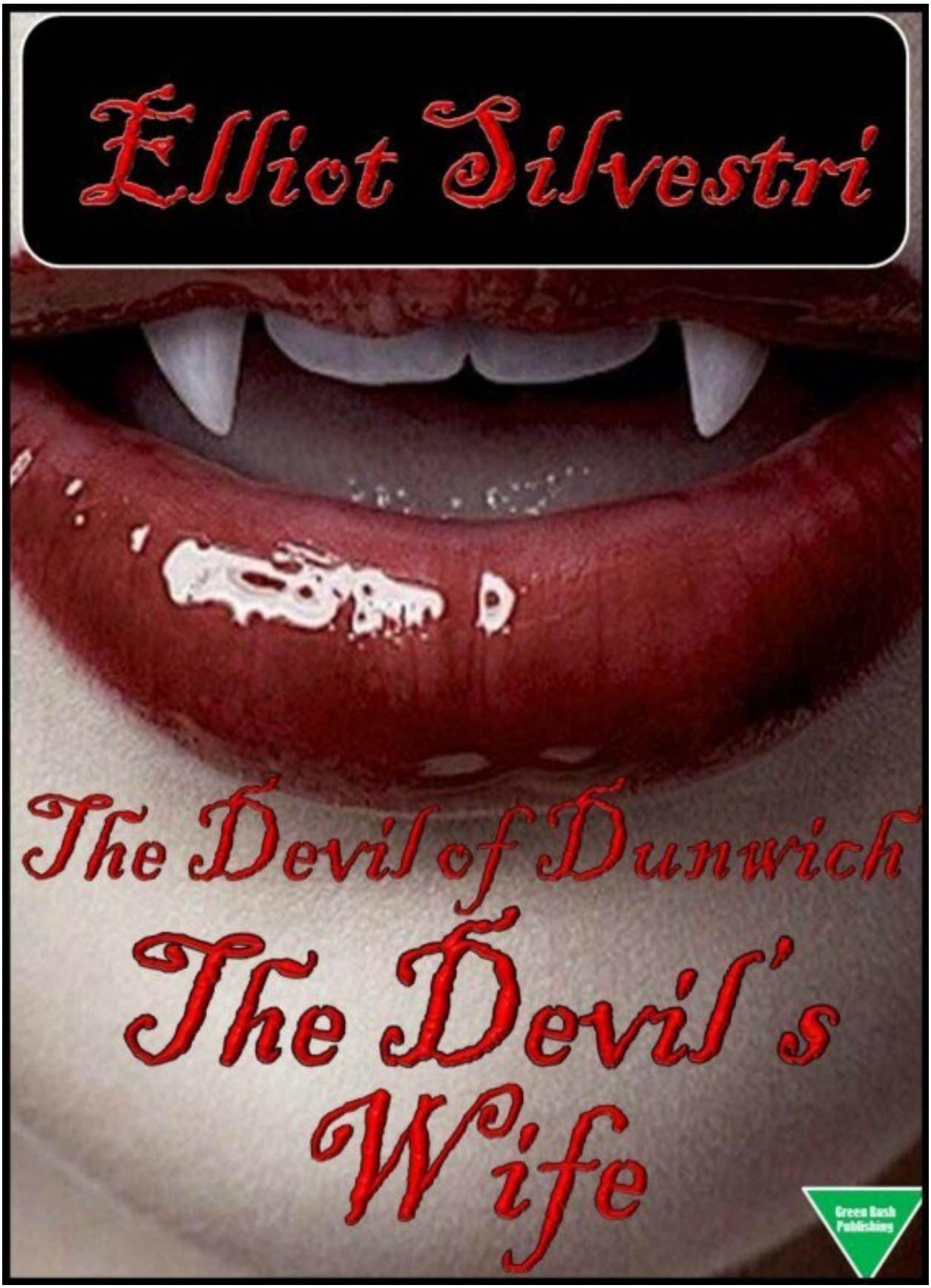
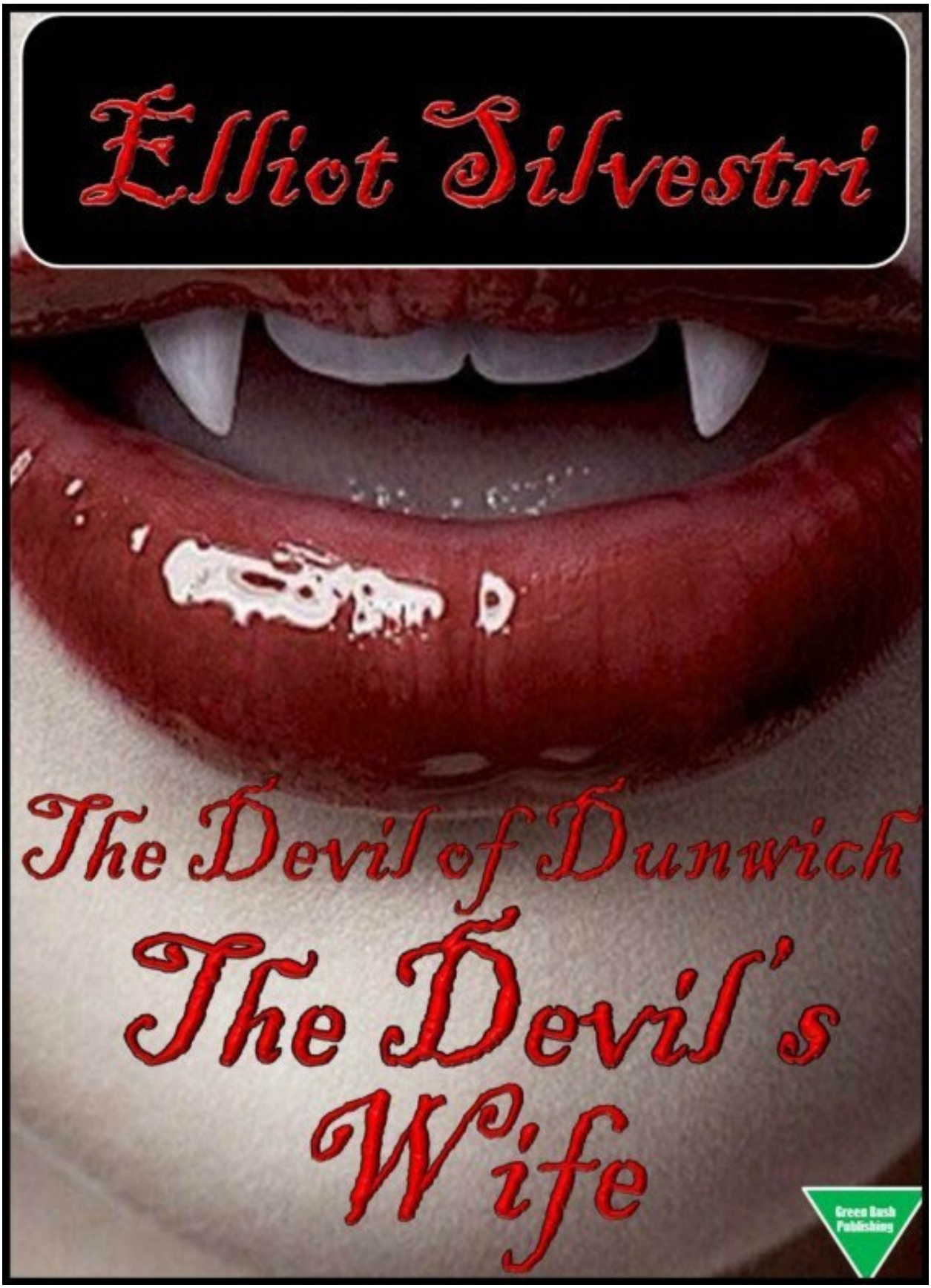

Elliot Silvestri
The Devil of Dunwich
The Devil's Wife
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The Devil of Dunwich: The Devil's Wife

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Devil of Dunwich

Part Three

The Devil’s Wife

Chapter One

Dunwich, Massachusetts, Late Autumn 1723

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Difficult, but not impossible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hands and knees?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“We wait for what?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And my daughter?”

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

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

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

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

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

prayer before tossing it directly into the fire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

flattery."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you, lord.”

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

Chapter Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why would he do that?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

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

"So?"

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

Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How could you possibly know for certain?"

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

“We wait? He’ll be angry.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, but isn't it early?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fetch her here at once.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“She is pleasing to my eyes.”

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

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

“But my child…” Tace started to say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It will not, master,” Obedience vowed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You killed him,” gasped Tace.

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

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

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

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

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

End

About the Author

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

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