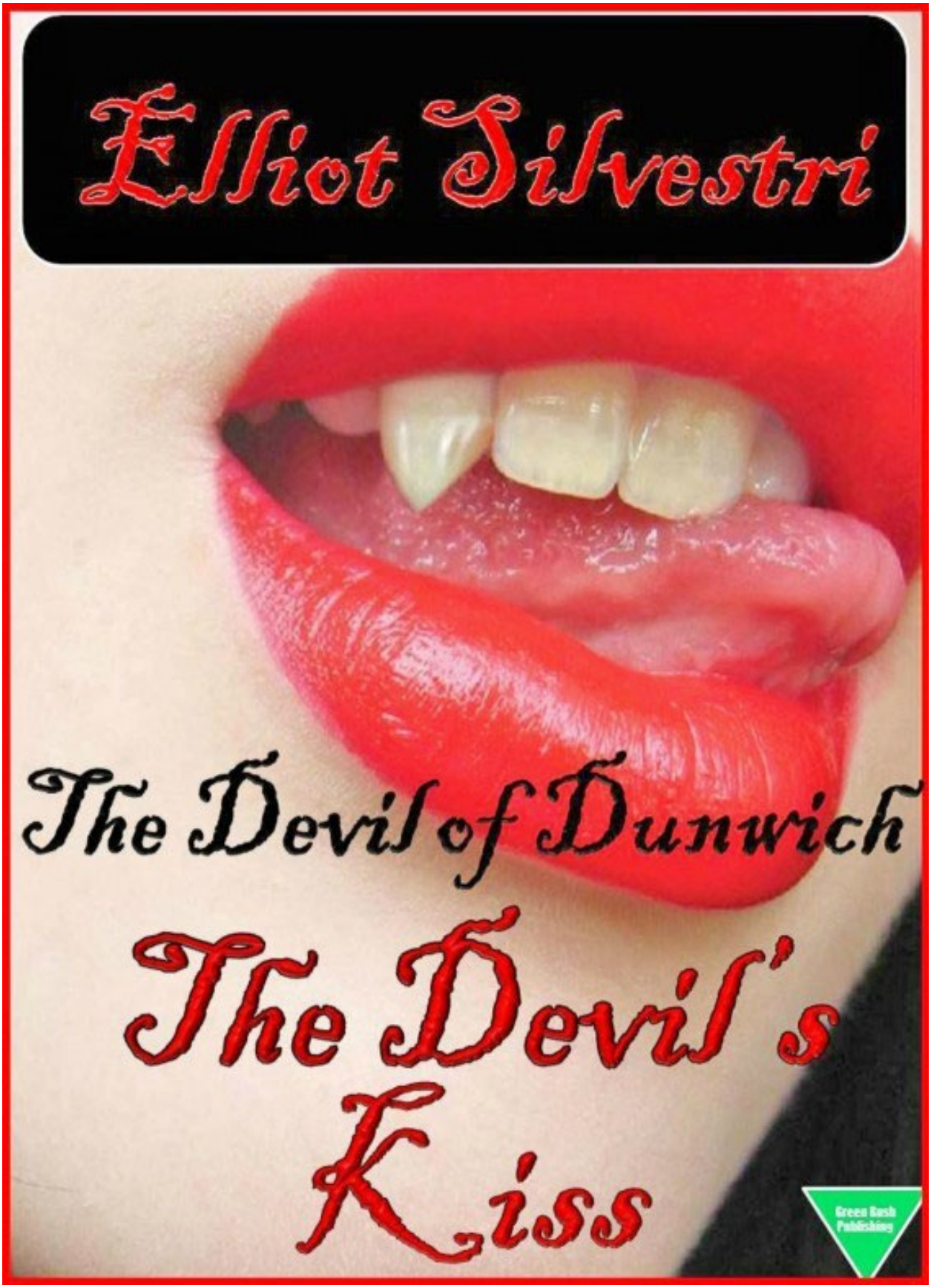
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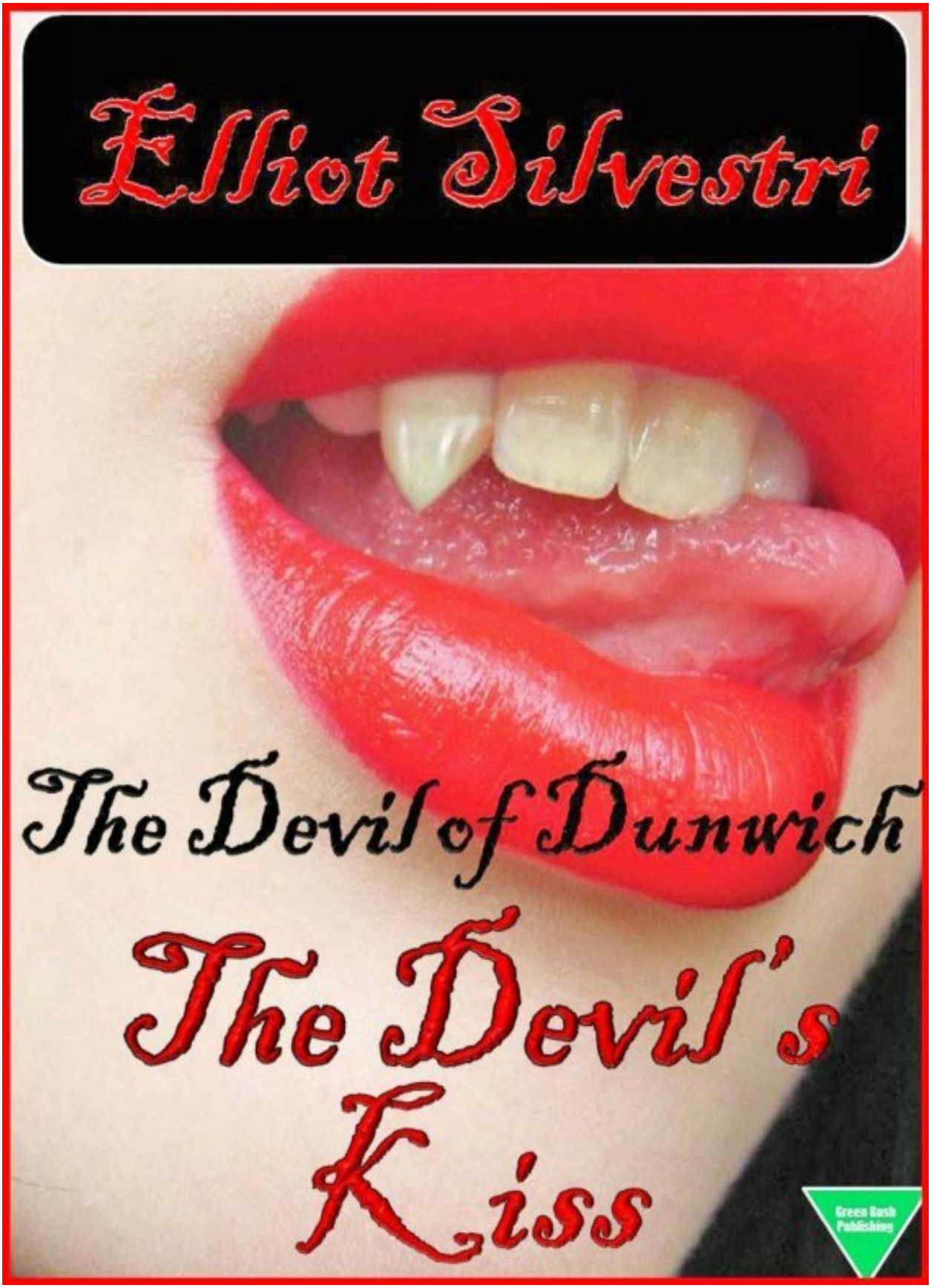


The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

Green Bush Publishing

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The Devil of Dunwich: The Devil's Kiss

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Dunwich, Massachusetts, 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 stretchmarks 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 Barebones, 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 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 inn 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.

To Be Continued

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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