical heel, and into the warmth of his hideaway. A third of the basement was for the boiler and storage. The second third was nominally his bedroom which contained a bed and a dresser and a ridiculous video game setup. The last third was devoted to an indoor growing operation that somehow never seemed to generate money for my dear Nicholas.

"I have a need," I said to him.

Nicholas was slightly overweight and had shaggy hair. His youthful muscles were still holding on, but he wasn't getting enough exercise in his new lifestyle. He had a handsome face and was growing a beard that was still charming because it was short. He wore a t-shirt with a ridiculous design for some obscure band and jeans. Inside of those jeans was a cock that had pleased me to no end.

But I wasn't going to let him know that.

"A need for me?" he asked crudely. He set down the pipe he had been smoking and looked over his plants. I could have given him both practical advice and unnatural assistance in making his plants grow. I did neither.

"A need for your product," I told him.

"How much?"

I told him and he was disappointed at the amount. “So little?”

“My needs are limited.”

“How are you going to pay?” he asked as he produced a small baggie from a locked box under his bed.

“How would you like your payment?” I asked, sitting down on the edge of his mattress. It smelled of weed and his sweat. It wasn’t a bad combination. I crossed my legs and let my dress slid up my thigh exposing much more skin than was acceptable.

I wasn’t an acceptable woman. I was a witch.

“Cash would be nice,” he said, staring at my leg.

I shifted on his bed. My dress wasn’t low cut, but I do have impressive tits thanks to both genetics and a little unnatural help because I was vainer than I liked to admit. Just the shift was enough to draw his eyes up to my chest. “I’m a little short of cash right now,” I lied. “But I can offer you a blowjob or an enthusiastic fuck.”

I blinked innocently at him. I had happened upon Nicholas’s little operation because the smell wafted over to my house and, like I’ve already said, I have needs both physical and material and magical.

“Does it make you uncomfortable having sex for weed?” he asked me. “Doesn’t that make you a prostitute?”

“No, it doesn’t make me uncomfortable,” I told him. “Sex work is an honorable career. What would be wrong with it?”

“Uh…” If he was trying to shame me, it wasn’t going to work. “But if you don’t like it I can offer you fifteen dollars for that small baggie,” I said indicating the marijuana in his hand. It was half the usual payment. Thirty dollars for a fuck with a beautiful woman—I’m not modest or delusional—was a good deal. What Nicholas didn’t know was that I wanted to fuck him for reasons that he couldn’t possibly imagine. “Nothing I guess,” he finally decided.

“So how would you like your payment?” I asked him as I rose up from my seat

on his bed, took the baggie out of his hand and slipped it into my purse where it would be safe, and pressed up close to him. “Hmm?” I could feel his cock through his jeans. He was hard. That was no surprise. To push things alone, I kissed him on the lips.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned.

Young men are so easy.

“A fuck it is then,” I decided for him as if there had been any doubt to what was going to happen.

Stepping back from him I took off my jacket and placed it on one of the chairs that filled the small room. After that I untied my dress at the waist. I love wrap dresses because they are easy to get in and out of. Letting it slip from my shoulders and onto the floor I stood boldly in front of him.

Young men are so easy especially when presented with a woman in elaborate lingerie. And I wasn’t wearing lingerie that was all that elaborate. Push up bra. High-waisted panties. Both black lace. That was it. But that was all it took.

“Fuuckk,” he breathed as he sat back onto his bed.

“We already established that,” I said, enjoying his stare. I understand that many women don’t like to be leered at by men, but I wanted Nicholas to leer at me. I took power from his gaze. But, that being said, if he had done the same thing to me on the street, I would have put a curse on him. Something that would make his dick fail to work for a week so that he thought he had cancer of the cock. “Stand up and take off your clothes. It’s easier to have sex that way.”

He struggled and stumbled out of his clothes. It would have gone smoother if he had removed his sneakers first, but youngsters need to figure out things on their own.

He was naked before I had even considered removing any of my lingerie. I was determined to leave my boots on. Call me traditional, but I think they’re sexy and Nicholas was the type to either have a foot or shoe fetish. Maybe both.

His cock caught my attention. It always did. While not excessively long, it was thick. I liked that. More importantly my eyes focused on his balls. They were my

primary interest now. Not his cock. Not his weed. What he had in his balls. For such a critical component in potion work it was both surprisingly easy and difficult to acquire.

Nicholas's body was on that cusp. If he kept using his steady supply of weed and kept snacking and he'd cross the boundary from burley to fat. He still had his muscles, even if they were partly hidden at the moment.

Of course his cock was already hard. Young men are like that: always ready to fuck at the drop of a dress.

Doffing my beret, I reached out and caressed his manhood. He groaned at the attention. "Ready for me?"

"Uh-huh."

"You'll have to help me out a bit. I'm a little older than you and it takes a girl some time and effort to be fucked by such a lovely cock."

Nicholas didn't have to be asked twice. He went to his knees in front of me. Without asking permission—permission that I would have happily given—he yanked down my panties and pressed his face into my cunt.

Styles and fashion come and go, but the scent of a woman's sex always brings a man to his knees regardless of what she has done with it. Shaving is fine. Completely natural is fine. I split the difference and carefully groomed myself to an appropriate length and shape. It was just easier to deal with all types of lovers that way. I'm sure young Nicholas would have preferred a completely bare cunt, but he got what I wanted to give him.

Leaning back I let his tongue explore my sex. Nicholas wasn't the best at eating pussy, but he was learning. I wasn't interested in his cunnilingus technique anyway. I wanted his cock and I was going to get it.

Still, it was nice to have the attention. I wasn't that much older than Nicholas, but my public age was old enough to cause a scandal if news of our liaison were to get out. I liked that. As luck would have it, it doesn't take much to get me wet, especially when I want to fuck and need to fuck.

"Okay, quit wasting time. I'm wet enough."

“I thought older women loved getting their pussy licked.” Nicholas was always a little slow on the uptake.

“I’m ready,” I said pushing him aside to get to the bed. I still had my bra on and didn’t bother to remove it. This was transactional sex. Nothing more. I needed him to fuck me and he’d get what he wanted for it.

Nicholas climbed on top of me and I happily spread my legs for him. He wasn’t the smoothest of lovers, but he’d only had a few before me while I’d had dozens. More than I could remember. Still, it felt wonderful when his big cock went into me. Despite myself I let out a little groan. I didn’t want him to know how satisfying it was.

I didn’t just lay there doing nothing. I took great pleasure in my work and there was no reason not to take pleasure in the necessary sex that went along with it. I caressed his body. I thrusted upward with my hips to meet his. I made it better for myself, but there’s only so much an innocent witch can do when bedding a rather clumsy lover. For all his wonderful cock, Nicholas was adequate at best.

The good part was that a nice thick cock was all it took to get me off and because he was so eager Nicholas could finish in less than five minutes. He came in me and I savored every pulse of his cock spurting thick semen into me.

He lay atop me for a minute, huffing and puffing. It was nice but started to get stifling.

“I need to pee,” I announced to him.

Nicholas begrudgingly rolled off me and I daintily walked to the bathroom, carefully snagging my small purse and panties as I went. I doubted Nicholas saw that. If he did notice he wouldn’t say anything because he’s a man and they so often let women have their little privacy especially when it came to sex and the cleanup afterwards.

Silver or glass really make no difference. Sitting on the toilet in the half bath I carefully inserted the silver tube into my cunt and pushed out. I didn’t need a huge amount of semen, but the more I could easily produce from Nicholas’s deposit would mean I wouldn’t have to return to him right away. I rather liked silver because it traveled well, but the advantage of glass was that I could see how much was there.

When I removed the tube I could see that it was nearly full, no dip test needed. Practically speaking, I was stealing in repurposing Nicholas's semen, but since it wouldn't be producing a child he didn't care. At least, that's what I assumed. You can never tell with some men.

Coming out of the bathroom I made a show of adjusting my panties as I gathered up my dress and slid it back on. Nicholas watched me, his tree-like body sprawled on his bed, thick but soft cock now flopped against his thigh. It was an inviting sight, but I had other duties to fulfill today.

"You're leaving already?" he asked, complaining.

"I'm a busy woman and I have what I came for." I carefully slipped the silver tube into my purse and made a show of displaying the baggie of marijuana. Let him think what he wanted to think.

"Can I fuck you again?" he asked. "I'm horny."

"You're soft," I pointed out.

"That can be fixed with your mouth," he said hopefully.

I laughed and went to the bed while tying my dress into place. I gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "For a blowjob and a fuck you'll have to give me more than twice this," I told him indicating the buds in the baggie.

"I can do that," he said eagerly.

"But I don't want it." I found my beret and jacket and headed toward the stairs.

He didn't chase after me. He never did.

That was good. I had other places to be.

Chapter Two

Joy Schwabach was a confused woman. I could have sympathized with her, but I didn't. Instead I seduced her. It had taken a long time, over a year, but I had gotten her to the point where it was time to force her to make a decision.

Was it just random coincidence that she was married to pastor of one of the local churches or was it the celestial forces that controlled the world making it so?

I walked briskly from the Drysdale house down to Joy's. Since this was now suburbia there was no one around. No cars (all at work). No kids (all at school). Nothing moving.

Almost nothing.

It was less than a quarter of a mile and it might as well have been Desolation Alley. The roads were all curved and it was impossible to see from one house to the next, but that didn't matter because they all looked alike anyway.

When I rang the bell at the Schwabach's house Joy came to the door right away. As if she were expecting me. I never called ahead of time and she was always waiting for me.

It's amazing what a minor charm and control spell can do.

"Marg! So wonderful to see you," she greeted me at the door.

I leaned in for a pleasant, friendly kiss of greeting between two friends. It went on her cheek. It would have been better to kiss her lips, but the potion I planted on her worked primarily through vapors and it didn't take much. It was just a mild aphrodisiac. It wouldn't work if she wasn't already primed for an encounter. I wasn't going to rape her. I wanted her to participate willingly.

"I have what you wanted," I told her, opening my purse and displaying one of my many small silver tubes.

Joy's eyes went wide. "You were serious."

"Of course I was serious. Why would I lie to you?"

There were many reasons to lie to Joy, but this wasn't one of them.

“Does it work?”

“There’s only one way to find out,” I promised her.

She looked nervously up and down the road as if letting in the local therapist would somehow cause her problems. There wasn’t anyone watching us, of course. Only then did she pull me inside.

I shed my jacket and beret, hanging them on the coat rack, making myself at home. Joy and Margery were friends, but Joy was an unwilling and unwitting thrall of Luna.

We sat down at her kitchen table where she had been doing some sort of work for her husband’s church. It was unfinished. It always was. She offered me tea and coffee. I accepted the tea and carefully placed the silver tube I had promised her on the place setting opposite mine.

She looked at it nervously as she prepared our drinks. “How does it work.”

“Just two drops in his drink, that’s all you need.”

“And you say it’s better than any of those ED pills?”

“Better because it gets his cock hard and gives him the desire he didn’t know he was missing,”

Joy gasped in delight and faux-shock at my use of obscenity. “Will it really?”

“Guaranteed,” I declared while opening the stopper on the end and tilting it over Joy’s cup of tea.

She looked at me in shock as two drops went into her cup. “What are you doing?”

“Don’t you want to try it out first?” I asked her and then put two drops in my own cup. She just looked unable to comprehend what I had just done.

“Should we?” she whispered to me. There was no one else in the house let alone this end of the development to hear her.

“We should,” I said firmly and lifted the cup to my lips to take a sip. I could have doused myself beforehand with an antidote, but why would I want to do that and avoid all the fun? Besides, I needed to test my own product.

All the while I was wondering what Joy would think about the devil’s lettuce I had hidden in my purse. It didn’t matter.

I watched her expectantly until she lifted her cup to her lips and sipped. “Is that enough?” she asked.

It was but why take chances? “You’ll need to drink it all,” I said and sipped more at my own.

I had to stop myself from laughing because we were using her grandmother’s fine china tea set hand-painted with pink roses to consume a love potion. In the pastor’s house no less.

The conversation died out for a moment as we worked on our drinks. I liked the slightly fuzzy feeling the tea and the potion gave me. Joy was a middle-aged woman, but in extraordinarily good shape. Okay, she dyed her hair an unnatural shade of red and her black roots would occasionally creep in, but other than that, she was beautiful. Her eyes were bright blue, her skin lightly tanned from summer and genetics. I was eager to get her out of her clothes.

“Oh my,” she suddenly exclaimed.

“Problem?”

“I’m a little dizzy...and you seem to be glowing,” she told me. She unsteadily put her tea cup back into its saucer.

“Then it’s working.” I said and reached across the table to caress her hand. That wasn’t good enough for the both of us. A second later I was caressing her cheek...and then I was leaning across the table to kiss her lips.

She used too much lipstick, but I could easily move past that. Getting up from my chair, I moved around the corner of the table and pulled her to her feet. She was a few inches shorter than me, which was amplified since I was still wearing my boots.

Her kiss, however, was divine. I wonder if her husband knew how divinely she kissed.

“This is wrong,” she told me but didn’t pull away. I could feel her soft breasts pressing into my chest, just below mine. She wasn’t trembling because my potion had steadied her nerves, but I knew she would have been if I hadn’t dosed her.

“Why would you say that?”

“Because…” she seemed to forget her reasoning. The potion can have a mild amnesiac affect. “Because I’m married.”

“Not because I’m a woman?” I asked her and kissed her again, this time wiggling my tongue into her mouth between her brightly painted red lips.

We kissed for a long time. She was enjoying it as much as I was. “No, not because you’re a woman,” she admitted to herself as much as me. I had no trouble bedding men or women, but it was probably different for the wife of a pastor.

I dropped my hands from her waist down to feel the top curve of her ass. She had an amazing body for someone well into her forties. Since she was at home she was casually dressed in a sweater and jeans, both of which worked for her. I kissed her again. “Am I the first woman you’ve kissed?” I asked her. “Really kissed?”

She admitted yes with a nod of her head. “This is so wrong.”

“Do you know how many women I’ve kissed?” I asked her.

“No.”

“That’s too bad. I’ve lost count. I was hoping you’d know.”

Joy, to her credit, laughed at my terrible joke. “But how many?” she asked me, curious and eager.

“I don’t truly know,” I admitted. “Once you hit a certain number, you stop keeping track.”

Her eyes went wide.

“I want to fuck you, Joy Schwabach. I’m going to fuck you. But you get to choose which bed we do it in.”

“Should we?” she asked, it was the last of her resistance.

“If you’re asking that question it means you want to fuck me in your marriage bed, but you’ll change the sheets before your husband gets home.”

We kissed again, and then she took my hand and led me through her house.

They weren’t rich but they were more than well-off. The bedroom we arrived in was well-appointed with carefully selected art on the walls, rich bed covers, a thick carpet, and sturdy hand-crafted furniture. It was pretty but it hardly felt lived in.

Between her museum-quality bedroom and her requests for a magical aphrodisiac I was starting to have real questions about Joy’s personal life.

Luckily she had me as an advisor, friend, counselor, and—shortly—lover to help her out.

“What do we do now?” she asked as we walked through the door. She dropped my hand, nervous about the next step.

“We do this,” I said, pressing myself closely to her body and kissing her again. I wasn’t nervous at all. Of course, I’d had dozens more lovers than Joy, who had admitted only three to me, including her current husband. She had also confided to me that she had only told him about one.

The only reason I had to be nervous was if Joy would have chickened out of our tryst. We were in her bedroom kissing and she was under the influence of my rather potent potion. She wasn’t going to chicken out. Sex is inevitable like the moon. There’s no stopping it from rising.

She allowed me to take the lead, which made things easier. I pulled off her shirt. She had a boring, conservative beige bra on underneath. She resisted ever so slightly, just enough to argue with herself that I had forced her along this path, when I reached for the button and zipper on her jeans, but they opened up easily

enough.

I didn’t shove my hand down into her panties. I pulled her over to the bed and guided her down on it. She wasn’t wearing shoes. I pulled off her socks before using her help to get her jeans off.

Moving back, I stood next to the bed and untied my dress and let it drop to the floor.

“You’re so pretty,” she said, her mind more than a little addled by my magic.

I couldn’t help but smile at her as I bent over to unzip my boots and kick them off. If I had been with a man I would have aimed my ass toward my partner, but Joy was a woman and needed to be carefully seduced. Just because I could brew a mean love potion didn’t mean its power was absolute. It wouldn’t make her do something she didn’t truly want to do.

Once my boots were off I joined her on the bed, crawling atop her body, kissing her lips, her cheeks, her neck, and then down her chest to her tits.

Getting her bra off was the most difficult part. She had wonderful tits and they resisted the removal of her bra. As a woman I hate to admit it, but I’m still stymied by the damn device more often than I like to admit. We giggled a bit as our combined efforts actually slowed down the process.

In the end it was Joy who sat up and took it off herself. She was proud of herself for having done so and I rewarded her by pressing her back down into the bed and sucking on her lovely light brown nipples.

She sighed and lost herself in the moment.

From there going down on her was easy. I could have made the big moment easier on her by slipping a hand into her boring beige panties and rubbing her little clit until she came, but there is a point where a woman needs to admit to herself exactly who she is.

Taking off panties is a simple action compared to removing a bra. It was also necessary because her panties were so boring and unsexy that wearing them might have constituted a crime against nature. She briefly held her knees together after they were off but I was having none of that. Pushing her legs open

I went right for her cunt.

Even though she was a pastor's wife, Joy was not dead below the waist. She had trimmed and shaped her curly brown pubes. For me or her husband I couldn't say. Once I got my face between her legs, she relaxed and let me do what I wanted.

Though I enjoy sex with women—and men...and almost anything else—seducing them just to seduce them isn't something I do for fun. I had a reason and a plan for Joy's seduction. Making her feel good about me and herself and enjoying the sex was part of the plan.

She had a nice cunt with inner lips that pouted out ever so slightly. Her clit wanted to hide away, but after a few licks and then some sucking it came out to play.

It wasn't surprising to me at all how easy it was to make her cum. That's one of the many benefits of my potion plus the fact that Joy had told me it had been months since she and her husband had conjugal relations.

That was the phrase she used. Conjugal relations. I didn't have conjugal relations with Joy. I fucked her. It was delightful music to my ears to hear her scream when she came. She had been noisy with her lovely sounds of lust as I worked her up to her little crisis, but when she came, she revealed she was a screamer.

It was a good thing we were in the middle of an empty house trapped in suburbia at midday. No one was around to hear her passionate cries.

For a moment her mind disappeared to another dimension. That's how good the sex was for her. That's how good it's supposed to be. She looked down at me in astonishment while being proud of herself. It was impossible for me to determine where her pride came from. The orgasm? Cheating on her husband? Sex with a woman for the first time? All of the above?

I hoped it was all of the above. Debauchery of the highest order is my specialty.

Keeping a pair of fingers in her cunt I moved back up her body and kissed her, letting Joy taste her amrita from my lips. She didn't hesitate. She knew who she was now. She had given herself over completely to me. Now the trick was to keep control of her and manipulate her husband.

“Thank you,” she told me after breaking the kiss.

“For what?” I asked innocently.

“For...for making me cum,” she said and her face flushed bright red with embarrassment.

“Surely you can do that for yourself,” I chided her as I slowly circled her clit with my thumb. Her body shivered at my touch. “You have fingers. You have a vibrator.”

She shook her head. “I don’t have a vibrator.”

I smiled and kissed her. “I’ll have to fix that situation for you. But tell me why you’re really thanking me.”

Her mind was pliable. The love potion did that. I pushed her because it was necessary. “For making me cum,” she repeated. “And showing me who I am.” We had been working up to that admission for weeks. Taking it from her was so sweet that I could feel a little rush of wetness to my cunt.

“It was my pleasure,” I told her honestly. “Can I ask a favor of you?”

The question hung in the air. We both knew what I was going to ask but I drew out the moment making her suffer because suffering is sweet and it shapes us into the people we must become.

“Sure,” she said trying to make it seem like I was asking to borrow a cup of sugar and not upending her life and making her betray her previous loyalties, husband and church among them.

“Can you make me cum?” I asked circling her clit even faster. Her cunt flushed hot on my fingers and I could feel her clamp down on the pair of fingers inside her. Joy wasn’t able to answer while I manipulated her. She just breathed heavily until she screamed out a little orgasm.

“I...I...I can’t,” she breathed out.

“I’m sure you can,” I assured her with a kiss. “You’ve cum twice. Surely you’re not the sort of hypocrite that you’ve told me about. Those people in your church

who profess things one way on Sunday and the opposite the rest of the week?”

I was pushing and I didn’t care. I knew that there was a real risk of Joy falling in love with me, an affection I would never return. She was my pawn and I had made my peace with that.

Her words claimed she couldn’t but her actions said otherwise. She kissed me back. One hand went to my back to loosen my bra. She expertly took it off me; that made me jealous but I didn’t stop her. Her other hand went down between my legs and I happily opened my legs for her.

She massaged my cunt through my black lacy panties. I helped things along by wiggling out of them. Her hand went right back to where it belonged.

She felt my heat and wetness. Between her and Nicholas just hours earlier, my cunt was ready for action. Penetrating me with her finger was easy. She slipped in a second and instinctively knew exactly what I needed.

Joy was certainly married to the wrong man. She shouldn’t have been married to a man at all.

I moaned and sighed and moved my body in all the appropriate ways. It was easy to encourage her to use her mouth on my tits, sucking and biting at my nipples. It was a big risk to get her face down to my cunt, but eventually she got there.

Her natural skills at the womanly art of cunnilingus was a wonderful surprise. Joy wasn’t the best lover I had ever had, but she was good enough to make me cum on her first time eating pussy. That alone should have told her everything she needed.

I didn’t overplay my orgasm. There was no way I could have been as loud as her but I let Joy know I enjoyed our moments of passion together.

Afterward, as we lay together on the bed, she started softly weeping. That was not unexpected. I held her and let her cry it out. After she fell silent I softly asked her what was the matter.

“I cheated on my husband,” she sniffled.

“Yes. So?”

“It’s a sin.”

“To you. Not to me. To me it’s as big a sin to hide your own nature from yourself. If you want, I’d be happy to talk with Bob and explain everything to him.”

“No!”

It wasn’t a sincere offer on my account, but it was enough to make her think clearly. “What then?”

“No, I’ll figure it out on my own.”

I smiled and kissed her. “Just tell me what you need.”

She nodded silently. “Right now I need to go pee,” she said.

I laughed as she slipped off the bed and padded to the attached bathroom. It’s interesting that lovers will close the door to the bathroom, as if it’s some important step in preserving dignity.

It was, however, exactly what I needed. I jumped off the bed and opened up my purse. Inside, along with the vials that were my stock in trade. The charm I had made was small, but it didn’t need to be large to be effective.

The hardest part was lifting up the mattress and pushing it far enough under the mattress where it was well away from casually prying hands on top of the boxspring.

It would keep Joy my thrall and protect her as well.

The last thing I needed was for Bob to freak out and start thinking his wife was cheating on him. To be fair, that would be a perfectly reasonable response from him once Joy started dosing him with the potion, ramping up his own libido.

The worst case scenario I could imagine was Bob secretly living a private gay life and him suddenly dumping Joy and going to live with his new-found boyfriend.

What were the chances of that?

Chapter Three

That afternoon I went back to my house and did my normal job: therapist to troubled people. I was the sort of therapist who would treat and deal with people that no other therapist wanted to treat. That was because I wasn't doing it for the money.

I was doing it for revenge.

Alexiandria was a very nice girl whose only real problem was too much anxiety mixed with a dash of depression due to her mother leaving home for work one day and never coming back.

Her divorced dad, Todd, was a bit of dreamboat and would have been perfect for me if I was looking for some sort of life partner. He was tall, handsome, and confident, but also overwhelmed raising a girl he barely understood while having had his heart crushed by a woman who no longer wanted anything to do with him.

I would have happily supplied him therapy in my bedroom but that didn't work into my plans at the moment.

I did flirt shamelessly with him in front of Alexiandria because I can't help myself and sometimes a witch just needs a normal human roll in the sack. Todd was mortified I would drop obvious hints in front of his daughter. She was oblivious, not so much from her involvement with her cell phone but from the mild enchantment I had put on her to deal with her anxiety.

That was my secret: not talk therapy or pills. A little magic will cure what ails you.

This afternoon when I came out of my office with Alexiandria, Todd was staring at some of the artwork I had posted on my waiting room walls.

"This is a very interesting piece," he said to me after the usual summary of Alexiandria's anxiety. I had treated her with a simple spell and some talking. The girl just needed to get through being a teenager.

"Do you like it? It's from a local artist."

"Birch Hawke," Todd helpfully supplied.

I raised my eyebrow. Men liked that. “You know him?”

“He’s my school’s DOME leader,” Alexiandria sighed, annoyed.

“DOME?” I asked.

“Defense of Mother Earth.” The girl was clearly ready to leave and watching her father flirt with her therapist wasn’t helping her anxiety.

I didn’t care. Some things were more important than my patients.

“I didn’t realize he was a teacher as well.”

“He’s not,” Todd told me. “He just comes in for the environmental club. Plus I know him the Earth Matters group. The world is an important place. Don’t trash it.” He gave me a conspiratorial wink that was also flirty enough to get my cunt quivering.

“And here I was thinking he was just an artist.”

“He’s lots of things,” Todd said.

“Can we go?” Alexiandria whined.

“In a minute, honey,” he told his daughter and then turned back to me. “Are we all set?”

I addressed the girl. “I’ll see you in two weeks, Alexiandria.” I then turned to Todd. “If there’s anything you need, anything at all, call me.” I pulled out one of my business cards and wrote my private number on the back. It was an entirely unnecessary gesture because I make it a policy to answer any call from clients and parents.

It was, however, necessary because I needed a medium to pass influence over him.

Todd accepted the card with his bare fingers. Flipped it over and smiled at the message I had written him. In actuality he saw what he wanted to see. I had written my number and inscribed an arcane mark. It was perfect. All I had to do was wait.

They left and Maith came in the moment Todd's car had left the driveway. "Birch Hawke? What a fucking bullshit name!"

I looked down at my elf. He was barely four feet tall but for an elf he was incredibly muscular because he put every ounce of his spare time and free magic into his body. It gave him a slightly ridiculous look, but he was proud of it. Maith only wore sleeveless shirts and tank tops along with shorts or form-fitting pants. He liked to show off his rather impressive cock.

The fact that he was wearing human clothes instead of traditional elf garb was the first giveaway he was not to be trusted. On top of that he was in the process of covering his body with tattoos. He hadn't gotten to his face yet, but I was sure that was soon to happen. His arms and legs were well-covered already. He liked wearing slightly feminine exercise pants because it showed off his cock and the thick PA ring he had through it.

"And here I was thinking elves were refined creatures who loved to protect Mother Earth."

"You know that's not me, sister," he said as he pulled a cigarette out of his fanny pack and lit it with a simple flame cantrip.

I immediately extinguished it with a slightly more complex dispel magic hex along with an alteration of reality that quickly killed the coal on the end of the cigarette. "I told you no smoking in my house. I don't care if you are evil personified, I won't have you destroy my lungs with that poison."

"It doesn't bother me," he said, tucking the cigarette away behind his pointed, elegant ear.

"Because you are an elf and are immune to most simple poisons. What do you want, Maith? Or do I need to send you on a quest to find Malaes?"

"He's in the McDonald's backyard fucking their cat. Mittens I think her name is," Maith reported to me. "But that's not important. I'm here to inform you that Todd is up to no good."

In exchange for sanctuary from his clan I had agreed to shelter Maith in my house as long as he spied for me when I needed it along with generally acting as my guard and protector of the land I still owned and controlled.

“He wants to fuck me. He’s no threat,” I dismissed Maith’s concern. “I have needs as well.”

“You fucked a man today already,” he said sniffing the air. I was certain Maith could smell Nicholas’s scent on me. I hadn’t had time to shower or magically clean myself. “And a woman too, congratulations.”

“I’m not going to fuck him tonight. I’m planning for the future.” I spotted a redness to a tattoo on his upper arm. “Barbed wire band on the biceps, Maith. How cliché.” I shook my head at him.

“I have to take what Diesel will do for minimal pay. It’s not like you’re handing out gold and riches to me.”

“Does minimal pay mean sucking him off in the back room of the tattoo parlor?” I teased him as I went to the kitchen to brew some tea. Witches love brewing.

“It sure does. Who knew that a big, burly tattoo artist would love getting sucking off by a sissy boy.”

“Be careful with that charm,” I warned him. “The last thing you need is for it to wear off in the middle of sex with Diesel. I can’t imagine his reaction to fucking an elf. It’s one thing to fuck a short twink but interspecies sex sometimes upsets humans.”

“You know I’m always safe,” Maith dismissed my concern. “I even use condoms. How modern and human. But mark my words, that Todd is a danger.” In a small puff of smoke he disappeared.

“That’s why I want to fuck him,” I told the empty air as I sipped my tea. “Danger is fun.”

I had to wait for the next day to get a call from Todd. That was about the right amount of time. Even magic isn’t instantaneous.

“I hope I’m not interrupting you,” he said when I answered.

“Of course not, Mr. Wilson.”

“Please, call me Todd.”

“Of course, Todd, is there a problem with Alexiandria?”

“No, no she’s doing fine.” He paused and cleared his throat. “There’s just the thing…”

“Yes?” I let him take the lead. He had to ask the question. I couldn’t force the issue. It would spoil the magic.

“I thought that maybe when you gave me your card yesterday…”

“Yes?” I put hope in my voice. There was no magic needed. Men were easy to manipulate.

“I thought that maybe you wanted me to call you for something other than for Alexiandria.”

“Like what?”

“Uh...to ask you out on a date,” he blurted out.

“That would be very unprofessional of me,” I told him.

Even over the phone I could tell I had darkened his mood. “Right. Sorry. Inappropriate.”

It was lucky for him that I have no vested interest in following the rules strictly. I was a witch, after all. “But for you I’m willing to bend the rules.”

“You are?” He sounded like an overeager freshman who was asking out his crush for their very first date.

“Tomorrow night then, I’ll see you at six.”

And that was that. I got back to my brewing. My main source of income wasn’t therapy. It was selling love potions and charms to suburban women. It was a business, after all, even if it was witchcraft.

Malaes was watching me from the far corner of the kitchen. He pretended to be disinterested in what I was doing, but his mere presence gave away his intentions. I went over to him and pulled off his collar.

“Did you have fun fucking Mittens in the McDonald’s backyard?” I asked him as he transformed from a handsome tomcat into a naked man with silky black hair and lean muscles.

“Muffin. Her name is Muffin. And it was on their deck. It gives a romantic view of the sunset.”

“I’ll take that as a yes and tell Maith he got the name of your girlfriend wrong,” I replied and handed him a small silver bowl from the counter. “I need a sample of your sperm.”

Even though he accepted the bowl, he didn’t take any action. That was common for Malaes. He had too much of a personality of a cat. “Again?” he complained.

“Yes. And make it quick. My potion is brewing and I need it shortly.”

“You already fucked that weed-sucking man-whore at the edge of the houses. Why not use his?”

I smiled at Malaes and patted his cheek. “I already have and I still need more. That’s where you come in.” My smile spread. “Literally.”

He frowned at me. “I hate being a slave.”

“This is a punishment for your crimes, Malaes. Just another fifty seven years and you’ll be free. Be happy that I let you fuck the neighborhood cats and jerk off for me.” I paused and tilted my head to the side. “Or would you rather I put on the cage and peg your ass to get the sample I need?”

With an overly dramatic sigh he started jerking off for me. I was only slightly disappointed. I rather liked pegging Malaes. It was more work to get his sperm that way, but it was worth it.

I watched in approval as he handled himself. His eyes were closed and I could only imagine what fantasy was flashing in his head. Was he thinking about fucking Muffin the cat or was he thinking about the pretty blonde woman who had recently moved in on the far cul-de-sac? It didn’t matter.

His cock rose up and he worked it good and fast. I’ve always been fascinated by men masturbating. It’s such a crude thing, unlike the elegant puzzle of most

women’s sexes, but it was effective. His cock got big and hard and red and he strained and eventually he shot out his load of thick white semen. I made sure to catch it all in the silver bowl.

When he was done he turned around in anger and shame. He shouldn’t have been ashamed; he had turned me on which made me want to fuck someone, anyone else. But I didn’t have time for that. I took the bowl and carefully slid the contents into the cast iron pot on my new stovetop. I loved how easy it was to control the heat with the new gas connection. I don’t know how my grandmother made her potions on the ancient wood burning stove that now occupied a corner of the storage barn. I imagine my potions were a lot more potent than hers. I hadn’t spoiled a batch in years.

Rose petals. Cinnamon sticks. Semen. Powdered moonstone. Red wine. Apple cider. A dash of marijuana buds. A bit of honey for a sweetener.

It was a simple recipe passed down through my mother and grandmother and their foremothers.

I spent the next day calling my clients and having them appear on my doorstep. Cash only. It's the best way. I have considered adding Venmo or PayPal but needed to work out the tax liability on that.

Most of my clients were suburban mothers and wives. I didn’t ask if they were using the potions on their husbands or boyfriends. There were two college girls; I figured they were selling them to members of their sororities. I currently only had one gay man buying from me. I was certain he was using his on a variety of men because he bought the most, more than one man could use in a month.

By the time six o’clock rolled around I was more than ready to relax with a pleasant evening with Todd.

“Dealing drugs and whoring yourself out to strange men is no way to live a life,” said Maith as he watched me dress for my date. The dressing was a little silly because I was going to be taking off my clothes in short order.

I was used to him spying on me. Maith had never shown any sexual interest in me and I knew he wasn’t a threat. “Begone, dark elf, or feel my wrath.”

“Just doing my job,” he grumbled. “Your date is here. I can smell his cheap

cologne and his pheromones from a mile away. He’s expecting to get laid.”

“It’s his lucky night then because so am I.” I snapped my fingers at him. Maith disappeared in his customary puff of smoke.

Todd was alarmed when I answered the door before he knocked. Maith is good for something and I was eager.

“How...how did you know I was here?” he asked.

“I heard your car. I have large windows. It’s six o’clock. I’m eager.” The first statement was a lie. The others were all true. The last one was my obvious attempt at seduction.

He missed the obvious.

“Would you like to come in?” I asked. I wasn’t hanging on the door and posing, but I was almost doing that.

“Uh...I made reservations for six thirty. Maybe we should get moving.”

I didn’t move. “Look, a nice meal out would be lovely,” I said bluntly. “But would you rather just come inside and we can...we can do what we both want to do. I’m not that hungry.”

I knew he was eager to fuck. I could see the outline of his cock in his pants. Even if I wasn’t a witch I could have smelled the pheromones coming off him. I was risking my professional license for him (not that I cared) and he was risking pissing off his teenage daughter to date her therapist. It was obvious to everyone what we both wanted.

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea…” he said warily.

I hated the show he was putting on so I ran my fingers down the center of my blouse. I hadn’t buttoned it all the way. I’d have been showing off my cleavage if I had been wearing a bra.

I wasn't wearing a bra.

That was for Todd’s benefit.

“Todd, just come inside and come up to my bedroom so we can have sex. We can order pizza later if you’re still hungry, but I think I have something else you’d rather eat.”

I turned around and headed for the staircase. I left the door open. Todd followed.

I knew he would.

“This is wrong,” he said upon walking into my bedroom. He glanced around. “This is a spectacular room,” he commented.

I wasn’t sure if I should have been flattered that he liked my interior decorating and design or insulted that he didn’t see me posing in the middle of the room, ready to take off my clothes.

In his defense, my bedroom was spectacular. More than a century ago my foremothers made sure our massive farmhouse sported a corner turret. To call it a mere farmhouse is a bit insulting, while built in the Victorian style, it’s brick and much more elaborate than a simple farmhouse. My turret bedroom had a huge vaulted ceiling, curved windows for plenty of light (and spying across the way since the house was built on a knoll to survey the land), and was expertly decorated by an old friend who took payment in potions. Gay men might be a cliché of interior decorating, but clichés are so often true and it was cheaper to pay him in love potions than cash.

To Todd’s detriment, he didn’t notice my form-fitting skirt and lack of bra.

“It’s wrong but we both want it,” I told him. “Now take off your clothes.” I unfastened the two buttons that were barely keeping my shirt closed. I showed a tiny bit of skin, not even a nipple, but that was enough to get him moving.

Todd undressed in under ten seconds. What he had underneath his clothes was impressive. He might have been a suburban dad, but I remembered he was also a contractor of some sort and had a muscular body with just the right amount of body hair. His cock wasn’t hard but it was rising. I attributed that to his age and nerves.

To help with both I got on my knees in front of him and took his cock in hand, rubbing it just enough to get a small rise out of him.

“Can I suck you?” I asked as I slipped off my black silk shirt. He couldn’t see all that much of my bare breasts but that wasn’t the point. I needed to be naked to be truly free.

“Uh...sure.” He wasn’t going to say no.

The nice thing was that I didn’t need to use magic on him. Putting his cock in my mouth was all the magic that was needed to make him hard. The only sad thing about Todd was his perfectly average cock, neither too big or small, long or short. I’d been with enough men to know what average was and Todd was it.

It was easy to deepthroat him and he seemed to appreciate the effort. I wasn’t going to let him cum too soon, so I backed off when he was at the peak of his desire and need.

“Don’t stop,” he begged.

I ignored him and stood up to kick off my impractically tall high heels. I hate the things but I’ve heard from many admirers that my ass looks incredible when I wear heels. I left on my thigh highs because I’m a practical woman. He watched, mouth open, cock erect, as I unzipped my skirt and dropped it to the floor, leaving me in my black silk panties.

Turning around I marched to my bed, showing Todd that my panties were actually a thong, and walked up the two steps to the ridiculously high mattress. The bed was the centerpiece of my bedroom because that only makes sense.

I laid down on my tummy as he watched me, and then rolled over to put my heels on the edge of the bed, spreading my legs wide enough to expose my silk-covered cunt. “Your turn,” I told him.

Todd walked mechanically forward, knelt down on the steps and put his face between my legs. He kissed my cunt through the thin material. Maybe he was more nervous than I had judged because he then proceeded to lick me through the silk. While highly erotic, I needed him to get on with it.

“Take them off,” I said with an affected husky voice. “Take them off with your teeth.”

He did as I ordered, using only his lips and teeth to remove my panties. I gave

him only a minimal amount of aid. Once they were off he put his mouth back on me and proceeded to perform some truly incredible cunnilingus.

There was the thrill of the first time with a new lover, but Todd was truly an artist when it came to the fine art of eating cunt. He knew when to suck and when to lick. He used his fingers in me and on me. When he questioningly swiped a digit across my anus, I encouraged him to explore me in the most perverted fashion.

When I came it was with his ring finger up my ass and his middle and forefingers in my cunt while sucking on my clit and rubbing it with his thumb.

He was truly an artist. He made my entire body quiver.

“You passed the test,” I told him with a kiss, tasting my cunt on his lips. His face was soaked with my amrita, as it should have been.

“Thank...thank you,” he said as he breathed heavily. He hadn’t cum; I had kept him on edge because he deserved to be kept in such a state.

“My turn,” I said. “Lay face up.” I indicated the middle of the bed where he should go. I think he was expecting me to suck him off because he actually tried to stop me when I attempted to straddle his hips.

“What are you doing?”

“Fucking you,” I said sweetly. “Isn’t that what you want?”

“Uh...we should use a condom. I have a couple.”

“We don’t need a condom, I’m safe.” Being a witch has many advantages over the average woman. I was disease free and I could tell from sucking him that he was as well. “Aren’t you?”

“I mean...I’ve had a vasectomy…”

My heart dropped but I maintained my happy seductive expression. “Perfect then. We’ll fuck like Mother Nature intended.”

He didn’t object any further. He was a man with the base needs of any man. His

wonderfully hard cock slipped into my cunt. I rode him like my forebears had ridden brooms and their lovers.

Now you know why witches love broomsticks. They were the first dildos.

He liked to pinch my nipples as I rode him. That was nice. I posed for him and let him take pleasure in my body because that's what it was there for. He held off as long as possible and I admired his endurance. I wondered how long it had been since he had fucked a woman. There was no scent of a woman on him at all. It had been a while which surprised me for he was a handsome and successful man.

As far as I could tell he hadn't so much as had a date with a woman in over a year. Not even a prostitute to relieve his needs. That was too long for anyone to have to endure just masturbation.

I came a second time, grinding my clit down on his pubic bone. He grabbed my ass and was strong enough to use me as a masturbation device. That was thrilling. I loved it when he came in me, the flood of hot semen promising so much potential.

Except it contained no sperm and was useless to me.

Imagine having sex and only getting the physical and emotional satisfaction from it. I'm a witch and I needed my lovers to give me a steady supply of viable sperm.

I collapsed on him when he was done and he held me. That I enjoyed more than I expected. When he shrunk to the point that he slipped free of my cunt, I rolled off him, went down the steps of my bed, and headed to the bathroom.

I was severely disappointed when I wiped away his leavings and flushed it down the toilet.

Walking back in I found that Todd had slipped into the bed and was enjoying my silk sheets. I hoped he had at least wiped his cock clean.

Todd and Malaes were staring down each other. Malaes was wearing his collar so there was no danger of a sudden transformation. "Your cat is staring at me," Todd unnecessarily told me.

“Don’t mind him.” I slipped into the bed next to Todd and curled up against his warm, muscular body.

“How long has he been in here?”

I couldn’t help myself. “Malaes has free run of the house. He was probably watching us fuck the entire time. He’s a pervert.”

Todd chuckled nervously.

“Now,” I said kissing him on the cheek. “You said you know Birch Hawke.”

“Yes.”

I hadn’t needed magic to seduce Todd, but I had used a touch of it while we fucked to loosen his tongue. Metaphorically.

“Tell me all about him.”

Todd’s brow furrowed. “Why?”

I pushed up the influence of the spell to degrade his will. “Because I’m a dirty girl and I’ve met him once. I want to fuck him. Would you like to fuck him with me?”

Like all men, Todd was a pervert. He wanted that. He told me everything he knew.

I rewarded him with a blowjob. There’s no reason to be stingy just because he was snipped.

To Be Continued

Preview

Margaret Over Billy 3

The moment after he had cum and Mitch had swallowed his load, Billy felt the effects of the plug in his ass. He had clenched so tightly on the metal object that he could feel the exhaustion in his sphincter muscle. It took him a moment to realize that maybe it wasn't just Mitch's fellatio abilities but the plug that had enhanced his climax.

Would he have to incorporate another piece of hardware into his regular sexual routine?

And would that be so bad?

After Mitch finished swallowing, Kimi gave him a kiss. An engaged couple kissing wasn't unusual, what was strange about what Kimi was doing with her fiancé was her apparent eagerness to taste Billy's cum, or what was left of it. Billy could see her tongue delving into Mitch's mouth. When they broke the kiss Kimi was practically smacking her lips, savoring the taste of Billy's cum.

"You could just give him a blowjob if you wanted," said Hedy. "I mean, it's like you're giving him a secondhand one as it is."

"I don't particularly like the taste of cum," said Kimi.

"Then why are you kissing my boyfriend after your fiancé just sucked him off?"

She smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Sorry. I couldn't help myself. It was pretty good tasting cum, though. I hate doing all that work and getting something so blah tasting as a reward." She turned to her fiancé. "What did you think of his cum?"

Mitch swallowed one more time before answering. "It wasn't bad. I need a little water, though."

"Would you do it again?" Hedy asked him.

There was a moment's pause before he answered. "Of course I'd do it again. You only have to ask."

Billy knew exactly what that foretold.

"Bend over," Hedy said to him.

It wasn't an unusual order from her, but in the context of where they were in the house's living room, Mitch naked and kneeling in front of him with the two women watching them, it was a little discomforting. Did she want to fuck him right then and there? He didn't have the particular need to fuck at the moment—after all, Mitch had just made him cum—so he had no real interest in getting pegged, but he was all too willing to do whatever his girlfriend wanted.

"Do you…do you want to fuck me?" he asked. The situation's awkwardness was compounded by the fact that his pants were tangled around his ankles.

"Well, sure, if you're offering," giggled Hedy. "But no, I was thinking I would take your buttplug out so you didn't have to go home with it in."

Billy felt like he was being placed in an untenable position. If he said no, leave it in, it would make him seem like some sort of weird sex maniac, which wasn't true, though he did like the feeling of the plug in his ass. That wasn't a surprise. He liked being pegged so a buttplug was such a tiny step beyond that.

If he said yes, he was sure that Hedy would make some cruel game out of it and force him to do something humiliating. But that wasn't so bad because as he had slowly learned over the past few weeks, he was into being humiliated under the right circumstances. To openly show his need for humiliation in front of Mitch and Kimi, people he barely knew, was not a step he was yet ready for.

So of course Hedy was pushing him to do it.

Through pure chance it was Kimi who came to his rescue. "Can I take it out of him?" she asked.

"Why?" Hedy wanted to know.

"I want to feel his smooth cock and balls," she said as she moved behind Billy and tapped him on the shoulder to indicate he should bend forward.

There was no reason to resist her guidance because it was going to happen one way or another. Billy began to lean forward. Mitch proved that he was either a good friend in the making or had been through something similar in his life, because he quickly got out of the way and pulled over the living room coffee table, giving Billy a place to brace his hands and upper body.

Kimi ran her fingers of Billy's exposed and hairless ass. She dipped them lower and found his balls, also smooth and hair free. She cupped them, rolling him manhood around in the silky sack before experimentally holding his cock. "Soft," she commented.

"Uh." Billy couldn't comment further.

"I like it when a cock is hard. It's like velvet covered steel." Her fingers moved back, found the edge of the flared base of the buttplug, and started pulling.

Billy resisted a moment before he forced himself to relax and let it happen.

There was some tugging and his unexpected resistance. Billy was used to having a smooth dildo the same diameter up his ass, not a pear-shaped plug with a handle. Eventually Kimi proved that she was the mistress of his ass and dragged it clear of his body.

Almost

He sighed when the pressure was gone, and then he realized that it wasn't completely gone. Kimi was still holding it there against his tightly puckered anus. He tensed up.

She clucked her tongue at him. "Don't do that. You know it's going back in, right?"

"Yeah…"

"So just relax then."

Hedy moved around to see what her friend was doing. "Are you abusing my boyfriend?"

"He can say no any time he wants," Kimi commented as she slowly pushed the

plug back into Billy's ass.

Once more he resisted because this was new to him and because he didn't want to be seen as just a plaything for the women. And Mitch. Or was he? Billy was confused because he liked what was happening even though he didn't have any say in the matter.

Resisting her invasion felt good up to a point and then it because both pointless and a bit painful. Once she reached that point, Billy relaxed and his sphincter opened up. This had the effect of not just stopping the plug from going any further, but actually sucking it back up into his body.

It felt good to have it ease into his ass.

"I love watching that," said Kimi, repeating the process. It wasn't exactly like getting pegged, but it was awfully close.

He didn't want them to know how much he liked it.

"I love it when men love to have their assholes fucked," Hedy said. "Let's them know what it's like to be a woman. Leave the plug in. I don't have any place to put it for the drive back to my place."

Later, when they were alone at his place, Billy had to ask the humiliating question that he hated, but he understood why she asked it. "Why did you say that me—or any man—who likes being pegged or having a plug in knows what it's like to be a woman?"

"Because I once dated a guy who forced me to have sex. No…he raped me. In the ass."

Billy didn't know what to say to that. What could he say? "Oh my god. I'm so sorry. How did that happen?"

"How do you think it happened?"

After considering that for a moment, Billy didn't have a good way of answering her. "I don't know. Probably he got you in some place where you couldn't escape and…it happened."

“Most women who get raped are raped by men they know. Dates. Boyfriends. Acquaintances. Cousins.”

He wasn’t sure why she was telling him this so he stayed silent.

“Do you think I wanted to be raped?”

“Of course not.”

“It happened.”

“I believe you.”

“And that’s why I don’t have anal sex with anyone.”

Billy figured it was a good time not to correctly point out that she had anal sex with him all the time, just with him receiving and her giving. He’d be correct. Technically correct. Being technically correct was the worst type of being correct and now wasn’t the time to have that discussion with her.

“That makes perfect sense.”

“Do you like me fucking you in the ass?” she asked him. There was only one correct answer to that question. Luckily it was easy for him to answer her.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“It…it just feels good,” he admitted, unable to put into words the complexity that was human sexual response. It was wrong but it felt right. It was intimate and powerful and abusive and loving and erotic all at the same time all rolled up into a complex emotion he couldn’t begin to describe no matter how much he tried.

“Do you want to keep doing it?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I like making you suffer, you on your back, my cock in your ass, abusing your little fleshy manhood.”

He smiled at her. “You’re not really abusing me, you know.”

“Shh…don’t spoil the magic.”

The next evening she was over at his place with her harness and a new strapon dildo. It was bigger than the previous one she had favored using on him. It was also dark purple and while the surface had a bit of give through the scientific magic of some complex chemical creation but underneath he was certain the dildo had a center core of unbending steel.

“Are you ready to use this?” she asked him.

Billy had given himself completely over to what sort of person he was. He wanted to be used and dominated by his girlfriend. He was fine with that. While it was difficult to come to that state of mind, he was happy with it. Maybe it made him a pansy or a pussy or whatever grade school insult was tossed his way a thousand times in his childhood, but it was what made him happy now and he wasn’t going to throw away happiness for the sake of some outdated ideal of what was manly and what wasn’t.

“Yes. Is that a new dildo?”

She nodded. “Just got it in the mail. Do you want it to be just for you?”

Billy found himself nodding. “What does that mean exactly?”

“I won’t have to put a condom on it. Think of it as fluid bonding for pegging.”

That was easy for him to picture.

“Okay. Let’s do it.” Anything to tie them closer together was a great idea in Billy’s mind. He had fallen for Hedy and while he wasn’t going to blurt it out to her just then, he was in love with her and wanted their relationship to last.

“Get on your back and grease up,” she told him. “There’s just one more thing I want to use tonight.”

She had already adjusted the straps to her harness and was in the process of

putting the new dildo into place. It had a flared base so it was easy to attach to the harness. He was already naked—they knew why she was coming over—and she had stripped down to just her panties. For a woman who was sexually liberated, she wore very conservative panties to a sex date; they were bright orange but nothing more than cotton bikinis.

Her tits were nice. They were all but perfect and yet he couldn't help but stare at her artificial cock as he got onto his back, lifted up his legs, and started applying copious amounts of the slick lube to his ass, pushing his fingers into his anus to make sure he was ready.

His cock wasn't hard. It was full and swollen, but no hardness, not yet. Taking the lube on his hand, he smeared it on his stiffening flesh and then applied some more. He loved the feeling of being hairless down there. It made everything slicker and softer and smoother. The lube and his hand was making himself nice and hard.

"Let go of yourself," she told him as she knelt between his legs. She had something in her hand and Billy thought that maybe it was part of the harness.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

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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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