Love Sweet Sex Magic



Elliot Silvestri

2: Temptation

Green Bush Publishing

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Love Sweet Sex Magic 2

An Erotic Novel of Sexual Magic

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Temptation: Love Sweet Sex Magic 2

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Tart

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Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Preview

About the Author

Chapter One

Todd’s revelation about his vasectomy derailed some of my plans. He was handsome and willing and as the father of a client I had easy access to him. In addition, he was handsome and had a wonderful cock and knew how to fuck. And did I mention he was handsome? Unfortunately if he couldn’t give me the life-giving sperm that I needed, I wasn’t going to waste time on him.

However, I was going to keep him around. Just because he wasn’t going to be terribly useful as a source of sperm didn’t mean that I wanted to stop fucking him.

Isn’t that the way of life? You find yourself terribly attracted to someone and they are perfect in bed, but as a life combination, the two of you don’t fit?

Luckily I had my many other lovers. My real goal was to protect my family lands and buy as many of the horrible bits of housing that had encroached on my land to tear them down and turn them back to the wild nature they should be. I wasn’t the least bit worried about using my lovers against their own self-interest.

I needed to put together a coven. That was dangerous because society became nervous when women band together to do what is right, but as it was I had the rough basis of a coven. There was nothing to do but to go forward and see who was receptive to my proposal.

Joy, certainly. She was easy enough to seduce into bed. I was certain she had hidden anger toward her husband and the life he had set them on. She would be perfect.

I rejected Nicholas’s mother because that was far too complex a situation. Besides, I needed Nicholas’s sperm and weed. I didn’t want to risk that yet.

Instead I decided to see if I could recruit Margaret Fox. She was a single woman who bought far too many of my potions. I dressed myself and prepared to leave the house when Malaes appeared at the back door to the kitchen waiting patiently to be let in.

Something was wrong the moment I admitted him. He tried to slip by me, but I caught him by the color and removed it, forcing him into human form.

He hissed at me because he's that sort of man, or whatever it is he considered himself. Sometimes the transition between cat and man confuses even the finest warlock. The hiss didn't bother me. The scratches on his body alarmed me.

"What have you been up to, Malaes?" I demanded. If he was going to be my prisoner and have to exist in my house as his punishment I needed to keep a close eye on him. Coming back from an evening outside covered in scratches wasn't acceptable without an explanation.

"Nothing," he replied, a surly curl to his lips.

"You're a terrible liar, which is why you are here in the first place," I patiently explained as I examined his body. He didn't like me running my hands over his body, but it was necessary. He was naked, of course, because of the limitation I put on his transformation spell. His cock didn't stir at all as I inspected him so he was either too distracted by his wounds or had expended all his sexual energy last night.

Or maybe both.

"Tell me or I'll put a compulsion on you and that will be more painful than any momentary embarrassment," I said flatly. "How did you even get out of the house? I don't remember letting you out."

His cock remained soft as I ran my fingers over his buttocks. I had my suspicions about his nocturnal activities.

He sniffed at me. "You were too moon-eyed for that man you fucked nearly to death. I slipped out when he left."

I briefly flushed pink with embarrassment. Maybe Malaes was lying about his sneaking abilities and he had found a secret escape route, but I wasn't worried about that at the moment. I finished my inspection. "Your cuts are superficial. No need for alarm. I'll heal them for you if you tell me what you were up to last night."

We glared at each other briefly and eventually he relented. "I was fucking Shadow Princess and Muffin saw me. She attacked after I was done."

He didn't have the good sense to have some shame. He was proud.

“Was it worth it to get pussy that way?” I asked. “How satisfying can it be to fuck as a cat?”

He grinned at me, showing me his unnaturally long canines. “Completely worth it. You should try it some time.”

I frowned and shook my head. “No. I think no. I don’t need a cat’s barbed penis in my cunt.”

“That’s why the girls love mine,” he bragged.

I sniffed. “I doubt that’s the case. If you keep fucking the neighborhood cats you’re going to wind up the father of a litter of demoniac kittens.”

He glared at me and raised the corner of his upper lip. It wasn’t a snarl—he knew I wouldn’t stand for that—but it was as close as he would risk coming. “You said you’d heal me,” he stated flatly.

“There’s bandages and ointment in the bathroom cabinet. Use them.”

“You said you’d heal me!” he protested.

“But I didn’t say how I would.” I exited the house and closed the door firmly behind me. Malaes could only leave as a cat, not in his human form. Anyway, he’d be busy attending to his wounds for the foreseeable future. And then, knowing him, I’d come home to him watching porn on my computer. It was always a tossup if it was going to be human porn or cat porn.

I walked over to Margaret Fox’s house. I kept close tabs on all of my clients. Margaret was a nurse who worked odd hours. If she was in, all the better. If she wasn’t, I’d put a few minor wards on her house and a charm. It would help soften her up for recruitment.

I was only mildly surprised when, after knocking on the door, it opened. I had hoped for Margaret but what I got was better than what I expected.

The red-headed goddess that looked at me was proof that the earth mother still deigned to bless her daughters with unlimited beauty when she so chose. I tried not to let myself be startled or taken in by the beauty because appearances are so deceiving and I needed to judge the character of my recruits, not their bodies.

I judged this goddess's body in how wet she made my cunt. She was a young woman, fully flowered, but not fully awake. Her hair was a frizzy mess around her head. Her eyes were sleepy and puffy as if she had just dragged herself from bed. She was wearing a white cotton camisole that clearly showed the outline to her hard nipples, brought about by the chill air from the open door. Her sleep shorts were baggy but I could easily imagine what they hide away. It wasn't possible for them to completely hide the curve of her hips, however. Her long legs were bare and I desired to touch her smooth skin.

I contained myself.

"Yes?" she asked when I said nothing.

"I'm sorry. I was looking for Margaret Fox. Is she in?"

She shook her head. "Nah. Mom's at work."

"Oh. You are her daughter, I should have guessed." Margaret was an attractive woman but to produce a beauty such as this one made me think that Margaret was a witch herself or maybe she had inked a deal with the devil.

"Yeah…"

"Your name, dear?" I asked politely. I didn't want to seem like a friend of her mother's but I didn't want to seem like a stranger either.

"Aisling."

"Aisling Fox. A pretty and aggressive name. I like it."

"Thank you."

"I have something for your mother." I paused. "And something for you as well."

Her brow remained furrowed. "What?"

I reached into my purse and pulled out a pair of silver flasks. I was letting myself be drawn into a situation being led by my own desires. Foolish, I know, but I had to take chances. "Your mother orders from me quite often. This is her latest delivery."

I held the flasks in my hand, not really offering them to her. “What is it?” she asked, intrigued.

“Just a little...booster, enhancement.” I paused. “How old are you, Aisling? I wouldn’t want to get someone who is very young in trouble.”

“I’m twenty one,” she said proudly, dismissing the idea that she was a child of any sort. “I’m an adult,” she asserted. “Is that drugs?”

“No,” I said quickly. “Nothing illegal. Why?”

She lifted her chin and put back her shoulders. “I was thinking about getting high. I’m bored.”

I thought about the weed that was in my house. I thought about hooking her up with Nicholas so she could have a steady supply.

“Why are you bored?”

“I’m back from college. Nothing to do right now. Looking for a job.”

“It’s not drugs,” I said with confidence. “Well, not a drug the police care about.” I started to offer her the flasks. “Would you like to try?”

Her eyes lit up. “Sure! Come one in.”

That’s the invitation I needed. She was alone and vulnerable and looking for excitement. She was beautiful.

It was perfect.

She was perfect.

I accepted her invitation.

Their house was exactly the same as every house in the development. The Fox household was style B, left orientation. I hated that I knew that, but it let me know exactly where to go to get to their kitchen.

“Some tea?” I suggested.

“No coffee?” she asked as she went to the pantry to fulfill my request.

“Tea works better with my elixir,” I said. “Beans are too bitter. Leaves of the tea plant are so much better. It heightens the aphrodisiac effect.” That was pure bullshit—well, maybe ninety percent bullshit—but I hated the taste of coffee so I didn’t care.

Aisling managed to find some tea, already pre-packaged in bags, but I was willing to suffer for that.

“Did you say aphrodisiac effect?”

Her question didn’t stop her from heating some water in the kettle on the stove.

“Yes, your mother buys quite a bit of this elixir from me. It’s not really a love potion, but it works pretty much the same way...along with a mild euphoric effect.”

Aisling smiled. “Will it get me high?”

“Among other things.”

“How do you know my mother?” she asked as we waited for the water to boil. Small talk. I hated small talk.

“She came to me looking for some help with her love life and I was happy to provide that,” I explained easily. “She’s a very good customer.”

Aisling laughed in that knowing way that young adults have, like they are sure of everything and know how the world works.

I wished more people were like that.

“My mother has a lot of dates. Last week she had three different guys leaving the house at all hours. I don’t want to think about my mother fucking, but what else was she doing all night—or day—with them?”

“I think that’s partly my fault,” I admitted. “The help I’m giving her with her...boyfriends.”

Aisling rolled her eyes at me. “Puh-lease. They’re her slam pieces. Her one night stands. Her booty calls. Her hook ups.” She sniffed. “How are you helping her?”

I indicated the silver flasks on the table. “Just a little extra help. Nothing fancy.”

“It’s not like it takes a lot to get a man into bed,” she said. “Most guys will fuck anything with a pussy.”

That was true in general and doubly true for a beautiful woman like Aisling. “But my little potions make it better...and easier.”

The tea kettle decided to boil just then. I took over, going through the ritual of pouring into the cups that Aisling had removed from the cabinet and steeping the tea. I added a few drops from the flask I intended to give to Aisling. It didn’t take long.

“I like mine with honey,” she said.

“So do I.”

She supplied the honey. We sipped together. She knew exactly what was going on.

Or at least she thought that she did.

I was seducing her without any effort.

It was almost a shame how easy it was. It was a shame how she didn’t know what she was getting herself into.

“How long does it take to hit?” she asked after a few sips.

“Not long. You’ll see,” I told her.

It worked quicker than she expected.

“Oh...wow.” She paused and her eyes unfocused. “Oh...fucking wow!”

“I know,” I said dreamily. It worked better the first time. Since it was her first time, it must have hit her like a truck. She stumbled to the side as she stood up from the table.

“Is it supposed to set my pussy on fire?” she asked.

“Yes, but not literally. Shall we lie down?”

“My bedroom is…” she couldn’t make her tongue work.

I knew the way and guided her to her bed. She was still a little dazed from the elixir so she wasn’t surprised at how I knew where I was going. It’s not like it was hard to puzzle out. The master bedroom was for her mother and at the top of the stairs were two other bedrooms. One had obviously been converted to a study. The other was Aisling’s. It was decorated halfway between teenaged girl and emerging adult.

Ignoring the decor was easy. Getting Aisling into the bed was also easy. The hard part was keeping her from falling out of the bed. For just a moment I worried that I had overdosed her and she was now no longer able to fully consent to sex with me. I needed her full consent, and no just because it was wrong to take advantage of a person in an inebriated condition (that’s rape), but because the magic wouldn’t work unless she wanted it.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” I asked her as I helped her back into the bed as she started to slide off.

Her response to me was a passionate kiss. I returned it because I love a good kiss. Her tongue explored my mouth and I went with it. Why wouldn’t I want to? She was a beautiful young woman.

Eventually I had to come up for air, which I only did when she backed off a bit, but that was only to give her the opportunity to nibble at my lip.

“Are you sure?” I asked again. “You barely know me. We just met.”

Her grin was feral. Right away I knew she was going to reveal a secret that I didn’t want to know. “I’m a very bad girl that my mother doesn’t want to know about.”

“I’m sure,” I agreed while I backed up. She grabbed my wrist, not letting me escape. One of the straps to her camisole had slipped off her shoulder. Her shoulders were covered with freckles where the sun had kissed them. I wanted to kiss those freckles. She had freckles on her nose and cheeks too. I wanted to kiss

those as well. Other than that, all of her exposed skin was perfectly pale like a wonderful ginger-haired woman should have.

“Want to know what I did to get through college?”

I didn’t want to know and at the same time I needed to know. “What did you do?” It was the only question to ask and the wrong question to ask.

“I gave blowjobs to guys for fifty bucks a pop.” She laughed. “A pop,” she repeated. “Get it?”

I smiled. “I get it.”

“I’m a slut. Still want to fuck me?” she asked innocently, turning her head in such a way that my heart melted. She was a very good seductress. I knew it was working and I was helpless to resist.

“Yes. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because I’m a slut.”

I kissed her one more time. “Sluts make the best lovers. Have you ever been with a woman before?”

She kissed me back, forcing her tongue into my mouth. I liked her aggression. It boded well. “Yeah. More than once. Why do you ask?”

“Because I like to know if my lovers need to be taught what I like. I think you’ll figure it out.”

“Have you fucked a woman before?” she asked me as she gave me little kisses all over my face.

“More than once.”

“Good.”

I was kneeling over her body. She seemed a little too dizzy to actually sit up, so I just pulled up her camisole, helping her sit up a little. She was happy to have me undress her.

With the white cami off she showed what I suspected. She had beautifully puffy and light pink nipples and areola. They weren't tiny, but small enough to fit her delicate frame. The girl wasn't shy about her body and I couldn't resist lowering my head to suckle on one nipple.

The noise she made in the back of her throat told me that she wanted me to keep going.

I was happy to do that.

I slid my hand down her tummy and inside her loose-fitting shorts. She didn't stop me. She didn't want to stop me. I was delighted to find my new lover wasn't wearing any panties. That only made sense since I had woken her from a nap.

I was further delighted to find that unlike many women her age she didn't shave away all her pubic hair. She sported a natural bush of red curls. Together we pushed off her shorts, leaving her naked. I curled my middle finger up into her cunt and found her clit with my thumb. In just a few seconds I had her squirming on the bed and panting heavily.

Attaching my lips to her nipple I sucked fiercely, forcing her to gasp and arch her back.

"Are you ready to cum for me?" We had only been fucking for a couple of minutes, but her cunt was incredibly hot and was dripping amrita like a faucet. I'm sure she was surprised to have been propelled along so quickly, but that was the beauty of my magic elixir.

Aisling couldn't form words with my fingers in her cunt and thumb on her clit. She just nodded her agreement. It wasn't all me and it wasn't all her. The magic of the moment and the brew helped her quite a bit.

When Aisling came her shout startled both me and her. Her body quivered as if she were an epileptic having a fit. Her thighs closed tightly on my wrist, making it impossible for me to withdraw my fingers. In retaliation I rubbed her clit harder.

She wasn't expecting a second orgasm. It often happened with this particular potion. It was most effective with first-time users.

By the time the second wave had passed through her body she was all but paralyzed from her exhaustion. That left her cute and helpless. I gave her a kiss on each of her nipples causing her to shiver again, before I went back up to her face and lightly kissed her lips.

“Did you cum?” I asked.

She would have laughed if she hadn’t been so drained of energy. “Yes...you couldn’t tell?”

“I was just checking.”

“I’ve never cum so hard.”

“My elixir will do that. I hope you enjoyed it because you aren’t going to cum so hard and so easily ever again with it.”

I wasn’t sure if Aisling understood my words, but that didn’t matter. I wasn’t done with her. Sitting up, I divested myself of the black sweater that kept me too warm during our initial lovemaking. I kicked my boots onto the floor and unzipped my skirt before tossing it aside as well. My black lace panties hid almost everything from sight, but they paired well with my new stockings that were warmer than simple nylon. I left on my bra because, and I’m ashamed to admit this, her tits were that much more gorgeous than mine. She’d have to work to get a look at my boobs.

“You have an incredible body,” she said sincerely to me but it sounded like simple flattery to my ears.

Still, I accepted the compliment. “Thank you.” I got back on top of her, face to face, and gave her a kiss before working down her body, spreading kissing on her tiny breasts and then down to her belly button, pierced by a simple silver ring, and then down to the edge of her pubic hair.

“You don’t have to,” she said as I prepared to go lower. “I already came. Twice.”

“I want to,” I told her. “This is where all the fun begins. Don’t you want to cum again?”

She didn’t answer me because I worked my tongue into the top of her slit and

teased out her throbbing clit. I teased it for only a few seconds, leaving her silent but for her breathing, before I went lower to taste her cunt properly. Her inner labia swelled out prominently. I liked that. It was very sexy. After just a few seconds between her legs I could taste where she was in her cycle.

It wasn't surprising that it was so easy to get her into bed. If she wasn't ovulating she was about to. No wonder she was so horny.

Aisling was an easy lover. I've been with women who took forever to cum even with a vibrator up the ass, another in her cunt, a third against her clit, and more than a little sparkle magic sprinkled on top. Making her cum with my mouth and tongue was easy. Making her cum a second and third and fourth time wasn't much more challenging.

If she was that easy to please, no wonder she was giving away fifty dollar blowjobs at college. She probably loved every minute of it and was getting paid at the same time.

My jaw was getting tired which was the only reason she had the opportunity to push my face out of her cunt. "Fuck! Fucking fuck. You need to stop."

I looked up at her innocently. "Did I hurt you?"

"No. No...I never came so hard and so many times," she panted. "I need a break."

"Okay, let's take a break for a minute while we talk," I said, moving up and curling around her soft body. Her skin was incredible. Smooth and creamy.

"What do you want to talk about?" she asked me a little nervously.

Fucking you again, getting you to join my coven, and how much I need to get a sample of your pee. That was my thought as I kissed her again. There's no easy way to broach any of those subjects.

"I want to talk about your future."

"My future?" she asked skeptically as she traced a finger along the edge of my bra, feeling the flesh of my breast. "I don't think I can talk about my future with you unless I can see your tits."

It was a bold move and her part. I think she wanted to assert some control over the situation. I wasn't going to let that happen, I sat up and took off my bra, tossing it aside, and grabbing her hands, putting them on my nipples. "You can even play with them if you like," I told her as my nipples contracted at her touch. I could feel her touch all the way down to my cunt.

She rolled on top of me, straddling my hips, and began amusing herself with my boobs. I'm always surprised at how both men and women and everyone else are completely mesmerized by a pair of tits. I worked it to my advantage.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but I want to ask you to do something kinky."

"Something kinky?" she asked. "I like kinky. What sort of kinky?"

Grabbing her hands as they played with my nipples I looked her right in the eyes and put just a hint of power behind my words. I didn't want to unduly influence her but I didn't want her to have doubts about what I could do for her either. "Would you pee in a jar for me?"

The question made Aisling laugh, partly from nervousness, but also from the ridiculousness of the question. Who asks such a thing and why would it be kinky?

"What are you going to do with my pee?" she asked. "Drink it?"

"No! Of course not! That's sorta gross. I'm going to use it in my spellcraft. Make a few potions with it."

Aisling laughed at me. "Sure you are. You're a witch and all that, aren't you?"

"I certainly am," I admitted to her. "And I'm going to have you in my coven."

Her smirk told me she didn't believe me but she was interested at the same time. "What do I have to do to join?"

That's all I needed to hear from her. "You need to go down on me and prove you can eat pussy."

"I've eaten plenty of pussy," she told me as she moved down.

I licked my lips. “Good. Now prove it.” Together we pulled down my panties and she showed no hesitation in burying her face in my cunt.

It didn’t matter how well she used her tongue or made me cum, I had her now.

And as it turned out she was both skillful and enthusiastic. Maybe she didn’t have the fine details down, but she knew what to do. Cumming on her face was a pleasure.

Lifting up her face from my cunt she said proudly, “See? I know what I’m doing.”

“You certainly do,” I complimented her as I reached down and intertwined my fingers in her thick, red hair. I used that to haul her up to my face. The taste of cunt on her lips was powerful. “Do you need to pee?” I asked her.

“Sort of.” She looked uncomfortable to admit it.

“Do you think you can hold it until we get back to my house?”

The question made her squirm, literally. “Why?”

“I said I need your pee.”

“Why?”

“Don’t you want to be a witch?” I asked her.

She must have because she willingly got out of bed with me and dressed. I hated seeing her put clothes on, but it was going to be worth it.

“I wished you hadn’t asked me if I needed to go,” she said. “I didn’t need to until you said something.”

When I told Aisling we would have to walk back to my house, she balked. “No way. I won’t make it. Do you really need to do this there? I’m sure we could do something here…”

“No. It has to be at my house. Special conditions.”

“Fine,” she relented. “But you’re paying to clean my car if I can’t hold it all the

way.”

The first urine after sex is the best, and I thanked Aisling for her sacrifice. We got into her car, a dilapidated Mercury Milan that somehow still ran, and I gave her directions to my place.

“You live here?” she asked when we arrived.

“All my life.”

“Okay, where’s the bathroom?”

“We don’t need the bathroom.” I didn’t even take her to my bedroom; I took her to my laboratory.

Calling it a laboratory makes it sound fancier than what it actually is, just a converted washroom where I can do experiments on new potions and spells mostly safely. It was an addition to the house, but the important thing was that it was clean.

Inside the room with its white tiles and rows of bottles and various equipment and plants and tables, I handed her a crystal bottle and matching funnel.

“This?” she asked doubtfully.

“The sample needs to be pure,” I explained.

By now Aisling was crossing her legs in a desperation move to prevent wetting herself. “Where?” she asked.

“Right here. I need to watch.” I didn’t really, but I wanted to make sure the sample wasn’t spoiled.

At the end of her endurance, Aisling relented and yanked down her leggings and panties. She squatted in the middle of the room while I watched. I even helped steady the wide-bottomed bottle and funnel. It took her a few seconds to get her stream going, but eventually the bright yellow liquid started to flow.

“Fuck,” she cursed. “I needed that.”

I watched closely as she steadily filled the bottle. For just a moment I started to worry that she was going to overfill it. Not a huge problem in itself, but it would make a mess. Luckily she stopped as the level went up the neck. It was an almost perfect fill.

Handing her a tissue to wipe herself, I said, “It’s too bad you’re not a virgin. Virgin urine is the best.” I pulled away the bottle and funnel before she had a chance to disturb them.

Aisling stood up and I indicated the container where she should deposit her tissue. “I’m sort of a virgin.”

I scoffed. “Exactly how?” Sealing the bottle was the next step, easily done with a stopper. I used a vacuum stopper to remove the air from the top of the bottle to better preserve the liquid.

“I’ve never really had sex.” She pulled up her panties and leggings.

I wanted to tell her to leave them off, but that seemed a little aggressive. She wasn’t in my coven, not yet. But soon. “You told me you supported yourself by giving blowjobs in college.”

“Yeah, but just blowjobs. I’ve only ever had fingers inside of me, never a guy’s cock.”

The bottle nearly slipped from my fingers when she said that. “Please tell me you aren’t lying.” I carefully stored the bottle away in one of my locked cabinets. It was pure liquid gold to many in my business.

Adjusting her leggings, she said, “Why would I lie about that?”

“You’re a virtual virgin. Tell me, have you ever swallowed a man’s cum?”

She wrinkled her nose at me. “That’s sort of personal.”

I tilted my head to the side. “I recently had my tongue up your cunt.”

That was a good enough reason for her. “True. No. I’ve never swallowed. Doesn’t interest me. A lot of guys promised me extra money for it though.”

She wasn't truly pure, but she was as close as I was ever going to get. Undoubtedly she had swallowed some precum in her time because there was no way she convinced every guy she sucked off to wear a condom. But that was minor. No cock in her cunt. No sperm down her throat.

I couldn't help myself and gave her an excited kiss.

"What was that for?" she said happily.

"You might be the perfect virgin witch I've been looking for."

"Okay…" she said warily. "Either things are getting really weird around here or whatever it is you gave me at my house is wearing off."

"It wore off long ago," I told her. "An orgasm or two burns it away. What I want to do now is get you drunk."

I grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the lab and toward the kitchen. "You don't have to get me drunk if you want to sleep with me," she admitted. "I'll do it again if you want."

"That's good to know but I need you good and drunk because I need more of your pee. I need it mixed in with alcohol that's been run through your body."

Leaving her in the middle of the kitchen I started rummaging through my liquor cabinet. I wanted something nice for her to drink but also with a high alcohol content.

"Why is there a naked man in your kitchen?"

I turned around with a quality bottle of Irish whiskey in my hands to see Malaes leering at Aisling. I'm sure she's been subject to hundreds, if not thousands, of men leering at her, and more than a few women as well. It wasn't the leering that was upsetting Aisling. It was the fact that my human-feline was naked.

I immediately looked at his cock. It was naked and starting to rise.

Shit.

"Where is your damned cage!?" I demanded of Malaes. He was grinning at

Aisling and me. I was just happy that his hand wasn't on his cock, masturbating. Everything that went on in my house was going to be hard enough to explain to Aisling without having to explain why a naked man was masturbating to, or at, her.

"You didn't put it on me this morning," he said flatly.

"Well...go get it! Or put some damn clothes on!"

We stared at each other for a few seconds before I waggled my fingers at him and he retreated. A little implied pain correction was a great motivator for Malaes.

Aisling and I both watched as Malaes walked away. To be honest, he has a beautiful body and a wonderfully taut ass.

"If I was going to give up my virginity to a man, I might consider him," Aisling said aloud.

"I wouldn't if I were you," I told her.

"Why not?"

"He's a cat."

"I don't care if he's a cad; I'm just going to fuck him."

"Not a cad. A cat. He's a cat."

She eyed me. "He looked human enough."

I winced. "Yeah. You're going to have to get used to a few things." I opened the bottle of whiskey and poured us a couple of shots. "Straight or with a mixer?" I asked.

"Mixer, please," she said, blanching at the amount I had poured her. "What am I going to have to get used to?"

"That a witch's life involves many strange things. Malaes isn't really a cat, he's a shapechanger. That's why he's being held here in my house. It's his

punishment.” I found some seltzer water in the refrigerator and poured it over the whiskey and added a few ice cubes. Not very fancy or a proper mix, but the idea was to get her drunk, not have a cocktail party.

“Okay...that’s odd. What’s he being punished for?”

“The less said about that, the better,” I told her. Raising my glass and passing the other to her, I said. “Cheers,” and drank.

She followed my example. “Why are you getting me drunk again?”

“Because she wants to fuck you,” Malaes all but purred when he walked back into the kitchen. He wasn’t dressed but he was wearing his cage which made me relax a notch.

Aisling eyed him up and down while sipping her drink. “She’s already fucked me. We’re getting ready for round two,” she said boldly. “Why aren’t you wearing clothes?”

Malaes was perfect when he was naked. His long, glossy black hair hung just to his shoulders which made a perfect triangle of muscular torso that tightened down to his slender hips. He had no chest hair, which I found odd, but there was a little treasure trail of stray hairs from his belly button down to his cock where there was a little nest of black curls.

His cock was currently mostly hidden by the black steel cage he wore on his shaft. It was held in place by a thick ring that went between his balls and body. It was a medieval torture device used on gay men. Now, in modern America, it was used by gay men (and straight ones as well) in dom-sub relationships to control sexual behavior. I had magicked up one that served to keep him in check.

I could see the silver lock that kept the black cage closed, but I went over him and inspected it anyway because Malaes was not to be trusted under any circumstances. For some reason he was being compliant with the cage. Maybe because he wanted to be naked in front of the beautiful young woman who I was going to make my acolyte. Maybe he was just curious.

I’m sure part of it was he liked when I took it off him and he changed back to a cat so he could go fuck the neighborhood felines. It made for a more intense encounter, though judging by some of the yowls I’d heard when cats mate, that

wasn’t entirely necessary.

“I’m being punished for being a bad boy,” he happily told Aisling. “Want to see how bad a boy I can be?”

“Don’t believe a word he says,” I warned her. “He’s a liar of the first order.”

Malaes grinned his feral grin at her. “Luna speaks the truth. I’m a liar. But I only lie to get women into my bed.”

“He hasn’t fucked a woman in years,” I clarified. “I haven’t let him. He’s only allowed out of the house in cat form. He’s been fucking the neighborhood pussies. Who knows what diseases he’s picked up?”

Addressing Aisling he said, “Get Luna to show you some transformation magic and I’ll be able to please you if you can change into a cat. Ever been fucked as a cat? Much better than as a human. You lose all inhibitions. You have just one need and that’s to fuck, to expend your lust and needs with another of your species.” He had slowly approached Aisling as he spoke. She didn’t back away. She sipped leisurely at her drink. The moment he was within arm’s length she reached out for his cock to feel the hard steel and see what it did to him.

“Wouldn’t you like to fuck like a cat?” He was happy with her inspection and curiosity.

“I’m a virgin,” she told him and then suddenly twisted the cage and his entire package making him gasp and want to go down on his knees in pain. She didn’t let him down. She kept a firm grip on him. He struggled to stay on his feet. “I don’t have any interest in fucking a man or a tomcat or whatever it is you are right now.”

“I can sense that,” he agreed and looked at me with pleading eyes.

“Let him go,” I said to Aisling. “I do have occasional need of his balls every once in a while.”

She released and he went down to his knees.

“You need to be more careful,” I warned him.

“Yes mistress,” he agreed, his hands to his balls.

“Get some ice, put it on your dick and sack. Then go disappear. Aisling and I need to talk.”

After getting some ice from the freezer he beat a hasty retreat.

“I know what I’ve said, but I’d be happy to give up my virginity to him,” Aisling confessed again. “He might be an absolute asshole, but he’s beautiful and that ass…”

“Don’t do it,” I warned her and added more whiskey to her glass. “You have a treasure, an unsoiled cunt. We’ll do a virgin sacrifice when it’s time to get the most out of you.”

He eyes went wide at me. “Is it customary to tell someone that you intend on murdering them?” she asked, laughing nervously.

I laughed along with her. She was so innocent. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to confuse you. When I say virgin sacrifice, I don’t mean that I want to kill you.” I leaned in close and kissed her soft lips. She kissed back nervously. I didn’t blame her. “I mean we’ll take your virginity with a man worthy of the honor. The very act of taking a woman’s virginity is powerful. That magic alone can move worlds. Promise me you won’t fuck a man until you can do it in front of our coven on a proper altar for the honor of the earth mother.”

“I...I promise.” She sighed. “But it’s going to be hard.”

“As long as it’s not going to be Malaes hard dick in your pussy, I’m fine with that. I’m going to make sure he wears his cage whenever you’re around. We’ll get you a nice dildo and vibrator. We’ll find you all the female lovers you could possibly want.”

She emptied her glass and kissed me again. “I think you’re the only lover I want right now.”

“Do you want me as your lover right now?” I said into her thick, red hair.

“Yes…” We kissed again and I eased off the sweater she was wearing over her cami. “Answer one question for me first,” she said.

“What?”

“Is Malaes’s tongue rough like a cat’s? Because to feel that on my clit…”

I laughed and pulled her along with one hand, the bottle of whiskey in the other. “I’m going to have to keep a close eye on you, girl.”

Chapter Two

I wasn't at all ashamed to admit that I was using Todd to make contact with Birch Hawke. I needed an advocate from the local eco-community to help me prevent more of my ancestral land from being destroyed and in getting rid of some of the houses already encroaching on my property. As a bonus, the sort of people that hung around the eco-community were often open to alternative belief systems. Short assessment: those who wanted to protect the earth would be happy to experiment with witchcraft, and were probably open to kinky bedroom antics.

That made them even more easy to recruit.

When I learned that he was actually friends with Birch, I insisted on a personal meeting.

"Why?" Todd asked me. We were having our second tryst in my bed. His daughter was with friends and I had the afternoon free. Aisling was busy with some part time job she said her mother insisted she work. I made a note to have Aisling help me with my potion business. That would make her more accessible and give her, and me, more income. "Why a personal meeting?" His face was between my thighs. I was still enjoying the afterglow of the orgasm he had given me after eating my pussy.

"Because personal relationships are what bind us together," I explained and then narrowed my eyes on him. "What does it matter?" I gasped, figuring it out at once. "You're jealous. You think I'll fuck him."

Todd's handsome face flushed red. "Maybe a little."

"Oh Todd," I sighed in a false-dreamy fashion. "I'm not your girlfriend and I plan on fucking other people besides you."

The look of shock on his face was satisfying, but a little disappointing. I don't like hurting people who help me. "You...you are?"

"Darling, I'm far too wild to settle down with anyone right now. Maybe ever. Besides, you're only a man. I like sex with men and women, so unless you are willing to provide a female partner for me, you'll have to be content to our occasional meetings."

I disappointed him greatly, but Todd was just a stepping stone. He needed to know that. “I...I wasn’t aware.”

I was using him and while I didn’t feel bad about that, he deserved to be rewarded for it. “Tell you what,” I said as I pulled his face up to mine. His cock was hard and I guided it into my cunt that he had so thoughtfully prepared. I kissed him and tasted my cunt on his lips. I love the taste of my cunt. “Tell you what...have you ever been in a three-way?”

He sank his cock all the way into my pussy and I sighed with delight. He shook his head. “No. Never. Why…?”

The laugh bubbled out of my lips even as he asked the question. “Because I want a three-way with you. With you and Birch.”

The look of shock on his face was near-orgasmic for me. “I’ve never...I wouldn’t know what to say...how would that work?”

His questions tumbled out and he stumbled over them at the same time. I wrapped my legs around his and pulled him deeper into my cunt. “Tell him I want a meeting,” I whispered in his ear. “Tell him I want to fuck him. I’ve seen his picture. Tell him I’m crazy good in bed. Tell him I need two men to satisfy me.” I tilted my hips and put pressure on his cock my clamping down on him with my PC muscles. “Do that and I promise you I’ll fuck you with another woman.”

He came in me. He came too soon, but that was fine. I was fucking him for fun and politics, not for his sperm.

I wasn’t surprised when Aisling was upset that I wouldn’t have time for her on Thursday afternoon, the time that I had arranged with Todd to meet Birch Hawke at my house. We had been meeting every other day for sex and education. Typical we would have sex and then I would instruct her on the basics of the art of potion making.

Both Malaes and Maith were fine with her coming to my rooms because I insisted the girl practice basic witchcraft in the nude. I told her it was necessary.

It wasn’t necessary, I just liked her body exposed and ready for my use.

Malaes would constantly watch us in his cat form. I had forbidden himto spy on me and the girl while human. I knew Maith was watching us secretly as well, but there was little I could do about an invisible elf.

I think Aisling liked showing off her body and didn’t question me at all, but apparently having to delay our lessons in the laboratory and the bedroom was a step too far for her.

“I can’t believe you’re going to have sex with a man,” she grumbled as she carefully poured out the last of her alcohol-infused urine to a stainless steel pot. I was instructing her in a fairly complex charm potion.

“With two men,” I corrected her.

“Ugh!” she complained as the mixture started to boil. I wasn’t sure if she was upset at the smell or the fact I was bedding someone else.

“Learn to live with it. Turn down the heat. You’ll destroy the formula if it boils over.”

“But I don’t even get to fuck one man!” she complained.

“Soon, soon,” I assured her as I stroked her hair and carefully pinched one exposed nipple. She shuddered at my touch.

“You’ll distract me,” she moaned.

“That’s the idea. If you can’t focus on your critical work, you’ll be a terrible witch.”

The charm potion turned out perfectly. I resolved to use it on Todd and Birch, just to see how easily manipulated they would be. Todd was a known quantity, but Birch was a mystery to me.

I knew Birch Hawke wasn't his real name. He wasn’t native to this area either. He had appeared on the scene a few years back during my world tour and

insinuated himself into the arts and ecology communities. Google is a wonderful tool for the modern witch.

“Wine, whiskey, or water?” I asked them when I ushered the pair into my parlor. The old farmhouse was built with a parlor, a room to entertain in and serve no other purpose. It worked well for that purpose. I used it rarely.

“Isn’t it a little early to drink?” asked Todd.

“It’s never too early for a little social alcohol,” said Birch. “Wine, please.”

I uncorked a bottle and poured. The only disappointing thing about Birch upon my initial meeting was his height. I wore a pair of low heels and I was still three inches taller than him.

Other than that he was handsome enough, maybe a bit squat and burly, but that was fine. He had long hair that was a little too wild, held back in a ponytail, which made him looked like an aging eco-warrior and artist, which was oddly accurate for him. I made a mental note to suggest he get a more stylish haircut. Artists could get away with a lot, though.

It was easy enough to slip the charm potion into their wine. Sleight of hand was an easy trick for anyone with nimble fingers. All of my lovers told me I had nimble fingers. I didn’t need to use the potion on Todd. My target was Birch. I, of course, was immune to the potion, so it was easier to dose all three cups and not play games with who got which.

After our initial greetings, we got right to work planning both political and economic strategies where I could get control of my family’s land back, or, barring that directly, getting as much of it possible passed into a trust where the land would be protected.

Todd was alarmed when I mentioned my plan to buy the houses of the Orchard Acres and demolish them. “Why would you do that?”

“Because I want the land, not the houses.”

“But I helped build them!”

He was an electrical contractor, I remembered. It wasn’t surprising that he had

worked on the houses that now vexed me. “Does that take money out of your pocket?” I asked sharply.

“It seems pointless,” he complained. “Why not buy the houses and at least rent them out.”

“Because I want my family’s lands returned to their natural state,” I told him firmly. “If you don’t like it...well, I suppose I don’t have to invite you upstairs to seal the bargain.” I looked to Birch who had an amused look on his face. “Would you care to join me?”

“It is customary to sign a written agreement when making plans such as these,” he said, “but a treaty sealed in the bedroom sounds so much nicer. Besides, that’s the invitation you extended to me, Todd. If you don’t want to fuck her with me, I’m fine going alone.”

Todd had no resistance to my charm potion the moment I pulled on that metaphorical magical string. He agreed. “Yeah. Sure. I’ll go. I was just...worried.”

I put down my wine glass and moved off the couch over to the chair where he sat. Bending over, aiming my ass at Birch and allowing Todd to look down my shirt, I said, “I understand.” The kiss I gave him sealed the deal. I didn’t need to fuck him, or Todd, to agree to the bargain, but it seemed fun. And better. “Please come with me to my bedroom anyway. Birch and I would love to have you watch.”

I led the way. I could feel Birch’s eyes on my ass. I sort of loved that. A woman should always go up the stairs in front of men.

He was dressed casually in a pair of jeans, fleece, and shirt with oh-so-practical hiking boots. I immediately kicked off my shoes which brought me almost down to his height. The feeling of Todd watching me as I kissed Birch was a thrill that has to be experienced to be fully enjoyed. I was the aggressor, pulling off Birch’s fleece and shirt in one smooth move.

His chest was hairless. I wondered if that was natural or if he had it removed. I shouldn’t have been surprised at his prominent nipples which almost gave his chest a feminine appearance, but I was. It didn’t matter because he responded perfectly when I ducked myhead and sucked on them a bit. From there I went

down on my knees and opened up his jeans to pull out his cock.

It was gorgeous. Birch must have gone for the dolphin look because other than his head, he had no hair on his body. He was smooth as well so either he was naturally hairless or he spent a lot of time and money on laser hair removal or waxing. I didn't care which. I loved it all the same. He was still moderately soft which meant either he wasn't attracted to me (unlikely in the extreme) or he was experienced with bedding women he hardly knew and had probably done more than a couple of three-ways in his life. I'm certain it was the later.

There was the usual moment of fumbling while he got out of his boots and I pulled down his pants further. By then I had used up all my self-control and popped his cock into my mouth. He wasn't huge, which was nice. I've had a few men with giant cocks and wasn't a fan. While they did fill me up, sometimes painfully, they didn't know what to do with it. Give me an average sized man and he'll know how to fuck.

I could hear Todd breathing as he watched. I wished I had him in sight, but I was turned the wrong way. It didn't matter. He was still getting a good show. It took me a little time to get Birch hard. When he was fully erect, I backed off.

"Why are you stopping?" he complained with a knowing grin.

"I'm not going to have you waste that in my mouth," I told him as I began undressing for him.

The sweater I was wearing was a fairly open weave so taking it off to reveal my bra was hardly revealing anything. I had sensed their eyes on my breasts when we were talking in the parlor. The art of removing a skirt is one that is developed over the years. I dropped mine to the floor and elegantly stepped out of the black circle. That left me in stockings, panties, and bra.

The bra was first to go. I need to be free to really fuck. I knew that Todd was staring at my ass because my panties were too small and let the bottoms of my cheeks hang out. The moment I pulled them down, Birch reached between my legs and inspected my cunt with his fingers.

"You're wet."

"Yes. The only way for me to be wetter would be if it were raining."

His finger went up into me and I gasped a little, then relaxed. Meeting his gaze I asked him, “Are you ready to fuck me?” His cock was within reach so I caressed it. Together we moved to the bed.

It was then that I noticed the tattoos on his back.

I’ve always been of the opinion that anyone can do what they want with their bodies, but I prefer them in their natural state. Decoration is fine, but sometimes people forget that putting a hat on a hat on a hat is pointless.

Anyway, Birch had an overly elaborate pattern tattoo on his back. All over his back, from neck to shoulders down to his waist and over the tops of his buttocks. It was nicely done, but too much for me to really appreciate.

And it certainly wasn’t going to stop me from fucking him. I climbed up the steps to my bed and assumed the position where I could service both Birch and Todd, that is to say, on all fours. I offered my ass to Birch because that was the polite thing to do. Todd would have to do with a blowjob until Birch was done with me.

Both men hesitated at the bottom of the stairs. I wasn’t surprised that Todd had undressed. He was under my enchantment so it was only natural that he would anticipate my desires. I was disappointed in Birch, however. If he didn’t fuck me how could we seal our agreement? I was watching Todd, with his hand on his already hard cock and I crooked my finger at him.

“Get up here if you want a blowjob,” I ordered Todd.

He moved, but reluctantly. Looking over my shoulder at Birch I frowned at him and waggled my ass a bit. “Aren’t you interested in a good fuck? It’s been ages since I’ve been properly spit roasted.”

Todd was up on the bed at this point. He got down in front of me, kneeling and I took his cock into my mouth. If Birch was going to be a bitch about it, suddenly scared because he was afraid of an assertive woman I wasn’t going to worry about it. I didn’t need him for my plan; he just made things easier.

I had Todd’s cock down my throat to show him a proper deep-throating when I felt Birch grab my hips. It didn’t take him long to find my entrance and start fucking me.

There’s nothing quite like having two cocks inside me at the same time. I’m sure some women feel vulnerable and used in such a position, but for me it was a power trip. I was controlling the sexual urges and desires of two men at the same time. They were my virtual slaves, and somewhat literal slaves as well.

As it turned out Birch knew how to fuck. He was even so polite as to reach around and find my clit with his fingers. I came on him while I had Todd in my mouth. That’s the way it should be. Men should serve women and make them cum and cum again before they see to their own needs.

What Birch did for me was good enough for me to let Todd slip from between my lips. I panted and moaned as I came. Birch never stopped fucking my cunt and never stopped rubbing my clit. It got to the point where I was too sensitive and I pushed his hand away.

“Switch positions,” I told him. “I want to ride you.”

Birch didn’t complain. Why would he? All he had to do was lay there while I rode him and made him cum, but at the same time I also had to suck off Todd.

Todd was disappointed that he wasn’t going to get to fuck me right away, but I didn’t worry about that. Once Birch lay down I straddled him and slipped his cock into my cunt.

“Come over here,” I ordered Todd and did my best to service both men at the same time.

Luckily Birch was there to help out. While I was bouncing up and down on Birch’s cock, I was doing a poor job at sucking Todd. I decided to switch tactics and use my hand on him instead, but I was distracted by how Birch was fucking me from below. Birch pushed aside my hand and pulled Todd’s cock to his mouth.

I watched, pleased by this turn of events. Todd didn’t know what to do, but Birch proved his versatility in bed, happily sucking away on Todd. I loved the strange, twisted look on Todd’s face. He was clearly enjoying Birch’s fellatio, but it was obvious that he hadn’t ever been in this position before.

It was like they were putting on a show for me. I couldn’t contain myself as I bounced up and down on Birch’s cock. My second orgasm shook my body

pleasantly. My cunt tightened up on his cock in anticipation of his orgasm, but Todd beat him across the line.

Half of Todd's load went flying through the air, some of it landing on me, some on the sheets, and some on Birch. I made a mental note to have Malaes wash the bedding. The other half of his load went down Birch's throat. The eagerness with which he went after Todd's erupting cock told me everything I needed to know about his sexuality.

"Take a break," Birch told me, smacking his lips after he finished swallowing. "I want a moment with Todd."

I rolled off my lover and posed myself so that I could watch the two of them. This was turning into a treat for me. Birch moved up to a confused and dazed Todd. He reached behind the contractor's neck and pulled him close for a kiss. That made my cunt buzz.

Todd accepted the kiss. "Do you want to give me a blowjob or do you want me to fuck you?" Birch asked.

Not knowing what to do, Todd looked to me. "What...what should I do?"

I knew what I wanted to see, so I didn't give my answer any thought. "You should totally let him fuck you."

I forgot that I had an enchantment on both men. Todd readily agreed to my plan, though I was certain that under normal circumstances he would not have invited any attention from Birch. I went so far as to supply lube for the two of them. It's always a good idea to keep lube on hand.

Todd went to his back and Birch got his handsome cock lubed up before sticking it in Todd's ass. I liked watching the two of them fuck. Todd got hard again right away. Birch used his hand on Todd's cock and made him cum again. It's amazing what men can do when they're having a new sexual experience.

I liked watching Birch's strong back and taut ass flex and move as he fucked Todd. He made Todd cum a second time. Todd all but screamed out his orgasm, shooting his load over his stomach. He must have loved getting buggered.

It seemed like it was going on forever. I couldn't let Todd get his ass used and

abused like that.

“Do you need any help?” I asked Birch.

He grunted as he kept plowing Todd. “Usually it doesn’t take me this long.”

He probably had performance anxiety he didn’t want to admit to.

“Pull out. I’ll finish you off,” I told him.

He did as I asked. I’m not ashamed to say I used a touch of magic to move things along for him. A little special stimulation was all that he needed to ejaculate his thick, white semen all over Todd’s back.

“Oh, I think this is going to work out lovely for us all,” I said. Birch grinned in triumph but the second he thought I wasn’t looking, his grin dissolved into a worried frown.

I bent down to Todd’s ear and whispered, “I’m going to bring you Joy. You’re going to have so much fun in our next threesome.”

He didn’t look convinced.

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 1

Helana's mind whirled with the speed of the betrothal ceremony. She had been preparing for it all her life, it seemed, and while she knew when the moment arrived it would happen quickly, she hadn't expected it to go so quickly.

And without much of a ceremony, either.

It happened in the king's throne room. She had been hoping for it to be in the grand ballroom. It seemed like it was just another official act of the king that day, or rather, an official act of the crown prince.

The king himself was, as it was described, retired and did little more than enjoy his hobbies. The crown prince did all the official work for the kingdom. Part of that included presiding over the betrothal ceremony between Princess Helana and Prince Arpad.

It was mixed in with all the official business of the kingdom. There was no celebration. The only person in the room that Helana knew was Ambassador Ladislus.

Well, Ambassador Ladislus and the Lady Ada, whom Helana had started to think not so much as her lady in waiting but as her minder.

Helana wasn't a fool or an innocent.

She knew she was just a pawn in the political machinations between her country and Prince Arpad's, but that didn't mean a pawn had no power.

At least, not at first.

The ring went on her finger and a document was signed. Then Helana was escorted from the throne room by Ada and two guards.

"All that preparation for…that?" Helana asked Ada as they were marched down the wide corridors of the palace.

“And that,” Ada said, indicating the elaborate ring on the young woman’s finger.

Helana held it up. It was pretty, yes, but…

“Hardly seems worth all that effort.”

Ada smiled thinly, “You haven’t seen anything yet, young princess.”

Helana had arrived at her new home, and a promised betrothal to Prince Arpad barely a week prior. She had been all but sold to the Uralia king as a way of cementing an alliance between the powerful kingdom to her family’s very small and weak one. Even her father had joked that they didn’t rule over a kingdom. “It’s a very modest principality at best.”

As was part of the agreement, Helana crossed over from Jadwig to Uralia with nothing. Literally nothing. She was escorted from her home to the border between the countries. A tent had been set up straddling the border. She had been forced to leave behind everything, including her clothing.

She had known this would happen. She had put on a brave as face as possible when her life-long friend and handmaid had helped her remove all her clothes until she was naked. It was hard to keep from crying. It was impossible to keep her pale face from turning bright red with embarrassment even though she knew this was part of the ritual. Her red face contrasted sharply with her pale skin that had just a few freckles on it from the sun. Her hair wasn’t so much golden as it was brassy, somewhere between red and blonde. It was a color unheard of in her family and she had heard some of the off-color remarks about her possible parentage. That didn’t bother, her not now, because she was a princess of the Kingdom of Jadwig.

Just as she was about to make the short—and naked march—from her side of the border to that of the Uralics, she was stopped by the foreign ambassador.

He was a large imposing man with a large long and long, greasy hair. He looked down on her imperiously—a skill he had certainly developed during his many years in the service of the king—and let his eyes rove over her body.

It took all of Helana's self-control not to cast her hands in front of her body, hiding her breasts and quim from the man. He—and everyone else—had already seen every bit of her body, and to hide now would bring shame to her family.

"Not like that," he said.

"Not like what?" asked Leila, her handmaid.

"Nothing but the princess's body. She is to bring nothing to her new station other than herself."

It took the two young women a moment to realize what he was saying. Helana only understood when she followed his gaze to her chest.

Helana was still wearing the golden rings through her nipples that had been part of the celebration all Jadwig girls went through when they became women. It had hurt like hell when then piercer went through her small and sensitive nipples, but the ornamentation had been worth it. Jadwig women wouldn't remove them until they had their first child and needed to nurse the baby.

Giving in to the unvoiced demand, Helana started to remove the rings, but she quickly encountered a problem. Because they had been set for so long—with no reason for removal—it was impossible for her to remove the two pieces of jewelry with just her fingers. She struggled for a moment, tears welling up in her eyes, before Leila interrupted.

"Let me, miss," she begged.

Helana was forced to stand there in front of the ambassador as Leila now struggled with the rings. She too, failed to remove the jewelry.

"Let me do it," the ambassador insisted. "We need to get this done with to get to the first waystation by nightfall." When he reached for Helana's breasts Leila interposed herself to prevent the old man from touching her mistress.

"No!" she said loudly enough to startle the members of the mission from Jadwig. The guards stirred along with the two members of the royal family that were Helana's cousins. The last thing anyone wanted now was an international incident that ended in violence instead of a marriage. "You will not touch the princess's body."

Whether or not the ambassador had the right to touch Helana's breasts or if Leila had the right to stop him was a matter for debate. He did pause and Leila stood firmly between him and her princess.

It would have been impossible to say how long that stand off would have lasted if not for a member of the retinue on the Jadwig side had not rushed out to the delineated border, a small tool in her hand. Why she had it was impossible to say. Maybe it was just part of the traveling toolkit that accompanied every princess around the small kingdom. It saved the day regardless.

The tool was a specialized set of pliers. It was handed over to Leila who quickly used it on the jewelry, opening the rings enough to slip them free of the holes pierced through the nipples.

Now Helana felt truly naked. It had been years since the rings had gone in. They were a part of her and they were gone. She missed the familiar tug and tiny weight that had been a familiar presence.

"What shall I do with them, miss?" Leila asked. The rings sat in the palm of her hand. Helana couldn't take them with her. It wasn't permitted. They were gold; they were too valuable to toss aside like so much garbage.

Helana folded her handmaid's fingers over her palm, closing her hand tightly into a fist. "Keep them for yourself," she told her, kissed Leila on the cheek. "Wear them. Give them to your daughter."

Without another word, Helana turned around and walked side by side with the ambassador to the Uralia retinue. She was no longer Jadwigian; she was property of the Uralian royal family.

A tall and pretty woman with long black hair, high cheekbones, and a knowing look quickly approached her with a long, flowing robe. The robe she wrapped around Helana's body. It didn't matter. Everyone had already seen her body. And even that didn't matter. She wasn't so much a person or even a princess, she was just a vessel to unite the two countries.

Helana had already understood that, but she was determine to be a person, not just an object.

The journey to the palace wasn't difficult at all. It was more enjoyable than any journey she had undergone within the border of Jadwig. The coach she traveled in was luxurious. The inns and waystation—former outposts of the expansion of the Jadwigian kingdom—offered hot, delicious food and comfortable beds.

If not for the fact that no one other than Lady Ada spoke to her it would have been a wonderful journey for the land was beautiful to look at and the people who showed up to greet the small caravan waved and applauded as they went through the small villages.

"They aren't really applauding for me, are they," Helana observed to Lady Ada.

"Of course not," Ada agreed. "They are applauding for the king's coach."

"Seems a silly reason for applause."

"They'd rather be seen applauding than to be ignoring the king's power. A few minutes of applause is easier than a beating for denigrating the king's authority."

Helana shivered.

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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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