
An Erotic Magical Fantasy of Wizards, Frogs and Magical Transformation
PHYLEEN AND THE FROG
ELLIOT SILVESTRI


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Phyleen and the Frog

The Sex Wizard 3

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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Phyleen and the Frog: The Sex Wizard 3

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The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Book 3

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Fourteen

About the Author

Preview

Book 3

Chapter Eleven

Morgan found the gigantic frog sitting inside the moistened basket sitting next to Phyleen Victentol unsettling. Biomancers and alchemists were the ones who liked to use animal bits and parts in their magic. As a supposed master of transformation and summoning magic, Morgan didn't dabble in those fields. The frog kept eyeing him.

"I thought it would be a simple problem to solve," said Phyleen. The maiden was a member of one of the noble families of the city. Morgan hadn't bothered remembering which one when she introduced herself. She was pretty enough and was showing off a massive amount of cleavage. She certainly didn't need to be carrying around a gigantic frog with her for any sane purpose.

"What exactly is the problem?" Morgan glanced over at Cassandra who was watching them from the far side of the consultation room. She was amused at the situation, that was clear. Morgan didn't want to be listening to the problems of a spoiled noblewoman. Today's body that Cassandra was wearing was a pretty enough woman perhaps in her late twenties with straight brown hair and an unremarkable body. What was hidden on the cloak she wore was the set of vestigial wings growing from her shoulder blades. They weren't big enough or strong enough to actually let her fly, but when they opened up the rainbow colors were beautiful. Cassandra had already spoken with Phyleen but wasn't letting her husband in on any of the details.

"My frog," she said indicating the large amphibian in the wet basket.

"Your frog."

"He's not a frog."

"He isn't?" asked Morgan. "He looks and…smells like a frog."

Phyleen leaned forward, giving Morgan a good view down the top of her dress, and said in a conspiratorial whisper, "This is Prince Blywood." She leaned back.

Morgan looked at her doubtfully. "Prince Blywood. The eldest son of our city's ruling family."

"Yes sir," she said with a smile.

“Then why is he a frog?” asked Morgan.

“I…I don’t know.”

“How do you know this frog is Prince Blywood then?”

“I saw him change.”

“You did?”

“Yes.”

Morgan glanced over at Cassandra who had an enigmatic smile on her lips.

“How?” asked Morgan. “When?”

Now it was Lady Phyleen’s turn to smile, but her smile was of self-satisfaction. “Right after we…you know?”

“After you did what?” Morgan prompted.

“A lady never kisses and tells.”

“You’d better tell me if you want my help.”

It was obvious that Phyleen wanted to tell. It just needed to be drawn out of her. “Right after we…after we shared the physical affection between a married couple he changed from a man to…this.” She gestured at the frog.

“So you fucked him and he changed into a frog.”

“Yes.”

“That’s not how it’s supposed to work. Typically a witch casts a curse on a young man turning him into a frog and only the kiss of his true love can change him back into a human.”

Phyleen shrugged. “It’s the truth.”

“Did you try kissing him as a frog?”

As if to demonstrate how foolish his question was, Phyleen ducked her head and kissed the frog between the eyes.

Nothing happened.

“See?”

Morgan nodded.

“And don’t suggest that I have sex with the frog,” Phyleen added quickly. “I’ve heard about what goes on in this tower and I’m not like that.”

The way she claimed to not be like that made Morgan suspect she’d happily join in on any of the more unusual sexual activities that went on in the tower.

“Are you sure you have the right frog?” asked Morgan, unable to help himself in teasing the lady.

“Yes!”

“Well then, I suppose a little transformational magic would be in order. The real problem here would be if this frog isn’t actually a man. That would cause…a variety of problems.”

“Let’s do it now,” she said eagerly.

Morgan didn’t move. “There is the matter of the fee…”

From within the skirts of her dress Phyleen produced a small leather pouch and tossed it on the broad wooden table. The coins inside clinked against each other. “That should cover any of your expenses.”

Morgan placed the wet basket that was partially full of mud and reeds in the center of the stone table that took up much of the space in his laboratory. “Step back,” he said.

Cassandra carefully ushered Phyleen to the edge of the room. “Is it dangerous,” she asked.

“Probably not,” Cassandra answered with a shrug.

“What do I need to d—?” she started to ask.

“Ziklow!” shouted Morgan. The air filled with a greasy feeling and every surface was suddenly charged with static electricity. The snap of its sudden dissipation shocked them all. A flash of light blinded them temporarily and they were left with a crushed basket with a handsome naked man crouched on top of it.

“Bly!” cried out Phyleen.

“Darling!” he sputtered a moment later and hopped off the table. The fact that he was naked did not stop them from embracing. “I’ve missed you so much,” he said between kisses.

“As have I,” she replied.

Neither Morgan nor Cassandra missed the lady’s hand drifting toward her love’s cock which rose quickly under her attention.

“Maybe not here,” Morgan said, but was shushed by his wife.

“Why not?” she asked naughtily.

Morgan didn’t have an answer to that, which turned out to be fine because he found himself distracted by Phyleen and Bly. The lady was overeager to prove her affection for her lover. She had loosened her dress’s top and her tits were now hanging out. Morgan couldn’t help but notice they were perfectly shaped and sized tits. Her mouth had fallen upon Bly’s fleshy sword and she was now executing the act of a carnival performer. His weapon was all the way down her throat. And then it wasn’t. And then it was.

If nothing else, Phyleen was a talented fellatrix.

“Not so fast my love,” Bly begged of her. He looked to Morgan and Cassandra for help, two people he barely knew. If he was sentient as a frog, then he might know who Morgan was, but if not they were just two strangers watching him get a blowjob in a wizard’s laboratory.

“Don’t stop,” Cassandra urged the eager young lady.

She didn’t and Bly didn’t have the willpower to force her to stop. She cradled his ball and stroked his cock up and down in perfect synchronicity with her mouth and then Bly reached the moment of the little death. His entire body tensed up and Morgan smiled and nodded knowingly.

“Aargh!” Bly groaned as he came, emptying his balls into Phyleen’s mouth. Just as she started to swallow his spunk, there was another flash of light accompanied by a minor thunderclap which left them all momentarily deaf and blind.

When Morgan got control of his senses he saw that the huge frog had reappeared, Phyleen was sobbing uncontrollably, and Bly was nowhere to be seen.

“Well that’s a kick in the cunt, isn’t it?” asked Cassandra with some amusement.

“Dear,” Morgan chided her. “We’re supposed to be helping.”

“Right! Okay. Let’s see what we can do to fix this.” She smiled confidently at her husband.

“Well I can reverse the curse…again…but the moment they have sex—”

“It looked like him cumming was actually the problem,” Cassandra pointed out.

“Then I’ll have to fix that too,” Morgan said with an amused smile.

“What are you going to do?” Phyleen said between sobs.

“I can fix this,” he said, “but you’re not going to like it.”

Chapter Twelve

Morgan handed Bly a glass beaker. Changing him back from a frog to a human was easy enough. It was keeping him human that was going to be the difficult part.

“What’s this for?” asked the prince warily.

“I need a sample of your seed,” Morgan told him as if he were asking for the prince to pass the butter.

“For what?”

“To cure your affliction. Actually, no. Let’s not call it an affliction. Let’s call it a curse.”

They were in the tower’s consultation room. Phyleen had been distracted and safely locked away by Cassandra before Morgan transformed the prince back into his human form. He suspected the young lady was half the problem.

“A curse?”

Morgan had been busy consulting one of the huge tomes he had hauled down from the library and now looked up from the yellowed parchment. “Unless you are doing this on your own it has to be a curse. I can break it, but it won’t be easy and I have to get more information from you. Hence the beaker.” He indicated the container in Bly’s hand.

“What—what do you want me to do with this?”

It took all of his considerable willpower for Morgan not to roll his eyes. “I want you to jerk off into it. I need a sample of your seed.”

“But…why?”

“Do you really want me to spend a long-winded—and graphic—explanation as to why I need a sample of your seed?”

“Um…no. I’m okay without knowing.”

“Wise man.”

“But…why did you bring me here?” he asked, gesturing to the boring walls of the consultation room. “It would be easier if I had some…feminine assistance.” He smiled like a spoiled brat who had gotten whatever he wanted whenever he wanted for far too long.

“Do you feel like changing back into a frog again?” Morgan countered.

The prince stiffened, but not in a good way. “No,” he answered quickly.

“Then you’ll have to do without feminine assistance in this one instance.”

The prince’s face reverted to that of a spoiled brat. “Fine. But it’ll be hard.”

“It usually has to be hard to get your spunk out,” Morgan dryly observed.

“No. I mean…difficult. I don’t jerk it, you know. I’m a prince. There’s always an eager daughter of a baron, or an expensive tart, or a serving maid willing to give me a hand.” He smiled. “Or a mouth. Or a cunt.”

“Today you’ll have to be like every other commoner and jerk it with your own hand.”

Bly’s lip curled. “I wasn’t born a prince to do so lowly a job.”

“Then without doubt you’ll be a frog for most of the rest of your life.”

“Couldn’t I have some help?” he pleaded. It was pathetic, but Morgan had anticipated this. With a waggle of his fingers he sent one of his tomes sliding across the table. It stopped in front of Prince Blywood and opened up to a page covered with a gorgeous illustration in full color of three youthful women in a stream. What the three women were doing to each other was lewd and vile. Bly’s cock hardened at once inside his tight breeches.

“If you need additional assistance beyond mere pictures, the pages on the right tell and accompanying story.”

“No need,” Bly said. He was already distracted. He had one hand down his pants and the other was fumbling around trying to open them.

Morgan gave a cursory inspection to the young man's cock when his flopped out, erect and purple with desire. It appeared to be normal. He had no desire to join the young prince; why Bly was beautiful enough, Morgan had his standards and a professional responsibility.

It only took Bly two minutes to finish. Morgan blamed that on the Bly's youth along with the new experience of jerking off in front of a wizard while perusing the best pornography Jericho the Younger had illustrated and written at the peak of his career. Still, it didn't say much for his staying power.

"Did you get it all into the beaker?" Morgan asked. He wasn't watching directly. "None wasted on the floor?"

"Couldn't fill it, but yes," the prince chortled. The beaker was roughly the size of a queen's wine glass. A horse would have had trouble filling it. "Now what?"

"Now you wait while I work," said Morgan as he left the consultation room carrying the beaker. Time was of the essence. Fresher was better. And Morgan wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible.

"Can I leave now?" asked Bly, following closely behind.

"No." Morgan waved his fingers as he passed through the door. It slammed shut in Bly's face and locked, keeping the prince from leaving.

"Hey! You can't imprison me like this! I'm a prince!"

Morgan ignored his pleas. He had more important things to focus on.

Meliza Eldenwode was the daughter of a very successful grain and ale merchant. Her father had great monetary success but had failed in one area: gaining entry into the nobility. Forcing his daughter to give up her virginity, purity, and fertile womb had been an easy decision for him. Meliza hadn't objected to her father's plan. Gold coins had greased the way to an introduction to Prince Blywood. Meliza's many charms had convinced Bly to bed her.

Judging from the enthusiastic way Meliza rode atop Bly's cock she was either as eager as her father to join the nobility or was simply a wanton slut who would

just as happily fuck a prince as a guttersnipe.

Cassandra leaned over to her husband as she watched the two copulate. “Did you enhance her tits?” she asked. “Make them bigger? They’re huge!”

Morgan could see Meliza’s tits were huge. They were the size of small pumpkins and bounced around nearly out of control as Bly and her happily fucked in front of their exclusive audience of two. Strictly speaking Morgan didn’t need to watch and neither did his wife, but he wanted to and invited her to observe as well. It was one of the benefits of the job.

“No,” Morgan said quietly. “They’re natural. Look at her, very pretty, but also sort of pudgy. Her stomach and her ass are well-fed by her rich father.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Cassandra agreed. “I wouldn’t mind spanking or licking that ass.”

“Dear, now is not the time,” he chided her.

Cassandra reached under the table to feel his husband’s cock. He was hard. “It feels like the right time.”

Morgan shook his head. They were in one of the tower’s guest rooms. The table had been crammed in on one side so Morgan had a place to sit and make notes as he observed the couple fucking in the bed. Meliza had been puzzled at first, but when she realized she had another chance to bed the prince, she eagerly agreed. Judging from the sly looks she kept sending toward Cassandra and Morgan she either liked to have others watch while she was intimate with other or wanted one—or both—of them to join in.

“Later, dear,” said Morgan, reluctantly removing her hand.

“Can we ask her to join us?” Cassandra said, putting her hand back on his thigh but not touching his cock, while wetting her lips with eagerness.

“We’ll see.” It was the answer a parent would give a hyperactive child asking for candy…except that Morgan would be happy to sample some of the candy as well. The form that Cassandra took today was of a woman not much older than Meliza, but with an incredibly lithe body and a sex drive to match. Her olive skin and dark hair would be a wonderful contrast in bed to Meliza’s freckled

paleness and light brown hair.

It was obvious to Morgan what Meliza's goal was: either pregnancy courtesy of the prince or to make him fall in love—or lust—with her, either forcing a marriage. It was the oldest female technique for social climbing and it often worked.

But not this time. Bly had held back as long as he could and either Meliza was a wonderful actress or she had reached climax several times already, but the moment Bly's orgasm had reached the point of inevitability, it was obvious the experiment was a failure—or a success. Morgan wasn't sure which.

"Fuck fuck fuuuckggg!" he cried out as he came. Morgan hoped that the orgasm was joyful because the last misspoken "fuck" ended with a thunderclap and a croak from the giant frog in the bed.

Meliza's shriek filled the small room, temporarily deafening Morgan and Cassandra.

"What's a fucking frog doing in the bed!" she screamed at them. "Where's Bly?"

Morgan politely cleared his throat and tried not to stare at the cum dripping down the insides of her thighs. "We told you that Bly had an affliction that we needed you to help fix," he said calmly. Cassandra stood up and grabbed a robe, handing it to Meliza who started crying in frustration. "Has this happened to you and Bly before?" Cassandra asked compassionately. It was a ridiculous question.

"No! Of course not!"

"We believe that Bly might be under a curse—"

"Oh? You think so?" Meliza asked sarcastically.

"—and we're trying to track down the source. You're not it." Cassandra rolled her eyes at her husband and escorted the crying girl from the room.

Morgan regarded the frog for a moment. The frog croaked once. "You and me both, my friend. But I've never turned into a frog in bed with a woman." He sighed and looked at the papers in front of him. Observing the couple fucking had given him little insight, though it had aroused his lust. He had no notes

written. His wife however…

Cassandra had used a pencil to sketch Meliza and Bly in the middle of their passion. She had a sharp eye for humor and art. Meliza's large ass and tits were shown bouncing around while her face was a mask of desire. Bly was grabbing his lover's hips with suspiciously webbed hands while his extremely long tongue caressed Meliza's nipple. Morgan sighed again and flipped the paper over.

On the back was the list Bly had given them. He crossed off Meliza's name and read down those remaining.

Phyleen Victentol – you know her story

Meliza Orchardgool – social climber (huge tits!)

Ciba – cleaning woman in the palace (short and cute, good head)

Ruby – whore at Miss Brandywine's (red hair, good fuck)

Lady Etrina Evantova – Ambassador Finch's daughter (nice tits)

Baroness Leithi Palnfit – too old for me, but she can fuck

Cousin Truverda Hintfield – don't judge, she has a lovely personality

Jamie the stable hand – soft lips for a boy

Curgold Stonebrake – I just wanted to see how hard you could abuse a dwarf

Morgan hadn't asked Bly for his commentaries. He didn't think this was an extant list but Bly assured him it was everyone he had fucked in the last month. Morgan had his doubts about that, but he had to start somewhere.

It didn't surprise him that Blywood had dallied with a stable hand and a dwarf. He was definitely the type to experiment with the limits of human sexuality but Morgan was equally convinced that Jamie and Curgold were unlikely to put a curse on the prince…unless they were pawns in a grander scheme. He sighed

again and realized if it came to it, he'd have to watch Bly fuck the both of them as well.

Morgan moved from the table to the bed and picked up Bly in his frog-form, placing him in the basket full of wet mud. "I'm starting to think this is too much trouble," said Morgan. The frog regarded him with large, bulging eyes before blinking once and letting out a soft croak.

"Time to check of my wife."

Carrying the basket Morgan began looking for his wife. There were only so many places she could—or would—go in the tower. It didn't take him long to find her, though it was a little confusing to find her in their bedroom.

Cassandra had been honest with him. She couldn't resist Meliza's physical charms. Both women were in the large bed, Cassandra's face buried in the other's cunt. Meliza's robe and Cassandra's dress were in a pile together on the floor. It hadn't taken his wife very long to seduce the younger woman. Morgan was impressed.

"Am I interrupting?" Morgan asked.

Cassandra lifted her face up from Meliza's sopping pussy. She wiped cum and cunt juice from her chin. Meliza looked over at the wizard with unbridled lust. "No. You're just in time. I got her ready for you."

Morgan didn't have a particular type of woman he was attracted to; he couldn't, not if he was to remain married to Cassandra. However, as desirous as some men found huge tits and asses, Morgan did not. But that didn't stop him from putting down the frog basket, stripping down and climbing on top of Meliza. Cassandra was happy to assist in getting his cock properly aligned. Meliza seemed happy with her new partner.

If this was the way it was going to go with all of Bly's partners, it was going to take them more time to sort out the curse than Morgan had planned for.

He was willing to make that sacrifice.

Chapter Thirteen

Going through the list of Prince Blywood's most recent lovers was not the chore that Morgan thought it would be. Although he was loath to admit it to anyone, even Cassandra, there was more enjoyment in the private sex shows he was getting than he would have imagined. How much money it would have cost him at Miss Brandywine's bordello would have been emptied his purse.

Ciba the cleaning woman from the palace was initially terrified at being brought to the wizard's tower. She was certain she was going to be used in some sort of sick experiment. When it was explained that the wizard merely needed to see her have sex with the prince, she happily went along with the plan.

Morgan had to admit that Bly wasn't lying on his list. Ciba was short and cute. She was barely taller than an elf and had the face of an angelic girl, but the body of a voluptuous woman once her clothes were off. Bly said he didn't want to fuck her because he hadn't fucked her on the few occasions they had been together. Instead she got down on her knees and sucked him off.

Morgan admired her technique. Bly had no trouble cumming in her mouth and then immediately transformed back to a frog. Again.

Ciba was strangely at ease with his transformation. "I expected something like that."

"Why?" Morgan asked as he put the frog into the basket and watched her get dressed.

"Nobility is always weird with their sex, right? They never do it normal."

Morgan was inclined to agree.

Ruby the cleaning woman refused to come to the tower until she was paid her full outcall service fee. Morgan insisted Prince Bly pay it. When the runner they sent with the money returned, he had Ruby in tow. Everyone in the tower was charmed by the prostitute. Morgan, Knut, and Cassandra all found her incredibly beautiful; she had long, deep-red hair, skin that was covered with freckles because she exposed as much of her body to the sun as possible, and red pouting lips that seem unnaturally beautiful. Her green eyes flashed with delight at the prospect of sex in front of an audience, and her body, when revealed to the tower's residents, was like that of a goddess.

Only Lili was unimpressed.

“She signed a deal with a demon to get that body just so she could become a prostitute,” she grumbled. “What type of woman does that?”

Morgan sensed some professional rivalry on the part his new bodyguard and former worker in Miss Brandywine’s bordello.

“A smart one,” declared Knut.

Lili cuffed him on the back of his thick head. “You would say that.”

Knut wasn’t put off. “She just has the sort of appeal to every man. You’re a special taste my dear,” he grinned up at his occasional lover.

She cuffed him again.

Watching Ruby fuck was like watching a shadowplay put on by the gods themselves. Ruby threw herself into every sexual act with her whole being. Even if she was a prostitute, Morgan believed she truly enjoyed her work. She knew how to move and display her body. She knew how to give Bly exactly what he wanted even when he didn’t know what he wanted.

If her orgasms were faked, Morgan and company believed they weren’t. When Bly found he had no resistance left, he came and immediately turned back into a frog. Again.

The same frog.

“Hmm. Not the worst thing that happened to me after a man dropped his load,” was Ruby’s comment when she found a frog on her belly.

Bly croaked at her and she took her leave from the tower.

Getting Ambassador Finch’s daughter to the tower took some doing, but asking her to visit as an interview to be a delegate to the wizarding council did the trick. Once she saw Prince Blywood waiting for her, she knew something was being plotted. Still, he was charming and talked her into bed while Morgan and Cassandra watched. As always, Blywood hadn’t been exaggerating. Once her clothes were off, Lady Etrina Evantova had an amazing pair of tits. They were

neither huge nor tiny, but perfectly sized with tiny pink areolas and a small gold ring piercing the left nipple. She had Bly fuck her from behind while watching both Morgan and Cassandra. Apparently her status allowed it to be appropriate to be fucked by a prince. She turned down Cassandra's advance after Bly turned back into his frog-form, but that might have been due to the nature of the unexpected change. Cassandra had all but promised her husband she'd bring the woman to their bed that night.

"Are you sure you won't spend the night with my husband and me?" Cassandra boldly asked as she helped Etrina put her dress back on.

"Tempting, but I just fucked a man who turned into a frog. It's a little upsetting. I'm sure you understand."

Cassandra saw the young politician had a promising career in front of her.

All it took to get the Baroness Leithi Palnfit to Morgan's tower was an invitation from Morgan the wizard himself. However, she appeared under a mistaken assumption. Leithi was certain her invitation was one to participate in a weird sex ritual.

"I'm so glad you invited me," the baroness practically purred. "I've never fucked a wizard before. I'm sure you've heard my reputation in the subrosa that I prefer my every partner to be new and unique and…more than a little kinky."

Her words actually chilled Morgan…and stiffened his cock. It wasn't as if Cassandra would object to him bedding the baroness, but it was not why he had invited her. "I think you misunderstand. I need to watch while you fuck Prince Blywood."

"Kinky," she said with an eager smile. "But I would have thought sex with a wizard would have been more perverted."

"She's not wrong," Lili dryly observed from her position at the edge of the consultation room.

Morgan watched as the baroness traced a finger down her neckline to accentuate her cleavage. She was an attractive woman despite being nearly twice Bly's age; Morgan understood she had bedded half the male nobility in the region and a good portion of the female as well. Every partner was a new adventure for her

and he was actually surprised she hadn't yet fucked a wizard in her career.

"Blywood is under a curse," he said hastily to brush her off. "He keeps turning into a frog and I need to determine who is the root cause of the curse."

"And to do this you need to watch me fuck him?" she asked. "Why didn't you say so from the start. I'd love to ride Bly's lovely cock again while you watch. Promise me you'll join in if you so desire."

He didn't think it was possible but his cock got harder at the invitation.

By this point Bly was getting exhausted by the process and Morgan wouldn't have blamed him for wanting to take a break from the new woman every day grind they were on. But Bly's eyes lit up when he saw Leithi walk into the bedroom. She walked with confidence and had a certain strut that simply exuded confidence and sexuality. Bly wanted to say no—at first—but then he found that he couldn't.

Morgan didn't blame him.

"Help me remove my dress, dear boy," she said. "And then I'll suck your cock and your perverted friend will be able to get off as he watches us." She looked over her shoulder and winked at Morgan.

The undressing was perfunctory. It only took a minute; the Baroness Leithi Palnfit was skilled at undressing. Morgan admired her body; for an older woman who had been well-used, she held up well. Her tits were still full and didn't hang down like led weights. Her waist was trim and her ass was well-rounded. She had nothing to be ashamed of.

"She'd do well at Miss Brandywine's," Lili softly commented into Morgan's ear. "She's got a better body than half those whores."

Morgan was about to admonish his half-orc bodyguard, but then realized the former prostitute knew exactly what she was talking about. Together they silently watched the pair.

It was the most incredible sex show that Morgan had ever seen. Not that he had seen all that many sex shows. Most of them had been in the past week.

She started with an extremely enthusiastic blowjob where she proved that she could take Blywood's entire length down her throat. That impressed Morgan, but Lili less so.

"Easy trick. You just need to learn to control your gag reflex."

From there things progressed rapidly and it was obvious from the start that Leithi was completely in control of the situation. She brought Bly onto the bed after stripping him, climbed on top of his body and artfully inserted his cock into her cunt. She rode him like a professional jockey would ride a fine thoroughbred and then rolled them both over to give him the opportunity to be in control for a minute. But Morgan wasn't fooled. He knew that even with Bly on top, Leithi was the one in charge.

"You know how to use that cock," she encouraged her lover. "You've got me so wet I feel like I'm making a swamp of your bed."

That turned out to be a good thing because a moment later she pushed Bly off her and quickly got on her hands and knees. His cock was bobbing and throbbing, eager to be buried back in her cunt, but that was not to be.

"Do you like my ass?" she asked in a falsely innocent voice.

"Y-y-y-yes," Bly answered, his voice trembling.

"You know what I want. You know what to do."

Bly just nodded, having fallen under the baroness's spell. He took his rigid cock in hand and guided it into her slick and shining cleft. Leithi put her hand over his and made sure he had the right angle of approach.

She groaned as he filled up her asshole. It was a groan of delight.

"That sort of thing costs you double at Miss Brandywine's," commented Lili.

Morgan said nothing, but he was certain she wasn't exaggerating.

Their bodies joined in the most unnatural way, Bly proceeded to bugger his lover, but he barely knew what he was doing. Leithi leaned back into his thrusts and guided his pace with a hand on his thigh. He was little more than a

masturbatory tool for her and Bly was willing to do anything to perform that service.

The baroness knew exactly what she was doing. Morgan couldn't imagine how many lovers she had had over the years. When Bly's moment of crisis came, she knew that as well and didn't let him cum until she was ready.

She pushed him out of her rear entrance with a bump of her hips, and then smoothly rolled over with her legs splayed wide, two fingers buried in her cunt and one rubbing her clit. "Give it to me," she begged.

Bly pumped his cock once and then again, and then covered Leithi with an impressive amount of spunk. Her skin had puddles and dribbles from her chin to her slit. "Perfect," she purred.

A second later there was a thunderclap and a large frog was sitting between her legs.

Leithi turned her head to Morgan. "Please tell me that I turned him into that animal," she said. "I've never done it before, but I'm always learning new tricks."

"Sadly, no, Baroness. But your time has been…instructional."

After a sincere invitation to invite her back to the tower anytime for further displays of her prowess, the Baroness Leithi Palnfit reluctantly put her clothes back on and went on her way.

Morgan reluctantly turned the frog back into Prince Blywood.

"She's a demoness!" were the prince's first words upon being changed back.

"It looked like you were having the time of your life," Morgan observed.

"She makes me do things," he all but blubbered. "Things I wouldn't do otherwise."

"You wouldn't accept a blowjob from and then fuck and bugger a beautiful woman?"

He thought it over for a moment. “Well…no. But the way she does it…”

“You just don’t like her being in complete control of you,” Morgan said, dismissing his concerns but made a mental note to further investigate Baroness Leithi Palnfit to see if she was a demon or possessed by one.

The thought made him shudder and get hard at the same time.

The encounter with Cousin Truverda Hintfield wasn’t nearly as uncomfortable as Morgan had been anticipating. It turned out that the status of cousin was tenuous at best. She happily accepted the invitation to the tower thinking that meeting the city’s guardian wizard somehow gave her some additional status in the complicated political game that occupied the nobles. When he met her, Morgan couldn’t detect any family resemblance between Truverda and Blywood.

They had left her retinue behind in the consultation room to be entertained by Cassandra and Lili. “I don’t see the family blood in you at all, Lady Truverda,” said Morgan upon bringing her to the bedroom where Bly was waiting.

“Please, call me Tru,” she said politely. “And our relation is by marriage only. I married Bly’s third cousin.”

“Third cousin you say?” Morgan repeated, looking meaningfully at Bly.

“Still a cousin,” Bly insisted.

If it had been possible within his magical abilities Morgan would have removed his eyeballs from his skull and rolled them across the stone floor to make a point. He prided himself on showing great restraint in not trying. “If it pleases you, then fine. Go ahead and fuck her. Let’s get this over.”

Tru gasped at his crude language. “You promised never to tell a soul!” she screeched.

“I turn into a frog every time I have sex,” Bly said quickly.

That didn’t solve Tru’s resistance or confusion. “Disgusting!”

“What’s the problem?” grumbled Morgan. “Get to it.”

“What’s going on here?” Tru demanded, backing away from both of the and stumbling against the bed that had seen more than its fair share of sexual activity over the past week.

Bly somehow managed to explain, though he did it poorly. “The wizard Morgan is solving the curse that keeps turning me into a frog. All we have to do is find who set the curse and the way to do that is for me to have sex with everyone I’ve bedded in the past and see who doesn’t turn me into a frog.”

Tru gaped at Bly. “That’s inane. You think I’m a witch?”

After a long moment of searching for the right words all Bly was able to say was, “Maybe?”

From his corner of the room, Knut the dwarf grunted. “Ah told yeh. One of these women was going to catch on an then yeh’d be done.” He chuckled softly.

“Unless she’s the one,” Morgan pointed out.

That snapped Knut to attention. He snatched up the axe that had been resting against the wall and readied himself for a fight. Morgan had allowed his hand to stray to the combat wand secreted inside his sleeve.

“I’m not a witch!” Tru protested.

“That’s exactly what a witch would say!” cried Bly.

“True,” agreed Morgan.

“What?” asked Tru, confused.

“No. True. Not Tru.”

“What?”

Morgan shook his head. “Wrong true.”

“What?”

Clearly the woman wasn’t very bright. “I think you’re more of an adulteress than a witch,” Morgan said, producing his wand. “But you need to prove that right

now.”

She glared at Bly. “This is sick and twisted.”

“You’re the one who cheated on your husband,” Bly pointed out.

“Once!” she said while on the verge of tears.

“Twice,” Bly pointed out.

Tru gasped and realized he was right. “Okay twice. Well. Wait. No. Three times, remember?” She smiled at him, sharing a secret.

Morgan had already tired of their game. “Great. We’ve established exactly what you two are. Now can she prove she’s not the one.”

Apparently evoking the memories of what they had done together was enough to change Tru’s mind. “What do you need me to do?” she asked with a sly smile.

“Fellating him to completion would be enough to establish proof,” said Morgan.

“I can do a whole lot more than that,” she said as she removed her dress.

Tru was pretty and would have done well in Miss Brandywine’s, Morgan thought and at the same time hated himself for now evaluating women by that standard, but even though she had the advantage of youth compared to Baroness Leithi Palnfit she was a disappointment. She and Bly went through a rather dull session of him fucking her with her toes pointed to the ceiling.

He came quickly like he did with his partners and promptly changed back to a frog that landed with a wet plop between Tru’s tits. She screamed in terror though it was hard to tell if it was from the thunderclap or from Bly’s transformation. It certainly wasn’t because he was a great lover.

Morgan had Knut escort Tru from the bedroom. She was crying and clutching her dress to her body, partially covering herself. “Did she think you weren’t going to change?” Morgan asked the giant frog before changing him back to human.

Grabbing his breeches from the floor, Bly pulled them on and said, “Maybe?

She’s not the brightest candle the chandelier.”

The next day Knut had a special request for Morgan. “Mind if I sit this next one out?”

“It’s your day to do guard duty,” Morgan replied. “You know the new agreement. Two days on, two days off. You and Lili splitting the time.”

“Yeh, but I don’t want to see our prince bugger a stable boy.”

Morgan gave his dwarf bodyguard a thin smile. “You’ll see much more horrible things if you complete your contract with me.”

When Jaime the stable boy walked found his way to the tower and was brought up to the bedroom by a grumbling Knut, Morgan quickly understood why Bly had deviated from his previous choice of bedding only women to experiment with a man. Jaime was tall and had a head of shaggy blonde hair, soft pouting lips, and a muscular physique that was obvious even under his loose-fitting shirt.

“Ya wan’ me ta what?” Jaime said all mealy mouthed when Morgan explained what they needed him to do.

Morgan looked over at Bly whose face was red with embarrassment.

“I want to watch while you and Bly have sex,” Morgan said, quickly surmising that Jaime wasn’t the sharpest tool in the stable shed.

The handsome young man smiled. “We fucked befor’.”

“I know.”

“I sucked him off.”

“That would be fine if I could see that.”

“Then he buggered me.”

“Also would be fine.”

“You wanna join?”

“No. Thank you.” If not for his dim-wittedness Morgan would have been tempted.

“’kay.”

Morgan looked to Bly. “This is your play. Do you want his ass or his mouth?”

Bly opened up his breeches with more enthusiasm than Morgan would have guessed. Apparently Bly did swing both ways. “Mouth. He has a very talented mouth.”

Without waiting to be told what to do Jaime went down to his knees and got in front of the prince. “Do I get the same coin?” he asked as Bly exposed his cock.

Bly looked over to Morgan and nodded his head. Morgan just smiled in amusement. “Sure.”

Jaime nodded once and took Bly’s already semi-rigid cock into his mouth. What followed was a display of fellatio that more than rivaled what Morgan had seen the Baroness Leithi Palnfit perform on Bly. Jaime did it with enthusiasm and didn’t hold back in the least, while Morgan did. He was demure and stifled his moans and groans, but they all knew what had to happen. When Bly did cum, Jaime stayed eagerly attached to Bly’s cock and swallowed down every drop of his spunk.

The instant he was done cumming, there was the all-too-familiar thunderclap and a frog appeared in front of Jaime’s knees. “Wha’ du fuque?” mumbled the stable boy.

“Thank you, Jaime, that’s all we need.” Morgan nodded once to Knut who had been carefully studying the ceiling stonework done by his ancestors ages ago. The dwarf flipped the stable boy a single gold coin. Jaime was thrilled with his reward.

“One last person on your list, my prince,” said Morgan to the frog.

Bly’s alter ego croaked sadly.

Out of all the partners that the prince had written down, Morgan never would have guessed that Bly's tastes were wide enough to have included copulation with a dwarf. They found Curgold Stonebrake working in an armorer's workshop doing the hot, sweaty work that dwarves seemed to love and had more than just a bit of talent for.

"You didn't meet him at Miss Brandywine's?" asked Morgan.

"Why would you ask that?" Bly replied gruffly.

"Her establishment has come up more than a few times during this little investigation."

"You don't find dwarves working as prostitutes," said Lili from her position against the wall. Knut had taken his axe with him and she kept a pair of short swords strapped to her wide belt. "At least not at Miss Brandywine's."

Before Morgan could answer that question the door flew open and Knut came stomping in dragging another dwarf with him. He was latterly dragging the other dwarf by the scruff of his neck.

"Yeh can't make me do anything!" the other dwarf was screaming.

"Shut up, yeh useless turd burglar," Knut complained and rolled Curgold across the floor to thump up against the bed. "Do what the wizard wants and we'll be done soon enough."

Morgan looked mildly at the dwarf. "This is not an auspicious beginning."

"I don't care," groused the dwarf with a vicious glare at Lili who was merely amused. "Have to do this, can't do that, this job isn't worth the hassle."

"And you'll be released from your contract in five more years," Morgan reminded him.

"Don't want to see a dwarf bugger a man or a man bugger a dwarf. Tain't right."

"He's going to bugger me?" Curgold asked, his already thread voice rising an octave in fear. "Why? What did I do."

“Yeh buggered him first,” said Knut. “Or the other way around. I don’t care which.”

“No I didn’t!” Curgold protested.

“He didn’t,” Bly confirmed.

Morgan glared at the prince. “What? Do you know how much time and effort it took to find this damned man? What the fuck is he doing on your list?”

Bly shrugged his shoulder. “You said sex partners so I included him.”

“What—and I’m going to make this abundantly clear—what exactly did you do with or to Curgold?” Morgan demanded.

Bly opened his mouth, closed it, and then opened it again. “Like I put on the parchment. I wanted to see how hard you could abuse a dwarf.”

“And?” Morgan prompted.

“And he tied meh to a rack and used hammer and tongs and everyt’ing else on mah body,” Curgold said opening up his shirt to display a square chest full of scars.

Morgan looked askance at Bly. “Did you sexually abuse this man?” he asked.

“I paid him for the privilege.”

“True,” Curgold confirmed. “I have gamblin’ debts and the forge doesn’t pay ‘em off ver’ well.”

“Did he make you cum?” Morgan asked Bly.

“No.”

“He made meh cum,” said Curgold. “The man has quite the touch with the small sledge. An’ I walked away wit’ a bag o’ coins.”

“Thank you for your time Mister Stonebrake,” said Morgan dismissing him.

“Wha’ about meh payment?” the stocky man demanded.

“Knut, give him a few coins for his time.”

Knut escorted his countryman from the room while Morgan glared at Bly. Lili tittered in the background.

“This has been a fucking waste of time,” he told the prince. “Either you haven’t given me the full list of your partners or you’re hiding something.”

Bly started shaking, not in fear of the wizard, but in fear for his fate. “I swear I’m not lying. I could add some more names but those are over a year ago. I’ve been…busy with my current partners.”

Morgan considered his options and once he was sure that killing the city’s prince would be an excellent way of cutting both his career and his life short courtesy of the wizard’s council, he opted for a different tack.

“Well…you’ve obviously missed something. But since none of your current lovers seem to be interested in keeping you a frog, we’ll have to try something different.” He idly ran his fingers through his short beard. “It has to be someone close to you. If not a lover than someone who would want to prevent your sexual happiness.”

Lili snorted. Being a half-orc the sound was disturbing. “No. You’re wrong. Whoever cursed him doesn’t care about his sexual happiness.” She spat out the last two words. “His enemy just doesn’t want him getting laid.”

Morgan nodded. “That makes sense. That’s why I figured it had to be a jealous lover.”

Lili emphatically shook her head. “Nope. Just has to be someone who doesn’t want him to get laid.”

“Older brother or cousin who sees you as a threat to the throne?” Morgan asked.

“I’m my father’s eldest,” said Bly.

“Your father’s eldest?”

“Well…yeah. There’s my step-mother and half-brother, but he’s still an infant.”

Morgan smiled. “Princess Ona? I remember hearing about the wedding.”

“You were invited. We were invited.” said Cassandra. Morgan hadn’t realized she had slipped into the room. “We didn’t go.”

“Who wants to go to royal weddings?” Morgan rhetorically asked.

Cassandra wisely didn’t answer that question. “Prince Humbert’s second marriage. Solidified the alliance between us and Yort. Young prince Blywood might eventually take the throne when his father dies, but if he’s dead then Bonny Prince Orlaf—Bly’s half-brother—gets a fair shot at it.”

“And if Blywood doesn’t have any offspring, Orlaf moves up the order of success,” Morgan figured. “We have our suspect.”

Chapter Fourteen

Mirror travel was quick and silent which made it a favorite way for many wizards to travel long distances with little effort. Morgan found it disorienting and a little nauseating so he avoided using it as much as possible. It was a fairly simple process. Cast the spell, step through the anchor mirror and step out through the passage mirror. To go home, reverse the process. All that was really needed were two mirrors that one could step through.

Morgan found one in Princess Ona's private bedroom. Scrying mirrors was easy. He had planned on waiting a few days but that turned out not to be necessary. The right opportunity presented itself almost immediately which said a lot about One's private morals and behavior.

The woman that was officially Bly's stepmother wasn't much older than he was and was certainly still fertile. Bly's father, Prince Humbert, wasn't a young man but he was virile—or so he claimed. But he wasn't virile enough for Princess Ona.

When Morgan spied on her he saw the princess riding atop another man. She showed no shame in giving pleasure to her lover and seemed to enjoy it when he smacked her breasts. The blows looked painful to Morgan, but Ona screamed in delight as she was abused. Having a man's cock buried in her cunt no doubt helped distract her from the pain.

Casting the mirror travel spell was easy. Morgan stepped through the anchor mirror in his laboratory—

—and found himself falling from the ceiling of Ona's bedroom and onto the bed next to the two lovers. Ona shrieked again, this time not from her lover's slap but from the sudden, unexpected arrival of a wizard from above.

"Who the fuck puts a mirror on the ceiling," he complained, groaning as he cursed. He rolled over and was glad his fall was broken by the mattress and not by the bodies of Ona and her lover. It would be difficult to explain to Prince Humbert her accidental death.

"Who the fuck are you?" Princess Ona said in reply. After her initial shock, she comported herself quickly. Her hands were over her impressive breasts hiding the nipples that Morgan had only gotten the briefest of glances at when he fell.

“I like the mirror on the ceiling because I like to watch myself fuck,” the man Princess Ona had been fucking said.

“Shut up, Gil,” Ona silenced him. She somehow managed to maintain some dignity even naked and committing adultery while being interrupted by a falling wizard. “Who the fuck are you and why are you in my bedroom?”

Morgan had taken the time to put on his official robes and even opted for the pointy hat he had inscribed with useless, but pretty, symbols that were in no way magical. He rolled off the bed, somehow didn’t tangle himself in the robes, and went to doff his hat to mock Ona, but realized the hat was still on the bed. He snatched it up, placed it on his head, then doffed it and bowed, before putting it back on his head a second time. The hat obscured the blue pentagram tattoo on his forehead which should have tipped off the princess. “Morgan the city wizard, at your service, ma’am. Princess Ona, I mean.” He peered at the man and made a few complex gestures with his fingers. “You don’t look like Prince Humbert.”

“I’m not. I’m Gilbert.” He immediately clamped a hand over his mouth.

“Truth compulsion spells are very weak,” Morgan reassured him. “Don’t say anything and you’ll be fine. I already knew you weren’t Humbert.”

“Get out of my room!” screamed Ona at Morgan.

She was rather pretty when distressed, but a woman holding her tits had always been a weakness of Morgan’s. “Don’t tell me what to do, Princess,” he thundered at her. Using a voice of compulsion was dangerous, but he doubted servants or guards would come rushing in. They undoubtedly knew about Ona’s faithlessness and a few unusual sounds wouldn’t disturb them; they were well-paid for their silence. “You’d better leave,” he said to Gilbert in the same magically enhanced voice. Morgan winced and waggled his fingers at his throat, ending the spell.

“I can’t,” Gilbert yelped as he tried to toss Ona off his body and escape.

Only then did Morgan notice the man was chained to the bed by his ankles and one wrist and a collar around his neck. One hand was free to abuse Ona’s tits. That sickened Morgan; what kind of pervert couldn’t choose between bondage or discipline? Rolling his eyes, Morgan released a bit of magical energy that popped the simple iron padlocks that held him in place.

The man all but tossed Ona off his body; she fell face first into the bedcovers. He snatched up his clothes and made a quick and hasty exit, without a stitch of clothing on.

Morgan regarded Ona from the foot of the bed. She had a very nice round ass. It wasn't as ass worth being executed over, but he understood Gilbert's temptation. "He has a nice cock," Morgan commented about the now absent Gilbert. "That's still no reason to cheat on your husband."

Ona humphed and climbed off the bed, her hands still covering her tits. Apparently she was fine with Morgan getting a view of her pussy. "Get out of my room!"

"Release the curse on Prince Blywood first," Morgan said calmly as the princess found a robe and covered her body. That disappointed the wizard. He wouldn't have minded carrying on the conversation while leering at Ona. He doubted she had any problems with him leering at her either because she knew her naked body would be a distraction.

Morgan wasn't easily distracted when he didn't want to be distracted; he had a wife at home who was a different order of beautiful every day.

"What curse?" she asked innocently. "Stop making ridiculous demands."

He could have had a long argument with Ona, but he wasn't in the mood for magical debate. Instead he raised his hand a released some energy he had been building up. It was a simple spell. They were the best and most reliable when tearing down complex ones. The shimmering yellow light danced from his fingertips to shower over Ona's naked body. She pulled back and tried to avoid the spell, but it was of no use. Morgan wasn't sure if she was using an illusion or an actual transformation, but it didn't matter. Ona reverted back to her natural state while Morgan held her captive.

She went from a beautiful human woman to a golden enchantress. The change was unsettling enough, but added to that was the revelation that she was one of the most dangerous magical creatures in the known world was all it took to make Morgan shiver in fear, something he didn't let her see. Ona's skin was shiny yellow and while not blinding, she gave off a natural light that told everyone she was not human. Her breasts shrank and became small, proud mounds. Her body was much more androgynous even with her highly angled eyes and tapered ears.

Morgan suspected there was some elf blood in her, but she wasn't a natural creature or race. "Remove the curse, enchantress," he repeated. "I know that your kind is hunted by many. You've found sanctuary here. Don't make me have the king act against you. Deception of the crown is a capital crime."

Ona tried to answer but only choked. Remembering he held her paralyzed, he released her tongue. "How did you know?"

"The magic was natural. You're no witch or wizard. You want to put your son on the throne. What else does an enchantress want other than sex and power?"

"Why should I release him?"

"Because if you don't I'll kill you right here, right now." He closed the fingers of his left hand and she found breathing became impossible. He let her suffer a minute and then let her breathe again.

"It was a very clever spell, basing it on his body's autonomous reaction rather than implanting it in his physiology. Release him."

Not willing to risk execution, Ona closed her eyes and concentrated. She mumbled a few words and Morgan felt energy leaving the room. He briefly closed his eyes and contacted his wife.

Did anything just happen to Bly?

He's no longer a frog if that's what you mean.

Lili had been kind enough to fuck Bly back into a frog, though she charged twice what she had at Miss Brandywine's for the privilege. "Can't say I've done everything if I haven't done everything," was her reasoning.

Morgan released the spell holding Ona and then released the spell that had shattered her illusion. "You're safe from me," he told her. "I hope you are happy with Prince Humbert. You're safe within the city…as long as you try nothing like this ever again."

With a quick crossing of her hands Ona reverted from her enchantress form back to the merely attractive human form she had been wearing. "Why wouldn't I?"

“Because I’m not the only one who knows your secret,” he said, looking around the room. “And you have a son who will suffer your fate as well.” He frowned. “Do you have a mirror that’s not on your ceiling?”

Returning to the tower was much easier than sneaking into the palace. While Morgan didn’t expect a welcoming committee, he expected more than just a giant frog in a basket full of wet mud.

“Right,” he said and cast the spell that had become second nature to him by now.

Prince Blywood appeared with one food stuck in the mud. As usual, he was naked and he covered his cock. “This is less uncomfortable when there are more people around,” he said. “Funny that.”

“Yes. Very funny. Your stepmother shouldn’t be bothering you any longer. You can fuck anyone you want and not turn into a frog.”

“Thank you,” Bly said as he stepped down from the table and kicked the mud off his foot. A pile of clothes sat on the table and he started dressing.

“You need to watch yourself around her. She’s…dangerous.”

“I know.”

Once Bly was dressed, Morgan escorted him from the tower. After closing the door behind him, Morgan became aware of a rhythmic thumping.

“Not again.”

He followed the shaking of the tower back to its source. He had expected to wind up at Knut’s room. He was wrong. The vibrations brought him to Lili’s quarters. No door is ever locked securely against a wizard’s entrance, especially in his own tower. It took the merest thought to pop the lock and Morgan was treated to the tangle of limbs and iron toys involving both Lili and Knut. It wasn’t the most disturbing thing he had ever seen. But it was more than disturbing enough. He closed the door and retreated to the room he shared with his wife.

“Knut is in Lili’s room.”

“Mmm. So I gathered.” Cassandra was reading a book and didn’t look up at her husband. She was pretty today with long brown hair that reached to her waist and dusky brown skin that was soft to the touch. He would be sad to see this body disappear into the aether.

“How?” asked Morgan as he stripped off his formal robes.

“They’re shaking the tower. Again. The real question is: Is Knut inside Lili?” She smiled slyly.

“I…I couldn’t tell when I looked.” He paused. “I wasn’t looking that closely.”

Cassandra put down her book. “I would have thought after this week you’d want to see some more people copulating.”

He joined her in bed. “Ugh. No. I might not want to see anyone ever having sex again.”

“Ever?”

“Ever. Except maybe myself. But certainly not in a mirror.”

She waved her hands and the candles in the bedroom extinguished themselves. Simple cantrips were not beyond Cassandra’s abilities. “Your sigil is glowing,” she pointed out. The blue light was strong enough to drown out the moonlight coming in the window.

“I know.”

“Is that a problem?”

“Either I’m being alerted to some magical problem or I’m horny,” he said closing his eyes and laying his head on the pillow.

Cassandra slipped her hand down under the blankets and found his cock. It was soft. “You’re not horny.”

“Make me horny,” he begged. “I don’t feel like dealing with another stupid

problem today, tonight, or for the rest of the year.”

“If I suck you off, will all the evil in the world go away?” she asked as she kissed her way down his chest.

“I hope so,” Morgan replied as her lips wrapped around his cock. “I hope so.”

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

Annedulisia's Anger

Part Four of The Palace

“Dangerous words,” said Oliver. “I never knew you hated your mother.”

Roderick sniffed. “I think it’s she hates me. And my father.”

Tis, the little whore whom Oliver had all but given to Roderick wrapped her arm around Oliver’s leg and rested her cheek on his thigh. This distracted him enough to push her away again. As much as he wanted to fuck either Tis or Tev, it wasn’t going to happen now. “Leave us,” he ordered. The two whores climbed off the bed and disappeared into the next room.

Roderick’s eyes narrowed as he watched the two depart. He automatically followed the lithe sway of Tis’s buttocks. “Can we trust them?”

Oliver shrugged. “For the most part. I’ll keep them under lock and key for the next few weeks. I’ll sell them off if I need to. Who is going to believe a couple of whores, anyway?”

“That’s the problem,” said Roderick. “If anyone believes them—”

“That’s not the real problem,” Oliver pointed out. “The real problem is why your mother—supposedly—has had so many people killed. Including an attempt on your life.”

Roderick slowly shook his head. “No, the real problem is what happens to her next.”

Aphra tightened the thin rope around her victim’s wrist. The rope was thin but strong enough to hold a man in place. But her victim wasn’t a man, it was the Princess Margareta. The pretty wife of Prince Roderick was naked and bound to her bed, limbs splayed, wrists and ankles bound to each corner post of the bed and a gag securely fixed in her mouth.

“Too tight?” Aphra asked her lover.

Margareta shook her head back and forth. In her right hand she had a wadded up red scarf that she continued to grip.

What they were doing was dangerous, not because Aphra didn't know how to effectively bind and control another person, but because if they were interrupted there would be too many questions to answer. "Good," she said with a confidence she didn't feel.

To heighten the tension of the moment, Aphra was still fully dressed while the princess was naked and vulnerable. She used that power imbalance to delight the princess. Reaching out, she grasped the princess's nipple between thumb and forefinger and pinched and twisted it.

Margareta arched her back and cried out in pain, but the cry was muffled by the gag. No one could hear her.

Before proceeding Aphra glanced at Margareta's right hand and saw the scarf still there. Without asking permission or giving warning, Aphra brought her hand down sharply on the princess's other breast, slapping the nipple as hard as she dared. Margareta gasped and twisted in pain. "Too much?" Aphra asked as she watched the pinkness spread across Margareta's chest.

Once more Margareta shook her head back and forth. Aphra marveled at her pain tolerance. Next she dipped her fingers into the princess's cunt, pushing them deeply into the crevice, discovering her wetness and then withdrew her fingers before Margareta could get any real enjoyment from the penetration. Tasting her fingers, Aphra proclaimed, "Your cunt is a sweet delight."

Margareta didn't react. Aphra knew what she needed. The wooden pegs were split nearly in half and were used by the laundresses to hold clothes on lines to dry them. They fit neatly on Margareta's pretty nipples. She shook her head and whined through her gag, but Aphra ignored that; she knew the pain wasn't that great. The scarf remained wadded up in Margareta's hand.

"With your permission," she asked mockingly and got into position between Margareta's legs. She licked the length of the princess's swollen and wet lips before getting the clit between her lips and sucking as hard as she dared. Margareta bucked her body about, but Aphra was much stronger than the bound princess and it was an easy feat to hold her in place while she continued her vigorous bout of cunnilingus. It was an honor to do this to the princess, and

Aphra was delighted that the princess liked her lovemaking rough. The princess was so desperate for attention and affection it was incredibly easy for Aphra to make her cum.

Margareta practically levitated her body off the bed when she came, partially propelled by the muffled noise that was diminished by the gag in her mouth. Aphra didn't stop eating the princess's cunt, and pinned her back to the bed, trying for another orgasm. Margareta was already on edge and when Aphra reached up with both hands and plucked the pegs from her nipples, the painful orgasm that ran through her body was the height of perfection.

Aphra didn't release the princess from her bindings right away, but she did remove her gag so she could kiss Margareta. Tears were seeping out of the corners of the princess's eyes and Aphra kissed them away. "Thank you," Margareta said softy. Her lover noted that the scarf was still gripped tightly in her fist.

"It was my pleasure, my princess," she said as she curled up next to Margareta. Her silk dress felt cool and comfortable against Margareta's naked skin.

"You know, you could be tried for treason for what you just did to me," Margareta teased. "Think of what would happen if Roderick walked in right now."

"I think he'd want to fuck me," Aphra said boldly and reached between Margareta's legs. "Or maybe he'd like to fuck you while making me watch. After all, your cunt is more than ready." There was a slowly spreading wet spot on the bed, but Aphra knew to expect that with her lover.

"He's more interested in his mistress or some other coquette rather than me," Margareta said dismissively.

"I'd give you a child if I could," Aphra said softly. They both knew that was impossible.

"I should take a male lover. It doesn't matter who. My husband can't do the necessary feat with me, so maybe someone else could."

They both knew that was also impossible. Roderick happily tolerated Margareta dallying with Aphra, but he considered her cunt his property and no other man's

cock was allowed anywhere near it.

“You’re starting to bruise,” Aphra pointed out, her finger circling the princess’s areola. Little purple marks were growing on her breasts where Aphra had been too rough.

Margareta sniffed. “Release me. The bruises don’t matter. He’s happy I have a lover that poses no threat to him.”

Aphra loosened the ropes, stopping with each limb to admire how the rope had left regular marks on wrist and ankle. When Margareta was free, she pulled Aphra down to her for another kiss.

“I love you,” the princess said abruptly.

Her words startled and frightened Aphra. “No you don’t,” she said quickly. “We have affection for our dalliance. Not love.”

Margareta didn’t address Aphra’s denial. “Does serving in the king’s army preclude you from marrying?” she asked.

“No, but I have no desire to marry a man.”

“And I’m already married,” said Margareta. “I suppose I’ll have to be satisfied with having you as a lover.” She pulled Aphra back down to her on the bed and they cuddled together. Aphra let her hands roam over the princess’s smooth skin, feeling the slope of her limbs and the pleasant curve of her belly down to her cunt.

“You can’t accuse your mother of treason based only one the tortured confession of one man, a questionable man at that. Besides, why would she want all those people dead—including you?” Oliver had a good point.

Roderick had an answer.

“She has effectively cut off the bloodline from my father’s family ever controlling the throne again—but that would mean I have to die as well.”

“Even if she did kill you, her only living son because Martin is also dead, that wouldn’t put her on the throne.”

“No,” agreed Roderick. Oliver had put on a dressing gown, but the thin silk hid nothing from Roderick’s eyes. “After I die, you’d be next on the throne.”

Oliver’s jaws worked in protest, but no words came out of his mouth. Abruptly he laughed. “You don’t honestly believe I want to rule this kingdom, do you?!”

Roderick considered his cousin. He was seated on the edge of the bed and all but naked. Roderick was standing, facing his best friend from childhood. He could feel the weight of the dagger at his belt.

“No,” he said after a long, uncomfortable silence. “You’d rather fuck your lovers and drink my wine. You have no plans to put your ass on the throne.”

Oliver exhaled in relief.

“But I believe you’re the pawn of my mother’s plan. I have need of more proof and you’ll help me get it.”

“Just kill the bitch before she gives birth.”

“I’ll need more money.”

“Why? I already paid you for the job. Now finish it.”

“Before she was barely guarded. Now it will be ten times as difficult.”

“I should have to suffer because of your incompetence?”

The man in the shadow shrugged. “If you want the job completed, yes.”

“Why can I not get money for my household expenses?” Princess Annedulisia demanded of her son.

Roderick regarded her carefully. “All accounts have been frozen while the royal

inspector does an auditing of all expenses. I'm not having money flying out of the palace now when it is needed for critical matters."

"I have a critical need," Annedulisia said firmly.

"Then submit a receipt to the royal inspector and he'll have it paid." He paused. "If it is a necessary expense."

"It's for clothing," Annedulisia said, her lip curling. "Of course it's critical."

"I doubt that," Roderick said coolly. "But once the accounting is done, your account will be settled."

His mother bristled at the restriction, but said nothing more. Lifting up her skirts, she swirled around and marched out of the office.

The party that Oliver had arranged was ridiculous. Ostensibly, it was supposed to be a masquerade but everyone who had been invited knew who was who. Wearing masks did little to hide everyone's identity. Masks were also the only article of clothing most people were wearing, though some kept on scarfs or stockings and jewelry. Supposedly the masks were to hide the identities of the revelers from each other, but they all knew each other too well for that. Some men went so far as to raise their masks when performing cunnilingus or fellatio on their partners, but it was all in good fun.

Roderick watched as Oliver knelt behind Tev and pushed his cock into the boy's bottom. He couldn't tell if Tev enjoyed the attention or not because the prettyboy's face was buried between Tis's leg, eagerly eating her cunt. The switchgirl definitely liked what Tev was doing based on her writhing body and how tightly her eyes were screwed shut, which was easily visible behind her mask.

Feeling a tug on his cock, Roderick looked down to see a woman pulling on his manhood. It took him only a second to recognize Emilia, the daughter of some minor noble. "Do you mind, sir?" she giggled, before opening her mouth and taking Roderick's length into her mouth.

He felt like he didn't have a choice. That was fine. Emilia was rather pretty,

though the mask hide most of her features. It was nice seeing his cock between her painted red lips and as she sucked on him, she mauled her over-large breast with one hand.

“My lord, a moment of your time?”

Roderick turned to see a man standing next to him. The man wore a mask like everyone else, but had on his shirt, though it was open. His cock dangled out of his trousers; it hung limply as if everything going on around him affected him not at all.

“What can I do for you?” Roderick said. Maybe the man was a servant. He didn’t recognize the man’s body, half-hidden face, or limp cock.

“This is a matter of some important business,” said the man.

“Business? You’re bringing that up during a party?” Roderick asked, feigning offense. He looked down at Emilia who was now eagerly fellating him. It was an unfortunate side effect of being the crown prince that he couldn’t tell if she was doing it because she wanted to or because it would curry some favor from him. Automatically he had assumed she knew exactly who he was. Why wouldn’t he? Everyone else knew.

“Now is the most advantageous time, my lord.” The man was keeping up the fiction that he didn’t know exactly who Roderick was. After taking a moment to admire how Emilia’s lips wrapped prettily around his cock, Roderick glanced quickly around the room. Half of those in attendance at the party were too engaged in their sex act of choice to take notice of anything. The other half weren’t paying any attention to Roderick at all. Or at least they were doing a good job of pretending not to pay attention to Roderick.

“I’ve got my cock in this pretty young thing’s mouth,” said Roderick. “I think you can wait a few minutes.” While steadying his cock with her right hand, Emilia carefully cupped his balls with her left and artfully snaked a finger along his taint. There was no reason to protest; Roderick wanted to see what she intended.

The stranger didn’t take Roderick’s not very subtle brush off. “There is the matter of payment for services rendered,” he said softly while leaning in to Roderick’s ear. The crown prince doubted anyone could hear their conversation

—except perhaps for Emilia.

Roderick put a hand on the man's bare chest and pushed him back. Only then did he realize that he knew everyone in the room—by face if not by name—except for this stranger who had accosted him. "Make an appointment with my office and we'll discuss it later," he said emphatically.

The stranger frowned behind his mask while Emilia redoubled her efforts on Roderick's cock. The crown prince quickly decided she was in it for the fun of it because if he deposited his seed in her throat there would be no chance of pregnancy and no long-term advantage to her. "The princess—your mother—has run up a substantial debt and payment is due. See to it that her accounts are balanced or the society will ensure there will be…accidents." The last word was hissed by the stranger while Emilia finally wormed her finger up between Roderick's buttocks to tease at his anus. The intrusion was enough to push him unexpectedly over the edge and he came in her mouth.

Emilia enthusiastically swallowed all of his ejaculation—clearly the young lady had practiced this skill before trying it on him—and that moment gave the stranger his opportunity to depart. Although he appreciated her efforts, Roderick found himself annoyed by Lady Emilia's need to suck the royal cock at that particular moment. He scanned the room but the stranger was gone.

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