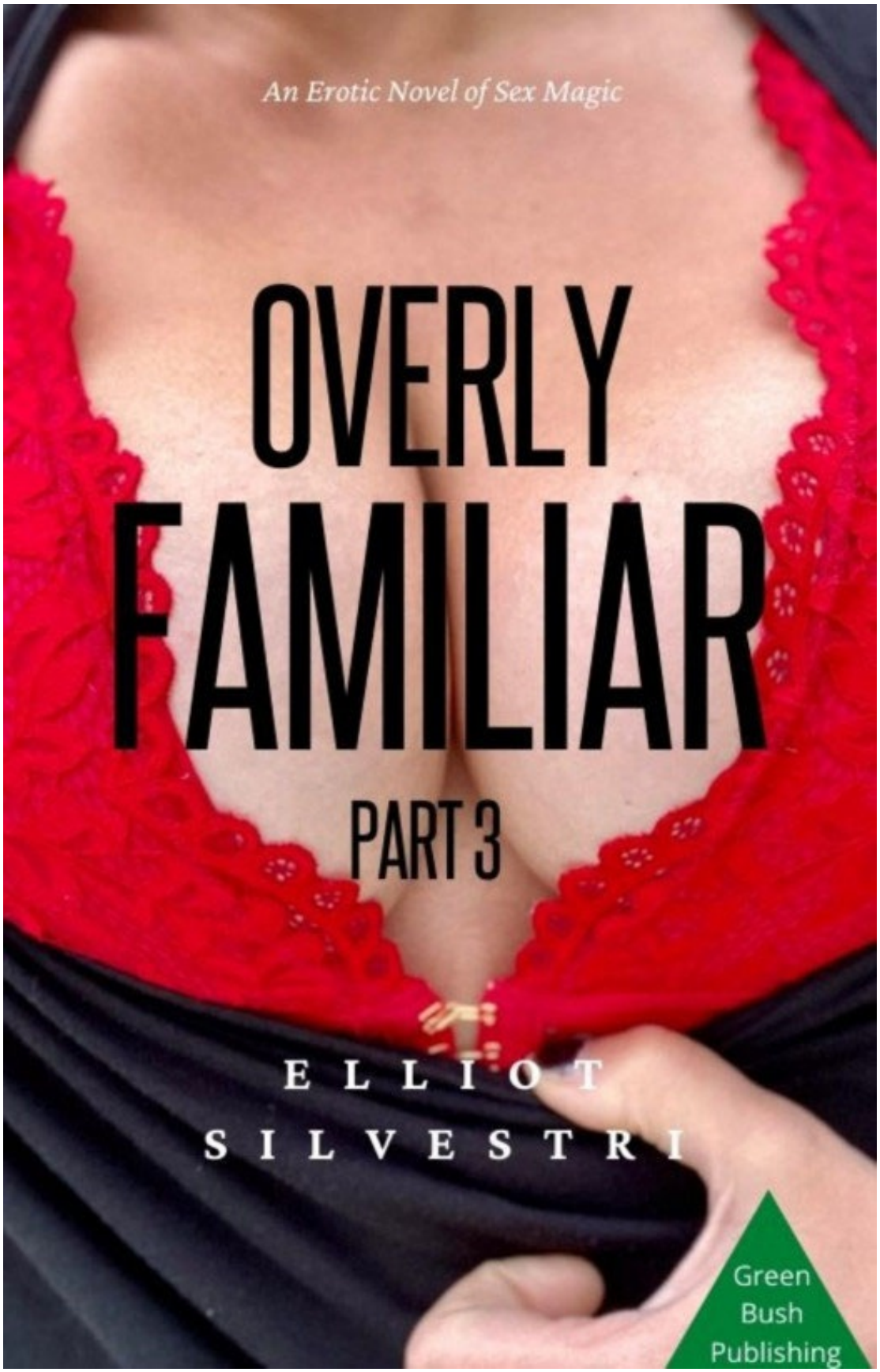
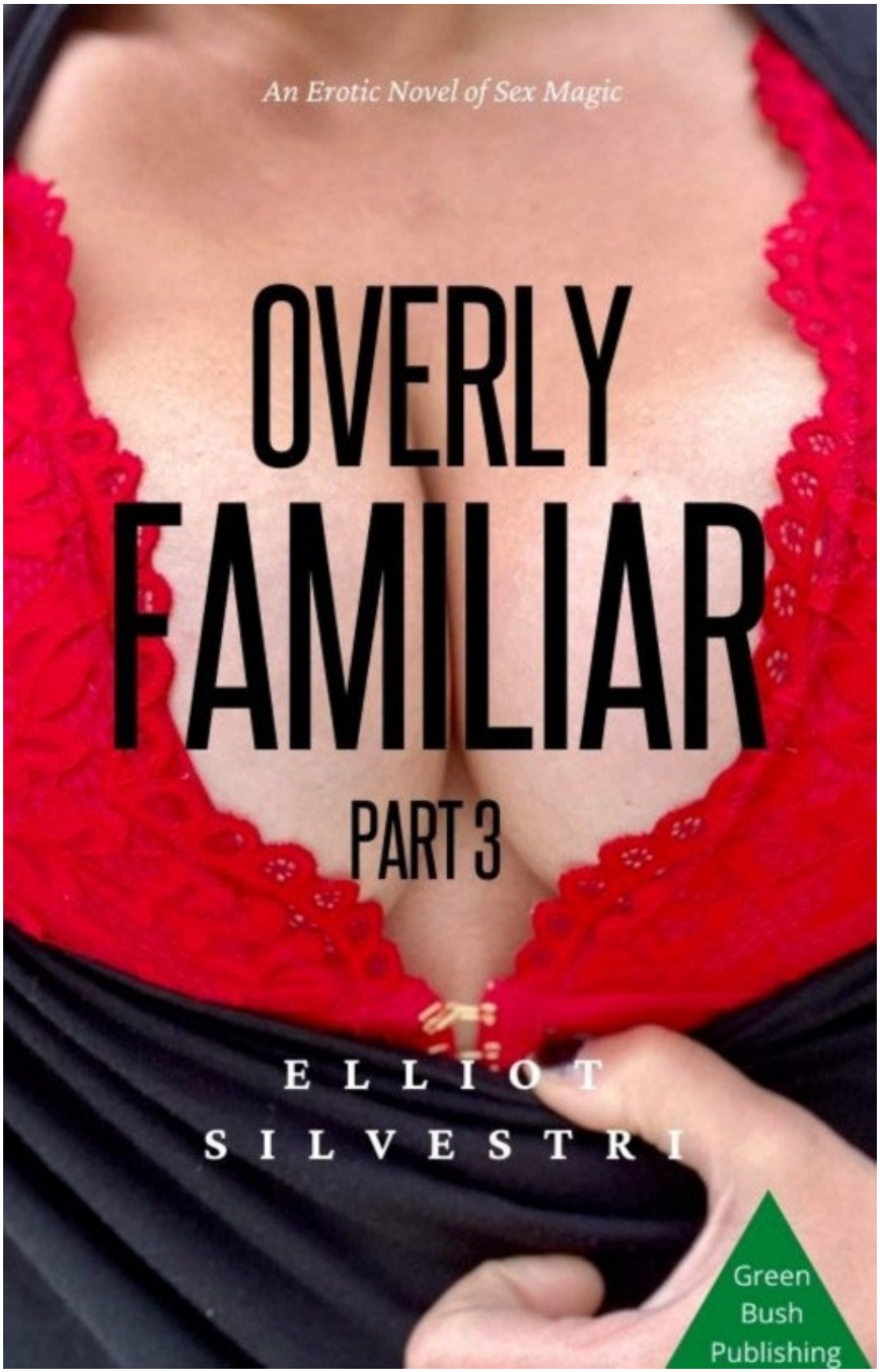

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic
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Overly Familiar Part 3

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Overly Familiar Part 3

An Erotic Novel of Sex Magic and Sexual Intrigue

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Chapter 9

I had never been in such a hurry to get my clothes off. Was this even a date? Had we just agreed to have sex and somehow I had missed that?

It didn't matter.

We barely made it to the living room couch let alone the bedroom. Before I knew it I was down to just my panties. Robert was eagerly sucking on one of my nipples while he shoved a hand down the back of my underwear, gripping my fleshy buttock.

He was as naked as I. There was too much desire in me. I pushed away from him; I had been essentially sitting on his lap. He watched, a thrilling grin on his face, as I moved down his body, pulled down his boxers all the way, and wrapped my lips around his manhood, drawing all of his length into my mouth and down my throat.

"Holy fucking shit," he breathed. "You can really suck a dick."

It was a compliment. I had learned how to deepthroat in college. Word about that sort of thing gets around.

I proceeded to give him some quality fellatio. In my estimation he had a perfectly average sized penis, even fully erect. I liked that. Huge is no good, too much work for too little pay off. Average is where it's at. It also allows me to take a man all the way down. They love that.

"I don't want to cum in your mouth," he told me after a minute.

Things were confusing because I was mostly in my living room with Robert, but I was also distracted by Jack in the limo with Sharon. I should have just cut the connection, but I had never done this before and it was exciting and made things more intense.

"You don't have to," I told Robert after taking my mouth off him. He was seated on the couch and I had been on my knees. His eyes didn't move from my body as I wiggled my hips to help remove my panties. They were small enough and I had put on a little bit of weight recently so removing them was more like peeling them off.

Robert didn’t object. His hand went to his shaft and he slowly masturbated, unable to go without a little stimulation as he waited.

I crawled back onto his lap and he guided himself into my sex. I was already wet, not just from giving him oral sex, which I love to do, but from the extra stimulation I was getting second-hand from Jack through our psychic connection. I was so wet that I slipped all the way down his length, burying it all inside me.

We were both surprised and gasped in delight as he filled me up.

“You’re so fucking hot,” he told me before he kissed me. I loved how far he stuck his tongue into my mouth. It felt like I was being penetrated from both sides.

There was no reason to be subtle about this; there never had been. I started riding on him, lowering and raising myself as fast as I could. That was good, but it wasn’t enough.

Robert grabbed my soft hips and bottom and held me in place while he slammed into me from beneath.

I cried out from being suddenly used like an object.

I loved it.

His mouth sought out a nipple and he sucked that tender bud of flesh between his lips. I didn’t move. I couldn’t move. I was already on edge and he was going to push me right over the brink.

He climaxed first. I felt his ejaculate shooting into me, hot and sticky. Just the thought was enough. I didn’t need any extra stimulation. I climaxed a moment after he did, shaking on top of him and making utterly inhuman noises.

We clutched each other for much longer than seemed normal.

“I didn’t expect that,” said Robert when he had shrunk enough to slip free of my sex.

“Expect to have sex?” I asked him breezily, like I did this all the time. I used to

do it more, but life and work got in the way. Looking back, I can't believe how much I slept around in college.

"Well, I was sort of hoping, but usually I take my date out first. If things go well, then we go back to her place or mine and then have sex."

I laughed when I realized what he was saying. He was calling me a slut. He wasn't wrong, but it was only because of my connection to Jack.

Speaking of which, I zoned out for a second to check on him. He was still banging away at Sharon and she was screaming like a crazy woman. Jack hadn't climaxed yet, but I could feel the throbbing in his nether region. Judging from my spying on Sharon previously and the way she was behaving now, she had surely climaxed but Jack wasn't stopping.

Good for him.

But I couldn't be distracted by my familiar right then.

I cut the connection knowing I could reconnect anytime I wanted.

"Are you okay?" Robert was asking me.

"What? Yes. Fine. Why?"

"You zoned out for a minute there."

"Sorry. You just...you just took me to another plane of reality."

"That's quite a compliment."

"You're welcome."

"I have to say, you're the first woman I've ever been with who followed dating rule number fourteen: Fuck First."

I blinked at him. "What?"

"Fuck First," he repeated. After a moment's pause he added, "It's usually for established couples. You have sex first before going out because it's better that way because on a date you'll either eat too much or get home so late and/or

drunk that the sex won't be any good."

"Ah. I've never heard that before."

"I'm here to enlighten you," he grinned. "Where's the bathroom?"

I pointed the way and got off his lap. My purse was still full of his semen and I needed to tidy up, but I let him go first. I was savoring the sensation of being a slut.

Taking the moment he was in the bathroom, I ran to the kitchen, grabbed some paper towels, and did my best to clean the mess we had left behind on the couch.

I heard him come out of the bathroom when I was still bent over cleaning.

"You have a fantastic ass," he told me.

I blushed and turned around to face him. "It's too big."

He shook his head. "Trust me. It's perfect. Don't take this the wrong way, but I had my suspicions about you being a little wild when it came to dating and sex. Glad I was right. I mean, I knew right away when you opened the door."

I blinked. "Because I practically attacked you?"

He laughed. "Well, that was part of it. But mostly because you were wearing a fetish collar when you answered the door."

My hand went to my neck. In my hurry to answer the door and get undressed to have sex with Robert, I had forgotten all about Jack's collar around my neck. Now I couldn't remove it because Jack needed to remain in human form while around Sharon.

The darn thing looked exactly like a BDSM fetish collar: black leather and shiny silver D-ring. I had explored it before and realized there was no real buckle or closure. The leather loop was perfect. I only had to touch near the buckle and wish it off and it disappeared from my neck and went to Jack's, turning him into a cat.

"Oh...this." I acted embarrassed, partly because I was, but I was also a little

thrilled. Bondage does that to me. I shouldn't have indulged my freshman year boyfriend.

"Are you into kink and bondage?" he asked me bluntly.

"Uh...sort of?" It wasn't the confident answer I wanted to give.

"Did you want to do that tonight? With me?"

"I was just sort of playing around with it, waiting for you," I explained lamely.

"I'm happy to go along with it, if you want," he said.

If I hadn't already been soaking wet between the legs, his words were enough to turn on a waterfall of excitement.

"Care to go to the bedroom?" I offered. "You've only seen the living room and there's so much more to do in there."

Our date wasn't going to involve going out at all.

Going to the bedroom was an excellent choice. It had been a while since I had had sex with anyone other than Jack. It occurred to me as Robert and I got down to business that sex with Jack—though incredibly satisfying—was almost like masturbation. Not that I'm against masturbation. I love it. But Jack had to do what I wanted because he was my familiar. He had his own needs and wants, but it was too easy for me to override them.

We were just lucky up to that point that Jack and my desires had meshed perfectly.

But right then I wasn't going to worry about it. I had a new lover in Robert and I was happy to invite him into my bed.

We kissed on the way to the bed and fell together on my firm mattress. Other than our previous intercourse, it was almost like a normal date.

I felt him getting hard and I wanted to see what he was going to do with it, but he abruptly stopped and asked me, "Do you want me to tie you up?"

“What?” I hadn’t expected that, but I should have.

“Your collar. I don’t have any ropes with me, but are you wearing it for the look or do you want me to tie you up?”

I had all sorts of rope and restraints in my closet. I loved the look of rope on my skin and the way it felt when the tightness was perfect. A talented lover could make rope restraints into art. But I preferred strong leather cuffs and anklets to hold me down because they were stronger.

I wasn’t sure if I wanted to be restrained on my first time with Robert.

“I’m just wearing it for looks,” I told him. “No need to tie me up tonight.”

He nodded. “Smart woman. Don’t want to let a man completely control you the first time.”

A bit of inspiration struck me. “What about you? Can I tie you up?”

Our eyes locked and it was like it was at the door earlier. My nethers had another little drenching from within and his manhood immediately stood up between us. We were laying side-by-side on the bed while we were kissing. I looked down at his new erection and grinned.

“I think I have your answer.”

He laughed nervously. “I mean, I like being tied up and doing the tying. I’m a switch in that respect.”

I fingered the D-ring on my collar. “You just said the magic words.” I rushed to the closet and got out my box of knots and ropes and cuffs and blindfolds and the spreader bar and leather paddles and the harness and the switch. This box was separate from the one where I kept my dildos, lubes, oils, condoms, and vibrators. I didn’t bring that one out. There didn’t seem to be a need.

Robert was very patient as I looped the rope around his wrists and ankles and other body parts.

“Are you sure you don’t want to just use the cuffs?” he asked me, looking longingly at my toy box.

I shook my head. His erection had faded and returned several times as I got him ready. Like I said, I loved the look of ropes on skin and the patterns it made. I wasn't that talented at tying up others, but I liked doing it. I could tell that Robert was more than just casually interested because all it took was a casual butterfly-like touch of my fingers to his manhood to periodically revive him.

When I finally had the ropes on his body the way I wanted them, Robert lay down on my bed and I proceeded to tie the ends of the ropes to the thick rings that a former boyfriend had helpfully bolted to my thrift store find of a bed frame. It wasn't a pretty bed, but the thick pine posts were great for bondage.

Even as I worked I reflected that I had far too many past boyfriends.

I was careful to lean over Robert with my breasts and butt and ladybits while tying him to the bed. He loved it. I loved doing it.

When he was fully restrained I thought I might have to bring him back to life with a little mouthwork.

Completely unnecessary. He was so hard for a moment I thought he was sporting an iron bar from his crotch. We both looked at it and I reached out ever so carefully and lightly ran my finger along the underside, circling the corona, teasing him all along.

"Oh...fuck...stop that...you're going to make me cum…"

"Isn't that the idea?" I asked. "Wait. No. It's not. The idea is for me to climax. You're just here to get me there." I liked my lips eagerly. "Do you think you can do that?"

Again, we both looked at his throbbing flesh.

"I don't think so," he replied honestly.

"Well, I guess you'll have to take care of me first then." Without giving him any further warning I crawled from between his legs where I had fastened his ankles to the footboard, and up to his face. Not for a kiss.

Well, not for a traditional kiss.

I lowered my ladybits onto his face. Robert wasn't a fool. He knew what I wanted and got right to work.

While queening wasn't a big kink of mine, I was enjoying it with Robert. His tongue went right to my clitoris. He knew how to suck and lick with just the right amount of pressure. He didn't mind straying to the back door. I was so wet that I was certain he was going to drown before he suffocated.

It didn't take long before I climaxed, my body shaking with pleasure as I just held onto his erection as a stabilizing handle.

"Oh, you're very good," I said, lifting myself off his face so he could properly breathe. His cheeks and lips were smeared with my amrita but he seemed thrilled. "Want me to finish you off?" I asked, stroking his length ever so gently with my fingers.

"Yes," he groaned. "Please…"

"With my hand?" I asked. "Or my mouth?"

"With your pussy!"

I laughed at him. "What makes you think you deserve my most precious part?"

His expression changed to one of forced anger. "Because I fucked you already. Because I ate your pussy and made you cum!"

I laughed some more. "And you think that's good enough?"

"Yes!" He was begging now.

"Hmm...maybe if you can hold off long enough to get me to heaven again."

He nodded enthusiastically.

I moved over his body carefully and lined up his manhood with my nether lips. It was so easy to lower myself down and I was riding him again. He thrusted his hips up into me as I rode, my hands resting on his chest, just taking pleasure in controlling him.

It was a game, me riding him, his flesh deep in me. He wanted to reach up and touch my breasts, but he couldn't. He strained to lift his head high enough to catch a nipple between his lips, but I didn't lean that far forward.

I was teasing and he was resisting. Since I was already keyed up, it didn't take all that long for me to climax once more. I shivered atop him.

"Want me to keep going?" I asked as I rested on his hips, his erection throbbing inside me.

"Yes!"

"Do you want to orgasm?"

"Yes!"

I adjusted the way I was positioned and started bouncing up and down again, this time carefully monitoring his progress. Robert didn't hide anything. It was incredibly easy to gauge when he was about to climax.

When I felt the first little spurt, I quickly lifted up my hips and was free of his hard flesh.

"No!" he cried out, but it was too late. He was already orgasming and ejaculating all over the place, most of it landing on his stomach, but some getting on my inner thighs.

He was whimpering and whining at the sudden loss of what he had been expecting that I started laughing at him again.

"What's the matter?" I teasingly asked.

"You ruined it!" he gasped as the moment passed by.

"You climaxed," I pointed out.

"Not the way I wanted!"

"Yeah. The way I wanted," I countered. "Look at this mess you made!"

"You're a fucking tease, aren't you?" he accused me.

“You got to have sex with me, didn’t you? On a first date, no less. Just not the way you wanted.”

For a long moment Robert glared at me and then burst into laughter. “Oh, you’re good. I like this. I want to fuck you again, but you’re the one whose going to be tied up.” He pulled at the ropes. I liked how his muscles rolled. “Can you free me now?”

I got all the way off him and turned away, letting him get a good look at my butt. “No. I don’t think so.” And I sauntered out of the bedroom.

My apartment wasn’t that big. I took a moment in the kitchen to drink some water and have a snack. Then I went to the bathroom to clean up, not that he had soiled me all that much.

By the time I had returned to the bedroom where he was bound to the bed, there was a wild look in his eyes that said he was starting to panic...or perhaps he was getting a sexual thrill out of the bondage as well.

He had just ejaculated two minutes prior and already his erection was back.

“Are you a victim of hypersexuality?” I asked him, smirking. “If so, you might be entitled to compensation.”

Robert didn’t like my joke. He wasn’t hyperventilating, but his breathing belied that he was aroused. That and his erection.

“Okay, I’ll admit it. I like getting tied up more than doing the tying,” he said, shifting around, making his hard flesh bounce around. I couldn’t take my eyes off his manhood. I was tempted, but I had a plan and was determined to stick with it.

“I can see that.”

I reached out for his shaft, but held my fingers just inches away. “Would you like some attention?” I asked him.

He nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, please.”

“Why should I?” I knew the game.

“Because...because I want to cum again.”

I laughed at him. “You just came twice.”

“You ruined the second one!”

“Well, yes, but you deserved that.”

“How?”

“You deserved it because I said you did.”

He gasped. I wasn’t even looking him in the face now, but was entirely focused on his erection. It was throbbing. I was impressed with his refraction time; it made me wonder how many times he could climax tonight.

“Please…” he begged.

I sighed. “Oh, all right. Are you left or right handed?”

“Right.”

I leaned over, making sure to get my breasts in his face, but not so close that he could suck on a nipple, and loosened the ropes on his left wrist. It took a few seconds but he was thrilled when his hand was free.

I slapped his hand when he reached for his right wrist to loosen the ropes there. “No,” I said firmly. “I want to watch you masturbate. Use your left hand.”

He gave me a rueful chuckle. “It’ll be like cheating on my girlfriend if I use Lefty.”

“Do it anyway.”

“Sure. One jerk off performance for your pleasure.”

I watched in silence as he closed his eyes while he worked his erection.

I’m not huge at watching solo men sexual displays, but with the ropes on his wrist and the urgency with which Robert went at it, I was strangely enthralled.

He breathed rapidly and his hand became a blur. After less than a minute he climaxed and shot his ejaculate all over his hand and stomach.

I let out a long breath that I hadn't realized I had been holding.

"Okay, that was hot," I complimented him.

"Can you release me so I can clean up?" he asked plaintively.

I slowly shook my head. "No. I have a better idea."

Again, I took my time. His hand was loose so he could have freed himself, but I knew he wouldn't. Already I could tell that Robert was the sort of man who loved to be tied up in bondage.

I went to the bathroom and got some cleaning supplies. When I returned he was waiting patiently, one hand still free. I proceeded to clean up the two messes he had left behind. Semen is messy and sticky and a bit of a pain to wash away, but the cold water I had put on the washcloths soon took care of the problem.

It also made Robert's manhood shrivel up to a distressingly small size.

"Why don't you ever say pussy or cock or cum?" he asked while I cleaned him.

"What?"

"You have very clean language. Maybe you don't realize it, but you sound like a church lady...who loves to suck cock and fuck men."

I considered his question for a moment. "Because I have class."

That caused him to snigger.

"A slut with class, nice."

I should have kicked him out, but he was accurate in his description of me.

I helped him untie the ropes and we rested together on the bed for a few minutes.

I only meant it for a few minutes, but we both fell asleep.

I was disturbed when Jack walked in and woke both of us.

Chapter 10

In my defence, I was relaxed and exhausted; that's why I fell asleep.

I figured that Robert fell asleep for the same reasons; maybe he was hoping to have sex with me again.

In my further defence, Jack was my familiar and had no say in who I had sex with, ever.

Still, his reaction was over the top.

"What the fuck are you doing!"

Instantly I was awake and facing a very dapper Jack still in his expensive-looking, though completely magical, suit. He looked a bit tired and the worse for wear, mostly because of his unkempt hair. I was naked and felt disoriented.

Robert was awake a second later, and pulled the bedclothes up to help conceal our bodies.

That wasn't necessary, but I appreciated the gentlemanly gesture.

It took me a second to gather my wits, but when I did, I focused on Jack and narrowed my eyes.

I'd never before seen anyone actually gulp, but Jack did it then.

"What the fuck are you asking?" I snapped back at him.

"Holy shit, you swore," Robert marveled at me.

I didn't even glance his way and kept my focus on Jack who was starting to wither under my glare. He realized he had messed up.

"I-I-I-I was just expressing my surprise," he attempted.

I shook my head. "Nope. You don't get to weasel out of this that way. You need to learn your place." I poured my influence into him. He wanted to flee, but I held him in place. "Did you fuck her?"

"You swore again," Robert giggled.

I ignored him.

“Well?” I snapped at Jack.

“Yes,” he admitted.

I already knew the answer. “Good.” I reached up and unfastened the collar from my neck. There was that mild flash and suddenly Jack reverted back to cat form.

“Holy fucking shit cakes!” Robert exclaimed.

Oops. I shouldn’t do magic in front of near-strangers.

I smiled at Robert and tried not to make it look like I was an overly aggressive psychopath.

Or any type of psychopath.

“What-what-what the fuck are you?” he asked, scrambling back from me.

“I’m a witch,” I said confidently and then realized that wasn’t exactly reassuring to most people. “Don’t worry. I’m a good witch!”

Robert fell out of bed and started scrabbling around for something.

I just stared at him in confusion.

“What are you doing?” I asked him.

He found his pants and instead of pulling them on and fleeing, which I supposed would have been a reasonable reaction, he instead grabbed something from a pocket and brandished at me.

It was a Swiss Army knife with a three inch blade out and brandished at me. “What the fuck are you doing?” he demanded of me.

The situation was more than a little bit ridiculous. He was naked and so was I. Nothing made sense.

Oddly, I didn’t feel all that threatened.

“Stop it,” I told him, putting all the anger I felt into my voice.

It sort of worked. He stopped waving the knife around, but he was still wild-eyed. I wasn’t worried I’d be hurt, but an accident could happen.

Put him to sleep, said Jack.

I looked at my cat familiar and realized that cats couldn’t speak and he hadn’t formed any words with his mouth.

Familiar telepathy. Put the psycho to sleep.

For just a second I thought that Jack meant for me to kill Robert, like a person would put a dying cat to sleep.

“I can do that?” I asked.

You’re a witch. You can do a lot of things.

I nodded and glared at Robert. “Sleep,” I commanded him, reaching down to that inner reserve of power I had only recently learned how to access.

For just a second Robert resisted, then his eyes rolled up into his head and he slumped forward, dropping the knife and hitting the bedroom floor like a wet bag of cement.

I was glad he didn’t fall on the knife.

“Wow.” I was impressed with my own abilities.

Yes. Very impressive. You have a lot to learn about being a witch, said Jack.

Sadly, he was right.

Robert was out good. I covered him up with a blanket and shoved a pillow under his head. He didn’t stir.

“You knocked him out good,” Jack commented, now back in his human form so

we could talk easily. I was naked but for my collar, but I grabbed a robe and slipped it on. I had some dignity.

Jack was still wearing most of the suit he had worn to visit Sharon. The jacket was on the back of my chair along with the tie, but that was it.

“Spill it,” I ordered him. “Tell me everything about your...date.”

“Well, I’d hardly call it a date,” Jack smiled. “More like an intense fuck session that she so desperately needed.”

“Really? I mean, she can enjoy sex and all that, but she seemed like she was pretty satisfied with the couple she was with when we spied on her.”

Jack shook his head. “Oh no. Not every close. That woman is a complex mess of emotions and problems.”

“Really? You can tell all that by having sex with her once?”

“Three times in one night, and yes,” he said with a superior tone. “Want me to give you the full story?”

“Yes. Yes. I do.”

He went into graphic detail of his tryst with Sharon.

Showing more of an understanding of modern dating mores, Jack had picked up Sharon at her ritzy home and taken her into the limo. She wasn’t overly impressed with the limo, but then they got to talking.

“I don’t know why I agreed to this date,” Sharon complained right away. “It’s not like I think Anastacia would know what I’m looking for in a companion.”

Jack portrayed himself as a smooth operator. “Perhaps she knows better than you think. But what I think is you aren’t looking for a companion as much as you are looking for...just tonight. To meet tonight’s needs.”

Sharon met his gaze. “I’m not looking for a relationship.”

“Perfect. Neither am I.”

Sharon lifted her chin. “You won’t tell Ana about this, will you?”

“Of course not,” he lied.

That was all it took. A shared look for two seconds and then they were all over each other. Sharon loved the way he took charge and used her body for his pleasure.

She had never before had sex in the back of a limo. If the driver knew or cared, he didn’t give any indication. Since it was likely they weren’t the first couple to do this, she surmised that it was acceptable.

Working together in the limited space, they quickly got her dress off and left it in a crumpled heap on the floor. She hadn’t been wearing a bra since the dress featured built-in support. Jack turned her around, getting her on all fours, before he yanked aside her thong and shoved his hard cock into her pussy.

Sharon groaned as he filled her up. Foreplay wasn’t necessary for either of them; he easily got hard and she was wet in an instant. Fucking with abandon was precisely what the two had been brought into the world for.

Jack loved fucking willing women. Sharon was always willing to fuck if she thought she could get away with it and no one else knew, or if she was going to get some greater reward out of the encounter.

She loved his hands all over her body. She especially loved his cock in her pussy. Jack was little more than a tomcat when it came to sex. He just loved fucking her.

When they arrived at the predetermined location—a restaurant—Jack simply gave the order for the chauffeur to drive around for the next few hours instead. The chauffeur didn’t bat an eye and simply did what was asked; he was used to this sort of thing.

As it turned out, Sharon’s loud and enthusiastic screaming during sex got him hard. That was a new one to the older gentleman that made extra money on the side as a driver. The lusty couple didn’t seem to notice when he pulled over and rubbed one out before continuing on.

Jack was well-aware of everything that was going on. It was only natural for him because of his magical senses.

However, it helped that the limo company has installed security cameras inside all their vehicles.

It was easy enough to request a copy of the recording. It wasn't a great porn video, but it was acceptable enough, maybe not for enjoyment at a stag party, but more than enough for blackmail.

"You had sex with her three times?" I asked to clarify Jack's story.

"Yes. Once for each hole. She especially loved getting fucked in the ass. Not sure if it was new to her or if she just prefers it that way…"

"I didn't need to know that."

"She loved it each time."

"I'm sure."

"I came in each hole once."

I sighed in frustration. "Again, I didn't need to know that."

Jack frowned. "Why not?"

"It's not really relevant."

He was puzzled. "You asked me for details."

"Not those details."

He shook his head at me. "I don't understand humans."

"You don't need to."

"Why did you have me fuck her?"

I sighed. “Because I need evidence she’s having sex, irresponsibly, with multiple partners.”

It was then that Robert woke up from the sleep spell I had cast on him.

He abruptly sat up and looked at the both of us. Jack in his suit, me in my thin robe, and him completely naked.

“Did I just dream that your boyfriend turned into a cat?” Robert asked me. “And why do you have a boyfriend? And why is he here? And why isn’t he kicking my ass?”

Jack and I looked at him for a moment, then Jack looked at me. “You should answer his questions.”

I sighed and rubbed the bridge of my nose. “Like I said before. I’m a witch. Jack is my familiar. I can change him back and forth between human and cat. He’s not my boyfriend. That’s why he isn’t fighting you. I put you to sleep with magic.”

“None of that makes sense.” Robert was confused.

“I know. But a witch having a familiar is so useful.”

“How?”

“Mostly for spying on Sharon,” I quipped.

At the same time, Jack chimed in. “Mostly she uses me for sex.”

“That’s not true,” I quickly countered.

“Yes it is,” Jack told him dismissively.

“You be quiet,” I said, sending force down into my voice to pull Jack into line.

He made a brief growling noise, but remained silent.

“I don’t have sex with cats,” I told Robert primly.

“Naturally you don’t,” he agreed.

My eyes wandered to his crotch. He was getting hard. What was causing that?

“Jack sometimes forgets his place in the world and his relationship to me.”

Robert nodded, his manhood rising and growing. “How is he with you having sex with another man—”

“He’s fine with it,” I quickly interjected

“—in front of him?” Robert finished. His hand went to his cock and slowly stroked it.

“Oh.” I took a beat. “He’s fine with it,” I repeated.

Robert smiled eagerly. “Really? It’s been a while since I’ve been in a threeway, usually I prefer two women, but…”

The mere implication that Robert had been in enough threeways to have a preference for gender mix and he was more than comfortable expressing that, gave me pause.

The pause was enough to make me realize that I wanted and needed a threeway.

I reached out and grabbed his erection with one hand and rubbed Jack’s clothed crotch with the other. “Get undressed,” I told my familiar. “I’ve never had sex with two men at once and I want that to change right now.”

Jack sprang to action.

As I stroked Robert’s length, Jack stripped off his clothes. I don’t know why he didn’t just magic them off, but whatever. It didn’t take much to get a rise out of Jack. Both of the men moved me around and soon enough I was on my hands and knees, Robert behind me and Jack right in front.

I was already wet, so when Robert started sliding his hard flesh between my legs, it was easy for him to slip inside me. I was amazed that he was able to get hard again. It made me wonder about his endurance and refractory period. I had no such thoughts about Jack. He was my familiar and I was certain he could have sex a hundred times a day and not blink. Still, taking him into my mouth was a pleasure.

Before I knew it I was rocking back and forth on their manhoods feeling every bit the slut that I was being.

But was I really being a slut? I had already had sex with the both of them, so it wasn't like this was completely unexpected. And I wasn't opposed to the idea of threeways, it was just that they had never come up for me before.

Robert held me in place while he plowed me as hard as he could. That worked to my advantage because I got an intense orgasm from it. I was about to remove Jack from my mouth and demand that Robert finish himself off, but before I could do that, they spun me around and suddenly Robert was in my mouth and Jack was in my sex.

I tasted myself on Robert. While I don't have an intense need to taste myself, in the context of sex, I tasted divine. I understood why so many men loved to go down on women.

Jack made me climax again.

I could easily see the attraction some women had to threeways.

Robert wasn't so big that he was choking me, but it was difficult to fellate him while being distracted by Jack. I had to take him out of my mouth and use my hand on him while Jack kept thrusting into me.

"Can I cum on your face?" Robert asked, looking down at me in my very vulnerable position.

I shook my head no.

"Can I cum in your mouth?"

I nodded and put my mouth back on him.

It only took a few nods of my head before I felt him start to erupt. I tasted the thick, salty liquid overspread my tongue. At that moment I was inspired and I quickly pulled back and let him finish on my face.

He couldn't have been more delighted or surprised.

“You are a slut at heart, aren’t you?” Robert asked when he was done with his climax.

I didn't answer him. Instead I just spun back around, which effectively removed Jack’s hard member from inside me. I grabbed his impressiveness in my hand and licked his length before pumping my fist up and down on his hardness.

A moment later I was rewarded with an equally impressive ejaculation from Jack. This time I made sure to get it all over my face.

“Was this what you wanted?” I asked Robert.

“Wow. Yeah.”

It was easy to change directions and go to him. I gave Robert credit for not shying away when I kissed him. He didn’t seem to mind getting his or Jack’s semen on his face.

What he didn’t know was that doing so only strengthened the control bond I had been forming with him.

I was a witch. It was allowed.

Chapter 11

The next day,when I saw the video from the limo, I was slightly upset at the end product. Not that it didn't corroborate everything Jack had said. It was that he had left out more details than I would have imagined.

The sex started more or less as he said. Loud. Enthusiastic. They moved around in the limo and performed all sorts of lewd acts.

It was obvious that they both enjoyed performing those lewd acts.

The stable camera and their unawareness of where it was located made it a lower-tier porn movie, but it worked for what I wanted it to do.

Jack hadn't lied about having her three ways from Sunday.

It started off with sex in doggy style. They were both loud and enthusiastic. When he was ready and had made her climax a series of times, he pulled out and finished on her back and buttocks. She laughed at his brazen display and rubbed his leavings into her skin.

They took a moment to enjoy a drink from the limo's small, in-car bar, and then immediately went back at it. Jack showed some good manners and went down on her. Sharon's screams confirmed she loved cunnilingus as much, if not more than, traditional penis-in-vagina sex.

After he got her good and worked up that way, instead of putting his manhood back where it should go, he instead angled up her hips and put her in an unusual position on the edge of the limo's back seat.

As he moved in close to her I couldn't see the action exactly, but their conversation made things obvious.

"You're too low," she told him.

"You need it back there."

"No I don't...but I'd like it back there." They kissed and my stomach tightened up with a vague nausea. "Can you do it?"

Jack was silent for a moment. I could see him manipulating his erection a bit.

“Yes. Your pussy is plenty wet. You’re a fucking swamp down here. Let me just get nice and slippery…”

He paused for a moment and then abruptly shoved his hips forward.

Sharon screamed in pleasure, a scream that dissolved into laughter. “Fuck me, fuck me hard!”

They went at it a second time. This time him having anal sex with her in a missionary position, though the previous time he had normal sex with her in doggy. Interesting.

She apparently liked being violated in that fashion. They once again rutted like animals. Sharon was vocal in the pair of orgasms she had before Jack peaked a second time. I wasn’t sure when his ejaculation started, but he left most of his second orgasm all over her stomach.

Neither were bothered by this.

It was almost enough to end their ardor, but not quite.

“You’re making me a mess,” Sharon laughed on the terrible quality audio.

“You look beautiful with my cum all over your body.”

“Oh really?” She ran a finger through the puddles on her taut stomach. “You’ve hardly put any on me.” She tasted her finger and smiled. “Want to add some more?”

“You know that I do.”

Before Jack could do anything, Sharon shuffled forward in the small space the limo afforded and bent forward to take his organ into her mouth. I supposed they weren’t worried about a cleaning fee for the limo. Or maybe it was included. It didn’t matter. It took Jack no time at all to go from a semi-turgid state to fully erect.

I tried not to think about the fact that he had recently been inside her rectum. I’m sure a creature that spent half his time as a cat wouldn’t care, but Sharon didn’t know that about Jack.

Certainly she didn’t care. The fellatio she performed on him was enthusiastic and intense.

I found just watching it aroused me.

The most surprising thing was that in less than an hour Jack was able to have two orgasms and then get hard a third time.

I watched eagerly in anticipation of his third climax.

It took Sharon some effort. I wondered if Jack was holding back. She needed to use her hands in addition to her mouth, sucking on him while cradling his sack and stroking his length.

I closely watched her technique, looking for pointers.

When Jack made a familiar grunt, I leaned in, watching closely in anticipation. I wasn’t sure exactly when his orgasm started, but the eruption of his ejaculate all over Sharon’s face was fascinating. She laughed as she received his gift.

Clearly Sharon wasn’t the shy sort when it came to sex. But I already knew that. To see her face coated in Jack’s semen was enough to make me push my hand down into my underwear, find myself soaking wet, and anxiously rub my clitoris until I climaxed as well.

Jack, who had been sitting next to me on the couch while I reviewed the video, finally spoke. He had watched while I had pleasured myself. He had watched with interest. “I see you liked the show I put on.”

After opening my eyes, I wiped my fingers on the outside of my plain white cotton underwear, and looked at my familiar. “I wasn’t watching the show you were putting on. I was trying to determine the best way to go after Sharon. Her weaknesses.”

I sat up and straightened my clothes.

“Her weakness is her pussy. And her clit. And her ass. And her mouth. She likes to use all of those during sex.” He grinned at me with some satisfaction. “Why not just use this video?”

With a frown I said, “I can’t. She’s not doing anything wrong here. In fact, we are. She has a right to expect some measure of privacy in the limo. But I’m going to hold onto it anyway.”

“Because you liked it?” he asked me.

I didn’t want him to know that. “No. Because it’s going to be additional evidence.”

“What are you going to do about Sharon, then?”

“I need to get her in a situation where she’s acting inappropriately, especially in a sexual relationship, where the company would want to get rid of her.”

Jack shrugged his shoulders. “What about that little threesome with that couple?”

I shook my head. “Private residence and we were spying. A threesome would be good for this, but that won’t work.”

Jack thoughtfully ran his fingers through his hair. “I have an idea. What are you willing to do to make this happen?”

“I’ll do whatever it takes.”

He smiled.

“Okay, you need to learn two things. Some simple transformation magic and how to eat pussy.”

Chapter 12

It wasn’t that I was opposed to sex with a woman. But it wasn’t something that interested me at all. In short, I wasn’t a lesbian or even bisexual.

The idea that Jack was proposing was an excellent one, but I didn’t want to have sex with Sharon. Or any other woman for that matter.

“And you call yourself a witch!” he said dismissively and stalked angrily away from me, out of the living room into the bedroom where he slammed the door shut.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I asked.

“I think he’s judging you, honey,” said Grey with a sniff.

I had invited my friend over to help hash out a plan that would work. Grey looked plaintively to the back of the apartment. I could tell he wanted to have sex with Jack again.

And I wasn’t opposed to that either, but first things first.

“Why would he judge me? He’s my familiar!”

“Because you think you’re better than everyone else because you won’t fuck a woman.”

“He just wants to watch me with a woman,” I dismissed the complaint.

“He knows you’ve watched him with another man—me—and cats are very good at calling out hypocrites.” Grey smiled, savoring the time he had been with Jack.

He definitely wanted a repeat performance.

“I’m not a hypocrite!”

“But you are, dear.”

“Just because I’m not attracted to women?”

“No,” Grey said evenly, taking a sip of wine. I had brought out the wine in an attempt to lubricate our minds to better ideas. “You’re a hypocrite because, as

you've said, you're willing to do whatever it takes to bring down Sharon, but you aren't because you won't sleep with her."

I sighed. "I don't want to."

"Do you think I wanted to fuck that nice girl in high school who would have been a hundred times happier fucking any boy who was straight but her mental state sent her into my arms, a nice boy looking to hide his gayness?"

"What?"

"Chelsea Little. Short girl, little chubby, big tits, gave head like a truck stop hooker?"

I stared blankly at him. "I didn't know you in high school."

He broke out of his memories. "Doesn't matter. The important point here is I closed my eyes and pretended her mouth was Tommy Stephenson's."

"Gross."

"And then I pretended her pussy was Daniel Stanley's ass."

"You had sex with her twice?"

I was starting to question Grey's gayness.

He frowned. "A handful of times. The point is, I was willing to do what it took to hide my gayness. You need to do that much to put Sharon in her place."

"But you are the most flamboyant man I know!"

"Now. But not then. Jack's right. You need to learn to eat the vadge."

"I don't need to learn to eat the...what you said. Cunnilingus. I don't need to learn to do it."

Grey lay his hand on my forearm. "Oh, honey. I'm not an expert on that subject, but I do know how to worship the cock. It takes time to learn all the techniques. Even if you think you're a natural—and I don't think you believe that you are—practice always makes perfect."

“That’s why I brought you over. I need your input to the plan.”

Grey shook his head. “Honey, the plan is great. Unless you can find some woman to do your bidding, you’re going to have to eat the vadge. Specifically, Sharon’s vadge.”

“I’ll think of something…”

Grey looked wistfully at the closed bedroom door, obviously dreaming about a naked and willing Jack. “Aren’t you a witch? Can you just ensorcele some woman to do your bidding?”

“Probably.”

Jack suddenly burst out of the bedroom and zoomed down the hallway toward us. It would have been less alarming if he had been in cat form. “She can!” he crowed. “But there’s a problem.”

“What?” I asked out of curiosity.

“Using magic to seduce someone to do what we’re planning...it’s possible. The problem is...in order for it to take hold and be effective where you can control her...you’ll have to have sex with her.”

Grey brayed a loud laugh.

I cursed under my breath.

Taking a moment to recover, Grey said, “It’ll probably just be easier for you to eat the vadge on your own.”

I sourly agreed with him.

“Tell me, dear, how is that sweet little piece of meat that you seduced? Robert is his name I believe?” Grey was almost feral in his need to know. He had sidled up to Jack, rubbing up against him, and Jack was clearly interested.

“I didn’t fuck Robert,” Jack answered before I could. “She did.”

“I know, dear,” said Grey as he leaned in for a kiss that Jack happily supplied. “I

was talking to her but looking at your lovely face."

"He's fine," I said, my voice tight with strain. "I sent him home under the influence of a minor spell convinced that he had drunk too much when we had sex."

"Should have been easy to cast," was Jack's comment as he exchanged kisses with Grey. "Especially after a couple of drinks."

"We didn't have any drinks."

Jack snapped his head around to stare at me which forced Grey to wind up kissing my familiar's ear instead of his lips. "Really? Did the spell work?"

I rolled my shoulders. "Perfectly as far as I can tell. He only remembered a great night with me. Every day I get multiple messages from him asking for another roll in bed."

"And you haven't said yes yet?" marveled Grey as he pushed his hand down the front of Jack's pants.

"I have my dignity. I'm making him wait."

"Girl, don't make him wait. Go get some of the hot cock." Grey now had Jack's shirt off and was kissing his chest. I watched with great interest. I wasn't sure how long I wanted to let them go. It was hot to see Jack have sex with someone else, but I wasn't sure I wanted it to be Grey.

Again.

"He's your thrall," reported Jack and then turned back to Grey. "You can control him however you want now." He lifted up Grey's shirt and kissed his way down my gay best friend's chest, down his flat tummy, and started working on his pants.

"Any way I want?"

"Probably he'll stop short of murder," said Jack before taking Grey's handsome manhood into his mouth. "But maybe not," he mumbled around the rising flesh.

I decided to watch the two of them.

I knew it was wrong but they knew I was there and watching was a hobby of mine.

Was voyeurism really a hobby? It didn't matter.

Jack got Grey's pants all the way off and was performing a pious act of worship on his knees in front of Grey. My gay friend, who I never had a desire to see naked, was showing of his handsome erection, though most of it was obscured by being in Jack's mouth.

Fellatio is a beautiful expression of love and lust.

Grey just let him go. I'm sure Jack's oral skills with men were just as good as they were with women. Jack's head bobbed up and down like a professional's as he slowly undressed himself. I wanted to join in, but that wasn't me. I couldn't get myself involved with Grey—after all, he was gay and I didn't want to spoil our friendship.

But I was more than willing to masturbate to the two of them.

They didn't even notice when I pushed my hand down between my legs after shuffling my black yoga pants down to mid-thigh along with my underwear.

I was breathing hard and fast as the two men struggled a bit determining who was in charge, and eventually they came to a silent agreement of Jack down on his hands and knees with Grey behind him.

Both men were sporting large erections and I didn't want either of them hurt.

I had to force myself to remove my hand from my sex and run to the bedroom. I didn't need lube all that much, but it was nice to have around when it was necessary. I ran back to the living room and handed the jar to Grey. He had been trying to mount my familiar in human form.

I couldn't resist. I got some of the lube on my fingers and reached under Jack's body where he was on all fours.

"Just a little help," I said as I wrapped my fingers around his hardness and

slicked up his organ.

Jack hyperventilated a moment as I masturbated him.

I told myself I wasn't going to get involved.

Then Grey slowly pushed his hardness into Jack's bottom and my familiar groaned with lust.

My fingers froze and I just held Jack in my hand.

"Jerk me off," he begged me. "Please…"

I pulled my hand away.

He needed to suffer a bit.

Slowly Grey established a rhythm with the cat in a man's skin. Jack was enjoying it. Grey leaned forward and wrapped his fingers around where once mine had been.

"I love a man with a firm cock," Grey said. "But I want you to beat yourself off while I plow you, okay dear?" He reached down and lifted up Grey's left hand, pulling it to his manhood.

Watching the two men do this was too much. I stumbled backward onto the overstuffed chair and put my hand to my sex again. The yoga pants had risen up during my dash to the bedroom, but not very high.

I could hear my fingers on the slickness of my yoni.

The men seemed to take no notice of me.

Grey was reaming Jack hard now.

My familiar looked up and locked eyes with me.

He made a plaintive mewling sound just as I saw him ejaculate all over his busy fingers. The thick white fluid dripped to the floor.

I licked my lips and pushed myself over the edge with some vigorous strokes.

Grey lasted another moment before crying out in triumph as he orgasmed.

At least he had the good manners to finish in Jack’s back entrance and not make a larger mess on my floor.

Chapter 13

The problem was I had no confidence in myself. Maybe it was years of being the plain mousy girl in the corner who wore glasses and was too smart for her own good. I tried to make up for that in college, sleeping with as many college boys as possible before I smartened up on that front, but I never had the confidence it took to seduce someone. Always they came to me, maybe thinking I was an easy target (I was) and I was all too happy for the attention, willing to go along with whatever sexy scheme they were cooking up.

I had never asked out a boy or a man. I had never initiated anything with anyone. They always had to approach me first. But I was always willing to say yes.

So approaching Sharon was going to be a challenge.

One thing I had learned over the years was how to apply makeup. It was a skill I had honed while spending a lot of time alone. The real trick was now doing it to myself to change my appearance just enough to be a lot sexier, but not going too far.

Oh yeah, and not to permanently damage myself because I was using magic to change my appearance.

How much to change was the real question.

Jack walked me through the basics of the spell. I took a deep breath and went with it.

The most unsettling part was that I could feel my bones shifting as I worked the spell. Smoothing and shaping my skin was fine and oddly pleasant. The bone structure change was creepy.

I did it all in front of a mirror while Jack watched me. Eventually I got scared that I was doing too much to myself and stopped.

“Perfect,” Jack declared.

“Really?” I looked at myself carefully in the mirror. He said the effect would be more or less permanent until I used the spell again to restore my natural appearance. Maybe this was why witches were always either depicted as incredibly ugly or sexy. No middle ground.

“I want to fuck you.”

I scoffed. “You always want to do that.”

“I want to fuck you more than usual.”

I looked at myself in the mirror, carefully inspecting myself. I could see why Jack would say such a thing. Not that I’m into that sort of thing, but I would have happily masturbated to myself in the mirror. That would have been hot.

Jack planted a kiss on the side of my neck and circled his arms around me.

It took all of my self-control to push him away. “Sorry. Can’t now. Need to get ready for work so I can seduce my boss.”

The sour look on his face said it all.

“But I’ll call you if I need you.”

Going into work I was nervous as hell, which only made sense. I was wearing what I hoped was a business appropriate skirt and jacket, but the bra I was wearing pushed up my breasts creating way too much cleavage. I had sculpted my body enough to put my excess fat into the right locations—hips, butt, and breasts—to make myself more attractive to viewers, but I wondered if it was too much.

I felt a little wobbly on my heels I wore too rarely. But I liked the stares I got as I walked through the office. I ignored the stares.

Well, I pretended to ignore the stares.

I loved it more than I thought I would.

I did some work at my desk, noted the parade of men walking by—and a few women—before I deemed it the appropriate time and went to Sharon’s office.

She was busy banging away on her computer. She didn’t notice me at first.

I waited patiently for a few seconds and then I cleared my throat before saying, “Ms. Kalaji, if you have a minute?”

When she glanced up at me it was at first to acknowledge my presence, then she looked back down at her screen, and then she immediately looked back up at me.

I’ll admit it, I was leaning forward a bit, showing off the generous amount of cleavage my spell and my bra had created.

I knew she swung that way.

At least she did when pressed and offered it.

“You look nice today,” she offered and then seemed to catch herself. “Is there something I can help you with?” she asked more primly.

“Yes.” I glanced behind me, noted the door was open, and took a step back to close it, taking the time to make sure the door was locked. “I don’t care what happens and I’m not worried about my job, but I need to let you know something.”

Sharon straightened up in her chair. “You’re making me worry.”

“It’s nothing to worry about.”

From the moment I walked into the office, I started putting out as many pheromones as possible. It was little more than a simple love spell. Less love and more lust, but it would serve the purpose.

“Oh? Then do tell.”

I approached her, circling around the desk. “I know it’s wrong and I don’t care, I can’t hold back any longer. I’m obsessed with you, Sharon. I have been from the moment I met you.”

She looked only mildly surprised. “This is...unexpected.”

“I’m sorry,” I apologized. “I’m putting you in an impossible position and if you need to fire me or move me to a different department or under a different manager, I understand.”

Sharon gave me a thin smile and rose up out of her chair. We were almost exactly the same height. “I don’t think that will be necessary.”

I didn’t back away. We were both too close for comfort, we were both breaking acceptable social distance.

I pushed out as many pheromones as possible and made the bold move of leaning in.

I had never kissed a woman before and I immediately wished I had.

Sharon was an incredible kisser.

I could feel her breasts pressing into mine. My heart was thumping in my chest and I felt like I was back in ninth grade, kissing my first boy.

Only this was more intense.

I was afraid I liked it a lot more.

To Be Continued

Preview

Tiresias 3: Michael & 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