
An Erotic Magical Fantasy
of Wizards and Centaurs
FAYE AND THE CENTAUR
ELLIOT SILVESTRI


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Faye and the Centaur

The Sex Wizard 1

An Erotic Magical Fantasy of Centaurs and Wizards

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Faye and the Centaur: The Sex Wizard 1

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Chapter One

Morgan Arrobang looked across the table at his visitors with a great deal of wariness and skepticism. He glanced at his wife who was sitting next to him, a pained expression on her face as she fingered the necklace she always wore. Cassandra caught him looking at her and indicated with a nod of her head that he should speak to their guests without fear of offence.

Inhaling deeply, Morgan rubbed his hand across his forehead where a brilliant blue pentagram was permanently etched into his skin, and said, “While I sympathize with your plight, this is perhaps something that would be better addressed by the biomancers.”

The pretty young woman, Faye, the smaller half of the pair of guests, spoke up. “We’ve already been to their guild. They refused us outright.”

Morgan snorted. “Let me guess. Something along the lines of ‘We don’t want to alter the natural order of things’?”

“Yes.”

“This from a wizard’s guild that thinks nothing of replacing a man’s arms with a giant crab pinchers to make him more dangerous in battle,” said Cassandra, contempt dripping from her lips.

“They actually suggested we come to you,” rumbled Wilbert, the male half of the duo. He wasn’t just male. He was a centaur and while not large compared to most centaurs, he was large enough to make the consultation room in Morgan’s tower feel crowded.

“I’m surprised they didn’t suggest going to the necromancers,” commented Morgan. Wizards who even dabbled with raising the dead were almost universally reviled, but were often approached as a last resort for those seeking relief from any of a variety of magical afflictions.

“We’ve been to them as well,” said Faye.

Morgan’s demeanor dropped and Cassandra gasped. They were now considered to be lower on the scale of wizardly order than necromancers.

Cassandra discretely tapped him on the leg under the table. She had already

made the decision and was telling him to help. “It’s not that I’m unwilling to do it,” said Morgan knowing he was arguing the losing side to the discussion. “It’s that I don’t know how to do it. And not just that. It’s never been done before.”

“Which is why we came to you. Everyone says you’re the expert on this sort of thing,” said Faye. Clearly she was the voice of the couple compared to the taciturn Wilbert. The girl clearly came from money. She was young and pretty and wore clothes and jewelry that screamed wealth, but were muted enough to also convey she didn’t need to advertise how rich she was. The centaur, well… he had some of the trapping s of wealth, but it was obvious to Morgan’s eye that the wealth came from Faye. He hadn’t asked how their partnership had formed, but it was an old tale. Human girl with a love of horses misplaces that desire onto a centaur.

Usually the centaurs in those twisted love stories just fucked the young maiden for a few weeks before leaving her which crushed her spirit but left her intact. Either the two had a real emotional bond or something else was going on Morgan didn’t want to know about.

“Before I’m willing to say I’ll even try, I’m going to let you know the cost will be substantial.”

Faye smoothly removed the thick golden bracelet from her left wrist and slid it across to the table. “This should cover any initial costs you have,” she said. Morgan passed the bracelet to his wife. She’d test it later to ascertain the value of the gold and the gems set into it. “What else do you need from us now?” asked Faye.

Morgan smiled thinly. “That’s difficult part…”

The morning had started so well. The sunrise had been glorious and the weather was clear. Though Morgan’s tower was on the edge of the city, it still had a wonderful view of the harbor. Cassandra had risen from bed first. She never wore any clothes to bed because of her condition so Morgan was treated to a magnificent view of the new body his wife inhabited and he was pleased with what he saw. She had gone to bed wearing the skin of an unremarkable woman with short brown hair and gaps between her teeth. Cassandra woke up as a beautiful blonde with an amply curved bottom and full breasts. Her skin was

milky pale and her smile was formed by bright red lips that framed pearly teeth.

She went to the window to look out at the city and the sea. The cool air coming in caused her nipple to contract and stand up proudly. Feeling Morgan's gaze on her, she turned and saw his grin. Glancing down at her body she shook her head sadly at him. "Sometimes I think it's better not to wake up in a beautiful body because I know it's only temporary."

"I don't mind," said Morgan. "Come back to bed and let me inspect you. I need to make sure that everything is correctly formed."

Cassandra took a step back, her shapely bottom pressing against the cold stone of the window ledge. If anyone was looking up at that precise moment, they would have been treated to the sight of a beautiful woman's buttocks being presented to the world. But the tower was at the edge of the city and they had precious few visitors or customers.

The stone was cold enough to make her shiver which caused her breasts to bounce fetchingly. The perfect pair was capped with light pink nipples that were proud to be put on display. "You just want to fuck me," Cassandra accused him.

Moran lifted the blanket and patted the mattress. He was as naked as she was. "The bed is still warm."

Her eyes took in his cock. It was the one thing on his body that did change, unlike her entire body that changed every day. His cock wasn't huge. But it was growing and getting harder by the second.

"You fucked me last night," said Cassandra as she stepped away from the cold stone of the window frame. "Aren't you satisfied yet?"

He reached out and grabbed her wrist, dragging his wife back to the bed. She playfully resisted but eventually gave in and rejoined him. As much as she hated her body changing every day, it was still a thrill to feel her husband's naked skin against hers and it was new every time because it was a new body every day.

Morgan didn't need any help getting hard. He moved on top of her and she moved her legs apart to welcome him inside her body. "It's like being a virgin every time," she told him.

“Except you’re a virgin who knows how to rut like a slut,” he told her as his cock burrowed into her cunt. She gasped as he filled her up.

Uncontrolled shape shifting was no fun, but Cassandra would admit having a new body daily in which to fuck was like having a new lover every day. And she knew the same was true for Morgan.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “Do you like my new face?” she asked as he began moving his cock in and out of her warm, welcoming cunt.

“Very pretty.”

“Was I ugly yesterday?” she asked. “Is that why you fucked me like a dog last night?”

He grunted. “The rabble says women with gapped teeth are sluts.”

Cassandra groaned as he went all the way inside her. “The rabble might be right,” she agreed.

When she was beautiful, Morgan was much more eager to fuck her. But then again, she was much more eager to fuck in those bodies as well. They did the most work when she was ugly. They lived life when she was beautiful. They would have been happy to spend the day together in the bed, but there was work to do.

Locking her legs around Morgan’s waist, Cassandra encouraged her husband to finish. She wanted to feel like it was to have him cum in this body. She felt him cum all the time…but nothing every came of it.

His hot cum splash pleasantly in her new womb. He slammed into her a few more times and that brought about her orgasm. They might have a routine when it came to sex, but to Morgan it was a new woman every day.

They rested together a minute and then Cassandra slipped from under the blanket to squat over the chamber pot. After relieving herself, she went to the small tub next to the pot and quickly washed herself. She doubted any washing would have a long-term effect on her body. Morgan watched from the bed, admiring her body.

Before dressing she picked up the necklace from the chest next to the bed. It was silver and a bold design with a heavy color-changing stone hanging from it as a pendant. She didn't especially love it, but it stabilized her body.

In the room she used as a closet Cassandra quickly judged her body's size in the highly polished bronze mirror Morgan had purchased especially for her and moved into the closet to find the right sized clothes. It wasn't that she was so vain that she had a wardrobe that would rival most noblewomen's; it was that she had a new body every day and needed different sizes and colors so she would look like she was wearing a potato sack each time her body changed at night.

When she walked back out into the bedroom, she noted that Morgan was wearing a pair of brown woolen trousers and a plain beige rough-woven shirt. He looked like a serf.

"You look like a serf," she told him.

"So?"

"So today we have visitors coming. I made an appointment. Could you at least try to look like a respectable wizard?"

He sighed and exchanged the plain clothing for blue breeches and a green tunic. "No robe. No ridiculous pointed hat," he said.

"Of course not," she said, standing on tiptop to push back the shock of his brown hair that fell across his forehead obscuring the blue pentagram permanently imprinted there. "How else would anyone see this?" she asked and kissed his forehead.

Chapter Two

“What would you have us do?” asked Faye. The four of them were in Morgan’s laboratory, where he did the majority of his magical research and experiments. The laboratory took up the bulk of the space in the tower. Their living space took up the top floor, below that was the study and servants’ quarters, below that was the laboratory, and below that was the kitchens and storage and other spaces that seemed to come and go as Morgan needed them.

“Get undressed and have sex,” Morgan said as he consulted a very large book on the stone table in front of him. He didn’t even look up from the writing.

“Morgan!” Cassandra admonished him.

He looked up. “Well, it’s a necessary step.”

“Manners,” she reminded her husband. When he got lost in his work, he forgot that other people were…people. Cassandra wouldn’t have been so firm if not for the fact that Faye could supply them with enough money to last the rest of the year, perhaps longer.

“Right. Sorry. Okay, let me back up. A bit of explanation is in order.”

“That would help,” Cassandra agreed and Faye nodded. In the laboratory she didn’t have the same boldness as she had in the consultation room. It was a mixture of the smells of chemicals and old books and cold stone and the oily feel of magic that filled the air that robbed her of her confidence.

“Elves, human, orcs are all from the same stock,” said Morgan as he started to mix powders and liquids in a stone cup. “Same for dwarves, trolls, and gnomes. Same stock and can interbreed.”

“Not that we do,” grumbled a dwarf from the edge of the round room. He was supposed to be Morgan’s personal assistant and major domo, but he spent most of his time making sarcastic comments about Morgan’s choices in life. “I wouldn’t fuck a troll if you paid me.”

“No one was asking you to, Knut.”

“Now a pretty gnome on the other hand…” Knut continued.

“Which is why it is often hard to separate the bloodlines of gnomes and dwarves,” added Morgan.

“The hells you say!” was Knut’s final comment on the situation.

“Centaurs are from a different stock entirely,” Morgan resumed as if Knut hadn’t interrupted. “Humans and elves interbreed all the time. You can’t go to an inhabited forest or large city without finding a half-elf around every tree or corner. Orcs too, but their mixed offspring tend to be the product of rape. You can’t interbreed centaurs and humans.”

“Which is why we came to you,” said Wilbert in his deep, rumbling voice. He was barely a hand’s span taller than Morgan, but his hindquarters made his body three times as large as Morgan.

“I want to carry Wilbert’s foal,” Faye said boldly in the voice of the daughter of a rich merchant who always got her way.

“That might not be possible,” Morgan reminded her.

“That’s why we came to you,” she said.

“It will be no easy thing to combine the fruit of a human woman’s womb and a male centaur’s seed,” Cassandra pointed out from her position in a padded chair where she observed everything.

“Which is why we came to you,” Faye repeated.

“I’ve consulted a few books,” Morgan said, gesturing to the shelves of his laboratory that were stuffed to overflowing with books. “What you ask isn’t impossible…though highly dangerous and difficult.”

“It’s worth the risk to us,” said Wilbert.

“There’s little risk to you,” said Morgan. “It’s all on Faye.”

“And I’m willing to take the risk for my husband,” said Faye.

Cassandra and Morgan exchanged a look. It wasn’t just a companionship; it was a marriage.

“And so, in order to get things started, I need to have you get undressed and perform the matrimonial act.”

“If you want to see us fuck, you should just say so,” said Fey in her refined accent.

From her corner, Cassandra snorted. Morgan kept his face neutral, waiting expectantly, as if this were something he did all the time when people came to him for magical assistance.

Faye, due to her upbringing, knew when to take the initiative and be bold. Her nimble fingers untied the elaborate knot that held the corset top of her dress closed. “I’d do it by raising my skirts, but that’s for whores and I don’t feel like ruining my dress today.” The garment slipped from her body and Morgan tried not to stare because his wife was in the room with them, but he had the distinct impression that Faye liked to be naked in front of strangers.

The corset she wore pushed up her breasts to make it look like her tits were much bigger than what she actually had. Besides the corset, the young woman wore silk culottes she unceremoniously dropped while turning her back to the centaur. “Be a help and unlace me, dear,” she said to Wilbert.

The centaur looked nervously at Morgan who calmly looked back. Knowing this was expected, and seeing that his partner’s nether regions were already exposed, it wasn’t a concern for him to help Faye free her tits.

Even though he had prepared himself, Morgan was disappointed when the girl’s tits came into view. They were smaller, much smaller, than he would have guessed, but Faye’s small brown nipples stood out prominently. Her body was well-formed and Morgan found that he appreciated her youth and beauty, but for some reason it didn’t cause his cock to stir. Maybe because his wife had a new body every day viewing yet another naked woman did nothing for him; maybe because he was so in love with his wife, the simple appearance of an attractive, naked, and available woman did nothing for him.

Faye posed for her audience for a moment, completely comfortable with being the only naked person in the room. She was actually showing off for the small audience: Wilbert, her lover; Morgan and Cassandra, both looking at her with clinical eyes; and Knut the dwarf, who just grunted at her physical flirting.

“Nice tits, girl,” he commented. “You need some hair on them to equal the beauty of a dwarf woman.”

His crude comment took her aback and she turned her back to him, which afforded Morgan a perfect view of her tits and cunt. She knew when to be bold and crude and well. “How do you want us to fuck?” she asked Morgan. “Usually he just takes me from behind, like an animal, but there are other positions that work for us as well. Ever seen a woman ride a horse…cock?”

Morgan opened his mouth to answer, but no sound came out. It was Cassandra who came to his rescue. She bounded out of her chair and indicated the wide, broad, and thick table on the side of the room that was mostly clear of Morgan’s chemicals and experiments. “Here would be good. We need to observe and do some measurements. Can he mount you if you bend over the table?”

Faye smiled, flicked her eyes at Cassandra, but spoke directly to Morgan. “Yes. That would be perfect. That’s how we usually do it.” She looked to Wilbert and the other three looked at him as well.

It wasn’t until that moment did Morgan realize that Wilbert was only half-dressed. Or fully dressed as a human, but undressed as a horse. He wore a vest over his human chest and a belt of pouches where his human top met his horse bottom, but on his back end he wore nothing. And underneath his body the centaur’s large cock was starting to grow. Morgan was impressed that Wilbert could get hard without any stimulation. And he was further impressed with how large Wilbert’s cock was…but then reminded himself that Wilbert was half horse.

Almost prancing, Faye went over to the heavy table, leaned over it and raised her ass up in the air. She turned her head toward Morgan standing next to Cassandra and said, “I love a man with a big cock, don’t you?” It took Morgan a second to realize Faye was addressing his wife and not him.

Cassandra just nodded. Morgan heard Knut shuffling his position near the door for a better observation point. He leaned slightly toward Cassandra and said in a soft voice, “Please tell me my cock is big enough for you.”

Not taking her eyes off the human and the centaur, Cassandra r said, “Well before seeing what Wilbert has between his legs, I would have said yes.”

Morgan started to reply, but bit back his words because he was too fascinated at the odd coupling of the pair. Faye maintained her position on the table, standing on her toes, forcing her ass into the air, while Wilbert half climbed on the table over her. If they were simple animals, it would have just been two creatures fulfilling their reproductive urges. But it wasn't so it was odd and beautiful at the same time.

Wilbert's large horse parts pinned Faye to the table. He couldn't hold her with his human arms. At the same time, his horse cock started probing between her legs. Morgan could see the amount of precum that was dripping off Wilbert's organ. It was impressive by any measure; there was a pool of slippery precum puddling on the floor between Faye's feet. Either Wilbert was too eager or too nervous, because he was having trouble mounting his lady-love. Eventually, Faye had to reach around behind her and help guide Wilbert in.

From where he was standing, Morgan was certain he could see everything. Wilbert's cock was huge compared to any human's and he was certain that the centaur was going to be too wide to fit into the girl's cunt. If he somehow managed to get it in her without Faye screaming like she was being murdered, barely a third of the length would fit in any case.

The actual mechanics of the situation were the easy part, Morgan reflected as the pair did some last minute adjustments. Combining a centaur's seed with a woman's hidden, tiny egg would be a magical feat that was next to impossible. And yet he had happily accepted payment to make it happen. It was practically stealing.

He didn't feel good about that.

Faye let out a deep, disturbing groan as Wilbert's oddly curved cock pressed into her opening and momentarily paused as Wilbert scrabbled for purchase, and then he continued to slide into her waiting orifice. Morgan was astounded. Faye should have been screaming, but she seemed to be enjoying the torment that Wilbert was putting her through. The centaur didn't get all of his cock into the nubile young woman, but he had used more than half the length of his might staff.

When the centaur started bucking his hindquarters in a rough approximation of how a man would roger a woman, Cassandra turned her head toward Morgan

and said, “I can’t decide to abuse her as a slut or praise her for her carnal talent.”

“Maybe both?” Morgan suggested.

The sounds that Faye started making were a cross of sexual cries and violent wailing. It took Morgan a moment to realize this was exactly what the young woman wanted. And the centaur seemed to be reveling in his use of the woman’s body.

“Sometimes I’d wish you’d pound me like that,” Cassandra mentioned to her husband.

He looked at her in shock, not certain if she was serious or not.

“Bah!” commented Knut who had sidled over next to them for a better view. “A true dwarf woman, you can take a steel dildo, shove it up her cunt, bang it with a war hammer, and she’ll scream for you to do it harder.” He idly pulled on the braids of his beard. “I miss having a good woman like that.”

Cassandra and Morgan exchanged a glance, but before anything else could be said, the moment of crisis arrived between Faye and Wilbert. She was howling loud enough that Morgan was glad his tower was at the outskirts of the city; her cries would have been unnerving and disruptive even if they had been in the middle of the red light district.

“By the Maiden’s cunt I’d love to cum like that,” Cassandra breathed out softly.

“You…you would?” asked Morgan, surprised that his wife would punish her body so much for such an ethereal reward.

“Aye, she would,” grunted Knut. “She’s a lass that doesn’t mind rutting.”

Before Morgan could reprimand his assistant, he remembered that he had an actual job to do. Wilbert wasn’t done yet, so Faye had to suffer a few more hard thrusts before the centaur unloaded a blast of cum into her cunt.

“Hold it in her,” Morgan urged Wilbert. “Don’t pull out. Not yet. I need this to make it work.”

The handsome centaur grunted one more time and drove his body down onto

Faye's proving his dominance and emptying the last of his seed into her. Morgan grabbed a silver basin from off his workbench and shoved it under the couple's joined genitalia. "Okay, now withdraw. I need as much of your seed as possible," he said, bending down and grasping Wilbert's cock with one hand while resting the other on Faye's upturned ass.

"Hey!" Wilbert protested.

Morgan ignored the centaur's yell and continued to pull on his cock, forcing him away from his lover. Faye just moaned in delight. The wizard marveled once again at Wilbert's size and length—and Faye's ability to accept all of it into her body—and once the arrowhead-shaped end appeared, a substantial amount of the centaur's white cum splashed into the silver basin. He was still pulsing, which felt odd to Morgan because Wilbert's member was so much larger than his own, which allowed more of the seed to drip into the basin.

Looking over at Faye's wide open cunt, with his other hand Morgan grabbed a copper spoon and slid it between her pouting nether lips.

"Hey! What's that?" The noblewoman might be saucy and might be eager to shed her clothes and might fuck centaur's for fun and to annoy her family, but apparently a wizard's tool expertly inserted where only her lovers were permitted was a step too far for her.

"I need to make sure your womb is viable," said Morgan as he tapped the end of the spoon and emitted a bit of magical energy into it, causing it to glow and warm.

"Oohhh," said Faye agreeable. "Okay, this I can do. It's no horse cock, but it'll do." She reached back between her legs to manipulate the spoon but Morgan swatted her hand away.

"Time for that later. Just let it stew there."

With his hand that was still on Wilbert's cock, he finished milking the centaur and wiped his cum-splattered hand on the centaur's leg, while kicking the basin over to Knut.

"Preserve that," he ordered the dwarf. Wilbert stepped back unsteadily and took in the scene with a shake of his head. Morgan got the distinct impression that he

was used to be on the receiving end of a lot of orders. That was unusual. Centaurs were usually very dominant. He wouldn't put it past Faye to have searched out and found the one submissive centaur in the Five Lands.

"What am I, you slave?" grunted Knut, pulling his hand out of his wide leather breeches.

"No, my assistant," Morgan snapped back. "Why do you think I give you a bag of gold every month?"

"Because I deserve it," Knut grumbled, but picked up the silver basin and headed over to the marble table on the opposite side of the room. "I deserve ten times it, but I still deserve it."

Morgan ignored the disgruntled dwarf. "Cass, give Knut a hand." He knelt down to closely inspect Faye's cunt. She didn't seem to mind. She even arched her back a bit, giving him a better view. If nothing else, the rich girl with a taste of perversion had a very pretty cunt. If she had been low-born she could have made a successful career as a concubine or prostitute, but after her dalliance with Wilbert, she'd probably wind up getting married off to the son of one of her father's political or economic allies.

She had a very pretty cunt and was eager to show off how well she could fuck. What more would any man ask of wife?

"Do you want me to preserve the sample with Vitmar's Vital Shield or Isnar's Always Ice?" Cassandra asked.

Perhaps a wife who was skilled in the alchemical arts?

"Vitmar's," called out Morgan. "Isnar's Always Ice might damage the sample. Frostbite is no one's friend."

"What are you doing back there?" Faye asked conversationally.

"Just…getting an idea of how viable your womb is," said Morgan as he closed his eyes and kept one finger on the copper spoon and concentrated on the slippery sensation that was how magic permeated the work.

"You aren't doing anything…untoward?" she asked playfully.

Morgan smiled and slowly shook his head. The woman had just been fucked by a horse cock and was flirting with the wizard who was supposed to help her get pregnant with her lover's child. It was not a place Morgan every thought he'd be.

"Of course not."

She carefully turned her head. "Because I wouldn't mind if you had to," she said with a conspiratorial wink.

Cassandra didn't miss Faye's tone or her wink. But she was cool and calm enough not to overreact. "Do you need any help, love?" she called to Morgan.

"No, just finishing up," he said smoothly as he slipped the spoon out of Faye's cunt, much to her disappointment. "I'll have to do a bit of consulting and testing," he said, "but I have what I need for the moment." He was glad he wasn't wearing just the robe that was traditional for wizards because he was certain that his cock would have been tenting the voluminous garment.

Chapter Three

Hours later, after Cassandra had thoughtfully and artfully persuaded Faye and Wilbert to leave the lab, Cassandra rejoined her husband.

“I think Faye rather enjoyed that.”

Morgan grunted noncommittally as he rubbed his beard while keeping focus on the various tubes and liquids in front of him.

“I’ve never seen a woman take such a huge cock before,” Cassandra continued.

“Uh-huh.”

“I wish I could take a cock that large,” she commented sourly, seeing if she could get a rise out of her husband.

“Yeah…”

“So I fucked Wilbert and Knut while you were busy here. Say what you will about dwarves, they have big cocks. Wide, not long. Plus he’s got a steel ring through the shaft that rubbed me in just the right way. Made me cum more than you ever did.”

That did it. Morgan managed to tear his eyes away from his experiments. “What?”

Cassandra just shook her head and rolled her eyes. “Have you come up with a solution to their problem?”

They locked eyes. Morgan was always unsettled when he looked into Cassandra’s eyes because they always seemed the same regardless of their color. Everything else about her might change, but the character of her eyes was always the same.

“I don’t like it when you tease me,” he said.

“You should pay more attention to your wife,” she lectured him. “Do you have a solution to their problem?”

Morgan sighed. “Yes and no.”

She frowned. “That’s not helpful.”

“Yes, I have a solution to their problem. But no, it’s not what they want.”

“Well? What is it?”

“Human and centaur’s are completely incompatible when it comes to cross-speciation. I’d be making a monster, not a child.”

“That’s not a solution.”

“But what I can do,” Morgan continued, “is give Faye exactly what she wants. She seems a little bit narcissistic to you, doesn’t she?”

Cassandra snorted. “Only a bit.”

“And she has a fascination with interspecies romantic attachment.”

“Obviously,” said Cassandra. “And in her case I don’t think it’s because of a girlhood obsession. I think she would only ever fuck centaurs given the chance.”

“Agreed. So I’m going to give her exactly what she wants for herself and what she wants for Wilbert.”

Cassandra’s brow furrowed which gave her a little wrinkle between her eyes that Morgan found cute and attractive. “Which is what exactly?”

“I’m going to implant her with a duplicate of herself and a duplicate of Wilbert.”

His announcement made Cassandra take a step back. “Making clones will piss off the biomancers.”

Morgan held up his finger. “No, no. Not clones. Duplicates.”

She folded her arms under her breasts which brought them up and made the more prominent. That often had the effect of distracting Morgan, but not this time, even though with her current body, it should have. “You really think semantics will save you from their anger?”

“What a bunch of sleazy biomancers doesn’t know won’t hurt them.”

“Uh-huh,” Cassandra said doubtfully. “So you’re just going to magic a duplicate of her and have her give birth nine months later?”

“No, no, no, my lovely wife. I’m going to use my magical prowess to duplicate both Faye and Wilbert so she can carry interspecies twins and we’ll be done with her.”

“You say magical prowess like we didn’t wind up at the ass-end of the Five Lands because of a magical mishap.”

“I’m working on fixing that.”

“Uh-huh. And she wants a combination of her and her…husband? Lover? Inseminator? What is their relationship anyway?”

Morgan shrugged. “I don’t know, neither do I care. But it’s literally impossible to combine human and centaur blood and semen. Can’t be done.” He paused. “At least by me. Without creating a monster. So I’ll give her the next best thing.”

Cassandra shook her head. “That’s not going to work.”

“That’s where you are wrong, my love. It will. Faye is so in love with herself, she’ll be thrilled with a duplicate of herself. Motherly narcissism at its best. And she’ll be giving her lover?…husband?...cunt keeper?...what she tells him he wants. How many women can brag they’ve given birth to an actual centaur?”

“None that I know of.”

“Exactly.”

As they had talked Morgan had kept himself busy mixing a potion of some sort that, when completed, was a swirl of red and blue colors that wouldn’t combine but kept circling around and around in the expensive crystal beaker. This he set under a carefully regulated flame from a candle created from the finest dragonwax so it could cook.

“Now we just need to wait. This will be ready in a day.”

“So long?” asked Cassandra. “What will we do in the meantime?”

Morgan took her hand and escorted his wife from the laboratory. “I think I can come up with a way to pass the time.”

He led her to their bedroom where they dismissed the cleaning woman who rolled her eyes and commented, “Again?” while exiting the half-cleaned room. Morgan sat eagerly on the edge of the bed while his wife disrobed. Though he had seen her naked body that morning it was always thrilling to get a second show. In the time since she had been afflicted with uncontrolled body metamorphosis, Cassandra had never once repeated a body, to his knowledge at least. Sometimes he was lucky and the woman he woke up next to was beautiful. Most of the time his luck was perfectly average and acceptable. More than once he had woken next to a hideous creature that somehow he had still managed to fuck because he loved his wife and it seemed the ugly ones had the strongest sex drive.

That was not true for this body that Cassandra wore. Her skin was pale and all but flawless, her breasts were high and perfect, and her eyes were striking as always. Watching Cassandra strip shouldn’t have been the thrill that it was, but he couldn’t help himself. Morgan was a slave to his human side’s need for sex.

She caught sight of herself in the mirror and gazed at herself for a moment. “I rather like this body. I’ll be sad to see it go in the morning.”

“I like it too,” said Morgan as he pulled off his tunic. “Let’s see what I can do with it before you change in the morning.”

Moving quickly, Cassandra stepped back and held up a cautionary hand to her husband. “But what if the woman who I stole this body from was a virgin. It wouldn’t be right to let you defile her.”

Morgan smirked and shook his head. “I already fucked you this morning. That body doesn’t belong to a virgin, of that I can assure you. And it doesn’t belong to anyone but you; it wasn’t stolen from someone else.”

This was a long-standing argument between the couple. Cassandra was sure that her new daily body was stolen from some other woman in the Five Lands, while the other woman was forced to live a day in Cassandra’s body, only for the switch to happen again the next day, but Cassandra would get yet another new body and the previous day’s victim would get hers back while a new victim would have to wear Cassandra’s original body. Morgan assured her this was not

the case. He said that she, with the cursed magic that lived inside her, would generate a new body every day and it wasn't stolen from anyone. Chance and magical energy was what kept her changing and evolving.

This was for several reasons. First, Morgan was the magic expert and he knew that the forced involved in creating a variation from a body was easier compared to switching and swapping bodies every day. Magic was lazy, so that logic was solid. Second, there had never been one report from anyone in the Five Lands of a woman suddenly finding herself in a new body—one that was that of a wizard's wife—for a day only for it to revert the next day. Third, never once had Morgan or Cassandra or any of their retainers seen her original body anywhere in the Lands. Fourth, he didn't want to think he was having sex with anyone other than his wife's body.

She smiled coyly at him. "If you say so." Glancing back once more at the mirror she started to walk away. "But I look so innocent this way…"

Playing along with her, Morgan pulled on the indefinable part of his mind that controlled the magic that permeated the Five Lands and summoned to glowing yellow bands that shot through the air and fastened themselves around Cassandra's wrists. She pretended to gasp in surprise. A second set joined the first, this time grabbing her ankles. With a wiggle of his fingers, Cassandra found herself lifted off the ground and was gently floated toward the bed.

"I'll make sure you're not innocent when I'm done with you," Morgan declared as he struggled out of his breeches.

While her husband finished undressing, Cassandra experimentally struggled against the magical bindings. She couldn't move or break them, which didn't surprise her in the least. It was more fun than she had imagined to be pinned down by Morgan's magic. They had incorporated magic into their sex life before, and Morgan was usually inventive with it, though most magic didn't necessarily lend itself to human sexual fulfillment. Even so, Morgan had found ways to blindfold her, give the impression that there was more than one of him in bed with her, stimulate her in ways that even the gods would never had dreamed about in their most feverish of poppy-infused nightmares, and change her body in ways that were supposed to turn her back to normal, but that hadn't happened yet.

Brushing that thought aside, Cassandra heaved against the golden rings that were now forcing her limbs to a spread-eagle position on the large bed. Completely naked except for her necklace, she felt vulnerable and turned on. Morgan could do anything he wanted to her which was scary, but she wanted him to do everything to her, which was exciting. Her trust in him was absolute, which had gotten them both into trouble before, and yet she still trusted him.

With her head propped on a pillow she looked down between her legs to see Morgan standing at the foot of the bed, his semi-rigid cock in hand, idly stroking himself. While she changed all the time, he hadn't changed at all since they had met years ago. It was probably just her imagination, but she occasionally wondered if Morgan was using his magical abilities to slow his aging process or even prevent it from happening, though it was much more likely he was just using a touch of magic to give himself the appearance of a younger man.

The smiled at each other and Cassandra couldn't keep her eyes off his cock. It was nearly perfect as cocks went with no flaws or strange markings, and was neither huge nor tiny. She had always found it adequate, but it wasn't his cock she was in love with, it was what he could do with it. Morgan didn't have a magic cock, but it was damn close.

With a wave of his fingers, the golden bands forced her legs further apart and he looked at her pussy. "It's very pretty," he complimented her. "We were very lucky today."

She struggled with her right arm, wishing she could slip her hand between her legs and play with herself. Despite all the bodies that Cassandra had been through, her sex drive had never changed. Knowing that Morgan liked to watch her display herself made the situation even more frustrating because she could feel herself getting wet.

"Thank you, but why don't you touch it and see how it feels," she said with a sly smile.

"You just want me to fuck you," he replied.

"Perhaps," she teased. "There's only one way to find out."

"Let's see if the backside is as good as the front," said Morgan as he spun his finger in the air.

Cassandra found herself flipped over so she was now face down on the bed, the golden bands still stretching out her limbs, but her long, golden hair was in her face. It took a couple of tosses of her head to cleat the hair away so she could see her husband. “What are you doing?”

“This body is extraordinary,” he said as he placed a hand on her upturned ass and caressed it. Cassandra was inclined to agree. It wasn’t the body of a peasant but that of a woman of status. “If we had more time there are such things I’d do to it…and you.”

“We only have a little time,” she said. “Do as many of them as you want.”

His fingers trailed down from her buttock to her thigh. She shivered as he glided his fingertips across the soft skin. “I think I shall.”

Another golden band appeared in the air; this one shimmered into existence and circled around her waist. Then the four bands on her limbs forced her into a kneeling position that was anchored by the golden belt she now wore. “Are you going to fuck me like an animal?” she asked. “Are you going to fuck me like Wilbert did to his lover? Are you going to make your cock huge like his?”

The questions were half-accusations and while it might have seemed to the casual viewer that she was insulting him, Cassandra was actually eager to be fucked in exactly that fashion.

“No, not exactly,” said Morgan as he traced his finger up from her thigh to between her legs, feeling her wet lips, before he circled his finger around her tightly puckered back entrance.

“No,” she said, wiggling her hips against the band, but only half-heartedly.

“I think so.”

“No,” she begged as he pressed his finger into her.

Morgan got on the bed behind her and reached out with his hand toward a rack of glass bottles on the opposite side of the room. With the five bands pinning Cassandra in place, it was a slightly more difficult task than normal, but Morgan managed it. The little flask had a cork stopper that the wizard thumbed off and then upended the contents onto the crevice between Cassandra’s buttocks, most

of it pooling around her anus and dripping down her nether lips.

“Oooh, it’s warm,” she purred as Morgan pushed his finger against her again, forcing some of the oil into her bottom. He tossed aside the bottle and ran his cock against her dripping lips, making it slick.

With another wave of his fingers, he adjusted her position further and pressed his cock head against her opening. She tightened up resisting him.

“Don’t,” she begged.

“I’m not giving you a choice,” he said and pressed the head against her anus.

She tightened her sphincter and he frowned. “No. I’m telling you no. Don’t do i __”

With another flick of his fingers a golden band appeared out of nowhere and wrapped itself around her head, prizing her jaws apart and filling her mouth to the point where she couldn’t talk. Cassandra made a few muffled noises as Morgan pushed himself into her. The sounds were slightly panicked and indicated she was unhappy…but then his magic began to work on her.

It wasn’t the first time Morgan had fucked her in the ass, but it was always a different experience. Normal sex between the wizard and his shape-changing wife was always an adventure, but at the same time seemed weirdly natural. Buggering her was a more thrilling adventure because while all bodies were made for normal sex, anal sex had widely differing levels of pleasure. The only way to find out of a body that Cassandra possessed enjoyed perverted sex was to try it.

The last time had been horrible. Morgan had been smitten by a body that was slightly dowdy but with well-curved hips and buttocks. It had been a painful and unsatisfying experience for them both.

This time was the complete opposite. Although Cassandra initially resisted, she was always curious to see what her new body could do. This body very much enjoyed having her husband’s cock where it wasn’t supposed to be. It was still a stressful and physical interchange, but a rhythm was established and Morgan allowed his hand to stray between her legs to find her clit. That made things even better. She could have liked to have been able to scream and cry out, but the gag

was tight and it would be upsetting to the staff to have someone rush in to find the lady of the tower being happily buggered by her husband. There was a thrill in knowing what they were doing was very, very wrong and enjoying it even more because of that fact.

Morgan was never selfish in bed. He always made sure his wife came first, possibly through a sense of marital obligation, but more likely through the guilt that had gotten her in her horrible position to begin with. Between her husband's nimble fingers on her clit and his cock stretching her ass, Cassandra had a spine-chillingly pleasant orgasm that clamped her anus down tightly on his cock. That didn't stop Morgan from continuing to pump her.

When the moment came for him to finish, Morgan pulled out of her ass and pumped his cock with his hand a few times before unloading his cum onto her lower back and ass. He was proud of the fact that he even managed to land some in her long, blonde hair that cascaded down her back.

He breathed heavily a moment, leaning heavily on her, before he pulled his shrinking cock out of her oil-slicked ass. Collapsing on the bed, he smiled up at his wife and only then realized she was still pinned in the position that was perfect for fucking a woman in the ass and perfect for supplicating religious fanatics to worship whatever god appealed to them. Seeing the wild-eyed expression on her face, Morgan dismissed the imprisoning bands from existence and she collapsed next to him.

"I don't like it when you bugger me without permission," she complained.

"You came didn't you?" Morgan asked, an amused smile on his lips. "And it's not as much fun when I ask permission."

"You still should have asked," she said, leaning his way and giving him a little kiss.

"Maybe I will next time."

"Why'd you do it?" she asked.

"You wanted to be fucked and I wanted to fuck you." He shrugged. "What more do you need to know?"

“No. Why did you fuck my ass? Why not do it…normal?”

There hadn’t been normal sex between the couple in years. It wasn’t something that existed any longer.

“Because I wanted to preserve your virginity.”

She snorted. “Right.” Cassandra plucked at her nipples, stretching them out, distending her breasts. “You fucked me this morning. And I can tell this body hasn’t been a virgin in a long time. So why?” She let go of her nipples. They bounced back in a pleasant pattern.

“I don’t want to get you pregnant,” Morgan said after her soft flesh stopped moving.

His response caused Cassandra to snort again with unladylike violence. “Right. I don’t think I can get pregnant with a body switch every day.”

“I think it’s possible,” he said. “I’ve been doing research and…and I don’t have a solution to our problem. Yet. But soon. Maybe. And what I’ve been working on for Faye and Wilbert…that might be part of the solution. There’s a chance that if things go wrong…”

“Okay, don’t say it,” she said, allowing him to dodge his nervous thought. “But if you were a gentleman you’d at least wipe the jizz off my ass,” she added.

“I wasn’t born a gentleman nor did I ever rise to that office. I’m nothing but a wizard who didn’t earn the respect of even a single guild. Why else would I be in a government watchtower?”

He conjured a towel out of the air and wiped the jizz off her ass.

Chapter Four

“You want to watch us again?” asked Faye with an excited lick of her lips. He wasn’t disturbed by watching people of any species of having sex but for a woman of status and money it seemed to him that Faye was a little too eager to strip down and show off her natural state.

They were in the consultation room again with, once more, Wilbert taking up much of the space. His earthy musk competed in the close corners with Faye’s spicy perfume.

“I don’t want to,” Morgan clarified with a nervous glance at his wife who sat next to him with a placid smile on her face. When she had woken up this morning Cassandra was in the body of a middle-aged woman with interesting scars intertwined all over her body. Her face was unremarkable, but she had dark red hair and small breasts. Just like every day when he woke up next to his wife, Morgan had found himself reluctant to get out from under the blankets. “I need to.”

“We need a fresh sample of Wilbert’s seed,” Cassandra explained. Her voice was low and rough, but pleasantly refined at the same time.

“And we’ll need to do an…invasive procedure on you at the same time,” Morgan added. What they were planning didn’t strictly need to be done at the same time, but it simplified everything and Morgan could be done with the sordid affair with a minimal of hassle.

Faye toyed with the lace at the edge of her dress which plunged down to show off more cleavage than should have been allowed in the city…but they weren’t, strictly speaking, in the city. They were in the wizard’s tower outside the city, a political realm all to itself and ruled by Morgan. “Will it be as…amusing as our first time?” she asked, reaching out to hold Wilbert’s hand. It wasn’t for emotional support; Morgan was certain if he had asked, Faye would insist that Wilbert fuck her right then and there in the consultation room.

“I should hope so,” Cassandra said with a conspiratorial wink at their client. Her answer made Faye laugh politely.

“How do we get Wilbert’s…seed?” she asked.

“Manual stimulation is the best,” said Morgan.

“Oh, wonderful. I’ll be happy to help with that,” giggled Faye. “So when will we do this?”

“As soon as possible,” said Morgan. “There’s just the matter of payment—”

He wasn’t able to finish his statement before Faye practically tore off another elaborate bracelet from her wrist. “I’m sure this will cover your expenses,” she said quickly.

As soon as possible turned out to be an hour later when the preparations were done. They were back in Morgan’s laboratory and the moment Faye walked in she pulled the stays on her dress, letting it fall open to reveal her corset and undergarments. Morgan couldn’t help but stare. Knut grunted once at her display of flesh and commented, “Hairless human women are gross. Give me a dwarf woman covered in fur.”

“You really don’t need to undress completely,” said Cassandra as she approached the libertine who was working on releasing all the hooks on her corset.

Faye licked her lips and stared Cassandra in the eye. “I know, but I want to.” She sprung open her corset, freeing her breasts that bounced free. The cool air in the laboratory caused her nipples to contract and stand up proudly. Cassandra found herself mesmerized for a moment.

“If you want to help your…husband, just lead him over there,” Cassandra said coolly while indicating the area Morgan was in the processing of putting the finishing touches on.

“Oh, he’s not my husband,” said Faye. “Not yet anyway. For the moment, he’s just my lover.” She gave Cassandra a conspiratorial wink while Wilbert flushed bright red—apparently blushing was common to both humans and centaurs. She led her lover over to Morgan’s table and Cassandra found her eyes catching the attractive rolling motion of Cassandra’s lily-white buttocks.

It was hell when her body wanted one thing and her mind wanted another and she didn’t know what to do with it.

Showing no shame, Faye walked up to Wilbert, gave him a kiss on the lips. His

arms circled around her and they held each other for a moment, before she pushed away and moved around his body, trailing her fingers down his chest, over the border between human skin and horsehair-covered withers, down along his side, before she knelt down next to his side and reached under his body.

Morgan and Cassandra watched in fascination while Knut kept an eye on the situation. He made one comment. “Huh. Still haven’t seen everything yet.” The two had obviously done this before because Wilbert lifted his leg to give Faye better access to his large cock. It was already distended and the red-tip was exposed. The strangeness of his cock didn’t stop Faye from running her hands along his length and then taking it between her lips.

Morgan had his doubts that this was strictly necessary, but he reasoned he’d have few other opportunities in his life to see a beautiful woman give a centaur a blowjob, so why not make the best of the situation? Cassandra leaned toward her husband. “Why can’t you have a cock that large?” she teased as Faye swallowed Wilbert’s cock to the point of choking. The sounds Faye made were hardly sexy, but neither did she pull his cock from her throat.

“We need his sample in the basin,” Morgan reminded her. “Not down your throat.”

Faye’s head was twisted and she was in an awkward position, but she still managed to extract Wilbert’s long cock from down her throat. It was wet with her saliva and his precum. “I won’t forget,” she said. “I simply wanted to have a little fun as well. Some brothels would make you pay a sack full of silver pennies to watch a performance like this.”

Before Morgan could think of anything to say to her, Knut spoke up. “Aye. She’s speaking the truth. Miss Brandywine’s on Red Lantern Way has a specialty show every week in the common room.” He grunted. “More than worth it to see an ogre get buggered by an elf.”

Morgan’s eyes snapped over to his dwarf assistant. “Is that where all my gold is going?” he accused.

Knut folded his thick arms over his barrel chest. “My money. You paid it to me. I can do what I like with it.”

“And you’re spending it on interspecies erotic shows?”

“Aye.”

Though he had no legal standing, Morgan was offended at the way his servant was wasting his money. Before he could harangue the short man, Cassandra spoke up. “Focus on the moment, my love,” she said to Morgan while passing him the silver basin for the sample.

While he wanted to continue the argument, Morgan knew he had other, more pressing, issues. He took the basin and held it under the bright red head of Wilbert’s long cock. “Finish him off,” he told her.

“With pleasure.” Her fingers curled around his cock and she pumped her hand up and down Wilbert’s length. He made some strange noises in the back of his throat and his paws scrabbled at the smooth stone floor. Faye literally had him by his most precious possession. It didn’t take long for her to complete the process. His reaction was like any other animal’s when he finished. He gasped and tensed up, and then his cock produced a prodigious amount of cum that splashed into the silver basin.

“Don’t touch it,” Morgan cautioned her. There was no predicting what Faye’s reaction would be. When Morgan judged that Wilbert’s orgasm had passed, he moved the basin away and took it to his workbench. Using the copper spoon from the previous day, he scooped up the cum that Wilbert had left behind and dropped it into a glass beaker where he began adding various other fluids. “If you’d help Miss Faye onto the exam table, Cassandra,” Morgan said without looking at his wife. “This will be ready shortly and every moment counts.”

Since Faye was already undressed, it was easy to get her into position while Wilbert watched. It was hard to tell if the centaur was just curious or didn’t know what else to do while his lover was being experimented upon. Centaurs had a reputation of stoicism, so his lack of showing emotion didn’t strike Morgan as odd.

When Morgan approached Faye, on the bench with her legs splayed open and her cunt exposed, he got the first real indication that perhaps she wasn’t completely in control of this situation and that scared her. “Is this going to hurt?” she asked.

“It shouldn’t,” said Morgan as he gathered the strange mixture he had created. The color had changed to bright red, looking oddly blood-like, and the tool he

used to draw it up was halfway between a chef's basting spoon and a human's cock. She wondered why a wizard would have such a device or if he had created it just for her. He displayed the loaded tool for her and said, "I don't suppose this is the strangest thing you've had up your cunt, is it?"

It was an accusation that was supposed to humiliate her. There was very little that could humiliate Faye when it came to her love for Wilbert and her need for strange sex. "Not by any measure."

"Good," he said smoothly and nodded to Cassandra who grabbed Faye's knee to prevent her from closing her legs. Morgan stood between her legs and slid the inseminator up into Faye's cunt. She didn't react until it went much further than she expected.

"Oh! It's…it's really up there."

"Unless you have a transport gate hidden in your cunt," Morgan said absently, "then this shouldn't be a problem because Wilbert's cock is much bigger than this inseminator."

"But's it's metal and he's not," she complained as she jumped slightly and gripped the edge of the table with her fingers.

"A little warmth now," Morgan said, ignoring her complaint.

There was a warming glow deep in her belly which Faye found pleasant at first, but then it quickly grew uncomfortable. "It's starting to hurt."

Morgan nodded. "That often happens to people who are unaccustomed to the effects of magic."

The heat grew worse…and then there was a spike of pain. "Fuck!"

"Not now," Morgan joked. The handle of the inseminator was glowing now, though Morgan wasn't the least bit affected by the flow of magical energy. His body knew how to process the energy; few humans could claim the same.

Faye became more agitated and her body started trembling. When she tried to get off the table, Morgan lifted a hand from the inseminator and gestured. The golden bonds appeared from nowhere and efficiently pinned her to the table.

“Almost done,” he said.

She whined in response, hoping for some relief.

When he pulled the inseminator from her, the pain disappeared as if it had never been there.

“Oh, that’s much better,” she smiled at him and struggled against the bindings for a moment. “This is rather nice,” she said, unfazed by her vulnerability. “Are you going to take advantage of me?”

Morgan shook his head and waved his fingers. The bonds disappeared. “From what I know of raising children, that pain you just felt was mild compared to what you have in front of you.”

Knut grunted. “Don’t know about you, but I’m going to Miss Brandywine’s tonight. She has a minidrag that been trained to fuck maidens with its tail.”

Chapter Five

“That was very nice what you did for Faye,” Cassandra told her husband in bed that night.

He lifted his face from between her legs. The surprising thing about the rather plain body that Cassandra was to shortly shed was that her pussy tasted sweeter than any Morgan could remember. “Just doing my job,” he replied. “She’s going to regret her decision when her cunt is stretched wide by that centaur baby.”

“Maybe so,” Cassandra agreed. “But you didn’t have to do it.”

“We needed the money,” he reminded her.

“Even so…and can’t you take a compliment?”

Morgan rested his cheek against her thigh which was slightly sweaty from after her orgasm. “As a matter of fact, no. Want me to make you cum again?” He waggled his tongue at her suggestively.

“No, you know what I really want.” Her fingers curled under his jaw hidden by his thin beard.

Morgan frowned. “I think I might have a possible solution for the problem I’ve given you,” he said.

That caught Cassandra’s attention. What she had really wanted at the moment was Morgan’s cock, either in her mouth or cunt, but a solution to her unstable body-shifting would also be welcome. “How would that be done?”

“I need to do a bit more research—”

“Always with the more research,” she complained.

He continued on as if she hadn’t spoken, “But I think if you are pregnant, then your body will stabilize and you won’t shift any longer.”

She smiled at him. “Let’s do it now,” she begged, reaching for his cock that was still hidden by his breeches.

Morgan pushed her hand away. “But there are definite dangers. I don’t know if it

will work. I don’t know if you’ll revert to your original body. I don’t know how it will affect the child. I don’t know if it’ll create a monster. There’s a lot I don’t know.”

“I’m willing to risk it.”

Morgan climbed up her body and kissed her. She tasted her cunt on his lips. “I know, but I’m still going to make it as safe for you as possible.” While he spoke she opened the laces to his breeches and hauled out his hard cock.

“Get me pregnant,” she begged. “I don’t care for the danger. I just want to go back to the body I had. My body.”

She tilted her hips and pulled his cock down to her cunt. Just hearing the words that might solve their problem was enough to make her want to fuck him; not that she ever had trouble wanting to fuck her husband. Her eagerness and need slowly drew his cock into her cunt and before Morgan knew it, he was balls deep in the body that his wife currently inhabited. It was pleasant and warm and unfamiliar and strange and perfectly lovely all at the same time.

“I don’t know if I can get you pregnant,” he told her. “I don’t know if this will work.”

“Fuck me anyway. Work your magic on me.”

It wasn’t as if Morgan hadn’t tried over the years. It was his mistake that the beautiful girl he had bedded changed every night and he had been trying to fix the problem with every magical means at his disposal. His efforts had driven them to the point of poverty where he had to take a position with the city to survive; no wizard wanted to do guard duty. The one thing that had helped was the necklace Cassandra always worked. Before, the changes always happened randomly, sometimes three or four times a day. The necklace stabilized her to once a day, but she had to let the change happen overnight otherwise there were painful physical repercussions.

Morgan now unclasped her necklace while he fucked her and flung it aside. She wouldn’t change right away. Usually that happened when she was sleeping.

“Fuck me hard,” she begged. “Fill my belly.”

He did the best he could. The woman beneath him was unfamiliar, but her pussy was inviting. They kissed and he rapidly started to approach orgasm. Just as the rush was too much, she started to shift. The way her cunt writhed around his cock was unnerving and thrilling. Sex during transformation was a kink he never would admit to, but secretly loved.

“Morgan! I love you, Morgan!” Cassandra cried out as she came too.

“Perverts,” Knut said dryly as he jumped off the stool that stood under the peephole in the wall. Spying on his employer wasn’t a good idea, especially since his employer was a wizard, but Knut was a pervert and one of his perversions was voyeurism. “I could get a better show down at Miss Brandywine’s.”

He grunted and shook the purse that dangled from his belt. “Maybe I just will tonight. Maybe there'll be a dwarf woman there with big hairy tits. I haven’t had big hairy tits in a while.” He nodded once to himself and headed down the stairs from the secret passage outside Morgan’s bedroom.

End Part 1

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a computerized AI simulation running on the matrix. A glitch in the matrix has caused him to fall into a complex logic loop making him write increasingly complex, bizarre, and surprisingly tender love stories with a strong erotica component. The programmers hope to have this fixed shortly. Feel free to contact him:

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Preview

Margareta’s Mistake:

Part Two of The Palace

Roderick was just finishing filling the chamber pot when he heard screaming from his bedroom. At first he was amused, the sound was obviously Pauline reaching her peak and letting free the orgasm that had been building in her body. But then the tone and timbre of the scream changed. Something was wrong.

He rushed from the privy, spilling the contents of the pot as he ran back to his bedroom where he had left his best friend fucking his pregnant mistress.

The scene of horror he found waiting for him brought Roderick up short. He had seen more than enough death, blood, and gore in his short stint in the army. It had never been a delight to him, unlike some of the more vicious members of his military detachment, and what he found in his bed now shattered him to his soul.

Pauline was on her back, her legs spread and pregnant belly curved up into the air. Eirik was between her legs, his big cock still buried in her cunt, fucking her for the second time that evening, and up to a few moments before, had been enjoying the inviting cunt of his best friend's mistress. It was a doubly good cunt because Pauline obviously enjoyed a good round of sex and it was with Roderick's approval and participation.

The horror originated at the thin steel blade that had erupted from Eirik's chest. It stuck out a good foot, covered in a film of red blood that now sprayed out of the wound and down onto Pauline's naked body. Blood was running out of Eirik's mouth and his friend was desperately trying to say something, but his power of speech had failed him.

The assassin looked up from behind Eirik when he heard Roderick enter the room. His face was masked, but the look of panic was obvious in the man's eyes. He was struggling to pull the blade free from Eirik's body, either to escape with the weapon or perhaps to kill Pauline as well. Roderick didn't give the assassin the opportunity to do either.

Reaction on pure instinct he snatched up the short sword that Eirik had earlier deposited in the padded armchair. It flashed twice as Roderick used the sharp

blade. The first blow was partially knocked aside by the assassin's arm as he sought to protect himself. The sword cut deeply into the man's forearm. He cried out in pain and dropped his guard. That gave Roderick the opening he needed and plunged the weapon into the assassin's throat. A second later the man's dead body fell to the floor.

Roderick stared at the body a second and then looked at Pauline who was whimpering in fear. She seemed fine. Only then did he scream for the guards.

He didn't blame the guards for not reacting when the screams started. They were used to hearing the screams of passion from his bedroom. He did blame the fools for not being able to distinguish between the cries of panic and the sounds of passion. He blamed them even more for allowing a killer into his bedroom.

When the guards rushed in, confusion and panic truly set in. Roderick whirled around to see his friend slump to the side, uncoupling from Pauline. The sword was still in place but amazingly his friend still lived. Roderick went to Eirik to easy his friend's pain.

"What happened?" was all he could think to ask.

"Sorry…" was the only word that Eirik could force out before his eyes went dark.

Margareta hated traveling in general, even just to go into the city to enjoy the sites and shopping. However, travelling in the royal coach wasn't so bad. The seats were padded. The driver was excellent at his job and kept the jolting on the cobblestones to a minimum. The windows were of thick glass with curtains to keep the warmth inside, though on this fine spring day she had the curtains flung wide open and had even cracked open one of the windows for the fresh air.

Still, it was a gilded cage. Margareta looked sourly across the coach at the woman assigned to protect her. It was a joke. The woman was no older than her and was of a dubious background. Her skin was honey-kissed and she sported angular brown eyes that unsettled Margareta. Her black hair reminded the princess too much of Roderick's mistress, even if she kept it tightly bound in a bun at the nape of her neck, unless the hussy who too often shared Roderick's bed.

“May I be of assistance, ma’am?” the woman said.

The question roused Margareta from her thoughts. “Why would you ask that?”

“You’ve been staring at me for five minutes, princess. I thought that perhaps you were in need of something.”

Margareta sniffed. “Hardly. What I am in need of is not you?”

“Ma’am?”

Lifting her chin, Margareta said with more than just a note of superiority, “If I’m supposed to have a bodyguard to protect me, why do I have…you?”

The woman stiffened. “I served in His Majesty’s army for six years. I’m a commissioned lieutenant and I have been trained to protect anyone from harm. Ma’am.”

Margareta had her doubts, but the woman seemed to hold herself competently, and there was definite look of strength to her body. She was stuffed into a walking dress that was in fashion, but it didn’t fit her quite correctly, as if she were too muscular for the cut of the garment.

Before Margareta could say anything more, the carriage came to a halt. “We’re here, ma’am,” the bodyguard said.

They were outside the most exclusive and expensive dressmaker’s shop in the city. Margareta didn’t have any particular need or desire for a new dress, but shopping was better than sitting in the drawing room of the palace. The bodyguard exited the carriage first and the footman assisted Margareta out of the carriage. It was only a few steps between the carriage and the shop door. It all happened so quickly.

Her bodyguard moved without Margareta realizing it. The glint of the gun’s muzzle caught the bright sunlight. The glint flared into a beautiful explosion followed by a loud bang and then a scream. Margareta found herself on the ground, pushed there by the bodyguard who now lay atop her, struggling. Margareta fought back, but she didn’t know what she was doing. While she struggled against the bodyguard who had obviously betrayed her, there were two more sharp bangs and Margareta lay still, paralyzed by fright.

“Back into the carriage,” the bodyguard screamed. Margareta wasn’t sure who the bodyguard was screaming at, but she found herself hauled to her feet by the muscular woman and all but thrown into the carriage.

“Leave!” she shouted to the driver still seated on front of the carriage. They didn’t move.

Margareta looked out the window and saw two men on the cobblestones bleeding. One was a footman from the carriage, the other was a commoner.

The bodyguard thumped heavily with a club on the ceiling of the carriage. “Move! Now!”

“But Norman—”

“Leave him!”

Only then did the carriage begin to move. Margareta looked at the club and realized it wasn’t a crude wooden weapon; it was a small double-barreled pistol. Where had it come from?

“You’re kidnapping me?” asked Margareta, amazed at how fast all of it had happened.

The bodyguard’s brow furrowed and then she laughed to relieve the tension. “No, ma’am. I’m not kidnapping you. I’m returning you to the palace. Someone just tried to kill you. I’m saving your life.”

“But if they were trying to kill me…why is my footman dead?”

“The assassin’s shot missed,” the bodyguard said calmly as she opened the gun, dropped out two shells, and replaced them with two fresh ones from the purse she carried. “I didn’t.”

“I see.” Margareta marveled at how calmly her bodyguard was handling the situation. It wasn’t a calmness she felt. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, ma’am. It’s my service to you.”

“Thank you,” Margareta repeated and only then did she faint.

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