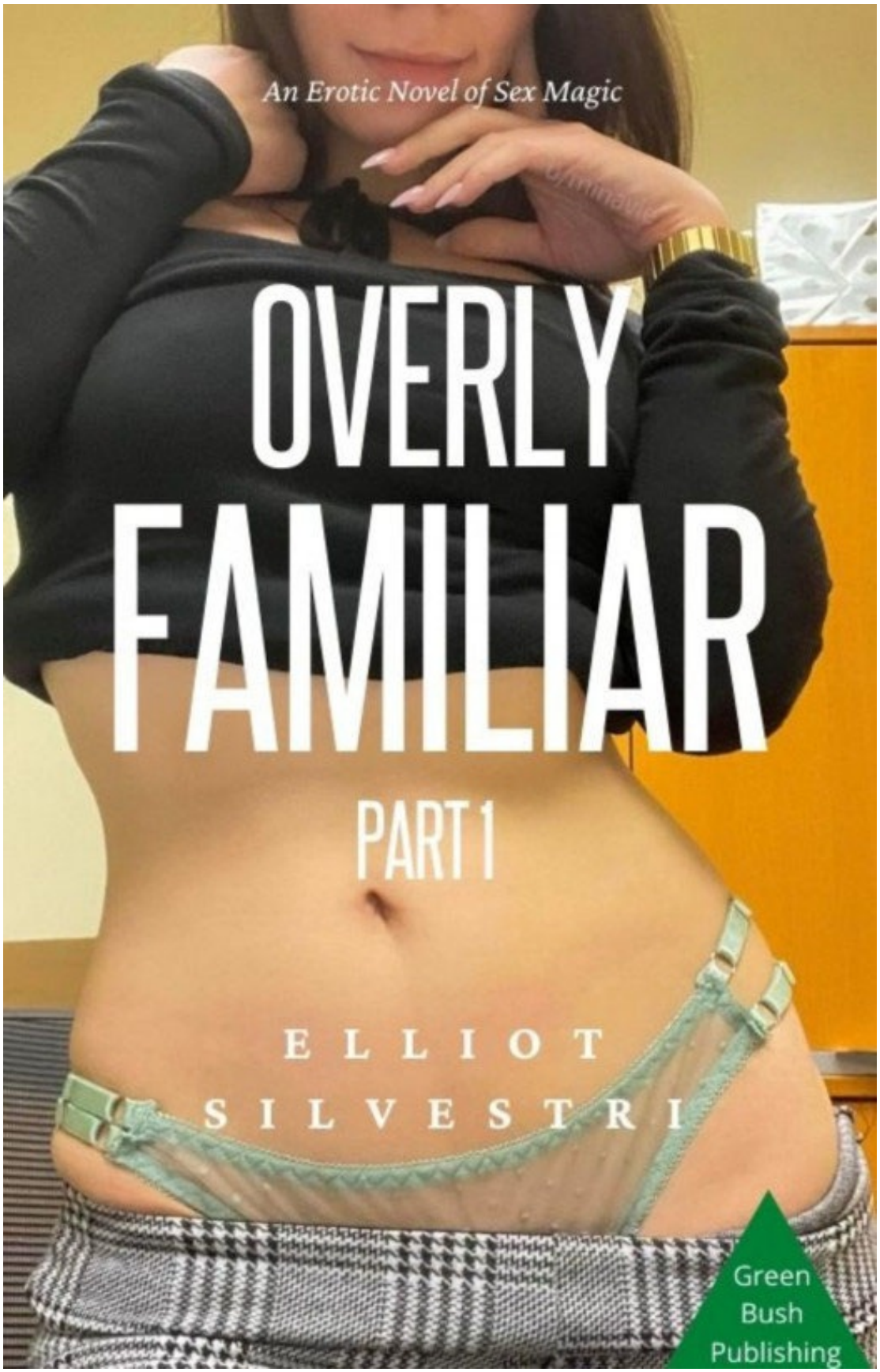
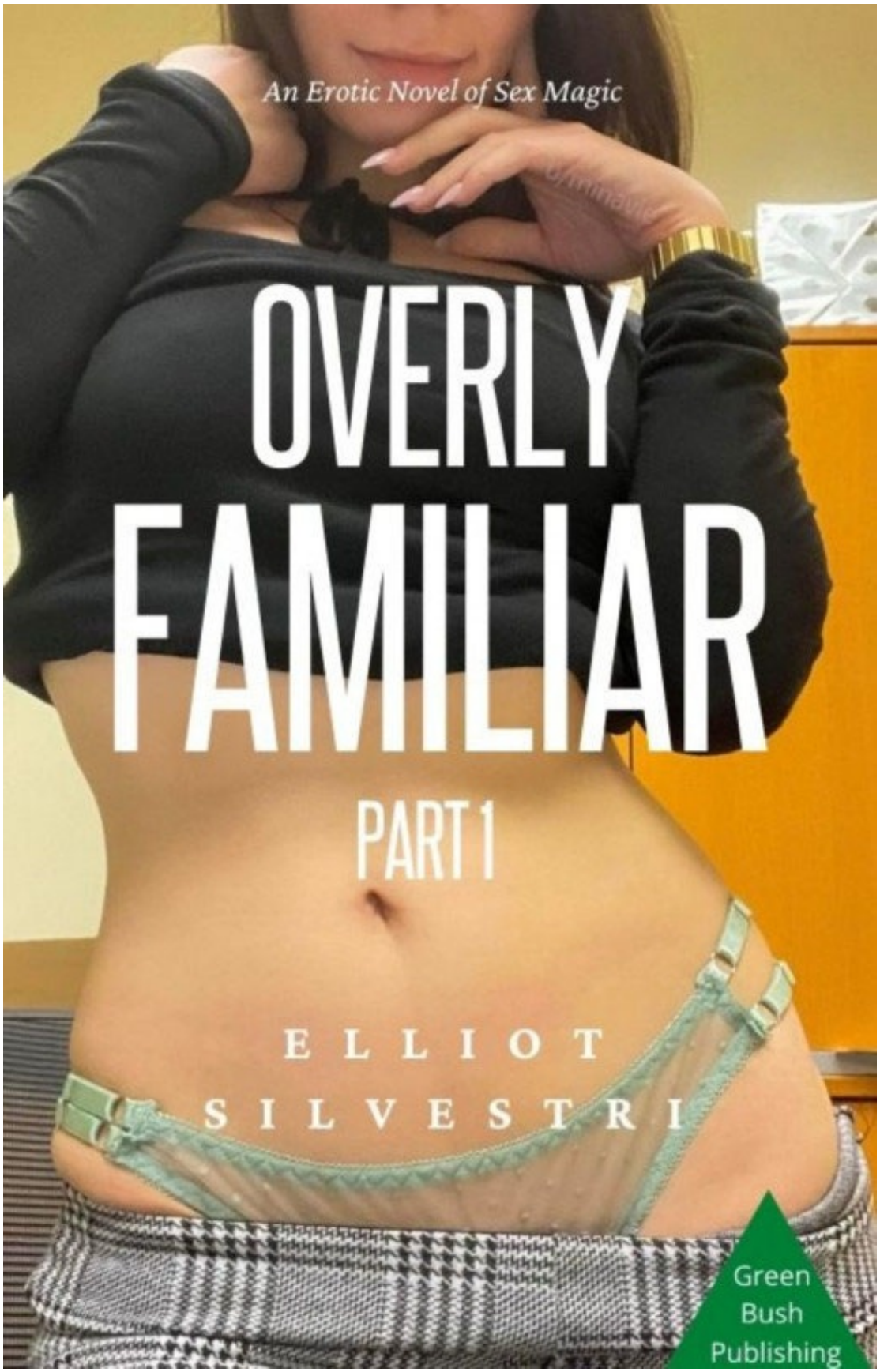

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic
OVERLY
FAMILIAR
PART 1
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Overly Familiar Part 1

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Overly Familiar Part 1

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

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Part One

Chapter 1

If I knew now what I knew then...well, we've all had that thought, haven't we?

My job was working as an actuary for a mindless, faceless, and thoroughly evil corporation. I should have been happy to have the job—this was pre-COVID—but I wasn't. I hated it. My boss...oh gee, how do I describe her? Sharon was one of those women who hired younger women not as a gesture of solidarity in the corporate world against men who would take advantage of them. No. She was the woman who hired other women because it was easier to take advantage of them and pay them less.

I hated her. She was the face of the corporate faceless evil.

Anyway, I was an actuary and the first task I was assigned when hired was to tame a spreadsheet—it was the master spreadsheet for Sharon's division, so to bring it to heel was a gigantic job. In Sharon's own words, "The thing is just demonic. I have no control over it."

She wasn't lying.

I wound up working day and night on it for a week. It was truly demonic. I lost my entire social life.

Not that my entire social life was all that great to begin with—mostly it was hooking up on apps for sex and no second date—but I still wanted something.

Then Sharon dropped the hammer and I had two weeks to finish up what was turning into a years long project.

I was working constantly: at the office, at home, when I was awake and when I was asleep. It was a monster and I was determined to defeat it.

I became convinced it was truly demonic and started speaking in tongues to it when I was at home. Cursing it out. Asking for its devilish assistance. Demanding it bend to my will. Pleading that it free me from my bindings.

Eventually I got it to the point where it was under control if not entirely useful. I went to bed and had the most vivid sex dream of my life.

It was the usual sex dream uncertainty. I was in my apartment, sitting on the balcony overlooking the forest that doesn't exist outside my building, when a handsome man came walking in from the kitchen. I didn't have a balcony and my kitchen was tiny, but no matter.

The man was gorgeous. He was tall and leanly muscular with jet-black hair that was a little too long and hung in his eyes that were brilliant green. The look he gave me made my knees go weak and my stomach did flip flops. Other parts of my anatomy were also affected.

He had a small scattering of hair across his chest that narrowed to a triangle down to his navel. Only when my eyes followed that treasure trial of hair did I realize he was naked. Fully naked.

And was wonderfully endowed.

He wasn't hard, not yet.

"Hi," I said.

He said nothing. He just studied me like a predator.

I stood up from the metal and glass bistro table where I had been working on the demonic spreadsheet. My thin silk robe fell open.

I owned no such silk robe.

My body was smooth and elegant as I slowly revealed myself. I'm not smooth and elegant. I'm slightly overweight with small boobs, mousy hair, and thick glasses. At home I wear sweatpants and baggy t-shirts; at work I wear khakis and a dress shirt.

This wasn't me.

This was a better version of me.

Jack approached me. I knew his name was Jack without asking. Since my robe was open, I knew he could see my womanhood, but my breasts were mostly

hidden by the open robe. Mostly. I glanced downward and realized the thin robe was sheer as well. My nipples were clearly visible.

That didn't matter either.

When Jack reached me I tilted my face up and we kissed. He aggressively pushed his tongue into my mouth. His arms were incredibly strong; I pressed up against him, feeling his hard pectorals and abdomen against my soft body.

His manhood rose up and pressed against me.

I couldn't help myself and backed up a bit, still kissing him, while I wrapped my fingers around his substantial girth.

I wanted it in me.

I hated that I was a slut that way, but I had made peace with it.

We continued to kiss and then he whirled me around to half bend me over the railing that protected those on the balcony from falling to the forest below. The robe was gone. Naturally I wasn't wearing any underwear.

He pressed up against me. I felt his hardness against my butt. Jack's hands went around my body to cup my breasts and tweak my nipples. I moaned in response to his needs. I knew where this was going and I let it happen.

When he started probing between my legs, I opened up my stance and realized I was wet. Incredibly wet.

And I wanted him more than I could articulate.

Then he was between my lips and pushing inside. It felt like he was opening me up for the first time but I was hardly a virgin. He wasn't sporting a telephone pole but I could feel every inch of his veiny erection and it felt good.

My hands were braced against the railing as he started thrusting. My small breasts shook with each impact of his body against mine. I looked out over the forest scene and realized the sun was setting. Or rising. I couldn't tell.

I came. I came so hard that I woke up.

My hand was between my legs and I was wet. My fingers were wet. My thighs were wet. My sheets were wet. For a second I wasn't sure if I had peed the bed or had an explosive orgasm. It was still the middle of the night.

I opted to change the bed anyway.

After dumping the sheets in the washing machine, I was confronted with a black cat sitting on my window ledge. How he got up to the second floor I can't imagine, but he was trapped on the outside of the ledge by the window screen. I had left the window open for the fresh air; it was a nice night.

"Shoo. Scat. Go away."

It wasn't that I didn't like cats. I love them. I just didn't want him in my apartment.

So I opened the screen to wave him away. I wasn't fully awake. Instead of letting me grab him, he ran and disappeared into the apartment. I searched for him and figured he must be hiding under the couch.

Since I wasn't willing to turn the furniture upside down just to get rid of a cat, I opened all the window screens so he could escape if he wanted. I went back to bed.

Chapter 2

The black cat was sitting on my small kitchen table when I woke up. He paused in licking himself when I stumbled into the kitchen in search of coffee. I froze when I saw him. He glared at me for a moment and then went back to his grooming.

Unconsciously I covered myself with my hands and then felt immediately stupid. I usually sleep naked and exposing myself to a cat was weird, but there was no reason for him to care. He was naked as well; cats don't wear clothing.

Or rather, he was almost naked. He was wearing a collar, something I hadn't noticed in the middle of the night.

Forcing myself to drop my hands from across my breasts and in front of my apex, I smiled and cooed at the cat. "Aren't you a handsome fellow?"

I was surprised when he allowed me to pet his head and stroke his back. He started purring and leaned into my hand.

Very affectionate.

"I see you have a collar. Who do you belong to and why are you invading my place?" I asked as I pet him a bit more.

As much as I wanted to continue playing with him, I still needed coffee and started that process. I was acutely aware of the cat staring at my bare backside while I worked.

Turning around I was once again acutely aware that he was staring at me. I'd had men undress me with their eyes in a more subtle manner.

"Okay, let's take a good look at you and your collar," I said to push by the awkwardness of the moment, though I was the only one who was feeling awkward. He allowed me to pet him again while I inspected the collar. I had to draw the collar close to my face because I wasn't wearing my glasses.

It was rather plain, but instead of being made of nylon, it was obviously leather, which was a strange choice for a cat. The leather was dyed black which hid it in his fur. There was a ring attached to the collar, but no tags. I clicked my tongue. “You can’t be a stray,” I said. “Maybe your owner put the info inside your collar.”

I unbuckled it from around his neck.

What happened next was entirely unexpected and I couldn’t explain it then.

The moment I took off his collar, he changed into a human; the exact human from my dream. The collar disappeared from my hands and reappeared around my neck.

Okay, I’ve done some kink before. I’ve played with bondage and cuffs and the whole scene.

The black leather collar around my neck was incredibly comfortable and made me feel sexy as hell.

I’m an actuary; not a writer. That last line wasn’t supposed to be subtle.

“Thank you,” he said.

I backed up a step which pressed my back against the kitchen wall. My hand went to the collar around my neck. How the hell did it get there?

I was naked with a naked man in my kitchen and I didn’t know what to do. “Y-y-y-you’re welcome,” I said in reaction, having no idea what else to say.

He stepped forward and I realized he was as naked as I was. My eyes briefly flicked down to his manhood. It wasn’t erect but it was swelling handsomely.

I was starting to go weak in the knees and I had no idea what was going on.

“My name’s Jack,” he said right before he kissed me.

“Oh,” I said as his lips touched mine. That spoiled the kiss. The one in my dream from last night was better.

Until I realized this was real and not a dream.

I couldn't help myself. As he pressed his body to mine I let my hands travel down from his waist to his butt. I grabbed it and enjoyed the firm muscles.

We kissed for far too long and only stopped when the alert for the coffee maker broke me out of my lust-induced distraction.

He jumped at the noise. "What was that?!"

"Just my coffee maker," I said. I then shyly added, "I don't think I'm going to need coffee to wake up this morning." I looked down at his erection and he smiled.

"You need this, don't you?"

I didn't know why. I hadn't been laid in weeks, maybe months. I couldn't remember. And now I had a handsome man in my apartment ready and willing and able. When I landed my job I initially told myself I was going to focus entirely on my career and I'd only hook up occasionally with guys. No relationship.

I didn't know what this was. Another dream? A hallucination? A mental breakdown?

I nodded eagerly and switched off the coffee maker. I grabbed his hand, though I desperately wanted to grab another part of his anatomy, and started luring him back to my bedroom. "I need it very much."

He followed willingly. Again I felt his piercing green eyes on me but that was part of the fun.

I wondered what I would have done with my discovery of the naked man in my kitchen if I wasn't so damn horny.

Since I was pulling him along, I was in the lead. The moment we entered the bedroom, I crawled up on the bed, showing him my big rump. I had intended to roll over with him on top of me, but he stopped that. His arms circled around me the moment my knees touched the mattress and cupped my breasts. I loved it when he lightly pinched my nipples.

I melted against him and leaned forward, bracing myself with my arms. I had gone too weak in the knees to remain upright.

That was good and bad. I could feel his manhood pressing against me as he kissed the back of my neck. I moaned as he took control of me. I was a toy in his hands. A second later I felt him between my legs and realized this was actually happening. I was wet. Incredibly wet and he had barely done anything to me. I hadn't done anything to myself. Normally I didn't get that wet until I had my vibrator out.

"Wait," I said as I suddenly felt him probing between my nether lips. "Not yet."

He didn't wait. I wanted a condom on him and he wanted to be in me. I wanted him in me.

I let him in me.

I used my hand to guide him in.

He went in so easily and filled me up.

He pushed all the way inside and it made me gasp. It didn't hurt, it just stretched me.

It didn't hurt until he pulled halfway out for his first thrust.

I screamed when he did that.

He didn't stop.

It hurt like hell but it felt incredibly wonderful at the same time.

Sex with Jack was different from every other man I'd ever had sex with.

I'd once heard sex described as exquisite relief from pain.

That was a perfectly accurate description of sex with Jack.

I wasn't a particularly big fan of sex in doggy position, but with Jack it was great. He held me in place and littered kisses and little bites over the back of my neck and shoulders.

As he thrusted into me, his hands roamed all over my body. I liked it when he pinched my nipples. I especially liked it when his hand dipped all the way down between my legs where our bodies were joined and lightly rubbed over my sensitive little bud.

He did that twice and then a third time and that made me climax.

I felt like an electric current was surging through my body, a current that originated from his thick organ buried in my body.

Jack didn't pause at all in his thrusting as I climaxed.

He kept going and going.

I was torn between begging him to stop and begging him to keep going forever.

I was making noise, but no coherent words were coming out.

Finally he peaked. He orgasmed so hard I felt it deep inside me. The heat spread out through my body deep from my core and I climaxed one last time before Jack collapsed on top of me, pinning me to the bed.

We rested for a long time. He didn't withdraw his organ from me the entire time. I was certain he would start shrinking and slip out, but that didn't happen. While I was enjoying his weight pressing me down, several things occurred to me.

First, we really should have used a condom. Getting Plan B wouldn't be a problem, but it would be a hassle.

Second, I needed to figure out who Jack was, exactly.

Third, if he wasn't going to detumesce, maybe we could go for a second round.

Fourth, if I didn't get out of bed soon, I was going to be late for work.

That final thought was what jarred me to action. I elbowed him gently but firmly in the ribs. Jack got the hint and rolled off me.

Unfortunately that also meant he withdrew himself from me and that hurt.

"Ow ow ow!" I complained. My hands went to my crotch and I was certain I

was bleeding. When I pulled my fingers away there was no blood, just his semen.

I had to stop myself from licking the white, sticky fluid. I didn't have a fetish for the stuff, but it seemed the right thing to do at that moment. Still, I just wiped my fingers on Jack's leg.

"Sorry," he apologized at my complaining. "Did my barbs hurt you much?"

"Barbs?" I was thoroughly confused.

He pointed to his penis, only now starting to deflate.

I'd seen plenty of them before. Jack's was larger than average and particularly veiny, but upon a second look it wasn't just veiny, but had little projections that at first glance I thought were similar to bumps one might find on a dildo or vibrator or other sex toy. They weren't. He was almost fully soft now but they were definitely sharp.

No wonder sex was painful for me with him!

But where was the blood?

I looked him in the face, confused and angry. My lungs were pumping and I found myself short of breath.

"Wh-wh-what are you?" I finally managed to force out.

My lover smiled happily at me, showing bright white incisors that seemed a little longer and a little sharper than seemed natural. "I'm Jack. My full name is Jakob Katz, but nobody calls me that." He used the German pronunciation for his name. "I'm your familiar!"

I shook my head in confusion. "I'm not familiar with you," I said flatly. I pulled the rumpled sheet up to hide my breasts and drew my knees up to my chest.

"No, no, no. I'm your familiar! You summoned me! You took my collar off and put it on yourself. I belong to you!"

My hand went to the collar around my neck. The last time I had worn one

similar was with a sort-of boyfriend after college. I dated Simon for longer than I should have because sex with him was exciting. I loved it when he made me wear a collar when we had sex. I even loved it when he attached a chain to the collar and made me serve him.

But I didn't tell any of that to Jack.

"What do you mean you belong to me?"

I started searching for the clasp to the collar.

"You summoned me last night. I'm your familiar. You ask me something and if it's within my power, I'll grant it."

I blinked. "But we just had sex."

He nodded enthusiastically. "Right. I'm empathic as well. I could tell you wanted to have sex."

I shook my head. "This is crazy. I'm not a wizard. Magic isn't real. I can't summon demons."

Jack smiled and took my hands in his, pulling mine away from the collar. "You aren't crazy. You're a witch. You come from a long line of witches and warlocks. Magic is real. You didn't summon a demon, you summoned me. I'm a familiar. A cat, but you already knew that."

I stared at him a moment and then laughed in his face. "That's hilarious. I'm going to go take a shower as soon as I get this collar off."

Taking my hands from his, I searched the collar and finally found the clasp. Just as I opened it, Jack protested.

"No! Don't."

The buckle slipped open and the collar fell from my neck. The instant it did, Jack instantly transformed back into a cat. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. As it was, I still pulled down my glasses to make sure I wasn't hallucinating.

“Holy shit,” I breathed and immediately clamped my hands over my mouth.

There was no reason to use crude language.

“I’m a wizard!” I declared loudly.

Jack the cat on my bed hissed at my declaration.

“Oh. Right! I’m a witch!”

Jack’s reaction was to meow happily.

Before I could do anything else, my phone vibrated on my nightstand.

It was my second reminder that I was going to be late for work.

“Darn it! I need to shower and get moving!”

“Mow?” Jack asked.

I ignored him and rushed to the bathroom where I quickly showered and made myself presentable. I froze when I looked at myself in the mirror as I brushed my short, practical hair.

“No no no no no!”

I hadn’t had a hickey since high school and Jack had left me a huge one on between my neck and shoulder. I must not have felt him biting me when we were having sex.

I was too distracted by what his manhood was doing to me.

I took in a deep breath and went storming out to the bedroom where Jack was once again cleaning himself.

“Care to explain this?” I demanded, pointing at my neck.

He looked at me blankly for a second and then went back to his grooming.

Not good.

I would have to wear something with at least a mock turtleneck. Luckily the weather was cool enough for a high neckline, but still.

“I can’t believe I just had sex with a cat,” I muttered as I pulled out bra and underwear from my dresser and pulled them on. There was no way I was going to be able to pull off a turtleneck sweater today so I chose a high-necked blouse instead. “No. Not a cat,” I corrected myself. “Just a man who can transform into a cat.”

Jack settled into my bed, still warm where we had just had sex, and blinked at me once before going to sleep. I was about to throw him out of the bed and out of my apartment, but I realized I didn’t have time for that.

“I’ll deal with you when I get home,” I promised him.

My hand went to my neck, not to check my hickey, but to feel for the collar that had been so comfortable there earlier.

Then I remembered that it was around Jack’s neck. I considered taking it off and letting him stay there in human form, but then I’d have to deal with questions about the obvious bondage collar I was wearing at work.

I didn’t think the employees and HR at DDCO, Inc. would look kindly at that.

Chapter 3

I ran to the bus and ran to my office and got to my desk only a few minutes late. I was hoping to sneak in under the radar of Ms. Kalaji, but no such luck. The moment I sat down at my computer and pulled up the demonic spreadsheet, she was behind me.

“Why are you here so late?” she hissed at me.

I played innocent. “Got caught on the elevator and the computer did an automatic update the moment I turned it on. How are you today, Ms. Kalaji?”

I hated that she made us call her by her last name. Everyone else in the building just used their first name but Ms. Sharon Kalaji was too important for that.

I also hated that she was incredibly beautiful, but in an ice queen sense. Brilliant blue eyes, pale blonde hair always pulled back into a bun so tight I could count the number of comb marks in her hair. She dressed professionally, but I could tell she had a killer body on par with a model or an athlete. She would be the center of attention at any pick up joint, but, oddly, Kalaji was almost sexless, even when I saw the swell of her breasts under her blazers.

At first I thought I could tell it just by looking at her, and then I realized I was smelling her.

Ms. Sharon Kalaji had very recently had sex, probably this morning.

I inhaled deeply, pulling her lurid scent into my nose.

Her eyes narrowed on me. “I’m fine. But are you?” She turned her head slightly. “Are you having trouble breathing? Are you asthmatic?”

It couldn’t have been any more obvious if I had shoved my nose in her crotch like a poorly behaved Labrador retriever. “Oh! No. I’m fine. I’m just smelling...a heavenly scent on you. Is it something new you’re wearing?”

For a brief instant I had sensed a dash of concern from Sharon, but when I asked my question, she went cold again. “No. Nothing new. Bvlgari. Splendida.”

“It’s lovely. I’ve never noticed it before.”

She gave me a curt smile. “I need your final edits to the spreadsheet by ten,” she said.

I smiled back pleasantly, not feeling it at all. “Just need to dot some i’s and cross some t’s.”

She nodded once and marched away from my desk.

I stared at her butt. The skirt she was wearing wasn’t that tight, but I had to shove my glasses off my nose to ascertain she wasn’t wearing any underwear. Or maybe she was wearing just pantyhose.

She didn’t seem the pantyhose type.

And then I realized I was gazing at her retreating form without my glasses.

That was wrong.

I wasn’t as blind as a bat, but I’d needed them since fourth grade.

When I pulled them from my face, suddenly my vision became better—which made no sense—and the headache I hadn’t realized I had started to fade.

What was going on?

Sitting at my computer, I could hear Sharon walking back to her office.

Finally, I got it. All my senses had sharpened. How? Magic, obviously.

This was seriously messed up.

But I still eavesdropped on Sharon. Her office wasn’t that far but I could only hear one side of her conversation.

I knew I was eavesdropping, but I didn’t care. Sharon was a cruel boss.

“My pussy is still throbbing from this morning.”

I could just barely hear a reply. She was using her cell phone so the voice was next to impossible to decipher.

It didn’t matter.

“I’d rather be in bed with you. I hate this job. The moment I can, I’m leaving.”

Short pause.

“Of course you can come with me. You came with me this morning.”

She laughed.

“Yes. Fucking a married man is better. Am I better than her?”

She laughed again. I was almost interested in continuing to listen in but was rudely interrupted.

“Hello, Ana.”

I sighed. It wasn’t a sigh of happiness. “Hello Anton.”

“Busy tonight?” he asked. From the first day I started at DDCO, Inc. Anton had been a constant presence in my life trying to ask me out on a date. It wasn’t that he was ugly or boring; it was that I didn’t date where I worked.

Lately I hadn’t dated at all.

“Always,” I muttered.

“Come on! Take a night off for once. Either you’re going to get fired tomorrow because Ms. Kalaji’s presentation today will be a huge failure, or you’ll be rewarded tomorrow because her presentation was a huge success.”

“Thanks for stating the obvious and no one around here ever gets rewarded for hard work. Or any work.”

“So let’s leave early. There’s a great little bistro I know. We’ll have lunch and then go back to my place.”

I frowned at him. “No. I have...plans.”

“Plans?”

“I’m doing genealogy research.”

He laughed at me. “Is that the new version of ‘I’m washing my hair’?” he snickered.

I was done with Anton. He couldn’t take a subtle hint so I opened the top button of my shirt and pulled on the collar exposing my hickey.

“I have a boyfriend,” I told him.

Anton was crestfallen. “Oh.”

“I’ll see you later.”

He nodded and walked away sadly.

It only took me a few minutes to finalize the spreadsheet. I sent it to Sharon and took a moment to savor the minor accomplishment. It was by no means done, but it would serve her purposes.

Once that was done, I focused myself on personal matters.

Specifically, my family lineage.

Chapter 4

Without going too deeply into it, I have a weird family history that only got weirder the further back I went. Some advanced googling and using company money to pay for research that had nothing to do with my job revealed some old family members with a sketchy history and more than a little criminal activity. It was fascinating, but didn't explain a whole lot.

The moment I could, I grabbed my laptop and got the heck out of the office. I needed to speak to my familiar.

The problem was I was far too sensitive now. Not just my eyesight and hearing, but every nerve ending in my body. I could feel my lady bits rubbing against my underwear as I dashed home.

I wasn't sure if I was disappointed or upset or just happy with the state of the world when I saw Jack the cat sleeping in my bed.

For half a second I was certain that I had dreamed and/or hallucinated it all. Jack was just a stray that had inserted himself into my life.

"Right," I said firmly. "There's only one way to establish that."

He complained in a chirping noise as I reached for his collar but he was too sleepy to really resist. The moment I opened up the collar, the change happened.

Instead of a sleepy cat in my bed, I suddenly had a naked man.

And I felt the collar around my neck.

"Oh my." I realized everything that was going on.

"I was napping," Jack grumpily complained and pulled a pillow over his head.

I poked him in the side. Even his side was muscular. That was sexy.

"Hey! Wake up. You have a lot of questions to answer."

"Do the questions come with food?" he asked, his voice muffled under the pillow.

"No."

“Do they come with sex?”

“Eww! No!”

“Then I don’t want to answer.”

I grabbed the pillow to pull it away.

He grabbed it just as firmly to keep it in place.

We played tug of war for a minute.

I lost.

I huffed in frustration. “Fine. Will you answer questions for food?”

That was the right question.

I pulled one more time on the pillow and ripped it away from him because he had let go of it. I pillow socked myself in the face.

“Food?” he asked eagerly. “Tuna?”

“Uh...sure. I probably have a couple of cans in the kitchen.”

He jumped up and ran buck naked to the kitchen.

I followed.

“Okay, first a couple of rules,” I said as I made my way there. “You need to start wearing some clothes. Second, you need to answer a whole bunch of—”

I stopped mid-rant. Jack was in the process of tearing my kitchen apart looking for tuna. Cans and plates and packages of food were everywhere.

“Third, you can’t make a giant mess!” I screamed at him.

“What?”

I held up a hand and said, “ Just stop. You’re destroying everything.” I spied a can of tuna on the floor, scooped it up, and went to the drawer for a can opener.

“I’ll feed you to get you to calm down,” I explained while he continued to pester me as I went through the motions to open the can.

He didn’t even allow me to dump it in a bowl, let alone mix it with something to make it a touch more palatable. Instead, he used his fingers to shove the morsels of fish flesh into his mouth.

“Okay, you need to explain everything starting with how you got here, why you are here, and what happened last night.”

He ate. He spilled the beans. By the time he was done, I was in shock. For a long moment I just stared blankly. He ran his finger inside the empty tuna can, trying to get a last scrap. When that didn’t work, he stuck his tongue inside the can and promptly cut it.

“OW! FUCK!”

I blanched. “Please don’t swear. It’s rude.”

Jack glared at me and ran to the bathroom. I followed. He was staring at himself in the mirror, tongue out.

It was bleeding and kinda gross.

“Oh no. We should get you to a doctor.”

He babbled something with his tongue sticking out. “Nah. I cuv fizz eh.”

Before I could react, he glared at himself in the mirror. There was a bright flash and...his tongue was back to normal.

“What?! How did you...what?” I, in a word, was amazed.

He grinned at me. “Magic. Simple magic.”

“Yeah, but...I can’t do that.”

Jack gave me the look of superiority that all cats instinctively have. “Yes you can. Think about it.”

I didn’t want to think about it. I had so many more questions. I mean, it was one

thing to learn directly from Jack about my family's very sordid and very interesting history. Crimes. Love triangles. The fact that my great-great-grandmother was some sort of witch who escaped burning in Europe and fled to the United States only to be killed by a lover.

It was all very complex and I was still digesting it.

"I can do magic?" I asked.

"You're a witch, aren't you? You summoned me, didn't you?"

"Yeah...about that. You're the family's familiar?"

"Yes. And you are the last of your line so you get me."

I didn't want to think about Great-great-grandmother Rose getting it on with Jack because I had just gotten it on with Jack last night.

"So...what exactly are you? A human or a cat?"

He regarded me balefully. "I am a familiar. I can take the shape of a cat or a human. I am neither and both."

"Uh huh. Can you be something else? Like a bat or a spider or a butterfly?"

He wrinkled his nose and pushed by me, exiting the bathroom. "Why would I want to be any of those? It's bad enough having to take the form of a human when I can simply be the perfect form of a cat all the time."

I smiled. He was easy. Sort of.

"Well, we have one small problem," I said while following him out to the living room where he was inspecting every object. The couch. The book case. The television. My pile of knitting I hadn't touched in weeks. My row of windows that had first attracted me to the apartment. They were huge.

And Jack was naked.

"Oh good Lord, get away from the windows, you're naked!"

He hiss at me. "Don't use that name around me."

I was confused. “What name?”

“Lord,” he sneered the word. “You’re a witch. Show it. If you need to curse, at least spit out ‘Oh my goddess!’ or ‘In the name of Her Earth!’”

“I’ll try to remember. But you can’t be naked in front of the windows.”

“Why?” he asked as I pushed him back. It was late afternoon and probably no one was looking up at my third floor apartment windows, but still. I had to maintain some dignity.

“So...you can’t do that here. You need clothes.”

He hissed at me. “I don’t like wearing clothes! Your great-great-great uncle Hadley tried to make me wear clothes. I didn’t like it.”

“You only need to wear them when we’re outside,” I assured him. “And you’re in human form.” he

“Why is a witch in the middle of the city?” He asked. “All of your progenitors preferred the countryside. By the way…” He whirled around and confronted me. My eyes went to his manhood. It was soft but I could easily imagine it hard. Again. “How is your mother? Emily was her name if I remember correctly.”

I looked away. “She’s no longer with us.”

“Oh. How did she die?”

I stared out the window. “Car crash. With my father. A long time ago.”

He showed an ounce of compassion. “I’m sorry. Is your Grandmother Susan still alive? What about Great Aunt Linda?”

I shook my head. “Last of my line, like you said.”

“Oh.”

We sat in silence for a while. I realized if he was my family familiar, he knew these people as well and felt their loss. I was the first one to shuffle off the depression.

“I have to call my friend Grey.”

“Why?”

“To bring you some clothes.”

“Why?”

“Because you can’t be naked all the time and you look to be about his size and I can’t afford to go out and buy you a complete wardrobe.”

“I see...is Grey a lover of yours?”

I laughed gaily. “I wish. Grey is...a friend. I had a crush on him a long time ago...but he’s gay.”

“Interesting,” Jack purred.

I was taken aback. “Are you gay?” I asked.

He chuckled at me. “You’re asking that after last night? No. I merely have...curiosity.”

“Okay. Hold on. Let me call him.” I found my phone on the table and called Grey.

Grey much preferred all communication via text, but this was an emergency.

At least that’s what I told myself.

“Oh my god who died?” Grey said upon answering his phone.

“Why do you do that?” I asked him.

“Because you’re calling me on the phone, girl! Is someone in the hospital?”

“No. Stop it. I just need you to bring over a couple of changes of men’s clothing. Your size.”

“What’s his name?” Grey purred over the phone. He could switch gears easily like that.

“Jack.”

“And where did you find this tasty bit of man-meat that you had to tear his clothes off his body leaving him naked in your apartment?”

I could hear the fantasy being spun up in Grey’s mind.

The fantasy wasn’t nearly as exciting as the reality.

“It’s a complicated story. How long before you can get here?”

“Fifteen minutes. Ten if I can see him naked.”

“He’s not wearing anything now,” I said.

“Bye!” Grey couldn’t end the call fast enough.

Jack had watched me with great curiosity as I spoke. “Is that a cordless phone? It’s so small.”

“Uh...it’s a cell phone.”

Jack was puzzled. “Cell phone?” He grabbed it out of my hand and inspected it carefully. It was clear he had little clue as to how it worked. Heck, people in the middle of Africa knew how to use cell phones.

“Do you not know what a cell phone is?”

He looked up at me. “I haven’t been summoned in over twenty years. It’s hard to keep up with human technology changes now. Even a hundred years ago it was easy now…” he shrugged his shoulders.

So, because I didn’t want to have sex with him because Grey was rushing over and undoubtedly would interrupt us, I showed Jack how to use a cell phone. I’ll give him credit, he was quick to grab the whole concept. He certainly wasn’t stupid.

Just as I was starting to get bored with teaching cell phone basics and was starting to eye Jack’s manhood, there was a knock on my door followed by it immediately opening.

Grey was my best friend—yes, cliche single girl in the semi-big city has a gay best friend, I know—and had a key to my place.

“Hello!” He called out and rushed in. I knew why. He wanted an eyeful before it was covered up. “Your rescuer is here!”

I didn’t blame him.

Grey stopped dead in his tracks when he spied Jack sitting next to me on the couch. He fanned himself with his hand. “Oh my...I’m going to need rescuing now. My heart just stopped.”

I rolled my eyes. “Quit being overly dramatic, Grey, and hand over the clothes.”

He was carrying an elaborate fabric bag which he wordlessly passed to me. Grey wasn’t even subtle about it; he was staring directly at Jack’s crotch.

The staring was even more obvious when Jack stood up to shake Grey’s hand.

“Please call me Jack,” my familiar lover said.

“Please call me anytime,” Grey teased.

Jack was puzzled for a second and then smiled. “Clever.”

“I’m many things, darling. Clever is the least of them. It’s just a tragedy you met poor Ana first. I can show you such wonders.”

While they were speaking I opened Grey’s bag and quickly rummaged through it. One thing you couldn’t accuse him of was being a fashion disaster. Maybe the clothes were a little too stylish for Jack. Still, I had to try.

“Here!” I said thrusting several items at Jack. “Put these on.”

“Oh, Ana, don’t make him get dressed. That would be like putting clothes on Michelangelo’s David.” He was practically drooling now. “No. That would be like dressing a Greek god who has no need of covering up.”

“I’m no god,” said Jack as he pulled on the brightly colored bikini briefs that Grey had supplied. “I’m Ana’s familiar.”

Once Jack's penis was tucked away, Grey could focus his attention elsewhere. "I'd say she was overly familiar with you...the way I'd like to be." He rested a finger on Jack's muscular chest.

"Grey," I warned him. "We've talked about you hitting on my...my um…"

"If you can't define the relationship, darling, then he's not yours."

Jack spoke up. "I already told you: I'm her familiar."

Grey was nonplussed. "What?"

I sighed. "He's my familiar."

The term made Grey furrow his brow. "Is that a new kink?" His eyes focused on me. "I haven't heard of it. And you've never been one for kink, Ana."

"It's not a kink. And I love kinky sex." I took a breath. "Okay, brace yourself."

"That's what I told Robbie last night. We were short of lube." He leered at me.

I ignored the comment and launched into an explanation of everything that happened recently.

He didn't buy it.

Grey laughed in my face. Jack watched the interchange between us with rapt interest. In response to his laughter I pulled down the collar of the sweatshirt I was wearing.

I'm one for modest clothing and I didn't want to get into a discussion right away with Grey over why I was wearing what was obviously a fetish leather collar. But there we were.

Grey's laughter died when I revealed the collar.

"Girl, what are you wearing that thing for? That's not you."

Needless to say, Grey didn't know everything about my sex life. I told him a lot but not everything. The last thing I wanted was for him to go searching through my bottom dresser drawer.

“I just explained to you, Grey,” I told him with an annoyed huff. “Here. Watch.”

Before he or Jack could say anything else I removed the collar from around my neck. It melted or disappeared from my hands the moment it was free. There wasn’t so much a flash but a disruption that made us look to where Jack had been standing.

He had been replaced with the now familiar to me black cat with a collar around his neck.

“Holy fucking shit and jumping Jesus on a pogo stick,” Grey cursed.

“Grey, please, don’t use profanity,” I said calmly as I approached Cat Jack.

“You just turned your boyfriend into a fucking CAT!” he screamed at me.

“He’s not my boyfriend,” I said as I knelt down to Cat Jack and worked at the collar. It took a second, but then there was that same familiar disruption and I was abruptly knocked on my butt when human Jack reappeared.

“You’re playing a silly game,” he said to me.

His clothes were gone. I noticed they were on the floor where he had been standing, which was a good thing because him changing back and forth and destroying clothing would get expensive very quickly.

“How...what...why...how...ohmigod!” Grey pressed his hand to his chest and looked like he wanted to faint. He did that enough in my place that I had seriously considered getting a fainting couch—half as a joke and half because it was useful.

“Magic,” I explained like I was an expert all of the sudden.

Grey lowered himself to the couch and focused on breathing. “I can’t deal with this,” he moaned.

“Well, you’re going to have to,” I told him. “Because I’ve got a magic demonic familiar and I’ve got a plan to use him.”

“Please,” Jack said, “I’m not a demon. I’m a supernatural entity, neither demon

or fairy, devil or celestial."

"Can you help me use magic to get what I want?" I asked him.

"Yes."

"Great. Then you can be whatever you want to be."

Hearing that I was going to use Jack, Grey's ears pricked up. "How do you plan on using this delightful boy?" he asked eagerly, his fainting spell forgotten.

"I'm still working on the plan, but I'm going to get what I want out of DDCO, Inc. and I'm going to put my bitch of a boss in her place."

"Oooh, girl, that sounds delightful. If you're going to be using him for that...can I use him for something else?"

Grey couldn't resist. He reached out to caress Jack's naked hip, letting his hand drift around to cup Jack's buttock.

I expected Jack to freak out. Instead, he smiled at Grey. I had been spending too much time with men who weren't secure in their sexuality.

I had to remember that Jack wasn't really human.

"No you may not use him for something else!" I insisted.

"Let's not be so hasty," Jack said, turning a bit for Grey's benefit, giving my gay friend a good look at his slowly swelling member.

"Yes, not hasty," Grey agreed. "Let's take this slow and languorously."

I stopped him just as his hand started to reach for Jack's now half-erection.

"I don't think so," I said firmly. "He's my familiar and I will not have you...soiling him!"

"You can say fucking, Ana. Don't be such a prude." He had only paused and his fingers now curled around Jack's nearly full phallus. Grey moved too quickly and suddenly his mouth was open and he started sucking on Jack's erection.

I wanted to stop him. But I wanted to watch the two of them together much, much more.

I didn’t indulge in porn all that much, mostly it was a curiosity thing. When I got hot and bothered I went out and looked for a partner. I liked sex with a partner much more than doing it solo.

But watching men...I had never seen men do it in person. My preferred porn category was gay men. Any sort of gay men. As good as porn was when I was horny, watching Grey give Jack oral sex in person was so much better.

I was embarrassed, but not embarrassed enough to stop myself. I unbuttoned my pants and pushed my hand into my underwear.

Jack was faintly moaning as Grey pushed his head all the way forward, swallowing all of Jack’s impressive manhood.

My fingers found my wetness between my lips; I had already soaked my underwear.

I had never seen Grey do anything with a man other than kiss. To have gone right to oral sex was insane to me.

That didn’t mean I stopped it.

Watching my friend have sex with my familiar was weird. Again, not weird enough to stop.

I also learned a lot about fellatio technique watching in person—rather than trying to get tips from porn—from watching Grey. I was eager to try out those observed techniques, but my current problem was the way my pants were trapping my fingers. There wasn’t enough room to move around with them on.

There was only one solution.

I pulled them off and pushed down my panties as Grey truly threw himself into sucking off Jack.

I had never come close to having a threeway before. It wasn’t something that particularly interested me, but now that I had two men in my living room going

at it...I was suddenly open to new ideas.

At first, I just watched while masturbating. I half wanted to run to my bedroom and go into my bottom dresser drawer, but that would have meant time away from what Jack and Grey were doing. Instead, I just pinched a nipple through my shirt and rubbed my clitoris with just the right amount of pressure.

Grey had always bragged about having an active sex life, and I knew he had plenty of boyfriends, but it was interesting to see how eager he was to perform oral on another man.

And for Jack's part...I wasn't sure if I should have been upset with him for so willingly submitting to another man's need to blow him, or if it was just part of his supernatural essence. Or maybe he was just a giant man-slut. There was also the possibility I was jealous though I wasn't sure what I had to be jealous of.

I was just about to get to my climax when Grey took Jack's erection out of his mouth. That upset me. It spoiled the mood. "I just want you to know that I don't fuck on the first date. This blowjob will have to be good enough."

"It's fine," Jack reassured him and bent down to kiss Grey.

Okay, I was jealous.

I was even more jealous when Jack pushed his erection back into Grey's greedy mouth. He grabbed the sides of Grey's head and started thrusting, using my friend's mouth like a woman's lady bits.

It was hot.

I made my hand go faster and I started breathing so heavily I was certain I was distracting them.

Not even close. Grey and Jack were far too into each other to bother listening to the heavy breathing of a slightly overweight voyeur who got off to gay sex shows.

"I'm gonna cum," Jack grunted as he continued to use Grey's mouth. Grey put his hands over Jack's but he didn't pull back at all.

It was wonderful when Jack climaxed. Grey made a couple of gulping noises as he swallowed Jack's ejaculate, and then Jack pulled back and finished his orgasm all over Grey's face.

That was too hot for me. I climaxed when I saw that. I was loud. Much louder than I wanted to be. Even so, they didn't take notice of me.

"Oh, I needed that," Grey laughed as he wiped at his face. He got off his knees and went to my tiny kitchen where he grabbed some paper towels to wipe his face. Classy.

Jack turned to me; his penis was still mostly erect. I couldn't tear my eyes away from it. "Did you like the show?"

My fingers were still faintly trembling from my orgasm. "Yes."

"Want me to keep fucking him?" Jack asked almost innocently.

"Uhh...no...you don't need to do that," I said magnanimously. I didn't even correct him on his crude language. I would have to get used to it.

Jack looked with great disappointment at his erection. He wasn't rock hard, but it was more than tempting to me.

Before anything else could happen, Grey reappeared. "If you don't want to fuck him, darling , I'm more than happy to offer up my ass to him." Grey was practically salivating at the opportunity. He giggled. "Or any other body part. Or if you don't want that, dearie," he added, running his fingers down Jack's chest, stopping right above the dark black hair that grew around his manhood, "I'm more than happy to fuck you anyway you want." Grey, never one for subtlety, licked his lips.

Jack was practically polite. "Please don't take this the wrong way, but Ana is my mistress and I need to do what she asks."

"She hasn't asked you for anything," Grey said, taking advantage of the opportunity.

"Yet," I quickly interjected.

“Hmpf!” was Grey’s comment. “Then ask.”

I looked at Jack and he took my hand in his. I was weak in the knees and it wasn’t from my orgasm. “Jack, would you like...would you like to go to bed with me?”

Grey sighed and rolled his eyes in annoyance.

Jack smiled. “I’m not tired.”

“Neither am I,” Grey said. “How about we fuck?”

Jack hadn’t taken his eyes off me. I was half naked and he was fully naked, but it didn’t seem weird.

I glared angrily at Grey and directed my words at Jack. “Jack would you like to go to bed with me and have sex?”

I don’t know why I have so much trouble talking about sex and asking for what I wanted. I was more than happy to do whatever any of my partners wanted to try. And, of course, I couldn’t actually use any dirty words when talking about sex. Or even during sex. I wasn’t a person to use profanity even when it was perfectly appropriate and even wanted.

Jack’s response thrilled me. “I’d love that.”

I actually blushed.

“There’s nothing wrong with being bi, sweetie,” said Grey, “but you should have let me know that before I went down on you.”

Jack looked at him. “You’re welcome to watch.”

I wasn’t sure if I liked that but it didn’t matter.

Grey blanched. “I’m not into watching breeder sex.”

“Then if we do it here in the living room, you’ll leave?” I asked.

“Gawd, that’s the last thing I want to see.”

I then pulled my shirt and bra off in one movement so I was as naked as Jack.

“I’m leaving!” Grey announced and ran for the door.

I didn’t care. I was too focused on Jack because he was leaning down to kiss me and his erection was pressing up against me.

After that I don’t know what happened to Grey. Jack actually picked me up—he picked my fat ass up and carried me to the bedroom. No one had ever done that to me before. I mean, I’m not that heavy, but come on, what man actually picks up a woman and carries her around nowadays?

I suddenly appreciated the powerful caveman trope.

But Jack wasn’t a caveman. He was a lean and muscular cat-man if anything.

I felt so wanton getting carried. When we arrived at the bed Jack’s hands were all over me. I loved it. My own hands were all over him. His muscular chest and arms. His soft hair that hung in his eyes. His washboard abs. His cheeks rough with stubble. His firm buttocks. His hard erection.

He put me on my back to kiss and lick and suck on my neck and shoulders. I loved it when he moved down to my breasts and gently nibbled on my little pink buds. He was making me so wet and I just let him use my body. I mean, why wouldn’t I.

As he progressed down to my belly, he poked his tongue into my navel and that made me giggle. I’m not excessively ticklish, but that was one of my spots.

I started breathing heavily as he went further south and his tongue carved a path through my barely trimmed and shaped dark brown thatch. When the tip of his tongue found my clitoris I moaned much louder than I intended, but it was that good. My hands went to my breasts to hold onto something because I didn’t want to grab his head and distract him.

When he started licking me, I screamed in delight. He looked up at me and we briefly locked eyes, but he went right back to work on my nether regions.

I adore a good round of cunnilingus. It wasn’t the only thing that made me orgasm, but I loved the orgasms generated that way because they were different

from masturbation or intercourse.

But I could barely control myself as Jack used me. My hips were rocking back and forth on his face. I locked my ankles together behind his back, holding his face in place. His arms went around my thighs and we were cinched together with him pleasuring me.

I could hear myself being loud, but there wasn't anything I could do about it.

I mean, there was, but I didn't want to do any of those things because I didn't want Jack's tongue anywhere else for the rest of my life.

When I climaxed I realized I was crushing the life out of Jack, strangling him with my thighs around his face and neck, suffocating him. It went on forever. Not only did my neighbors know I was having sex, but everyone on my block did as well.

It was worth it.

After my minute of crisis had finally passed, I relaxed and was relieved to see that I hadn't inadvertently murdered Jack. He pulled his face up from my soaking quim and licked his lips and chin with his long, raspy tongue, looking for all the world like the cat that had been caught in the cream.

It was only then that I realized how rough his tongue was. While it wasn't exactly sandpaper, it was much rougher than any other man's tongue I had ever been with. I appreciated that.

"Was it good for you?" he asked me.

I had to not giggle when he uttered those cliche words.

"It was heavenly."

"Can we keep going?"

"Of course!" I wanted more and more but I couldn't openly admit that to him.

Without waiting for further permission, Jack abruptly flipped me over from my back so that I was face down on the bed. He then yanked me up on hands and

knees. Before I could protest that I wanted some languorous lovemaking in the traditional missionary position, his manhood was probing between my legs. I was so wet he didn't need my help to find my entrance. He just pushed inside me.

I didn't complain. I just groaned loudly as he filled me up. "Yesss…" I hissed as my body accepted his welcome invasion.

As much as I wanted to make love to him face-to-face, I wasn't going to turn him down or fight him, but for me, sex when I could look into my partner's eyes was always better.

Or at least it had always been better that way up until I had sex with Jack.

I wouldn't admit it out loud, but sex with the being that called himself my familiar was incredible. Easily the best I ever had, I just needed to keep that to myself.

I loved the way that Jack used my body to create pleasure in me. I'm sure he wasn't doing it just for my benefit

And still, I felt like we were rutting like animals. But aren't we all animals?

I knew I should have been using a condom, but at that point I didn't care. I'm sure that's a sentiment that has been said by far too many women who wound up pregnant...or worse.

The sex was intense and rough and I loved it.

He made me climax twice more before he finally finished in me. My vagina was sore from his barbed tool, but it was more than worth it. I think his ejaculate actually made some of the pain go away.

That slightly disappointed me because the pain made the sex more ferocious.

I lay under Jack for a pleasant minute before I realized I was hearing something. Starting to worry, I elbowed Jack off me. He rolled away, already half asleep.

I stumbled out into the living room, pulling my thin robe around my body.

When I saw what was waiting for me, I stopped dead in my tracks.

“What are you still doing here, Grey?”

He was seated on my couch watching my TV and eating my snacks.

“Waiting for you to finish. Did you know that you’re loud in bed?”

I sighed. “I’m done. Get out.” I started to grab the bowl of snack mix away from him.

He smoothly countered. “Wait. I have an idea. You know how you complain about your bitch boss all the time?”

“Sharon. Yes.”

“I have an idea that might get you some much needed revenge.”

He grinned evilly.

I should have kicked him out...or at least sent him to my bedroom to see Jack.

Instead I said:

“Go on…”

To Be Continued

Preview

Tiresias 1: Michael

Yes, going home with a guy I just met at a party thrown by a friend of a friend wasn't a great idea. But, in my defense, one, I was drunk and, two, I was horny, and, three, I was young and stupid.

Is that four reasons?

Anyway, the sex was great, what I remember of it. I do remember taking off his pants and being thrilled he already had a hard-on. It's not that I mind giving blowjobs. I sort of like giving them, but I've been with half-drunk guys before who couldn't get it up no matter how long I sucked on their dicks.

More importantly, Michael's cock was perfect. It was even beautiful. Not too big and not too small; I felt a little bit like Goldilocks. And believe me, guys bragging that they have a foot long in their pants don't get laid nearly as much as they claim. Very few women want something that big in their pussy. On the other hand, something that is more akin to an unimpressive dry erase marker is a disappointment to everyone involved. I like average and I was thrilled when Michael had exactly that.

I remember sucking him a bit, not that he needed it, but because I wanted to. He did his fair share of the work as well. He went down on me like a champ. The last time I was with a virgin was with my high school boyfriend and I am never doing that again. Michael knew exactly what he was doing between a woman's legs. I loved looking down at his shaggy blonde hair as he ate me out.

Yes, since you asked, he did make me cum that way. It wasn't the greatest orgasm of my life, but it was fun.

And yes, we fucked. We weren't so drunk that we forgot the condom either. We did the classic three: missionary, cowgirl, doggy. I don't know how many times I came, but it was more than a handful. He came only the once, but that seemed to satisfy him.

Then we fell asleep.

That’s when it all went weird and strange and sideways and pear-shaped.

I’m all for experimentation in the bedroom. Toys. Games. Bondage. Spanking. Lingerie and fetish wear. Role playing. I’ve only done a handful of threesomes and they were always with two guys. Not that I was opposed to doing a MFF. Having sex with a woman one-on-one wasn’t on my bucket list, but I could see it happening in a group situation.

What I’m saying is that I’m open-minded and short of some extreme stuff, I wouldn’t automatically say no to anything.

But I distinctly remembered falling asleep next to Michael.

I woke up next to a woman.

I was a little girl about it. I didn’t exactly scream, but I yelped and jumped out of bed, dragging half the covers with me getting them into a tangled mess on the floor. This caused me to completely uncover her and prevent me from having anything to cover myself with.

Naturally, my actions woke her up.

“Who are you?” I demanded of the stranger.

Even though it was way too early in the morning and I was a little hung over and she didn’t look her best upon waking up, I could recognize she was pretty and, if I’m being honest, she had a better body than me, so of course I started hating her right away.

The strange blonde sat bolt upright, made a half-hearted attempt to cover herself, an action which was mirrored by me covering my boobs with my left arm and crotch with my right hand. I wasn’t sure why I was doing that.

“Oh shit!” she muttered, blinking and looking around. “I fell asleep.”

“Yeah!” I all but screamed at her. “You fell asleep in my bed! Where the fuck is Michael.”

I was proud of myself that I had remembered my previous night's partner's name.

"I'm Michael," she said. "I mean, I'm Michelle. Just Michelle."

I glanced down at her crotch. She had a blonde triangle of curly hair and, very distinctly, no dick. No cock. No frank and beans.

I knew I had sucked cock last night. I knew that I had been properly fucked by that same cock.

I was drunk, yes, but was it out of consideration that I would have gone home with a woman?

I wanted to say yes, that was impossible, but I knew it wasn't. I could have, but I knew I hadn't.

Did I somehow hook up with a cross dresser, a woman pretending to be a man, and take him...her...home? I didn't see a strapon harness and cock anywhere on, in, or around the bed. Sure, she could have been wearing one, but I knew I had sucked and fucked a real cock, not some realistic dildo.

Had I?

Michael...or Michelle...or whoever—I was already getting confused on names and I had only been awake for a minute—moved to pull up the sheets just high enough to cover her crotch.

I wanted a better look. Not because I like looking at people's naughty bits—though truth be told, I do, a little—but because I was starting to have all sorts of doubts.

As I started to lean forward for that close inspection, I caught myself. What the hell was I doing?

This whole thing was insane.

Okay, so I had picked up a woman who was maybe crossdressing as a man and had some lesbian sex which—as I remembered it—was pretty damn good.

What was the problem?

I straightened up and grabbed my robe from the hook where I kept it next to the door.

Feeling a little bolder now that I was covered up and my guest was still naked and exposed, I took a deep breath and said, “Okay, let’s start over. Sorry about my reaction. I was certain I had gone home last night with a guy.”

“You did,” said Michelle.

I blinked. “I’m sorry, what?”

“You did,” she repeated. “You went home with a man last night.”

“Uh...I’m not trying to be close-minded or anything, but I’m looking at your naked tits right now and those, along with everything else I’m seeing, tells me you’re a woman.”

She shifted uncomfortably in my bed and tried to casually cover her breasts with her arm. Her hair wasn’t nearly long enough to cover them, so that part of my memory was intact.

“You went home with a man last night. We had sex. And then during the night I changed from a man to a woman,” Michelle explained like she was giving me the basics of biology.

“That’s not how sex works,” I said, still more than a little confused. “That’s not how gender works. That’s not how humans work! How did you just…” and here I gestured without purpose, “just change into a woman?”

She shrugged and said, “I don’t know. It happens every time I have sex. I change from male to female or female to male.”

I just gawped at her.

“I’d better go,” she said, slipping out of the bed to gather the clothing I had strewn about the room last night when I had stripped Michael before we had sex. I watched her closely. I felt that was my right because it was my damn apartment and I was still confused as hell.

Casual Oxford button down shirt.

Jeans.

Black socks, ankle high.

Plain sneakers.

No bra.

Boxers.

She had boxers and no panties. And no bra.

She started dressing as I watched. Definitely no dick between her legs. I definitely remembered sucking a dick last night. No micro-dick either. It was full sized. Not exactly huge, but big enough to satisfy me.

The boxers were big enough to go over her hips but weren't exactly a good fit. Besides, the boxers over panties look had expired two decades ago. I continued to watch her dress.

Jeans were an okay fit, but lots of guys wore baggy jeans while women preferred them to be a bit tighter. I know I did. My ass actually looks better in tight jeans than unclothed, I'll be honest.

The shirt was the giveaway.

Her tits weren't that big, but they were big enough Bs or Cs. The shirt was tailored to a slim body. She couldn't get it buttoned up. Her boobs prevented it. Some women would go braless under such a shirt, but not looking like she did.

We both looked down at her compressed boobs trying to escape the shirt. It was a terrible look.

"Do you have a sweatshirt I could borrow?" she finally asked me.

"You want to borrow a sweatshirt from me?" I asked evenly. I understood why, but I was reluctant to give her what she wanted.

"Yeah. So I don't have to walk home like this. So I don't get catcalled by every

fucking piece of shit I pass on the street. Help a girl out."

"Aren't you a guy?" I asked her, half curious, half trying to piss her off.

She didn't answer my question. "I promise I'll return it. Girl code."

"You're a man."

"Right now I'm a woman. Here," she said, digging in a pocket of her jeans and pulling out a man's wallet. She removed the driver's license and showed me the picture and the address. "See? I live in the city. I should probably call a Lyft or Uber. I should have worn a jacket last night, but it was so warm out."

I grabbed the ID away from her. Michael Campbell. The picture was striking. It was the man I fucked last night. I recognized the brilliant blue eyes and shaggy blonde hair. I held the picture up where I could easily compare it next to Michelle's face. It was the same face, only more feminine.

I glanced at the height. Five foot ten. I'm five eight. Michael wasn't that much taller than me. Michelle was tall for a woman and I was certain she stood five ten.

"Do you have a twin or something?"I asked. "Are you transitioning?"

"No. I told you. Every time I have sex, I change gender. Yes it's fucking weird. I meant to leave last night before this happened. It's a fucking pain in the ass. Sorry to upset you. Can I please borrow a sweatshirt or something?"

In a morning full of surprises, I surprised myself in that moment.

I kissed Michelle.

She was shocked for a moment before she kissed me back.

I remembered the kiss. It lacked the stubble from Michael's beard but her tongue and taste and feeling, it was all the same.

I had never kissed a girl before. It was more enjoyable than I would have guessed.

It was long and drawn out. I felt her tits mashed up underneath Michael's shirt pressed up against my own hidden under my heavy robe. It was weird and exciting.

I had fallen asleep the night before promising myself I'd give Michael a wake up blowjob because he seemed like a nice guy and maybe we could make a relationship after our sleazy hookup.

Those plans had been derailed.

Michelle broke the kiss and pushed me back. I think she was just as surprised as I was, which only made sense. I wasn't acting rationally.

"What the hell was that all about?"

"I wanted to see if...if you still kissed the same." My explanation made no sense. That was fine.

"Okay, I need to go now," she said, dropping the sweatshirt issue.

As she started to step away, I grabbed her arms, holding her in place. "Let's have sex," I propositioned her. I had done that before with a few men. It had always worked with men because...well, men are men and I'm a rather good fuck and fairly attractive, if I do say so myself.

"What? Why?"

"If we have sex, you'll change back to a man, right? That'll prove you're not lying."

Michelle laughed at me. "It doesn't work that way. If I'm a woman, I have to have sex with a man to change to a man. If I'm a man, I have to have sex with a woman to change to a woman. See?"

"That makes no sense."

"I didn't create the rules," she said bitterly. "Just let me go and we'll forget this ever happened."

I let go of her arms and stepped back, letting my robe fall open, displaying

myself to her. “Let’s have sex. I’ve never had sex with a woman before.” I was still determined to get a close look between her legs. I wanted to prove she was either a liar or I wasn’t going crazy.

Michelle gently shook her head back and forth. “You know, I’ve never had sex in the morning.”

“Okay…”

“It’s because I run out of the bedroom the minute after I’m done having sex. It’s hard to explain all of this,” she said gesturing to her body.

“I can understand that.” I couldn’t understand it at all, but I was rolling with life. “I woke up horny.” I honestly couldn’t explain why I wanted to have sex with Michelle right then and there, but I wanted it.

I stepped closer to her. “If you switch back and forth between being a man and a woman...have you ever had sex with someone of the same gender?”

Michelle actually blushed. It was cute. “Uh...yes. I’m bisexual.”

“I guess that makes your little problem a little easier to deal with.”

“Yeah.”

I had been edging closer and she hadn’t bothered moving away.

At this point we were basically nipple to nipple. Except I was wearing an open robe and she was wearing an Oxford too small for her tits.

Michelle made the next move. Stepping forward, mashing her tits against mine, ducking her head to kiss me.

It was an intense kiss.

Okay, let’s be honest. I’ve drunkenly kissed a couple of women before, mostly to excite guys who were watching at a party or in a bar.

This was nothing like that. It was so intense I felt it right in my pussy.

I was getting wet. I had never gotten wet for a woman before.

From there it was easy to move things forward. I let my robe drop off my shoulders. Michelle put her hands around my waist and drew me in tight before cupping my ass. I struggled a little against her—she was bigger and stronger, but not significantly so—but I managed to open the two buttons she had fastened allowing her to drop the shirt.

We moved back to my bed. Her jeans and boxers came off.

I was on top, half crouching on her, when she slipped a hand between my legs to feel my wet pussy.

I moaned. I pushed my tongue deeper into her mouth to encourage her further. I couldn't help myself; I started rocking my hips to get more friction from her fingers onto my clit.

"You sure you've never had sex with a woman before?" Michelle asked me, briefly breaking our kiss.

"Never." I put my mouth back on hers and kept kissing. At this point I couldn't help myself. I wanted to know my own limits. I moved off her mouth and down to her neck and kept moving down.

Eventually I had moved enough that Michelle's fingers pulled free of my pussy. My lips found her breast and then her nipple. I sucked the sensitive little bit of flesh into my mouth.

Michelle moaned.

My hand found her other nipple and I gently squeezed.

She 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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