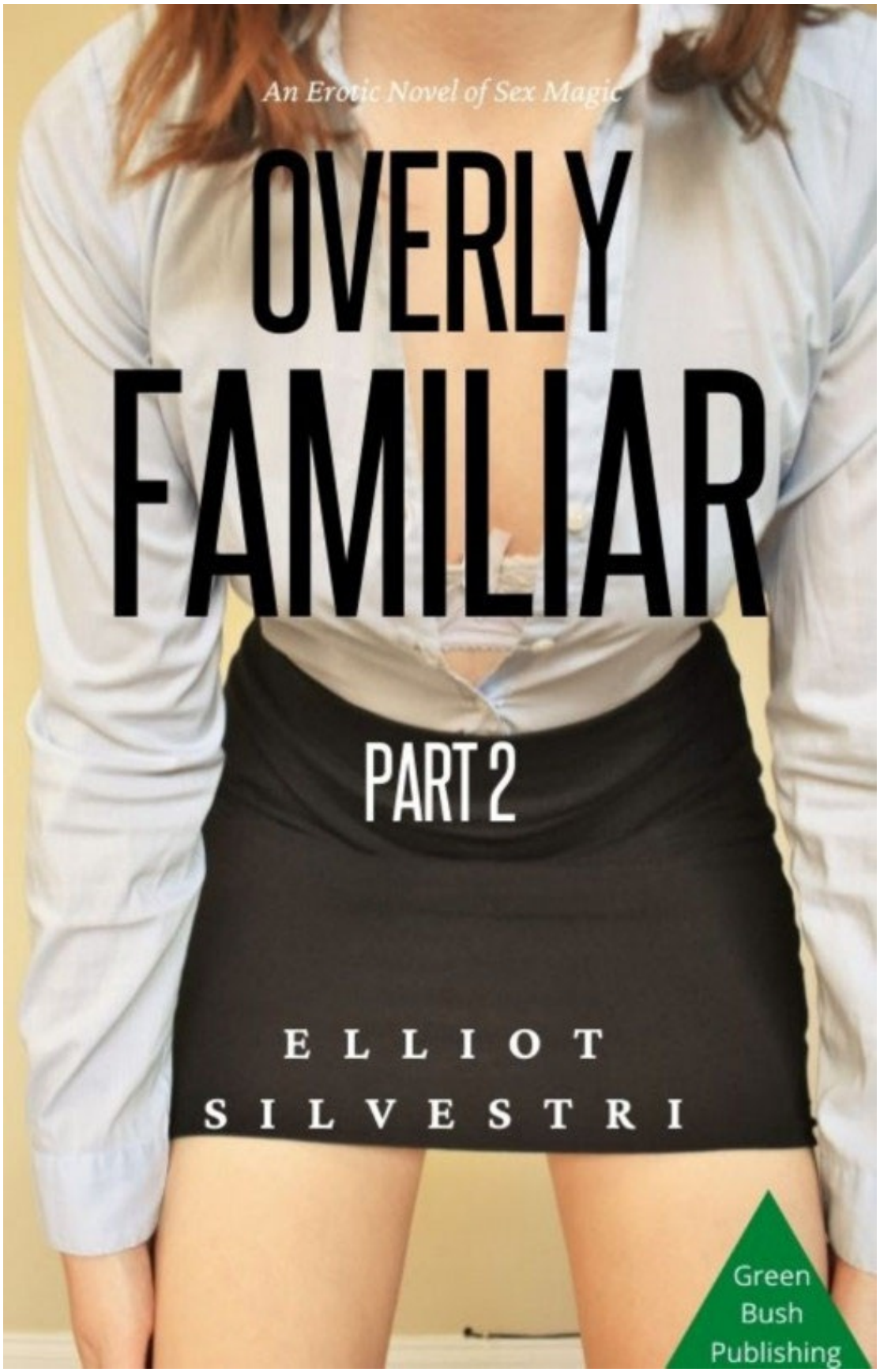
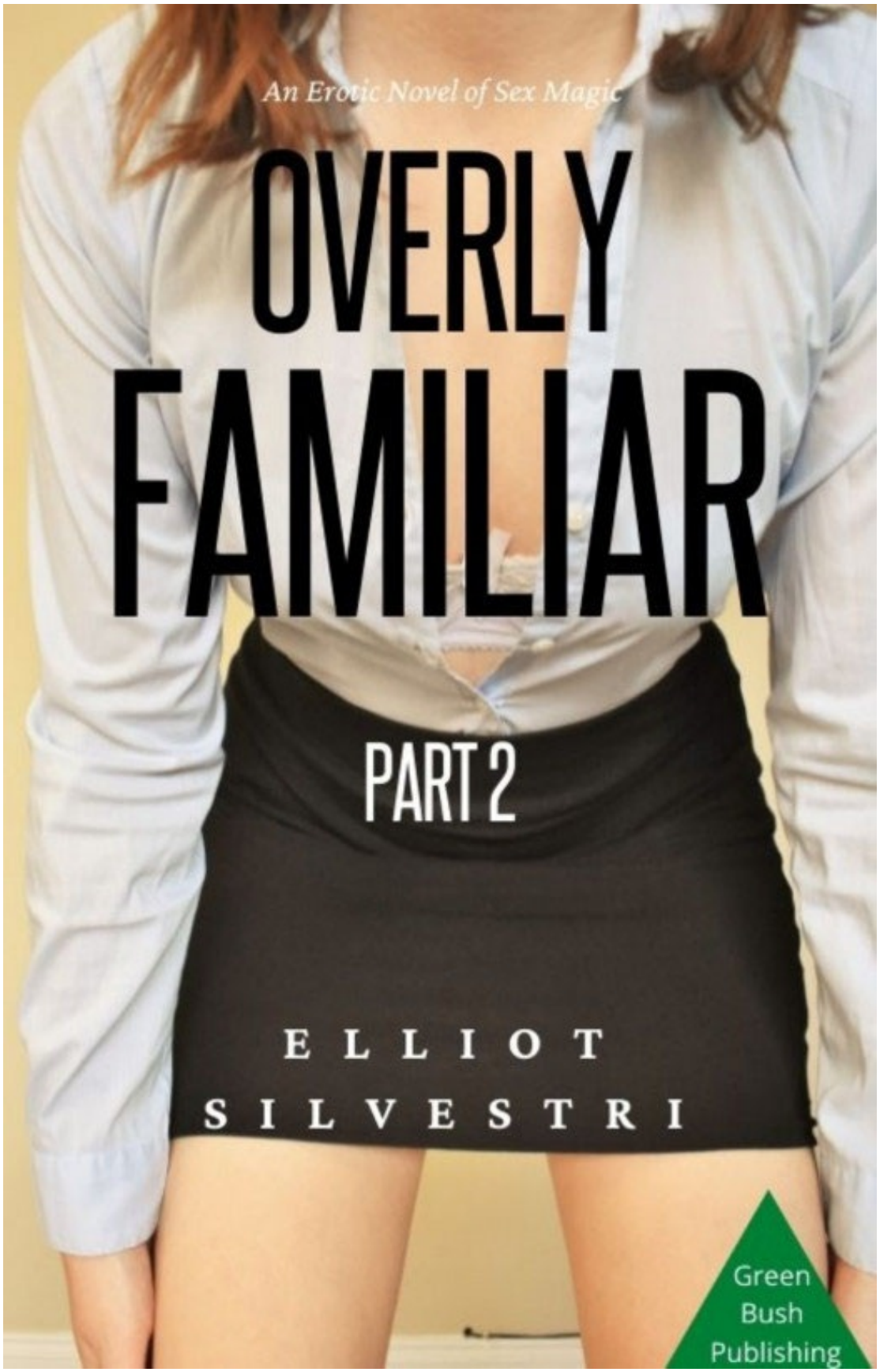

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic
OVERLY
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PART 2
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Overly Familiar Part 2

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Overly Familiar Part 2

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

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Chapter 5

Grey had spent far too much time researching what a familiar can do. Half of it was pure baloney or wishful thinking of women who considered themselves witches because they left the Catholic church and communed with nature by taking pictures of themselves hiking in the local park, but still.

It was several days later when I was looking across the table at Jack who casually answered my question.

“You can do that?”’

“Of course.”

I glared at him. “Why haven’t you told me you can do that?”

His answer was calm and collected. “Because you never asked.”

That was true. We had spent the last few days having a lot of sex. I worked, he slept, and we had sex. Oddly, we were having a lot of sex, but I wasn’t getting sore down below.

I glared at Jack. Obviously there was a lot about having a familiar I didn’t know about.

Yet.

Apparently Sharon’s meeting had gone well because she hadn’t harassed me since her big meeting. That was important because it gave me time alone with Jack at home.

But I was going to change that soon.

“So I can see through your eyes?” I asked to confirm.

“Oh girl, you can do so much more than that with him.” Grey smiled. “And I’m not talking just about in the bedroom. Or with his cock.”

“What can you do?” I pressed Jack.

He shrugged. “You can see through my eyes, hear through my ears, all of it. You can sense what I sense...when I’m a cat.”

That was going to prove useful.

“And you didn’t tell me this.”

“You didn’t ask.”

I glared at him. “How am I supposed to know what you can do? I’m not a witch or a sorceress.”

“Witch,” said Grey. He quickly clarified himself. “Witches have familiars. Sorcerers have a demonic heritage that gives them power. Witches and warlocks get their powers from a pact made with a celestial being.”

“What? I never made a pact with a celestial being!”

Jack nodded in sympathy. “True, but your great-great-great-grandmother did.”

“And I have to carry her...curse?” I wasn’t sure if this was a curse or not. “So wait, does that mean I’m a witch?”

Grey shrugged. “Maybe?”

“Close enough,” Jack confirmed.

It was all a little much for me, but with a little practice and help from Grey, who was just as much of an annoyance as he was an assistant, I was able to learn the neat trick of riding along in Jack’s subconscious when he was in cat form and I was wearing the collar. It was strange seeing the world from a cat’s perspective, but revealing as well.

Plus Jack was so horny all the time the scent of a female cat would always distract him.

That was weird.

And unsettling.

But he was my familiar and I managed to control him to the point where he was going to be helpful as hell.

I had ridden Jack’s subconscious out a good distance from my neighborhood. I

pulled back leaving an instruction in his mind to come back home. There was no need for me to experience the whole thing.

“How jealous are you?” asked Grey as I opened a can of tuna and picked at it with a fork, eating directly from the can. Some of Jack’s feline nature was rubbing off on me.

It was a good thing I liked tuna.

“Jealous? Of what?”

“Of your...boyfriends.”

I wasn’t stupid. I knew what Grey was asking. I had never really had a steady boyfriend. I think four months was my longest, most serious relationship. Being a one-night stand girl was more my speed. “I don’t have a boyfriend right now.” I was going to make him come out and ask the question.

“Okay, fine. Jack. He’s a cutie and all and you’ve already seen me blow him so we know he loves beautiful boys. Are you willing to share him with me?” Grey was eager, I could see that.

“He’s my familiar. Why should I have to share him with anyone?”

“Dammit girl, I want to fuck Jack. I’m begging you. Please. Let me at least ask him. I’ll do anything—anything—to suck his cock again. I’ll do anything twice if he’ll suck mine. Or more.”

The strange thing about Jack was that I knew he wasn’t fully human. He wasn’t really a cat either. He was something in-between. Being open-minded was one thing, but when I stopped to think about the fact that I was having sex with something that wasn’t really human…I started to question my life choices.

“I don’t own Jack,” I flatly told Grey.

“But you’re his mistress. He does what you tell him.”

“I’m not his owner.”

“I never said you were,” he quickly interjected.

“But you’re acting like I’m his mistress.”

“Isn’t that what you call a woman who owns a cat?”

“It’s also the title given to a woman who is bedding a married man.”

“But if Jack and I were to...hook up, would you be angry with me?”

I didn’t answer his question. “See if you can seduce Jack and see how that goes. Then I’ll give you my answer.”

Grey was frustrated. That amused me. “Girl, you’ve got a lot of nerve to cockblock a horny and available gay man!”

“I’m not doing that. I’m just telling you to seduce him and see what happens.”

Grey lifted his chin. “I will.”

I didn’t know what to think about that. The idea of Jack and Grey having sex of any sort excited me. I wanted to see it, but I was also possessive of Jack. He was mine. What he was exactly was still to be debated, but I didn’t like that Grey was acting like I owned Jack. He wasn’t my slave.

Though that idea excited me as well. My underwear would attest to that.

For the moment, though, I needed to focus on my plan for Sharon.

And I needed Grey for that.

“Why the hell do I have to be involved in this?” Grey groused while he drove the chase vehicle, following Sharon. I was crouched down in the passenger seat of his Mini Cooper while he struggled to keep up with my boss who drove like a maniac in her BMW. I was wearing a hoodie and an old boyfriend’s baseball cap while I hunched down. Totally anonymous.

“You inserted yourself when you wanted to have sex with my familiar,” I told him. “Keep up with her!” I all but screamed as Sharon cut tightly across two lanes of traffic to exit the interstate.

Grey more than proved his potential as a professional driver when he easily followed her. Of course, he was a professional driver. When he wasn't trying to steal my boyfriends he was working for a car service as a driver.

"This bitch drives like a ugly whore working the street: terribly."

I giggled. Jack growled his dislike of the sudden maneuvers. He was in cat form on my lap. I didn't have a pet carrier so he was riding unrestrained. I wondered what would happen to him if he died in an unexpected accident.

I didn't need to let my thoughts wander to the morbid.

The easy solution would have been to look up Sharon's address in the company directory, but I didn't trust her to put the right information in it and I didn't want to get caught that way.

So we went old school. A rousing drive through the city's interstates after work like we were living in a 1970s cop drama.

Eventually we arrived—alive—to a tony neighborhood on the city's north side. Expensive McMansions and neo-nouveau riche money from the interwebs. Flashy cars. Swimming pools used two months out of the year. Loose women and looser morals. All that good stuff. Sharon pulled into the driveway of one of the huge houses; Grey was smart and drove past. We noted that she parked on the driveway and got out. She didn't pull into the four bay garage. Interesting.

Without missing a beat Grey pulled into the driveway two houses down from Sharon's destination.

"What are you doing?" I squealed. "Someone will see us here!" I didn't have an alternate plan, of course, but this seemed to be begging for attention.

"No one is going to see us," Grey reassured me. "I drive sex workers up here all the time. I can tell when someone is home and when a place is unoccupied."

I studied the house and couldn't tell anything; I would have to trust Grey. "You drive sex workers up here? Why?"

"Because they don't like being called hos," he laughed.

I frowned. “You know what I mean. Sex workers? Really?”

“Who else would pay a car service to deliver a person up here. Lyft and Uber are too good for them.”

“You drive for Lyft.”

“Indeed I do.” Grey refocused me on the task. “Are we just going to sit here discussing my career or do you want to get your nefarious plot underway?”

I turned Jack around on my lap to look directly into my eyes. When he was in cat form I couldn’t comprehend him any better than a normal person.

Unless I made a connection with him. We locked eyes. I got dizzy.

...and then my consciousness shifted. I was inside Jack’s head.

I looked at my body. I was sitting in the passenger seat, passed out. That was weird. I could also see up my nose. That was weirder. I was also getting a new perspective on my boobs. They were just lumpy bulges under my sweatshirt. Still, I was a bit impressed.

“Do you have a plan or am I a suspicious driver for a passed out girl and her cat?” Grey asked.

I went to speak, realized I was in Jack’s body as a cat, and meowed at him. Then I pawed at the window. He took the hint and let me out of the car.

Running as a cat was fun. I had only practiced with Jack in my apartment, but running in the outdoors on wonderful grass was so much better. I let him guide the cat’s body for a bit. I knew what we were looking for and Jack assured me it wouldn’t be that difficult.

We had to circle around the back of the house and climb over a fence. That was fun. In the backyard there was a swimming pool that I pointedly ignored and studied the house. It was a nice day and a few windows were open. Unfortunately they were all covered with screens to keep out insects and pests.

They weren’t going to stop me.

We weren’t a simple cat. We were a cat that was a familiar. It took a bit of effort, but our claws slashed open a screen on a lower window and we pushed inside.

For a moment the house was quiet. We had entered what looked like a study. The door was open and we proceeded into the hallway cautiously.

We paused for a moment and then heard it.

Our ears were sharp and it would have been impossible not to hear it.

Sex.

Upstairs.

We raced up the stairs, following the noise.

It was fun to run on all fours.

I had to admit it; the sounds of sex were getting me excited, even as a cat. The erection that started to blossom was weird. I willed it away by focusing on the task at hand.

Spying on Sharon.

At first I thought it was just the cat-hearing that was making things sound weird. It wasn’t that at all. Sharon had barely been in the house ten minutes and she was having sex with someone.

Two someones, actually.

I snuck into the room, which was easy because the door was open. Obviously the occupants didn’t think they would be interrupted. I could have led a parade of cats, dogs, mice, squirrels, and other assorted fauna though the large room and the three having sex wouldn’t have noticed.

I shouldn’t have been shocked to see three people having sex, but since it involved my boss, it was at least a bit surprising.

If it had been a normal threesome I would have even been accepting. Nothing was normal when it came to Sharon.

She was wearing a strapon harness to which she had attached a rainbow colored dildo. The two playing with her could have been twins, siblings, or at the very least cousins.

It took me a moment to recognize that the pair weren't asexual dolls as they first appeared, but a man and a woman who looked surprisingly alike.

Sharon was her usual ice queen beauty self. Blonde hair pulled back into a tight bun at the nape of her neck. Bright red lipstick. She wasn't exactly naked, but was close. She wore a black bra that was practically see-through. It took me a moment to recognize that she was wearing underwear, of a sort. It was nothing more than a g-string she wore under the harness around her hips. Oddly, she still wore her over-priced pumps that were part of her usual clothing. That was it. I saw that the business suit she had been wearing was in a pile on a chair in a corner of the room.

I had to admit it, maybe her breasts were slightly too big for her frame, but her butt was nearly perfect. I told myself the harness helped her.

The pair that was with her were almost identical. The woman had small breasts and the man had a chest muscular enough and hairless enough to look almost womanly. Both had short, practical haircuts of light brown hair. They were naked and completely devoid of pubic hair, as far as I could tell.

The man was on his back on the bed. The unknown woman was sandwiched between him and Sharon. For her part, Sharon was kneeling behind the woman who was face down on top of the man. They were obviously having sex.

I figured the man's erection was in the woman's vagina while Sharon was using her rainbow colored strapon dildo to penetrate the woman's anus.

There was no doubt in my mind that Sharon was completely in control of the situation.

I've watched my fair share of porn and I've had my fantasies.

Under other circumstances I might have wished I was there instead of here.

While there seemed to be a great deal of passion to the three of them grinding and thrusting away, it didn't feel authentic. Like it was being staged. I don't

know. I've never been in a threeway—unless you counted me watching Grey fellate Jack, and I don't—but it didn't seem like a whole lot of fun.

Still, I watched because some things are impossible to just ignore.

It was the woman in the middle who was being the loudest, moaning and groaning. I figured the couple had to be married, but maybe they were siblings. Who knows? The world is crazy. The man was the typical silent type. It was Sharon directing all the action.

"You like my girlcock up your ass?"

"Uh-huh."

"You like his little boy cock in your cunt?"

"Yeah…"

"You're a slut, aren't you?"

"Yes! Fuck yes!" The brunette was getting really worked up at this point.

"Should I let him cum in you?"

"Oh...yes...please…"

Sharon laughed evilly. "Then you'd better not, Chris! Do you fucking understand me?"

The man grunted. "Yeah."

"You'd better cum for me though, Tina. I want you to cum right now!" She slapped Tina on the rump hard enough to make my feline ears flinch.

Tina screamed slightly. I saw a raised handprint on Tina's soft white flesh.

That only encouraged Sharon to grab the other woman's hips and thrust harder and faster. She was clearly being in charge of the situation which made me wonder how Sharon had gotten here at all. How does one acquire two nearly identical lovers and use them like sex slaves?

I mean, if they were the owners of the house, they were rich enough to do almost anything they wanted. But still…

It seemed like Sharon was a bit frustrated because her face twisted in annoyance as she really went to town on the poor woman. Chris tried to match her stroke for stroke, but he was at a disadvantage.

We moved to where I could more easily observe the trio. I had to say it, I was getting aroused despite the situation. I wanted dirt on Sharon and I had it now, but I didn't know what to do with this. She wasn't doing anything illegal and there wasn't a morals clause in DDCO, Inc's employment contracts; as long as the company was making money the executives didn't care if you snorted coke off a dead hooker's nipples in the conference room.

I wasn't sure if it took forever or if it arrived too quickly, but soon enough Tina was howling as an orgasm raced through her body. She screamed and shook as she climaxed. Both her partners paused as the woman exhausted herself.

When Tina collapsed on Chris's chest, Sharon daintily withdrew her artificial phallus from where the sun didn't shine, but then immediately felt between the woman's legs with her hand.

"Nice and hard still, Chris?" she asked.

The man nodded. He seemed almost frightened of Sharon.

"What about you, Tina?" Sharon twisted her hand around and it was clear from Jack's vantage point that Sharon was nearly wrist deep in the other woman. "Did you have a good time? Did you cum?"

"I came so hard," said Tina in a shaky voice.

"We're not done yet." Sharon loosened the straps to her harness and let it drop to the floor. I could see the wetness on her tiny g-string. I was sure it wasn't sweat.

She pushed Tina out of the way and caressed the length of Chris's manhood. She hadn't been kidding about him being small. While all men are different sizes when it came to the penis, Chris was definitely lacking. I wouldn't have necessarily kicked him out of my bed, but I would have expected one glorious performance.

Sharon pulled aside her g-string and straddled Chris's hips before lowering herself all the way down. I noted that Sharon was free of pubic hair. That wasn't something I needed to know about my boss.

How she could keep having sex with a man after pegging Tina was beyond me, but sex can be one heck of a drug. It was interesting to watch. And more than a little arousing.

Chris didn't last all that long. I didn't expect him to. I had no idea how long they had been going at it before we, as Jack the cat, walked into the room. Maybe it was a minute before he made a weird face, grabbed her hips so hard she winced, and made a strangled cry.

I suppose it would have been great if Sharon had climaxed along with her lover, but instead she just glared at him and then laughed as he collapsed back onto the bed when his little death had passed.

"Done so soon?" she giggled at him. "I was expecting better." Sharon turned her head to look at Tina who had been sitting up, watching them closely. "Lay down."

She did as Sharon ordered. I watched, my eyes wide even for a cat, as Sharon moved over and, instead of getting into position to make love to her properly like two women could, Sharon instead put her partner's head between her legs and sat down.

"Clean me, Tina. Make yourself useful. If you can make me cum before I get bored, you might get a reward."

This had taken a kinky turn I hadn't expected.

I had never sat on anyone's face. It sort of seemed like fun in a domineering manner, but it wasn't something I had ever pursued. It looked great on video and in person, but it didn't seem that enjoyable.

Either way, Sharon half-sat and half-squatted on Tina's face and smiled beatifically. I was semi-amazed that they hadn't spotted me yet, but I was hiding between a basket and a large dresser. A black cat blended easily into shadows.

It wasn't about sex, I realized. It was about control and domination.

For his part, Christ stayed where he was and watched the two women.

I never would have guessed that Sharon was bi, but more likely she was just using her sexuality to control the other woman.

It was strange regardless.

There didn’t seem to be much going on at the moment and I was curious about the couple that Sharon had hooked up with so I slipped out of the room. As I exited I took one last look and realized that maybe it had been intended as a bedroom, but the decor told me it was a room used exclusively for sex.

The house was huge. I didn’t know where to start so I just inspected as we went. The bathrooms could be ruled out so I just ducked into the first likely room. As luck would have it, the room turned out to be a study of sorts, or a home office.

There was a desk with papers. The perfect place to start. We jumped up on the desk and I started literally pawing through the papers scattered across its large surface.

Most of them were boring and unimportant. And then Jack the cat’s eyes fell on a name.

Christopher Roman.

It took me a moment to process the name.

OH SHIT!

I didn’t know it was possible for a cat to hyperventilate. I learned something that day.

And then I panicked.

Jack was there to keep me semi-calm.

Talking to him in Jack the Cat’s head was unsettling to say the least.

We need to leave! Now!

Why?

Because the people upstairs Sharon is...is...is having sex with are the owners of DDCO!

Why does that matter?

It just does!

I made Jack the Cat jump down from the desk. We landed with a splat.

Apparently cats don't always land on their feet.

Forcing us up onto our feet, I got us running out the door. We were halfway down the hallway when Sharon stepped out of the bedroom where she had been debauching herself.

(No, I wasn't jealous of what she was doing with Christopher and Christina Roman. Thank you very much.)

She was still in her sheer bra and underwear. I mean g-string. I could see her nipples through the thin material. Thankfully the g-string was back in place so I wasn't getting the full view of...everything.

We looked at each other for a long second and I started to panic. I froze. I was looking up at her and she was glaring down at me.

"I didn't know you have a fucking cat."

I opened our mouth to reply but only a meow came out.

Damn.

I had forgotten we were a cat.

"We don't have a cat," came Tina's voice from the bedroom. I heard footsteps.

Panic!

The only way I knew downstairs was the large staircase I had come up. The only way to the staircase was through Sharon.

Working together Jack and I darted forward faster than I thought possible,

humanly or feline-ly.

Cats can really move fast when they want.

For some reason, instead of just letting us go, Sharon bent down to stop our dash. Did she really want to stop us or was she a cat lover?

I didn’t think Sharon loved anything other than herself.

Just as she was about to grab us, Jack took control of the cat body and swiped at her hand, slashing the skin.

Sharon screamed and backed up into Tina, sending them both crashing to the floor.

We dashed down the stairs.

“Catch that damn cat!” Sharon screamed.

I felt like I was in a bad Disney comedy.

We were more than well ahead of the naked people upstairs. It was simplicity itself to exit out the damaged screen, bound over the backyard fence and race all the way to Grey’s car. We jumped up on the hood scaring him half to death.

He screamed at us in surprise but managed to open the door without having to be told.

It only then occurred to me that I could come back to my own body.

It was a bad idea to do that after so much exhausting exercise. I felt like I was going to puke when I returned to myself. Jack hid in the backseat.

“Get us out of here!” I screamed at Grey.

He should have questioned everything. Instead, he was a consummate professional and before I knew it we were zipping down the street, away from danger.

“I haven’t had an escape that close since high school!” Grey howled as he piloted his Mini Cooper out of the exclusive neighborhood.

“You drove friends to illegal break ins while you were in high school?” I asked.

“No. I escaped out my boyfriends’ bedroom windows.”

Chapter 6

“Looking good, Ana.” It was Robert who complimented me. I only showed up at the office maybe two times a week and I barely knew him, but he was the sort of guy I would have melted over in high school.

I was an adult now. My underwear just got damp.

Damper.

Okay, moist.

Wet.

Very wet.

“Thanks. I had extra time this morning.” I ran my hand over my very plain hair. “I even put on makeup. Do you like?”

He blinked at me. “I guess I noticed you aren't wearing your glasses. Did you get contacts?”

I hadn’t but I wasn’t going to admit that to him. My eyesight was near perfect now.

“I’m just trying to look better for the office. No reason to look like a slob even if I only show up once a week.”

He nodded. “Nice. Perfect attitude.” And he smoothly changed the subject. “Are you seeing anyone now? You can’t be single.”

I went weak in the knees but managed to stay on my feet. “I’m sort of seeing someone...but it isn’t serious.”

Was I actually seeing or dating or...whatever with Jack? Could I have a relationship with my familiar?

“Really? So few people play the field nowadays.”

“I blame dating apps,” I said.

“Would you mind if I called you sometime. I’d love to take you out on a date.”

I had no idea what Robert did at DDCO, Inc. Something with computers. Maybe. That applied to a lot of jobs at the office. What I did know is that I wasn't in his department and he was handsome and tall and looked at me with piercing green eyes that I wouldn't have minded seeing between my thighs looking up at me.

I needed to focus before I attacked him like an animal.

I wanted to run my fingers through his auburn hair.

I restrained myself.

"I wouldn't mind that," I said cautiously. "But be sure to call early. I often have plans."

After our shameless flirting we exchanged numbers and I went into Sharon's office.

She was sitting behind her desk talking on the phone. She waved me in. I took a seat. She was in full ice queen mode.

"That's not my problem, Jim. Just have your report done by Friday." She hung up the phone.

I could smell sex on her.

While I was waiting for her to wrap up the call, I inhaled deeply. She had definitely had sex recently. This morning. With a man. She had showered afterwards but all of his scent hadn't been removed. Further, I could definitely smell she was still aroused...and his semen was definitely still inside her.

Slut.

As if I was any better.

Sharon finished making notes from her call and then fixed me with a stare.

"Thank you, Anastacia, for all your hard work. Everything went as I needed." Before I could accept her compliment she changed tone. "When will you be done with the master spreadsheet?"

I sighed. “I don’t think I’ll ever be done with it.”

“That’s not the answer I want.”

Putting on my game face, I gave her a more accurate answer. “To finish what is needed...three to four months. To finish according to the parameters given at the start of this project...at least six months, maybe nine. If you want my opinion, to make the master spreadsheet do what it should be doing, it’ll take another year and a half.” I paused. “If I had people working with me, less time.”

“So long?” she asked, tapping one of her teeth with a long, manicured red nail.

“There are a lot of moving parts.”

“I’ll see what I can do to get you some help.”

I nodded. “Is that all?”

“Yes. Dismissed.”

As I rose, I made a casual comment. “You look very nice today, Sharon.”

“Thank you,” she said absently.

“But you seem tired and stressed.”

She glanced up at me. “I’m fine.”

I nodded. “Appearances matter.”

Sharon straightened her back. “I know. I’m always careful about my appearance.”

Leaning in conspiratorially, I said, “You look nice, but you also seem out of sorts. Like you haven’t...relaxed lately.”

She laughed at me. It was a calculated laugh. “I can assure you I’m plenty relaxed in my personal time.” A small smile twitched on her lips. “I had a very good relaxation session this morning.”

I felt like I had some control over her. It was exhilarating. “Really? Because, if

so, good for you. And...really? Because it doesn't really show. I mean...was he any good?"

Sharon bristled at my implication. "He was...good."

"I didn't know you were dating anyone. And was he really that good?" I had to keep needling at her, tossing doubt into her brain about the adequacy of her lover.

For just a second Sharon seemed unsure of herself. That's all I needed.

"I'm not seriously seeing anyone," she said coolly, but not coldly. She wasn't putting me in my place; she was playing the ice queen again. "And the sex was fine."

"Fine?" I asked. The control was there. I couldn't push it hard, but it was there. I had to nurture it. There was something about me that was influencing Sharon. I loved it.

For just a second the mask fell. "I think the relationship is at its end. He's not meeting all my needs."

I wanted to press her so hard on her needs. I already instinctively knew what those needs were but if I were to push too hard right now, it would spoil everything.

Instead, I nodded in sympathy. "I understand that. Finding the right person...well, it's difficult. If you ever want—"

We were having a proper conversation between two people. Yes, I was surreptitiously controlling her emotions, but that was just to be expected from a witch like me. I cut off my own words in order to prompt her to take the next step.

"I don't think I would ever need your assistance in finding someone to date," she said in her typical cold voice.

"Of course not," I said quickly. "However, I do know some people who might interest you not in dating, but in...well, relieving that tension."

She just stared at me.

I stared back.

“Yes. Thank you. Dismissed.”

I left. I had done everything I wanted.

Oddly, the day didn’t drag. It flew by because I was so overworked. It was late when I finally left. Nearly everyone was gone from the building. By the time I got outside it was dark and on other days I would have been nervous. But now I was strangely confident in the dim light of evening.

As I opened the door when I got home, I was yanked inside by Jack.

“Whoa!”

I protested this unexpected kidnapping, but is it really a kidnapping when one is forcibly taken to one’s own home?

“I missed you terribly,” he said as he began stripping my clothes from my body.

I barely resisted.

“Missed me?” I asked as he pulled my shirt up over my head.

I had taken to wearing high-collared shirts to hide the bondage collar that appeared around my neck when Jack was in human form. I should have left him in cat form when I left for work that morning, but the sight of a naked and sexy man sleeping in my bed was too much to resist.

I wondered if Sharon had seen my collar.

“Terribly,” I said as he hooked a finger into the collar and pulled me toward the bedroom. He was naked, naturally, but he wasn’t hard.

Yet.

I went along with him. There was no reason to resist and many reasons to go with him. In the hall I kicked off my shoes and dropped my pants, leaving me in a bra and undies.

Once in the bedroom, he spun me around and his hands were all over me: my sides, my hips, my thighs, my breasts, and then one hand dipped down into my underwear. In there he gently cupped my vulva but made no motion to penetrate me.

For my part I reached up and back to hold his face and head while he kissed my neck and shoulders. I also ground my bottom on his crotch. It only took a few seconds for his erection to blossom and my desire for it was palpable.

He tried moving me forward to the bed, but I resisted, pushing back as hard as I could.

Jack was surprised. “Something the matter?” he asked between kisses while rubbing his erection against my still covered bottom.

As much as I wanted him in me, I wasn’t going to just go along to slake his thirsts. “We’ve had sex the same way every time. We need to mix it up a bit.”

Jack froze. I turned my head to look at him. “Did I break your brain?”

“There’s only one way to have sex,” he said. “I put my cock in you.” He kissed that spot on the corner of my neck and I shivered before he spoke again. “I put it in your mouth—” pause, kiss “—your pussy—” pause, kiss… “Oh! Do you want me to put it in your ass?”

We hadn’t done that. Yet.

Maybe yet.

“No!” I forced myself around so that we were face to face. His firm erection was between us and I had to not glance down so as to be distracted. “No, I want to have sex face to face. Missionary. Cowgirl. Anything other than doggy.”

Jack’s face clouded. “I’m a cat, not a dog.”

I shook my head. “No, that’s just the name for the position. Doggy style, when

you give it to me from behind."

"Right! The proper way to fuck a woman...or a cat."

I had to roll my eyes. "There's more than one way to have sex. Now lay down on the bed, face up."

It was obvious that Jack wanted to resist, but he was my familiar and he had to do what I ordered him to do. He had to do it, but he didn't have to be happy about it.

I backed away from him and pointed at the bed. Jack reluctantly crawled onto the mattress and laid down, face up, his manhood hard and sticking up at an angle that just begged me to consume it with any part of my body.

"This isn't the right way to do it," he said sourly as I slowly began to remove my bra. His eyes locked on my breasts. "But I'm willing to give it a chance."

I smiled at him. "Of course you are."

I felt sexy and turned on while standing in front of Jack. He unconsciously swept his hair out of his eyes. I admired his erection along with his lean muscles and dark hair that highlighted his flesh.

He wiggled about a bit on the bed and I saw him reaching for his erection, but he forced his hand away. That disappointed me. I liked watching men abuse themselves.

"Masturbate for me," I intoned. "I want to see you jerk yourself off."

Jack angrily shook his head. "No. I don't do that."

"Do it," I said, putting all the energy I could into my voice, letting power flow into it even though my words were soft.

Jack reached the base of his shaft and started rubbing his hand up and down his length. I smiled and hooked my thumbs into my underwear, wiggling them down over my hips.

Jack's hand went quicker on his erection.

“Don’t waste it,” I told him as I crawled on top of his body. He let me take his penis away from his hand. I wanted it in my mouth, but I wanted it in my sex even more. I would have licked him a bit, but he was producing more than enough lubrication to match my own. I could feel the wetness on my inner thighs. Oral sex wouldn’t be necessary to rev us up.

I fitted his head between my nether lips. We both moaned a little and then I dropped my hips down my incremental inches, slowly going down, then up a bit, then back down some more, until I was finally all the way down and he had completely filled me up.

Jack looked up at me adoringly. “Oh,” he said softly. His eyes went to my bare breasts. “Oh my goddess,” he swore.

I could feel him throbbing inside me...and then I began pumping my hips.

“Like this?” I asked.

He was unable to form words. Was he channeling his cat side or was I just that good in bed? It didn’t matter. I rode him, enjoying the always welcome sensation of having a man inside me. He was exquisitely happy with what I was doing. I didn’t blame him in the least when he reached up and squeezed my breasts.

He didn’t exactly do a good job of it, but the attention was nice.

I realized as we fornicated on the bed that for the first time in our relationship, I was the one in charge. I should have been the one in charge from the beginning, but I was only starting to come into my own.

As always with the sex between us, it was fast and intense. I would have liked for it to go longer, but when Jack and I got together, it wasn’t a slow burn. It was more like an explosion.

I held back as long as I could before I climaxed. My shaking and trembling and, I’ll say it, the heat in my core along with the uncontrolled contractions pushed Jack over the edge as well.

When that happened I just collapsed on top of him and shuddered pleasantly while his erection slowly shrank away.

“I didn’t like that,” he complained.

I let out a little laugh. “You’re a terrible liar.”

“I didn’t like it,” he insisted. “I’m not supposed to have sex like...that.”

I snickered. “What? With the woman on top?”

“Yes!”

I glared at him. “The only way we’ve had sex is doggy style. I like to mix it up.”

“That’s unnatural!”

“It is not!”

“It’s unnatural to me,” he stated.

I laughed at him once again. “You’d better get used to it because we’re going to be mixing things up even more.”

“Humph!” was his response.

“Or you won’t be having sex at all.”

He remained silent, but I was curious now. “How long have you been a familiar?”

“Hundreds of years.”

“And the only way you’ve ever had sex is doggy style?”

“Can we call it something else? I don’t like dogs.”

“Kitty style? Animal style?”

He looked away from me. “Don’t be absurd. Let’s call it normal style.”

“Well how about this: want to fuck another woman for me?”

In the dim light of the room I saw his eyes turn back to me. They were glowing.

“Tell me more…”

Chapter 7

I described my plan in detail to Jack. He had little interest in my overall goals, but was willing to go along with what I wanted, mostly because I was approving him to have sex with someone else.

Even a familiar had a limit to their sexual needs. Jack didn't need to have sex right after orgasming with me which was good because I had to plan.

But before I went to do that, my phone buzzed with a call.

I might be a 21st century witch, but I still hated getting unexpected phone calls.

When I saw the name on the caller ID, I changed my mind and immediately answered.

I was lustier than I had gauged. "Hello Robert," I cooed at him, trying not to make it obvious.

"Hey Ana," he slurred at me. Right away I realized he was drunk. That wasn't a good sign, if he needed to get drunk to work up the courage to ask me out. Or maybe he just had a drinking problem. Either way, I'd find a way to deal with it.

"Did you call me just to say 'Hey Ana' like a high school boy?"

"Uh...no. I called you to ask you out on a date."

"Tonight?" I asked a little too eagerly. It was a stupid thing to say because I had just had sex with Jack. I didn't want to be the sort of woman who got a reputation of sleeping with more than one man per day.

I don't know why a one per day rule was a good thing, but I decided to stick with it.

Robert laughed at me. "No, not tonight. How about tomorrow?"

"Perfect."

I arranged details with Robert while Jack watched and listened to me.

“Are you going to have sex with him?”

“Hopefully.”

I wasn’t sure if Jack was angry or pleased or confused. I told myself it didn’t matter. He was my familiar and he didn’t get a say in my life.

“That’s a bad idea.”

“Why? Do you know something about Robert?”

“No…”

“Then shut up and let me explain what you’ll need to do with Sharon.”

But before that could happen, I got another call.

Apparently it was drunk dialing night.

“Anastacia?” Sharon asked and right away I knew she was drunker than Robert. The one word was slurred to the point I thought she was having a stroke and just called me by accident.

“Yes? Hello, Sharon,” I greeted her pleasantly.

“Oh good. My underling. My pretty girl. My little worker bee.” She giggled and hiccuped a little. I made a face and Jack looked quizzically at me. “I was worried I might call the wrong number or you wouldn’t be there. Of course, everyone is there now with cell phones, right?”

“Is there something you need, Sharon?” She hadn’t had a stroke; she was speaking fluently enough. Definitely drunk. Was she so drunk that she had blacked out and was operating on instinct?

“Yes. Terribly. I’m horny as hell and Bob isn’t going to do it for me right now.”

“Bob?” I flashed on Robert and his recent call to me. Was I being played?

Sharon laughed gaily. “Bob. My battery operated boyfriend.”

I was still puzzled.

Even drunk, Sharon picked up on my confused silence. “My vibrator, girl. My vibrator. I mean, it got me off, but I still need more. You said you knew of some men? Men who could help me...relieve tension, I believe is how you put it. I could use some of that right now. Fuck it. I’ll say it out loud. I need to get laid. My usual isn’t available and I want some cock. I mean, who doesn’t? Cock is the best. Well, maybe not for straight men, they don’t like cock in their mouths or up their asses. Okay, some of them do. Actually, of all the men I’ve been with, I think all of them have been willing to let me fuck them in the ass with my trusty strapon. So I’ll just say all men want cock up their asses, they just don’t want to admit it. Of course gay men love cock in the ass. Women do too. And of course you know that, don’t you, Ana? You love the cock like I do. I can tell. And don’t tell me that lesbians don’t love the cock! They do. They just don’t want their cocks attached to men. I know! I know! I’ve fucked a few lesbians in my time. They all love the cock. Girl cock. Lesbian cock. They love the strapon. They love a good, hard fucking from a fake girl cock from another girl. I’ve been the driver and the destination, if you know what I mean. Have you ever fucked a woman, Ana?”

There was a pause after her long ramble. It took me a moment to realize that she wanted me to answer her.

“Uh...no. I’ve never been with a woman,” I answered truthfully.

Jack frowned at me. I turned away from him.

“Oh! That’s too bad! You really need to fuck a woman. A pretty one. You deserve that. There’s nothing like sex with a woman if you are a woman. I’m straight, let’s get that straight.” She giggled. “But I occasionally have indulged in the Sapphic arts, if you know what I mean and I know that you do. Sex with a man is fantastic, but its sooooo different with a woman. I love the tits and pussy, don’t you? I'm not a big fan of eating the pussy, but in the moment, it’s great. I need to find you a woman to fuck.”

She paused again. I heard sounds of drinking. I wondered if she expected me to say something.

“Do you want me to find you a woman to fuck?”

“That’s okay. Entirely unnecessary. I’m seeing a very nice man right now.”

“Right now?!”

“Well, he’s in my bedroom…”

“Nice.” I heard her slurp her drink again. Wine? Beer? Margarita? Vodka shots? “Anyway, I need a man. Can you send me one of your whores?”

“Uh...I don’t know any whores,” I said carefully.

“Gigolos. Prostitutes. Sex workers. Whatever you want to call them.”

“I don’t know anyone like that. I just know some guys who are always ready for a date.”

“Excellent! Send them my way. Right now!”

“Uh...is that a good idea, Sharon?”

“What do you mean?” Her words came out more like whaddayamin?

“You seem a little...inebriated right now.”

“I’m drunk and I know it!” she said proudly. “I’ve been drinking all night. Do you know how stressful my job is? I need to drink. I get horny when I get drunk too. I’m willing to do anything...anything...in bed when I’m drunk. I don’t think I’ve ever fucked a woman without a little wine to help things along. Well, I mean, other than Francine, but that was different.”

She paused.

“What was I saying?”

“You were telling me you had a little too much to drink tonight and you were tired and you wanted to go to bed. And that you wanted me to find a nice man to take you out on a date tomorrow.”

There wasn’t a psychic connection between me and Sharon. There was a strong one between me and Jack. I could feel one between Grey and me next. There were other ones that were tenuous between me and other friends and family, but

it surprised me how strong my connection to Sharon was. It had to be the way I tried to influence her before.

I pushed on that connection.

“I’d like to fuck right now.”

“Yes, but think of how lousy the sex will be by the time I get someone to you. You’re a little tipsy and by the time I send someone to you, you’ll be too tired and ready to go to sleep. But I have someone in mind who will take you to a different plane of consciousness, but it’ll have to be tomorrow night.”

“Tomorrow?” she asked plaintively as I manipulated our connection and made her more tired and more pliant.

“Yes, tomorrow. You’ll love him, I promise you. But right now you need to go to sleep.”

“Oh...okay,” she agreed. There was a thump and the noise of fabric on a microphone and then some light snoring. She went down easy. I disconnected the phone.

“This is going to be easier than I thought,” I said to Jack.

Chapter 8

Sharon looked terrible the next morning. Hungover. She did her best to hide it with makeup, but I knew better. I didn't need to be in the office, but I wanted to be. I wanted to talk to her and influence her some more.

And prepare her for what she had coming that night.

"Did I call you last night, Ana?" she asked. Politely, even.

"Yes. We had a nice long talk."

With a groan she pulled out her cell phone and checked her call logs. I was there.

"I barely remember it."

I raised my eyebrows. "Oh no, because you were asking me to find you someone to take you out on a date tonight."

She sighed. "That...that I sort of remember. That's not good."

I shrugged. "Well, not necessary. My friend Jakob is very interested in going out on a date with you. I really talked you up, and why wouldn't I? You're a great person."

She blinked at me. "I have a date tonight?"

I wondered if she was still a little inebriated from last night.

"Well, yes. You asked me to find a nice man for you to go out on a date with and I found you Jakob." I paused and let that sink in for a moment. She had a confused and distressed look on her face. "You don't remember?"

"Not really." She groaned and covered her face with her hands. That wasn't good because she was going to smear her makeup which was already not expertly applied.

"Well, I don't remember all the details either, but you asked me to set you up with a nice guy. Jakob is ready to take you out tonight."

She just looked at me.

“I can cancel it with him if you want.”

Sharon abruptly straightened up. “No. I should do this. I need to get my personal life back on track.”

I looked askance at her. “Oh?”

That caused her to frown. “I don’t like mixing my personal life with my professional life.”

I didn’t let her escape. I needed to have her under my thumb. “So why did you call me last night?”

“Too much wine.”

“I’ll call Jakob and let him know you’re canceling.”

I stood up to leave her office but she stopped me. “No. Wait. What’s he like? I shouldn’t be asking underlings for dating help, but here we are. Lesson learned.”

“He’s a bit old-fashioned. Very polite and formal in most settings. Comes from a good family.”

“What does he do for a living?”

I smiled. This was going to be a half lie. “That’s the beauty of it. His family has money. I don’t know if he does much of anything other than supposedly help manage the family fortune and his trust funds.”

That piqued Sharon’s interest. “Really. Tell me more.” Her eyes narrowed. “How do you know him?”

“College. We met in college. He was an art student at the time but his family forced him to get an economics minor as well. He dabbles in art dealing.” I was spinning up a tale of a perfect man so I went all in on the lies. “He likes slightly older, sophisticated women. Dark hair. Handsome in a refined way. He’s also got one of those bodies that is just perfect. He barely has to work out.”

“How do you know that? Did you date him in college? Did you sleep with him?”

I held up my hands in protest. “No, no. Nothing like that. He was an art student and, Jakob being Jakob, he also did modeling on the side. Nude modeling for the drawing classes. That’s where I met him. He got a lot of interest from the women in the class. If you know what I mean.”

Sharon nodded with a bit too much enthusiasm.

“And some of the men, as well,” I added with a wink.

“Oh. He’s not gay, is he? Rich boy looking for an older beard to fool the family?”

“No, no, nothing like that. He dated a lot of women in college. A lot. Maybe some men too, but he was discreet about it. He’s just sort of a party boy.”

“Hmm. Not ideal, but better than I expected.” She pulled a piece of paper from her desk and scribbled some information on it. “Here’s my address. Have him pick me up at six. Sharp.”

I took the paper. “Will do.”

Now I had to sell the lie to Jakob.

“I don’t know how to drive. I can’t pick her up! And you don’t even have a car!” Jack pointed out, somewhat over dramatically.

I had left the office at noon to rush home and deal with Jack and the crisis I had created.

“I’ve ordered a car service for you. Which is going to be a bit expensive. You’ll also need nicer clothes from Grey. Something expensive. I don’t know how I’m going to pay for all this.”

“Clothes are easy,” said Jack. He was wearing some casual pants and a shirt from Grey. He snapped his fingers and there was a blue flash of light. I blinked, not from the light but from the results. Jack was suddenly dressed in a very expensive looking suit.

“Why the heck didn’t you do that before? Why’d I need to get Grey to bring over clothing?!”

He looked at me blandly with his intense green eyes, exactly as a cat would. “Because I needed clothes to start with. I just can’t magic clothes out of thin air. I need something to start with.”

“Oh. What other magic can you do? Anything?”

He shrugged. “Just transformation magic, really.”

“Rats.” Then I was suddenly struck by a flash of genius. “Can you convert anything to anything?”

Jack sniffed. “Yes. But the closer the starting object is to the finished product, the easier it is. I could change your couch into a new suit, but the end result will be terrible.”

“So, could you change a piece of wood into a ruler?”

“Yes.”

“A chunk of granite into marble?”

“Sure.”

“Could you change a bit of metal into another metal?”

“Yeah, but it might change the size of the metal.”

I jumped up and ran to the extra bedroom that I used as my home office. My apartment building was ancient enough to no longer be level, which was fine. I loved the architecture. I had long ago placed a hunk of iron that had been melted into some strange shape next to the door, using it as a doorstop to prop the door open when I wanted air circulation.

When I lifted it up I had forgotten how heavy it was. I struggled back to the living room and placed it in front of Jack. “Turn this into gold!”

“We’re not supposed to do that,” he said.

“Why not?”

“Alchemy is a forbidden art.”

“I want you to do it anyway!” I was being petulant, but he said he could.

“Okay, but you’re taking the risk because you’re my mistress. I’m just the familiar.”

“What risk am I taking?”

“The Council might banish you to one of the ethereal planes of existence for eternity.”

“Okay, that sounds bad.”

“Only if you don’t mind nothing happening to you. Ever.”

“An eternity of prison?”

He nodded. “Undying prison.”

“Just for making some gold?”

“Yes. That sort of thing tends to upset the order and balance of Earth.”

“Damn.”

“I can turn it into silver though.”

I blinked. “Why silver and not gold?”

“Silver is less valuable. As long as you don’t use the silver to make weapons or monsters, the Council won’t really care.”

“Can I sell it for money?”

“Yes.”

“Do it.”

He zapped the chunk of iron with his magical powers. An instant later I was looking at a smaller chunk of metal, but this one was shining silver. It was smaller, but when I picked it up the weight was the same. Twenty pounds.

After a minute's research on the internet I realized I had just made myself nearly four thousand dollars. My money woes were over.

Jack looked exhausted, however.

"Can you keep doing that again and again?" I asked him. He had collapsed on the couch, breathing heavily and sweating. It was sort of sexy.

"Yes, but I need to rest. And if you do too much of this the Council will definitely get pissed. A little for some money is fine, but you can't disrupt the whole banking and economic system of the world."

I whipped out my credit card and ordered the car service. "After your date tonight, tomorrow we go to scrap metal shops and sell this baby."

After that, getting Jack ready and packing him into the car that I had summoned was easy. I didn't even blink at the cost of renting an actual limo at the last moment.

Then I got ready for my date with Robert.

I did feel a little funny about sending Jack out on a date with another woman. I did realize he was my familiar and I controlled him, but to give him over to my boss...that was dangerous.

Still, I couldn't think about that now. I needed to prepare for Robert. Shower. Shave my legs and edge my pubic hair much more than normal. I felt sexy as I slipped on a pair of silk panties, my fanciest red lingerie, and its matching bra. To this I added a dress that was a little too tight and maybe showed off more curves than I was comfortable with. Not because I was worried about attracting the gaze of other men, but because I didn't like people thinking I was fat.

I was heavier than I wanted to be, but some men liked a butt that was...full.

Robert was late. He said he was going to pick me up at seven and he was late. I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked good. A little wanton, but good. There

was no good way to hide my collar. I needed to wear it so that Jack could be in human form. I had settled on wearing a fancy scarf to hide it but hadn't put it on yet. I was waiting for Robert to announce himself.

Bored, I used my connection to see and feel what Jack was doing.

That was a mistake.

I had no idea what had happened up to the moment I made my connection with Jack, but things must have gone swimmingly for him.

Then again, I had put my randy familiar in the direct path of my lusty boss.

I should have known better.

Seeing through Jack's eyes it took me a moment to comprehend where I—we—were.

It turned out we were in the back of the limo. It wasn't huge, but it was more than large enough to accommodate two people having sex.

I briefly wondered if there was a cleaning fee for the limo.

Then I was overwhelmed by what Jack was doing.

It wasn't exactly like I was having sex with Sharon, but it was damn close. Whatever she had been wearing was crumpled up on the limo's floor. I could tell it was moving and wondered if the driver knew or cared what was going on in the back. They were in doggy position—of course—and Jack was drilling her as hard as he could. She wasn't naked. Her bra was still on and she had pulled her thong to the side so that he could get to her sex. Jack, for some reason, was fully naked.

It was weird processing the sensations of having sex as a man, but I enjoyed every little bit of it. I was floating along in Jack's subconscious, turning myself on as he and my boss debauched themselves.

Since I was helpless to resist, I didn't. Already on the couch it was easy enough to pull up my dress and slip my fingers into my panties.

And then the doorbell rang. Cursing, I put myself back in order before throwing it open for Robert.

We locked eyes. It was a long moment. We didn't say anything. We didn’t have to. He had dressed in a suit and looked incredibly handsome.

I grabbed his arms and pulled him inside.

He didn’t resist.

I wasn’t controlling him, but it was like I was emitting pheromones as we collapsed onto the living room couch and started removing each other’s clothes. It was like I was emitting pheromones because I was.

All the while I kept my connection with Jack.

To Be Continued

Preview

Tiresias 2: Michelle

I can’t describe all the filthy things we did that night, mostly because I forgot half of them and we didn’t get to use half the toys that I brought along.

There wasn’t any discussion about me spending the night. I just did.

And just like the first time we had sex, instead of waking up as Michael, my lover woke up as Michelle.

I had always loved waking up next to my lovers, feeling their warm body and firm muscles. Call me kooky, but I liked feeling the hair on a man’s body.

Waking up next to Michelle, there were no hard muscles and there was a distinct lack of hair on her chest.

What I did feel was her smooth skin and warm body and full mounds of her breasts.

“So smooth,” I mumbled as I woke up. I ran my hand over her chest, avoiding her nipples, feeling how smooth she was, just like me.

It was disorienting waking up next to a woman when I had gone to bed with a man, but it was the same pleasant sort of disorientation that came with alcohol or other mind-altering substances.

“What’s smooth?” Michelle asked. Her voice was thick and rough because she had been sleeping, but an octave higher than Michael’s.

“You. Your skin. Where does the hair go when you change?”

She sat up and shrugged, pulling the sheet to cover her breasts. “I don’t know. It just disappears. My cock turns into my pussy and I grow breasts. I’ve been doing this for years and I haven’t figured it out yet.”

I pulled her back down and snuggled closer to her. I didn’t exactly wake up horny, but I wanted to have sex. I couldn’t help myself and I kissed the side of

her neck.

She smiled.

I moved upward and took an earlobe in my mouth.

Michelle purred like a kitten.

I turned her head with my hand and we kissed. Pushing my tongue into her mouth, I wondered if I should take the lead or what. I had only had lesbian sex with Michelle, and only the once. I was already grading myself against my previous performance.

“Are we going to…?” I heard myself asking and I hated myself for saying the words.

“Have sex?” she asked. “I sure hope so.”

I laughed and kissed her again. I kissed her lips and then her cheek and moved back to her neck and up to her ear.

Only then did I note she had pierced ears.

“What happens if you’re wearing earrings when you change?” I asked her. I searched my memory and tried to recall if Michael had pierced ears. Either one or both.

I couldn’t remember.

“They’re still there when I wake up in the morning,” she said, flopping an arm over her eyes, trying to block out the light that was starting to peek through the blinds. I wondered what time it was, but didn’t care to expend the energy to find out. I noted that she had smooth armpits. Shaven. I couldn’t remember if Michael had shaved his armpits.

“Do you have any scars or tattoos?” My curiosity was piqued. I hadn’t noticed any obvious scars on her body or Michael’s. I should have noticed any obvious tattoos, but sometimes I don’t think before I ask a question.

“What? Why?”

“Because I want to know if you keep them when you change from Michael to Michelle.”

“Is that really any of your business?” she asked me.

I shrugged. “Not really. I’m just curious. And I’m the girl who is fucking you right now, so it’s sort of my business.”

“You’re not the only one I’m fucking right now,” Michelle replied.

“Who are the other lucky boys and girls?” I asked.

She smirked at me and pushed down the covers, exposing her legs and everything else. Pointing to her right knee she indicated a circular scar, slightly larger than a quarter. It was pink and slightly raised. I hadn’t noticed it before, but I hadn’t been spending a lot of time staring at Michael or Michelle’s knees.

Legs are fine, but I’m more into asses.

“Got it when I fell off my bike when I was ten. Scraped the hell out of my knees. This one got slightly infected and I’m left with it. Mostly it’s faded but when I shave my legs as Michelle, I need to be careful not to accidentally slice it.”

I kissed her little scar. “Hot. Want to fuck now?”

She pulled my face up to hers for a kiss. I loved her kisses.

“Sure. Let’s fuck. But I’m telling you right now, I’m going to fuck a guy later today. I spend most of my time as Michael and I need a cock to change me back.”

That blunt admission made me blink.

“Really?”

“Yeah, but I’m going to fuck you right here and right now.”

And she proceeded to do just that. I liked how aggressive she was once she was awake. I didn’t always wake up horny, but when I did, I really wanted to fuck. I wasn’t sure if Michelle’s sex drive was impacted by Michael’s but she was

incredibly eager to get down with me.

Her hand was between my legs, rubbing my pussy, penetrating me, fingering my little clit, really getting me wet.

Sex with a woman was pleasant and a nice change from what I'd been doing with all my male partners, but it was definitely missing something.

That something was a thick penetration of my pussy.

Still, she got up and running in no time and before I knew it, she was moving down my body, pushing her face to my pussy.

I opened up for her. A good pussy licking is always welcome and Michelle knew exactly what she was doing. She used her fingers and her tongue, she licked and sucked, she played and demanded.

I came when she wanted me to cum. She demanded it of me.

At first I felt a little bit bad about squeezing her head between my thighs, but that's the risk one takes when going down on me.

"My turn," she said after I released her and she crawled up my body. I tasted my pussy on her lips and it made me shiver.

"You want me to go down on you?" I asked doubtfully.

"Uh-huh. You've done it before."

"Well...yeah...before. Before I came."

"How about I make you go down on me?"

That perked me up. I was more than willing to go down on her again. I wanted to, but I wanted to play games too.

"Okay!" I eagerly agreed.

I expected her to get some ties or maybe she had some professional grade sex restraints hidden under the bed. But no. Instead, she pulled me lower on the bed, centering me, and then she re-positioned herself.

After a second I realized what she was doing and I got a little worried and a little scared. I started struggling back against her.

“What’s the matter?”

“You’re going to sit on my face!”

It was obvious. She was already in the position and her legs had my arms trapped against my sides.

“Yes. I’m forcing you to go down on me. It’s what I want.”

“Well, I’m not really going down on you,” I argued. “It’s more like you’re forcing me to eat your pussy.”

“That’s right,” she said before lowering herself to my face.”

The thing about queening or face sitting is that, for me, I don’t like it. I don’t like sitting on men’s faces and having them eat me out. Besides the fact that the angles are all wrong, I didn’t like the symbolism of a woman forcing her sexuality on a man.

Yes, I know it’s all sorts of fucked up. Yes, I know all of my partners who wanted me to queen them had requested it. They wanted the humiliation and wanted to please me.

Even so, I wasn’t into it.

And now I was going to be the victim of queening.

Except I welcomed it.

I couldn’t explain that at all.

My mouth found her slit and Michelle moved around getting her clit to where it needed to be.

My arms curled around her thighs and we were having a grand old time.

Maybe it’s different if queening is done between two women?

I don’t know, but I do know that I loved eating Michelle’s pussy.

In short, I made her cum and I was proud of that.

Her body shook with several spaced out spasms and then she slowly collapsed down onto the bed.

“Fuck that was good,” she complimented me.

“Thank you. Are you going to turn into a man now since I shoved my tongue up your twat and made you cum?”

“Ha. No. I wish. I need to have sex with a man.”

“Can I watch?” I asked.

She laughed and then asked, “What time is it?”

I shrugged. She struggled out of bed and found her—Michael’s?—phone.

“Shit. I’m not going to make it to work on time,” she complained.

“So stay in bed with me all day,” I offered. “I’ll let you do whatever you want to me.”

Michelle shot me a quick smile. “I need to call in. I can’t go into work like this.” She gestured to her naked and perfect body.

“Why not?”

“Because they know me at my job as Michael, not Michelle.”

I shrugged. “So tell them you’re trans.”

She laughed at me. “I work for a very conservative company. Being trans isn’t an option, in any form. I’ll just call in sick today.”

I watched as she flipped through her phone, found the number she needed, and made the call.

Michelle showed me a skill I hadn’t expected. “Hey Cindy. It’s me.” She paused.

Michelle had some remarkable voice acting skills. While she didn't sound exactly like Michael, she did manage to sound hoarse and unwell. I was impressed. "Michael. Yeah...I sound terrible." Pause. "Just send any critical stuff to my email. I'll try to deal with it from home." Pause. "Emergencies...send calls to me, I guess." Pause. "Thanks. Bye."

She cleared her throat when she looked back to me. "Simple."

"You should have been a voice actor!"

Michelle dismissed my compliment with a wave of her hand. "The dreams of youth. Anyway, I need to find someone with a dick to fuck me. I need to wake up as Michael tomorrow morning."

"I have an idea!" I offered as she slipped back into bed with me. Apparently there was no hurry for this mission.

"Okay. What?"

"Do you have a strapon harness and a dildo?" I asked.

"Uh...no and no. I've been fucked with a dildo before...as Michelle...and it doesn't work to change me."

"Have you been fucked with a strapon?"

"Uh...no. Just a regular dildo."

"I've got a harness back at my apartment."

"I'd rather go with something that I know works."

"Now I'm intrigued. Who are you going to fuck to make you change back? And do we have more time to play before you need to do that?"

"Let's find out, shall we?" Michelle said as I snuggled up to her and looked at her phone. The contact she selected was just labeled "Jim". No last name. Interesting.

I gasped when she pressed the button to actually call him. "What are you

doing?”

“Making a call.”

“Without texting first?”

She rolled her eyes at me and put the phone to her ear. I listened to the line ring for a minute before it went to voicemail.

“Shit,” she muttered under her breath. “Hey Jim, it’s your favorite booty call. I’m looking to get laid anytime today or tonight. I’m not desperate...yet. Hit me back.”

She hung up.

I looked at her, astonished.

“What?”

“I don’t know...why isn’t he calling back right away?”

“It hasn’t even been a minute!”

“But if I were a man and was given the chance to fuck you...I’d be ready to go every second of the day.”

Michelle laughed at me. “You’re crazy, Noelle. I think I like that. Want some breakfast?”

So we had breakfast. She wore a masculine terry cloth robe and loaned me a woman’s robe. I wondered if it was Michelle’s or if some conquest of Michael’s had left it behind.

“Now what?” I asked as we dumped the dishes into the sink.

Michelle pulled her cell phone out of her robe’s pocket. “Jim hasn’t called or texted me yet.”

“It’s only been a few minutes,” I pointed out, using her words against her.

“Yeah, but normally he gets back to me right away. Jim’s always ready for a

fuck. Typical male."

I grinned. "You're male, too," I pointed out.

"But not a typical male," she countered.

"True."

"Okay, a shower and getting dressed is in order," she decided. "Did you bring a change of clothes?"

"Do Catholic priests diddle young boys?" I asked and winced when I realized that was completely inappropriate. Funny and accurate, but inappropriate.

Luck was with me. Michelle laughed and brought me to the guest bathroom.

We didn't shower together and have sex again. We could have, but I think she wanted some private time to rethink her life.

I briefly considered masturbating in the shower when I washed my pussy, but managed to control myself.

By the time I got out of the shower and finished dressing, I found Michelle in her bedroom. She was dressed but she hardly showed the skills needed for a woman to properly dress herself.

Her jeans were too big and too loose. Her t-shirt was baggy and unflattering.

"Are you wearing a bra?" I asked her.

Since she was fiddling with her phone, Michelle only pulled up her shirt to reveal she was wearing a camisole. I'm all for camis, but her boobs were too big for them.

"Okay...you need a better bra than that."

She glanced up at me from where she was seated on the corner of the bed. "Next you're going to tell me that my underwear is wrong."

"I hope you aren't wearing Michael's boxers."

Standing up, Michelle unzipped her baggy jeans to reveal the plainest most boring pair of white cotton panties in existence. My grandmother wore sexier stuff. Michelle had a body that deserved to be shown off.

“You need to go shopping, girl,” I commented.

She waved away my words. “Jim won’t fuck me today.”

“What?” I was caught off-guard by the sudden change of subject.

“Listen to this. He texted me. ‘Sorry, babe. Can’t today. Too many work and family obligations.’ And he spelled obligations wrong. ‘Maybe some other time.’” She grimaced at the phone. “Fuck!” she screamed loud enough to make me jump.

“What’s the matter?” I asked cautiously.

“I need to be in a man’s body by tomorrow. I need to get into the office and I can’t do it wearing tits.” She groaned in frustration. “I’ll have to go to some sleazy bar and pick up a scuzzy salesman eager to cheat on his wife. I can’t tell you how little that appeals to me.”

I cleared my throat. “I might have a solution to that.”

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub