Elliot Silvestri



The Devil of Dunwich

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Devil of Dunwich Part Two:

The Devil's Mark

Dunwich, Massachusetts, 1723

Chapter One

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 Barebones' 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 Two

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, 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.

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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