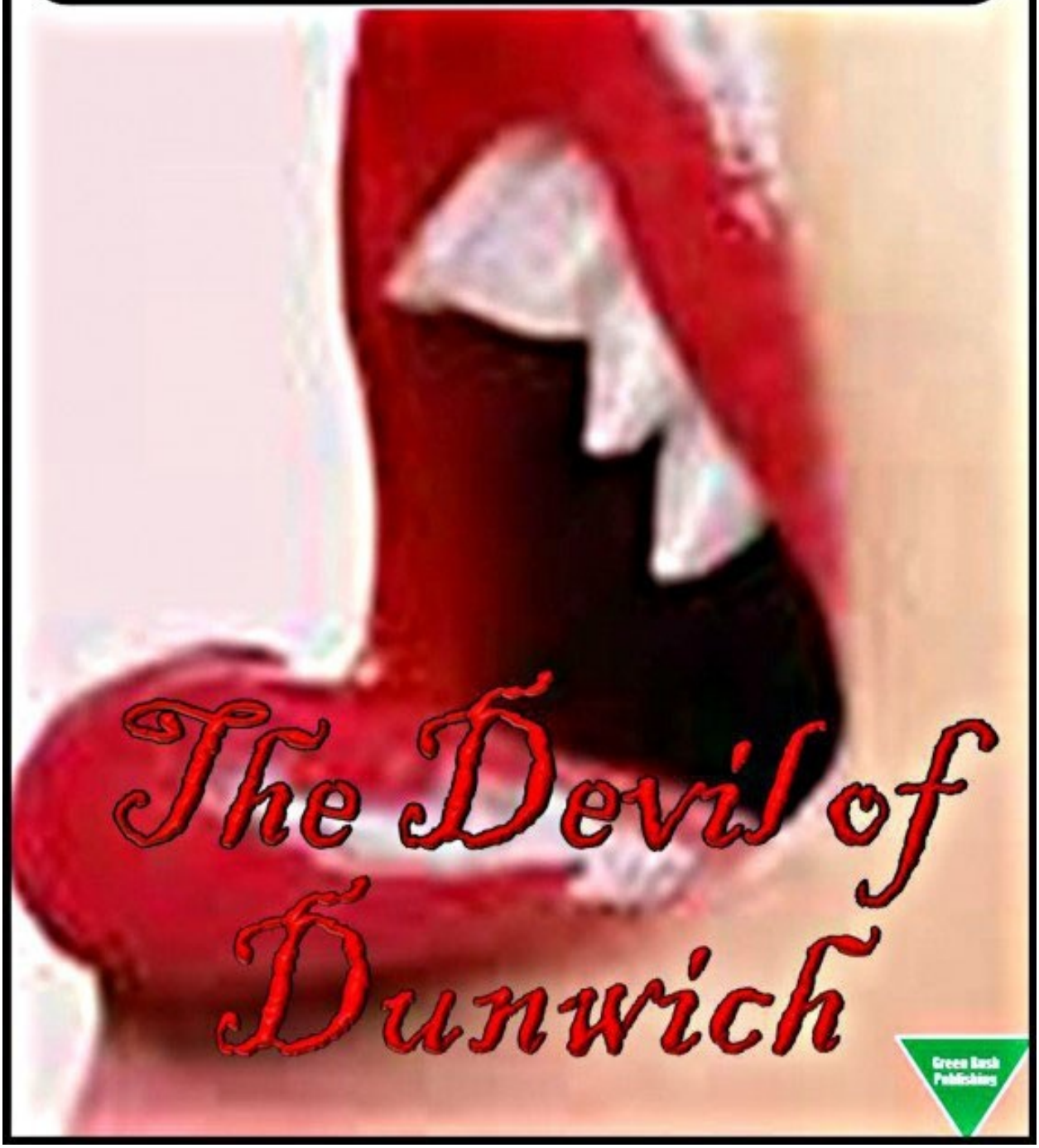
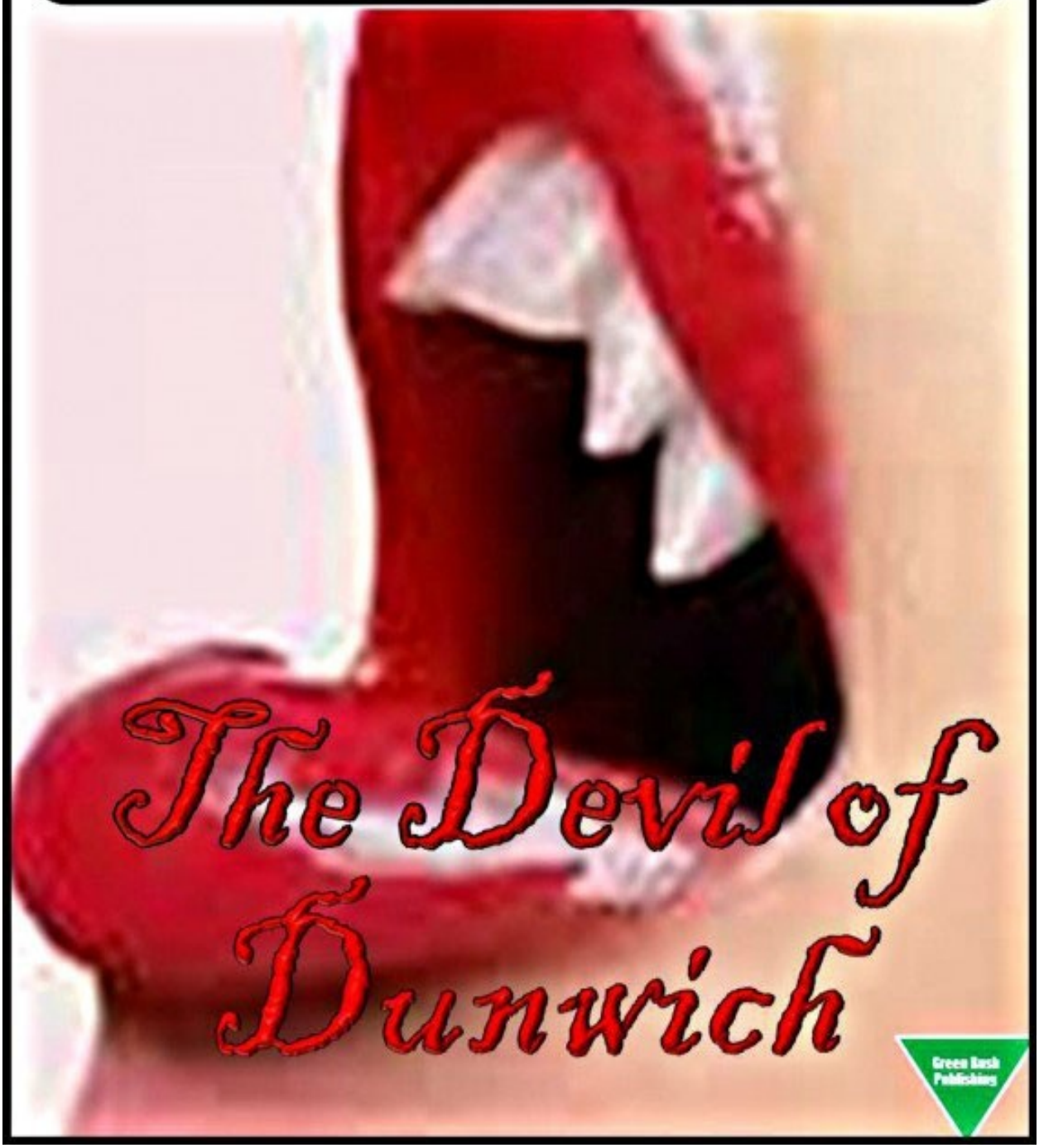
Elliot Silvestri



The Devil of Dunwich

Green Rush Publishing

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Dunwich, Massachusetts

Spring 1723

Chapter One

“Thank you for coming, Miss Hynde.”

“Did I really have a choice, Goody Barebone?”

The two women had met in the forest, not far from the village, but far enough for privacy and silence. The clearing was easily found by Tace Hynde, if nothing else Obedience Barebone gave very good directions. Tace adjusted her bonnet and looked around the clearing. It was still early spring and there buds on the trees were just beginning to blossom, holding many possibilities but nothing beyond that. Everything was gray or brown, dead with only the potential for life.

Goody Barebone had brought along a small black iron pot which she had suspended over a little fire by a chain and tripod. The fire was contained by a circle of stones that had to have been arranged long ago because they were set into the ground and were carefully arranged. She must have arrived some time before Tace because the contents of the pot were already slowly bubbling thickly. Looking around on the bare, hard earth Tace was glad she had brought along her grandmother’s quilt as instructed by Obedience; there was nothing to sit on that wasn’t dirt or half-rotten brown leaves. “Are we having a picnic lunch then?” she asked as she spread the large covering on the ground near the small fire.

The older woman smiled and let out a little laugh. Even away from the village elders, away from the village and its strict confines of expected behavior it was hard for Obedience to break the rules she had grown up following. Hard, but not impossible. It was easier with a friend, a companion, a confidant. Before answering the pretty blonde woman who had only recently blossomed from her maidenhood, Obedience pushed back a few stray locks of black hair under her bonnet. They weren’t graying, not yet. She wasn’t an old woman by any means, but premature aging was a danger to a woman like her. “No sustenance today, my dear. Nothing to sup, that is. We’ll receive our sustenance another way.” She looked into the pot and carefully stirred it with a heavy iron ladle. “It’s almost ready,” she judged. “Time be garb ourselves skyclad.”

Tace looked blankly at Goody Barebone, and then looked at her in shock, when then older woman loosened the collar of her dress and abruptly pulled it over her body. In an instant she was naked under the weak spring sun. Almost naked, Tace realized. Obedience was still wearing her boots and warm woolen stockings that went up to her thighs, but these she pulled off leaving her only in her bonnet and nothing else. Skyclad. Obedience looked at Tace expectantly, waiting for her to strip off her dress as well.

The young, blond woman moved slower than Obedience. She had suspected that something like this would happen, but she wasn't fully prepared for it. After loosening her stays and opening up her collar, she pulled down her dress to reveal her warm undergarments. These too she pulled off, along with her stockings and shoes, leaving her as naked as Obedience, also in her cap.

The air was cold which caused her nipples to pucker, giving her the appearance of arousal. Sensing the heat of the fire, Tace stepped forward and absorbed the meager heat which also brought her closer to Obedience. The two women were a study in contrasts. Miss Tace was very young, blonde, with small, high breasts and pink nipples, and taut skin over her lean body. Goody Barebone was older, with much larger breasts that hung lower on her torso with a curvy body that was still pleasing to her husband because it hadn't gone over to fat just yet. The tangle of hair at the apex of her legs matched the dark luster of hair on her head. Obedience let her eyes rove over Tace's body. "Oh to be youthful again," she said to Tace's discomfort.

The young blonde had to force herself not to hold her hands across her breasts and cover her quim. "What now?" she asked.

"You are bored with your life, yes? Following the orders of the elders is a burden. You want more power and control of your life?"

"Yes, ma'am." The words came out automatically which made Obedience smile.

"We are all equals here. There is no need to call me ma'am."

"Yes…Obedience," Tace said with a bit of pride in her voice having overcome her years of indoctrination of behavior.

"Give me your hand," Obedience requested as she knelt down next to the fire and picked up a small knife from the kit she had brought along with the iron pot.

Tace held out her left hand to her new friend and felt the warmth of Goody Barebone's fingers. "The left hand," Obedience murmured. "Automatic or choice?"

"My parents used to beat me for using my wrong hand," Tace said softly.

"There's nothing wrong with the left hand here," she replied. "A cut to the finger, nothing unexpected for a good housewife, yes?"

"I'm not a housewife just yet," said Tace.

"Soon," promised Obedience as she drew the knife across the pad of Tace's ring finger. She hissed in pain. Obedience thrust her hand over the boiling pot and let several drops of blood fall into the roiling liquid. Tace wanted to draw away from the intense heat, but Obedience held it there forcing the blood out until she judged there was enough in the pot. "Did you bring his offering?"

Tace thought it was late to be asking, but she nodded and fell to her knees to scramble through her dress while she sucked on her wounded finger. The coppery taste of hot blood was strong on her tongue. With her awkward right hand she found her dress's pocket and pulled the scrap of folded paper out. Inside was one long brown hair, carefully twisted into a loop. "Is this enough? I plucked it from the shoulder of his jacket as he passed by me in church last week."

Obedience smiled. "As long as it is actually his, it is more than enough." She snatched the hair away and dropped it in the pot as well, stirring everything up with the ladle.

"How long?" Tace asked.

"Just a few minutes now. The potion works best if you gave it to him, but with a bit of his essence, the purpose will be served."

"How did you learn all this?" Tace asked nervously, and not just because what she was participating in was sacrilegious, and not just because she was naked in the woods with another woman.

"From mother to daughter, from aunt to niece, from friend to friend," Obedience said. "We need to spread our influence. Will you spread it with me?"

Automatically Tace nodded. “Yes. Of course I will.”

Obedience ladled up a scoop of the thick broth and poured it into a pewter mug. “Let it cool a bit, not just because you’ll burn your tongue, but you’ll burn everything inside. You need to down it all in one go. Can you do that?” She passed the mug to Tace

“I’m a brewer’s daughter,” Tace said with false pride. “I can do it.” The heat of the broth came through the walls of the mug and Tace warmed her fingers on it.”

“What follows once you drink this potion is dangerous, but full of rewards, material and ephemeral both. You can’t turn from this path once you start. There is risk of death from our Christian enemies and risk of death from our dread lord as well. Now, do you wish to join with me or will you run back to the village like a coward?”

Tace gave her answer by lifting the mug to her lips and quickly swallowing the entire contents. It was hot but nothing she couldn’t handle. It warmed her insides. “I’m no coward,” she declared.

“Do you feel it?” Obedience asked after a moment.

With a shake of her head Tace said, “No. I feel nothing.” Only after she spoke the words did she feel another burning, this time much lower, not in her stomach but her quim. “Oh.” Her left hand went to her sex and she felt her wetness on her fingers and a desire deeper in her that she wanted to fulfill. Her eyes were shining with an enthusiasm that would have thrilled the reverend if she was in church, but she was in the woods with Goody Barebone and her eyes were shining with physical lust not love of God.

“You feel it now,” Obedience told her and Tace nodded in agreement. “Your soon-to-be-lover feels it as well. But you need to slake your desire now.”

“Uh-huh,” Tace moaned

“On the quilt,” Obedience said. “We can take care of you, but we need to hope your paramour cannot complete his needs now.”

Tace didn’t resist as Obedience brought her down to the quilt on the cold ground. She didn’t resist when Obedience gave her a kiss on the lips, then the neck,

down to her breasts, down to her belly, and then she felt Obedience's tongue separating her nether lips and plunging into her cunt.

"Oh!" she declared as the older woman buried her face between her legs. Tace knew what Obedience was doing, but she couldn't believe what the dark-haired woman was doing. It felt good. Obedience must have done this with other women before. "Don't stop," Tace begged as she tried to wiggle away from Obedience's strong tongue.

Goody Barebone lifted her head up. Her cheeks and chin were wet with Tace's leavings. "I wouldn't dream of it," she said as she wrapped her arms around Tace's thighs and held her in place. The feeling that Obedience summoned up in her was incredible, a longing and desire she couldn't control. Before she knew it she was calling out with an ecstasy that would shame even the most fervent of saints.

She wasn't sure of it, but Tace wouldn't have been surprised if she had passed out under Obedience's treatment. "You have a true passion that will please our true master," Obedience declared when Tace returned to her senses.

"Thank you." After the moment of elation had passed she felt a bit of embarrassment at what she had done, but the feelings hadn't entirely faded.

"Would you like to meet whom you now worship?"

It was the question that Tace had been dreading and anticipating. This was the full moment of truth. She nodded knowing she didn't have any real say in the matter. Her choice had been made days, weeks, months ago. "Yes. Please."

"So polite," Obedience murmured and pulled Tace up to her knees facing her. She exchanged another quick kiss with the blonde woman, their bodies tight together for warmth, and then she turned them both to face the small fire, both on their knees. From the kit next to the fire Obedience picked up a small handful of powder. "Don't flinch," she warned Tace and tossed the powder into the fire. It immediately flared up and Tace wanted to lean away, but Obedience grabbed her hand and held her fast. Tace expected the quick flare to immediately die away for she had seen similar reactions in the blacksmith's forge, but it didn't. The powder kept the fire blazing forth and it changed fire from yellow-orange to blue-green. It seemed so wrong.

“What is this?” Tace asked as she continued to shy away from the flames.

“It is how we speak to our master,” Obedience told her. “Back straight. You want to be presentable when he comes.”

Tace didn’t know exactly what to expect, maybe some formal words welcoming her new god, or even an incantation to summon him from his otherworldly realm. Tace didn’t know. When Obedience just started chanting “Welcome, lord, welcome,” over and over, she looked askance at her friend. This wasn’t what she was expecting at all. Obedience’s eyes were closed and she was swaying back and forth. Since Obedience didn’t tell her what to do Tace remained silent but she continued to hold her hand. What was to happen next, Tace didn’t know, nor did she know how long they would have to wait.

As it turned out, the wait was very short. As Tace watched, to her utter amazement, the fire parted and a figure stepped up and out from the small circle of stones that surrounded the fire under the pot. Space seemed to warp and part as her new god came up from below. She wondered if the stones served some other purpose beyond simple containment of cook fire.

“Stop it,” he said in a deep rumbling voice that seemed to shake Tace’s body. “I heard you the first time. Saying it over and over is annoying. Stop. Once is enough.”

Obedience dropped Tace’s hand and threw herself prostrate on the quilt in front of the god. “Apologies, Lord!”

“Stop the groveling. I get too much of that everywhere else. What do you want?”

“For you to meet your newest follower, Lord.” Obedience knelt up and gestured to Tace. For her part, Tace was trembling and not from the cold. Having sex on the quilt in front of the flaring fire had warmed her body, but the appearance of Obedience’s lord frightened her to where she had no control over her actions. She was literally shaking, and for good reason.

Obedience’s god, her god as well, was essentially a man, but different enough to scare Tace to her core. Nothing like this ever happened in church. The reverend and the particularly spiritual always claimed to have a direct connection to their god but Tace had never fully understood what they claimed they were feeling. All that changed now that she saw this new, dread god in front of her. The

ecstasy that others had felt before she now felt, but not from the same source.

He was easily the tallest man she had ever laid eyes upon. His body was muscular but his skin tone was wrong; it was red-bronze, a color she only saw in the blacksmith's forge when he was heating metal. It wasn't even the natural color of the Indians who still lived at the fringes of English settlement. But that was a minor concern. Everything else about his appearance was frightening from the crown on his head that held a circle of small horns that pointed in every direction, to the sharp teeth that filled his mouth, down to his naked body. Tace couldn't help but behold his manhood. His sex was easily the largest she had ever seen. She had only seen a few men in their natural state, but this dark lord put to shame even the horses and bulls in the farmers' fields. Unconsciously Tace licked her lips in anticipation of what his member would feel like in her body.

His legs were normal, but his feet, they weren't the cloven goat hooves that the reverend preached about on Sundays. He had clawed feet, much like a bird. Did this small incorrect detail mean everything the church preached was wrong, or was it just an oversight or minor translation error? Tace didn't know. What scared her the most, strangely enough, was the tail that suddenly appeared from behind the god. It swept back and forth like a cat's tail, but wasn't covered in fur, it looked like smooth skin.

"She is pleasing to my eyes," he said which caused Tace to lift her eyes up to his. They were yellow-green and glowed with a powerful light. She had to look away. "I will take her."

"Now, Lord?"

"Of course now."

"She is unmarried and a virgin."

Obedience's statement made the devil laugh. That's what he was, Tace realized, a devil. Was he the devil she had been warned about all her life or just a minor demon, a minor of evil itself? She didn't know. "She might be unmarried but she certainly isn't a virgin," he chuckled. He reached out and grasped Tace by the throat. His long, thick fingers went all the way around her neck and he ran his taloned thumb along her jawline. "Are you a virgin?" he asked Tace while peering into her eyes.

It was impossible for her to move her head but she managed to squeak out, “No, Lord.”

Obedience looked over at her companion in mild surprise. “I apologize, Lord. I expected her to be a virgin. I beg your forgiveness.”

“Virgins are a waste of time,” he proclaimed and leaned in close to Tace, inhaling her scent. His body was warm, not as hot as the fire, but warm enough to excite her body. His grip was strong; she sensed he would be able to break her neck with only the slightest of pressure and somehow that excited her as well. “She has been with a man before. Maybe more than one, am I right?” he asked Tace.

“Two, Lord,” Tace replied, mimicking Obedience’s speech pattern. “Two men.”

“And a woman as well,” he added after inhaling deeply once more. “You?” he asked Obedience.

“Yes, Lord.”

“Put her down,” he said as he let go of Tace’s neck. Immediately she missed his touch, she could feel a physical longing to have his hand on her throat again. Once he let go Obedience pushed Tace down to the quilt-covered ground on her hands and knees. The reverend had warned the congregation many times that it was wrong for them to express the physical act of love like mating animals. Then again, the reverend also said it was wrong for man to lay with man and woman to lay with woman and she had already committed that sin. It wouldn’t be any worse for her to be used by a devil like a bull used a cow. She prepared herself and was happy she had committed sin with the reverend’s son many times in the hayloft and committed those same sins with Farmer Eustace when his wife was pregnant.

“Do you want me to prepare you, Lord?” Obedience asked as watched the devil kneel behind Tace.

He snorted at her presumptiveness. “I can rise on my own, especially for such a young, sweet treat.” Tace looked over her shoulder and saw the disappointed look in Obedience’s eyes, but more importantly she saw that the devil’s sex was growing and hardening on its own. “I can easily stiffen on my own.”

It was large, Tace realized, but not obscenely large. It would fit; Tace was going to make sure it fit. She arched her back and invited him inside her. When he presented the purple head to her entrance, right away she felt his heat and felt herself get wetter. He didn't try to shove the whole thing in all at once like the reverend's son, but eased it in. It was easy at first but then when he was well inside and was able to keep going, it started to feel like he was stretching her to the bursting point.

It was painful, but not terribly so. Tace found she could endure the torture and even enjoy it.

"So deep," Obedience sighed as she watched the two fornicate. When the devil thought he had gone deep enough he pulled back, grabbed Tace's hips, and started plowing her like a fertile field. Obedience's hand slipped between her thighs and she rubbed her quim while she watched her master mate with her apprentice.

The devil and the girl rutted like animals. Even the sounds that they made were obscene enough even to make a jaded prostitute turn away in disgust. Obedience didn't look away, she watched in fascination while playing with herself. It was hard to tell if Tace was actually enjoying what the devil was doing to her, but Obedience didn't interrupt. It wasn't her place. She enjoyed the display and made herself climax several times while they rutted.

Tace took great pleasure in the way she was used by her lover. It hurt, but the pain was something that heightened how good it felt. As they fornicated she felt him press his thick thumb against her anus. That took her by surprise but the pleasurable feeling wasn't something she would shy away from. And then she realized it wasn't his thumb pressing into her. It was the bulbous end of his tail.

It was wrong. It was very wrong and Tace tried to scramble away from the devil, but he had his hands firmly on her hips and she couldn't go anywhere. Still, Tace tried and for her efforts the devil dug his claws into her skin, piercing the tender flesh making ten small holes that slowly started to seep blood.

The violence emboldened them both and when the devil finished with a series of bull-like bellows, Tace came along with him, not despite of the but because of the pain he caused her. When he extracted his tail from her bottom she felt the same sense of loss as when he released her throat.

Tace looked exhausted but happy when she collapsed to the ground. Her loins were on fire, but a pleasant fire. The rest of her body was sore and the blood continued to weep from her wounds, but she was satisfied.

“Is she acceptable, Lord?” Obedience asked as he wiped his terrible red dart on Tace’s thigh.

“She is acceptable,” he rumbled as he rose to his feet. “I’ll take her kiss now.”

The words were beautiful to Tace. She sprang to her feet and embraced the monster who had taken her human innocence. Even he had not anticipated her rapid movement and was startled when she threw her arms around him, rose up on her toes, and pressed her lips to his mouth. He responded but not the way she had expected. His sharp teeth nipped at her lips drawing blood. She pulled away with her hand to her mouth.

“No, not that way,” chided Obedience. “You must give him the kiss due a devil.”

Tace looked at the other woman, confused. “What do you mean?”

Instead of explaining, Obedience merely gestured to the devil who now turned around and placed his clawed foot on the largest rock that surrounded the small fire. His long, sinuous tail grew out of the base of his spine, much like any animal’s tail would, and this he now swept up and out of the way, fully exposing his muscular buttocks as he leaned forward slightly and angled his hips.

“On your knees, girl,” Obedience told her when Tace didn’t immediately move the way she wanted. Almost without thinking—or perhaps because she was being forced—Tace found her knees suddenly hitting the dirt putting her eyes level with the devil’s hindquarters. The kiss she was expected to perform was obvious—now—and Tace realized she was being tested. It was too late, far too late, to change her mind and back out now.

She leaned forward and placed her hands on the devil’s hips. His body was warm, warmer than she remembered when he was using her, and since he didn’t object she proceeding to put her face into the cleft of his buttocks. At first she expected the smell to be terrible, it wasn’t, but neither was it pleasant. It was a strange combination of excrement, smoke, coal, and some heady odor that made

her pleasantly dizzy. Her lips and tongue sought out the tightly pinched entrance. That's what they wanted and that was what she was going to give them. Tace wasn't shy or afraid. She would kiss the devil with her bloody lips and ask to do it again if that's what it took to get what she wanted.

It was not such a horrible thing to have to do. A normal kiss with a handsome man was always enjoyable, the devil's kiss wasn't all that different—and she could tell that the devil was enjoying the attention she was showing his bottom hole. His tail actually wrapped around her neck, not tight enough to be painful or to cut off her breathing, but just firm enough to let her know that she was being used for his pleasure—not that she minded. Tace liked to break the rules.

It was only when she started circling one hand around his hip to reach for his manhood, did the devil push her away. She gasped at the sudden rejection and went sprawling on the ground. He turned around to show off his rampant tool. "Not for you to touch, girl," he lectured her. He looked down at her. There was blood smeared across her face from the cuts he had given her lips after her unexpected kiss. There was more blood dripping down her flanks from where his nails had pierced her tender skin on her buttocks. Between her legs her sex was starting to seep out the essence he had implanted in her quim. It was unlikely it would take root, but there was always that chance and he encouraged it. Sweat covered her body and her hair had come undone from her bonnet giving her a strangely beautiful look.

"Would you like me to assist you, my lord?" Obedience asked a little too quickly, a little too eagerly.

The devil scowled at her. "So obsequious," he spat at her. "Are there no men here for you to sin with?"

Admonished, Obedience hung her head. "I apologize, lord. I see you and I cannot contain myself."

His lips curled back over his sharp teeth. "There are words for your type, Goody Barebone. Kneel together," he commanded.

Obedience pulled up Tace and the two faced each other, still kneeling on the ground. The older woman moved close to Tace, so that their bodies were touching, breast to breast, belly to belly, thigh to thigh. It was hard for Tace not to lean forward and kiss her friend, but she controlled her actions. They looked

into each other's eyes, it was a gaze that Tace had shared with only two lovers and she had always found it exciting and intimate. But this time she saw not only lust in Obedience's eyes, but fear as well. Both women shivered at the thought of what their master and lord could do to them.

Out of the corner of her eye Tace saw the devil's hand moving up and down his shaft. His big, meaty hand was wrapped around the rigid member, committing the sin of ononism, a sin that assuredly didn't worry him. It only took a few seconds before the dark red head erupted in a geyser of yellow liquid that sprayed over both of them. It was hot, much hotter than what Tace remembered as it had previously filled her womb. It stung her skin, not just from the unexpected splattering and not just from the heat. After a second the ejaculate started to burn and she wanted to scrape it from her body. She cried out in pain.

"You both suffer for her transgression, for her over-obvious need to mate with me," the devil told them. "Enjoy it," he cackled as she stepped back into the fire and disappeared in an abrupt flare.

Once he was gone Obedience broke free of Tace's embrace and grabbed up handfuls of dirt and litter from the forest floor to rub away the devil's leavings. Tace followed her lead. After a minute of vigorous scrubbing that left her skin covered in dirt, Obedience stopped and Tace realized she was crying. The pain of the devil's leavings was already ebbing for her, leaving behind little red splotches all over her body, and she knew the pain couldn't have been very bad for Obedience something else was going on.

"What is the matter?" she asked, grabbing Obedience's hands.

The older woman proved her strength and quickly broke free of Tace's grip to slap her across the face. The impact didn't hurt her as much as the gesture. Tace gasped and pressed her hand to her face. Already she could feel welts starting to form on her cheek. "Why?" she gasped.

"You will not steal him from me," Obedience raged at her. "I brought him here! Me! I've had three children already, I'm still fertile. I can bear for him. You will not be the one to honor him!"

Tace didn't want to point out that it had been six years since the birth of Obedience's youngest child because this would imply that her womb had shriveled up and gone dry. It hadn't truly occurred to her that she would be used

to breed, but now it all made sense. A marriage would soon have to be in her future.

“I’m sorry,” Tace immediately apologized. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean—”

Obedience shoved the girl aside and stood up. “Close your mouth. Just remember your place in this world and our order.” She began pulling her clothes back on her body without so much as bothering to try to wipe away some of the dirt she had rubbed into her skin. Tace followed suit but she did take the time to partially clean herself, removing the worse of the filth from her body which made her get dressed much slower than Obedience she extinguished the fire. As Tace started to walk away while Obedience waited for the pot to cool enough to transport it, the older woman called out, “Remember what you have learned today, Miss Silence Hynde. Your new paramour will be waiting for you.”

Tace only nodded and hurried home.

Chapter Two

Since she didn't want to walk into the village covered in dirt and grime and other bits of filth she stopped at a stream that meandered through the woods and pulled off her overdress to wash herself. There was a pool where the stream widened and she saw her face reflected in the water because the day was brightening and the sun was out.

Every time Tace saw her reflection she was startled at how pretty she was. Because of the way she was raised, Tace would never call herself beautiful, but to call herself plain would be a lie and that was a sin as well. And always before she had thought her face was not only pretty, but innocent as well. Today when she looked at her reflection, her eyes didn't look so innocent any more. That made her smile. It was good to shed her innocence. The world was a difficult place and being innocent helped no one.

With most of the muck off her body Tace then went to find the reverend's son. He wasn't all that hard to find. For all his father's preaching about hard work, respecting the lord, and every other thing that Tace had little interest in, Creedence James had fallen farm from the family tree. He wasn't behind the Hyndes' brewery operation nor was he drinking with his friends behind their pigsty. Knowing his habits, Tace went up to the James' family farm hay loft. She wasn't surprised to find him with another person. She was mildly surprised to find the other person was Trial Vynall.

Creedence had taken Tace up to the hayloft more than once. She had figured he had taken at least one or two other village girls up there as well. Knowing his habits she should have predicted that Creedence wouldn't limit himself to the fairer sex.

As she reached the top of the hayloft's ladder, she could heard the distinct heavy breathing of two bodies in the midst of the creation act, except what Trial was doing to Creedence would never result in the creation of anything other than the little death Reverend James always inveighed against. Tace was silent as the two young men were too preoccupied with their own bodies to be concerned with her or anything else around. They were both easy on the eyes and reasonably

muscular, though with his heavy drinking Creedence was starting to look a little bloated and paunchy. Trial was behind Creedence and both were naked. It was obvious that Creedence was getting buggered and was enjoying every bit of Trial's manhood buried where it shouldn't be.

Tace's hand went up and under her skirts, found her quim hidden between her legs, and gently rubbed while she watched the two men.

"You love this, don't you, Cree?" Trial asked in heavy, deep breaths as he thrusting his hips forward. When he did so his buttocks tightened in a manner that was most fetching to Tace.

"Uh-uh-uh," was all Creedence could manage to vocalize as he was used by his friend. Creedence was kneeling on the hay and Tace could see his shaft, neither hard nor soft but somewhere in between. She was well-familiar with his manhood but couldn't tell at her distance if it had been used recently or not.

They were nearly at the end of their encounter. Trial thrusted a few more times and finished with a heavy grunt of satisfaction. Creedence said nothing as his friend stepped back from his kneeling form and pulled up his dark pants.

"Are you going to—?" Creedence asked as he turned over and handled his prick which was now starting to rise.

Trial seemed taken aback. "I'm sure Father is looking for me by now. I have to get back to the farm."

Hearing that as her queue, Tace quietly and quickly moved down the edge of the loft where Trial couldn't see her as he clambered down the ladder. Like a flash he was out the barn door. The moment he was gone Creedence slammed his fist down on the roughhewn boards in frustration. "You weren't who I wanted anyway," Creedence mumbled under his breath.

Like an evil angel, Tace revealed herself. "Something frustrating you?" she asked sweetly showing her teeth.

Her sudden appearance startled Creedence, but once he recognized her he relaxed. "What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same thing."

Realizing it was exceedingly odd for him to be naked and alone in the hayloft he started stroking his shaft. “I was bored and lonely. I came up here for some privacy and was hoping you’d appear.”

Tace laughed. “With Trial?” she smirked as she stepped onto the loft and started loosening her dress. “I saw everything.” She paused. “Well, the important part anyway.” Her dress fell to the hay. “Does it still work?” she nodded to his limp member. “I’m not here for your amusement.”

“I—I—I searched for you earlier, but you were nowhere to be found.”

As she shimmied out of her dress—the second time for the day—Tace asked, “Was it me you wanted or Trial? Or some other Goody in the village?”

She was naked now and Creedence’s shaft was hard and pointing heavenward. “You,” he breathed. “Only you. I only want you now and forever.” His eyes were glazed with lust—and something else that Tace had never seen before and couldn’t identify.

He crawled across the loft and buried his face into her warm crotch. If he noticed anything was amiss in her sex, Creedence said nothing about it. After only a few moments Tace pulled him away from her by his hair. Although it had only happened this morning, she could sense that Creedence’s enthusiasm for licking her quenta didn’t nearly reach the heights that Obedience had for the same task.

“What’s the matter?” he asked her looking up into her pale blue eyes.

“Nothing,” she replied, carefully examining his expression. She was momentarily distracted by the shine of her juices on his chin and cheeks. “I want you inside me, that’s all.”

They got into their usual positions, Tace down on her hands and knees with Creedence behind her, putting his manhood into her sex like an animal. Tace would have preferred to be on top of him, riding him in a manner that made her superior to him, but he said he liked to do it like animals because his father hated that. Tace had definite doubts as to that, but today she was willing to give in to him because of her earlier encounter with her new lord and master.

They rutted for a few minutes, both were already primed for their encounter so it didn’t take long for both to be quickly satisfied. Afterwards as they lay on the

slightly scratchy hay Creedence asked, “What are all these burns on your skin?”

Tace shrugged aside his concern. “I was stirring the boiling soup a little too fast and it splashed on me.”

“All over your body?”

“Yes,” she said innocently.

“Were you naked while you were cooking?”

She smiled wickedly. “Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“Perhaps I would.”

He was willing to accept her lie but Tace didn’t like that he had even questioned her about her body. Before he had only used her to slake his lust in an only mildly sinful manner—unlike his sin with Trial—and now he wanted to have some control over her body. Maybe it was the effect of the potion she had created with Obedience, maybe it was something else. She opted to humiliate him. “I saw you with Trial.”

Creedence paused in moving his hand up and down her back. “What exactly did you see?” He asked the question nervously.

She rolled over. “I saw everything. Everything,” she stressed. “I saw his prick in you and I know you loved it.”

Creedence shook his head. “He made me do those things,” he said vehemently. “I don’t know how he does it. Maybe he has a touch of the devil in him and can control me, but I can’t resist when he wants to meet me here.”

Tace laughed softly and cupped his now-soft manhood in her hand. “That will all stop when we are married,” she promised him with a kiss. “I’ll take care of all your lustful needs.”

At first Creedence wasn’t sure what she was saying. “Why are we to marry?” That wasn’t his primary concern at the moment, but he couldn’t tell Tace that he was worried about the loss of his lover.

She laughed again, teasing, and ran her hand across her belly. “You’ve gotten me with child,” she told him. “Your father will want you to do the honorable thing.”

“You’re with child?”

“Yes,” said Tace. She wasn’t positive, of course, because it was too soon. She had lain with Creedence many times before and it hadn’t happened, and there was the possibility the child wasn’t his. But it didn’t matter. If the potion that Obedience had made for her worked, then Creedence would want to marry her

“I—I—I never would have guessed.” His brain was spinning and he briefly wondered if she had put some spell on him, but he remembered he was a man and there was no way a simple woman—even a beautiful one—could control him.

“What do you think the consequences of doing this were?” she asked him and rose up to her knees, briefly displaying her body to him before she started dressing. Creedence forced himself not to avert his eyes, not because of modesty but because he didn’t want her to think he had other lusts that she couldn’t fulfill for him.

“Are you certain?” he asked her. He felt pulled in all four directions at once.

“Not yet,” she told. “But certain enough. I’ll start showing shortly. Now is the time for you to let your intentions be known to your father, or would you have your child be born fatherless?”

She finished dressing and started down the ladder. “Tomorrow night,” she told him. “That’s when you will tell Reverend James. We’ll be married shortly after that. He’ll give us our own house where we can fully enjoy each other’s bodies,” she promised him and descended the rest of the way down.

Even as she left Creedence’s manhood started rising up again and he wasn’t sure why. She and no other woman had that sort of influence over him. His manhood before had only truly responded to other men.

As Tace had predicted the Reverend James was unhappy with his son’s decision and consequently beat young Creedence before resigning himself to the pairing. Creedence was his seventh son and didn’t reflect as strongly on him as the actions and choices of his first few children.

“How could you lay with that slattern?” he asked as he repeatedly thumped Creedence about the head and shoulders with his walking stick. Though the reverend was an older man and supposed needed the assistance of the stick to move around, he could show surprising strength when beating his children and wife. “She is nothing more than a brewer’s daughter. There is no future in her!”

John James, the reverend’s eldest son, watched the beating with bemusement. He had chosen to follow in his father’s footsteps and become a man of God. Creedence had opted to have his oldest brother with him when he made his intentions known to his father; it was a poor choice because John had no intention of stopping or preventing the beating he knew was waiting.

“Be happy he has chosen to marry a woman at all,” commented John as his father paused to catch his breath between swings of the cane.

“What is that supposed to mean?” the reverend asked.

“Nothing, Father, just a poor insult,” John answered. “My brother is more interested in lazing around and drinking instead of focusing his life on God or tilling the Earth.” He hid his smile behind his hand, pretending to rub his whiskered chin. “I suppose it’s not surprising that he wants to marry the brewer’s daughter.”

“Still no excuse!” James raged and brought the cane down one more time on Creedence’s head before collapsing into his chair at the head of the table.

Creedence had endured the beating in relative silence and now rose from the floor nursing his tender head. “But I love her,” he protested as if that would help.

“Bah!”

It was John who pointed out the obvious. “We already have many sons who are farmers, Father. Perhaps we should have the younger sons branch out to other occupations.” John considered himself the secondary ruler of the family after the reverend. His mother was but a mere afterthought and didn’t matter at all. “The Hynde family is not without wealth. And it is growing.”

“Something to consider,” agreed Reverend James. “Something to consider. But what about the rumors of her…unpleasant activities?”

John waved that aside without a second thought. “Those rumors fly about for every women of marriageable age. Master Hynde overindulges his daughter, to be sure, and she is strong-willed, but that is the type of woman my little brother needs. A wet rag of a woman without a strong hand—that will be a failure of a marriage for him.”

“True, true. Next week, then,” he decided. “That is when the marriage is to take place. Inform Master Hynde. There is no time to waste, who knows what trouble might be budding within her soul even as we speak.”

The next day Tace was in the Barebone household. She was supposed to be showing Goody Barebone how to properly sew a quilt. Instead they were fornicating in the Barebone marriage bed. Obedience’s children were either playing out in the fields or in the schoolhouse, Tace wasn’t sure and didn’t truly care. Her husband was in the smithy, working, giving them time alone. Obedience had her tongue buried in Tace’s quim and the blond woman was struggling not to cry out too loudly and alert the neighbors. That was why she hated having sex in the village; she had to be quiet. Out in the woods or in an isolated barn was a much better place because she could be as noisy as she wanted.

Eventually Obedience stopped when Tace had been pushed over her peak three times. It wouldn’t do to addict the young woman to illicit sex; at least that was what Obedience told herself.

“My turn,” Tace said as Obedience moved from between her legs.

“No, not necessary.”

“Not necessary,” Tace agreed, “but I see it as my duty to a friend.” She moved their bodies about so their positions were reversed and she slid her hands down her friend’s body. The burns left behind by the devil, their master, were mostly faded, and Tace could clearly see the ravages of time and childbirth on Goody Barebone’s body. There were stretch marks and scars, the first from child bearing and the later from other more secret activities. Tace still found her beautiful. Eventually she worked her tongue down into Obedience’s womanly cleft and started doing the devil’s work. Obedience didn’t complain, at least that’s how Tace interpreted the sounds Obedience made. She only forced

Obedience to the peak once before she abruptly shifted their positions.

She pulled Obedience further down on the bed and forced her legs all the way up in the air. The older woman grunted at the rough treatment but didn't mind; she wanted Tace's tongue back in her quim. She only half got her wish. Tace used her finger to lightly pinch the pleasure bud at the top of Obedience's cleft while her tongue laved around her nether lips before dipping lower.

"What are you doing?" Obedience gasped.

Tace, with a wicked glint in her pale blue eyes, looked up at her friend and lover between her upraised legs. "Giving you the devil's kiss," she answered before wiggling her nimble tongue down to Obedience's tight pucker.

"No, no, that is for him alone." Her protest was weak and largely ignored. Tace's tongue wriggled up to where it didn't belong and Obedience found herself enjoying what shouldn't have been enjoyed by any human soul. Tace's finger on her but and her tongue giving her the devil's kiss made her have a climax more intense than she had ever had before.

Afterward Tace wiped back a tear as she and Obedience dressed. "Why are you crying?"

"We aren't going to be able to do this anymore," she complained. "I'll be married next week and then I'm certain I'll have my first child."

Obedience laughed with an openness that surprised Tace. "Dear Goody James-to-be, you will find that being married gives you more time for such pleasures as these than before." She grabbed her friend's hand and started dragging her out of the small house. "Come. You must speak with my husband."

"Your husband?" Tace was taken aback and frightened at the prospect. She knew Master Barebone, of course, but had never spoken with him. He was a taciturn sort.

"Don't worry. He knows."

"Knows what?" asked Tace who was growing more nervous with every step they took from the house toward the smithy which was just around the corner of the village's cobblestone street.

“Everything,” Obedience revealed. “He knows what I do and he…approves.”

“Approves?” Tace felt like a fool for repeating almost everything Obedience said.

“Approves of how I’ve selected who we worship.”

The blacksmith’s shop was noisy and hot and reeked of sweat and smoke. Tace smelled the shop before she heard it and heard it before she saw it. “William!” Obedience called to her husband who glanced up once from the anvil where he was hammering a glowing horseshoe. He hit it a few more times before setting aside his tool. The muscular man didn’t say anything but simply waited for his wife to say something. “You know Tace Hynde,” said Obedience. “She’ll be marrying Creedence James next week.”

William only grunted at the announcement.

“Have you completed her gift yet?”

Another grunt and William headed to the back of the shop.

“What gift?” asked Tace, confused. It had only been a day since the news of the impending marriage had been announced to the village. What gift could Obedience have created for her?

That question was answered a moment later when William stepped out from behind the forge hauling a large metal block with an unusual projection bolted on top. Almost at once Tace realized what it was and was bemused by its very presence. “That’s obscene,” she gasped and laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation.

“Do you like it?” Obedience asked, a smile on her face.

“What does one do with it?” Tace asked.

Obedience ran her hand down the cold metal phallus. The angle looked a little strange and it certainly wasn’t a piece of fine art, but the purpose was obvious. “One uses it to honor our lord and master.”

The three stood staring at the object created by William until the silent spell was

broken by Obedience. “Would you like to try it?”

“It looks like something found in the torturer’s dungeon,” Tace commented, not really answering her friend’s question. “What the Inquisition did to some nonbelievers.”

Obedience’s smile was thin and almost evil. “Yes. I could have William heat this in his forge and then use it on your cunny, but that seems wrong, doesn’t it?”

Tace shivered at what the red hot device would do to her insides. When she had been mounted by the devil that Obedience had summoned up, his member had been exceedingly hot inside her body. It had been exciting, thrilling. But hot metal, that would be something else entirely. “That would kill a woman,” said Tace.

“Yes. A weak woman. A woman who knows how to conquer her fear and protect herself, she would be able to endure that torture, wouldn’t she,” Obedience mused. “That is the problem. Women would be tortured by a device like this by the Inquisition and if she died, she was a true believer, but if she survived she was one of our ilk and would be executed in a more traditional manner.”

“Disgusting,” Tace spat and stepped back from the metal phallus.

“I’ve had William create this one to subvert what was done to us in the past. We’ll use it, but later, to properly celebrate your marriage.”

The idea of undermining the traditional practices from which they had escaped excited Tace but before she could say so Obedience continued on. “This is to be your present from William, but I think we will share it, if you don’t mind. I have something else, a separate gift, that will help you in your marriage.”

She turned from the metal block and its obscene projection and toward William. Obedience ran her hand down her husband’s chest, an act that would have been explicitly lewd in public, to reach between his legs and cup his manhood. “Show her, husband dear.”

William’s expression didn’t change and he loosened his pantaloons and belt, dropping them down around his knees. Tace didn’t look away; she didn’t want Obedience to think she was easily shocked by a man exposing himself. It was still surprising to see how William did what she asked so calmly, as if it were a

normal thing for a man to display his soft shaft.

That was what disappointed Tace. William's organ was soft, unerect and unremarkable. If it had been her in his position, she was positive she would have been in a completely different state of excitement. Obedience took her husband's soft flesh in hand and gently bent it to the side exposing a circle around the base of it between the tool itself and his body proper.

"What is that?" Tace heard herself asking.

"A little charm that as served many women in my family well over the years." William wasn't particularly hirsute but it was hard to distinguish between his body hair and the dark circle Obedience slipped a finger underneath the circle and gently pried it off his body, slipping it over his testicles and shaft. William sighed softly at its removal and leaned back against the stone shelf in his workshop, but gave no other indication he was upset by the event.

At first Tace thought it was a piece of yarn or thread braided together to form a circle, but when Obedience displayed it in her hand, Tace realized the ring was something else entirely. "My mother called it the wedding band. It's made from a few strands of my hair, imbued with a charm, and slipped over the husband's manhood. It makes him so much more dutiful to his wife. And happier too, I think. William has never complained."

Tace looked to William. He seemed unmoved as always. "Does it enforce a silence on him as well?"

Obedience laughed. "No, no. William was never much of a talker. I think the wedding band just enhanced that."

"And you made this?" Tace ran her finger over the circle of hair. It was silky smooth and warm to the touch.

"Mother taught me, of course. And I'll teach you to make one."

"Oh, yes. I couldn't use yours, naturally. That wouldn't make any sense."

Obedience reached up and pushed aside Tace's bonnet, exposing her blond hair and running her fingers down the tresses. "We'll clip a few strands today and start on the work. It will only take a few days, not long."

Already Tace's mind was racing ahead. "But…how do I put it on him? On Creedence, I mean."

The older woman didn't answer her question directly. "Would you like it back on, husband?" Obedience asked William.

"Yes, please." The two words that William uttered were the first ones that Tace had ever heard him speak. He wasn't exactly begging, but it was awfully close. Handling his organ like a farmer gelding a bull, with movements that were more muscle memory than carefully directed, Obedience first fitted the band over his sack and then slipped the shaft through. It wasn't exceedingly tight around his flesh, but it stayed firmly in place. Once it was back where it belonged, the tension seemed to escape from William's body and Tace was certain his visage took on a happier aspect. He pulled up his pants without being told. Tace realized he was well-trained.

"'A man properly controlled is a thing of joy'," Obedience recited from memory. "Come, Tace, let us return to my home and we'll start on your gift." The older woman exited the smithy and Tace followed after putting her bonnet back in place.

Back in the Barebone's house Obedience snipped a few pieces of Tace's flaxen hair. Obedience was very careful about how she did it. One piece from here, one from there, a third from a different place entirely. It took some time to gather enough, but once they did Obedience showed her how to properly plait the individual strands together. "You must do it yourself," she instructed the younger woman. "It makes the magic more powerful. You will have to do this on a regular basis. The magic doesn't last forever, it is a weak, common charm. I've been making a new one every year for William."

By the time the afternoon was ended Tace had created a perfect circle of her hair. She had been concerned with the correct size, but Obedience assured her that was not important. "The magic will make it sit in place properly. And as much as some men pretend that they are better endowed than a bull in the yard, they are all the same."

Back in her father's house Tace made the evening meal in the private space in the back of the inn. She was the youngest of the family, her mother having died when Tace was three, all her older brothers, five of them, worked with her father

in the brewery and tavern the family ran. At nights it was just her and her father, her brothers all having married and moved out on their own. Tace didn't mind, she liked her private time with her father. They spoke little while they ate and turned in for the night when the time was right.

Tace didn't stay in bed. Once she heard her father snoring in his bed she snuck out of hers and went down to the tiny kitchen. The fire had been banked for the night, the red coals glowed softly under the ashes. It was easy for her to coax a little fire from the coals, just enough to warm the room but not so much as to wake her father. She kept the two pieces of blackthorn wood in reserve until the time was right.

"How do you do it?" Tace had asked Obedience before she left the house.

"Do what? Magic? It's not so hard."

"But…how?"

The older woman gave her protégé a condescending smile. "The reverend always preaches about speaking directly to God. I did when I was young, but God never spoke back to me. Others claims they heard God speaking directly to them, but not me. When my mother introduced me to her arts…I spoke to whoever would listen. The demons and devils, they are always listening. Maybe God is as well, I don't know. But the devil you met in the woods with me, he answered me back. His power is as great as the Christian god as far as I can tell."

"What do I do?"

"Just speak to him." She paused at the door with Tace and handed the young woman two dense sticks of wood. "The belief is they like the scent of burnt blackthorn."

"I speak to the entity that knew me in the woods," Tace said as she carefully placed the pair of blackthorn sticks on the fire. "I wish to see him again."

Tace closed her eyes and concentrated on the image of the devil she still held in her mind. She didn't know if she should keep repeating her plea over and over or wait or vary the request.

"It's hard to speak to a person with their eyes shut," the devil said in his deep

voice. It filled the kitchen and at once Tace was alarmed he would wake her father and perhaps the other people sleeping at the inn.

“Too loud!” Tace protested. Her eyes popped open and she saw the face of the devil mixed in with the fireplace’s flames.

“Do not be concerned. None but you can hear me.”

“How did you hear me?” Tace blurted out.

“I heard you,” was all the devil would say.

Tace nodded. “Am I carrying a child?” she asked him.

“Time will tell,” the devil answered. Tace realized her first two questions were those of a blathering idiot and the devil would be right to punish her for such foolishness. Why would he waste his time on her?

“Am I doing the right thing by marrying Creedence James?” she asked. “I don’t want to anger you. I want to keep myself pure for you.”

The devil laughed at her. “Pure? You are far from pure, Silence Hynde. I don’t need purity. I only need your body and soul.”

“You have them,” she quickly told him.

“And you are doing the right thing to marry Creedence James. He is broken and corrupt. He is the perfect sort for you to have and control.”

“Oh.” That surprised Tace. “I should control him?”

“Of course. He is weak in body and soul. Weakness should be dominated. Listen to Obedience Barebone, but do not let her control you. I need strong independent disciples not followers of one. Do you obey me or her?”

“You, master,” Tace replied automatically.

“And I need those who follow their duty.” His flame face turned and looked at the iron rod they used to stoke the fire. “Warm the fireplace tool’s handle in my heat,” he said.

Tace obeyed without question. They waited in silence as it heated. When the devil judged the time was right he said, “You know what to do.”

Tace hiked up her skirts and brought down her undergarment. She spread he legs wide in front of the fire. If the devil’s eyes actually worked he would have a perfect view of her lady parts. Tace wasn’t ashamed. She picked up the poker by the hook end, the wrong end, and didn’t hesitate at all when she plunged the hot iron end into her quim.

It should have hurt. It didn’t. It felt wonderful. Tace started working the heavy iron in and out of her quim letting herself enjoy the display she was putting on for her master. The iron wasn’t red hot when it went into her body, but she had felt the heat and at the very least it should have seared her flesh, but it didn’t. Something was wrong, very wrong, but Tace didn’t care. She gave herself over to the flesh.

“For you, my master,” she cried out as she climaxed.

Chapter Three

Creedence James' marriage to Silence Hynde was a muted, understated affair, as all Puritan marriages were. It was done quickly and efficiently by the groom's father. A small feast, nothing more than a midday meal, followed it, and the newly married couple were ushered to their new home on the edge a the village, a small house that had been built by the James family.

"I have a wedding gift for you, husband," Tace said to Creedence as soon as the house's door was closed.

"For me?" Creedence seemed stunned that he was married and that he was alone with Tace.

"Just a family tradition, something given from a wife to her new husband on their wedding night."

Creedence waited expectantly and Tace pulled a plaited circle from her dress pocket. At first Creedence thought it was some tanned thongs woven together to make a bracelet, but he knew that couldn't be the case because any ornamentation was strictly forbidden by the reverend and their traditions. He couldn't imagine any use for it as she displayed it for him. "What is it?"

"A little gift," she said. "A wedding band. You wear it."

A shake of his head showed that Creedence was confused. "It's too small for my wrist. And I would wear no ornamentation. It's a sin."

She slowly approached him, also shaking her head. "You don't wear it on your wrist. You wear it where no one else but me will see it." There was no space between them now and she reached out for her husband, not for his hand or arm or even his waist, but for the prick. He gasped softly when she grabbed him. He wasn't hard, not yet. "Take off your clothes, dear husband, and we'll lie together as husband and wife." She rubbed him through the rough woolen cloth of his trousers. "Not that we haven't lain together before." She let go of his manhood and circled around him, pulling her dress off as she walked toward their

marriage bed. It wasn't much, it was small and only have a few thin blankets and a quilt on it, but it was better.

Before she reached the bed, Tace was naked. Just the view of her bare buttocks brought immediate stiffness to his manhood. Creedence didn't understand his attraction to both men and women. He didn't like to think about it because he knew it was a sin. He enjoyed being with the men more, but it was easier to bed the women. And now, with a wife, it was easiest just to use her body. At least for the moment. He stumbled after her, shedding his clothes. As he undressed he watched while Tace put one hand between her legs and played with herself. That excited him as well. Only when he started to climb on the bed with her did he see the yellow wedding band she had made for him was in the hand in her quim.

The scent of her lust filled the air when she pulled her hand back, showing off her wet and pink sex, but also displaying the band that was now moist with her juices. "What is that?" he finally asked her. "What is it really?"

"Just a little offering to cleave you to me," she promised him. Creedence paused as he started climbing into the bed but that didn't stop Tace. She grabbed his mostly hard manhood and pulled him in with her. There was a bit of a struggle as they shifted their positions with Creedence winding up on his back because Tace refused to relinquish her prize. "Let me help you," she murmured as she started to slip the ring around his flesh.

Fascinated, Creedence watched as she manipulated him. She had started with his sack, but quickly figured out that the length of his shaft would make it impossible for the ring to fit over his length if it was already encircling his sack. She pulled it off, slipped it down Creedence's impressive length, and then forced his balls through the unbreakable material. They didn't want to go through at first, but with a little encouragement and raw force, Tace managed to pop them through. The sensation was both painful and enlightening to Creedence. He thought he would hate it, but even though he didn't want to admit it to himself, he was always on a quest for new and interesting thrills.

The fit was snug. He could feel the band around the root to his tool, but it wasn't exceedingly tight. "What's it made of?" he asked as he ran a finger over the silky surface.

"My hair," she answered as she removed her bonnet and let her long yellow hair

flow free. “So I’ll always be with you.”

“Uh-huh,” he grunted, pretending to agree. He’s wear it for now, but later, it would be simple enough to remove without Tace knowing.

She lowered her head and licked the underside of his prick from stem to tip. It was an obscene gesture and Creedence loved it. She used her tongue and mouth on him for a minute longer, making sure that he was hard and wet enough for her before Tace climbed on top of his body and lowered herself down.

Creedence didn’t like it when women tried to be in charge when he bedded them. It was the man’s duty to be on top and he took that seriously. When he was with another man, that was a different matter, but he liked his women to be under him. However, this time, on his wedding day, he opted to give his wife the privilege of being on top. Knowing it would upset his father made it even better.

“You like me on top, don’t you?” she asked him as she pumped her hips and ground her quim done on his body. They could both feel the wedding band between them.

“Yes,” he answered automatically. Anything to keep her happy.

“What’s better?” she asked and he wished she would shut up so he could concentrate. “My quim or Trial’s prick?”

“What?” The question was pointed enough to pull Creedence away from the moment.

“I know you do this with men,” she told him. She didn’t stop moving and his manhood didn’t shrink away to nothing. He gripped her hips tightly and tried to stop her motions, but she just slapped away his hands. “Do you like fornicating with Trial?”

It was a direct question and normally he would have tried to dodge it, but Creedence felt compelled to answer. “Yes. Yes I do.”

She smiled at him, grabbed his hand, and brought it up to her breast. He squeezed it hard. Harder than he knew he should, but she didn’t complain. She just grinned through the pain. “Would you like to sodomize me like he does to you?”

“Yes,” he gurgled trying to hold back the answer but he couldn’t.

“I’ll allow you that pleasure, but not tonight.”

She leaned forward a bit and braced her arms against his shoulders. He started to move now as well, humping her as much she was humping him. There was no reason not to give in to the pleasures of her body, he reasoned. She was his wife after all.

Her climax arrived first. She shouted out her pleasure in a garbled voice that was just noise and not words. Seeing her pleasure brought him off as well and they finished their first time together as a married couple.

Falling down on his body, Tace said, “I have wonderful things to show you.”

Creedence was breathing too heavily to answer.

In the morning Creedence got out of bed and started to dress. The first thing he did was try to pull the wedding band off his manhood. While he could just barely wiggle a single finger between the band and his skin, he couldn’t move or pull it away. He certainly couldn’t remove it entirely from his prick.

“God curse you,” he muttered under his breath while manipulating it.

“It won’t come off,” said Tace as she woke up and saw what he was doing.

“Why not?” he demanded angrily.

“Because I don’t wish you to remove it.” She reached out and gently stroked his soft flesh. It stirred slightly but he was still weak from the previous night’s exertion. “It will only come off if I do it,” she told him. “And I want me to be with always.” A smile pulled at her lips. “And I want you to have to explain to your lovers what it is.”

“I have no lovers,” he all but spat at her.

“Then it shouldn’t be a problem. Pull on your trousers and go to the fields. I’m sure your brothers are waiting.”

“I’m supposed to start working for your father.”

“Not today. Not yet.”

When her husband was gone, Tace stoked the fire, making it grow into a merry little blaze inside the stone hearth. Once it was going well instead of starting on any cooking, Tace instead added a single stick of blackthorn and uttered the words, “I wish to speak with my dark lord and master.” And then she waited. He could come if he wanted and not a moment before.

“I have better things to attend than a summoning from a little girl,” the devil’s face burst out of the flame.

Tace jumped at the sudden rush of heat and light but managed to control herself enough to reply. “I’m sorry for taking up your time, lord, but there is news you must know.”

The devil spat a little jet of flame shot of out his mouth and briefly scorched the floor. “What news do you have that I do not already know?”

“I am married now to Creedence James. I laid with him as a wife should last night.”

“This is not news nor do I need to hear it.”

“I am with child,” she added hastily. “The child is not his.”

“And how would you know that?” the demon asked. “You are a hussy who spreads her legs for all those who ask, are you not?”

“Yes, lord.” She knew better than to contradict the devil.

“Who’s is it?”

“It might belong to Creedence,” she conceded, “but that is unlikely. It might be Farmer Eustace’s, I’m not sure. Most likely it is either Mathew Goodspeed or Robert Barron’s.” She paused. “It might even be yours, lord.” It was a hopeful thought and one she trusted would flatter him.

The devil laughed. “You? Carry my child? Unlikely. And presumptuous of you

as well.”

“I apologize, master, but someone fertile has planted my womb. I can only hope it will be yours.”

The devil snorted derisively. “Your child’s soul will be mine. That is enough. I now require a sacrifice of you.”

“Anything, master.” She reached for the knife on the table but he stopped her with a word.

“Not that. Not blood. Not now. Go to Obedience and ask her to mark you like she is marked.”

“Lord?” Tace asked, confused.

“She will know,” the devil replied and disappeared with a sudden flare which abruptly consumed all the wood in the fire. Tace thought for a moment, stroking the cold metal knife down her wrist, contemplating what to do, before she stood up and headed for the door. There was no assurance that Obedience would be home, but she had to check. Her lord demanded it.

Tace knocked at the Barebone’s door. She could hear activity inside but wasn’t so bold as to peer in the window to see what her older friend was doing. It was only after the she had rapped on the heavy door three times did the noise stop and the door was flung open.

The boy who stood in the doorway looked much like his father. He stood and stared at her with wide, dark eyes. “Is your mother home?” Tace asked.

The young boy nodded and stepped back to admit Tace. Obedience was in the kitchen, making food for her family with the assistance of her three boys, all too young to help but too old to sit in a corner. Upon spying Tace, Obedience’s face lit up and she ordered her children out of the house, sending them on fool’s errands, the eldest to help his father, the other two with tasks that would keep them busy for hours.

As soon as the boys were gone Obedience greeted her friend with a kiss much

more intimate than was appropriate for a man and a wife, let alone two female friends. Tace shivered as she felt Obedience's tongue probing deeply into her mouth. When the kiss was broken Obedience asked, "How is it being married?" The question was half serious and half a poor jest.

Tace actually laughed. "I only married him yesterday."

Not giving her friend a chance to recover Obedience pressed her hand between the blond woman's legs, feeling the heat of her quim through her skirts, and asked, "Is bedding a man you are married to better than bedding a married man?"

The two laughed and Tace felt a sense of loss when her friend pulled her hand away. "I was sent here by our lord," she said to Obedience.

"He spoke to you?" Tace heard a twinge of jealousy in her friend's voice.

"I summoned him," Tace admitted.

"You did?"

"I felt I had to. I'm with child."

They were still standing closely together. Obedience put her hand to Tace's abdomen and probed gently, feeling for the signs of pregnancy. "Are you sure? I feel nothing."

"I'm positive. I had to tell our master."

"And his reaction?" Obedience didn't ask the obvious question of whose child Tace was carrying.

"He told me to go to you and make a sacrifice."

"What sacrifice?"

"To have you mark me like you are marked. I don't know what he meant. He said you would, however."

A smile played on Obedience's lips. "I have his mark on me," she admitted.

“It can’t be when he cut me with his nails, can it,” said Tace. “I’ve already been marked by him that way. And it can’t be from his prick. We were both already burned by his seed. What does he mean?”

Obedience half turned and pulled up the skirts of her dress baring her left buttock to Tace. The sign was there, it was subtle enough to be easily missed by Tace when she had laid with Obedience before. And at that time she wasn’t looking at the woman’s bottom. Her eyes were focused elsewhere.

It was a simple design, one that had scared more than one pure-thinking Christian to the core. A circle with a five pointed star inside it. It was small enough and faded enough that unless one was looking for it, the mark would be missed. “How did that get there?” Tace asked.

“Hot iron.”

Tace had fallen to her knees to inspect the mark. It was little more than a scar now. Obedience was proud to show off her mark to her friend. “Hot iron?” Tace asked after a long moment. “Did William do that to you?”

Obedience yanked down her skirt, covering her pride and her shame. “Of course not. My mother did.”

“Your mother?!” It seemed unreal to Tace. She stood up not wanting to remain on her knees in a subservient position to her teacher.

“Naturally. She is the one who introduced me to our lord. It was her duty to mark me.” Her lips twitched into an expression that was half smile, half sneer. “It is a mother’s duty to pass down her knowledge, especially knowledge of witchcraft, to her daughters. I was her only daughter.”

“So why did you seduce me?” asked Tace.

Obedience’s expression changed to that of annoyance. “I have no daughter. Not yet. And the years are passing by. I need to pass on my knowledge and you are a perfect pupil for the learning I have to offer.” A quick flash of sadness passed over her visage. The dark-haired woman was obviously concealing something beyond this simple desire.

Tace was flattered. Out of all the young women in the village Obedience had

chosen her to be special. “When did she do this to you? When did she teach you?”

“Of course it started when I was young. The mark…the mark she gave to me when I became a woman. I was old enough to know the choice I had made and I asked for the mark like you must.”

Tace immediately grabbed Obedience’s hands and went back to her knees. “Please give our lord’s mark to me, Obedience Barebone.”

The dark-haired woman smiled thinly. “You are almost too old. You’ve been a woman for many years. You have lain with men and women and a devil. You are already carrying a child. Is this something you truly wish?”

“More than anything in the world.” She kissed Obedience’s hard knuckles. “I want you to mark me and I want to carry the sign of our lord to the end of my days.”

Obedience pulled Tace up to her feet. “Come back tonight. Go directly to my husband’s smithy.”

“But Creedence?”

“Put him to bed and tell him to remain there. He is wearing your wedding band, is he not?”

Creedence didn’t question her when she announced it was time for him to go to bed. After only a few minutes in their small bed her husband was snoring.

The village’s central street was empty when Tace walked down it. That made her little adventure more exciting. She had never been out and about in the village in the middle of the night before. The glow of the forge in the smithy leaked out of the closed windows and doors. Unsure of exactly what to do, Tace knocked softly on the door and then let herself in. Obedience and William were waiting for her. He was stoking the fire and she was examining several long rods that were in the forge.

“We’ll have to be quiet,” Obedience said as Tace hung up her cloak near the

door. “Are you prepared?”

Tace nodded firmly once. “Yes.”

“Take off your clothes.”

The young blonde woman did so without question. She wasn’t the least bit shy about showing her body to Obedience and when she looked to William he seemed more interested in his forge than the presence of a beautiful, young, naked woman in his presence. Tace marveled at the control that Obedience had over her husband.

“Bring out the devil’s prick,” Obedience ordered her husband. From its hiding place in behind the forge, William brought out the anvil converted to an erotic torture device. It was missing the iron phallus. Once the block was firmly attached to the workbench, William turned and pulled the iron phallus from the side of the forge where it had been heated. It was both obscene and beautiful at the same time. It wasn’t glowing red, Tace was relieved to see, but judging by the way William handled it with thick leather gloves and tools, it had to be more than just slightly warm to the touch. Using his blacksmith tools he carefully position the hot phallus onto the mounting block and used four thick bolts to hold it into place. When he was done he stepped back and removed his leather gloves. Sweat was running down his face and Tace was starting to tremble with fear. The phallus and its mounting block stood in the middle of the smithy just above waist level for Tace.

“Do you know what it expected of you?” Obedience asked Tace. She was eager to see what her young protégé would do this night.

“I think so.”

“Then let me clarify. We cannot face the village elders in the morning answering questions why your body was half burned in the forge. That is too risky.” Tace wasn’t sure if Obedience meant she would burn her body if she died in this process or if there was a real risk of her dying in the ritual. “You will mount the devil’s prick, taking it into your cunny. I know you are a true believer in his power so it will not burn you. Have no doubts about your obedience or it will sear you from the inside out! Once you are mounted I will burn his mark into your skin.”

“Is this how your mother did it for you?” Tace asked, suddenly unsure if she could endure this.

Obedience smiled. “Very similar.” Tace was starting to sweat, partly from the heat of the forge and partly from the fear she was facing. “Let me make sure you’re ready.” Reaching out, Obedience felt Tace’s quim and was pleased to find her already wet. “Let me inspect more closely.”

Going to her knees, Obedience pressed her face into Tace’s sex, exploring and exciting the blonde with her tongue. It was an act that Obedience had always enjoyed performing, but she had too few chances to show off her secretly acquired skills. Tace wasn’t sure if the act was entirely necessary, but she had not objections, and if nothing else it served to calm her nerves. Obedience didn’t bring her to a peak; she left her in the correct state of excitement.

“Repeat after me,” she told Tace after getting up from the floor. Tace noted her friend’s wet chin and lips along with her scent that now started to fill the air. “There is no one God.”

“There is no one God.”

“My god lies between my legs.”

“My god lies between my legs.”

“My god protects my cunt.”

“My god protects my cunt.”

“My god uses my body for his dread purposes.”

“My god uses my body for his dread purposes.”

“If I die in his worship, it is because I am weak and deserve my fate.”

Only now did Tace hesitate but Obedience gave her an encouraging smile. “If I die in his worship, it is because I am weak and deserve my fate,” Tace recited. Oddly, the little ritual calmed her.

“Mount the block,” Obedience ordered.

Using a small wooden box, Tace stepped up and threw her leg over the large block resting on the worktable. She could feel the device's heat on her body but most especially on her legs. Without fear she carefully lowered herself down until the hot iron phallus was at her quim's entrance. Tace was certain she heard a sizzle, but there was no pain, and she completed the process, sliding the devil's prick all the way inside her body.

There was definite heat, but nothing she couldn't withstand. In fact, it felt good, as if she were entitled to have the devil's faux phallus mated with her sex. The way the rod was attached and angled to the iron block forced her to tip her hips forward which brought her pleasure nub into contact with the rough surface of the block. Tace couldn't help herself and she wriggled her hips to make it feel even better. Obedience unceremoniously yanked away the wooden step Tace was still balancing on which made her body slide all the way down. She was deep enough to engulf the entire iron prick but the sudden slide caught her by surprise.

"Is he all the way in you?" Obedience asked. Tace had to steady herself on the bench where the block sat.

"Yes," Tace moaned.

Obedience put her hand down to the block and felt where Tace joined with the metal, She briefly rubbed the younger woman's quim and then said, "Don't move. You don't want to the mark to be disfigured on you."

Tace nodded. Just by sitting on the devil's prick she felt like it was growing inside her. She didn't want to move but she also felt her lust rising which made her wonder if this is how some of the more faithful villagers felt when they were in church. She closed her eyes and focused on the sensations building in her loins. When she opened them back up Obedience was standing in front of her waving a red-hot branding iron in front of her. "Are you ready?"

Once more Tace nodded. Without asking if she needed it, Obedience pushed a piece of thick leather into Tace's mouth. "Bite down and don't scream." Obedience stepped around to her left side and pressed the hot iron against Tace's soft pale skin. Tace screamed into the leather gag. She knew her flesh was on fire but she didn't dare crane her neck around to look at her blistered skin. After too many moments Obedience took the brand away but the pain didn't lessen at all.

She displayed the iron to Tace. It was a perfect circle. “You did well for the first part,” said Obedience. “Just five more scores.”

What followed was Obedience pressing a straight piece of metal against her skin again and again. The pain didn’t intensify with each application; it was just more of the same. Tace found herself becoming accustomed to the pain.

“All done,” Obedience said as she stepped away from the block where Tace’s legs were dangling. “Except for one thing. You need to have the little death to honor our lord.”

Tace nodded and started bucking her hips back and forth on the iron rod. She had an intense need to climax and wanted to get to that peak as quickly as possible. While she did this Obedience reached out and pinched Tace’s nipples between her finger and thumb. The pain was intense—sharp—which made it different from the burning pain on her rump. Why Obedience did that she couldn’t say for certain, but it helped and she climaxed with Obedience holding her.

After she was done Tace spit out the wad of leather and cried softly.

“You did well,” Obedience told her. “Now put on your clothes and go home to your husband.”

Tace continued to sob while she dressed. Her tears weren’t from the pain; they were from the happiness in her heart.

Chapter Four

The next day Tace was sitting in her little house when she decided to stoke up the kitchen fire and use one of her precious pieces of blackthorn wood. Her rump still hurt where Obedience had branded her. She had applied some cooking grease to the wound and rubbed it with ashes. It didn't help the pain, but the treatment was sure to make the brand stand out more prominently. Hiding the mark from Creedence had been easy—he was easy to control with the wedding band—but she knew hiding the devil's mark from him wouldn't be possible for too much longer. He might have been a drunk who focused only on bedding whoever was available, but he wasn't stupid. She had questions she had to ask her master and this day seemed to be the best one to do it.

The summoning by herself was easier the second time. The face of the devil in the flames wasn't nearly as frightening as it was the first time, even if he spat more flames now which caused her to worry that the house might be burned down.

"You carry the mark now," he said before she could even welcome him into her house.

"Yes, Obedience gave it to me last night."

"As it should be. When will you mark your husband?"

"He doesn't know about me yet," Tace admitted.

The devil laughed which caused a short series of fireballs to scatter across the floor. Tace stamped out each one before they had a chance to catch the boards on fire. "He knows about you, he just doesn't want to admit it to himself." He thought a second and announced. "Two days hence you will take him out to the woods to meet with you and Obedience. He'll be inducted and marked."

"So soon?"

"The time is perfect. He is already corrupted on the inside. I can't have another

devil or, worse, a demon, claiming his soul. There are many competing for the souls of on these shores and I will not let a single one slip through my fingers."

"Many competing?" Tace was confused.

"You don't think I'm the only devil here, do you? Souls are precious and I need every one I can get."

Not wanting to appear like a fool, Tace asked, "Why are there so many devils here in the New World?"

The devil smiled. "The old continent is a loss. Too many Christians. We seek to keep this land pure and free from their taint."

"Are you evil?" asked Tace. She shivered as she asked the question. She wasn't sure how to define good and evil any longer.

The devil laughed. "Good. Evil. Labels. Points of view. The white man came from across the sea with his weapons and his diseases and killed the red man here. Is that good or evil? You tell me."

Tace didn't have an answer for him.

"Two days," the devil said. "At evening's fall."

Tace went to Obedience's house before noon. The older woman wasn't surprised to see her, nor was she surprised at the slight limp that Tace had from her branding. "Are you in pain?" Obedience asked.

Her pain should have been obvious, but Tace politely replied, "Yes."

"Come inside. I have something for that."

Tace entered the house and noted that the children were gone. She didn't ask Obedience where they were.

"Lift up your skirt," Obedience ordered. Tace turned around and did as she was asked, exposing her bare bottom. "No undergarments today?"

“Too painful,” Tace admitted.

“And what did you use on the mark?” Obedience sat down on the bench next to the table. Tace could feel her warm breath on her buttocks.

“Grease and ashes.”

Obedience clucked her tongue. “That will prevent infection, but it’ll also leave a prominent scar.”

“I want a prominent scar,” Tace insisted. Obedience lightly touched the wound and Tace shied away.

“The healing has already started. You only need something for the pain. I’ll boil up some bark for you to drink. It’ll only take a few minutes. Drop your skirts.”

Tace did so with some disappointment. She had been hoping to feel Obedience’s touch between her legs. That pleasant sensation would have distracted her from the pain at least temporarily.

“I spoke with him this morning,” Tace said quietly as Obedience started cooking on the heavy cast iron stove sitting in the kitchen’s corner.

Obedience didn’t ask who. She knew what Tace was talking about. Just the fact that Tace felt comfortable speaking alone with their lord made her nervous. “What did he say?”

“He wants us to bring Creedence to the woods tomorrow evening to mark him.”

The older woman could only spare Tace a glance as she worked. “You will have to tell him tonight,” Obedience said flatly.

“I know.” Tace screwed up her courage and asked, “Does William carry the mark like you and I?”

The older woman’s reaction to the question was simple laughter at first. “No, no. Of course not. Our lord doesn’t want men marked the same way as women. They are marked in a different way.”

“In what way?”

When Obedience sent her home with the small bottle of the boiled bark, Tace had much to think about.

It didn't surprise Tace that Creedence returned home that night drunk. He wasn't stumbling blind, but the scent of alcohol was strong on his breath. She didn't bother asking if he had been working in the fields; she knew he hadn't. A late afternoon visit to her father's tavern confirmed that Creedence hadn't appeared there either. In the end it didn't matter to her where he had been. He might have been her husband but he wasn't the love of her life. That was reserved for another being.

"We have to talk," Tace told him when he slouched through the door.

"Not tonight, woman," he slurred at her. "I need to sleep. You won't get the benefit of my mighty staff or rod." He laughed at his joke and all but fell on the floor when he removed his boots.

"Tomorrow evening you will accompany Obedience Barebone and her husband, along with me, into the woods for a ceremony where you will meet our lord and master," she told him imperiously partly because she was disgusted at his behavior.

"Your lord and master?" he laughed. He could barely remain on his feet but was certain he was thinking clearly. No woman should speak to him that way, especially his wife. "What makes your lord and master so special?"

"He is not your father's god," Tace told him.

"My father's god," Creedence snorted. "As if that makes a difference."

"I'm glad you have the correct mindset already. Some find worshipping a devil a hard change in their life."

When she spoke the words he suddenly sobered up. "Are you serious, wife?"

Before she answered Tace pulled off her dress, revealing her naked body to Creedence. He blinked at this but didn't say anything. She was beautiful only in her boots and woolen stockings up to her thighs. Abruptly Tace turned halfway

around, showing off her side and then Creedence's eyes fell to the still red and sore brand that Tace had recently acquired. "Very serious," she answered. "This is the mark of my powerful lord and master. Soon he will be your only lord and master as well."

Creedence slowly shook his head back and forth. His lips formed the word no but his voice was silent. Tace stepped close to him and grabbed his manhood through his clothing. "You will go with me tomorrow night. You will not speak of this to anyone." She twisted her hand slightly and Creedence gasped from the pain but remained upright on his feet, afraid that falling to the floor would risk serious damage to his pride and joy. "Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Silence. I understand."

"Good." She released her grip. "I've been drinking Obedience's potion all day. It only helps a little with the pain. You'll apply your mouth to my quim. I need a pleasant distraction." She fished her hand down inside his clothing searching for his manhood. The wedding band was still in place. "I don't think I'll need use of your prick tonight though. Just your tongue."

Whether it remained soft that night because of her wish, because of too much drink, or because Creedence was exhausted from his day's exertions Tace didn't know or care. His tongue and lips were good enough for the time being. He might have been useless for almost everything else in the world, but Creedence was an excellent lover.

The next day Creedence didn't know if he wanted to conceal the evening's plans from everyone else in the village because he wanted to face it on his own, or if his wife's command compelled him to keep it a secret. In either event he kept his mouth closed and instead of working in the fields with his brothers, he went to Hynde's tavern and presented himself to learn the business from his father-in-law.

Brooks Hynde was actually a very polite and friendly man who wanted to take his son-in-law under his wing. Creedence was distracted all day by the presence of ale being served and as much as he wanted to drink, he had been forbidden by his wife. The part that was worse than not drinking was her explicit command that he keep his pants on and not lie with anyone—woman or man she had specified—during the day.

By the day's end Creedence was at his wit's end. He needed to either have sex or a drink before long. He hadn't realized what a slave to his desires he was. Tace led her husband from their small house out into the woods following the path that was started to get carved into the ground by the many times Obedience had walked it. When they were far enough away from the village that the lights had faded they were in near-perfect darkness except for the moon and the stars. They didn't have far to travel that way, however, because the light from Obedience's bonfire drew them in.

"So good of you to join us Master James," Obedience greeted them. "And you will be joining us, won't you?"

"Yes, Goody Barebone."

William was attending the fire while Obedience was standing still at the edge of the warmth that it threw. There was a chill in the air though they were deeper into spring now and leaves were starting to come out on the trees. As always, William remained silent as he worked. He was dressed in his usual garb while Obedience wore a heavy cloak to keep her warm. "It is time to become skyclad and greet our master," Obedience announced once Tace and Creedence had taken the positions she indicated and William had stirred up the fire.

Creedence looked indecisively at his wife while she flung off her cloak and started to remove her dress. Obedience was as quick to remove her cloak and Creedence was started to realize she had been naked under it the entire time. Seeing that William did not hesitate to take off his clothes, Creedence went along. He focused his eyes on Obedience. He was well-familiar with Tace's body and even in the middle of this strange situation he couldn't help but look at another woman.

The dark-haired woman had a few years on Tace, to be sure, but that didn't bother Creedence. It wasn't her nudity that surprised Creedence; it was the mark on her rump that was nearly the same as Tace's. Only when he saw it on Obedience did he realize how serious the affair had become.

"A blood sacrifice is needed," said Obedience. She had a small knife in one hand and a scrap of cloth in the other. Using the knife's point she pricked her finger and let a few drops of blood fall on the scrap. She went to Tace next who offered her finger and added her blood to the material. Not wanting to disturb what was

going on, once he was naked he extended his hand and Obedience sliced his finger and dabbed the scrap against the blood that ran free.

After William offered his blood, the naked blacksmith threw four branches of blackthorn wood on the fire and Obedience called out a summoning of the devil that had brought them together in the wood tossing the bloody rag into the fire as she did so. The four fell onto their knees into a semicircle around the fire. For a minute, as Obedience talked and implored the unholy monster to appear, Creedence thought that it was all a strange, sick joke and the women were just looking for an amusement that didn't stifle them like church did, but then there was a thunder crack, an explosion of flame, and burning-red apparition stepping up out of the circle of stones that held the fire.

"You have brought the sacrifice," he rumbled to the small group. Creedence stumbled backwards and fell to the ground.

"The devil's real!" he gasped.

The supernatural being looked with disdain at Creedence and then directed his gaze to Tace. "This is what you have brought me?"

"Yes, lord," said Tace, hanging her head.

To her amazement, the devil actually sighed and shook his head. "He'll have to do."

"Thank you, lord," Tace replied with relief. For a moment she had been certain that he was so disappointed in Creedence that their master would either kill them or abandon them. She wasn't sure which would have been worse.

Since the four humans were already naked it seemed only natural that the devil appeared unclothed. Creedence's eyes were focused on the devil's prick. It was huge. Easily twice the size of his own or any he had ever seen or touched. He didn't know if he should be afraid or desire it which made him shake on his knees in front of the devil.

"I will accept him as a sacrifice," the devil declared.

Those words made Creedence want to jump to his feet and run away, but he was too scared to move. Too scared to do anything.

The devil walked on his clawed feet over to William who was waiting calmly. No words were exchanged but William knew exactly what to do; he had done this many times before. He opened his lips and took the devil's prick into his mouth. Creedence watched, at first out of the corner of his eye, but when he noticed that the women were watching unabashedly, he turned his head and took in the scene. William sucked, not eagerly, but as one who was practiced in the skill of fellatio. His head bobbed up and down making the devil's prick wet, but it didn't seem to rise or stiffen. After a minute the devil pulled himself free and turned to Tace.

She was much more eager to suck on the devil's flesh than William. She was so bold as to grasp his hips while she moved her mouth on him. The blond woman showed particular skill in allowing his prick to go deeply into her throat, much more so than William had, and her skill paid off with a steadily rising member. Even so, the devil pulled out of her mouth before long and moved on to Obedience.

The acting leader of the small coven was just as eager to taste the devil's tool as her friend. Creedence had never seen a man or woman so enthusiastically swallow and pleasure another man's flesh. But then again, the tool they were all sucking on wasn't attached to a man.

Before he realized it was his turn, the devil had removed his prick from Obedience's mouth and presented it Creedence. For just a half second Creedence didn't know what to do. Yes, before in his life he had sucked off other men, but this was different. The devil's weapon was larger than any man he had lain with, it was also now firmly upright, pointing like an abomination to the heavens and Creedence wondered if that was some threat to the abode of God. It was too late for Creedence to call upon any supernatural entity for assistance. If God existed he had little sway in the New World where apparently the minions of Hell ruled the land.

Leaning forward Creedence licked the devil's flesh from the large, heavy sack at the base all the way up to the mushroom-shaped tip. As he did so Creedence realized what the devil wielded was hot, much hotter than any human man's flesh, and at the tip was a rivulet of liquid saltier than the sea. Pulling back just a bit Creedence licked his lips and then engulfed the head, going down on the devil as far as he could. As it turned out, he wasn't as skilled as Tace and Obedience in their oral skills, but he seemed to please the devil who glowered

down at him during the entire process while maintaining his erection.

The ordeal didn't go on very long, which was good for Creedence because the devil's tool was entirely too hot for his liking. The few pricks he had sucked in his life were warm, but not nearly as hot as the devil's. Likewise he had experienced the inviting warmth of a few quims but even their heat was nothing compared to that of the devil's sex. "You have sinned in the eyes of your former god, haven't you Creedence James?" the devil asked him when he pulled his prick free of the man's mouth.

"Yes," Creedence freely admitted. He was always ready to confess his sins to those who asked.

"You have fornicated with men and women," the devil announced. "And given the chance you would have sodomized beasts as well, would you not?"

"Yes," Creedence heard himself saying. While it was true he had fornicated with men and women, he hadn't done it with animals and he told himself he wouldn't, but in the depths of his soul he wasn't entirely sure if he would or not.

"Now it is your opportunity to fornicate with a celestial fiend." The devil abruptly grabbed Creedence by the shoulders and spun him around while flinging him to the slightly damp and cold earth.

In a flash the devil was on top of Creedence, pinning him to the ground while spreading open his legs. He struggled and resisted a minute while the devil positioned himself and he quickly realized that any struggle was a waste of time. The devil's limbs were like iron and could not be moved. Since the unholy monster was a good two heads taller and a span wider than Creedence, he was definitely the smaller of the two. Before he knew it he felt the devil's prick worming its way between his buttocks looking for his back opening. "Fight," the devils encouraged him. "I like a challenge, though no mortal is a true challenge for one from the netherworld." The copious fluid that leaked from the devil's tool served to lubricate Creedence's opening and even though he resisted, the struggle was a waste of time.

He glanced up to see the three humans who had brought him to the woods. All, including his wife, were watching dispassionately. Or maybe they were aroused and simply didn't reveal their lust. William's prick remains flaccid and silent as he always was. The women's nipples were pert and erect in the cool air, but their

response might also have been hidden between their legs.

The devil didn't simply shove his member inside Creedence, he took his time while the hot fluid that seemed to constantly leak from the head made everything slick and easily maneuverable. When the moment was right, the devil started easing his prick inside Creedence and the human cried out in pain. But the pain passed after a flash of time, lessening as the devil buried his huge weapon deep into Creedence eventually leaving him to whimper and suffer in silence as the devil used him for his pleasure.

It was a position that Creedence was familiar with, both in giving and receiving. The devil pulled him up on his hands and knees as he rocked his hips back and forth, using the human in a most vile, sexual manner. Creedence had been in the exact same position before, both giving and receiving. The first time he had done it with another village boy it had been scary and exciting, but every time thereafter was simply enjoyable. The devil made it scary again and that made it more exciting. What was different from before was not only the devil's size, but the heat he gave off. Never before had Creedence felt such an intensity of warmth spreading through his being.

What the devil did to him felt so wonderful that his own prick rose up on its own accord. This was amazing because it was the first time he had become hard without Tace's caresses since she put the wedding band on him. Creedence desperately wanted to reach down with his hand and pleasure himself, but he didn't dare. He didn't know if it was permitted and the way the devil held onto Creedence's shoulders for support he wasn't sure if he could remain in position if he lifted one hand and that he wasn't willing to risk. He had to make do with thoughts of longing as he devil plowed his barren ass.

"Please," he suddenly uttered and the devil laughed.

"Please what?" he asked, amused at his lover's impudence.

Creedence thought quickly. He hadn't been ready to make a request. "Please, I need to feel the little death."

The devil half grunted as he drove his prick deeper into Creedence and the human gasped at the little thrill of pain. "That is not for you," the devil said as he reached around Creedence's hip and used one clawed finger to trace a line along the underside of the human's erect manhood from tip to base.

It was an unexpected gesture and should have been one of undying pleasure. Instead it burned terribly, a searing pain that wouldn't stop. "Your wife has put the wedding band on your manhood," the devil observed as his claw reached the braided hair that surrounded the prick's root.

"Yes, it belongs to her," Creedence admitted.

"Do you enjoy fornicating in front of her?" the devil asked. Creedence turned his head to see his wife looking at him. She was holding hands with Obedience and neither seemed too interested in his suffering.

"I do," he sobbed. "I can't help it."

"No, you cannot," the devil agreed and let go of Creedence's hard flesh, which was both a relief and generated an unexpected longing. "I'll finish you off, but you will regret it."

Creedence didn't know what to say as the devil grabbed his hips and started thrusting hard and fast. He felt used. He felt a sudden ecstasy that the other villagers professed to feel when they prayed to God. He wondered if he was the sort of man who would never know the love of God but would only suffer—happily—on the prick of demon's sexual weapon. He knew when the devil finished because an intense heat—too intense—suddenly burned through his bowels and loins. He screamed. They weren't that far from the village and they should have been worried about the noise and light they were making but at the moment Creedence didn't care and he screamed not because the devil was hurting him—because he was—but because the pain felt so wonderfully good that he didn't know how else to express himself.

He could feel each spurt of the devil's orgasm as a new thrill of agony. Wanting it to stop was periodically replaced with the desire for it to go on forever. Normally when his other lovers were using Creedence's body they would pull out and finish on his back and buttocks using their hand, but not the devil. He finished inside Creedence. What happened next was unexpected and delightful.

By its own accord a spurt of pleasure erupted from Creedence's prick. Never before had that ever happened. He had always needed to have a hand or a mouth or some other bodily orifice in order to climax, but with the devil's prick in his ass, Creedence was able to orgasm without use of any direct stimulation. Each little white spurt that he shot forth fell to the ground and he cried tears of thanks

for each and every sensation that ran through his body.

The climax seemed to slowly abate, even after the devil withdrew and stood up. Knowing he didn't have the strength to even rise up to his knees, Creedence stayed down on his hands and knees as his manhood continued to steadily drip liquid white seed to the earth.

"He will do," the devil announced. "He is weak. He is full of lust he cannot control. He has an insatiable need to drink, but he will do. You are now one of this circle, Creedence James, never to leave it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, lord, thank you, lord," Creedence puffed. Though he had done little than hold his position, his body was completely exhausted by the events of the evening.

"You are now marked. Take great care in who you share your mark with," the devil chuckled. "With a weak man like yourself, my influence will be sure to quickly spread." The monstrous being then looked to Obedience. "You will be contacted when it is time. Do not summon me. I will come when the time is right." His eyes shifted to Tace. "Your child grows. When the time is right I will claim her soul like yours." The devil ignored William as he stepped backward into the fire and disappeared in a flash of light.

Creedence stayed on the ground even when Tace started laughing in celebration. "Stop that foolishness," Obedience reprimanded her.

"I'm having a daughter," she replied. "Didn't you hear him?"

Finding a bit of strength Creedence pushed off the ground and put his hand to his prick. Only then did he find the source of the dripping. "The devil did it!" he cried out. "The devil did this to me!" He was in such a state of panic that Tace was compelled to go over to him and inspect his manhood, which was made difficult because she could only see by the firelight and Creedence didn't want to let go of his flesh.

Somehow she managed, prying his fingers away and then snorting with derisions. "Stop your blubbering," she admonished him. "It's barely more than a scratch. You'll heal soon enough. A little blood is small enough sacrifice."

"It's nothing at all," agreed Obedience. "William, show him your mark." Tace

had never looked at that closely at the manhood her friend's husband sported, but now she was curious. William walked over to where Tace and Creedence were huddled together. He lifted up his soft flesh and showed off a black line along his length. It was almost a scar, but not exactly. "The devil's mark," said Obedience. "Everyone carries a sign of submission to him. Even you, Tace, and not just the brand but the tiny pinpricks his claws left in you."

Tace had all but forgotten about the small puncture wounds the devil had given her during their initial coupling, but now they faintly burned and itched at Obedience's reminder.

"It is time for us to return to the village," Obedience declared as she started pulling her dress onto her body. "We don't want to raise suspicions too soon."

After dressing they walked back to the village in silence, all in single file with Obedience leading the way. She was unconcerned if the others followed or became lost. There were other more pressing concerns on her mind. Once inside the village they first arrived at the house and smithy occupied by Obedience and her husband. "William, go inside and wait for me. I'll continue on with Tace." She made no mention of Creedence. He didn't concern her. She did see he was walking as gently and carefully as possible , cupping his hands over his manhood to help alleviate the pain, but she wasn't going to brew him a broth for his condition. He was meant to suffer.

When the trio arrived at the opposite edge of the village where Tace and Creedence now lived, she pointedly looked at Creedence, waiting for him to go inside, leaving the two women alone on the dirt path that went by the small house.

"He did well enough tonight," conceded Obedience, indicating Creedence behind the wall.

"He should be useful for converting others to our beliefs," added Tace. "He has a certain charisma that somehow overcomes his base desires and tendency to drink too much."

"It's too soon. It's good that our dread lord marked him. He won't be able to use his man-tool to seduce anyone else for the moment. You'll need to keep him in check with the wedding band."

“Of course.”

“We don’t want too many converts all at once, nor do we want our influence to spread too quickly and run out of our control. Our dark lord and master has plans and we must follow them.”

“That is the best, naturally,” Tace agreed.

The dark-haired woman suddenly stepped close and for just an instant Tace thought she was going to kiss her, but then Obedience’s hand moved too quickly to follow and Tace felt the sharp sting of an unexpected slap across the face. She gasped at the sudden attack and turned halfway around from her friend.

“You dare carry a child, a female child, without asking my leave first?” she fumed at Tace. “And a female child at that.”

“I have no control over that,” Tace spluttered. She tasted blood in her mouth and spat out the coppery flavor.

“You should!” Obedience pulled her upright and grabbed her cunt through her skirts. “This belongs not to you, not to me, but to our lord. You should have asked his permission first. If you hope to survive long on this world before going to the afterlife and serving him forever, you will wish that the child is his and not some bastard born of one of your lovers—or worse, your husband.” While she spoke Obedience tightly gripped Tace’s sex making the younger woman try to struggle away, but did so unsuccessfully.

“What if it’s not his?” she managed to ask between the waves of pain.

“Our lord is always open to blood sacrifice,” Obedience said casually. “I am the one supposed to have the next female child, the next to lead our coven. What you carry is just as much mine as it is yours. No. It is more mine that yours. Remember that.” She violently shoved Tace back against the stone wall of the house, turned on her heel and walked confidently away unconcerned if Tace followed, slunk away, or simply collapsed into a crying heap on the ground. She had to learn her place.

As it was, Tace only slumped against the stone wall and quickly recovered from Obedience’s attack. She wasn’t truly hurt and briefly considered a quick reprisal against her sudden rival, but thought better of it. The wise thing to do would be

to bide her time and wait for the right moment. It was too soon, too soon.

Creeping into her house she saw that Creedence had already prepared himself for bed but had left a candle lit against the darkness. “Come here, husband,” she commanded as if she were born to the role she had been thrust into. She took the candle and lit the lantern to add additional light to the small room. “I need to inspect your prick.”

Her husband had already resigned himself to his new position in the world. He wasn’t stupid and he realized how it had happened, mostly due to his base nature and love of sin. Walking over to his wife seated on the bench next to the kitchen table, he dropped his pants, exposing himself.

She picked up his soft flesh, made sure the blond colored wedding band was still firmly in place around his manhood, and only then looked at the line the devil had carved into her husband’s most precious flesh. A cluck of her tongue announced her quick decision. “Hardly more than a scratch.”

“It’s still bleeding,” he complained.

“Easily solved.” She reached into the heart of the kitchen fire and scooped up some ashes. These she rubbed into the wound, paying no attention to the whimpers and hisses of pain that Creedence made. After the treatment the bleeding stopped and Creedence was left with a dirty prick that, under Tace’s harsh ministrations, had grown to full size. “Still eager for more, husband? One would think the devil’s prick would be enough for one sinful man.”

“I can’t control it,” Creedence moaned.

Tace spat on the head of his manhood and rubbed her index finger around and around the tender flesh. It only took a minute and Creedence was erupting once more. Tace carefully directed his seed into the fireplace, letting the whitish ropes fall into the glowing embers.

“There will be more than enough reward for you in the coming days,” she promised him as she hiked up her skirts exposing her swollen and wet sex. “Down on your knees. You need to pleasure your wife as never before. Get used to this, o husband of mine, because I am unsure if I will allow you to use your inadequate prick on my precious cunny. I am with child and I will not have you put our offspring at risk.”

Creedence nodded and fell to the floor on his knees. He pressed his face into his wife’s cunt and wondered if his life would end in pleasure or pain.

Chapter Five

Late Autumn 1723

Tace was half bent over the footboard of the bed while Creedence took her from behind. To the casual observer it would appear that she was in the most uncomfortable position to have sex but Tace had discovered over the past few weeks with her growing belly that being in a nearly upright position was the best way to get sexual pleasure from her husband's prick.

Their bedroom was a small space inside their undersized stone house which made it seem almost claustrophobic to Tace as her body kept growing. She could feel the life inside her belly increasing every day which made her stomach swell along with her tits. It didn't matter that the child inside her might not belong to her husband—that was fine, in fact it would be better if her baby was sired by her otherworldly lover. If Creedence knew that it was unlikely he was the father he never gave any indication that he cared. That might have been because of his simple nature, but more likely it was because of the specially woven wedding band that Tace had made for him and slipped over his manhood the day of their wedding. His tool was simply an object for her to control and use as she saw fit. Today, like many days, she saw fit that it would bring her physical pleasure.

Her lover had told her that copulating with men during her pregnancy would do wonders for the baby. She wasn't exactly sure what wonders meant exactly, but all she really needed to hear was that she had permission…no, she had been all but commanded to fornicate with as many different men as possible during her pregnancy. And so she had. Creedence serviced her almost daily, but he was boring. It was expected that she take William, her best friend's husband to her bed, and of course Obedience hadn't objected, though she had insisted upon watching. Strangely, that act had seemed to draw Tace and Obedience closer together instead of driving them apart.

Mathew Goodspeed and Robert Barron, two of Tace's lovers from before she

married Creedence, were all too happy to get into her bed again, though that was a bit of lie. Matthew insisted on having her in the bed he shared with his wife and Robert had taken her to the cornfields during the summer. Tace enjoyed copulating under the open sky, it was partly the risk and partly that she was certain her lord and master could more easily see her when she rutted on the earth rather than in a building.

There had also been Henry Take, George Clay, and Bly Ether that Obedience had seduced for her using her potions. To this day Tace wasn't sure if those three men who had used her body to slake their desires knew what they had been doing or even if they remembered. She frankly didn't care. The only disappointment that had occurring during her brooding time was the reluctance of Farmer Eustace to lay with her one more time, but she attributed that to the fact the first time they had sinned was because his wife had been pregnant. A pregnant lover was not anything that excited him.

Creedence's pace was increasing; he was close to his end. That was good. As she had grown Tace had become more sensitive and could more easily reach her climaxes which she had done three times already this morning, only one from Creedence's lips and tongue applied to her from behind before he entered her. His strokes were shaking her body making her breasts bounce around almost uncomfortably. Before her pregnancy she had been small-busted, now they were nearly rivaling Obedience's. Before her pregnancy her skin had been smooth and flawless, now it had the same sort of stretch marks that Obedience wore. She was becoming more and more like her friend and teacher every day.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" Creedence called out as he finished. She felt his ejaculation of warm semen into her cunt. That's all it was, warm, nothing more. Her lord and master and lover's semen was hot, burning hot when he ejaculated inside her cunt, that was what she found herself always looking forward to. The pain was worth the pleasure. She gave Creedence just a moment to rest before she pushed back, making his prick slip free of her body. "Get to father's tavern," she ordered him as she picked up her dress from the bed where she had laid it out. "You're already late."

He nodded and pulled up his pants, tucking away his prick with the yellow wedding band still firmly around it. As she started to clothe herself Tace felt his leavings dripping down her thighs. That was normal and that was expected. What was strange was the sensation of liquid dribbling across and down her

breasts. Looking down Tace saw tiny droplets of slightly cloudy milk weeping from her nipples. She frowned and pulled her dress on. Creedence left the house without a further word to her. A minute later Tace followed him, but while he headed west upon entering the village proper to go to the tavern, she turned east toward Obedience's house attached to the smithy.

It was the end of autumn and winter was fast approaching. If there were to be any more outdoor celebrations it would have to be next to a roaring bonfire to keep them warm while they were skyclad under the moon. As it was Tace had to pull her cloak tightly around her body to stay warm against the stiff breeze that promised a snowstorm was coming. She barged into Obedience's home, not bothering to knock on the heavy wooden door. The children were away, thankfully, most likely at the small school the village had set up, but possibly helping their father in the smithy. They had established a routine where Tace would visit Obedience in the morning and children would only get in the way.

"You have your husband's scent about you," Obedience said as soon as Tace walked inside.

"Of course. He filled my quim this morning." She sat down on the edge of the chair next to the heavy iron cookstove that Obedience used to keep the family fed and to warm the house, it was a luxury most of the village families couldn't afford, but her husband was the smith and could make such items. Luxuries were frown upon in their Puritan village, but somehow this item slipped through the cracks. She hiked up her skirts and exposed her sex to Obedience who knelt down between Tace's legs. Using a copper cup she carefully scooped up what had already leaked onto Tace's thighs and then reached into the blonde woman's quim to scrape out any of Creedence's essence that had been left behind.

Tace didn't ask why her friend needed so much of the village men's ejaculate; she simply assumed that it was necessary for whatever potion or spells she was currently crafting. It only made sense. Leaning back in the chair while Obedience worked was rather relaxing next to the warm fire. The way the dark-haired woman moved her fingers around Tace's sex was rather enjoyable. "You don't have to stop," Tace said when Obedience was done and had set the copper cup aside. She licked her fingers, tasting the last few drops of Creedence, and looked up at her friend. Tace was glowing with the promise of motherhood to be. Her formerly lithe body had changed to that of a breeding woman, but that was to be expected. Her stomach was distended to the point that it almost rested on

her thighs when she sat down making it difficult for Obedience to reach the blonde woman's sex.

Difficult, but not impossible.

Obedience ran her had across Tace's swollen belly. "It won't be long now."

Tace wanted her friend to stop teasing and just get on with it. They had established a routine and she needed to follow the ritual. "Put your fingers back," Tace encouraged her.

But the older woman didn't. Instead she traced her fingers lightly over Tace's stretched skin. "Your time has been free of any difficulties, you're lucky. When I carried I had problems day and night."

"My only problem right now is a distinct lack of attention," Tace said and boldly grabbed Obedience's hand to thrust it back where she wanted it. The dark-haired woman chuckled lightly and started to rub the little bump of flesh that caused Tace to shiver.

"So eager, so demanding. And so unlike a proper woman."

"I've never been a proper woman," Tace said as she slid down further in the chair letting her sex open up, giving Obedience complete access to her quim. Her friend only waited a second longer before lowering her face to Tace's cunt. Tace didn't know why Obedience was always so eager to sin with her, perhaps because she had rejected the Puritan lifestyle for much longer than Tace, perhaps because she was a so much more powerful witch, Tace couldn't say and frankly didn't car. What Obedience was able to do with her fingers, lips, and tongue made every man's prick in the colony of Massachusetts pale in comparison.

"You're wet," Obedience said between quick licks.

"Dripping," added Tace, too distracted by Obedience's talents to concentrate on what she meant. Tace didn't mind going down on Obedience when the time was right but Obedience truly seemed to enjoy, even love, slathering attention on Tace's body and sex.

Obedience quickly brought Tace up to her climax. The blonde had to stifle her cries of passion enough so that no one would think anything was amiss inside the

Barebone house. When she was done Obedience looked up with her lips and cheeks smeared with Tace's juices. "You are an easily manipulated woman," Obedience declared.

"And you know how to please me. But I'm still dripping."

"I'm not surprised," said Obedience as she ran two fingers in parallel lines down Tace's labia.

"No, my breasts," she said, pulling away a bit. "They're dripping."

Obedience's eyes lit up. "They are? Perfect. I can use a little bit of mother's milk for some of my potions. Get on your hands and knees," she ordered as she jumped up and grabbed a pewter bowl from her cooking supplies.

"Hands and knees?"

"It will be easiest to milk you in that position," she answered. "I want to get as much of your initial milk as possible. The sweetness is irresistible to the lowest of imps and demons. We can use it for our plans."

Not knowing what else to do, Tace did what Obedience wanted, pulling down the top of her dress at the same time to expose her breasts. The position on her hands and knees felt so natural during sex but now, with her big belly and hanging breasts, was more than passing strange. Obedience put the pewter bowl underneath Tace's torso and knelt down next to her. "Very good," she complimented. "You take to this role perfectly."

Not the least bit shy Obedience reached out and grabbed Tace's fat tit and started massaging and pulling on it like she would a cow's udder. It took only a few firm pulls—which Tace found painful the way her friend handled her flesh—before the few drops of milk formed and fell to the bowl. "Perfect. We need more of course. Don't move."

Tace found the procedure to be painful and without any immediate physical reward. She knew the milk would go for a good purpose, but to watch it come out of her body so slowly was more than just a mere annoyance. It was true aggravation especially since Obedience worked on one tit first, draining it as much as possible, before switching over to the second breast. By the end of the long milking process Tace was certain she knew exactly how a cow felt.

“Excellent,” Obedience declared when she was finished and saw the amount of milk that Tace had produced. “This will prove most useful.”

Struggling to her feet was made difficult because of her big belly and Obedience wasn’t the least bit interested in helping her acolyte. “What is next?” she asked once she was on her feet and had straightened her clothes. Normally the two women would share physical pleasures at this time of the day, a sin in the eyes of the Puritan God but a virtue before their lord and master, but Obedience didn’t seem the least bit interested in Tace this morning. “We have over a dozen followers now. What does our lord want us to do?”

Obedience was mixing ingredients in her copper bowl. She only half paid attention to Tace. “We wait. No more active recruitment.”

“We wait for what?”

“We wait for our lord to contact us. I doubt he’ll make an appearance before the birth of the child.” She indicated Tace’s large belly.

“I don’t want to wait that long to see him again,” groused Tace.

“It doesn’t matter what you want. The only thing that is important is what our lord wants and right now he wants us to wait.” She paused a looked up from her potion brewing. “If you want to know, I think he’s waiting to see the result of your birth. Is the child one of your lovers, or is it his? We’ll only know that after the birth.”

“Should he know already? Doesn’t he know everything?”

“He doesn’t pretend to be the Puritan God, he doesn’t know all.”

“But how will we know?” Tace asked. “If the child doesn’t appear fully human, of course then it’s his. But then what will I do?”

Obedience laughed. “You’ll be honored above all others in this New World. Even me. You will no longer be human, but you won’t be a deity either. You will occupy the world between the two.”

“And my daughter?”

“She will lead us, she will lead us.” Obedience turned back to her potion.

When she returned to her house, she was alone. Creedence had done what she asked and went to the tavern. Over the months of her pregnancy Tace had found it easy to control her husband because of the wedding band around his manhood. Certainly one of the positive aspects of her control over him was not only the satisfaction that he provided her in bed and knowing that he would not be copulating with any other man or woman without her permission—and she never gave her permission. But even better was knowing that he was learning the tavern and brewing trade from her father.

If nothing else the family she was creating would need a means of survival among humanity and the tavern trade was a good one. She had been worried that Creedence would simply disappear into the brewery and get drunk every day because of his easy access to beer. But just a few words of suggestion from her and Creedence eschewed alcohol. She discussed with her father how Creedence was doing at his new trade. It was glad tidings to her ears that her father reported that Creedence was taking to his role as new tavern keeper. His talents of sweet talking his fellow man and being a social gadfly served him well as he learned all the various aspects of the job.

There was much for Tace to do as a mother-to-be but most of her needs were taken care of by the growing coven. Clothing, supplies, food, and housewares were all given to her silently in the night. She had only to wait for her daughter’s birth. But Tace was impatient. It had been months since she had seen her unholy lover and found herself dreaming about his large and powerful weapon every night. Every morning her quim was wet with desire. Neither Creedence’s prick nor her own hand nor even Obedience’s lips and tongue could satisfy her. She had considered asking Obedience to use the iron devil’s prick in the back of William’s smithy, but that seemed a little risky. Besides, it wasn’t just the size and the rock-like hardness of a man’s tool that she desires. She wanted the being the unworldly being the prick was attached to.

It was a risk, but Tace still had an unquenchable desire when she was home alone. She tried to relieve the desire by fingering herself, but it was difficult to get her hands easily around her belly and reach her quim. Frustrated and alone, Tace pulled a piece of blackthorn from the wood box and whispered a short

prayer before tossing it directly into the fire.

“I wish to bring forth the father of my child,” she said over and over. It was a risk in more than one way. She wasn’t certain who the father was. It might simply call Creedence from the tavern or Mathew from his barn. She didn’t want that. And if it did bring up her lord and master, he might be too angry with her summoning to give her what she most desired. That was the biggest risk.

Summoning her master was always a difficult proposition. Sometimes he came right away; sometimes he made his followers wait. A few times he hadn’t show up at all even when the whole coven had been chanting for his arrival. Those were the most difficult times. That was when faith faded. But each time after the summoning failed, they waited a few days and tried again. He came. He always came eventually.

It was still a risk, but it was a risk that Tace was willing to take. As it was, half of the blackthorn log had burned away and her voice had gone hoarse with the repeated request of “I wish to bring forth the father of my child,” before there was a sudden flare of fire and the devil himself stepped out of the fireplace. She had been expecting just his blazing face to appear in the flames so when he actually manifested in the house she stumbled backward and fell on her ass in alarm.

“What do you want?” he growled at her. “I told you not to disturb me until I said it was time.” That had been months ago and since then he had appeared to them on their coven gatherings and they had summoned him up at the appropriate times. Still, this was a private summoning for her own purposes. It was a risk, but everything in her life was a risk simply because she fell before the feet of a devil when she lived in a Puritan village.

“Please, my lord, but you commanded those words unto Obedience. You never told me not to summon you.” The words she spoke to him were a risk. Everything was a risk. Death could come by his hand or by an angry Reverend James. Tace had long ago stopped living her life in fear.

Tace had averted her eyes to the floor and dared only look at her lord’s clawed feet. The pause was long and then she heard deep rolling laughter. “So I did,” he conceded. “You will do well when it is your time to take your place in her underworld. What do you want, girl, surely you didn’t summon me just for

flattery."

"My time comes soon," she said, trying to gather her thoughts about her. The one thing she did still fear was the wrath of her demon lord and master. "Your daughter will soon come into this world and you should be ready."

"Don't tell me what I already know," he barked at her. "What do you need?"

He was angry, truly angry. Tace scrabbled at her skirts, pulled them up her legs to expose both her skin and her sex. "Please, I beg of you, lord, my quim desires your prick. Neither my hand, nor husband's prick, nor woman's mouth serve to make the need go away."

Once more his rumbling laughter filled the house. "You summoned a devil of Hell because you need to fornicate? How pathetic." He spat at her. The gob of spit landed between her legs and sizzled, fading away to a puff of smoke.

"I'm sorry, lord, but I could not control my desires." Tears, real tears, were rolling down her cheeks. "I thought it best for you daughter."

"And now appeal to my bases nature?" he taunted her. "I should kill you right here, right now. Your husband will find your dead, cold body and your village will think you died because of the child. Only your coven will know the true cause of your death."

Tace said nothing, kept her eyes on his feet and her skirts over her naked belly so he could see her wet and open sex.

"Turn over onto your hands and knees," he commanded. Tace hurried, struggling to do so. He didn't help and was amused at her struggle. "Death has not arrived for you yet. Your time is not nigh." When Tace finally got on her knees, bent over with her hands on the dirty floor with her skirt up above her ass, the devil knelt down behind her. It would have been an honor for Tace to stiffen his flesh, but that wasn't necessary. He was a devil; his prick was under his command.

He fitted the head between her legs, seeking out the space between her nether lips. Tace sighed audibly as he pressed into her quim, but then sucked in a breath when he stopped barely deep enough to be probing her. "No," the devil announced. "Not like this. You don't deserve this." He pulled out and Tace had an intense pang of loss. A second later the wet tip to his prick was pressing

against her anus and she knew what he wanted. Her body responded to his, she had trained herself that way. His mighty weapon pressed into her opening, going deeper than she would have thought possible. He was halfway in before she realized that his tail, the leathery prehensile appendage he wore as a sign of his status, was worming its way into her cunt. Suddenly she was doubly full and she was panting at her treatment. If he meant this to be a punishment it was failing terribly because this was exactly what she wanted more than anything else in this world or the next.

The devil alternated the rhythm of his two weapons. First his prick and tail would alternate back and forth, one after the other, then he could pull both out at the same time and drive them together into her at the same moment. Tace couldn't decide which she preferred. Both were suitable to bringing about a climax in her body but one wasn't any faster than the other. She liked the steady beat of the alternation, but the sudden sense of loss of both prick and tail wiped away with the abrupt thrust of both was also thrilling.

For just a second he fully withdrew from both her ass and cunt, leaving her gaping open and desiring both, and then shoved both back in, but in opposite locations. His prick was now in her cunt and his tail in her ass. His tool was like a steel rod, even harder than the iron prick William had in the smithy. It pulsed. It was blazing hot. It was everything she desired. Everything.

She screamed when he came. The spurts of semen were like fireballs being launched inside her cunt. The sounds they were making were sure to alert the entire village, but she was beyond caring, she was beyond any control over her body.

When he was done and pulled out of her abused cunt and ass, she collapsed to the floor, crying. If she had been a follower of the Puritan God she would have called them tears of joy. Now, they were nothing more than tears of relief. She had pleased her lord, she was sure of that. She couldn't tell if she had climaxed or not, but it didn't matter. Her previous need to have her quim filled and satisfied by the devil had faded away. It wasn't gone entirely, but it was back down to where she was certain she could control herself. Or so she vowed.

"The arrival of your offspring will be soon, very soon," the devil pronounced as he wiped his prick and tail off on her back. "I will know when. I will appear after her birth to judge her. I will see if she is lacking at that time."

“Thank you, lord.”

Without another word the devil faded back into the fire and disappeared.

Chapter Six

Tace lay panting on the floor of her house afterwards. Normally after sexual congress she liked to bathe in the afterglow of the sensations that continued to run through her body. She was in pain, but it was gratifying pain. Every time her body joined with the devil's, when they were flesh to flesh, the pain she suffered was more than worth it.

As she struggled to her feet, the first thought on her mind was to add some wood to the fire. The house had cooled during her fornication with the devil. Carefully selecting a few small logs from the box she was about to toss them on the fire when it suddenly flared again. Tace stepped back, nearly falling again, but managing to catch herself against the edge of the table. Why would her lord be returning so quickly to speak with her?

The figure that stepped out of the fireplace wasn't her lord and master. Tace's knees trembled and she all but fell to the floor in fear. She had to grab the table in order to stay upright. The creature that emerged from the fire certainly wasn't human though it was of the same ilk as the devil that Tace loved. The first difference she noted was this new devil was definitely female, with a perfect body…except for the ways in which the she-devil had made her body imperfect.

Her breasts were large, rode high on her chest, and were round. Her hips were curvy and her limbs lithe. Long black hair tumbled down her shoulders; the black color contrasted sharply with her red-brass colored skin. For all those parts she might have been human, but it was the details that set her apart as a monster.

Like all devils she had a long tail that was currently wrapped around one leg. Four white fangs protruded from her black colored lips. Tace would have been interested to see if her feet were like the bird claws of her master, but this she-devil wore black boots that extended up to her thighs. These were matched by black gloves that covered her arms from wrists to shoulder—yet her fingers were exposed and looked human. A dark triangle of slick hair hid her sex. Her nipples were black like her lips and piercing through the left nipple was a long, thin bone. Tace figured this was an ornament of some sort like the complex network of thin lines that covered most of the she-devil's abdomen. Over her shoulders

Tace could just barely see a pair of small vestigial wings; they were small enough that Tace figured there was no way the wings could actually grant the monster the ability of flight. A small pair of deer-like antlers sprouted from the crown on her head. All of this was uncomfortable to look at, however the most disturbing part of the she-devil's appearance was her eye. She had only one. It was twice the size of what would be normal for a human and was centered on her face just below her large forehead.

Tace trembled with fear and was certain she was dead but remembered that her lord and master had told her that her time was not yet nigh. She found her courage.

"Show respect, human girl!" the she-devil shouted at her. The words were hard to understand at first because of her fangs, her thick lips, along with her tongue which Tace now noted was forked almost in the manner of a snake's.

"Yes, my lady," Tace uttered and fell to her knees in front of the she-devil. Apparently her gesture was not enough. The she-devil's tail unwound from her leg and snapped through the air like a whip, striking the blonde across the face and sending her sprawling to the floor. Tace could sense a cut had opened and felt the blood sliding down her cheek but she didn't dare to press her hand to the wound. She instead pressed her forehead to the floor. "My apologies, lady."

"Are you the one that my husband has been putting his prick into? He loves copulating with beasts, but I never thought him so low as to use a human."

Tace trembled. She knew at once that she would be caught in a lie, especially if the child in her womb was the devil's offspring, but she didn't want to admit to what she had been doing. She tried to speak but no words would form in her throat.

"Stupid girl," the she-devil said. "Get off the floor, take off your dress, and lay on the table."

While she knew she could have resisted, could have protested, could have attempted to banish the she-devil back to Hell, Tace knew all of these possibilities were futile. While she was human and barely a witch, this was a powerful denizen of a world unknown to her. Tace might have been relatively safe in her house for the moment, that wouldn't last if she angered the being any further.

The only thing Tace could do was give in. So she stood up and pulled her dress up over her head. She shivered a moment when she was naked in front of the she-devil, not because she was cold, but because she was truly scared. The she-devil's eyes closely inspected every inch of the young woman's body, focuses for a long moment on Tace's bulging stomach, full of a new life. Tace froze under the she-devil's gaze, she felt like she should throw her arms across her breasts and sex, but she was too frightened to do even that. "On the table, like a roast pig dinner," the she-devil reminded her.

Awkwardly Tace did as commanded. She struggled a bit getting on top of the table, but she made it on top. The she-devil stopped her when she tried to push her body toward the center. "Stay at the edge." The monstrous woman walked toward her. Tace could feel the heat of the creature's body. She knelt down at the edge of the table and pulled Tace's body forward a bit so that her heels were right at the edge along with her rump. Her sex was open and exposed.

It didn't surprise Tace that the she-devil put her face between her legs. The forked tongue squirmed around Tace's quim, seeking out her hole and her little piece of pleasure-flesh. What surprised her was how good it felt. The she-devil's tongue was hot, not burning, but almost there. Despite the situation, Tace allowed herself to fall into the swirl of enjoyment that came only from another person manipulating her sex. As her breathing rapidly increased Tace found herself ready to climax and then the she-devil abruptly pulled back leaving her hanging painfully. "You are the lowliest sort of slut and whore imaginable," she was told by the she-devil's sibilant voice. "You copulate with anything and everyone. You respond to the smallest of stimuli. You enjoy yourself when it is more inappropriate. You mate with a devil—and with human men—and hunger for their seed to bring a cursed life to this world." The she-devil grinned from ear to ear and licked her lips to both tips of her tongue, one running along the top and one on the bottom, tasting Tace's quim on her flesh. "You will do well when it is your time to serve in Hell."

Her words didn't frighten Tace. They might have been lies. They might have been the truth. It didn't matter. Tace was focused on her body and the pleasure running through it. "Please," she begged. "More of your tongue. Give me you perverted pleasures."

The she-devil laughed. The sound she made was half low and throaty, half hissing amusement. "You will thrive in Hell," she declared.

Tace didn’t know if that was a true compliment or not. “Thank you,” she said politely in order not to anger the she-devil.

“There is much to be said for a human soul-slave,” pronounced the she-devil as she plunged her split tongue back into Tace’s sex.

Immediately Tace gasped and pulled her knees up to her chest, bending her legs around her big belly, to give the she-devil better and deeper access to her quim. She pulled her tongue out a bit from Tace’s channel leaving her panting for more, but then plunge back in. This time, however, one of the tips didn’t eagerly caress her pleasure nub. It twisted down lower, licked the outside of her back entrance, warming it, moistening it, before squirming deep into her bowels.

This was not the pleasure that Tace had expected, but it was the pleasure she didn’t know that she needed. Her balled up fists banged on the kitchen table announcing her heightened lust. She wanted to grasp the she-devil’s horns and force her tongues even more deeply into her sex, but that was beyond her. Tace had not true control of her body. As the she-devil had predicted, she was a slave to the female demon’s desires. The demoness reached up and raked her claws over Tace’s torso, leaving behind lines of blood. Tace didn’t feel any pain. She was on the brink of orgasm and nothing would distract her.

When her climax came, it felt to Tace like her entire body exploded and she had absolutely no control over any part of her body or soul. It felt wonderful to have someone completely control every aspect of her life. When she came back to herself the she-devil was wiping her face and had a self-satisfied grin. “Humans are so weak-willed, so easily controlled, so easily they give in to their base desires.” She wiped her hot, wet hands on Tace’s belly. “Your child comes soon,” she mentioned.

That made Tace sit up. “What? How do you know?” Her hands went to her full breasts. She could feel the wounds that the she-devil had left behind; the abrasions were throbbing now but Tace couldn’t be bothered to worry about them at the moment.

The she-devil sniffed in disdain. “Humans know so little of their bodies. Disgusting. In less than a week you’ll be a mother.” Her lips curled back in revulsion, exposing her fangs. I will be here shortly after the birth to make sure the child is not my husband’s. I know he what he wants of you, and I desire the

opposite. A turning point in your life approaches and you have no control over it. If you carry his daughter, I'll kill your spawn first and then you. I could use a good slave in my lair."

The she-devil stepped back into the fire and disappeared into the flames. The moment after she did Tace burst into tears and realized she was but a pawn in the machinations of others more powerful than she ever would be.

It took Tace some time to gather her wits about her, wipe away the blood from her skin, clothe her body, and head back outside. The weather had turned. It was decidedly colder and bitter. The tears that continued to slip out of her eyes froze on her cheeks. The day's earlier promise of snow had come to fruition. Small flakes had started dropping from the sky and soon would turn to heavier ones that would coat the frozen ground. Tace hurried to Obedience's home and banged on the door when she found it was barred to her entry.

"Obedience! Let me in!" she cried. "I need to speak with you. Now!" She continued to bang on the heavy oak door until it opened. She knew her friend was inside. Light was leaking out from the cracks of the window and she heard movement.

"What is it?" demanded Obedience when she opened the door. "I'm in the middle of a delicate process and you'll spoil the potion."

Tace pushed inside, undeterred by her friend's reluctance to admit her. At that point Tace wouldn't have cared if Obedience was flaying her husband alive as part of a spell, or was having an orgy with a bevy of young maidens. She wouldn't have cared because she was beyond such petty human and earthly concerns at the moment. "I've met his wife," she blurted out before scanning the room for outsiders. She suddenly came to her senses and asked, "Where are your children?"

"With the schoolmaster," Obedience replied as she closed and barred the door. "What is the matter. Whose wife are you blathering about?"

Feeling safe inside Obedience's house, Tace took a deep breath and centered herself. "Our lord and master."

Obedience stepped back and pressed a hand to her chest. “You’re lying.”

“She left her marks on me,” Tace declared as she first pointed to the slice on her cheek and then pulled down the top of her dress and to expose the angry red scratches across her breasts. The wounds were ugly but not life-threatening.

Obedience sniffed. “That could have been done by the lord and master himself. For that matter, you could have done it yourself. What are you playing at, Silence Hynde?”

Seeing that Obedience was unwilling to believe her Tace collapsed into a chair and used her hands to cover her face. She didn’t want her teacher and rival to see her cry. “I summoned up the lord and master. He used my body like I wanted him too. I know it was a weak thing to do, a wrong thing to do, but I did it. No sooner had had left via the flames when a new devil appeared. She claimed to be his wife.”

“If she was truly his wife, she could have killed you,” Obedience said. “I doubt devils even have spouses.”

“She said my time was near, that I would be a mother within a week,” Tace said as she pulled her dress back into place.

Obedience scoffed. “Anyone with eyes can see that.”

“And she said that if the child was the offspring of our lord and master, then she would kill me—and my daughter.”

That caused Obedience to frown. “We can’t have that. We can’t have you birthing a normal child either. Your daughter needs to be his issue.”

“What do we do?” Tace pleaded with her friend.

“I don’t know. The possibility remains that this is a trick. The lord and master might have reappeared to see what your reaction would be to a threat.”

“Why would he do that?”

Obedience shrugged. “Who knows what goes on in the minds of celestial beings?”

Tace cast aside her friend's suggestion. "But it wasn't him. It was a female devil. She—" Tace hesitated to reveal what had happened but then decided that she needed to protect the life of her child. "She raped me."

"She raped you?" Obedience asked doubtfully. "How does a she-devil do that exactly?"

"With her tongue. She had a snake's tongue."

That made Obedience chuckle. "Tongue rape? You always enjoyed it when I did it to you. Tell me, did you enjoy it?" She grabbed Tace's face between her hands and stared directly in her eyes. While Obedience's powers weren't unlimited, Tace knew that Obedience had the power to distinguish lies from truth by laying her hands on the victim.

"Yes, I enjoyed it," Tace admitted. She wasn't sure if the admission was done on her own or because Obedience compelled it.

"Hardly sounds like rape," Obedience said, dismissing her concerns. "And I wouldn't put it beyond our lord and master to change forms to see what it was like to bed you while he wore a female form." She drummed her fingers on her chin, thinking.

Tace didn't disagree, but she had doubts about Obedience's assessment. "What do we do? I'm afraid."

"You're afraid, you say?" Obedience said dismissively. "You should have thought about that when you joined me skyclad in the woods. It's too late for second thoughts now. But you say she put her tongue in your quim?"

"Yes." Tace opted not to add that the second tongue went up her ass.

"She—or he—has tasted you. She knows the truth. But you said she had a snake's tongue?"

"Yes."

"She's as likely to be a liar as not."

"So?"

“So we wait. And we prepare to defend ourselves as best we can.”

Chapter Seven

Tace screamed all throughout her labor. Childbirth proved to be painful and long. In the end, she survived and produced a daughter. There were the usual small celebrations in the village, muted, as always, in the Puritan way. Tace and Obedience were both relieved that the child came out apparently normal in appearance. That was one of Obedience's great concerns, that she would have the mark of the devil about her from the start. Tace was further relieved that the devil—or his wife—didn't immediately appear when the squalling child screamed her way into the world.

When it was all over her daughter settled down and happily went to sleep, exhausted by the way her life had been forced into the world. Tace and Obedience didn't relax at all until a full day had passed and neither the devil nor his wife had appeared to claim the child. It was only a day, but they took that to be a good sign.

"She looks normal," Obedience declared after a thorough inspection of the child's body. This was done only when they were alone in Tace's house. Creedence was at the tavern with Tace's father and all the other well-wishers had paid their respects.

"Yes, normal enough," agreed Tace. "But there's no guarantee she won't change into some hideous demon the moment our backs are turned."

"How long do we wait before summoning him again?" Obedience didn't need to specify who she meant. "We should tell him about the birth."

"He already knows," Tace informed her. "How could he not? He sired my daughter."

"How could you possibly know for certain?"

"I know," Tace said firmly. "I've always known. And we don't summon him at all. We wait."

“We wait? He’ll be angry.”

“Let him be angry. He can appear at any time. He wants to control us. So we let him, we wait. We wait patiently.”

“You risk not only your life, but the life of your daughter.”

Tace let out a barking laugh. “Both our lives were already forfeit long ago. Along with our souls.” She looked down at her tiny daughter sleeping against her chest. “I’m not even sure the little thing has a soul.”

The coven continued to exist through the next year. They purposely did not grow their numbers and they focused on waiting for the return of their lord. At a few points some of the members grew weary with the meetings that seemed to have no purpose. A simple accidental death that Tace and Obedience arranged along with a few displays of their power over the members of the coven was more than enough to keep them in line. When summer came and the orgies in the woods began, the coven was content. They needed to express their base desires in order to remain human.

Tace enjoyed the orgies more than she should have. She let every member of the coven use her body in any way they saw fit. The men were always eager to have sex with her. Many had gotten it into their heads that if they could impregnate Tace, the mother of the devil’s daughter, they would have some great influence over the coven and the village. Tace knew that was more than ridiculous; she mated with every man almost every month. If she had gotten pregnant it would have been impossible to determine who the father was. Still, she and Obedience didn’t deter this belief. It kept rivalries strong in the coven which was what was needed to keep them going.

Some of the women, especially the young girls, were reluctant at first to share the physical joys of flesh with Tace and Obedience. For them, it was one thing to commit the sin of fornication with a man, it was another graver sin to do it with a woman. They were largely easily convinced either through a loyalty test—because every member of the coven was expected to lay with Tace and Obedience—and once they experienced the wonders of Sapphic love they consequently changed their minds. A few were more than happy to kiss both women’s cunts, if for no other reason than to metaphorically spit in the face of

Reverend James. The older women, by and large, didn't hesitate to pleasure the coven leaders. Tace simply assumed they were bored with their husbands and simply wanted to try something new and exciting.

In order to cement the loyalty of the entire coven Obedience had every member drink Tace's milk. More than a few balked at this perversion of a mother's role, but after Abstinence Moore was found drowned in his cow's drinking trough, none of the coven refused. Tace rather liked each member of the coven sucking on her tits. She sat on a tree stump in the clearing while one by one the coven knelt before her and drank from her breasts why Obedience watched. What none in the coven other than the two leaders knew was that Obedience had brewed a potion for Tace, consumed before the ritual, that converted her milk into something more powerful. With every drop they swallowed, it became easier to control their will and secure their loyalty. They weren't slaves, but they were the next best thing.

It was a year after Amity's birth, as the coldest weather approached the village, that the devil made his reappearance. Tace had felt her powers grow over the year and Obedience had sensed it as well. While Obedience was a strong worshipper already, they both knew her powers had plateaued, probably years before, but they didn't discuss that. Obedience had years of practice and experience, especially with her potions, while Tace only commanded raw power that she had yet to fully tame and control. It was enough to frighten them both. They didn't reveal their fear to each other, but it was there in the back of their minds.

"He's coming soon," Tace told Obedience when her teacher finished nursing from her breast. It was a daily ritual for them now. Obedience sought to maintain her powers by drinking from Tace. The young blonde woman didn't mind this. She enjoyed the sensation of another woman's lips on her breasts. She liked the feeling of milk being made in her body and how it was expressed out of her. Most of all she liked the fact that Obedience was growing dependent upon her. She was the power, but Obedience knew how to refine that power into something useless.

Obedience licked away the last few drops of milk on Tace's skin before answering. "How do you know?"

"I can feel it. I don't know how, but I can feel it." She shivered in the cool air as

she brought up the front of her dress. The fire was blazing steadily in the hearth, but it didn't seem strong enough to keep away the chill.

"The anniversary of your daughter's birth approaches," Obedience pointed out.

"I know." She hesitated to ask, but couldn't help herself. "Do you think he will come to take her on her birthday?"

"It is the logical time," said Obedience. "Have you felt any indication of talents from her yet?"

"No, but isn't it early?"

"It's never too early." Obedience sat down on the wooden chair next to her friend and took up her hand, partly in affection, partly to keep contact with the raw power she could feel inside Tace's body. "It was said, back in England, that when my mother was born, every coven in the country could sense when she was birthed. I don't know if that's true or not, but…" She wanted to take Tace to her bed, but she didn't want to risk asking. The two didn't have sex nearly enough to satisfy Obedience's desires.

"Sometimes I hold her and think she's just a little girl, nothing more. And sometimes I hold her and I know she will be greater than you and I together."

"I can sense her power too," Obedience agreed. Her belly was full of Tace's milk and her desires wouldn't go away. She couldn't resist and put her hand up to Tace's chin, gently turning it and drawing her forward for a kiss. Tace didn't resist. Tace thrusted her tongue into Obedience's mouth and the older woman could taste the power imbued in her protégé.

"Here or in the bed?" Tace asked her breaking the kiss.

The kitchen floor was stone, the table was hard wood, but the bed had a soft straw mattress and warm bedding. "The bed."

The two shed their clothing and came together under Obedience's grandmother's quilt. They rolled together, head to foot and foot to head with Tace on top. She lowered her face to Obedience's sex as the older woman did the same to Tace's. They had discovered that being nearly the same height made it easy to orally service the other while being serviced and they mutually agreed upon this as

their default position because it showed they were true equals in leading the coven. That was not the truth. Tace's influence was on the rise while Obedience's was slowly waning; that was why Tace was always on top. They simply wanted to share physical affections for one another.

Her pregnancy had changed Tace's body and for the most part she liked it. Bigger breasts and a more sensitive vulva were plusses; the one real downside was the way her stomach now bulged out. There was nothing to be done for the. She was just like every other mother in the world and she knew her womb would soon be filled again…unlike Obedience's apparently now barren womb.

In any event, the women of the Dunwich coven didn't speak of these secret matters while in the midst of the devil's act. They focused on pleasure and trying to bring her partner to a peak just as she was peaking as well. It was a difficult trick but one within their means. It would assuredly have happened this day if not for the sudden explosion from the kitchen's hearth.

It should have knocked them both out of bed, but instead it only served to give them pause and spoil their climaxes. "What happened?" asked Obedience, turning her head to peer into the kitchen. There was no light from the fire so she was confused.

"I don't know," Tace replied as she climbed off her partner and stepped on the floor only to fall back when the devil stepped through the bedroom door.

"What have my precious disciples been doing in my absence?" the devil rumbled to them.

Tace scrambled on the floor, getting her knees under her body and her ass in the air while pressing her forehead to the cold stones. "My lord!" she cried out. "We have missed you!"

Not to be outdone, Obedience immediately joined her friend on the floor in the same position, crying out, "My master! We have awaited your return. How may we serve?"

The devil had no eyes for Obedience. He looked to Tace. "The child. Where is it?"

"In my house, lord, sleeping. She is being watched by a trusted acolyte."

“Fetch her here at once.”

Tace climbed to her feet and began to reach for her clothing. “Why do you delay?” he barked at her.

“Please, master. I cannot go out in the village skyclad. It is too cold and when I am spotted by someone…that will be the end of it.”

The devil grunted once at her. “Make it quick.”

With a nod Tace pulled on her boots and threw her cloak around her body, quickly fastening it so it would not open. She dashed out of the door and Obedience was left alone with her silent master.

Obedience didn’t dare lift her head from the floor. She simply waited on Tace. The devil was impassive during the few minutes when Tace dashed to her house, snatched her daughter from the neighbor without explanation—none was needed since the girl was a member of the coven—and ran as hard and fast as she could back to her master. It was cold and miserable enough outside that the few prying eyes that noticed her dismissed her hurry as simply an urge to get out of the cold. By the time Tace returned the baby was fussing. Obedience and the devil hadn’t moved as far as she could tell.

“Give me the child,” the devil said upon seeing the bundle in her arms.

Tace didn’t hesitate and gave up her daughter to her master and, in her mind, Amity’s father. “Yours, my lord,” said Tace as she took her place kneeling next to Obedience.

“She is pleasing to my eyes.”

“Thank you, master.” Tace looked up to see the devil admiring the helpless bundle in his arms. Faster than a blink the devil waved his hands and Amity disappeared. Tace gasped. “Where is she?”

“Safe,” was all the devil would say. “I need a blood sacrifice,” he informed them.

“But my child…” Tace started to say.

“Will be returned to you when the time is right.” Another flash of his hands and a copper dagger appeared his palm. “I required a blood sacrifice from you both.” He handed the blade to Obedience which upset Tace, but she kept her emotions hidden.

Obedience didn’t hesitate to draw the sharp instrument across her wrist. Her blood immediately welled up and she offered her hand to the devil who drew it to his mouth and eagerly sucked on the blood. As this happened Obedience dropped the dagger and Tace picked it up. She made to slice open her wrist but the devil dropped Obedience’s arm and said, “No. Not there. On your breast.” He pointed to where he wanted her to cut. Without questioning his decision, Tace moved the dagger from her wrist to the soft flesh above her nipple.

When the devil stopped sucking her blood, Obedience was upset. She wanted to feed her master and Tace was denying her that opportunity. She watched dispassionately as Tace dragged the blade over her skin, opening up the flesh above her nipple. The blonde gasped at the pain. At once the devil lost all interest in Obedience and grabbed up Tace by her biceps, lifting her off the floor and bringing her breast to his mouth. There he sucked on her, drinking both her blood and her milk and she mewled in response, half in pain and half in pleasure.

As she watched, Obedience’s jealousy boiled up. She attacked Tace from behind, pummeling Tace’s back with her balled up fists. Tace didn’t notice, but the devil did and kicked forward with his clawed foot, throwing Obedience aside with slashed down her body. Obedience screamed from the pain and the devil continued to suckle the mixture of blood and milk from Tace who was all but paralyzed in his grasp.

The devil paused briefly from his gruesome meal. “I do not need blind followers,” he declared as he smacked his lips. “But I cannot abide by acolytes who abuse one another. You both belong to me and I shall use you as I see fit. If I favor one over the other, then that is my decision.” He glowered at Obedience who looked up at him in shock. She didn’t try to get up. The wounds she suffered were minor, but she didn’t dare upset him again.

“My apologies, lord,” she whispered. “I lost control of my emotions.”

“See it does not happen again. I need as many followers as I can to keep hold of my control over this new land.”

“It will not, master,” Obedience vowed.

The devil licked his lips and nodded, going back to his liquid feast once more. He nursed from Tace, holding her helpless, as Obedience lay on the floor and watching, not knowing what to do.

A minor flare of light and heat erupted from the kitchen. The women knew that meant the arrival of their master, but he was already here. The next moment the horrible sounds of another devil’s voice filled the room. “It is done, husband,” said the she-devil that Tace had already met once. The two women looked at the interloper and were alarmed to see the evil creature was carrying Tace’s squalling baby. Tace could do nothing, held by the devil and Obedience feared to move at all.

“And?” their lord and master asked, taking his mouth from Tace’s tit. He smacked his lips once more while blood and milk continued to flow from her body.

“It is as was promised. The child is yours.” She gave her spouse a fearful grin that was all fangs and black lips.

A smile spread across the devil’s fearsome visage. “Perfect. My spawn will spread across this world.” The devil was too full of his own virility and power. He had to prove he was superior to everyone and everything he surveyed. “Her womb will not be barren like yours, wife.”

The she-devil’s smile curled back into a sneer. “As you say, husband.” She offered Amity to her sire. The devil dropped Tace to the floor where she crawled over next to Obedience. The two women huddled together, watching as the devil cuddled the tiny baby in his massive red-bronze arms. He was distracted by the sight of his daughter and didn’t even see that his wife was carrying a long curved silver dagger of her own. He also missed her quick movement that plunged the dagger into his back and out through the front of his chest.

As he stumbled forward, the she-devil snatched Amity out of his hands and he fell forward to his knees. “Heartless bitch,” he spat at her, black blood covered his lips and tongue.

“No, that would be you, dear,” she replied as he disappeared in the cloud of brimstone. The silver dagger clattered to the stone floor.

“You killed him,” gasped Tace.

The she-devil shook her head. “No. Merely banished and weakened him for a time.” She pulled Tace to her feet and handed the baby over. “I need worshippers as did he.” She grinned and picked up the dagger, licking the blood from the shining blade. “I’ll take your coven. Does that not please you?”

Obedience found it unsettling to stare into the she-devil’s one eyes. Instead she focused on her horrid maw instead. “Do we have a choice?”

“Of course. Worship me or you choose death.”

“We choose you, lady,” said Tace quickly.

Their new deity nodded. “I thought as much. I’ll be back when needed. Until then, continue your work. The child will be a powerful creature in her own right when her time comes.” She disappeared in a flash of light leaving Tace and Obedience alone with Amity. The two women embraced each other and cried. They weren’t sure why they were crying. They had survived with Tace’s baby. They still had a coven to lead and now a she-devil to worship.

End

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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