Family Secrets - New Orleans

Soul 71

Part 1

Cicadas hissed into the damp, humid night. Joan Crower huffed as she rode her brother's cock late into the night. Eager to expand her family as was her parents once she and Rick told them about their attempts to have a third child. How she loved seeing her parents again after so many years in their search for their long forgotten relatives. Leaning down lightly kissing her brother's lips as he huffed and puffed as he fucked her. They have been trying for the past two years to have another child, yet it seemed something was wrong. Nothing the doctors they saw could ever explain what was wrong with them. How she desperately wanted to hold another child in her arms.

"Fuck, I'm cumming Joan," Rick groaned as he pumped his hips into his little sister.

"Maybe this time it will take," Joan ran her hands over her stomach.

"Well, how about we call Charlotte and Kelly, I'm sure they might have some advice for us since they do have all those books," Rick said breathing heavily. Unaware of what had happened to his sister, nephew, and the coven they had left behind.

"Maybe," Joan said chewing on her lower lip. "Do you think Charlotte will help? You know how angry she was at us for not returning to help Wendy?"

"I don't know sweetheart," Rick yawned as he turned on his side to look at his sister. "However, it never hurts to ask. I'll call I don't mind an ass chewing," he said kissing his wife before pulling the covers up along his body.

"Help! Help!" came a shout in the wee hours of dawn. The hoodoo altar they had taken into their practice burned as those twelve people watched on unable to extinguish those hungry flames.

"Martha? I think it's time to call him. Maybe he could possibly face them," Carson said placing a hand on his wife's shoulder as his eyes narrowed at the sight before him. If he

had known about the threat his children and newly rediscovered family members were facing. He would have called Samuel the moment they had arrive at that old French Quarter mansion their cousins had managed to hold onto throughout the years.

"Do you think he would be able to help?" Martha asked worried about her husband and her children. This was not how she thought things would go when they arrived in New Orleans.

"Mom? Dad? Just who are you talking about?" Joan asked watching the newly constructed altar crumbled before her eyes.

"Samuel." Was the only thing Carson said as he watched Rick try in vain to stop the blaze.

Salem, Massachusetts. A day later.

Soft sensuous moans fill Samuel's bedroom as Kelly and Charlotte rubbed their naked bodies against Samuel's in

their slumber. Samuel hasn't gotten a decent night's sleep since moving out of his dorm room due to his mother's constant need to crawl into their bed at night and fall asleep squarely on his chest. Not that he was complaining about the two hot naked women at his side, however, Samuel could deal without the massive drool that marred his chest.

"Hello," Samuel said answering his phone as quietly as he could.

"Hey kiddo," his grandfather's voice came over the line, "is the coven still causing you trouble?"

"Not any more, I destroyed them," Samuel said in a matter-of-fact tone, "along with Norman."

"What?!" Carson said in stun disbelief.

"I know you aren't calling this early in the morning to catch up grandpa...," Samuel stopped as he felt his mother stirring on his chest.

"Samuel, how would you mind making a trip down here?"

"Why? What's going on grandpa?" Samuel asked keeping the fact that they were already planning a trip to see his grandparents from them.

"There's something going on down here, I can't get into it over the phone. It might not be safe for us to do, but we(I) need you to come down here," Carson grew silent contemplating on the problem his family was facing, "listen we really could use whatever magic you use down here. I don't know what it is, but I'm sure these people wouldn't know how to take you on."

"Okay," Samuel said unsure if he would be any kind of help to his grandparents. "Are you sure you need me and not Kelly or Charlotte, grandpa? I'm not even a novice yet. They're the real witches here not I."

"I'm quite sure Sammy. It would ease my and your grandmother's mind if we know we have someone like you to keep these people in check. Their attacks have grown since we been down here."

"Alright," Samuel said wondering how he was going wiggle himself out of bed without waking Kelly and Charlotte. "It may take us a day or two to get everything ready," he said looking down as his mother stirred on his chest. Hoping the puddle of drool wouldn't run down onto his bed.

"Sammy," Wendy said weakly as she roused from her slumber.

"Here talk to grandpa," Samuel said handing her his phone. Trying not to breathe as he smelled what awaited him in her diaper.

"Hey Daddy!" Wendy said excitedly sitting up on her son's chest.

"Hey pumpkin! How's my sweet little girl doing?"

"I'm fine another tooth came in the other day. We went and saw Samuel's college a couple of weeks ago when we helped to move him out of his dorm. It was neat!" Wendy said

watching how her son tried to keep in his laughter at the sight of how ridiculous she looked holding his S9 to her ear.

"Really?! Wow. Those things are just coming in, aren't they?"

"Mmmhmm," Wendy nodded against the phone, giving her son a puzzled look as he held her close. Gasping as Samuel snapped his fingers causing the two of them to disappear in a flash, reappearing at the foot of the bed without disturbing Kelly and Charlotte.

"Is something wrong Wendy? It sounded like you got cut off for a second?"

"No, nothing is wrong, Samuel is just showing off," Wendy said as Samuel carried her into the bathroom.

"Ah. Okay. Sweetheart let me talk to Samuel for a bit before I have to go."

"Okay Daddy. I love you," Wendy said smiling as her father told her he loved her too, "here," she said holding his phone up.

"Yeah?" Samuel said resting his phone between his ear and shoulder as he laid his mother down. Undoing the snap buttons that held the lower half of her onesie closed.

"That's a good son wipe my poopy butt!" Wendy giggled as Samuel reeled back from the stench that greeted him once he opened her diaper.

"Are you sure you're going to be able to get down here?"

"Sure, don't worry grandpa we'll be there no later than by the end of the week," Samuel said trying not to gag at the sight of the explosive diarrhea that greeted him so early in the morning. "Well, young missy, seems you need a bath," he said tickling his mother's stomach after tossing the aftermath of the bomb his mother released into the trash.

"Nah-uh," Wendy said in a child-like voice trying to fight back her laughter.

"Well," Carson sighed, "seems Wendy is being difficult this morning I'll let you go. Call me once you get under way, okay?"

"Sure grandpa," Samuel said placing his hand on his mother's chest to keep her from falling off the sink as he hung up his phone. "Now little lady let's get you all wet," he said plucking Wendy off the sink counter.

"No!" Wendy giggled playfully beating her tiny hands against her son's chest as Samuel reached in to turn the hot water on in the shower.

"Yes," Samuel hissed menacingly wiggling his fingers causing his mother to laugh loudly as he tickled her.

"Sam, what did Dad want?" Wendy asked as she sat on the shower floor as her son lathered her skin.

"Something is happening down there, grandpa didn't tell me what it is; but he asked for my help," Samuel said as he ran the washcloth along her chest. Feeling the water pounding on his back, pooling around his ass as he sat in front of his mother.

"I see," Wendy said her eyes darting to and fro. "Then we need to go as soon as possible. We can't allow an attack on our family to stand," she said setting her puffy cheeks in determination.

"First," Samuel said holding up a finger, "we need to talk about this constant need to drool on my chest," he said with an amused smirk.

"Hey now, I have you know you did the same thing," Wendy huffed crossing her small arms.

"I did no such thing," Samuel said wiggling his nose at her as he helped her to stand. Running the washcloth between her legs after cleaning her lower half ensuring that his mother was all nice and clean.

"You did too," Wendy said nodding, "when you were little you used to sleep in-between my boobs. Slobbering all over them as I held you so close to me," she said holding her hands against her breasts bone recounting such sweet memories. "I loved it too," Wendy said sweetly, "it made me feel so close to you," she said reaching out taking hold of his face in her hands. "You're my baby, you'll always be my baby don't you ever forget that," Wendy said smiling motherly at him.

"Yes Mom," Samuel said placing a kiss on her forehead.

"Now that I'm all clean, you wash yourself," Wendy said wiping the water from her forehead. Samuel's head snapped to the left as the pounding of feet rushed into the bathroom. Fighting down his stomach as someone hurled into the toilet. "I'll look you just wash your hair. I don't want soap to get in your eyes," Wendy said crawling across the tile floor. "Charlotte!" she said in surprise as her sister hugged the toilet bowl. "Is everything okay?" Wendy asked pushing the shower curtain aside, crawling along the bathroom mat to her sister's side.

"I think so," Charlotte said trying to gather breath.

"Victor must be behaving badly this morning," Wendy said placing her wet hand against Charlotte's stomach. "Don't worry sis, morning sickness will pass," she said patting her naked thigh. Charlotte just nodded as she held her raven hair back.

"What are you doing in here?" Kelly asked groggily as she stood in the doorway.

"Sammy gave me a bath," Wendy chirped as she looked up at her daughter. Holding out her hands to her for Kelly to dry her off.

"I see," Kelly said plucking her daughter off the floor, "then you wouldn't mind going back in then," she said before snatching back the shower curtain. "Good morning little brother," Kelly cooed sensuously, kissing Samuel passionately as she stepped underneath the shower head. "Thanks for warming up the shower," she purred. Running

her tongue up his neck getting her first drink of the day of the man that has come to command her heart.

"Kelly, you need to pack we are leaving once we have had breakfast," Wendy said sternly growing red in the face as her daughter took liberties with her son.

"Wendy?" Charlotte said sticking her head into the shower. "What's going on?"

"Yes, do tell," Kelly said looking down at her daughter/mother.

"I don't know all the details since Dad asked for Samuel specifically," Wendy said looking between the two. "All I know is they're in trouble."

"Then," Kelly said chewing on her lip. She had been waiting for this morning to have hot, steamy shower sex with her brother. "We don't have time for...?" she asked looking down at Samuel's manhood.

"Afraid not," Wendy said shaking her head.

"That's such a shame, that my dear sweet Samuel can't run this," Kelly said in a wanton filled purr as she caress his cock, "into his sister's hot sweet snatch, now can he?" she asked loving that nervousness she saw in his eyes. After two months of straight sex Samuel still had an innocence about him that she found so adorable.

"Kelly, you shouldn't tease the father of his father," Charlotte said stepping into the shower, "a sister shouldn't tease my man so wantonly," she said her lips dancing along the back of Samuel's neck as she pressed her 36D breasts against his wet back. "I might have to punish you," Charlotte said her eyes flashing seductively as she peered over Samuel's left shoulder.

"Bring it," Kelly said with a challenging smirk.

"Well, let's get you out of here," Samuel said taking his mother from Kelly's arms, "can't have you staying in there for to long or you'll overheat," he said peering out of the

corner of his right eye as Charlotte assaulted Kelly's lips who returned her own volley.

"Oh?!" Charlotte gasped in shock as she felt the smack on her ass. "You naughty boy," she purred hungrily as she and Kelly peered back at him.

"I think Samuel needs to be punished too, don't you think so auntie?" Kelly asked her hands lavishing on Charlotte's ass. Spreading them apart flashing Samuel her aunts chocolate starfish.

"Yes, yes, he does, but that will have to wait until tonight," Charlotte said with a coy smile.

"Mmmhmm," Kelly agreed before she and her aunt explored each other underneath that shower head.

"Baby make sure you pack lot's of diapers," Wendy said her voice was muffled by the towel as Samuel dried her off.

"I was thinking of taking all of them," Samuel said spreading out the damp towel along the bed before placing his mother on it, "since this cute little butt has been upset the past couple of days," he teased tugging gently on her pinky toe.

"Hey now! It's not my fault that's what happens when you start to wean a child off his/her mother's milk," Wendy said bashfully as Samuel took hold of her ankles lifting her up slightly before sliding the diaper underneath her.

"Sure, sure you say that now," Samuel said pulling out the Velcro tabs, "I just think you like having me wipe your butt," he teased as the last tab fell into place. Wendy's hands flew to her face to hide her embarrassment. "Now what shall you wear to day?" Samuel mused.

"She's to wear the yellow dress today!" Samuel heard his sister's voice echoing from within the bathroom.

"Well, you heard your mother," Samuel said looking down at his mother not dwelling on how weird this all was.

"But it makes me look fat," Wendy pouted.

"What? You're a toddler, I don't think you should be thinking about sex appeal yet," Samuel chuckled as he walked over to the stack of clothes that had come to grace the surface of his dresser.

"But...but," Wendy said hanging her head twisting the tips of her index fingers against one another. While her adult mind yearned for that very thing, her body on the other hand wasn't up to par just yet. Sighing loudly into her mind knowing it was going to be seventeen long years before she could show how much she loved her son.

"Mom don't worry about it," Samuel said pulling the dress over her head. Yet as Samuel maneuvered his mother's right arm into the sleeve of the dress. Something pulled at his mind, ripping his astro form out from his body. Samuel breathed heavily as he knelt on that cobble stone lane. The eighteenth century gas street lamp flickered behind him. Ever since he had sundered the coven, she hasn't called for him. He knew it would only have been a matter of time

before she did so again. Samuel just hoped it wasn't to dangerous for them.

"The time is approaching my Herald. I wonder if you are up to the task?" Hekatê's disembodied voice seemed so far away. "Such wonders await you in New Orleans. Do protect my budding cult that is your first task. Ensure that my return to the world of man goes unhindered. Now for your more important assignment...I'll let you figure that out on your own once you arrive."

"Sammy!" Wendy's voice carried the hints of worry as she looked into her son's blankness gaze.

"What...?" Samuel's hand shot to his head as his brain pounded on his skull.

"Mom? What's going on in here?" Kelly asked stepping out of the bathroom wrapping her towel around her.

"How would I know?" Wendy grumbled.

"Sam?" Kelly asked a touch of worry making it's way into the tone of her voice.

"I'm...alright, I think," Samuel said shaking his head. His vision became blurry, his hands shoot to his ears as a piercing ring hammered his ear drums. "What the hell!" he grunted setting his jaw against at all the noise that was causing a sensory overload.

"Sam!" Charlotte cried out throwing down her towel as she dried her hair rushing over to his side taking hold of his thrashing arms. "Speak to me Sammy!" she said pinning her nephew to the floor while Kelly got her sister out of harm's way. Quickly looking away as a purplish-blue light suddenly erupted from Samuel's eyes and mouth, jumping off of his body as that same azure light shrouded her nephew's body. Kelly held her daughter close as she and Charlotte slowly backed away from Samuel as he began to lift off of the floor. "Kelly stay back!" Charlotte ordered trying to keep her fear from showing.

"Charlotte do you think...?" Wendy began to say as multiple small orbs filled with pure arcane energy started to fill the room.

"Yes, that has to be it," Charlotte nodded. She prayed it was the cause of this. She couldn't bring herself to think of life without Samuel in it.

"Will someone explain what the hell is going on with Samuel?!" Kelly shouted fearing for the fate of her brother.

"Kelly," Wendy said trying to keep her trembling body in check. "What we are witnessing is Samuel's magic reaching maturity," she said throwing up her arm as waves of arcane energy buffed her body.

"Ahhhhh!" Samuel groaned in pain before the once still floating orbs suddenly shot towards him. Sinking into his skin fortifying it for the tasks that lay ahead of the Herald of Hekatê. A face flashed before Samuel's eyes as white blinding light flooded that warm bedroom.

"Sammy, I think I should drive," Charlotte said taking the SUV keys from him, "I don't want you overexerting yourself," she said sweetly her hand ran down his left arm. Watching as Kelly buckled Wendy into her car seat.

"Yeah," Samuel muttered as that obscured face plaguing his mind. He pondered on why Hekatê would have shown it to him since he didn't know who it belonged to.

"Baby," Kelly said coming up from behind him. Running her hands up his back before hugging him. "It won't do you any good if you dwell on it," she said her nose nuzzling his neck. "Now why don't you just enjoy the ride, okay?" Kelly said glancing up as the garage door lowered. The morning light glinting off of the polished black paint, along the chrome horse emblem, reflecting off the reflectors in the red tail lights of the restored '67 mustang fastback.

"Alright," Samuel said unsure as he placed his last bag into the rear of the SUV along with everyone else's and two big packages of diapers. Pulling out his phone remembering what he had promised his grandfather. "Hey grandpa!" Samuel said as he slid in behind the drivers seat. His mother

reached over taking hold of his right hand placing it her lap. "Yeah, we're just leaving, text me the address for wherever we are going. We should be there tomorrow or early the next day. Depends on how many stops we have to make," he said smiling weakly at his mother as Wendy squeezed his hand. "Here," Samuel said handing his sister his phone once he hung up on his grandfather, "input the address into the nav system and tell me how long a drive it's going to be."

"A little under a day," Kelly said turning in the passenger side seat as she handed his phone back. "Everything will be okay Samuel," she said reassuringly.

"I hope so," Samuel muttered as he looked out of the window.

"You are lost, soul cursed with a desperate need," Kelly began to sing once they hit the four hour mark of their day long journey. Glancing out of the corner of her eye as her brother gazed at her, a small smirk rose the corner of her lip. "Trying to find something that your eyes can't see," she sang, the back of her left hand ran along her stomach, over her left 32B cup breast before her nails skimmed along her

neck. "Cause your damn damn damaged just like me. Your life is even more messed up than mine. That's the part that makes you so God damn divine," she sang as she danced in her seat. Hoping to reignite his memory of their date to the night club and the fucking he gave her on the hood of her car. "Wanna fix you up, wanna make you shine. I wanna squeeze you until it bleeds. I'll love you so hard you'll stay forever. I want you to scream my name, until you come inside," Kelly sang as she turned in her seat. Quickly flashing Samuel her braless breasts as they sped down the interstate. She wasn't about to give anyone else a lovely peek at her goods unless it was her sweet, sweet brother -- especially not any of those truckers that were speeding along beside them.

"I think we should stop for dinner and find a nice motel to stay at for the night," Kelly yawned from behind the wheel as the clock struck 6:30 p.m.

"I think so too," Charlotte said laying her seat back, so she could tease her nephew before dinner.

"Anyone have any suggestions?" Kelly asked as her eyes quickly scanned the restaurants that lined the highway sign as they passed.

"What's Cracker Barrel?" Samuel asked in confusion.

"I don't know," Charlotte said shrugging her shoulders as she played with her tits. Blowing Samuel a kiss as she tugged on her nipples.

"Well, hurry up and find out what it is we're coming up on an exit for one," Kelly said looking into the rear view mirror.

"Oh, it's a southern country restaurant," Samuel said as he read the website.

"That sounds interesting," Wendy said her ears perking at the news.

"Then that's where we are eating," Kelly said nodding causing her strawberry blonde ponytail to bounce against her neck.

"Look there's a motel not far from it too," Charlotte said pointing at the Motel 6 sign down the road from it.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" Kelly asked with a knowing smile as she peered at her aunt.

"That if we hurry with dinner, we'll have a few good hours to taste your brother," Charlotte said returning Kelly's smile. "And he does look delicious," she said her smile widening as Samuel's eyes ran down her new youthful twenty-two-year old body. Hoping the pregnancy doesn't wreck her body too much. If it does than she knew a few spells to fix that little problem, and she knew Samuel would be more than happy to help her.

"Are you going to carry her, or do you want...?"

"Sammy!" Wendy shouted interrupting her daughter as she held onto Samuel's shirt as she stood in his lap.

"Seems," Kelly said feeling her cheek twitch that her daughter/mother was usurping her time with her brother. "That you're getting far too much out of acting like a child, mother," she said her voice laced with venom.

"What?! I only have a few years that I can show my...," Wendy said stopping as she felt her cheeks becoming flush with heat. "Then I'll have to hide my feelings for my son from the world, until the day that I turn eighteen again; or when my powers kick in, whichever comes first."

"You hear that Victor," Charlotte whispered as her hands ran over her stomach as she stood beside Kelly, "it seems your wife is in love with her son. You better hurry or Samuel is just going to sweep her off her feet," she giggled.

"You aren't helping," Kelly grumbled.

"Who says I was here to help?" Charlotte teased.

"Alright, alright," Samuel said sighing. He had no clue how he was going to handle their constant need for his attention, his schoolwork, and everything else that might pop up. It already felt like he was being pulled in far to many directions at once, and he was growing tired of it. "Mom, you are going to have to act like a sensible adult," he said looking into his mother's eyes.

"I don't want to," Wendy huffed turning her head to the side. "It's not every day one gets to relive her childhood."

"Well young lady," Kelly said scooping up her mother in her arms, "I am your mother and you will listen to me," she said assertively.

"My, my, whatever is Wendy to do," Charlotte said behind her hand as she tried to keep her laughter contained.

"You're suppose to have my back Charlotte, we are sisters after all," Wendy said her little arm darting out trying to grab hold of Charlotte's shirt.

"Didn't you hear Becky?" Charlotte asked reverting to the name they used when they were out in public. "Wendy Goodall is dead," she said, softly bopping Wendy's little nose.

"I am not," Wendy huffed angrily.

"Okay, okay," Samuel said closing the car door behind him, "lets all just settle down. We still have a long way to go," he said having no wish to be confined into a small area with two angry pregnant women and his mother.

"I will if only I get to sit next to you," Kelly and Charlotte said in unison. The two women looked at each other silently battling in their minds as to whom was going to occupy the seat next to Samuel.

"How about we just get a table instead of a booth then both of you can sit beside me, sounds fair right?" Samuel asked feeling their magic starting to rise.

"Okay!" Their voices were so in sync made Samuel wonder if they hadn't planned all this. Taking Samuel by the arm each protecting his flank as they walked towards the entrance of the restaurant.

"That was so good!" Charlotte said squirming in her seat.

"I know right!" Kelly said nodding along before her belly rumbled in agreement.

"Can we get another serving?" They asked looking at Samuel.

"S-sure," Samuel said unnerved by the hungry looks in their eyes.

"Oh miss!" Charlotte called out as she waved her arm. "Hi, sorry about this, can we," she said pointing to Kelly, "get another plate of the same order we just had?" Handing the waitress hers and Kelly's empty plates.

"Sure that shouldn't be a problem," the elderly woman said with a cheery smile, "eating for two I take it?"

"How did you know?" Kelly said in awe.

"Well, good southern food is good for growing babies," the woman said winking at her. "Now you two just wait right there and I'll see if the cooks can't hurry up with your order," she said before leaving their table.

"So Samuel," Charlotte said sipping on her iced tea, "any idea on what we might be facing down there?"

"Hmm, probably just the locals harassing them," Samuel hoped.

"No, if they were then grandpa would have called the police and not you. Something or someone is using magic against them, and it appears they aren't strong enough to face them; or they are evenly matched, and any attack would only destroy each side," Kelly said leaning forward.

"Hmm. Rick and Joan aren't that weak either," Charlotte said chewing on her lower lip.

"Forget about them," Wendy whispered low. "We can't count on them to help us," she said her little fingers grabbing for the green bean on her tray.

"You still mad about that?" Charlotte asked looking over at her sister. Not that she could blame Wendy they did shrug off their own sister's cry for help.

"Of course I am! If they had came when I called then there might have been a chance to reverse the hex Norman put on me, and not have to go through all this," Wendy said darkly peering down her toddler chest.

"What?! Why didn't you tell me this?" Samuel asked low looking in-between his sister and his aunt.

"Sam, it was such a small chance we thought it best not to bring it up," Kelly said resting her hand over his.

"But it was still a chance," Samuel said in a low whisper so none of the other customers could overhear them.

"That's what I said, but does anyone ever listen to me," Wendy said rolling her eyes.

"Well, that was then, this is now Samuel," Charlotte said resting her hand over his right, "sure you should be angry with your aunt and uncle, as myself and your mother are. However, right now we need to put that pass us for the moment. When we figure this all out then we'll deal with them, okay?"

"Alright," Samuel grumbled as he munched on a crinkle cut french fry.

"Now I think we should place wards around the property once we get there," Kelly said looking at her aunt.

"Yes, that would be wise," Charlotte nodded glancing over at Samuel, "although I think we should add Samuel into the mix it would make the wards impenetrable to those that

have malice towards our family from stepping onto the property."

"Agreed," Kelly nodded. Watching how her brother watched them intently as they made battle plans to reinforce their cousin's home. "Maybe we could place a Hungarian hex on them should they succeed in breaching our wards?"

"Are you sure Kelly? Those things have a nasty habit of running amuck should the user not know how to channel their powers," Charlotte said worryingly.

"That is true, but we do auntie," Kelly whispered, "I'm not going to allow my grandmother to be in fear any longer than they already are."

"I have to agree with my daughter," Wendy nodded her fine sandy blonde hair floating in the air as she did.

"What's a Hungarian hex?" Samuel asked glancing up in time to see their waitress exited the kitchen with Kelly's and Charlotte's plates in hand.

"Mmm, would you just smell that," Charlotte said practically drooling at the fragrant odor that drifted off of her plate.

"Oh my god! This is fantastic!" Kelly's eyes fluttered as the hot, creamy, cheesy macaroni and cheese melted on her tongue.

"Do give the chef our praise," Charlotte said staring up at the waitress in a dream like state.

"I will! I also got the two of you something extra for the babies," the old woman said smiling down at them as the she pointed to the whole pears sliced in half in the small bowls on their plates.

"Why thank you so much! You're very kind," Charlotte said brushing her hand down the woman's forearm healing the woman's severe case of arthritis she had seen in her hands.

"No need to thank me dear, I'm happy too," she said beaming down at them. "Now you all just enjoy this lovely family meal together," she said as her wrinkled finger brushed along Wendy's left cheek.

"My, these people are so friendly," Kelly said in awe as she took another bite.

"I know, makes me wonder if we should just give up the house and move to some quiet out of the way place," Charlotte said with an amused smirk as she glanced at Samuel.

"No way, summer is hot enough up there as it is," Samuel said. He hadn't expected it to be a sauna outside when they parked, he feared the further they went the hotter it will get. Samuel imagined himself melting the first moments he stepped foot in New Orleans.

"True it is a tad hot," Wendy agreed, "although I can see the splendor of this place too, I bet they don't get as bad of snow storms down here than at home."

"Hey, if I don't have to shove snow any more then I'm all in," Kelly said cutting up her chicken fried steak.

"That looks yummy!" Wendy whispered as she leaned forward in her high chair. "Is it?!" she asked as Kelly took a bite.

"Mmmhmm," Kelly nodded. Cutting up a few small pieces for her daughter before placing it onto the tray of her highchair.

"Oh my," Wendy mumbled around her food. "We so have to learn how to make this."

"What have you always told me, don't speak when your mouth is full," Kelly said in a motherly voice. Charlotte chuckled as Wendy stuck her tongue out at her daughter.

"So back to the hex," Samuel said pushing his plate to the side.

"We'll tell you later," Charlotte whispered noticing how they were starting to draw attention -- namely her and Kelly.

"Sammy, I need a change," Wendy said holding out her greasy hands.

"Go, we'll try to finish as fast as we can," Kelly said lovingly squeezing his hand.

"Alright," Samuel sighed grabbing the diaper bag from underneath the table. Wiping down his mother's hands before unbuckling her from the high chair. "My, don't you just have a kissy neck," he said dotting on her as if she was his own child. Technically she was, now that Kelly made it very clear two weeks ago, they were man and wife in all sense of the word just not in the eye of the law. Listening to the "Awes" of the women that partake in the restaurant as Samuel placed big wet kisses on his mother's neck, which ensued a round of giggles from Wendy.

"You may want to use the women's bathroom if you're going to change her," one of the waiters said as he left the table he was working. "The men's one doesn't have a baby changing station in it," he said waving for one of the female staff members to check out the bathroom before Samuel entered.

"It's all clear, I'll stand guard while you take care of this adorable little girl," the twenty-year old woman cooed as she tugged gently on Wendy's pinky finger. Wendy flashed her a big broad smile.

"Well, what do you say to the nice lady and gentleman?" Samuel asked keeping his smirk hidden knowing how his mother hated to act like a one-year old. Stifling his mirth as his mother spat out a very broken thank you. "See that wasn't so hard," he said enjoying his teasing of his mother.

"Papa," Wendy said raking her sharp needle like nails down the side of his left cheek. Giving her son a look as to say, 'don't ever do that again!'

"Well, let's change that poopy butt," Samuel said giving Wendy a little jostle. Giving his own thanks to the two of them before entering the bathroom.

"Your face is getting red," Samuel said as he wiped his mother's privates clean.

"I can't help it," Wendy whispered looking away from her son.

"See, I told you. You like having your son do this," Samuel teased. "I wonder if Kelly knows about our mother's weird fetish," he chuckled.

"I do not," Wendy pouted. Yet no matter how it looked like to other people she did enjoy the feel of her son's hands. Knowing how difficult it was going to be for another seventeen years.

"There," Samuel said tossing out the used diaper, "you're all pretty again," he said straightening out her dress.

"I'm always pretty," Wendy sighed as Samuel held her close as they neared the door.

"All done?" asked the waitress who was guarding the door.

"Yes, thank you, don't know how that would play out if someone came in when I was changing her," Samuel said smiling warmly at the woman.

"Not a problem," the woman said her eyes darting between the two, "it's nice to see a man taking responsibility in their children's life's. Now I hope the two of you have a pleasant evening," she said kindly waving to them before returning to her tasks.

"So full," Kelly groaned as Samuel and Wendy returned.

"But it was so worth it," Charlotte sighed in content as she rubbed her stomach.

"Hey sweetheart," Kelly cooed referring to both Samuel and Wendy, "did Daddy get you all nice and clean?" she asked taking Wendy from Samuel.

"Okay, that just sounds so damn weird," Samuel thought to himself as Wendy nodded to Kelly's question. A devilish smirk rose along his lips as his mother looked up at him. Those small green eyes telling him not to otter the word. Leaning in his lips brushing against her ear, "Who's your Daddy?" Samuel fought himself from not bursting out in laughter at how red his mother's face was becoming.

"Samuel stop teasing the little girl," Charlotte said smirking as she opened the check book taking her card and leaving behind a very generous tip. "It's past her bed time anyway, we should head to the motel and get some much need...," she said lustfully her eyes running down her nephews body.

"Well, we have one to soil and another to sleep on," Kelly said tossing the room key onto the dresser listening as it slid across the polished surface.

"Excellent," Charlotte purred handing Wendy to Kelly.

"Well, we'll go take our bath," Kelly said giggling as Wendy shook her head vehemently that she didn't want to miss out. "A toddler doesn't need to see this," she mused as they walked towards the bathroom."

"Samuel don't let your sister do this! I'm your mother, and I have every right to watch," Wendy said over her daughter's shoulder as Kelly approached the bathroom.

"Finally," Charlotte sighed as Samuel's arms encircled her, "I've been waiting for this all day," she whispered as their lips inched closer to his. Her body trembled as the pads of his fingers skimmed down her spine. A primal moan filled her mouth as his hands gripped her ass. Her hands snaked they're way down his sides, roughly tugging the hem of his shirt out of his pants. Attacking his lips once again after she had sent his shirt sailing across the room. Breathing heavily into his ear as Samuel kissed down her neck. His fingers worked quickly down her blouse, biting her lower lip as Samuel eased the fabric off her shoulders and down her arms before it floated down to the floor. "Oh Sammy!" Charlotte said breathlessly holding his head against her

chest loving the feel of his lips against her skin. "Yes!" she said her body shuddering underneath the wave of pleasure that emanated from her womb as Samuel sucked on her breasts. She had no idea why her breasts had become so sensitive as of late. They were never that sensitive enough to produce an orgasm from her, and yet there she was feeling her juices running down her canal as Samuel's tongue circled her left areola. Her nails dug into his skin as Samuel tugged on her nipple. "Oh god! Yes Samuel, suck on that tit," Charlotte moaned.

The water sloshed around the tub as Kelly tried to ignore the sounds coming from the other room. Her right hand ran over her breast wondering if her own would become that sensitive. Glancing to the door, her eyes longing for the man that inhabited that part of their motel room. She really didn't need a bath, yet they did agree on limiting the times they had threesomes with one another; and she didn't want to enforce her will on her aunt. Nevertheless, Kelly wanted to feel Samuel touching, tasting, nibbling on her since she didn't have her time with Samuel this morning.

"Kelly?" Wendy said looking up at her daughter as she sat on her lap.

"Hmm?" Kelly uttered lost in thought.

"You and I both know I don't need a bath. So why are we in here?" Wendy asked arching an eyebrow.

"Because...Charlotte wants some time alone," Kelly said hiding her face behind the curtain of her sandy blonde hair.

"Charlotte is being greedy," Wendy said motherly as her small hand reached out, touching the bottom of her daughter's/mother's chin. "Baby, it's going to be a while before we can return back to our normal routine," she said as she lifted Kelly's chin. "So why not go out there and get what you need," Wendy said seeing the need in her daughter's eyes.

"But...," Kelly said feeling second rate to Charlotte's beauty. Biting her lower lip, hanging her head in shame for being jealous of her aunt.

"Baby what's wrong?" Wendy asked using the side of the tub to help her to stand after Kelly moved her off her lap.

"Nothing," Kelly said shaking her head, pulling her knees to her chest. Her hair cascading down her legs as she pressed her head against them. Wrapping her arms around her legs wondering why she was always playing second fiddle to Charlotte.

"Kelly," Wendy said sweetly placing a hand on Kelly's right shoulder, "look at me baby," she said in a motherly voice. She knew Kelly always had self-confidence issues, she had hoped that her daughter would have out grown it. However, the sounds that were coming from the main part of their motel room were only jabbing its finger into her daughter's eye. "You know if you don't tell Samuel how you feel then it will never get better, and you will slowly sink into despair; and that will lead to anger and hatred for him. I don't want that for you, no mother does," Wendy said sweetly running her hand up and down her arm. "I don't want you to suffer, I don't want to see my own daughter growing ill because she won't feed her need. So how about you and I go out there and make them realize that we are as much of a part of this

family as they are; and that it can't always be about them, and Charlotte's constant need to lay with my son."

"Mom, do I hear jealousy in your voice?" Kelly asked trying not to smile as she looked at her daughter's reddening cheeks.

"M-maybe," Wendy muttered looking away.

"So what you're saying is that we shouldn't be so quick to let Charlotte be the first to have a taste of Samuel all the time?" Kelly asked resting her cheek against her knee.

"Mmmhmm," Wendy nodded.

"Then should we not get out and interrupt their fun?" Kelly asked a mischievous light flashed in her eyes.

"Yes, we should," Wendy said smiling at her daughter. Walking/falling into her daughter's arms before feeling them encasing her in their loving embrace.

Samuel's and Charlotte's bodies grew still as the bathroom door inched open. Samuel's eyes ran down his sister's wet naked body. Noticing how Kelly had kept her blonde landing strip neatly trimmed. How her 32B cup breasts held him enthralled as his mother ran her hand over Kelly's left breast. His lips yearned to tease them, to tug on those hard little buds.

"Sammy," Kelly said softly, "I don't want to be left out any more," she said trying not to tear up.

"Oh my dear," Charlotte said releasing her grip on Samuel's tool, "you should have told me you were feeling like this."

"Sis," Samuel said his finger beckoning to her, "I'm not a mind reader. You're going to have to tell me these things. Now why don't you put down Mom and come join us," he said as Kelly slowly approached.

"You sure?" Kelly asked trying not to allow her insecurities to hold sway over her mind.

"Oh baby," Charlotte said moving out from in-between Samuel's legs, "you should have told me you were feeling like this. I never want to be a cause of your distress. What kind of aunt would that make me if I ignored my own niece's feelings?"

"See? You have to speak up Kelly, Samuel is a guy after all they tend not to see things when naked women are in front of them," Wendy said teasing her son, "now put me down on the bed and go enjoy your brother," she said in a loving motherly voice. Crawling hurriedly towards the head of the bed once Kelly had set her down. Wendy didn't want to miss a thing.

Kelly's fingers ran along Samuel's leg as she walked along the side of the bed. Her left knee decompressing the mattress as she leaned over her brother. Ever since the first time she had gotten Samuel to fuck her, her mind and body had yearned to always feel his hands on her. To allow him to feel her body to his hearts content. To show him that she was and is meant for him. Sucking in a breath as his fingers skimmed along her right cheek, gazing into his eyes as

Samuel ran his thumb along her upper lip. Loving how that simple touch seemed so erotic to her. Her heart raced as he pulled her closer. Sinking into the bliss as their lips touched, her hands ran up his chest savoring the long hot kiss they shared.

"Sam, your sister needs you now. Will you...," Kelly said peering down her body.

"Have you ever heard me say no, to all of that," Samuel said gesturing to Kelly's very alluring body. "Don't you remember what I said on that beach after I destroyed the coven?"

"Y-yes," Kelly said in a hushed whisper.

"And what did I say?"

"How insane you would have to be to pass up having sex with your hot sister," Kelly said trying not to smile. Her eyes fluttered as Samuel pulled her on top of him as she grew

drunk on their kiss. Her skin heated as Samuel's hands ran along her back.

"Mmm, I should get back to this," Charlotte whispered lustfully returning to her task.

"How does my son taste like?" Wendy asked watching her sister intently.

"Like the most delicious thing in the whole world," Charlotte said breathlessly as her nose ran along Samuel's shaft.

"Lucky," Wendy mumbled.

"Oh Sam," Kelly cooed as Samuel kissed down her chest. Loving how he gently caressed her breasts knowing they were still somewhat sore from Wendy's teething. Her fingers curled around the comforter feeling his magic soaking into her skin as his tongue teased her nipple. Her body trembled as Samuel sucked softly on her nipple. A soft whimper emanated from her lips as her womb became

infused in his magic, a gentle moan rumbled in her chest as his left hand danced along her stomach on its journey towards her paradise. "Aah," she hissed in pleasure as the pads of his fingers skimmed along her ravenous labia. "Mmmmh," Kelly nodded as two of his fingers penetrated her wet mound. "God. This is what I've been waiting for," she said dreamily.

"I know, the things we do to keep from jumping Samuel," Charlotte chuckled.

"Whatever can we do," Kelly said peering down at Samuel, "he's just so...intoxicating."

"You don't have to tell me," Charlotte said throwing her leg over his hip. "Sammy, can you feel that?" she asked running her moist lips along his shaft. Telling it that her cunt was dying to feel it deep inside of her once again.

"Yeah," Samuel said his voice muffled as he spoke from around Kelly's breast.

"Good. You better feel that wet pussy on that cock of yours," Charlotte said teasingly before rising on her knees. "Now to get to the main course," she said before easing Samuel's rod into her hot snatch.

"Sammy taste your sister," Kelly whispered in a wanton purr as she knelt over his head. Spreading her labia as she stared down at Samuel. "Oh fuck yes!" she screamed out as Samuel's tongue ran along her slit with such gusto it made her wonder if he was indeed her brother. Then she felt his magic working it's way into her body. It was so unlike how she and Charlotte normally consumed the magic they got from sex. Her eyes bulged, her mouth hung agape unable to speak a word as she stared at the ceiling. Never before has she came from just a simple touch of a tongue on her clit and yet that very thing was happening to her.

"Samuel!" Charlotte howled unprepared for the mutation that had taken place within Samuel's magic. Breathing heavily as she felt his magic swelling within his cock. Making it double in size, stretching her out like never before, and Charlotte wanted more.

"Keep it down!" came an angry voice as a fist pounded on the wall. "I don't care if you fuck him, I just don't want to hear it!" Kelly peered down keeping her gasp from escaping her lips as Samuel's glowing cobalt eyes stared up at her. Her eyes flickered to the left as his hand left her hip. Watching as his hand rose sensing the well of magic centered in the center of his palm.

"Kiss it," Samuel said from underneath her.

"K-k-kiss what?" Kelly asked her voice trembling.

"My palm what else," Samuel said rolling his eyes.

Kelly felt his energies arcing off of his skin as her lips inched closer. Moaning within her mind as her body was infused with the magic of the spell. She had never felt something so intense before, not even the spell she and her father used to save her mother made her feel like every molecule of her body was saturated in the arcane as she was at that moment. She knew she would become addicted to drinking in her brother's magic. It was too enticing not to.

"Now give it life," Samuel said as a small blueish orb filled the palm of his hand.

"How?" Kelly asked perplexed this wasn't the kind of magic they used, nor was it any other kind she knew of.

"Just blow into it," Samuel said before sucking gently on her lips. Keeping his smirk hidden as he felt Kelly's muscles trembling.

"Okay, what now?" Kelly asked after doing what her brother asked.

"Just watch," Samuel said raising his arm to the ceiling, "leathnú," he said as that blue orb neared the ceiling. Kelly and Charlotte watched in awe as that small ball of light expanded layering the walls, the windows, and the door in strange glyphs they had never seen before. "Now there shouldn't be a problem with how much the two of you moan," Samuel said before sucking hard on his sister's clitoris all to make Kelly moan and beg for more.

"Samuel, what did you just do?!" Wendy asked in awe as she looked up at the ceiling as her daughter moaned like a wild beast. Trying not to dwell on the fact that she never once moaned, writhed, begged, or came as hard as her sister and daughter were doing at that moment. She wondered just how different it was to actually have sex with him in the physical world and not that dream state she had visited him in a few times when her small body could handle the strain of the spell.

"A spell I learned," Samuel grunted thrusting hard into Charlotte after Kelly had collapsed on the bed beside him.

"But where and who taught it to you?" Wendy asked concerned at who could have taught him such a spell. She didn't want her son to get mixed up in something he couldn't handle. Samuel remained silent on the matter. He was ordered to secrecy to never reveal how he gained such knowledge. "Samuel answer your mother," Wendy said sternly. Watching how her sister had a look of satisfaction as her son's cock left her cunt.

"Damn baby," Charlotte said trying to gather breath, "just what have you been doing when you're all on your own? You're magic is so more delicious than it has been, why is that?" she asked as her lips teased his. Peering over her shoulder as Kelly lightly smacked her ass telling her to get out of the way.

"Can't say," Samuel said his eyes following his aunt as she moved off of his chest.

"Can't or won't?" Charlotte asked as she walked her fingers along Samuel's chest. Glancing at Kelly as she was posed to experience the man, they both loved and wanted.

"Both," Samuel said in a groan as Kelly's hot folds encased his rod in sublime pleasure.

"Why Samuel?" Kelly asked through labored breathing.

"I gave my word that I wouldn't," Samuel said not revealing the pack he and Hekatê had made. It was all so that he could be strong enough to protect his family. He was never going

to be as weak as he once was when he was powerless to help his ailing mother. Never again was he going to sit back and watch the people he loves suffer when he could do something about it, even if it means sacrificing himself in the process. "Now do you want to talk about this or do you want to fuck me Kelly?" Samuel asked with a sinful smirk.

"Fuck you of course," Kelly cooed as she looked down at her younger brother, "then when we're done, we'll talk more on this subject."

Two hours later Samuel found himself in a very similar state he normally woke up in as he stared at the motel's room ceiling. Wishing he could fall asleep as fast as his sister and aunt did as they rested comfortably against him. His mother had fallen asleep instantly the moment she crawled onto his chest. Who by the way was snoring soundly. A soft smile graced his lips as his mother stirred in her slumber. Gently rubbing her back to help ease his mother's sleeping mind. Wondering how this was all going to play out for them. Would they simply grow old with one another? Would one of them get jealous of the other? Would one of their fights blow up one section of their house? Would child services come for his mother if that ever happened? What

if Hekatê sent him off somewhere and he could never return? What if in order to save them he had to leave? All these questions plagued his mind as he contemplated on what Hekatê had told him this morning. He could understand her sending him down there to help protect her new budding cult. Yet he couldn't discern what the second part of her tasks meant. What else did she want him to do while down in New Orleans?

"Oh Samuel!" A woman's voice cried out in his mind as Samuel Goodall stirred in his sleep. His head twisted from side to side as the same woman's face flashed in the forefront of his mind. "Yes Samuel!" the woman moaned sensuously causing Samuel to curl his fingers around the bed sheet as the elation stormed through his body.

"Sammy, baby," Wendy said softly her hand patting his chest to rouse her son.

"W-what?" Samuel said groggily.

"You were talking in your sleep," Wendy said noting the time, "it's six o'clock do you want to get up and back on the

road, or do you want to sleep some more?" Feeling her cheeks heat remembering how she woke up to the feeling of his arm around her. How she loved that feeling. She felt so safe in his arms.

"I think we best get moving again. I rather get this over with and back home," Samuel said weakly as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He didn't want to spend any amount of time with his aunt and uncle not after he learned at dinner that they could have saved his mother no matter how slim the chance was; it was still a chance and not have him live with the fact for two years that he would never hear her voice ever again that was until a few months ago. Maybe eventually he would come to terms with it, yet as of now he just couldn't no matter how much Kelly and Charlotte told him to let it go.

"Okay, now do that thing you did yesterday, and change me!" Wendy said with a broad smile.

"Oh? I think someone likes the feel of my magic," Samuel chuckled softly holding onto his mother before disappearing from the bed only to reappear walking into

the bathroom. "Wow! Would you look at that!" he said in awe at the pee soaked diaper. "Maybe this cute little butt is no longer upset?" Samuel teased glad not to be greeted by the aftermath of the bomb she had been releasing for the past few days.

"Mayyybe," Wendy giggled as the baby wipes tickled her. "Now bathe your mother," she said smiling holding her arms out to him.

"Whatever am I to do with you," Samuel said shaking his head.

"You love me, is what you do," Wendy said sticking her tongue out at him as Samuel lifted her off the counter.

"Morning Sammy," Charlotte yawned as she leaned against the doorframe, "the two of you are up early," she said meandering into the restroom. "Any reason why the two of you are up so early?" Charlotte asked lowering herself onto the side of the tub.

"Yes, especially when you willing leave the warmth of your sister's body," Kelly pouted as she entered the room.

"Well," Wendy looked up at Samuel thinking he wouldn't want them to know what he was dreaming about, "we were thinking of leaving since we were already up, and Samuel wants to get this done as fast as he can so we all can go home."

"I see," Charlotte said swinging her legs over the lip of the tub, "then we best get clean before we leave."

"Yes, we can't waste all this hot water," Kelly purred slipping in behind him.

"Okay, why don't the two of you get the car packed and I'll go sign us out," Charlotte said fixing her hair in the mirror.

"Alright," Kelly said zipping up her bag, "Sammy can drive for a bit while the rest of us gets some more sleep," she said blowing her brother a kiss.

"I was already planning on it," Samuel said with a smirk, flipping the car keys around his finger. "Damn it's already hot," he groaned in annoyance as he stepped out of their air conditioned room.

"Well, if you would hurry and not bitch, dear brother. Then you can get back in the cool air," Kelly teased as she carried her bag and the diaper bag to the SUV.

"You know you aren't that big that I won't put you over my knee," Samuel shot back.

"Oh?" Kelly cooed peering over her shoulder. "Does my adorable brother want to spank his sister's tight little ass," she said giving it a wiggle.

"Damn right I do," Samuel said his eyes glowing in the morning light.

"Good," Kelly said her lips curling into a smile, "I'll hold you to it," she said as she opened the tail gate.

Samuel held Kelly's hand as she sped down the left lane of the interstate. His nose wiggling at every strange smell that had somehow escaped the air filter. Watching how every so often that polished red nail would move in a circle as Kelly's thumb made a small circle on the back of his hand. He was hoping he would have gotten some reading done on the way down there, yet he couldn't risk bringing out the tomes he had borrowed from her library. Not that anyone of them could feel the vast magics that dwell in each book that was stored in his bookbag. Hekatê had ensured that only he could sense the books that were housed in his bag, which also acted like a portal should Samuel require a new book. His eyes glanced to the clock, then down to the nav system glad there was only three more hours left to go when his phone rang.

"Hello?" Samuel answered as he turned down the radio.

"Hiya sweetheart!" Martha's cheery voice came over the line. "Your grandfather wants to know when you all will be getting here?"

"We should be there maybe at dinner or a little after it grandma," Samuel said looking back as Charlotte tapped his shoulder. "Hold on," he said before handing his aunt the phone.

"Hi Mom!" Charlotte said into the phone.

"How's my two babies doing?"

"We're fine, although I do wonder about Wendy," Charlotte said softly giggling.

"Hey!" Wendy barked slapping her sister's arm.

"Why? What's going on with Wendy?" Martha asked praying nothing had happened to her eldest daughter.

"Oh nothing, except she has gotten into the habit of having Samuel wipe her butt," Charlotte said teasing her sister. Sticking her tongue out as Wendy missed her arm as she moved out of her reach.

"The poor dear." Charlotte could hear how her mother was trying not to laugh. "Let's hope it doesn't turn into a weird fetish."

"I know! That's what me and Kelly said," Charlotte said finding her sister's reddening face all the more adorable.

"Charlotte, once I'm out of this thing I'm going to bite you," Wendy growled.

"No you won't young lady," Kelly said looking into the rear view mirror, "a proper lady doesn't bite her aunt/sister when she's mad."

"Kelly Ann, I am your mother," Wendy said hating the fact that her daughter was using her own lessons against her.

"And you are my daughter, I'm not going to raise a child that thinks biting is the appropriate way to air your grievances," Kelly said taking on a motherly voice.

"Whatever," Wendy huffed crossing her arms.

"So everything is fine then? No troubles on your way down?"

"Yeah everything is fine, it's just tease Wendy day today," Charlotte said pinching Wendy's cheeks.

"Well, don't tease your sister to much, you don't want a repeat of when you were fourteen, now do you?" Martha said remembering how Wendy got the best of Charlotte then.

"Really? You bring that up," Charlotte groaned, rolling her eyes at her mother's answer.

"Enough about that, I just want you to know we(I mean your cousins) are all looking forward to meeting you. So if you are able to make it here before six, I'll ask them to hold off dinner until then, if not then I'll have them set aside something for you."

"I don't know Mom," Charlotte said lowering her voice, "I don't think Samuel wants to linger there if he doesn't have to. He knows what Rick and Joan did, and he isn't to happy about it."

"Oh, I see. Well, I guess that it can't be helped. But you are going to be staying with us, right? Because I know me, and your father would really like to show you all around this city. Minus the things that are happening here it's a pretty interesting city."

"Sure Mom," Charlotte said peering down trying not to be irked by how Kelly's fingers were interwoven with Samuel's. "Though you might not want to worry about dinner for us, I think Samuel wants to eat before we get there," she said seeing his nod.

"Okay, but we are having breakfast as a family," Martha said sternly putting her foot down.

"Yes Mom, don't think you'll get any complaints from Samuel on that matter," Charlotte said reaching over the back of his seat her thumb brushing along his left cheek. Her cheeks heated as Samuel placed a kiss on the palm of her hand. How she wish it was her in the driver seat or better yet in her nephew's lap.

"So you now feel my pain," Wendy whispered glancing at her sister.

"Yes," Charlotte said weakly as she sat back in her seat, "sorry sis."

"You're forgiven, for now," Wendy said with a smirk, "Samuel! You better be willing to hold our hands too! It's not fair to us that we have to watch as the two of you hold hands up there!"

"Yes Mom, guess I'm going to have to grow a new arm."

"No, just at dinner me and Charlotte gets to sit beside you and Kelly can't say anything about it," Wendy said in a

child-like voice kicking her legs. "Then you will hold our hands until it's time to go."

"I guess that leaves him open for...," Kelly stopped herself as Samuel looked over at her a sinful smile spread across her lips savoring the naughty idea that floated around inside her mind.

"Wow!" Charlotte said in awe as she pulled to a stop at the entrance of their driveway. Admiring the three story, brick plantation style mansion, lights shone upon the marble white columns that lined the wide open entrance way and held up the second floor balcony. "Seems they're more loaded than we are."

"That's not surprising," Wendy said squirming in her car seat to get a better look. "I doubt these people had to hide who they are like we had to."

"True," Kelly said from the passenger seat.

"Sammy you got to see this," Wendy said patting her son's arm trying to get him to crawl out of that distorted book he had in his hands. She knew magic was used to conceal what it contains, however, she wondered why he would do such a thing when it was only them in that car. She pondered on what it would appear to be to someone without magical powers.

"I'm not interested in such things Mom," Samuel said indifferently as he turned the page, "I'm sure I'll see more of my fair share during this stay."

"Sammy," Wendy whispered leaning into him, "put away the attitude we're here to help remember that."

"I know," Samuel said closing the tome in a loud thud. Louder then what Wendy thought the book it's size could produce. Then again, Samuel was using illusion magic to distort the image she had no idea just how thick that book truly was. "And that is why I'm going to make sure no one ever steps onto this land uninvited again," he said zipping up his bookbag. Wendy arched an eyebrow when she sensed some strange energies emanating from the bag

when Samuel held it open. Since they never told him what a Hungarian hex was, he looked it up for himself. It seemed like a pretty straight forward spell, although he wasn't one for the subtle effects of the spell. It would go unnoticed by the public when the spell took hold. Insanity and magic-induce insanity were hard to distinguish between the two, so Samuel was certain no one outside the magic world would ever put the two together.

"Look it's grandpa!" Kelly cried joyfully waving her hand wildly at them as they stood on the porch. Jumping out of the passenger seat as Charlotte pulled the SUV to a stop.

"You made it!" Carson chuckled happily as he embraced his granddaughter.

"I have something important to tell the two of you," Kelly whispered as she wrapped her grandmother in their hug.

"Daddy!" Charlotte's raven hair flew wildly as she ran around the front of the car.

"Hey sugar plum," Carson said hugging his daughter tightly.

"I'm so glad you're here," Martha whispered into Charlotte's ear.

"Charlotte?!" Rick and Joan stared at their older sister in confusion.

"Yeah, that's me," Charlotte said keeping the tone of her voice light. She didn't want to add onto their troubles at least not yet, but the night was still young.

"No! There is no way you can be younger than me!" Joan said stomping her foot in false annoyance.

"What? Don't you like your older sister's new look?" Charlotte asked showing off her new youthful body. Displaying her womanly curves to her family knowing they would never get a touch of her body.

"Yes...," Rick begun to say only to have his chest slapped by his wife.

"I'm glad you came sis," Joan said as she hugged her sister, "we could use someone as powerful as you here."

"Oh, I'm not the powerful one here," Charlotte said rubbing her sister's back as the sound of the car door closing reverberated through the air.

"Then is it you?" Joan asked perplexed looking over at Kelly.

"Nope," Kelly said smiling hearing her brother's footsteps, "he's the one," she said as Samuel rounded the right rear corner of the SUV's bumper carrying Wendy in his arms.

"Here, take Mom, I need a smoke," Samuel said handing her to Kelly.

"Sammy you really need to stop smoking," Wendy said as Samuel pulled out the pack of smokes from his front pocket.

"Wendy?!" Rick and Joan screeched. Wendy only smirked at her younger siblings shocked looks.

"Hey, when I'm the only guy on a day long journey with you three...," Samuel said trailing off as his lighter failed to ignite. His eyes flickered up at the combined gasps as Samuel's magic flared to life creating a spark that arced off of the pad of his finger. Drawing in a puff, his glowing eyes cutting through the smoke as it drifted over their luminous surface as his family looked on. "What?!"

"Samuel, is that really you standing there?!" Rick asked in disbelief. When his father mentioned that they needed Samuel he just couldn't believe it. This man, this boy that he had watched grow seemed like a total stranger to him. His mind became lost as he gazed into those glowing cobalt eyes. It felt like staring into a storm, a thunderous, blustery maelstrom of pure arcane energy.

"Who else would be standing here, I'm not like you," Samuel said as smoke drifted from his lips.

"You do not speak to your uncle in such a manner!" Joan said glaring her nephew down.

"Sammy?" Wendy sternly, smirking when she heard him sigh.

"I apologize for the rudeness not the statement," Samuel said looking over at his uncle.

"That's the best you're going to get," Kelly said although she wouldn't have put it in so many words.

"Listen Samuel...," Rick began to say only to be stopped by Samuel's raised hand.

"Let's not get into that now," Samuel said turning to look at his grandparents, "want to tell me what this is all about, and why you couldn't speak over the phone?"

"I can answer that," said a flaming auburn hair woman, her thick seductive creole voice dripped with sin, "this rivalry has been going on since the days of French ownership," she said her eyes studying the man before her. Ever since she had met Rick and Joan when Ryan introduced them, she knew how weak her line was due to their mix of hoodoo magic in their bloodline. Nevertheless, even she could feel the pull of his magic, it made her hoodoo blood tingle with excitement. "We are the last of our house minus the children," she said gesturing to the eight standing behind her. "Allow me to introduce myself," her deep emerald green eyes flashed in the subtle blue light of her own magic, "I am Marie Beaudoin, I lead this family, it's a pleasure to meet another cousin."

"A pleasure I'm sure," Samuel said shaking the woman's hand, his eyes catching the flick of a tail as a shadow weaved itself in-between the stone pillars that held up the railing that wrapped around the second floor balcony. He felt his pulse quicken knowing she was near.

"Down here," Marie said drawing his gaze downward, "well this is strange I'm used to men's gazing at my breasts," she said her polished ruby nails danced along her slender neck drawing Samuel's gaze down to her heavenly firm peaks to the dark mysterious valley. "It makes me wonder what could have caught your eye," Marie said with a coy smirk.

"Which way is north?"

"That way, why?" Marie said pointing over her left a little thrown off.

"Mind if we make this a walking introduction?" Samuel asked eager to get started. He learned the painful lessons of her displeasure.

"Ah, right to business," Marie chirped happily, "I like that in a man."

"Samuel," Kelly said coming up from behind him, "what are you planning on doing?"

"What we talked about yesterday," Samuel said looking back at his sister, "protecting this place."

"Tell me what can you do when even your own family hasn't been able to stop these people?" Marie asked unsure if it was wise to stake everything on the young man before her.

"You assume I'm a normal witch like the rest of you," Samuel said with a devilish smirk.

"Samuel, tell us what you need," Carson said coming up to his grandson's side. Hoping that Samuel's tone wouldn't harm the growing trust they had cultivated over the months.

"Well...," Samuel said tilting his head to the left as he scratched his chin, "all of you," he said waving to everyone there, "and lots of salt."

"Us?! Why?" Joan asked in confusion.

"This is your home is it not?" Samuel asked with a pointed look at his aunt. Hating the fact she looked so much like his mother before her cancer took her.

"Yes, it is, but..."

"Then shouldn't the members of this house not defend it themselves?" Samuel asked arching an eyebrow.

"He's right we should," said a red haired man as he inserted himself into the conversation. "I told you Marie we should be fighting back years ago and not letting this voodoo sect flex its muscle." Samuel put the man around the age of his aunt Joan, though he wasn't as powerful as his own uncle Samuel could still feel the lingering energies that swirled within the man's body.

"That's enough Eric we've had this conversation before," Marie said pinching the bridge of her nose, "nothing will come of it if we attack these people. We don't have the power to topple them. All we would do would destroy ourselves in the process."

"That's why I'm here," Samuel said as the butt of his cigarette fell to the ground, "to save Hekatê's new cult as I was ordered to," he said grinding the cherry of the cigarette to dust.

"What do you know of Hekatê?" Joan asked unsure if she could smite her own nephew if he spoke ill of the goddess she served.

"Oh, Samuel knows quite a lot about her, probably more than we do sister," Charlotte said looking over at Samuel, "he is after all her Herald."

"That can't be!" Rick and Joan said in shock.

"I would like to hear more about what this Herald is, but first, lets see what this man can do, shall we?" Marie asked her eyes running down Samuel's body wondering just what he truly was.

"Yes," Samuel said with a nod.

"Paul," Marie said looking back at the group behind her, "take Eric and fetch all the salt we have stored." Samuel's eyes caught the brunette hair man's nod at her order before he and Eric disappeared around the corner of the house. "Please if you follow me, I'll show you the way to the north part of the property. I know you're probably use to seeing places like this with grand big yards, but here in the Quarter space is limited so while we might not have such a lush lawn like most people do. We, however, do have this grand place to call home," she said gesturing to her home as they walked passed it. Enjoying the feel of what little grass that grew on the plot as it crunched under foot. "I do hope as cousins you come to think of this place like a home away from home."

"It is a very nice place," Kelly said eyeing the renovated exterior.

"I wonder what it looks like on the inside," Wendy pondered peering through the windows as much as she could.

"Dad! Can we talk about...," Rick said his eyes glancing to the toddler in Kelly's arm.

"Yes," Marie said stopping in her tracks, "I too have been wondering on how a baby has the ability to speak. I seen some very strange things in my time, but this is something else altogether," she said spinning around on her heel.

"You may have never heard of it," Wendy said taking charge, "there's a spell that has been pass down through our family that allows one to cheat death per say."

"You didn't!" Joan gasped in horror of what her sister was telling her.

"Why didn't the two of you tell us?" Rick asked looking over at his parents.

"Because I told them not to," Wendy growled as she looked over Kelly's shoulder as she narrowed her eyes at her siblings, "it wouldn't have been necessary if you came to help me when I called. We could have broken the hex that killed me and my husband," she said darkly, her small fingers curled around her daughter's shirt. "I wouldn't have

been forced to take this form if you acted like my brother and sister, I wouldn't have had to watch as my Victor withered underneath Norman's hex. No, you were more worried about people that might not exist any longer than your own blood," Wendy said feeling Samuel's hand on her back as what magic she could muster began to rise. "So tell me why should either one of you need to know I'm still alive when you wouldn't help me before?"

"And here I thought you told me to curb my attitude," Samuel said his aura pulsating enveloping his mother.

"Sam," Wendy said weakly looking over at her son, "sorry I just couldn't stop."

"She does have a point Rick," Martha said taking Wendy into her arms, "I would have thought I taught you years ago your family comes first before anything else, even your quest," she said rocking her daughter in her arms as she had done many years ago. "No offense Maria," Martha said rubbing Wendy's back as her little arms hugged her neck.

"None taken," Maria said flashing Martha a smile. Yet all Maria could think of was that aura she saw encasing Samuel. "The power he must wield," she said to herself feeling how her fingers twitched only wanting to reach out and touch that power.

"Samuel would this spell be affected if the two of us weren't in it?" Martha asked holding her daughter to her chest. No matter how Wendy might appear to be her body was still that of a child's. She knew she was the perfect one to calm her daughter down.

"No," Samuel said shaking his head, "it'll be okay Mom," he whispered as Wendy peered through her fine strands of hair. Seeing the tears reaming her green eyes he knew she was close to a meltdown.

"Okay," Wendy mouthed before burying her face into her mother's chest. Samuel caught the lustful looks in Charlotte's and Kelly's eyes as he watched as his mother and grandmother entered the mansion.

"Sorry about that it's been hard on her since Dad's death," Samuel said gesturing for her to continue.

"Ah, I can understand," Marie said wondering if they would share this spell. Now that she had seen it first hand, she wouldn't mind another go at life especially with everything she knows. "To cheat death only to see the one you love taken from you I can't imagine what she's going through. I do hope this Norman-whoever-he-is has been dealt with," she said as they rounded the northeast corner of her family home.

"Oh, that thing has been dealt with," Samuel said coldly, "he did kill my mother and my father with sights on the rest of my family, with the help of the highest members of the coven that ruled there. Their lives were forfeit the moment they started down that path," he said peering out of the corner of his eye. His glowing pupil simmered in the well of magic that flowed through him.

"So Eve, Beth, and all those little stuck up pricks are...dead?!" Joan stared at her nephew in stun disbelief.

"Yes, the coven is no more," Samuel said darkly.

"Damn!" Rick said in a hushed whisper.

"My, a man willing to defend his family. Maybe we are related after all," Marie said flashing Samuel a warm smile, "and here we are due...," she begun to say only to bite her tongue as Samuel walked towards the century old eight feet high brick wall.

"Hello Arcita," Samuel said as if greeting an old friend. Watching that multi-colored polecat staring back at him from atop of the wall.

"Mind telling me what's going on here?" Marie asked taking up a defensive posture.

"Samuel are you saying Arcita is here...right this second?" Charlotte said her heart raced knowing what the omen meant.

"Yeah, I thought the you all could see her," Samuel said looking over at them shrugging his shoulders as his aunt and sister shook their heads, "but yeah, she's right there," he said pointing to the spot where Arcita rested.

"Will someone please explain to me...."

"Arcita is Hekatê's companion animal, if she's here then it means we are on the right path," Joan said her priestess instincts kicking in and to ease Marie's rising temper.

Samuel fought himself from rolling his eyes at his aunt's display. That's not what it meant at all. Arcita's appearance could mean a great many things, more than likely it was to keep an eye on him. He knew something was brewing behind those eyes of hers as Arcita cleaned her paw.

"Sam?" Kelly called to him bringing Samuel out of his spell.

"R-right," Samuel said moving away from the wall. "So this the spot?" he asked looking down as he stood in the center of a wild strawberry patch.

"Yes, now show us why I should put my families safety in your hands," Marie said feeling her body trembling as those glowing cobalt eyes peered through the strands of his brown hair. Her pulse quickened as that devilish smirk graced his lips.

"Xurdir! Protector, duro corno xeo. Manterña o puño ou os dentes. E vixia is puntos," Samuel began to chant thrusting out his hands before him. "Heed mo ghlao! O 'Sean-Chaomhnóir. Díscail as do chodladh fada, cead a thabhairt don bhronntanas seo d'ardú a chothú!" Kelly, Charlotte, his grandfather, and everyone else shielded their eyes as Samuel's magic surged out whipping the air into a frenzy. "Mé, Samuel Goodall, a ordú duit agus ceangail tú leis an rún seo," his voice thundered, lightning arced off his body in its slow climb as Samuel pulled out his pocket knife and a Ogham protection rune. Biting his lip against the pain as he sliced open his left palm. Painting the runestone in his blood before plunging his knife into the ground. Digging out a shallow hole dropping the rune into it, covering it as Samuel rose. "De réir an fhuil seo ceangailim leat chun an talamh seo," Samuel chanted as he moved his clenched hand in a circular motion. All eyes watched in awe as

Samuel's blood was absorbed into the ground the moment those red droplets struck that rich soil. "Now you four," Samuel said nodding to his aunt, sister, grandfather, and the blonde hair woman behind Marie.

"That's Magdalene," Marie said watching how Kelly rushed to his side.

"Hold still Sammy, it won't take but a moment to heal," Kelly whispered said turning Samuel's palm up right.

"You will need these," Samuel said reaching into his back right pocket pulling out index cards with the incantation on it. "Here take one and pass it to the other three," he said handing the cards to his aunt. "You will also need these," Samuel said pulling four runestones from his front pocket, "you don't have to worry about the blood only the north one was required."

"What is this language?" Magdalene asked flipping the card over looking for a translation.

"Fourth century Gaelic," Samuel said in a matter-of-fact tone as he handed out the runestones.

"Since when do you know Gaelic?!" Rick asked noting how Samuel hadn't moved from the spot he was in. Samuel only smirked at his uncle.

"I assume that this Gaelic magic is the only other magic you have other than what is in our bloodline?" Marie asked trying to gauge just how powerful the man was.

"No, I know a great many forms of magic," Samuel said watching his sister's magic knit his skin back together.

"There that should do it," Kelly said wiping away his blood with a Kleenex she carried for when Wendy had a runny nose.

"Thanks, you're so sweet to me," Samuel said teasing his sister watching how Kelly blushed hard. "The four of you will go to the other four points and chant the spell I given you and make sure you plant the rune in the ground," he

said as his eyes ran over them. "You other four," Samuel said pointing at Joan, Rick and his other two cousins, "will chant this," pulling out another set of index cards from his back left pocket, "while the others are performing the spell, I gave them, you will recite this at the corners of this house," he said handing them their own incantations. "Ah right on time," Samuel said as Eric and Paul walked towards them loaded down with bags of rock salt. "I need the two of you to draw a line connecting each point to one another, a ring of salt around the house, and a line of salt to connect the ring with the points," he said his eyes flickered down as the bags thumped to the ground, "we do have enough, don't we?"

"To protect my family damn right we do," Paul grunted, "even if I have to carry it all the way from Lowe's."

"That's the spirit!" Eric said clasping his brother's shoulder.

"Okay, you all know what to do," Samuel said giving them a nod.

"What about me?" Marie asked wondering why she had been left out as everyone moved to their spots around the property.

"I didn't forget about you," Samuel said directing Paul to start on the right while Eric laid down a line of salt to his left, "since you are the head of this branch of our family. You will be in charge of ensuring the pack is remade every six months on the waning moon," he said pulling out two new index cards one containing the incantation he had already chanted and the one for when the others were done with their tasks, he had set them out on. "You won't need the runestones again after this, unless of course someone breaches this ward. Although I doubt anyone has the kind of power to defeat this Guardian, other than me that is," Samuel said handing her the cards.

"And why do you say that?" Marie asked as she mouth the spell.

"Because I doubt anyone has gone up against the Celtic's greatest Golem in their magical lore in what sixteen hundred years or so. Hence why it takes so many to do this

spell, five for the anchors to summon the body parts of it, four to tell it what to protect, and those two to draw the salt lines," Samuel said nodding to Eric.

"Man, you most really know your stuff," Eric said in admiration.

"Not really, my aunt, sister, and Mom knows far more than I do," Samuel said bashfully as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"Nonsense," Marie said waving off the statement, "that display earlier only shows us just what we have lost when my family married into a hoodoo sect, I hope in the future my family can come to rely on you and yours in relearning the knowledge we have lost over the ages," she said her deep emerald green eyes lustered as her body prickled at the slightest touch of his magic. "I wonder what his magic is like during sex?" Marie asked herself as she stepped over the line of salt to stand at his side. "You know we all are sex witches like your sister and your aunt is, right?" Marie asked hoping to entice him to line her bed.

"Yeah, I kind of figured that," Samuel said glancing over at her waiting for the spell and the lines of salt to be done.

"We would be more than happy to help feed the three of you if you so wished," Marie said inching closer to him. "I know it couldn't have been easy on you or your family with so few of you."

"Think my sister and aunt had it rougher than I did, seeing how I didn't become like this until three months ago," Samuel said watching Kelly and Magdalene bent down to dig their own holes for the runes.

"What?!" Marie said in disbelief. She knew no new born that had tenth of his power just starting out. "Just what are you?"

"I am the Herald of Hekatê," Samuel said plainly, "through her I draw my magic as do all of you. I just have a more direct line to said magic per say," he said offhandedly. Samuel's legs grew tired standing in the same spot (due to the spell that kept him rooted in place) as the minutes wore on, silently groaning in his mind urging them to hurry up as Eric and Paul ran a line of salt to Kelly and Magdalene.

"Good, that's good," Samuel said nodding as Paul laid the line of salt down at his feet, "you might want to back up, and call everyone here wouldn't want them getting caught in the spell," he said looking over at Marie.

"No we wouldn't, what about our children, your grandmother, and your child mother? Should they not be out here?" Marie asked holding Eric back as she sent Paul to round up the others. Giving Eric the order once Samuel nodded.

"Baby, just what have you gotten yourself into?" Wendy asked peering around at all the lines of salt that marred the landscape.

"Oh, nothing much, just an ancient summoning spell I learned on the way down," Samuel said as Martha stepped over the salt line.

"Was that in you-know-what you were reading on the way here?" Wendy asked studying her son's back.

"Yep, now I need silence, then we'll talk, okay Mom?" Samuel asked peering over his left shoulder.

"I'll hold you to it," Wendy said with a stern nod.

"De réir a chéile, de dhó, trí cinn, ag ceathrar. Tá na línte ceangailte," Samuel began to chant softly, an azure cloak of blue light slowly inched up Samuel's legs as his magic grew. "Éist orm ó 'ársa. Éist leis an nglaoch a thogann tú chuig an réimse talún seo. Lig do na línte do chosán a threorú," his voice steadily rose as did his hands. Small azure balls of flame started to appear a centimeter or two from the tips of his fingers. "Faigh an áit, garda é, é a choinneáil slán. Lig dóibh siúd a thugann dochar don talamh seo, do na daoine a bhfuil cónaí orthu a bhfuil a fhios agat!" Samuel shouted to the heavens causing the three lines of salt to catch on fire. Samuel watched on as his blue flames rose as it raced around the property. He heard them gasp behind him as the blue-white magical shell rose around the property and their house.

"Sammy!" Kelly and Charlotte shouted in worry as Samuel collapsed to a knee.

"I'm okay, just didn't think it would take that much out of me," Samuel said as he gathered breath from his laborious task.

"So our home is protected now?!" Marie asked wondering why the shell disappeared.

"Yes," Samuel nodded, "if the time comes you will know when the magic activates. Remember what I told you, every six months..."

"You have my word, I shall recite this spell on the waning moon," Marie said nodding her head. She wasn't about to allow such a powerful spell to crumble away. Not if she had anything to say about it.

"Good. It shouldn't be as taxing next time, do remember the blood though," Samuel said glancing at her as Kelly and Charlotte helped him to stand.

"Of course," Marie said stuffing the index cards into her bra. "Now how about we show our honored guest here the hospitality of the Beaudoin clan," she said looking at her family young and old.

"Yes Marie!" her family chanted in unison.

"So there I was sound asleep then I felt this sudden rise of magic filling my house," Charlotte said recounting the night she had rushed into the room after his date with his sister, "Magic I have never seen running amuck as my Sammy slumbered," she said as they all sat in Marie's grand ballroom turned living room. "Sam here was thrashing about shouting Murderer! I'll kill you! You'll burn!" Charlotte said rubbing her nephew's back. "Then this bubble of pure arcane energy just surrounds his body, tossing me against the wall as Samuel sat up and this murderous glowing eye peering at me. His voice was cold and cruel as he spoke, I know everything!" she said flashing everyone a warm smile as she told them about their lives in Salem. Watching how the adults and children alike were glued to her story.

"Samuel, let me ask you just how did you destroy the coven?" Joan asked as her two children sat in front of her and Rick as were everyone else's children were doing.

"I took away their magic, as was per Hekatê's order for that coven to be destroyed. I was already planning on doing such a thing the moment I learned the truth of Eva's and Beth's involvement in Norman's schemes," Samuel said looking up as he held his mother to his chest.

"But how did you accomplish such a thing? I thought no one could take one's magic away?" Marie asked sitting at the edge of her chair as she looked at Samuel from across the room.

"Yes, you simply can't rid a person of the magic they had inherited," said a dark haired man Samuel came to know as Michael. While Michael was a witch, yet he wasn't like his family having married into this family Michael could only practice hoodoo magic and not the form of magic Samuel, Kelly, and Charlotte could perform.

"Is that what you think," Samuel said with an arrogant smirk.

"Then tell us how you did it?" Aurore asked her brunette hair streaked with blue highlights bounced on her shoulders as the nearly legal teenager spoke up.

"Mana burn," Samuel said plainly.

"But...that's impossible!" Rick said in astonishment.

"If it was natural, yes I agree it would have been impossible for the coven to burn from the inside out. However, I created a parasite that would amplify their magic ten fold and repeat the process until it reached critical mass. Then it was a simple matter to watch and wait until the time came for them to die," Samuel in a cold matter-of-fact tone.

"You just watched them die?!" Aurore asked in fear.

"Of course," Samuel said his voice taking on a serious tone, "what would you have done when you knew they were the cause of your mother's death and at the time your father's stroke?" he said with a pointed look at the teenager. "But my father is gone now, but not far away," Samuel said softly placing his hand over Charlotte's stomach.

"Kelly, Charlotte, please tell me you didn't perform that spell again?" Joan asked aghast that they would so blatantly use that forbidden spell once again.

"Wait. So your father is in there?!" Marie asked stunned as she pointed at Charlotte's womb.

"Yes," Charlotte said sweetly as her hands lavished on her growing stomach, "he will be my first born, but I hope my Sammy will be willing for some more children," she said snuggling up to Samuel.

"If I ever turn you down you have my permission to take me out back and put me down," Samuel said placing a lingering kiss on her cheek.

"Dad, Mom, did you know about this?!" Joan asked trying to keep her anger in check at their blatant use of magic that was long held to be forbidden.

"Of course Joan," Carson said sternly as he narrowed his eyes at his youngest daughter.

"I would not deprive my sweet Wendy of the love of her life," Martha said taking Wendy from Samuel, "what kind of mother would I be if I let my sweet baby suffer in her grief?" she asked with a pointed look.

"But it's against her teachings!" Joan shouted jumping from her seat.

"I beg to differ aunt," Samuel said peering at her. His eyes glowed eerily in the waning light.

"Just because you are her Herald does not mean that even you wouldn't be punished," Joan said placing her clenched fist on her hips.

"Oh, I know all about Hekatê's punishments aunt," Samuel said with deathly undertones.

"So...," Carson said clearing his throat, "what was it that you wanted to tell us, Kelly?" he asked looking over at his granddaughter trying to distract them from coming to blows.

"I'm pregnant!" Kelly cried joyfully thrusting her arms into the air.

"P-p-pregnant!" Joan stammered.

"Congratulations!" Martha cried bringing Kelly into a crushing hug. "I assume Samuel is the father?"

"Of course," Kelly nodding her head vehemently, "you think I'm going to let this delicious man just run off on his own?!" she giggled as she snuggled Samuel.

"My, the Goodall family is just bound full of joy these days," Marie mused sitting back in her seat, "Joan, why don't you sit down, they did come here to help us not to be berated by us," she said taking charge.

"Yes Marie," Joan sighed hanging her head.

"We'll talk to them," Rick whispered as he gently pulled his wife back into her seat, "privately," he quickly added. He wouldn't have spoken so open before his extended family when it was an internal family matter. Yet with Joan she took her faith in Hekatê very seriously.

"Now tell me what exactly is the Herald of Hekatê? I know I am not the only one here eager to know why this man has such strange magics," Marie said gesturing to Samuel.

"Samuel was born touched by the goddess," Wendy said turning around in Martha's lap, "I felt it the moment he was born. Every day I would draw a sigil on his left hand to keep him hidden from the coven. I knew if they found out about Samuel, they wouldn't hesitate to destroy him. I wouldn't allow anyone to harm my baby, and that was the case until

two years ago when I sort of died. Then my family was thrown into a whirlwind of uncertainty. Then Victor became ill and I could no longer keep Samuel in the dark any longer. We needed him, well Kelly and Charlotte needed him, as you can see, I'm not at that stage yet," she said running her small hands up and down her chest. "Norman's hex hurt my sweet Victor in ways the doctors can never understand. So we had to awaken Samuel's magic, since my baby was a good son to his ailing mother. His magic laid dormant until Charlotte awoken it when she had him to help her turn back time. Hence why she looks younger than you," Wendy said looking directly at Joan. "So my sweet baby's magic has been growing since that day, changing, strengthening, empowering those that partakes of it."

"I see," Marie said her finger tapping her chin. Still pondering on how she was going to talk him into lining her bed. "Well, I am sure the four of you had a very long journey," she said rising from her chair, "why don't I show you where you be staying, the rest of you get to your nightly chores. Oh and, Eric see about making us a new altar."

"What happened to your last one?" Samuel asked quizzically.

"It was the latest victim in their attack on our family," Marie said, "please if you follow me," she said gesturing to the door.

"Like all of it or is there like parts of it left?"

"Samuel what are you thinking?" Kelly asked as she stood at his back.

"There's nothing left of it but ash," Eric spat in hate for those that had been attacking his family from the shadows.

"Did you remove it?" Samuel asked his eyes darting to and fro as his mind combed through the vast knowledge Hekatê had inserted into his mind.

"No, I told them to leave it until we could purify the site once again," Marie said studying the man, "but come, I will

answer all the questions you have," she said leading them out of the room.

"Wow!" Kelly said in awe at the large spacious room that was converted to act as their bedroom during their stay. "This place is huge!"

"We're going to need to do something about that echo though," Charlotte said cocking out her hip. Knowing how her jeans would contour tightly to her ass as she stood in front of Samuel.

"My, you gaze so lewdly at their posteriors," Marie giggled behind her hand.

"Can you blame me?" Samuel said taking all his will to tear his eyes away from those firm, tight, kissable ass' of theirs.

"Remember I want a spanking later," Kelly said shooting her brother a coy smile.

"Oh my," Marie said fanning her face, "are all pure sex witches so flirtatious?"

"Oh yes," Charlotte said walking seductively up to Samuel, "especially when there is one whose magic fills us in ways even, I haven't experienced before," she cooed as she ran her hands up Samuel's chest. "I do hope we won't disturb anyone of you, because me and Kelly just can't keep our hands to ourselves when Samuel is naked."

"Ah, no need to worry, as your parents have stated that when they told us of your arrival. I had Michael sound proof this room and had him secure that door, so no one will be able to open it until your stay is over," Marie said pointing to the double doors on the right side of the room, "this one has a simple lock on it, yet if you lock it, I'm sure there will be no one interrupting you," she said with a knowing smile. "Now I know you my not need to feed, but everyone here is willing to help you if you so wish. I'm not saying you have to, but it would be nice to see pure-blood sex witches in action. Since your sister keeps her and her husband's act private, we have only seen what sex magic looks like in books."

"Really?! Joan's been here for how long and yet to show you?" Charlotte said in disbelief. Shaking her head at her sister's need to hide who they are.

"Sammy, why not show them? It couldn't hurt them to see what we can do, and I mean everything we can do," Kelly said draping herself along Samuel's left side.

"Then I guess I'm going to have to do something about this altar first," Samuel mused as his arm instinctively moved on its own wrapping itself around his sister's waist.

"You know how I love it when I feel your touch on me," Kelly purred wishing to feel his magic filling her to the brim as it had done last night.

"Well...," Marie could feel her cheeks heating at the display. Was Samuel that enticing for them to so vivaciously draped themselves over him? Would her own family become as such once they joined their ranks, or was Samuel just that special to make two women act like sex starved women?

"Any help you can proved with our altar would be most appreciated...!" Marie yelped in surprise as Charlotte pulled her over, her eyes widening as Charlotte kissed her with such passion that left her breathless. Moaning loudly as Charlotte fondled her breasts through her light, thin blouse.

Part 2

"So you think I didn't notice the way you were looking at my Sammy," Charlotte said in a husky voice, "that we wouldn't see the sexual energies that surround you when you think of him?" Her thumbs circled around Marie's areolas stealthily pouring her magic into Marie's body. "But it isn't Samuel's magic you're going to feel," she said with a sneaky smile.

"That's right," Kelly said her fingers trailed along Samuel's jaw as she passed, "it's ours that you will feel. My baby needs to feed," she said her lips curled into a sensuous smile.

"Please I didn't...," Marie began to say only to feel a sudden wave rushing through her body. "Oh God!" she cried out as

her body became infused with sexual energy she has never felt before.

"Please what? We both know what you're after, and we can't blame you Samuel is one of a kind," Kelly said nibbling along Marie's jaw, "it's only natural for you who has never experienced what true sex magic is to wonder just what he can do. Trust me, my brother is a storm within a storm, and I wonder just how long that little pussy of yours will stay dry the moment you feel his true magic," she said running her finger down Marie's chest as she poured her own sexual energies into Marie's body. "Samuel why not give her a taste, a small one to sate her desires," Kelly said flashing her brother a seductive smirk. Only to be stopped by the knock on their door.

"Samuel it's your aunt," Joan said through the door, "may I come in? I really wish to speak with you, it's urgent?!"

"Seems we must postpone this," Charlotte pouted, "and I was so wanting to know what you moaned like," she whispered seductively into Marie's ear.

"Mmmhmm," Kelly nodded giving Marie's nipple a little pinch.

"Please Samuel, may I come in?" Joan pleaded through the door.

"Forgive me Joan," Marie said trying to contain the heat that Charlotte and Kelly had started as she opened the door. "But we were in the middle of an important discussion that couldn't wait," she said feeling how saturated her panties were just from a minute underneath their spell. "If you don't mind, I'd like to finish this tomorrow?" Marie asked looking back at them, her fingers curled as she fought back an orgasm that she suspected Charlotte had placed on her the moment their lips touched.

"Sure," Charlotte said her tongue flicking against her teeth. "Obviously, you know where to find us," she said as her hand trailed up her chest.

"Well, Mom probably needs a change by now," Kelly said offhandedly as Joan entered the room.

"And I'll unload the car," Charlotte said moving passed her sister without a word, "Sammy when we go to bed tonight, I got a little something for you," she said waving seductively at him as she closed the door.

"So, what is it?" Samuel asked walking over to one of the numerous chairs that were pushed against the wall to make room for their bed.

"I need your help," Joan said, her feet carrying her across the floor in a rush.

"Okay, why?" Samuel asked resting his arms on the armrest as he leaned against the back of the chair.

"Where to start," Joan mumbled with her chin in her hand. "For two years now me and your uncle have been trying for another baby, the doctors don't know why we can't conceive another child. From all the test they ran, all the fertility drugs they had us on, every spell we tried nothing works!"

"Again I ask why I should help you?" Samuel asked in a cold indifferent tone.

"Listen I get that you're mad at us, truly I do," Joan said walking over to the chair beside his, pulling it out so she could speak to him without appearing to be loitering over him. "But I'm a good mother, I love being a mother. I want to feel life growing inside me again," she said somberly as her hands rested over her stomach.

"My mother was a good mother too, yet that didn't stop you from abandoning her when she needed her family the most," Samuel said his eyes flickering over to her, "you weren't there when Mom was going through chemo. You didn't see how sick it made her. How I had to watch as that toxic shit burned my mother from the inside out. Tell me why I should help you when you didn't even help your own sister?"

"Because...," Joan stopped herself, racking her mind for something to say to get him to agree with her plea. "I'll offer myself to you if that's what you want as payment," she said

her brown eyes were set in her determination to have another child.

"Please," Samuel said waving his aunt off, "I can barely keep up with Kelly and Charlotte as it is, why do you think I want to have sex with you?"

"Because I look like Wendy when she was this age," Joan said with a confident smirk, "and all boys always have a special place in the back of their minds for their mother's, don't they?" she asked using her powers of seduction to curb some of her nephew's anger at her and Rick.

"Well, you got me there," Samuel said aloofly as he scratched his left cheek, "you do look like Mom, that doesn't necessary mean I'm going to have sex with you."

"Please!" Joan cried out knowing she was losing, taking hold of his hand to keep him rooted. "I'm not asking for much you can hate me all you want. I don't care! Just please, please help us," she said getting down on her knees. Her hands cupped his as she brought it to her left breast. "Samuel touch your aunt," Joan said pressing the palm of his hand

against that heavenly orb. Hoping he saw how willing she was to pay the price for his magic. However, as Samuel's fingers pressed into her milky flesh, a sharp sudden surge of the most purest sexual magic flooded her body. Crying out in sheer bliss as her womb instantly clenching once Samuel's magic touched it.

"Oh, you weren't expecting that now were you aunt Joan?" Samuel asked pondering if she would make a good test subject while he figured out this particular spell.

"S-S-Samuel," Joan said trying to gather breath from her explosive orgasm.

"How about we make a deal," Samuel said. Noting how his aunt was sensuously biting her lower lip, her cheeks grew to a soft rosy hue as he continued to fondle her.

"Y-y-yes, what kind of deal?" Joan asked trying to still her quaking body.

"Oh, nothing much, you help me I'll help you," Samuel said adding a tad bit more energy to his spell. Smirking as his aunt released a cute little moan.

"O-o-okay, whatever you want I'm willing to pay," Joan said peering at her nephew through half-laden eyes.

"Can you stand?" Samuel asked slowly lifting his hand off of her breast only to have his aunt's hands shoot out, pressing his hand back against it.

"No," Joan said slowly shaking her head, "I...umm, feel too good to let go," she said in-between moans.

"Then I'm going to need my hand back," Samuel said with a pointed look.

"Okay, but I'm going to borrow it some more later," Joan said biting her nail, "Damn, whatever that was I want another taste of it," she thought to herself watching Samuel's hand running down her chest, slipping underneath her shirt coming to a rest on her stomach.

"I'm going to need you to stay as still as you can," Samuel said before fully engulfing his aunt in his magical aura. The moment his magic touched her ovaries he could feel Norman's hex still alive and kicking. It wouldn't be hard for him to break it, yet he needed the new moon to do such a thing. Nevertheless, Samuel wondered why Norman would go after Joan when she hasn't been to her hometown in years when Kelly and Charlotte were more accessible than she was. Could it be that Kelly and Charlotte had warded themselves once they found out about the hex? Was that why Joan fell underneath his spell? "Seems I can help you," Samuel said only to find his aunt breathing in a very lewd manner. His nose wiggled catching the scent of her arousal in the air as his hand left the confines of her shirt. "I keep forgetting to not get distracted and zone out the world around me when I do that," Samuel berated himself for not noticing that his aunt came once again when he was scanning her body.

"O-o-okay, what do we need to do?" Joan asked wondering how her nephew's mouth would feel on her sex, so she could feel his magic filling her the proper way.

"Oh? And what do we have here?" Charlotte cooed as she entered the room dropping their bags at the door. She knew that look on her sister's face she has seen it far to often on Kelly's face not to know that her younger sister was sexually aroused.

"Samuel is going to help me have another baby," Joan said breathlessly.

"Is he now?" Charlotte asked keeping her annoyance hidden. She so wasn't going to share her nephew with her sister. Joan always wanted what she had when they were children, and it seems that her sister was the same now as she was then. "Tell me Samuel, am I not enough for you?"

"What?!" Samuel asked confused knowing a minefield when he saw one.

"You're going to have sex with your aunt, how else are you going to get her pregnant?" Charlotte asked with a pointed look at her nephew. Crossing her arms, arching an eyebrow waiting for his answer.

"Who said anything about me fathering her child?" Samuel shot back. "All I did was agree to help in return she helps me," he said sitting back in his chair. He wasn't about to face off with his aunt's attitude not when he hasn't done anything wrong.

"Then why is she like that?" Charlotte asked nodding towards her sister.

"Well, I had to infuse her with my magic," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders, "even you know what that does."

"True," Charlotte said looking away feeling her cheeks heat.

"Samuel do it again," Joan said reaching for his hand again only wanting to feel that surge of magic once again. "You need to practice more to get it right, no?"

"No, if he needs to practice than he can do so on me," Charlotte said sliding into his lap. Taking hold of Samuel's left hand she wasn't about to be outdone by her little sister.

"Oh fuck!" she cried out as she felt the surge of magic. "Samuel!" Charlotte howled glad that the room was soundproofed because if it wasn't all of those within that house would have heard her cumming. "What the hell!" she said as she gathered breath. She so wasn't expecting that. "Mmmhmm," Charlotte moaned grinding her hips on his leg, biting her lower lip as his magic saturated every cell of her body.

"She can't be the only one nephew," Joan said with a sultry look.

"What's going on in here?" Aurore asked startling the women. She tried not to be affected by the sight before her, but unlike the rest of her family members she was more in tuned with sex magic than they were. She could feel it permeating the room.

"Nothing," Joan said dwelling in the magic that flooded her body.

"Is there something we can help you with?" Charlotte asked not looking at the girl as she shyly rubbed her mound on

Samuel's knee. Her eyes telling him not to stop whatever he was doing.

"Yes, umm, my mother would like to speak with him," Aurore said pointing at Samuel.

"Why?' Samuel asked not wanting to leave just yet when he was finally making head way with the spell.

"She wants to know what you meant by your inquiry of our altar," Aurore said looking at the floor trying not to see how the two women were lost in their lust.

"Oh, I guess whoever she is would be," Samuel said moving the palm of his hand over Charlotte's nipple. Smirking when she released a soft moan.

"My mother isn't whoever!" Aurore said growing red in the face.

"Aurore, there's no need to get upset. Samuel here hasn't meet Ines yet since she was at work the moment they got here," Joan said arching her back. Pressing Samuel's hand harder against her breast thinking it would make his magic sink deeper into her.

"Charlotte," Samuel whispered sensuously into her ear.

"Hmm?" Charlotte mumbled lost in the bliss of whatever he was doing to her.

"I need you to find a fertility spell that works on the new moon, can you do that for me?" Samuel asked before tugging gently on her earlobe knowing it was one of her special areas to turn his aunt on.

"O-okay, but you aren't fucking her right?" Charlotte whispered.

"No I'm not. I have you and Kelly that is far more than I can handle," Samuel said running his lips along her neck.

"You shouldn't say that, after all you never know what might happen between now and when you leave," Joan shuddered as she came once again. She was sure that by now her crotch was fully soaked and visible through her blue jeans and yet she didn't care. "You may never know, I might just get a chance to ride your cock, nephew."

"We'll see," Samuel said patting Charlotte's ass telling her to get up. "Alright, show me to your mother," he said straightening out his clothes.

"You might want to come along too Joan, cousin Marie wants all the house present when Samuel answers Mom's questions," Aurore said looking to her left as someone tapped her on her shoulder. "Sorry," she said moving out of Kelly's way.

"No worries," Kelly said flashing Aurore a smile as she entered the room with her mother sound asleep in her arms. "She's had a long day," she said looking over at Charlotte and Samuel. "Mind helping me setup her portable crib?" she asked looking over at her brother.

"Your brother is busy at the moment, but I'll help you," Charlotte said rubbing Samuel's back.

"Why bother, the moment I go to bed Mom is just going to crawl onto my chest and fall asleep there," Samuel whispered so not to wake his mother.

"True, than you're okay with leaving it in the car?" Kelly asked laying Wendy down in the center of the king size bed.

"Yes." Was Samuel's only answer.

"Wait, she does that?" Aurore asked studying the man before her. Wondering if all sex witches were as strange as the man before her was.

"Oh yeah, every night since we started living together," Samuel said as he closed the door behind him.

"So you're this Samuel my husband has spoken of?" Ines asked waving her hand over to Michael. Her blue eyes ran

up and down Samuel's body studying him. She could sense something strange about him, yet she couldn't put her finger on what it was. When she got home from running the occult store (one of the many stores their family owned.) Her family bombarded her phone with texts about the spell he had performed the moment they had arrived. While she was all for finding their lost relatives, she, however, was apprehensive about opening up their home to people they didn't know. Nevertheless, she did sense the magic barrier that now protected their home when she breached the threshold of the property. So, that only told her one thing -- that this man before them was extremely powerful and someone to be weary of no matter if he was their cousin or not.

"So I'm on everyone's minds, hmm?" Samuel asked looking around the room.

"Please take no offense Samuel," Rick said glancing at his sister noticing how she was eyeing their nephew, "they aren't used to seeing or feeling our type of magic. You've made quite the stir," he said slyly nodding to Aurore.

"It's not like I asked to be like this uncle. I was quite content on a normal dull college life, and not having a goddess whispering in my ear twerty-four-seven," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders.

"Wait. Back up," Ines said arching an eyebrow, "you have a goddess whispering to you all day long?"

"Yeah, how else is Hekatê going to speak with me?" Samuel asked with a quizzical look.

"So this Hekatê does she like only pertain to your type of magic or...?" Aurore asked intrigued that her distant cousin wasn't as power hungry as she first thought he was.

"No," Samuel said shaking his head, "she's the goddess of all magic and the crossroads; but I'm sure you already knew all that," he said looking at Marie.

"We call her something else in hoodoo," Michael said speaking up. "My question is why did she send you here?"

"To save you, thought I made myself clear on that matter," Samuel said coldly. "I don't like repeating myself."

"But, why?"

"Because he was ordered to," Joan said cutting in seeing Samuel nod.

"Yes, otherwise I doubt my grandson would be here," Martha said looking around the room.

"Well, grandpa did ask first," Samuel said scratching his cheek.

"Okay, so this Hekatê...," Ines began to say.

"I wouldn't use that tone if I were you," Samuel said cutting in, "you might not want to see what she's like when she's angry."

"Is that from personal or...?"

"Personal experience," Samuel said looking over at Ines. "She makes her displeasure known fairly quickly."

"I see," Ines mumbled.

"Is that all you wanted?" Samuel asked the woman with a pointed look.

"No," Ines said shaking her head.

"We were wondering what was your interest in our destroyed altar," Marie said from the chair in the middle of the room depicting her role as the head of their household.

"Oh, umm, I think I can remake it," Samuel said scratching his head.

"How?" Ines asked intrigued by the possibility.

"Transmute the ash," Samuel said in a matter-of-fact tone. "However, it will have to wait until tomorrow."

"Of course, you mustn't have recovered from the spell earlier," Marie said. This Samuel didn't correct the woman on, he had recovered quite nicely thanks to his aunts. He no longer needed sex to recharge his batteries per say. His magic had evolved enough where the sexual energies released during their orgasms were enough to feed his need. That didn't mean he was going to stop having sex with Kelly or Charlotte. Samuel had grown to enjoy it immensely.

"The question you must ask yourselves is do you want to join this sect of magic," Samuel said sternly. "As you know we can't have sex with just anyone and have our magic work, well except for me but I'm different. You should think on that before the full moon."

"Why? What's so important that we must decide by then?" Aurore asked confused.

"That is when you must make your pack to Hekatê, so you can practice our form of magic," Samuel said slowly opening his left hand red arcing bolts of electricity sparked off the tips of his fingers as his fingers uncurled. "And every year after that."

"And if we don't want to?" Magdalene asked flanked by her husband Eric.

"Then I'll pack up my stuff and leave, and the offer will never be presented to you ever again including your offspring," Samuel said plainly.

"What of the children?" Marie asked.

"Those already born will choose on their eighteenth birthday, those born after the pack is remade will be like us," Samuel said gesturing to his grandparents.

"So then those of us not born into your family will we...?" Eric asked slyly glancing at Aurore.

"Yes, you too will be inducted into the sect," Samuel nodded.

"And just how are you going to induct us into your sect?" Joan asked pondering on if it would mimic how the old text described the very first ceremony.

"Haven't figured that out yet," Samuel admitted looking over at her. "I was half expecting to find this family being harassed by the non-magic born instead of a voodoo group, and that you would turn it down. So I haven't delved into the spell all that much. However, I do know you," he said pointing at Marie, "will be at the center of it."

"Me?!" Marie said sitting straighter in her chair.

"Yes. You," Samuel said with a nod.

"Why her?" Paul asked relaying a question his own son whispered to him.

"Because she is the head of this house, is she not?" Samuel asked arching an eyebrow. "It falls to her as your high priest," he said nodding to Marie, "that if this branch of our family so wishes to rejoin their brethren. Then on the night of the full moon, the head of said family, shall be the anchor that brings you back to the fold."

"So, then what does that mean for us?" Marie asked a chill ran up her spine at the thought of being underneath Samuel's magic.

"Daily life? Same as always, however, there will be times when you will be called upon just as my family will be then where I lead you will follow," Samuel said letting them know it wasn't up for debate.

"Wait you can't be the high priest and the Herald that gives you too much power," Michael said highly intrigued at what Samuel could do.

"Whoever said I was both?" Samuel asked giving the man the look that told him he was an idiot. "My mother was and still is our families high priestess."

"Can we have a demonstration at least," Ines asked moving to the edge of her seat. "Just so we all know what we are getting into if we agree to this."

"Then come up here," Samuel said pointing to the spot next to him.

"Me?!" Ines said pointing at herself.

"You're just as good as anyone."

"A-alright," Ines said taking a dry swallow, "just don't do anything weird," she said as she approached him.

"Sorry about this, don't get mad okay," Samuel said looking at Michael who nodded that he understood. "Try not to be too startled alright?" he whispered as his left hand rose. Ines gasped suddenly as Samuel's left hand cradled her right breast.

"W-what the...?!" Ines said in surprise collapsing to her knees as Samuel's magic poured into her body.

"Yes, I thought you would feel it far more than any other here, am I right?" Samuel said looking down at the woman as she filled the room with sexual energies.

"Y-yes," Ines said biting her lip, her thighs rubbed together trying not to give into the sensations that were radiating down into her womanhood.

"So what do you want me to do?" Samuel asked once there was enough of Ines sexual arousal in the air to fuel his spell.

"Show us how you destroyed that coven," Marie ordered wondering just how many forms of magic Samuel could actually use.

"I see," Samuel said chanting the spell in his head. He wasn't about to let these people know just what he could do as his hand moved through the air. The air shimmered as the illusion took hold of the room and its occupants slowly

faded as that old historical house came into view. It was weird for Samuel watching the last days for those people from a third person point of view.

"What's up with that chick?" Eric asked as they watched as Annabeth pressed her body against his.

"Oh, she was trying to bend me to her will thinking of using what I can do to make her the leader of the coven," Samuel said as they watched the meet and greet before they entered the banquet hall.

"Well, she undoubtedly learned that from her mother," Joan sneered.

"Most likely," Samuel agreed.

"Wait. What are you doing?" Michael asked as they watched as Samuel drew the glyphs on the punchbowl.

"Oh, umm, bringing the parasite I created into the world, and placing an enchantment on the bowl so they all would consume the sugary drink along with the glyph to increase the parasite's incubation rate," Samuel said matter-of-fact.

"Why?" asked one of the children.

"Because they were planning on draining my magic to usurp Hekatê's will, and I wasn't about to allow them another day of life for their crimes against my mother," Samuel said not feeling any remorse for the lives loss that day. "Hence why she ordered their destruction."

"I see," Michael said weakly as they watched as Annabeth went up in flames.

"Here," Samuel said tweaking his magic a tad bit, so they could hear Eva's last words.

"What's happening!" Eva yelled horrified as she watched her daughter crumple to her knees. "No!" she shrieked as her skin began to sag, wrinkles rapidly formed, undoing the

years' she had used her magic to keep her young. Her heart raced in fear as her body aged right before her eyes.

"You know I was really surprise how stupid you could be," Samuel said coldly as he stepped out into the light.

"What?! You did this to us! Why we were going to help you!" Eva said her vision darken as cataracts rapidly formed over her eyes.

"Do you honestly take me for that kind of a fool!" Samuel spat, "I know it was you and Beth that gave aid to Norman to hex my mother. Did you think I wouldn't seek revenge? That you could get away with murdering my mother?!" he growled gripping her chin, snatching her head backwards as he stood over her. "I've dealt with Norman already, Hekatê is keeping his soul entertained while she waits for you. Tell me how wise was it to piss off a goddess? It was she that ordered your sundering, and I was all but happy to oblige. Maybe if she allows your soul to be reborn maybe next time you won't try to usurp the goddess of magic's will," Samuel said an evil light flared in his eyes as Eva's body crumbled to dust.

Joan balled over laughing madly as Eva's body was nothing more than dust on the floor as Samuel's magic faded. The years she had wanted to do that herself. The years she had to bite her tongue to keep from angering the coven when she was younger. Now that Samuel had done the one thing, she always wanted to do she just couldn't stop herself.

"Sis?" Rick whispered nudging her with his elbow.

"Sorry," Joan said wiping her tears from her eyes, "it's just for so many years I've wanted to do that to Eva."

"So I take it this coven wasn't very friendly with your family?" Marie asked looking over at Rick, Carson, Martha, Joan, and Samuel.

"Well, I wouldn't really know. I only had like two weeks with them," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders, looking over at his grandparents for help.

"Oh yes, the coven was quite a snobby group of people. Thinking just because they could wield magic that it made them better than everyone else," Carson grumbled.

"It wasn't like that when we were apart of it back in our day. They knew how special we were and made sure to keep us in their grace. It wasn't until Wendy and Eva joined the coven when they were children that we saw the coven turning from its main purpose, which was to serve the will of Hekatê and not to line their pockets," Martha said remembering the good times they had when they were there.

"Samuel," Joan called to him, "forgive me, you did the right thing there. They needed to be stopped. I'm sorry I couldn't have helped my sister, I'm sorry for a lot of things." Leaning into her brother/husband, "Tonight I'm going to fuck you so hard," she whispered to Rick.

"Thank you, Samuel," Marie said rising from her chair. Arching an eyebrow as Ines released a lascivious moan as Samuel pulled his hand away.

"What the...?!" Ines whispered looking down her body between her legs feeling how wet she was. "Is this natural?" she asked looking up at Samuel.

"For me it is," Samuel said helping her to stand, "sorry, I didn't know how much or if any you would be affected by my magic."

"I see, will we all be able to make anyone of us," Ines said gesturing to her family, "cum from just a touch?" she asked in a low whisper.

"No, that's just me," Samuel said shaking his head.

"Then may I have another?!"

"Ines!" Michael said aghast at his wife's words.

"What?!" Ines said looking back at him. "When was the last time you gave me one? All I'm asking is for something easy and definitely not cheating," she said narrowing her blue

eyes as she peered through the strands of her brunette hair. "So cousin what do you say? How about giving your cousin another taste, hmm?"

"Sure why not, I could use a snack," Samuel said placing his hand over Ines left breast. Keeping his smirk hidden as Ines held onto him as her womb detonated. "That wasn't even a fraction of the spell, how about we take it up a notch?" he asked pressing his fingers into her breast, catching Ines in his arms as she blacked out from the sheer bliss he saw on her face.

"Here, I'll take her," Michael said taking his wife from Samuel. "I hope that satisfies her," he muttered Samuel could only agree with the man.

"That...was intriguing to say the least," Marie said taking a dry swallow. Glancing out the corner of her eye as Michael laid Ines onto the couch. She had never seen her half-sister look so blissful before. It made her wonder just how different his magic was compared to the rest of his families. "Samuel, we thank you for allowing us to voice our concerns to you," Marie said stepping forward. Placing her

hands behind her back to keep herself from reaching out and allowing him to touch her like he had done with Ines. "Would you mind over the next two weeks we hold a discussion group should anyone have any more questions they would like to ask? You and your family are more than welcome to stay as long as you like. It's nice to finally see what sex magic looks..."

"That wasn't sex magic," Samuel said interrupting Marie with a coy smirk, "well not in the truest sense."

"What do you mean?" Marie asked confused.

"I simply used her sexual energies to cast an illusion spell. Real sex magic well I would need your," Samuel said glancing down to her peach then back up, "how to say this without being lewd," he muttered.

"Speak your mind Samuel," Marie said as the adults covered their children's ears.

"I would need to imbibe in your juice if we aren't having sex that is," Samuel said looking at the women of his extended family. Noticing how their cheeks instantly heated as his eyes fell upon them. "Then I can weave the strands of magic that deals in sex."

"Ah, I see," Marie said trying to ignore how her mound was quivering at the thought of Samuel lapping up her juices. "Well, this has been a very informative night, don't the rest of you agree?" she asked looking around the room at her family. "Please give your aunt and sister my apologies for pulling you away," Marie said smiling at him.

"Aunt Joan, you and uncle should make your preparations before the night of the new moon," Samuel said looking over at her.

"Okay, we'll be ready then," Joan said giving her nephew a nod, "I'll tell you later," she whispered to Rick when he started to speak.

"I don't mean to intrude on your internal family matter, but what's this about the new moon?" Magdalene asked trying

to still her aroused body. Yet the faint brush she felt against her skin was like a wild fire rampaging throughout her body. She had no idea sex magic could feel so raw, so energizing, so orgasmic.

"The breaking of Norman's hex can only be done on the new moon," Samuel said over his shoulder as he left the room.

"Samuel!" Joan cried out as she chased after him. "What do you mean by Norman's hex?" she whispered low as she held onto his arm.

"Norman placed a hex on your ovaries that is why you haven't been able to get pregnant," Samuel said softly, "why he did such a thing I haven't a clue, nor why he would go after you instead of Kelly or Charlotte first," he said shrugging his shoulders.

"But you're sure you can break it?!" Joan asked frantic to put this part of her life behind her.

"Yeah, it shouldn't be a problem, plus I think you'll be pregnant by the end of the ceremony," Samuel said with a lopsided grin.

"Are we...?" Joan asked biting her lip.

"Having sex? No," Samuel said shaking his head, "uncle will be doing that part, I'm just going to be there to break the hex and provide an extra boost to uncle's little swimmers," Samuel said slowly turning the doorknob to one of the many bathrooms that dotted the house.

"Thank you, Samuel," Joan cried joyfully throwing her arms around his neck, placing a long wet kiss on her nephew's lips.

"Joan? What are you doing?" Rick asked puzzled by the display.

"Oh Rick!" Joan said falling into his arms, "babies Rick, we're going to have babies," she said dreamily as the bathroom door closed.

"Hello Samuel," Charlotte and Kelly purred displayed in various salacious poses on the bed awaiting his return. "Come," they said holding out a single arm beckoning to him, "we've been waiting."

Samuel held his breath as he looked upon the white glistening alkary magical stones that lined the path of her inner sanctum. He knew the place existed, he had found a journal of one of the former Herald's had hidden within Hekatê's library. Which he found odd that a goddess of magic wouldn't sense the sealed compartment, then again, she might have and just thought it would be amusing to watch as the other Herald's tried to figure it all out.

"Ah, here at last" Hekatê cooed. Yet Samuel couldn't understand why her voice sounded so far away. "Have you become so distant to me that my own Herald only speaks with my Arcita?" Samuel cocked his head to the side it sounded to him that the goddess was hurt. "I wonder if I have chosen wrong...," she mused, "that you haven't figured out your other task yet." Samuel pressed the heels of his palms against his eyes as that same image of that woman's

face was set ablaze in his mind. Falling to his knees as the image of voluptuous breast with a pale white areola capped with a matching little bud scrolled pass his view. Droplets of sweat beaded along that flat, smooth stomach before disappearing into her bellybutton. A soft salacious moan echoed through his mind as he felt her body writhing beneath him.

"Sammy!" Wendy whispered patting his face. Samuel's eyes shot open. His eyes darting around uncertain as to where he was at. "Baby, are you okay? It sounded like you were having a bad dream."

"Yeah," Samuel sighed laying his forearm over his eyes.

"Samuel tell me what's wrong," Wendy whispered sitting up on his chest.

"Something she wants me to do, yet I can't figure out what."

"Okay, does it have to do with something here or...?" Wendy chewed her lip as Samuel shook his head.

"She want's me to find someone, who? I can't say she doesn't give me a name just an image of a face," Samuel said peering at his mother from underneath his arm.

"So she has to be in the city," Wendy said contemplating on the problem, "she has to be, she wouldn't make you search the world for a face with no name without a means to find her. Trust your magic Samuel, I was meant to show you how when you got older," she said smiling shaking her head. "I guess I still can, this isn't how I thought I would be teaching you. If Hekatê has an interest in this girl than she must have some kind of magic, then you should be able to sense her. It might be difficult for you given the amount of magic users here; but I know you can do it," Wendy said caressing her son's cheek lovingly. Noting the hour, knowing it was still far, far too early for Samuel to walk the streets of New Orleans, and she wanted more time to hold her son in her sleep. "So tomorrow, and however, long it takes we will help you find this woman. I don't want her angry at you," her fine sandy blonde hair brushed along her shoulders, "she isn't going to take my baby," she whispered pressing her forehead against his. "Now go back to sleep,

we'll talk more on this in the morning." Unaware that Kelly and Charlotte were awake and heard everything.

"Hey, look at this," Kelly said laying her phone down on the table mat as Samuel sat down at the kitchen table.

"Ghost walk?!" Samuel asked perplexed as he scrolled down the tourist website.

"Not that, but it sounds fun doesn't it? No, the list of magic shops," Kelly said pouring Samuel a cup of orange juice while Charlotte fixed him his plate.

"Don't you think that would be a good place to start looking?" Charlotte asked setting his plate before him.

"Oh, what's going on? Did someone say something about shops?!" Ines said stepping into the kitchen. Trying not to let her eyes fall on Samuel as he bit into his toast. "If you like I'll be more than happy to show you around," she said stepping up to the table.

"Well, isn't that nice we'll have first hand knowledge on our tour," Wendy said gleefully from her highchair.

"Ines, I thought you had an appointment today?" Paul asked as he stirred the fresh batch of scrambled eggs.

"It can wait, it's not every day our cousins come down," Ines said flipping her hair over her shoulder.

"Uh-huh," Paul said smirking into the eggs. He had overheard Ines and Magdalene speaking about her experience underneath Samuel's touch. Listening to how Ines had masturbated until one in the morning and it didn't even measure to the bliss she had felt. "Hey, do you go by Sam or...?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Samuel," he said scooping his hot eggs to his mouth. Instinctively, taking the extra napkin from the table and wiping Wendy's mouth.

"You're becoming quite the Daddy," Kelly cooed wondering if he was going to be as caring to their own child.

"Yeah, you were calling me that the other night," Samuel said with a smirk as he bit into his piece of bacon.

"Well, I have been a bad, bad girl lately," Kelly shot back feeling her cheeks heat.

"I do hope I'm not the only one that misses out on your spankings," Charlotte said trying not to let her morning sickness get to her.

"Oh, well then, I guess you need to bend over this knee too," Samuel said patting his right knee underneath the table.

"Man, I thought Rick was joking about the flirtatious nature of sex witches," Paul said shaking his head.

"Oh, sometimes we are, sometimes we aren't. It just with us, we have two years to make up for," Charlotte said sweetly as the pads of her fingers skimmed along the back of Samuel's hand.

"Ah, I see," Paul said nodding eyeing his cousin-in-law.

"Well, I'll let the four of you finish your breakfast," Ines said placing her hands behind her back to accentuate her breasts, "I'll be in the foyer when you are ready," she said turning on her heel. Looking back at them as her hand rested on the polished brass door plate. "Samuel, cousin, last night is it always like that or more...?"

"More," Samuel said as he took a sip of his orange juice.

"Mmm," Ines mused as she pushed through the door.

"What did she mean Sam?" Kelly asked resting her hand over his.

"Oh," Samuel said a mischievous light flashed his eyes. Turning his hand over, running his middle finger along her palm, watching how his sister's back arched, the sound of her legs snapping closed, to the soft whimper that escaped her lips. Noting how she wasn't wearing a bra as her nipples

were outlined by her green shirt. "She meant that," Samuel said watching his sister trying to control herself at the kitchen table.

"Samuel," Charlotte said drawing his gaze, "was that the same thing you did with me and Joan?' she asked sucking on her lower lip at his nod. "Then my sweet nephew please give your aunt another jolt of that magic," Charlotte said with a seductive smirk.

"Yes ma'am," Samuel said wondering how messed up his life had become as his sister and aunt climaxed in his cousin's kitchen.

The scents of creole food drifted on the late morning air as Samuel and the others walked down the streets of New Orleans. Glad he had looked up a cooling spell when the heat grew too warm for his liking. Grinning madly when his aunt and sister along with Ines looked back at him. Keeping his chuckle contained when he noticed the slight sheen of sweat glistening along their foreheads.

"What?!" Samuel asked as their burning looks bored into him.

"Samuel, it's not gentlemanly to flaunt your power and not offer it to us as well. We are the mothers of your children. Should we not benefit from your spell as well?" Kelly asked her cheek twitching knowing how hot it was going to get as the humidity continued to rise.

"Mmmhmm," Charlotte nodded, "you wouldn't want us sweating through our shirts, now do you? Unless you want men staring at our...," smirking as Samuel placed his right hand on her left shoulder, his left resting on Kelly's right. Sighing as she felt the heat pouring off of her.

"While I'm used to the heat, but I too could use some cooling as well," Ines said batting her eyelashes at him. "My, what a strange spell," she mused as she studied the light blue halo along her skin. "Now shall we carry on?!" Ines asked happily as she clapped her hands.

"Mom would have loved coming along," Kelly said reaching over her fingertips danced along his palm before clasping

his hand. Smiling at her aunt when she too thought of the same thing as they walked down that pleasant street.

"Well, Mom did want to spend the day with her, and Wendy said it was okay. We could always just come out just us and make it a family day. What do you think?" Charlotte asked looking pass Samuel.

"What a wonderful idea," Kelly beamed at her aunt. Ignoring how her brother was rolling his eyes.

"There are quite a few places I know she would like," Ines said stopping in front of a blacked out store. "However, first, a word of warning," she said pointing to the 'X' made of bones inside a rectangle carved into the brick at the top right corner of the doorframe of the shop's entrance. "Wherever you go make sure to look for this mark before entering. These are no-go places for us," Ines said with deathly undertones.

"What do you mean?!" Charlotte asked confused.

"Nosferatu," Ines said her eyes darting around making sure they weren't over heard.

"They're real?!" Kelly said in shock amazement.

"As real as you and me, we know of them we just don't mingle with them. It's the same with them, after the accord we struck back in the 1890's. So whatever you do always look for this sign when you are in town before entering a store. We wouldn't want to cause a scene between them and us," Ines said waving for them to continue on.

"So what's the story behind all that?" Samuel asked nodding back towards the store they had just left.

"Well, as with any story it changes over the years," Ines said leading them into one of the many courtyards that dotted the city. Guiding them to the furthest corner so she would be able to see who entered, and to keep their conversation as private as they could. Brushing her brunette hair behind her ear as she stood beside Samuel. Her cheeks blushed hoping he liked the perfume she had worn. "As our version goes the heir of the head of the house at the time stumbled

into one of their gambling dens at the time. Drunk as a skunk, some how or another he had fled the den with the daughter of a prominent vampire among their ranks. Unbeknownst to him of the true nature of the woman when sun rise came, and she was burnt alive in the bedroom at the far corner of the house. The man was cruel, laughing madly as the house rushed into the room as he danced around the charred remains of that poor girl. The next night the house was surrounded by their kind. The leader at the time was about to hand his son over so he could face his punishment, which he knew meant death for his son. Yet the scoundrel escaped the house when everyone was distracted. After that night, our two people were at war with each other for ten long years, until the bounty hunters the man hired finally returned his son home. On that same night he watched as they feasted on his son. As the story goes the man didn't shed a tear the man's son had cost his family half of his house and the girl's life. With that the accord was signed and we have had one hundred years of peace between us more or less," Ines said her hand brushed against his. Biting her lip as she felt his magic filling her as it had done last night.

"Well, we certainly don't want to do anything to make your lives down here any harder than they are," Charlotte said looking to Kelly who shared a nod. "We'll make sure Samuel stays out of trouble."

"Hey!" Samuel huffed. He wasn't about to contact the living dead, no sir. Not his skinny white butt, he didn't think having his butt nibbled on by the undead would be all that pleasant. Although actually meeting a vampire was too intriguing to pass up. Shaking his head, he had more pressing matters vying for his attention at the moment. He didn't need to crowd his already overflowing plate.

"Is he always so adorable?" Ines asked from behind her hand as she giggled.

"Mmmhmm," Charlotte cooed, "you should have seen him when he was younger. Running around my house always trying to storm the castle, isn't that right my knight?" she asked her tongue curled out touching the middle of her upper lip.

"He was such a caring boy," Kelly sighed dreamily, "now he's just a sex craved deviant that can't get enough of his sister," she said hugging herself while peering at Samuel through her eyelashes.

"I think that was more your doing than mine sis," Samuel said rolling his eyes.

"True," Kelly said cocking out her hip, "have you seen how hard my nipples are?" she asked her hands cradled her breasts, poking those hard buds.

"Hard not to Kelly," Samuel said shyly moving his hands in front of his crotch.

"You shouldn't tease your brother Kelly, otherwise we would get that," Charlotte said licking her lips as she stared down at what his hands covered up.

"How about we let her taste what a real sex witch is like?" Kelly asked looking over at her aunt. "I mean we are here to build bridges are we not?"

"That we are," Charlotte nodded, "so do you want to know what my sweet Sammy's cock and semen tastes like, or would you like to know what it feels like deep inside of you?"

"Y-yes, i-if that is all right with you," Ines said bashfully her head bowed, her right hand holding onto her left bicep.

"You know I'm standing right here," Samuel huffed.

"We know," Kelly and Charlotte said in unison, "you must have felt Samuel's energies last night." Ines simply nodded glancing up at Samuel as she lifted her head. Her limited form of sex magic that she had inherited from her mother made Samuel's magic burn in her eyes. It made her want to wade into that beautiful blue glow and strip her clothes off, and just offer herself to the man before her. To allow him to fill her in ways she had only heard her mother speak of when she was just a child.

"Samuel," Ines whispered drawing closer to him, "please show me what true sex magic is like," she said looking to Charlotte who flashed her a smile and a nod.

"I see," Samuel said, the corner of his mouth lifted to form a smirk.

"Please don't think any less of me," Ines said as she sank down his body.

"Just take it slow, I take it this will be your first time with another man other than your husband?" Kelly asked placing her hands on Ines shoulders as she stood behind her.

"Yes," Ines said softly, "though that didn't stop Michael," she said trying to keep the venom from her voice as she rested on her knees.

"Then allow my Sammy to give you an orgasmic experience that you have never experienced before," Kelly said gently stroking Ines hair as she smirked at Samuel. "I'm sure my brother can make that happen, can't you Samuel?"

"I-I can try," Samuel said as he watched as his cousin slowly unzipped his pants.

"There is no try, there is only fucking me," Ines said peering up at Samuel. "And I believe this can do just that," she cooed as she snaked Samuel's cock out. "I'm so glad I wore a skirt today," Ines said gleefully as her lips inched closer to his mushroom top.

"Do enjoy yourself," Charlotte said brushing the back of her fingers along Ines's cheek as Samuel's shaft inched into Ines's mouth. Kelly stood guard as she listened on. Charlotte watched on amused as Ines worked her nephew's cock. "Shall we spice things up a bit?" Charlotte said using the energies that Ines had unleashed from Samuel. Lifting up Samuel's shirt drawing a glyph just below his bellybutton. Smirking when Ines's eyes bulged as Samuel's cock doubled in size. "His cock tastes delicious doesn't it?" Charlotte asked as Ines's eyes fluttered.

"Mmmhmm," Ines muttered from around Samuel's shaft. "Oh God!" she moaned in her mind as a drop of his pre-

cum hit her tongue. Instantly, she felt her whole body filled to the brim with raw magic power the likes she hadn't felt since yesterday when she watched him perform that spell. Sinking down his length, her tongue working around his phallus stimulating it; all so she could feel that power once again. Attacking his cock in ways that would make many of the street walkers blush.

"Oh my," Kelly said a little taken back by the sight.

"Well, it's natural for one that's never tasted a true sex witch. I do believe this one here will become addicted if we don't watch her," Charlotte chuckled as Ines licked Samuel's cock as if it was a sucker going out of style.

"I can't help it," Ines said breathlessly running her lips up the side of Samuel's cock. "I can't believe how delicious this cock tastes like," she said dreamily. "Are all the men going to become like Samuel?" Ines asked looking up at Charlotte.

"Hmm, like my Sammy? No. Samuel is very special there will never be another like him until Hekatê wishes to appoint a new Herald after his death," Charlotte said taking

on the posture of a school teacher. "Although that won't mean you can't sprinkle a little magic on which ever male member of your household," she said wiggling her fingers along Samuel's cock. "Then I'm sure you'll be able to make that man not bed hop like he's been doing to you. No woman likes to know the father of her children has been stepping out," Charlotte said looking at Samuel, "that is unless they give him the go ahead," she said enjoying the look she saw in Samuel's eyes.

"Then you're okay with me...?" Ines asked not wishing to harm their relations and the teachings they were going to instill into her family.

"Yes, of course, we wouldn't have offered if we weren't okay with sharing our Sammy," Kelly said reaching out caressing Samuel's cheek. "Now how about we move this along to the main course, shall we?" she asked her fingers skimming along Ines's jaw tilting her chin up.

"Oh yes, please!" Ines said nodding vehemently.

"Then stand," Kelly said helping Ines to her feet, "hold onto my shoulders, your about to experience something that I doubt you'll be able to stand on your own," she said lifting Ines skirt over her hips as she took a few steps back so Ines could bend forward. "So Samuel you been seeing a lot of women's underwear lately, makes me wonder if you have a fetish for women's used panties," Kelly said smirking as Ines pink thong greeted her brother.

"Please go slow, me and Michael haven't been intimate for some time," Ines said peering over her shoulder as Samuel pushed her panties to the side.

"Oh and, he willingly passes this up," Samuels said leaning forward running his hands over her breasts. Listening to that soft gasp as the palms of his hands danced over her nipples, down her stomach, reaching between her legs coating his finger in her hot juices. Lifting up the hem of her shirt drawing the glyph above Ines's panty line. "Then I think you need to have orgasm after orgasm, don't you?" Samuel whispered into her ear.

"Fuck yes!" Ines said her blue eyes lustered in the fires of her want.

"Make her moan baby," Charlotte said sweetly kissing Samuel on the cheek.

"Fuck!" Ines screamed out in bliss as her womb detonated without warning. Looking back when all Samuel had done was run the head of his cock through her very neglected lips. "Oh God! Yes! Slide that cock into me! I need it!" She growled hungrily in her mind. Her fingers curled around Kelly's shirt as his head penetrated the entrance of her paradise. Her hand cupped her mouth to keep her pleasure filled moan from alerting the pedestrians that passed by the courtyard. "Oh God," Ines whispered as she came once again as Samuel was only at the halfway point of the length of his rod.

"That's it baby give it to her," Charlotte whispered into his ear, "my, Ines does have a pretty pussy, don't you think? It's okay to think that, as long as you think mine is prettier," she whispered before her tongue darted into Samuel's mouth.

"Please Samuel, don't stop fucking me," Ines pleaded thrusting back onto his cock. "Kelly, if getting fucked by Samuel is this...," biting her lip, her eyelids fluttered as Samuel's piston fired on all the right places, "what happens when he cums?" she asked feeling another round of her cream coating Samuel's cock.

"Oh, that's when the real magic happens," Kelly said smirking over her shoulder.

"I can't wait," Ines said loving the feel of a hard cock that was stirring her cunt unlike her husband as of late. "I'm so envious of you," she whispered to Kelly. "You get to be fucked, loved, showered by this man. I hope he doesn't lose the magic as the years go by," Ines muttered hoping that Samuel wouldn't travel down the path of her husband.

"Oh, that's never going to happen," Kelly said with certainty.

"Make me cum again Samuel, god this cock...," Ines whimpered as her womb sent down a torrent of her hot juice. Loving the sound of her sex resounding in the courtyard as Samuel's balls slapped her clit. "I never

thought the stories my mother told me were ever true, until now," she said breathing heavily into Kelly's chest.

"Yes, are you enjoying the orgasms my brother/husband is giving you?" Kelly asked stroking her hair watching her ass bounce with every thrust of Samuel's hips.

"Oh god yes!" Ines moaned as her legs trembled threatening to give out as her fifth orgasm flared to life. She didn't know how much more she could take. Not that she was complaining this was the most orgasms she has experienced from a man in three years. "But I so want more," she purred thrusting harder backwards to propel Samuel's cock deeper into her hot, dripping snatch.

"Samuel, you heard our cousin. Give her a little extra," Kelly said with a sneaky smile.

"You sure?" Samuel asked skeptically uncertain if Ines could handle any more of his magic.

"Yes, please show me everything. I can take it," Ines pleaded peering back at him, "whatever it is I know I can handle it," she said with determination.

"As you wish," Samuel said pulling out his rod, running his index finger through her hot sex that coated his skin. "Be warned what you are about to experience is nothing like you have felt so far," he warned his glyph burned in a dark blue hue above his aunt's making his cock rock hard to the point of being painful. Then pulling down the waistband of Ines' panties reinforcing the glyph that he had drawn earlier making the orgasms Ines was bound to feel ten times more potent than the last five were. "But first we're going to need a cone of silence for her, I doubt she's going to be able to remain silent for much longer," Samuel said looking to his sister. Who wasted no time spinning the up surging energies into the spell that would keep them hidden from the public.

"I understand," Ines said bracing herself as his cock inched back into her. "Fuck!" she howled as Samuel's spell fired off. Looking down between her feet watching how her juices were just pouring down onto the brick pavers. She couldn't believe her eyes. Never once had she ever been satisfied as

she was at that moment, nor has her juices just came pouring out like a waterfall. "That's it cousin give it to me," Ines growled looking back at Samuel loving the feel of that extra hard cock deep inside of her. She would have fallen face first into the pavers if it wasn't due to Kelly and Samuel catching her. However, that didn't mean she was going to tell Samuel to stop. Not after three years of not feeling a man's tool stirring her cunt like none of her toys could ever do.

"I don't know how much more I can take," Samuel grunted.

"Then you fucking better dump that cum inside of my pussy, you hear me?!" Ines said breathlessly. "It's been so long," she said dreamily as she felt his sperm flooding her womb.

"Move a side Samuel," Charlotte ordered as the tip of her nephew's cock left Ines' cunt. Plunging two of her fingers into Ines' hot wet channel coating them in Samuel's semen. "Here, eat it and taste the most potent magic you will ever know," she said holding her fingers up to Ines' lips. Watching Samuel negating the glyphs that marred his body

as his cock quickly deflated. Smiling when Ines wasted no time devouring the morsel that was offered to her.

"God, that's divine," Ines said her eyes fluttering as Charlotte's fingers left her lips.

"I know," Kelly said sweetly, "can you stand on your own?"

"Yes...I think so," Ines said trying to understand what she had just experienced. "So is it just centered on the sex part or can you use it for other things?" she asked feeling her magic throbbed as she stood on very unsteady legs.

"Oh, we can use it for a great many things. We just thought a more personal demonstration would be better for you to understand what we are," Kelly said handing her brother a wet wipe, so he could clean Ines sex off of his skin. She didn't want Samuel to walk around all day with a soiled cock.

"I see," Ines said a smile spreading rapidly across her lips, "I'm glad you did. Although the question remains can I go again?"

"Told you," Charlotte said nudging her niece with her elbow.

"Hey, I can't help it. That was the best sex I ever had!" Ines said giggling along with Charlotte and Kelly.

"Well...," Kelly said looking to her aunt who nodded that she agreed. They knew if they were going to be inducted back into their sect, they were going to have to have sex with whomever they could until their sex magic matured enough so they could live without having sex every day. Looking to Samuel who looked at them quizzically. "We'll talk about making a schedule for us. As much as I want to keep Samuel to myself. If your family is determined to rejoin us then you're going to need to have sex every day, so we can't keep Samuel to ourselves while we are here."

"Yes," Charlotte nodded seeing Ines regaining her composer, "and who better to feed newly awaken sex

witches then no other than Hekatê's Herald. He just oozes sex magic without a thought," she said smirking at her nephew.

"You know I hate it when you two think to make plans without consulting me, right?" Samuel asked crossing his arms.

"Cousin?!" Ines said spinning around draping herself along his body. "Didn't my pussy feel good? Did it not satisfy you? Incest isn't a big thing for you, obviously. So what do you say and allow your cousins to taste what you can do."

"You do realize," Samuel said looking passed Ines, "that if I'm having sex with everyone than you two will have to service those men as well?"

"It's a price I'm willing to pay if that is Hekatê's will," Charlotte said as Kelly nodded along.

"Very well than," Samuel sighed resigned to his fate. When his sister retrieved him from his college dorm room. Never

in his wildest dreams did he think he was going to become a gigolo.

"Excellent!" Ines cried joyously hugging Samuel tightly. "Shall we continue on with our tour?" she asked looping her arm around Samuel's right.

"If you don't mind," Charlotte said ignoring the display.

"Though we best stop for lunch," Kelly said smiling as Samuel's stomach rumbled.

"Oh! I know the perfect place," Ines said taking Samuel by the hand leading them out of the courtyard.

"Hi Ines!" the hostess said as they entered the airconditioned restaurant. "I didn't expect to see you here today, are you filling in for Paul today?"

"No," Ines said shaking her head, "I'm sure Paul will be here soon enough. I'm showing our cousins that just arrived

yesterday around town," she said gesturing to Samuel and the others behind her.

"Oh! Where are the three of you from?!" the hostess asked quizzically.

"Salem, Massachusetts," Charlotte said matter-of-fact.

"Salem! I've always wanted to go there! Is it true they have a museum dedicated to the witch trials that took place there?!" she asked pressing the menus to her chest.

"There is," Kelly nodded. Trying not to show her displeasure at the mention of the place. She for one didn't want a reminder of how her family had been persecuted.

"Cool!" she said in awe.

"Mary, my guest are hungry," Ines said arching an eyebrow.

"Right, sorry," Mary said bowing her head, her cheeks reddening in embarrassment.

"So your family owns a restaurant?" Samuel asked peering over the menu.

"We own several actually, along with numerous shops that dot the city. After Katrina hit, we swooped in scooping up business' who's owners failed to return. Along with numerous residential rental properties that Marie oversees, I look after the magic shops, Magdalene along with Eric manage the corporate rentals; while Paul oversees the restaurants we own. Michael the lazy ass looks after the children that aren't old enough to attend school yet," Ines said wishing she had brought an extra pair of clean panties with her as the cold air chilled her soaked womanhood. Sucking on her lip as her pussy throbbed, her thighs rubbing together loving how the sensations were lingering after. Wondering what Samuel would look like between her legs as she rode that cock of his. Now that she had felt his magic first hand, she knew Marie and Magdalene were going to fight each other for the chance to feel it filling them as it had done with her.

"I was wondering how you all could afford that house," Samuel said trying to find something that wasn't too spicy on the menu. "Ines, what's a po' boy?"

"Oh, I guess you wouldn't have ever had one of those. It's a sub stuffed with either roast beef, pork, or sea food. I advise you to get the oyster po' boy it's quite good, or the crayfish one although it has Cajun seasonings," Ines said setting down her menu.

"I do like oysters," Samuel said settling on what he was going to have.

"The shrimp gumbo looks good," Kelly said intrigued on trying out the tastes of the deep south.

"I think I'll have that too," Charlotte said setting down her menu.

"Excellent! Trust me you won't regret eating here," Ines said sitting straighter in her seat.

"I have to admit when I saw that po' boy I didn't think it would be that good," Samuel sighed rubbing his belly as they left the restaurant.

"The gumbo was good too, although I could do with out the okra," Kelly said snuggling up to Samuel.

"I know right, it was a tab bit slimy for my taste," Charlotte said nodding along.

"I understand," Ines nodded, "you should try it fried. It's so much better, trust me you aren't the only one that dislikes it's slimy taste in gumbo just don't say that too loudly," she giggled. Only to turn back as Samuel stopped in his tracks.

"Samuel is it...?" Charlotte asked as her nephew looked lost in thought.

"No," Samuel said shaking his head, "trouble," he said spinning on his heel to face the threat. Setting his jaw, his fist clenched as the group of six approached. Two of the

men had shaved heads their mirror finish glinted the sun's rays back to its source. The other two men flanked the woman in the center, their dreadlocks bounced against their muscular chest with each step. Each flanking the black woman that carried the aura of power around her. Her braided hair cascaded down her body, accentuating her enormous double F cup breasts. Her brown eyes glinted in an evil light as she looked upon their group like a panther ready to pounce on her prey. Samuel could feel their magic, it felt unnatural and unclean; then again, all magic was unnatural. However, magic was neither good or evil it was the users intention that made it so, and it seemed to Samuel the woman used her gifts for whatever vile acts that suited her fancy for so long that it made his skin crawl.

"What do we have here?! A little witch out for a stroll," the woman said her purple painted lips curled into a cruel smile.

"You!" Ines growled hatefully.

"Well, seems you saved me the trouble of looking for you," Samuel said narrowing his eyes.

"Oh? And just what does a child want with Madam Labo?" she asked her eyes studying the boy before her.

"To destroy you," Samuel said plainly only to watch as the group balled over in laughter.

"You? Destroy me?! Child, I have walked the darkest paths of magic, cast spells that ended many lives, rose through the ranks of my people; and you have the gall to think you can destroy me!" Labo said darkly as the belt of skulls of the victims she had brought to an end materialized along her waist.

"Sam...," Ines began to say only to be stopped by Samuel's raised hand.

"What you think those frighten me?" Samuel asked pointing at her belt. "I've dealt with witches far more powerful than you, and they too lay at my feet once I sundered their lives," he said narrowing his eyes feeling her magic building as she called on the spirits that she had enslaved. "You have a

choice either cease your attacks on the Beaudoin family, or you too with come to know the touch of death like those foolish coven members I laid low."

"I don't fear you boy!" Labo hissed.

"You should," Samuel said his aura exploded out. Lazy cumulus clouds sprung to life as they shot towards the stratosphere. Those towering thunderheads darkened as lightning arced between each other answering the call. The once still air became a whipping torrent as it pushed Labo and her group backwards to show who the elements truly called master. "This is your only warning you will receive. Stop now and I won't make you watch," Samuel said curling his fingers into a fist causing the man to her right to drop dead at her feet, "as I kill every single one of you," he said his glowing shimmering eyes flared causing Labo's belt to go up in flames. To prove to her that his magic was far stronger than anything she could throw at them. Smirking as he watched the woman franticly trying to rid herself of that gruesome garb.

"This isn't over!" Labo yelled as her men dragged her away leaving behind their pal.

"Of course not, people in power always want to stay in power," Kelly said stepping up to Samuel's side.

"Samuel, you know she isn't going to go away," Charlotte said laying her right hand on his back as she commandeered his left side.

"I know," Samuel sighed. His eyes falling on the man he had just killed. He had no wish to kill anyone, yet it seemed to him the woman knew only one thing -- Strength. Strength that he wielded that he never asked for and never wanted; nor did he want to be the cause of any ones death.

"Come. We need to leave," Ines said knowing the display would soon have people arriving asking questions she would rather not answer.

"She's right," Kelly said bringing Samuel out of his contemplation.

"Quickly, this way," Ines said waving to them as they entered the alleyway as police sirens sounded in the distance. Once they were several blocks away only then, did she slow down her pace. "We should be far enough now to keep from being caught in their perimeter," she said panting for breath as she bent over resting her hands on her thighs trying to draw air into her lungs. "I don't know how Marie is going to take this," Ines said looking over to Samuel.

"What she does is no concern of mine, I'm here for one purpose that's to see Hekatê's will is done nothing more, nothing less," Samuel said sternly.

"But did you have to kill one of theirs?!" Ines asked wondering what fallout was awaiting them once they got back to her home.

"Labo only understands one thing -- Power. So I showed her that she has none when it comes to me," Samuel said crossing his arms, "if one of theirs had to die to make my point so be it."

"I see," Ines mumbled chewing on her lip wondering how she was going to tell Marie.

"Would you rather let those people continue their assaults on your house? Would you want to watch as they finally attacked one of your children? What then would you and your family do, hmm? Go to war with these people, which I suspect would burn this city to the ground in the aftermath of your grief," Charlotte said with a pointed look. "I'm not saying it was wise for Samuel to show off in public like that, however, if her magic was as cruel as it felt to me than that was what she's definitely after. She won't stop until every last one of you is dead and gone."

"Then I vote it be her," Ines said relenting.

"Agreed," Kelly nodded. She too had felt Labo's magic it felt evil as it crawled along her skin.

"So you can use elemental magic?!" Ines asked straightening her blouse.

"As I have said before I can use multiple forms of magic," Samuel said looking off into the distance. Feeling something odd tugging at his attention. Something that seemed to be of another world. Blocking out his sister, aunt, and Ines as it sweetly called to him. Lulling Samuel into the heart of the city.

"Sammy, are you listening?" Charlotte asked taking hold of his left arm.

"What?!"

"What did you feel?" Kelly asked knowing Samuel was spacing out an awful lot since the week begun.

"Something familiar," Samuel said pressing his hand against his forehead. His hand shot out bracing himself against the brick wall as that same face flashed in the forefront of his mind.

"We need to get you back," Charlotte said wrapping her arm around his shoulders.

"Come. I'll get us a taxi," Ines said leading them out of the shadows of the alley.

"So," Marie said peering over the rim of her glasses as she sat down the monthly expense report as she leaned back in her desk chair. Running her finger along her upper lip as Ines along with Kelly and Charlotte sat before her desk. Her eyes flickered over to Samuel as he sat on the leather couch that lined the eastern wall of her office. Noting how he rested his chin in the nook of his thumbs as his elbows rested on his knees. "Labo showed herself before the four of you and you challenged her?" she asked looking at Samuel.

"Couldn't be helped, it was bound to happened sooner or later. They saved me the trouble of finding them," Samuel said not bothering to look at Marie. His mind too focused on what he had felt in that ally.

"Yet did you have to kill one in public?" Marie asked setting her glasses onto her desk.

"What would you have me do?" Samuel asked glancing over at her. "You and I both know she understands strength and I showed her I am the stronger one. So if she wants to provoke this family any more than what they already have then she knows I'll burn them all to the ground," he said watching Marie squirm underneath his glowing gaze.

"So they would become like the coven you destroyed?" Marie asked spinning towards him in her chair. Uncrossing her legs hoping that Samuel could see that she wore no panties. She had visited her esthetician earlier that morning hoping he would like her bikini wax. She was so eager to show Samuel her beautiful trimmed auburn bush.

"No that was about sending a message, this is about protecting this sect," Samuel said returning to his previous contemplation. Peering out of the corner of his eye as Marie shyly inched up her skirt behind her desk. Those pink lips of hers peeking out from underneath the hem of her skirt. Noting how she spread her legs to give him a better view.

"I see, well let us hope that Labo takes the hint and flees the city and returns back to whatever blackest bayou that she sprang from. That woman has been a plague on this city for too long. However, that doesn't mean I want their voodoo cult destroyed, if we can do away with Labo I know the others of her little group will more than likely sink back into the darkness. Knowing that their little Labo was laid waste by a visiting witch, since she is obviously their little keystone," Marie mused turning back to look at Ines. Something was different about her, what? Marie couldn't say. Yet she was intrigued enough to find out. "Ines, there's a certain glow about you that you didn't have this morning, mind telling me why that is?"

"Umm," Ines blushed hard glancing at Samuel, "I got to experience what mother always talked about when we both were little," she said giving her half-sister a weak smile.

"Really?! How was it?!" Marie asked scooting underneath her desk.

"Sublime," Ines said dreamily, "you remember what Mom would always say when her uncle was still alive?"

"Yes, of course!" Marie nodded vehemently.

"Blows everything mother told us out of the water," Ines said holding up the number of fingers of the orgasms Samuel had given her.

"Oh my," Marie said hiding her hungry smile from behind her hand.

"Well, I think we should place the hex to overlay with Samuel's spell," Charlotte said rising from her seat looking over at her niece as she nodded. "And we still need to finish what we started last night, don't you think?" she asked looking at Marie.

"Yes, yes, I think we should," Marie said her heart racing. Although she knew they weren't as powerful as Samuel was that didn't mean she wouldn't enjoy what they were willing to share with her.

"Samuel, would you like to watch?" Kelly asked with a knowing smile.

"You and Charlotte with another woman, you honestly think I'm going to pass that up," Samuel said shaking his head at his sister's question trying not to smile.

"Oh, I think my Sammy has a thing for an all-female three-way," Charlotte giggled.

"Marie?" Martha said walking into her office with Wendy in her arms. "Something I've been meaning to ask you...," she stopped wondering why the four of them were in her office.

"Yes Martha, what can I help you with?" Marie asked trying not to show how eager she was to be underneath Kelly's and Charlotte's magic.

"Since now that Samuel is here," Martha said patting Wendy's leg, "why not connect the two houses."

"Do what now?!" Marie asked confused.

"Wendy here was the one that reminded me of it," Martha said smiling sweetly at her daughter. "It's a spell that allows one to connect two vastly distant places together. I never thought of it since no one here has the strength to perform it on their own. However, Samuel does have the power needed to connect the two by a way of a tunnel so to speak."

"Like a wormhole or something?!" Samuel asked borrowing the phrase from the episode of Deep Space Nine that he had watched last night.

"No son, think of it as folding space," Wendy said shaking her head, "just that instead of a space ship's engine it's a spell and the two doors are the engine per say."

"I see," Samuel muttered.

"However, if we are to do this than Samuel you will need to start right away on this side to imbue the runes with your magic," Wendy said looking at her son.

"So that would mean our two families could come and go whenever they want?" Marie asked wondering how often she could experience the man in her office.

"Whenever the door is open on either side," Wendy nodded.

"Then please," Marie said looking towards Samuel, "please allow our two families to grow closer together. Whatever you need my family will provide the materials for the spell."

"You sure I can do this?" Samuel asked looking at his mother.

"Of course baby, I wouldn't have suggested it if you couldn't," Wendy nodded. "You know where to find more information on the spell if you need to," she said with a knowing look.

"Sammy what is she talking about?" Kelly asked confused.

"I can't say," Samuel said knowing the cost if he went against his word.

"Sam...," Kelly began to say only to see the look in his eyes that told her to drop it. Giving him a nod that she understood and wasn't going to press the matter. "Well then, shall we retire to our room?" she asked looking over at Marie. "Grandma you don't mind looking after Mom for an hour or two, do you?"

"No why? What are you going to do?" Martha asked confused.

"Me and Kelly are going to overlap an Hungarian hex over Samuel's spell," Charlotte said her left hand played along her ass enticing him with what was to come, "with a little help from Marie here."

"I see," Martha said with a small smile, "well little girl I gets to baby you some more," she chuckled softly as she exited the room.

"But Mom!" Wendy groaned her voice drifting down the hall.

"Don't you Mom me, young lady." Samuel couldn't help but smile at his mother's banter with her own mother.

"So is there anything special I need to do?" Marie asked getting up from her seat.

"No, although we are going to need some Chinese red lacquer," Charlotte said tapping her finger against her lips, "you wouldn't happen to have some here, would you?"

"I...believe we do," Marie said after a moment to rummaging through the list of items they had stored within the house, "why do you need it?"

"To paint the runes on your body and ours," Kelly said glancing over at her brother wondering if it was getting a rise out of something.

"May I ask why must you paint my body?" Marie asked feeling her nipples hardening.

"To channel the magic," Charlotte said with a seductive smirk.

"Oh," Marie said hiding her blushing cheeks behind the curtain of her hair. "Then by all means let me fetch the lacquer and I shall meet you in your room."

"Don't take to long," Charlotte waving to Marie as they left the room.

"Now Samuel," Kelly said standing beside her aunt in her pearl white lace underwear, "you are only meant to watch no touching that goes for that too," she said sadistically pointing at his cock.

"Oh come on! That's just cruel," Samuel groaned as he sat in the middle chair closest to their bed, so he could get a better view.

"Samuel," Charlotte purred her red see-through bra strained to contain her breasts as she leaned forward. Her hazel eyes were lit in her mischievousness knowing how it was going to be torture for him not to take his cock out and stroke it as they writhed on the bed. "You know if you did your energies would interfere with the spell. However, once we're done, I'm more than willing to take care of that hard cock for you baby."

"No. If anyone is going to take care of my sweet Samuel's tool that is going to be me," Kelly said standing her ground. Her nose an inch away from Charlotte's.

"Now listen here Kelly, as your aunt you should allow me the first taste of the day," Charlotte said placing her hands on her hips.

"I will not, Samuel likes how I use my tongue don't you brother?" Kelly asked sternly looking over at him.

"Hey now! Don't bring me into this argument that seems forced. If you two want sex all you have to do is ask," Samuel said seeing the ploy for what it was. Nevertheless, that didn't make the sight before him any less erotic and he so wasn't about to make them stop either. Not when he could view their juicy bits to his heart's content. That was until a knock came upon the door to their room.

"Please come in," Charlotte said welcoming Marie in.

"Thank you for this," Marie said warmly as her red silk robe brushed against her naked body underneath it. "This is all we have in the house, I hope it is enough," she said handing Charlotte the palm size tin.

"Oh," Charlotte said opening the lid, "yes this will be," she nodded. "Sweetheart," Charlotte said peering over her shoulder at Samuel, "I know you have some leaking out by now. Would you be a dear and come over here for a minute," she said sweetly. Adding two tablespoons of the red powder to the small porcelain bowl. "Let me see it baby," Charlotte whispered hungrily.

"Do you like what you see?" Kelly whispered into Marie's ear noting how she was staring at her brother's cock as Charlotte ran her finger over the tip of his cock.

"Mmmhmm," Marie nodded, "so that's the tool that gave Ines so many orgasms," she said in awe.

"More or less," Kelly purred before tugging on Marie's earlobe.

"Thank you, baby," Charlotte said lightly kissing Samuel giving his cock a gentle tug.

"Any thing for you," Samuel said giving Charlotte's ass a squeeze.

"I do hope that includes me as well dear brother," Kelly cooed resting her cheek on Marie's shoulder.

"Of course, sis," Samuel said walking back to his seat as he zipped up his pants.

Kelly's eyes flickered over to her aunt as she began to chant. Watching how her hand circled above the bowl, to how her magic infused saliva dripped into it. Her finger mixing the three components together.

"Please if you would," Charlotte said gesturing for Marie to disrobe.

Samuel watched as Marie glanced at him pushing her robe from her shoulders. Displaying her 36D breasts to them, she wondered if Samuel liked how her breasts looked. To how her quarter size areolas looked like, to him wanting to suck on her hardening buds. To her flat smooth stomach showing the hints of her abs she was working so hard for. The tightly shaped triangle patch of hair directing his view to the paradise that lay between her legs.

"Now hold still."

Part 3

Earlier that day...

"Master?" said a young handsome aid as he stuck his head into the room.

"Yes? What is it Shawn?" asked a shadowy figure as he gazed out the bay windows at the city he had come to love.

"You might want to have a look at this," the aid said stepping into the room. Inserting the USB jump drive into the flat screen that hung on the wall.

"What's this about Shawn? Why should I care about the happenings of mortals?"

"Oh, I think you will want to see this, before you make up your mind," the aid said looking back at his master.

"Fetch my daughter...now!" the man barked in genuine surprise as his eyes stared at the image of a man he had come to know.

"Yes, you sent for me father?" a slender, snow-white haired maiden glided into the room.

"Isn't he the one you...?!" he said pointing at the tv.

` "I knew it," her blood red lips whispered. "We must find him!" she said looking at her father with urgency in her eyes.

"I know, that's why I already have my people looking into it."

"Good, tell them to bring any information to me," she said walking to the door. It had to be her that greeted that man. She always knew she was meant for something as the memories of her teachers flashed in her mind. She always felt her goddess was directing her flow of fate.

"Nimue?!" the man's cold steel voice stopping her as the door inched open.

"Yes father?" Nimue asked her slivery eye quivered knowing she couldn't fail.

"Be careful we don't know if this is a good sign or not."

"I know father," Nimue said somberly.

Later that night...

Charlotte glanced up watching Samuel watching them as she painted the runes onto Marie's arm. Her chanting was a wisp on the wind as she eyed Kelly's lips. She knew her niece to know that they were in sync with one another. The back of her hand lifted Marie's auburn locks, her index finger dabbed the palm of her left hand. Painting runes down Marie's spine, going slow to ensure not an error was made.

"Are you prepared?" Kelly asked glancing at her brother as she walked around Marie. Peering at him wondering if that cock of his was rising as he watched on.

"To protect my family, yes," Marie nodded. Slyly glancing at Samuel, wondering why he was still clothed. All three turned as a bell resounded out, shaking off the distraction she needed to be focused.

"Charlotte?!" Joan whispered through the door. "may I please enter?" she said asking for permission to enter into the spell.

"You may," Charlotte said calling back.

"I'm sorry but this weird envelope was outside the gate," Joan said handing Samuel the letter.

Samuel felt uneasy as he saw his full given name in deep red ink on reproduction seventeenth century paper. Feeling equally freaked out by the very gothic-style stamped wax seal, sealing the envelope as he turned it over

in his hand. One part of him dreaded opening it knowing nothing good came from such things, while another part felt that familiar pull and knew he couldn't ignore it. His aunt reached out smiling warmly at him as she squeezed his upper arm gently as she passed him.

"Charlotte, Kelly may I join with your ritual," Joan said she too wanted to protect her new home.

"Of course," Charlotte nodded welcoming her sister into the circle. Trying not to let her mind wander as Samuel read what appeared to her as an invitation. Keeping her worry down as he looked towards the clock.

"I..."

"Have to go," Kelly said feeling her goddess at work.

"I'm sorry," Samuel said looking between the two.

"Samuel, it's fine we understand it has something to do with what else she wants you to do while here," Charlotte said seeing him nod, "all I ask is that you be careful."

"I understand," Samuel said knowing how dangerous it will be on his own.

"If it's you or them, always choose them and unleash everything you have Sam," Kelly said she wasn't about to lose him.

"Oh, I think everyone will know that," Samuel said reaching for the doorknob. Pulling out his phone typing the address into google maps walking hurriedly down the hall. His eyes glancing at the time and how long it would take to get there. Praying it wasn't who he thought it was as he neared the front door.

"If I get eaten, I'm haunting Hekatê," Samuel muttered as he stared up at the gothic nightclub sign. His eyes darted around, a chill crawled up his neck feeling their eyes on him as his car door closed. Looking at the darkening sky, his mind running through spells he could use against them at

night should it come to that. Finding it weird to find the bass thumping at the hour of twilight. Mentally smacking himself in the forehead at the blacked out windows. The legend about them could be wrong for all he knew. "They might run it twenty-four-seven," he said to himself as he saw two bouncers took up positions at the door. Then his eyes caught a flash of a shimmer, red arcing electricity crawled up his skin as he uncurled his fingers.

"To be able to sense me if not see me...?!" Nimue said appearing before him. Her blood-red lips curved into a smile at how well he hid his shock. Running her tongue over her fang, as her silver eyes studied the man, her dreams flashing in the forefront of her mind remembering what they were all about. "Please have no fear of us, we know about the voodoo woman. We take your safety very seriously," she said gesturing towards the nightclub. Wondering if he knew she practically stood nude in front of him, yet due to the slightly darker shade of the pale white dress. No one could ever tell unless one were to stare intently at her womanly body. "I'm Nimue Asher," she said delicately shaking Samuel's hand, "and you are Samuel Goodall, the Herald of our Holiness," closing the distance between the two. "So have no fear, we would never harm

you," Nimue said the scent of his magic-infused blood filled her nostrils. The beat of his blood as it pumped through his veins hammered in her ears. "I'm sure your wondering why we are speaking?" she asked looping her right arm around his left. Her fingers trace down his arm softly brushing her hip against his. "And how I know who you are," Nimue said slyly glancing at him. "My people were like your people. We served the same goddess just in different manners," she said brushing her right breast against Samuel's arm wondering if he felt her skin.

"O-okay," Samuel said having to steel his emotions. Keeping his magic at the ready should he come to face with some less savory vampires. "Tell me, how is it that you know who I am?" he asked as they breached the threshold of the club.

"Because Seipowe spoke to me," Nimue said in reverence as she looked towards the ceiling, "I'll discuss the rest in a private setting later. Please indulge me the chance to greet her right hand," she said with a seductive smile.

Samuel stealthily eyed how the bouncers left Nimue's side. Noticing how they simply blended into the crowd. To how

the crowd parted as she led him into the heart of the club. Looking around at all those happy smiling faces that he knew were only masks. Everything in him whispered for him to run, to take flight from the club. Shaking off the thought knowing it wasn't his voice. He knew this was going to happen. They were the masters of the seductive whisper. He needed to fortify himself and fast. Quickly reciting three spells. Feeling that strange flow that came along with the red electricity that he's been producing lately. He couldn't say if that was a bad thing or not, yet as Samuel really took stock of his situation. He knew it was going to cost him if he had to escape.

"You and I serve the same being, Samuel Goodall," Nimue said leading him towards the area they had made over their two week hunt for the man. Gently pushing Samuel down into the seat that was only one of two chairs that was in that sectioned off area. "We call her Seipowe, goddess of the eternal, it was she that granted our people's humble wish," she said her fingertips running along his jaw as she closed the left-hand curtain as she walked around him. She wanted Samuel's eyes solely on her. It had to be her to show her people that the time and skill to train her for her service to Seipowe had not been wasted. "Two weeks Seipowe spoke

to me as I performed my duty to her. At first it was simple images, then bits and pieces began to get through, yet I wasn't strong enough to hold onto the message. But I honed my mind and...well I begun to paint you," Nimue said closing the right curtain. "This face," she said coming to stand in front of Samuel. Bending down, slowly reaching out, wondering if he took the hint as her eyes glanced down . The light casting her long shadow over Samuel. "This face, that did things to me in my sleep. Showed me things that awaited you and I," Nimue whispered her lips a hairs breath away from his. "Do you wish to know what our goddess tasks of me?" she said gazing into those magic-infused eyes of his. Smirking when she caught his eyes dipping low.

"Actually yeah," Samuel said appearing to be slow. He knew what this ploy was about, and what he suspected what was about to take place. He remembered reading something about vampires in that journal he found.

"She came to me, her magic filling me, touching...me," Nimue purred her fingers dancing down her heavenly valley, "telling me I would be the one."

"The one what?" Samuel asked taking a dry swallow seeing that red haze in her silver eyes. Feeling Nimue's magic swelling in her body.

"The one that ushers the oracle into the world," Nimue said as the house lights turned off. Three bright white lights shone down upon her as she stood on the dance stage. That large predatory crowd stood with their backs to Nimue so not to interfere with her spell. She knew she had to start the spell even if the pregnancy was foretold. Even if Samuel wasn't one of them the Aimo Avgo had to be performed as was the way for all vampires that were trying to conceive a child. Her silvery eyes flashed as the harpsichord began to play over the speakers. Her hips began to shake as the tips of her fingers danced up her left arm. "Your lips shine like Paris." Nimue ran her tongue along her upper lip as the strobe lights kicked on. Smiling seductively as she saw his eyes widening as the light haloed against her body. "Mon amour a toi toujours Mon chérie." Her hips led the way as she begun the dance. It was something all vampires did to begin the first part of the Aimo Avgo spell.

"But your tears bring a little London for me. Berlin can never be so cold as you reach." Her hands reached out, her

fingers beckoning to him to show Samuel she was the one. The one that could handle the responsibility of being the mother of the oracle. "Baby would you dance with me to the night." Lifting her arms over her head, clapping her hands twice as she danced in a circular pattern. "Into the serious moonlight." Her snow-white hair floated in the air as she poured her seductive powers into the dance. "Brighter than the stars above you shine? And the loving feels alright." Her hands weaved above her, slowly lowering her chin, the tips of her fangs came into view as she smiled at Samuel. Her fingers running along her eyebrow ridge and her upper cheek bones drawing his gaze to her argentite gaze. Hoping he could see how her blood magic was filling her iris'. Knowing that she could and would be able to feed his need given what they had learned about them. "Give me the moment that the world won't need." They had known two centuries ago of when Samuel's distant relatives arrived in the city and when they joined that hoodoo branch. The events of a hundred and fifty years ago would have been the event that brought the oracle into the world. Yet now not only was he going to bring about that glorious event, he was also going to repay for the sins of his ancestors. To gift her people with a new life that had been stolen so long ago.

"Ce soir. Tu es à moi. Ma chérie." Thrusting her arms out to him as she bent forward. The lights went low as she called to his magic. Willing it to rise from its slumber to fill the club in its presence. Her arms jerked to the rhythm as she continued on with the spell. "But your fears ain't no strangers for me." Red mist swirled around her hands as she rose. Her body swaying to the music, weaving her magic with his. Her eyes glanced around at the small orbs of light that floated in the air all around them. Noticing how not one of her people moved, knowing what those orbs truly were. Her silver eyes centered on Samuel as she tried to steel her quivering body as Samuel's magic arced off of his body. If the music had been any lower, she was sure that it would sound like electricity popping in the air. "Morning can never be as cold as you leave." Her bare foot eased down onto the step as her hands rose over her hips. Blood-red roses sprung from the floor boards as she took another step, then another, allowing those glowing eyes of his to view her body to his hearts content. Spinning on her heel as she entered the entrance to that little area for them. Shaking her ass making sure the light was shining through the material, so he could see how taut her pale white ass was. Squatting down plucking one of the flowers, praying that Samuel would accept the gift. If he did than the first half of the spell would be complete, yet if he didn't then they

would have to hunt for another one like her to fulfil Seipowe's will.

"I present this gift to you," Nimue said lowering herself to the floor. In her hands rested that blood stained flower. It's thorns razor sharp eager to drink it's fill of those foolish enough to handle it. In her eyes his body seemed to be on fire as his magic cloaked him in a azure light.

"You might want to close your eyes," Samuel warned before those bits of magic sought out his body.

Shutting her eyes quickly, through her eyelids she could faintly see the outline of his body as that small area was flooded in the magical light that radiated off of his body. Her heart stilled as she felt the touch of his fingers against her palm. Listening intently for any signs that the thorns had plucked his skin. Peering through her eyelashes as Samuel brought the rose to his lips. Containing her gasp as she watched how the petals began to disintegrate. Looking behind her as the others followed suit. Staring in awe as those blood-red bits of light swirled around Samuel's body before slowly fading away as they sank into his skin. Her lip

trembled knowing she had succeeded in ensuring that she would be the one.

"Thank you, for accepting my gift," Nimue said her head bowed, her hands ran down his thighs. Trying to keep her blood tears from falling at the realization of what was to come next. Two weeks to show him and Seipowe that she was worthy to carry this child.

"Hey," Samuel said softly, reaching out gently touching Nimue's left shoulder. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, yes, I am now," Nimue said her silver eyes quivering in joy as she looked at him. Taking the napkin from the small table dabbing her eyes to soak up her blood. Her hand slipped into his as he offered his hand helping her to stand. "It feels my heart to know that you accepted me as your wife," she said in a pleasure filled sigh.

"Wait! What?!"

"Surely you had to have known this is what was going to happen?" Nimue asked waving for her people to return the club back to it's normal activity. Turning her chair slightly so she could peer at him.

"Actually no," Samuel said scratching his head. Silently muttering to Hekatê that a heads up would have been helpful. "But knowing Hekatê she's probably laughing at me," he said in a sigh hanging his head.

"I see," Nimue said sitting back in her chair. Pondering on how she was going to fill him in. "Well," she began to say feeling how her blood rushed to her cheeks painting them in a bright red hue, "you must understand when one of our kind wishes to have a child. We must perform the Aimo Avgo given to us by Seipowe. Where sometimes the children born are like me," gesturing to the lack of pigment in her skin and hair, "who's sole duty is to ensure that we heed Seipowe's will and enforce her laws on our people. We also marry for life...well for a century or two," Nimue said quickly looking down as those eyes of his studied her face. Praying that he found her attractive enough. "Now as to why I know who you are, Seipowe or Hekatê as you call her told me of you. Of how you practice your own form of

magic, and how your line is almost gone," she said, her fingers ran along the table's surface before coming to rest over his hands as she leaned forward. "I get that, I can't fathom what that is like for you. Know this, I shall never keep you away from them. I would never deprive the right hand of the need he has," Nimue said gently squeezing his hands. "I promise over the next two weeks I'll show and teach you everything about us. So that you will feel at home here," she said smiling sweetly.

"So...," Samuel said clearing his throat unsure if it was wise to ask a vampire if her labia were pink or not. So he went with something a little less risky. "Are you like an albino or something?"

"In a way, but it's more of a sign that we have been chosen as future blood priest or priestess," Nimue said her thumbs brushing along the back of his hands. "Every vampire here and around the world can use blood magic to a degree. Some are better than others, while some aren't born with much of it at all. Then there are people like me hand picked by Seipowe herself," she said taking pride in herself. "Who study the art for years and years, twisting the blood to heed our will at a thought," Nimue said feeling her body growing

thirsty, and she didn't want to nibble on Samuel just yet. Snapping her fingers getting one of the attendants to bring them some refreshments. "Now I hope I don't have to tell you to keep your visits here to yourself, now do I?" she asked a mischievous light played across her eyes.

"Who would believe me anyway," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, given how that author wrote about us in those damn books and two movies. We've been seeing more of your kind searching for us. I'm used to hiding from pitchforks and torches just not humans that wish to feel our kiss," Nimue said flashing him a seductive smirk.

A curious thought popped into his mind. If her magic worked in tandem with his. Would the spell he had been experimenting with, work on Nimue? He felt how similar their magic was to one another. So he knew she was speaking the truth about them serving the same goddess. Then again, all magic came from Hekatê he just never thought about manipulating people's blood. Turning his left hand over, his eyes watching her body as his middle

finger ran along the palm of her right hand. His eyes watched hers as she quickly glanced down. Her left hand held on to the edge of the table, her grip crushed the wood fibers as the table's top began to crumble in her hand. Adding a tad more power to the spell a smirk graced his lips as Nimue released a whimper as her back arched. Listening to her haggard breathing, his eyes focusing on those hard white buds that pressed against the translucent fabric. Quickly sliding away as the table broke in half, the look Nimue was giving him chilled his blood.

"What...was that?!" Nimue asked huffing as the remains of the table fell to the floor. The power she felt was so overwhelming. She had to catch herself from cumming the first time, yet she couldn't stop it when he added more to her body.

"Umm...," Samuel chuckled unsure on how he could get himself out of this mess. He wasn't about to get nibbled on by the undead. "I was just curious if my magic would have any effect on you since...," his voice trailed off as his nose caught a strange scent in the air that he wouldn't have suspected coming from one of the undead.

"Is your magic always that intense?" Nimue asked kicking the remains out of that little booth telling one of her guards to bring in another.

"I wouldn't know," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders, "it feels the same whenever I use it." Praying that he be going home without bite marks.

"Then please, don't use that on me again. I don't want to hurt you," Nimue said glancing at the ruined table.

"I kind of got that," Samuel said trying to lighten the mood.

"If you excuse me, I need to freshen up," Nimue said trying to keep her composer as she rose. Biting the inside of her cheek praying that Samuel couldn't see how unsteady her legs were. Hoping the dress she was wearing wouldn't get wet from her own juices. Priest and priestess like her mainly were virgins in the human sense. With her kind there was numerous other ways to bring about an orgasm within them without resorting to vaginal penetration or

masturbation. So she wasn't ignorant of what an orgasm felt like just never one that strong before. "Guard him until I return," Nimue ordered as she looked to the two men that stood at the entrance of that secluded booth.

"Yes ma'am," they said with a nod. Nimue moved silently through the club, watching those humans that came to them. Offering themselves, giving their bodies wholeheartedly to them. Watching how the newborns and the turned failed to enjoy the seduction before the meal. Then to the masters as they teased, caressed, whispered sweet nothings into their ears before they realize they had taken a drink. Those of her kind knew she was on a mission, so they didn't bar her way unlike the human males that thought the club was that of one operated by another human. Those that didn't get snatched away by whichever vampire that had taken a liking to them, were tossed aside by the clubs bouncers. The hinges of the ladies bathroom door squeaked as Nimue entered.

"Fuck!" Nimue hissed as she ran a paper towel over her throbbing lips. Her razor sharp nails dragged along the counter of the sink as a wave of pleasure washed over her. Her snow-white hair cascaded down around her as she

fought to stay upright. Huffing loudly from the unsuspecting orgasm, tossing her head back, her fangs descended gleaming in the light as she tried to draw breath into her dead lungs.

"My, Nimue, I've never seen you so flustered before," said a raven hair beauty as she entered the bathroom.

"Well," Nimue chuckled tossing away the towel into the waste bin, "you haven't met the right hand of our lady yet," she said seeing her chest flushed as she straightened out her dress. Ensuring that the material hadn't been compromised. It was one thing walking around in the nude when she knew no one could actually view her body an entirely different thing when her soaked gown would show everything.

"He's that unique?" the woman asked with a skeptical look.

"In more ways than one Pandora," Nimue said checking to see if her lipstick hadn't been marred. "I'm sure if he wanted to, he could take most of us out with a wave of his hand."

"But...he isn't right?" Pandora asked crossing her arms.

"As of now no," Nimue said looking over at her sister, "he and I have work that must be done for the will of Seipowe."

"I see," Pandora said her heels echoing off the tiles as she approached her sister. "Well, I guess when the time is right, you'll be showing him everything?" she asked straightening out her sister's long white hair.

"In time," Nimue nodded.

"Did he...?" Pandora asked wiggling her nose looking down Nimue's body.

"Touch me no, well not down there if that's what you're asking," Nimue said blushing hard, "he has some sort of spell. That makes a woman cum unexpectedly two, well three times actually."

"Oh? Does he now? You wouldn't mind if you allowed your sister to feel this spell, now would you?" Pandora asked wondering if he could get her sister to cum at a slight touch. What would happen if that spell had maintained contact for a longer period of time?

"That's up to him, sister," Nimue said walking towards the door.

"Father wants to know how is it going," Pandora said as Nimue reached for the door handle.

"Tell him the Herald has accepted the gift," Nimue said smiling at her sister's widening eyes. "In two weeks' time the oracle shall be conceived," she said as the door closed.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," Nimue said smiling sweetly at him watching as he set his glass down.

"No," Samuel said plainly, "now..."

"Oh I know! You wish to learn more about us, yes?" Nimue asked walking hurriedly over to her seat when it appeared to her, he was getting ready to say goodbye. "Or is it me you are interested in knowing better," she purred seductively batting her eyelashes at him as she reached for the stem of her wine glass.

"Is that actually you know...?" Samuel asked pointing to the glass.

"Blood? Not entirely," Nimue said swirling the blood spiked wine. Lifting the glass to her nose inhaling the scents that were infused into the wine. "Why do you ask?" she asked crossing her legs noticing how wet she still was. Next time they meet she knew she was going to wear panties and non-see-through clothes.

"Just wondering what is real and what is not about you," Samuel said his eyes quickly glancing to the left as he caught sight of a tail. Wondering why Arcita was there, and what did Hekatê want now? "So you couldn't inform me of this before I left. You had to spring this child on me?" he spoke in his mind to the goddess he served.

"Oh? But didn't you see your face, it was adorable!" Hekatê said speaking directly into his mind. Samuel kept himself from rolling his eyes at the laughter going on inside his head. "I can't wait! But do go on and entertain that pretty young (well not so young compared to you), woman."

"Samuel? Is something wrong?" Nimue asked taking hold of his right hand. Her middle finger resting over his pulse, the magic in his blood burned against her skin.

"What? Oh sorry, Seipowe and I were just speaking," Samuel said thinking it was better for him to address Hekatê by the name Nimue called her.

"Oh?!" Nimue said her eyes lighting up. "Do the two of you...speak often?"

"Somewhat," Samuel said vaguely.

"Ah, she has sworn you to some kind of pack," Nimue said nodding in understanding, "fear not I shall never make you

break your oath," she said setting down her wine glass. "So tell me," Nimue said wrapping her hands around his prayerful hands, "what do two powerful beings sit around talking about?"

"Spells mainly, as in the long forgotten ones," Samuel said with deathly undertones.

"Oh? Why fight using spells practically everyone knows," Nimue said a red flash raced across her eyes, "when that foolish woman and her little cult decides to take on the man that is her right hand in this world," she said in reverie. "Why fight with spells that can be easily countered when you can use magic like the kind that surrounds that place," Nimue said hinting at the golem that now protected his relatives home. "I take it this isn't the first time you used your magic to kill?" she asked knowing what that look meant.

"You are correct, this won't be the first time," Samuel said slowly slipping his hands out of hers. Only to feel a sudden jerk of Nimue's tight grip.

"Please tell me," Nimue said sweetly her breast swaying as she leaned over the table, her hard nipples brushing pass the table's surface.

"Sure, why not? You probably be able to understand why and how I felt afterwards, given what you are," Samuel said gesturing to her nature that was partaking in the shadows.

"True."

"I guess I need to start when my mother was dying from cancer. How it tore at me because I couldn't ease her pain," Samuel said looking down remembering all those late and sleepless nights he stayed by her side.

"You poor dear," Nimue cooed tilting his chin up, "I know it hurts but please continue," she said lovingly.

"Then after her death I distanced myself from my family due to what they were doing. I didn't learn the truth about a lot of things until two months ago. When Hekatê showed me the past in a dream of who truly was behind my

mother's death. How I just wanted to burn them all to ash," Samuel growled his eyes glowed menacingly. "So I began to plot, to grow close to them so when the time came, I could strike within the heart of the sickness that had come to pollute my hometown. First to go was Norman how he thought he could lie to me, pleaded with me to spare his life. I left that man screaming as the flames consumed him. Then came the time to deal with the coven as ordered by her. So again I planned, combing through texts to deliver the much needed punishment for their vile deeds. Then I found the perfect spell to bring Eva and Beth to their knees." Nimue loved seeing that look in Samuel's eyes. Pleased that he wasn't weak to dish out the punishment that whomever those people were deserved.

"And just how did you bring about the punishment our Holiness asked of you?" Nimue asked pleased to know that he followed her will. She didn't know how this would have worked if he took his responsibilities lightly.

"Mana burn," Samuel said in a cold matter-of-fact voice.

"Ah," Nimue nodded knowing that was probably the best way to punish those that had earned Seipowe's wrath.

"So you know of it?" Samuel asked with a perplexed look.

"Of course," Nimue said with a stout nod, "it's one of our means of punishing those that sin against Seipowe."

"I...see," Samuel said feeling a weight lifting off of his chest.

"Please continue," Nimue said smiling warmly. Seeing how his gaze had changed, praying that she was winning his trust.

"However, in order for mana burn to work in them I had to amplify their own magics. I created a parasite that would do such a thing. Do I regret watching them die? No. Do I regret the words I said? Again no. I do regret not being able to stop them beforehand."

"Protecting ones family should never bring one regret," said a cold emotionless steely voice. "Forgive the intrusion daughter," he said his icy stare ran down Samuel's body sizing up the man.

"Father! What are you doing here?!" Nimue asked jumping to her feet.

"I wanted to meet this man," he said gesturing at Samuel, "should I not know the man my daughter is to be wed to?" he asked arching an eyebrow. "Should I not know if this man, this right hand of Seipowe would bring harm to my people?" His eyes flickered over to Samuel as his legs pushed his chair further behind him as he got to his feet.

"Samuel Goodall," he said holding out his hand. "I'm not here to bring trouble to your house or whatever you call a group of vampires," Samuel said trying not to be creeped out by the man's smile. "I wasn't expecting to be interacting with you in the first place. For all I know what Ines told me could all have been embellished over the years."

"I am Aarrin Asher, the master of this house and ruler of this city's vampires," he said trying to keep his shock from his face as he felt Samuel's magic burning against his skin.

"You didn't say you were the daughter of your people's ruler," Samuel whispered behind him.

"Father wasn't supposed to be here," Nimue said shooting her father a pointed look.

"I did ask for forgiveness Nimue," Aarrin said looking at his daughter, "I would not be performing my duties as your father and leader of our people if I didn't see this man for myself."

"I can understand that," Samuel said drawing Aarrin's attention back to him. "Your people probably has been persecuted more so than mine has been. It's only wise to view someone like me with caution."

"I'm pleased to hear that you understand where I am coming from," Aarrin said bowing his head and releasing

his hold on Samuel's hand. "I have no wish to bring dishonor to Seipowe's Herald. Yet a man in my position can't be so trusting to strangers no matter if Seipowe has spoken of your arrival."

"Well...you have seen him," Nimue said making a shooing motion with her hands.

"Yes...please forgive my rude intrusion. I hope to speak with you again, this voodoo woman interests me," Aarrin said before turning on his heel departing as stealthily as he had arrived.

"I must apologize for my father...," Nimue began to say only to watch Samuel waving off her statement.

"Don't be, it's not a bad thing that your father is looking out for you," Samuel said looking back at her.

Bringing her right hand up, her chin pressing against the heel of her hand, her fingers hiding her smile, her head bowed as her cheeks heated. Nimue liked seeing this sweet

side of him along with the killer she had seen in his eyes. She wondered what else she was going to discover over the years.

"Then please," Nimue said waving back to his seat, "may we continue our discussion?"

"Sure."

"Wait!" Nimue said reaching out taking hold of his wrist. "Maybe you'll care to dance?" she asked moving closer to him.

"O-okay..." As soon as the word left his lips Nimue pulled Samuel behind her onto the dance floor. Instinctively the crowd opened the floor to her as Nimue took command of the center of the stage. Samuel looked around when once again all eyes were turned away from them. His muscles tensed as Nimue pressed her body against his, namely how her ass felt against his groin. While he wasn't the best dancer in the world, he did send his sister a silent thank you for her attempts to teach him.

"Samuel," Nimue cooed reaching up pressing her hand gently against the back of his head. His cheek brushing against her right cheek. Her breath hot in his ear as she spoke. "It's okay not being able to dance well, just be here with me," she said reaching behind her. Her hands covering his bringing them up and around her body. Gently swaying her hips, feeling the heat of his skin as she ran the palms of his hands up her stomach. "Feel me," Nimue whispered lasciviously. Keeping the fact she felt something growing against her ass as she pressed his hands against her breasts. Something no man has ever felt in her very, very long life. Her fangs dragged along her lower lip as Samuel playfully teased her orbs. A soft sensuous moan escaped her lips as Samuel teased her nipples as he cradled her breasts. Her hands resting on his thighs, her fingers feathering out, rolling her hips against that growing rod around her ass. "I hope you enjoy the feel of my body Samuel," Nimue said quickly turning around, her hands resting on his pectoral muscles. Feeling her cheeks rapidly heating as he cupped her ass. "I want us to get along with one another, don't you?" she asked rubbing her dancefloor along his harden cock.

"Hey, who am I to toss away a offer from a woman," Samuel said wondering how far he could take this. Then again, he knew if he crossed that line the rest of her kind would be on him faster than he could cast a single spell.

"Even if I'm a vampire?" Nimue whispered as her nose traced up his neck. Her tongue darted out dancing along his carotid artery.

"Hey, I'm a witch, who am I to judge?" Samuel asked shrugging his shoulders. "You happen to feed on blood, while I feed on sex. Who's to say those things are evil or not."

"You're very sweet, aren't you?' Nimue asked. Her lips itching to taste his. Only to sigh into her chest as someone coughed behind her.

"Forgive me for intruding sister, but mother would like for you to perform the ritual for tonight's service," Pandora said as she stood on the edge of the ring.

"Holy shit that's her sister! Those things are huge!" Samuel said to himself trying not to stare at Nimue's sister's breasts.

"Mother must know I'm busy at the moment," Nimue huffed in annoyance.

"She knows," Pandora nodded, "that is why she wants you to open up tonight's service. She thinks that since Seipowe hand picked you for this wonderous event that it would only make it all that more holy. Fear not, I shall see that he is safely seen home," she said as Nimue looked back at Samuel.

"Very well," Nimue said trying not to sigh, "it seems we must end our night here Samuel. I do thank you again for accepting my gift," she said before placing a soft lingering kiss on his lips. "Hopefully, we can see each other soon," Nimue whispered as she pulled away. Once she had stepped away from him her honor guard surrounded her. Waving to Samuel as she looked back before the crowd blocked his sight.

"Please may I have the keys to your car," Pandora said holding out her hand as she stepped up to him.

"Why?"

"We, I mean my father would like for our men to drive you home, should Labo make a move on you we wouldn't want you in danger. That is why my father and I would like to have our men escort you while you are in our care," Pandora said in a polite tone. "I understand you have met my father. Then you should know he takes his responsibility very serious."

"I understand," Samuel said with a nod. Fishing his keys from his pocket if they wanted to drive him home, who was he to say no? Watching how she spoke into her shirt sleeve, then to how she gripped his upper arm and then to the men that surrounded them in a flash.

"Relax. I'm Pandora by the way. As someone in your position, given who and what you are. We will defend you with our lives if we have to," Pandora said glancing out of the corner of her eye. Seeing how Samuel was trying not to

peer at her EE cup breasts as they bounced with every step. "I take it you like my breasts," she whispered lustfully into his ear as they walked across the club. "Would you like to touch them? Would you like to bury that adorable face of yours into them?" A predatory smile spread across her lips at his small quick nod. "I'll let you if you agree to use that spell on me like you did with my sister."

"Really?" Samuel mouthed.

"Mmmhmm," Pandora said allowing his arm to brush against the side of her right breast. "I and I know many of our people wish to know what the right hand of Seipowe's magic feels like. It's not every day you get the opportunity to meet the chosen of our Holiness. If fondling my breasts allows me to experience that then I'm willing to endure it," she teased. "Plus after three hundred years they do look great, don't they?" Samuel could only nod. He didn't want them to think he was a mumbling idiot. "I've forgotten when the last time I let a mortal touch my breasts," Pandora said tilting her head to the side.

"It was in 1945 when the war was finally over, and you allowed that sailor to cop a feel before you drank him dry," said the woman to Samuel's right.

"Has it been that long?!"

"Well, it was big news at the time. I bet your wondering how they feel aren't you?" she asked nudging Samuel's right arm.

"I think every guy here is, even them," Samuel said nodding to the male guards.

"Herald, whatever am I to do?!" Pandora cooed snuggling up to Samuel. "I'm surrounded by men that want to touch my...boobs," she said. Her seduction magic seeped out making Samuel's eyes focus on her ruby hued lips as she spoke the last word. Making him view how supple, how firm, how soft her lips were. "My I haven't seen that shade of red in a very long time," Pandora giggled, "you lost your virginity not to long ago I take it. It's okay, you don't have to say," she whispered into his ear. "I already know you did. Your blood still carries some lingering scent of your innocence. The power your blood must wield," Pandora

purred dragging her fangs along his skin as they waited for the guards to give the all clear sign as they waited at the entrance. Wondering if her sister would grant her the chance to feel what he could do. She wasn't about to cross her sister nor Seipowe. No one was that stupid to take from the priest of Seipowe especially when that object was her Herald. Even if she was that curious, she also knew the man next to her could render her to ash if he so chose to and there wasn't a thing, she could do to stop him. "I bet your curious to know what it's like to fuck a female vampire, aren't you?" Pandora asked in a low whisper, "would you like to stick that cock into my pussy? I'd let you, you know. We all serve the same goddess. I'd be honored to know I brought her right hand some comfort from his duties to her," she said her hand slowly reaching down to tease his cock. Only to snatch it away when she heard the sound of her men approaching.

"All clear." Pandora nodded before leading Samuel out of the night club. Barking out orders as she helped Samuel into the rear seat of his SUV. Pointing to two women she trusted not to speak a word of what was going to happen to take the front seats while she sent the others to the two awaiting SUVs one to take point the other to guard his rear.

"Now," Pandora said as she slid into the seat beside Samuel, "how about you show me that spell and I'll show you these," she said playfully lifting her breasts. "Sounds like a fair trade, no?"

"You sure? It's intense," Samuel said remembering how Nimue broke the table.

"I'm aware," Pandora nodded holding out her right hand. Samuel so didn't want to know how she knew. Her eyes bulged as she felt that surge of magic as it raced up her arm. Snapping her legs closed as it spread to her core. "Again," she said breathlessly, "this time don't let go I want to feel everything." Instantly Pandora regretted her decision as Samuel took hold of her hand. "Fuck!" Pandora howled as her body was filled with the most purest sexual energies, she hadn't felt in all her years. Not even those relatives of his could produce what she was feeling when she had dealings with them before the war between them. "Oh Seipowe!" she cried out as her womb clamped down hard sending a torrent of her hot cream down her canal. Peering through her heavy laden eyes, seeing the well of power

Samuel commanded in the depths of his eyes. Her chest heaved rapidly as wave after wave of the purist pleasure flooded her body threatening to drive her insane as she bit down on the inside of her cheek to keep from moaning from one orgasm to another. "You wanted to see them, maybe even touch them," Pandora said slyly as her free hand lifted up her shirt. Her breasts bouncing against her chest as her bra rose over them. "Here," she said taking hold of his left hand placing it against her left voluptuous breast, "touch them as much as you want. As long as you pour that magic into me," Pandora purred as her hand slid into her pants.

"I bet you never seen a vampire masturbate, we do that too you know," Pandora said weakly as her fingers skimmed along her wet labia. She kept her shock from her face at how wet she was. "Let me show you," she purred as she teased her clitoris, "I want you to be as comfortable with us as you are the women that services you," she whispered hinting at that she knew the truth about him and what he does to his female family members. "We don't judge you we never will," she said arching her back, plunging her fingers into her soaked canal as she rode out her sixth orgasm. "So are my breasts as exquisite as you thought they were?" Pandora

asked with a hungry look. He could have said no, but he knew that would have been a lie, so Samuel simply nodded. "Good. Next time we have to do this in private. You can't get your fill on a simple drive home, now can you?" she asked her eyes glancing down at the taut peak in his pants. "Do you want me to suck your cock?" she mouthed. A devious grin appeared on her lips when Samuel nodded vehemently. "Good answer," Pandora cooed pulling her hand out of her pants. Offering her juice covered fingers to him, knowing that was how he fed; and as her father had decreed Samuel was to be taken care of in any way, they could provide for him. Pandora watched with glee as Samuel cleaned her fingers without a second thought. She couldn't wait to feel his mouth on her cunt. His tongue teasing her lips, swirling that muscle inside her hot snatch lapping up all her hot sweet juices.

"You just sit right there. I'll try to keep the nibbling to a minimum," Pandora whispered as her left hand slowly unzipped his pants. Her right hand never letting go of his hand. She wanted every orgasm she could get. Pandora loved sex, mainly with her own kind given how she didn't have to keep her strength in check. Listening as Samuel sucked in a gasp as she sucked hard on that head of his.

Running his cock in-between her fangs as she sucked along his hard rod. Becoming lost in her blood-haze as his pulse pounded on her tongue. Wondering if he enjoyed the feel of her fangs gliding along his skin. From the sounds he was making she knew he enjoyed the blowjob she was giving him. Her only regret was that she couldn't sit on it. To her it looked to good to waste on just giving him head. Her eyes shot wide, her tongue lapped up every drop as she swallowed every bit of his seed. Releasing her hold on his hand, squeezing her breasts together around his deflating cock. She wanted him to feel how well her breasts felt wrapped around his cock. So when the time came, he would willingly fuck her. "You liked it didn't you? Having your cock in my mouth and now being hugged by my breasts," Pandora said peering out of the corner of her eye.

"Of course," Samuel said wondering how he was going to explain it to Charlotte and Kelly; and if he be alive afterwards.

"Good. When you get invited to...our home, then I can assume you'll be willing to stick it. Inside. My. Hot. Wet. Pussy?" Pandora asked her tongue flickered out teasing Samuel's upper lip. "Trust me, getting fucked by a vampire

is nothing like with a mortal woman," she said her cheek brushing against his, her breath hot in his ear, "because I'm sure you never been fucked silly on the ceiling before," Pandora teased as her lips captured his earlobe.

"Pandora, you might want to cover yourself, we'll be arriving shortly." Samuel looked up to see a green eye winking at him in the rear view mirror.

"Sorry we couldn't take you to your front door," Pandora said handing Samuel his car keys, "but I don't want to get close to that," she said gesturing to the ether golem that stood guard over Marie's house.

"Yeah," Samuel said looking back, "that thing is pretty huge, isn't he?" he asked grinning like a fool as he looked back at Pandora.

"Yes, makes me wonder how you did it," Pandora said as her nails lightly trailed down into that mysterious and dark valley. Making Samuel wonder what he could find the deeper he went then her nails trailed back up.

"A fourth century Gaelic spell," Samuel said not feeling the seduction spell gently falling onto his shoulders.

"Oh?!" Pandora's eyes quickly glanced up then back down. She knew first hand how unwieldy and vastly superior the spells from that era were. A tingle of fear crept down her spine as her blue eyes looked upon that azure aura that cloaked him in liquid fire. If he could wield such magic without suffering from the cost of it, she knew how dangerous he could become to even them.

"Something wrong?" Samuel asked tilting his head to the side, his cobalt blue eyes shimmered eerily in the moonlight.

"You just truly surprised me. To do something like that is just awe inspiring," Pandora said hoping she was masking her fear well. For a moment there she could have sworn that it felt like she was the prey.

"Really? Cool!" Samuel said smiling proudly.

"Now before I leave, father wishes to invite you to our secondary house. He hopes you understand given our shared history this would be acceptable to you," Pandora said handing Samuel a small white blank business card with a solid black back. "He hopes we can enjoy your company this Saturday night."

"Listen I'd like to," Samuel said nervously rubbing the back of his head, "but I've got a prior engagement that night, can we make it for Sunday night instead?"

"Might I inquire as to the reason? I know my father would like to know as to what could be more important than the task Seipowe has put you and my sister on."

"Saturday is the new moon, I need to be here to break a hex on my aunt," Samuel said plainly hoping that was enough to satisfy Aarrin.

"I see, I shall inform my father. If you hold the card up to a light, you'll know how to contact us should you ever need

anything in any part of the world, your family shall always answer your call," Pandora said seriously, "this is Amalia she will be your personal guard while within our territory," she said gesturing to her left. "We insist," Pandora said sternly when she saw he was about to refuse.

"A-alright," Samuel said not eager to personally see an angry vampire up close.

"Should you need anything that isn't life threatening please call that number and Amalia will see to it that it gets settled swiftly. However, if you ever find yourself in that kind of situation," Pandora said stepping up to him. Pressing her breasts against his chest, smirking at Samuel, glancing down at how close he was to having his face buried in her velvety bosom. While she had his attention on her breast, she slowly pushed his phone out of his pocket with the tips of her nails. "Then you call me personally," she said holding up his phone her number typed out on the screen. "I wouldn't mind having the Herald owe me one," Pandora purred caressing the cock she had just sucked and wanted to experience deep inside of her.

"My lady," Amalia whispered a word of caution.

"You're right Amalia," Pandora sighed. "I and my family eagerly awaits to have your company Sunday night," she said turning to her right that led to the dark alley in where their cars were parked. "Oh and, Samuel, that is a noble thing to miss our gathering for. Father understands the meaning of family, so do not think he will think poorly of you. Many a vampire knows the value of family," Pandora said smiling sweetly at him before disappearing into the darkness.

"Okay, well that happened," Samuel said finally relaxing for the first time since he left. "I wonder if Penthouse ever heard this one before, a late night drive led to a vampire blowjob," he muttered as he walked back to the house. However, Samuel wasn't prepared for what greeted him. His jaw hung agape as he stared at the two most greatest treasures on the planet as he stood in the door to their room. His sister teaching their aunt how to twerk in their underwear.

"Hey Sammy," Kelly giggled as she shook her ass harder once she caught him staring.

"Baby, I was so worried," Charlotte said falling into his arms, then quickly pushed away. "Why the fuck do you smell like another woman that isn't Kelly?!" she yelled.

"Hey, keep your voice down, I was going to tell you. I just don't know if you would believe me," Samuel said retreating from Charlotte's murderous gaze.

"So that's what Hekatê has tasked you?" Wendy asked skeptically once Samuel had told them of what had transpired since he had been gone.

"Yeah," Samuel said nervously.

"And you have to have a child...with this vampire?" Kelly asked highly annoyed.

"Yes, I'm not saying they might not have other plans going on, but I know Nimue was telling the truth about the child."

"Samuel," Charlotte said failing to contain the anger in her voice. "You knew all along that this was going to happen!"

"What?! No! No! Charlotte don't you think I would've told you if I fucking knew?"

"Well you didn't tell us about these dreams you've been having," Kelly said nearly as angry as Charlotte was.

"Because I already knew you were awake," Samuel said looking off to the side.

"And how pray tell could you know that?" Charlotte asked her nostrils flared, her cheek twitched, crossing her arms below her breasts. The only sound in that room was the tapping of her foot.

"Because...," Samuel said trying not to grow hard. He didn't know why but when she was angry, he found her irresistible. "The two of you weren't doing lewd things to me in your sleep like you normally do," he said shyly glancing at them.

"Then you mean it, you knew nothing about this. Only what fragmented pictures and scattered emotions you could gleam?" Kelly asked knowing how her cheeks were burning.

"Yes I swear, I would have told you."

"Okay, then tell me why it must be you?" Charlotte asked trying to keep her temper in check due to the hormones.

"As the Herald rises, so too will the seer awaken," Samuel chanted without thinking. Trying to clear his head, he knew that spell wasn't meant to spit out whatever that was. It was meant to show him a glimpse of the future, so he could protect his family. Samuel pondered to himself since his magic had changed since he had cast that spell on himself did the spell augment itself to suit it's new target? Dropping to his knees as bright, painful flashes of light stabbed at his

eyes. Pressing the heels of his hands against his eyes hoping to block out whatever was about to happen. Overwhelming rage, hatred, sorrow, and then crushing loneliness washed over him, the warmth of the flames could be felt on his skin as New Orleans burned. There at his feet was his broken and bloody mother, sister, and aunt their lifeless eyes staring up at him. Azure light burst forth from around the heels of his hands. The most cruelest laughter rippled through his mind he knew it could only belong to one person. "Labo!" Samuel howled as a hurricanic force of magic surged from his body. His azure aura exploded out as his rage ran rampant through his mind.

"Sammy! Calm yourself!" Charlotte said throwing up her arms as the force of his magic pushed her back.

"I'm going to kill you! You'll burn for taking them!" Samuel howled in pain, hot tears ran down his cheeks as the house began to violently shake.

"Samuel! You have to calm down," Kelly yelled as she fought against his magic to get to him.

"I will not allow you to live for taking them from me!" Samuel growled still lost in his mind.

"Mom! No stay back!" Kelly cried out as Wendy crawled towards her son.

"Sam, baby come back to me," Wendy said crawling into her son's lap. Her tiny hands gripped his shirt as she pulled herself up to stand in his lap. "My sweet boy, I'm here," she said sweetly wrapping her arms around his neck, "let it out baby, let it all out, mama isn't going to leave you," she whispered gently stroking the back of his head feeling her son slowly coming back to himself. "Shh," Wendy cooed motherly as Samuel wrapped his arms around her and burying his face in her shoulder. Humming in his ear as he wept loudly against her. Smiling when she felt Kelly and Charlotte holding Samuel like she was doing.

"See, we are still here Sammy," Charlotte whispered holding him tightly.

"I'm not leaving you, ever," Kelly said placing a kiss on his shoulder as she held him close.

"Tell me, what did you see Samuel?" Wendy asked.

"New Orleans burning, you three dead," Samuel said his voice trembling. Wendy, Kelly, and Charlotte shared worried looks between the three of them.

"But the future isn't set Samuel, even divinity spells aren't a hundred percent accurate," Charlotte said knowing that was what he had used to see what had caused all this.

"We can change it, we will change it," Kelly said with determination. Hearing the hammering of feet that raced towards their room.

"What the bloody hell is going on in here?!" Marie asked panting for breath, tying a loose knot in the belt of her robe. Perplexed by the sight that greeted her once she looked down at them.

"Sorry Marie, Samuel got carried away," Kelly said looking up at her cousin.

"Carried away! That man almost shook this house apart!" Marie said angrily.

"I apologize," Samuel said quickly wiping his cheeks dry before looking at her, "I didn't mean to alarm anyone of you."

"Samuel, are you okay?" Marie asked knowing what those puffy eyes meant. Also she wanted to grow close to him, and she saw this as a way to do so.

"I...don't really know," Samuel said looking down. His mind raced trying to understand what he was shown. One thing was for certain he couldn't face Labo alone. He was not going to allow them to die. He had already been down that road once, and he didn't think he was strong enough to survive that again. He needed help. He needed an army of sorts. "We need to talk," he said looking back up at Marie, "in the morning," he said knowing he was going to need time to comb through everything he was shown.

"First thing then," Marie nodded, "Samuel whatever it was that caused all that. Don't let it get to you," she said reassuringly before stepping aside as Rick, Martha, Carson, and Joan filed into the room.

"Sam, is everything okay?" Martha asked worryingly as the door closed.

"Can't say, would you be if you saw the ones you loved dead at your feet?" Samuel asked looking up at his grandmother.

"Is that what caused that upsurge of magic?" Rick asked in disbelief as Samuel nodded.

"Oh Samuel," Joan dropped to her knees. Reaching out her hand ran down his left arm before Wendy smacked it away.

"Keep your hands off my son!" Wendy huffed holding Samuel's head tightly to her chest.

"Wendy," Carson said sternly knowing her terrible twos were on the rise.

"I only want to comfort my nephew, sister," Joan said looking hurt.

"No you don't, you want to take him from me," Wendy said heatedly.

"Wendy Amber!" Martha growled, "you will knock this off right now, you aren't a child."

"I will protect my baby!" Wendy said her lower lip trembled, her cheeks were puffy, tears reamed her eyes.

"Mom," Kelly said sweetly taking her daughter into her arms, "we all want to protect Samuel," she said hugging Wendy tightly. "I promise nothing is going to happen to him," Kelly whispered praying her words would ring true.

"Come it's late," Charlotte cooed as her fingers brushed through his hair.

"Right," Carson nodded, "we should get to bed as well," he said looking at his wife.

"Come on Joan," Rick said tugging on his wife's shirt sleeve.

"But...," Joan said stopping herself. She couldn't show her husband that she wanted to feel her nephew's magic filling her once again. To show him her naked body that he had missed out on. To allow him to thrust that hard cock into her so she could properly experience his magic. "You're right dear, it is late," she said her hand slipping into Rick's using it to help her stand. All the while her mind raced as to how she was to catch her nephew when he was alone.

"Come," Charlotte said helping Samuel to his feet, "let us ease that mind of yours," she whispered lovingly as she led him to their bed.

"Do come in Samuel," Marie said as she sat behind her desk. Her body still hummed from the magic she had helped perform last night. While it wasn't her first time she had ever been with a woman, it was very stimulating. "Please have a seat," she said setting down her pen as she went over the financial reports. "Now do you want to tell me what was that all about last night?" Marie asked seeing his mind still troubled from the events of last night.

"I was shown things, it's hard to explain," Samuel said distraught.

"Then please take your time, I'd like to know why you almost destroyed my house," Marie said leaning back in her chair.

"You see the future isn't set as some might contest. Time isn't linear, its fluid. It shifts, it stagnates, causes eddies in the stream, yet if one can navigate the river of time. Then you will be able to see the shifts if time. Whereas that cup of coffee could be your death tomorrow or it simply could give you heartburn," Samuel said pointing to her mug.

"So...you're saying that you can see possible futures?" Marie asked intrigued.

"In a manner of speaking yes," Samuel nodded.

"And what you saw last night was one of those?"

"A very high probability of one," Samuel said trying to block out the image of their dead bodies. Shutting his eyes trying to keep his tears back and his magic from swelling like it had done last night. Not hearing how Marie lifted herself out of her chair.

"Samuel," Marie said sweetly tilting his chin up, "I can understand now why you had that outburst last night. You saw something that your mind simply couldn't handle, yes?" she asked her heart breaking as those tear laden eyes looked at her. "Shh, there's no need for tears," Marie said sweetly her thumb brushing away that lonely salty drop. "I'm here," she whispered as she leaned forward. She was tired of waiting she was going to take Samuel here and now! "Pour your sorrow into me," Marie said before her lips captured his. Her fingers skimmed along his cheeks as her

tongue teased his. Reaching behind her back, the tips of her fingers taking hold of the zipper's tab. Running it down the length of its teeth. Pushing her skirt down, sliding into his lap, her pussy has been itching to feel his cock inside her; and Marie was going to make it a reality. "Let me be the one that feeds you today," she said breathlessly as her arms draped along Samuel's shoulders. Her index finger flicked towards the door magically sealing the room. Her hips began to move rubbing her silk covered snatch against his groin.

There has been times in ones life we all wish to be that proverbial fly on the wall. A very curious teenager was such a thing on that summer morning. Her invisible hand flew to her mouth to keep any gasp from betraying her position. She had no idea this was what was going to happen when she caught sight of Samuel as he headed towards Marie's office. Ever since she had found that page from a book, she didn't know they had. She knew it was too old to be anyone of the tomes they had when she had found it underneath a loose floorboard. She could never get it to work, that strange spell wasn't one of theirs, however, that was until Rick and Joan arrived. Then she has learned a great many interesting things. She knew she shouldn't be there as her

greenish-brown eyes quivered in shock at how Marie was kissing Samuel. Yet as she glanced at the door, she also knew that wasn't an option any more. Biting the inside of her cheek as she looked on at how Marie was moaning as Samuel what she could only assume that he was fingering her.

"Oh my, would you look at that I haven't poured a fraction of my magic into this hot pussy and it's already soaked." She heard Samuel chuckle as she watched how her aunt screamed out in pleasure.

"Well..." She heard her aunt begun to say. She didn't know how long this was going to go on for. She knew she had to stay as quiet as she could. She didn't want her aunt to know she had been spying on Samuel, nor did she want to get caught while they were in the middle of that. "You throw around this delicious magic of yours and you make Ines cum so much because of it." She bit back her gasp at what her aunt was saying about her mother. She couldn't believe her own mother did that with Samuel. She just couldn't believe she cheated on her own father. "Can't you feel how tight I am? Am I tighter than my sister?" She heard her aunt purr before her lips assaulted Samuel's. Her hand flew

down to her thigh, her grip tightening to keep her body from experiencing the sudden surge of sexual magic. She could feel her teenage body becoming electrified. Her virgin mound quivering as it steadily grew moist. She had to fight herself from touching herself through her pants as her aunt's sex resounded in her office. She knew she couldn't otherwise she would be dealing with a bloody mess, and she didn't want to throw out her favorite jeans.

"I don't know, how about I slide it inside and find out." She heard Samuel mumbled from around her aunt's mouth.

"Mmm, yes, it's been too long since I've had a proper fucking." She couldn't believe how her aunt was acting. "Was this how sex always was?" she asked herself unsure about what she was witnessing. "You see I never married, leading this family takes all my time; and with Labo out there threatening my family I've just never had time to find a man to scratch the itch deep within my pussy." She watched as her aunt's tongue curled out teasing Samuel's upper lip as her aunt rode those fingers hard. "While those are magical, yet I need something hard thrusting into me." She watched as her aunt rubbed sensuously along Samuel's groin. Her eyes following after her aunt as she slowly rose

off of Samuel's lap. Taking Samuel by the hand leading him towards the couch. "I hope you like my ass Samuel. I know it's not as toned as your sister's or aunt's, but just look at that bounce." Moving her head to the side as her aunt reached behind her smacking her left ass cheek.

"Marie you know your still attractive. I'm sure that when I'm gone you won't have a problem finding someone to make you writhe in your bed."

"That's the thing Samuel." Her heart raced as her aunt turned around as they stood in front of the couch. "Shouldn't the future high priestess be free to service the Herald?"

"Oh my god! Oh my god!" She said franticly in her mind as her aunt unzipped Samuel's pants. Biting her finger so not to let her voice be heard as she gazed at her very first cock. Her cheeks blushed hard as she watched as her aunt's hand ran along his length.

"Plus if you connect our two houses than I won't be alone anymore." She felt her right hand fall to her chest realizing

she was becoming affected by what she was seeing and how his magic crushed against her body. Her fingers tweaked her hard nipple, wondering what it was like as her aunt kissed along his neck. Wondering if a man's tool was as sensitive as it appeared to be as Samuel moaned. "Now we both can't hide out here all day. So shall we put this wonderous thing to use?" She watched as her aunt knelt on the couch with her back to Samuel. Moving to a better spot so she could see everything. "Now fuck me Samuel." Her aunt said as she looked back while running her hand over her ass.

"Samuel, I've been thinking since you said our house fell. Then would it not be wise to grow our members?" Her aunt asked as she laid along Samuel's chest. She's never seen her aunt naked before, now that she had she hoped when she got to her aunt's age that her body would look as good as Marie's did.

"Yeah, that's what I was going to talk to you about before you got me distracted."

"Oh? Well then, maybe I should distract you more, hmm?"

"Maybe." She tilted her head wondering if this banter was normal after sex. "However, how large is this hoodoo family that married into ours?"

"Oh, last time they held a family reunion there was a good fifty plus." She heard her aunt mused as she dragged her right breast along Samuel's chest. "I can make a call. Although if they are going to fight with us then they might want to join this sect as payment for whomever we might lose."

"Thought of that too, I'll need to meet with whomever is the head of that house before we go any further with this."

"I understand." She saw her aunt nod. She, however, didn't know why they needed to fight in the first place. If he was as powerful as he said he was than should he not be able to just wipe them out. She saw the look of sadness on her aunt's face as Samuel rose from the couch. "Where are you going? I know fucking wasn't that bad you need to flee the room?!"

"No." She heard him chuckle as he pulled his shirt over his head. "Just that it's almost noon and I need the sun along with something special to remake your alter."

"Oh! Then please don't let me keep you but say tomorrow night how about you visit my bedroom." She watched as her aunt crawled along the cushions towards Samuel. Her fingers walked up his chest, the sides of her breasts squeezed out as she pressed her chest against his. "I haven't felt this energize in all my years. I can't wait to feel what its like when I'm a full blooded sex witch."

"About tomorrow, you, Joan, and I need to talk." Her eyes darted to and fro wondering if she could spy on that discussion.

"You got it, after you fix our altar." She watched as her aunt placed a long lingering kiss on Samuel's lips.

As soon as the door was open, and Samuel was long gone she darted out of that room. Breathing heavily she never maintained that spell for so long. Leaning against the wall to steady her weary body. Her eyes going wide at the large,

dark, wet area in the crotch of her jeans. Praying that she hadn't ruined them.

"So did you enjoy what you saw?" Yelping in surprise her brunette hair flew wildly through the air, a few strands of her blue dyed hair clung to her lower lip.

"That's impossible...," Aurore muttered underneath her breath.

"For Marie maybe, but I could smell you," Samuel said his eyes glowing menacingly.

"I don't stink!" Aurore hissed.

"It's not your body odor. It's your innocence I smell," Samuel said his eyes dipped low. "So again I ask did you enjoy what you saw?"

"Umm...," Aurore stammered retreating from the look in his eyes. "Listen I'm sorry," she said her hand sneaked out

behind her looking for the corner that she could bolt around and disappear into her home, "I promise I won't do it again."

"Please," Samuel said waving off her statement, "if you haven't stopped using it by now you aren't likely to stop, and since I'm the only one that's caught you so far, I think you'd be using it long after I'm gone. As my father once told me never make promises that you can't keep."

"Are you going to tell Marie?"

"No. You're going to help me with a little something," Samuel said staring down the teenager. Taking Aurore by her left arm, he wondered if it was wrong to enjoy the slight fear he saw in her eyes.

"Please didn't you get enough of that with Marie!" Aurore said her heart racing as her mind flashed back to thirty minutes ago. When she saw how bright his magic burned in her eyes and how her aunt was writhing in pleasure underneath it. Yet all the while her body betrayed her

words as it heated at the thought of what it would be like if it was her.

"What kind of dirty mind do you have?" Samuel asked shaking his head as they neared the solarium that housed the remains of their fallen altar. "Now take off your pants," Samuel said plainly as he closed the double doors.

"What?!" Aurore gasped feeling her cheeks burning. "I thought you didn't want that," she said looking away shyly.

"I need your menstrual blood," Samuel said closing the curtains that hung on the small rods that set above the window molding. "Well? I don't have all day," he said looking towards the sky noting the position of the sun.

"Okay, and you won't tell Marie about that?" Aurore asked having to be content with his nod. Sighing in relief at the fact her pants weren't ruined as she looked down as they eased down her thighs. "Please don't look," she said shyly as her thumbs hooked underneath the waistband of her panties. Watching how he placed his hand over his eyes. Yet she would be lying to herself that she didn't want him to

look. "Okay, you can look now," Aurore said placing her hands over her dancefloor.

"I need you to straddle the ash and bleed on it," Samuel said arranging the items he had texted his sister to give to Marie while he waited on Nimue to return last night.

"And that's it?" Aurore asked her body heated from the excitement of being standing partially naked in a room with a boy. Something she never had the opportunity to do before, due to her own shyness.

"Pretty much," Samuel said placing the items within reach once he started the transmutation spell.

"Okay," Aurore said feeling her cheeks heat as Samuel gave her a look wondering what was taking her so long. "Is this good?" she asked as she straddled the ash. Feeling her blood slowly dripping off of her labia before falling into the ash below her. Biting her lip as her cramps began to grow painful.

"Here," Samuel said laying his palm on her stomach easing Aurore's pain.

"Thanks," Aurore said weakly.

"Can you spread your lips some, so it can come out faster?" Samuel asked noting the few drops that had already fallen onto the ash wouldn't be enough to purify the taint that lingered in the ash.

"It doesn't work like that," Aurore huffed, "my coochie isn't for you to command!"

"Jeez no need to bite my head off," Samuel said rolling his eyes. "This is for your benefit not mine," he said bending down plucking the bowl that contained rich, red, powdered clay from the floor.

Aurore's eyes followed after Samuel as he walked around her muttering underneath his breath as he sprinkled the bits of clay around the ash. Then a larger circle along the perimeter of the room. When his back was to her, Aurore's

fingers slowly ran along the sides of her mound. Pulling her labia apart hoping he wouldn't notice. Her cheek twitched as she felt her blood flowing faster once she did. Puffing out her cheeks in annoyance.

"Okay that should be enough," Samuel said tapping Aurore's right shoulder.

"Can I go then?" Aurore asked only wanting to run and hide away.

"No," Samuel said shaking his head, "I can't have you breaching the magic circle," he said trying not to peer down at her naked ass. Yet that was easier said then done, he was a guy after all and Aurore did have a very appealing apple shaped ass.

"Hey!" Aurore yelped as she saw where his eyes were looking. Her left arm quickly shot behind her trying to cover her ass.

"What?! It's a compliment. You have a very nice ass," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders.

"O-okay," Aurore said her voice quivering at the praise. "Can you turn around, so I can get dressed?"

"Sure," Samuel nodded. He was going to do so regardless as his hands rose over the circle he had made. "Munda prius qoud immunda. Reformare, qoud est destrui!" Samuel chanted pouring the remaining clay into the ash. "Duo ex decem. Terere." Aurore quickly looked to the sky as thunder crackled in the distance. Wind whipped the trees as Samuel's magic surged. "Et oriri reformari videretur! Sumat per voluntatem Dei tuam ponis qoud imperat!" Aurore's hand flew to her mouth so not to distract him as she watched as the ash began to rise off of the floor. "Qui ostendunt servis mundo transiens!" Aurore fell to her ass as her head was on a swivel as four stone pillars rose from the corners of the room. Her greenish-brown eyes widen in awe and fear as she watched as that azure aura pulsated, to how it burned brightly as the ash swirled around that ring and his hands. Tilting his head to the side wondering why the new altar looked so much like the one the coven once used once the spell was completed. Shaking the thought

from his mind, what was important was that it was completed. Glancing up as the locked doors slowly opened, feeling a cleansing breeze growing within the room before spilling out into the rest of the house. Turning around offering Aurore his hand as the sounds of feet pounding resounded as they ran towards them.

"Holy cow!" said his small cousin as she stood beside Joan.

"Samuel...," Joan said in awe as her eyes darted around the room.

"Would you look at this place!" Paul said walking around the room.

"And you did this all by yourself?" Magdalene asked feeling the power that emanated off of their new altar.

"With a little help," Samuel nodded towards Aurore.

"Oh my! You can feel the power in this altar," Marie said running her hands along the stones surface. Samuel peered over her shoulder seeing his sister and aunt smiling proudly at him.

"Well done Samuel," Eric said clasping Samuel's right shoulder, "I doubt they'll be burning this one down," he said his voice full of pride.

"Shall we have our little talk now?" Marie asked arching an eyebrow. "Joan, Rick, will you please come to my office," she ordered once Samuel nodded.

"Why...?" Rick begun to say only to be stopped by his wife's hand on his arm.

"Of course we'll be happy to," Joan said.

"Good. Then will let everyone here marvel at our new altar room," Marie said winking at Samuel before turning on her heel.

"Sammy, why does that look like the altar we once used in the coven?" Charlotte asked once Samuel exited the solarium.

"Your guess is as good as mine," Samuel said shrugging his shoulders.

"Maybe you were thinking about it when you remade it," Kelly said no longer feeling the taint she once felt when they first arrived.

"Maybe."

"Well, it's over and that's good. Go. You shouldn't keep them waiting, but afterwards how about we go for a walk just the four of us," Charlotte said as she leaned against him.

"Sure, it be nice not to do something that involves vampires, magic, and what not," Samuel said kissing her lightly.

"You best not forget about me, Samuel," Kelly said her body heating as Samuel pulled her close. "Tonight how about we just retire early to our room and let us take your mind off of things," she whispered as her lips left his.

"I would like that," Samuel said feeling at ease in their arms.

"Good, now get," Charlotte said swatting her nephews ass.

"Ah good, you're here," Marie said once Samuel entered her office.

"Samuel want to tell me why I'm here?" Rick asked staring down his nephew.

"As I mention the first night we arrived, the hex Norman placed on Joan can't be removed until the new moon which is tomorrow. Seeing how the two of you hid your magic from them I think this will be an excellent opportunity to show our cousins what true sex magic is like," Samuel said taking a seat on the couch.

"Okay...I get the new moon part, but do we have to make it public?" Rick asked. He was never one to openly reveal his magic.

"Well, if we want this branch to take up Hekatê's offer then should we not show them what true sex magic is like and not what they have read in books?" Samuel asked shooting his uncle a pointed look.

"Samuel about what we discussed earlier, would it not also be wise to invite them, so they too know what you offer them?" Marie asked rising from her chair. Her mind replaying what they had done on that couch just a few hours ago as she rested against the corner of her desk. Shyly rubbing her mound and chocolate starfish against it trying to tamp down her libido.

"That it would," Samuel nodded.

"Rick, sweetheart, do you want to have more babies or not?!" Joan asked incensed that he wasn't jumping at the chance to put the past two years behind them.

"Of course Joan, but why must we get them involved?"

"Because I will it!" Hekatê's voice thundered from Samuel's mouth. Samuel was just as surprised as they were as they looked at him. "Well that happened," Samuel muttered to himself.

"H-has that happened before Samuel?" Joan asked in reverence.

"No," Samuel said a little unnerved that she could do that.

"Well, there you have it Rick, are you going to go against her will?" Joan asked staring her husband down.

"No of course not Joan," Rick sighed.

"Good," Joan said reaching over squeezing her husband's hand. Going over who all was going to be there at the event tomorrow night and how they were supposed to participate

in the spell. With all the loose ends tied up Samuel left Marie's office eager to spend the night with his sister, aunt, and his mother. Little did anyone in that house know of the events that would forever change Samuel Ross Goodall's life.

The sun was setting on the Big Easy as the four of them strolled down the sidewalk enjoying the sights of the city. His cobalt eyes caught the reflections of their smiles in the store front's windows as they passed. Their teasing banter warming his heart as the heat of the day slowly died away. However, that all died away the moment a dark figure stepped out in front of Samuel. The man didn't say a word as he pulled out a small .22 caliber gun. He said nothing as his evil grin spread along his lips as his finger squeezed the trigger. Samuel Goodall stared in confusion at the spreading red blotch in the center of his chest as he fell to his knees. "This wasn't how it was meant to go." Was the only thing his mind could think of as he felt his heart slowly weakening.

"Samuel!" Their frantic voices were distant as time seemed to slow around him. He knew his body was falling to the side, yet it felt so weird to him. There was no pain, no fear,

no nothing as if something was cutting him off from what made him, him.

Part 4

Minutes prior to the shooting...

Nimue was always an early riser. Always crawling out of her coffin the before the sun sank below the horizon. While they no longer needed to sleep in coffins thanks to man's advancement in the sciences. She was a creature of habit and she loved her two and a half century old hand carved ebony coffin. It's rich crimson velvet lining was still as soft as the day her father had it made for her. Humming as she sat in front of her mirror (another advancement in man's ever increasing pace that now mirrors no longer had a silver lining behind the glass), as she applied a light rouge to her cheeks and running her light pink lipstick along her supple lips. Thinking of the conversation she had with a very interesting mortal the other day, and to how his magic filled her with desire she hasn't felt for the mortal race. Her hands shot out catching herself on the lip of her dresser. Biting her

lip as flashes stabbed at her grey matter. A loud gasp escaped her lips as she watched as Samuel fell to the ground dead.

"Save him! My Herald cannot die!" Nimue felt her goddess urgency as she showed her images of the landmarks. Nimue didn't waste a second. Leaping from her seat, grabbing her robe she didn't care if she was still in her night gown Samuel must be saved!

"Sister! Where are you going in such a rush?" Pandora asked as her sister flew passed her.

"Samuel is in trouble! I must save him! I will save him!" Nimue growled in determination as she ran down the hallway towards the grand entrance of their home.

"Then you won't go alone," Pandora said joining her sister's side. Bringing her left arm up speaking into the hidden mic in the wrist of her shirt. Four armed men stood waiting for them before the six of them raced out into that darkening sky.

A few seconds after the shooting...

"Samuel!" Kelly, Wendy, and Charlotte shouted in fear as they watched his lifeless body fall to the ground. "You murderer!" Yet before either one could gather enough power from the shock to obliterate the man into small gooey pieces. The coward fled back into the alleyway from whence he came.

"Sammy, you can't die!" Kelly said dropping to her knees on that hot concrete sidewalk.

"Charlotte save my boy!" Wendy pleaded with her sister.

"That's what I'm trying to do sis," Charlotte growled as her hands ran over Samuel's chest. Pushing her emotions to the side at the sight of all the blood that seeped out of his chest. However, as she tried to repair the damage and keep Samuel alive, she felt something blocking her magic. Their heads shot towards the alleyway when they heard a scuffle deep within it. Their eyes followed after a blur as it flew out

of the darkness of the alley. Then to the crashing of a body as it slammed hard into the side of the car. Kelly jumped to her feet her magic swirling around her clinched fist preparing to magically flay the flesh from the man. That was until six strange people exited the alleyway. Kelly was taken aback at how one of them was as white as snow.

"Samuel!" Nimue shouted as her silver eyes fell on him.

"Who the hell are you?!" Kelly asked defending Samuel and Charlotte as the woman took a step towards them.

"Please I am not here to harm you, I'm here to save him," Nimue said with a pointed look at Samuel.

"And why should we believe you!" Charlotte said holding back her tears as she cradled his head to her chest. Fighting back her trembling lip knowing she couldn't save him. She just didn't know why her magic was being blocked and they didn't have time to find out either.

"Because I am to be his wife," Nimue said calmly, "I'm sure he has spoken of me, so you know I would never harm him. Now please we don't have much time," she said the urgency clear in her voice.

"You promise you can save him?" Kelly asked unsure if she could trust the vampire in front of her.

"I promise, Samuel shall rise by the dawning light."

"As what? One of you?" Charlotte asked knowing it would be better for Samuel to die as a human than live as the undead, yet the thought of going on without him, watching their child grow without him there pushed her rational mind to a far dark corner of her mind.

"That will be up to him," Nimue said somberly, "however, I am going to give him the choice."

"Then please save my Sammy," Kelly said weakly, tears reamed her eyes.

"You heard the woman!" Kelly eyed the raven haired woman as she barked at the men behind her. "And bring that along," the woman sneered pointing at the unconscious man.

"Please take good care of him!" Charlotte pleaded as Nimue approached the entrance to the alleyway.

"You have my word. Samuel will return to you," Nimue said looking over her shoulder, "I would never deprive her right hand of the need he has," she said smiling sweetly at her before the darkness of that garbage strewn alley cloaked her body.

Samuel found himself sitting alone at a small circular table. The condensation rolled down his tall glass of rum and coke. He couldn't remember his past no matter how hard he tried. It felt as if something was clouding his mind. Nonetheless, his gaze was pulled towards the stage as a lone microphone stand stood stalwart in the center of the stage. Peering around him as the crowd cheered and clapped wondering why all their faces were hidden in shadows. Returning his attention back to the stage as the announcer

welcomed the first singer of the night onto the stage. "Freddie Mercury?! He thought to himself wondering where he had heard that name before as a single spotlight shone down on the man's shoulders as the stage lights died away.

"There's no time for us. There's no place for us." The crowd's chatter quieted down as Freddie's rich voice came over the speakers. "What is this thing that builds our dreams, yet slips away from us?" His black tux sat snugly to his body not a sign of the disease that took his life. His hands rising along either side of the microphone stand.

"Who wants to live forever. Who wants to live forever...?" Samuel squirmed in his seat as Freddie's eyes fell on him. "Oh ooo oh. There's no chance for us. It's all decided for us. This world has only one sweet moment set aside for us." Holding out his hands to Samuel as if to ask him an unspoken question.

"Who wants to live forever. Who wants to live forever. Ooh. Who dares to love forever. Oh oo woh, when love must die." Samuel looked around uneasy as the spotlight went out.

"But touch my tears with your lips. Touch my world with your fingertips," his heart began to beat faster as the lights raised slowly over Freddie's body, "And we can have forever. And we can love forever. Forever is our today."

"Who wants to live forever. Who wants to live forever. Forever is our today. Who waits forever anyway?" Taking a bow before disappearing off to the left wing of the stage. Yet as a sandy blonde haired woman in a royal blue strapless dress with an A-frame slit in the right side of the dress allowing all to view her silky smooth leg as she walked onto the stage. Tilting his head to the side wondering why if felt as if he knew this woman.

"I keep fighting voices in my mind that say I'm not enough," her voice was smooth, rich, and very alluring. Her hips slowly swayed as she gently caressed the microphone. "Every single lie that tells me I will never measure up," her voice tugged at him, calling to him as those green eyes peered lovingly at him. "Am I more than just the sum of every high and every low? Remind me once again just who I am because I need to know." Samuel became lost in her words as his eyes were captivated by her lips.

"You say I am loved when I can't feel a thing. You say I am strong when I think I am weak," those mournful notes plucked at his heart, "and you say I am held when I am falling short. And when I don't belong, oh you say I am yours. And I believe, oh I believe. What you say of me. I believe." Samuel fought through the fog of his mind trying to determine how he knew that beautiful woman.

"The only thing that matters now is everything you think of me. In you I find my worth, in you I find my identity, o-ooh." Those green eyes lustered drawing Samuel into their depths. "You say I am loved when I can't feel a thing. You say I am strong when I think I am weak," she bawled out as she poured everything into her song. "And you say I am held when I am falling short. And when I don't belong, oh you say I am yours. And I believe, oh I believe. What you say of me. I believe." The last note dying away before the stage lights went dark.

When the stage lights came back on a raven haired, hazel eyed woman stood in place of that blonde woman. Her skimpy black dress clung tightly to her lithe body. Her

matching four inch pump tapped the floor as the intro began. Samuel got this crazy feeling that he knew every inch of that woman's body as her 38DD breasts bounced as she shook her head getting into the rock beat.

"Legs are tied, these hands are broken." Her ruby hued lips blew Samuel a kiss. He felt his cheeks heating at that. Her hand pressed against her thighs as her hips rocked to the beat. "Alone I try with words unspoken. Silent cry, a breath is frozen. With blinded eyes, I fear myself," she began to sing soulfully.

"It's burning down, it's burning high. When ashes fall, the legends rise." Her right hand began to rise before her index finger pointed at him. "We burn it out a mile wide. When ashes fall, the legends rise." Her right hand gripped the microphone as her left hand ran up her stomach over her left breasts, dancing up her neck before her fingertips lavished along her cheek. Her tongue ran along her upper lip taunting him.

"Throat is dry, my vision's fading. I'm paralyzed and left here waiting." Samuel got the feeling that woman was

drinking him down with those sultry eyes of hers. "Taking time, just one step forward. Won't lose my mind, I'm here to stay...," Samuel's head was on a swivel as the club instantly went quiet. Fear rising in his mind when all the people were gone.

"What you are feeling isn't death Samuel, not entirely." Came a voice he vaguely remembered. "The time has come to choose Samuel," Nimue said stepping out of the shadows. "If you walk out that door death awaits you, however, you would become Labo's pet; or you can take my hand and experience a different form of life," she said holding out her hand. "You must choose quickly you do not have much time left before even I can't save you."

"How do I know you speak the truth?" Samuel asked his eyes darted over to that cold dark door.

"Search your heart Samuel, you will see that I speak the truth." Images of a man, the muzzle flash of the gun, the growing red blotch of his shirt, the weakness of his heart flashed before his eyes. He could feel his body rapidly weakening. His lips and fingertips were already starting to

turn blue due to the lack of blood pumping through his veins. Looking back to the door that silent darkness called to him. Whispering to him to let go of his troubles and embrace it. Then his eyes glanced back over to that pale white outstretched hand. That name, Labo, oddly he did remember that name. If he concentrated hard enough ever since he had found himself in that dark club that name had been whispering in his ear. Reaching out his hand, he may not know if he could trust the woman that stood there waiting for him to make his decision. He did know one thing. He wasn't going to be anyone's pet! "Excellent choice," Nimue said with a loving smile as Samuel's hand slipped into hers. The last thing Samuel remembered before everything went dark was a red cloud of mist flooding his eyes, nose, and mouth.

"Shh," Nimue cooed as she placed a restraining hand on the center of Samuel's chest, "you're safe Samuel. There's no need to worry," she said as his eyes darted around the look of loss and confusion in them. "Labo laced the bullet that was meant to kill you with a zombie spell. She thought that given that she couldn't beat you she would make you one of her minions. However, in order to neutralize the spell I had to turn you into one of us, well partially."

"Can you hear my voice?" Nimue asked speaking into Samuel's mind as he sat up. Lowering herself onto her bed where they had placed him once they had returned. Seeing him nod as she pressed her breasts into his back, her right arm resting on his right shoulder then draping down his chest, while her left slipped in-between his left arm and his chest hugging him against her. "This is how all turned can speak with their sires. However, you aren't fully one of us."

"What do you mean?" Samuel asked out loud.

"While I could have brought you wholly into our ranks. We normally don't make half-vampires many of them can't deal with what they have become, or they simply hurry the transition to a full blooded vampire. However, you have so much before you," Nimue said sending images of what had happened once they found him and her giving Samuel her blood. "I thought it best that you would want to continue to walk in the light, but you will only have a fraction of our gifts. Although, you still will need to feed on blood," she said looking over as her bedroom door slowly opened. Watching her sister carrying in two glass goblets on a

stainless steel tray, her nostrils flaring at the scent of the rich red liquid. "While you might not need to feed as often as we do, a pint a week should be enough to stave off your blood-hunger. The more you ingest the faster you will turn. Now," Nimue said reaching out taking one of the goblets off the tray, "all newborns even half-vampires need to feed during their first awakening," she said bringing the glass to his lips. Her eyes flared as they caught the hints of Samuel's fangs. Taking the other once Samuel had drained his, quickly downing it so she could help guide Samuel through what the man's blood would show them. "Thank you, Pandora," Nimue said licking her lips as she set her glass back down onto the tray. Her sister nodded before leaving them. What Nimue didn't know was how Pandora wanted to crawl onto Samuel's lap and see what he could do now that he was one of them.

"Now Samuel listen to what the man's blood shows you. I know it will be difficult due to mortals fractured way of forming memories. Yet blood never lies," Nimue said into his mind. Showing him how to wade through the useless garbage that flashed in their mind. Leading him to the memories that led to the events of a few hours ago. Feeling his muscles tense underneath her touch as they watched as

Labo ordered her minion to shoot Samuel. Knowing if the woman was smart, they would no longer be using the spot they had formed this plan of theirs. She would have to see if her father would allow some of their hunters to raid the few places she could gleam from the man's blood. "So now you know why I had to turn you in order to save you. I know you might have wished to remain a simple mortal, but Seipowe ordered that you be saved, and this was the only way to break her zombie spell," Nimue said her lips pressed lightly against his bare shoulder. Her nose inhaling the new scent that drifted off of it.

"I understand, I do thank you for the timely intervention," Samuel said his hand running down his chest where the bullet wound once was.

"I will always come to your aid, you are meant to be my husband," Nimue said her nose trailed up his neck. Her fangs skimming along his skin wondering if he could feel it.

"So do these things like retract or no?" Samuel asked looking at his nails.

"Ah, relax the muscles in your hands," Nimue said running her fingers along the back of his hand, along his fingers. Showing him how it was done. "For your fangs I have been told if you wiggle your nose, you'll feel those muscles loosening. Remember that feeling and your fangs will retract as well. We can't have you walking around that college campus and having all those women thinking you are akin to that grotesque Edward and think you sparkle," she chuckled. Snaking her body around to sit in his lap. "I told you I learned a lot about you," Nimue said heatedly as her bare mound rested on his groin. Hoping Samuel enjoyed the feel of her scantily clad body seeing how she was still wearing her night gown and robe. "Let me feel that spell again Samuel," she whispered her lips a hairs breath away from his.

"I thought you told me not to?" Samuel asked in confusion.

"Yes, when you were mortal, you aren't any more," Nimue purred as her hands ran up his back. Biting her lower lip as his hands ran up her thighs. She wondered if he could feel her naked sex against his jeans. Thrusting Samuel's face into her cleavage as her back arched. Breathing heavily as his hand rose higher, a moan escaped her lips as he cupped her

ass. Huffing loudly when a knock came upon the door, she wanted him to go higher to explore her body. Yearning to know if it pleased him like the women that shares his bed does.

"Forgive me sister," Pandora said blushing as she stuck her head into the room. She knew that look on her sister's face all to well. She had worn it for a very long time once they had left Samuel the other night. "But father wishes to see him now that he has awaken."

"Very well," Nimue sighed, "remember if you ever need me all you need to do is speak to me in your mind and I shall answer," she spoke into his mind while sending along an mental image of what she looked like in the nude. Smirking at him as she slid off of his lap, her hand feeling something rising as it ran over his groin.

"How are you adjusting?" Pandora asked once Samuel left the room.

"Well, it's not the strangest thing that has ever happened to me. If you can believe that," Samuel said rubbing the back

of his head. Feeling the surge of strength in his limbs, he knew if he wasn't careful, he could hurt Kelly, Charlotte, or his mother by accident.

"One has to wonder what you have seen that being turning into one of us even part way doesn't top the list," Pandora mused as they walked down the hall.

"Well, you've never walked through the realm of magic before," Samuel said offhandedly.

"Truly?!" Pandora gasped in wonder as she took hold of his arm.

"Oh yeah, it was how I got to France one time. The other times well I can't speak about it," Samuel said wondering why her grip didn't feel like a vice on his arm like it did before.

"I understand but tell me about the France one. Why did you go?"

"To kill a man named Norman," Samuel said coldly, "to finally put a stop to the man's attacks on my family."

"Oh my," Pandora said softly feeling her body heat. She always had a thing for men who defended their families. The smell of their blood was always divine even more so when their fear laced it when she fed upon them. Yet that was centuries ago they had more safer ways of feeding. Then again, she did miss the days of stalking her prey, seducing them, making them believe they had a chance to get in-between her legs like the man before her did. "I do hope the man was met with a very messy death."

"He did," Samuel nodded as they continued on.

"Father I have brought the Herald," Pandora said as they entered Aarrin's grand study.

"Daughter fetch the boy a shirt," Aarrin said looking out the bay windows.

"Of course father," Pandora said before quickly leaving the room.

"Please come in Samuel," Aarrin said gesturing with his left hand at the high priced leather sofa set. "I know why my daughter had to do what she did. I know this might not be the life you would have wanted..."

"I'm alive so I can't really complain," Samuel said not feeling the chill of the leather against his skin, yet new odd sensations flooded his mind as his fingers ran over the leather.

"You're a strange boy you know that?" Aarrin said amusingly.

"So I have been told," Samuel said looking around the room. The colors seem brighter, the detail of the antiques seemed sharper to his eyes. The tick of the grandfather clock, the hum of the electronics, the hiss of the air conditioning as it flowed out of the vents stabbed at his heighten hearing.

"Catch," Aarrin said tossing a rubber stress ball over his shoulder at Samuel. Who caught it on instinct crushing the ball in the process. "You understand why I did that?"

"I believe I do," Samuel nodded.

"Good. Here have another," Aarrin said tossing another one of those pink hard rubber balls at Samuel. "Practice using it until you can unconsciously control your strength. Now I'm sure Nimue has told you that need to feed."

"She did."

"Did she also tell you in making you like us that while only half it does open up our use of blood magic too you?" Aarrin asked looking back out on the city he had watched over since the time of Napoléon's rule.

"That she didn't," Samuel said his mind raced as to how it would effect his other magics.

"While I wanted us to meet Sunday, yet events drew us here," Aarrin said turning to face Samuel, "I still like for us to gather tomorrow night so the others can get to know you. Plus you are now apart of this house given who your sire is," he said with a half-smile. "Also now that you are one of us you must keep all knowledge of us secret from everyone, other than the women that live with you is to know you are one of us. To break this law is death," Aarrin said with deathly undertones as Pandora entered carrying a plain blue t-shirt in her hands. "We'll talk more on this later, now return to that house I'm sure they are worried sick about you," he said turning back around gazing out onto the starry night.

"Samuel, Amalia has already pulled a car around for you and will see you home," Pandora said coming up to his side handing Samuel the shirt. Knowing she was going to have to have a taste of him before he left New Orleans. Also she pondered if he could feel the lingering warmth on the cloth and smell her skin on it. Biting her the inside of her cheek as the cloth was pulled along his face where she had purposely rubbed her bare breasts as the shirt slid down his chest.

"Okay," Samuel said, "thanks for the shirt, I'll bring it back."

"Think of it as a gift from me to you," Pandora said gesturing to the door. "Maybe tomorrow night you'll want to taste some vampiric pussy," she whispered into his ear as the door to her father's office closed.

"You did say something about the ceiling didn't you," Samuel said with a coy smile. Feeling an odd, strange wave radiating off of his body as it was aimed at Pandora.

"My, look at you not even two hours old and already using your seduction powers, on me no less," Pandora purred pushing Samuel up against the wall.

"Oh? Was that what that was?!"

"Mmmhmm," Pandora cooed as her hand ran up his chest, "you should be careful youngling. I might just break you," she said as her tongue ran over her fang.

"Be careful that I don't give you heartburn," Samuel said as his fangs descended on reflex.

"You know, I might grow to like this version of you," Pandora said the tips of her fingers ran along his jaw drawing him towards her lips.

"Sister just what are you doing?" Nimue asked crossing her arms as she cocked out her him.

"Teasing the newborn before Amalia takes him home," Pandora said. She wasn't about to cross her sister. Nimue was a powerful blood magic user. No matter how she wanted to fuck Samuel, she wouldn't flirt with him while her sister was present.

"Well, do see yourself away from my future husband," Nimue said trying not to let her eyes linger on how her sister's breasts pressed against Samuel's chest. "Samuel, she hasn't been too overbearing, has she?" she asked in his mind.

"No. Okay this is so weird," Samuel said hearing his voice speaking inside his own head.

"I do hope you're referring to the telepathy and not me?" Nimue asked arching an eyebrow.

"Of course I was, magic is one thing ESP is another thing entirely," Samuel said with a nod.

"Good. Be safe going home Samuel," Nimue said kissing him lightly before entering her father's study.

"Come. Amalia must be growing impatient waiting for us," Pandora said with a lopsided grin. Wishing it was her that had turned him and not her sister. Then she wouldn't have to sneak around and tease him before she felt that cock of his thrusting into her. Yet her sister beat her to the punch. "I'll be waiting for tomorrow," she whispered into Samuel's ear before he slid into the back seat.

Samuel stood staring up at that mansion hearing the combined heartbeats that were within once Amalia

dropped him off. The gentle breeze tugged at his hair as the light of the waning moon shone down upon his shoulders. Wondering how his life was going to go now that he wasn't mortal any longer. How would they react once he told them, and how they would act once he became a full blooded vampire? Would they leave him out of fear? Would he be forced to watch them grow old and die while he never aged? Could he go on when that came to pass, or would they ask to be made into a thing like he has become so they would forever stay at each other's side? His cobalt eyes glanced down to the front door as he heard the racing of feet within Marie's home.

"Sammy." Samuel heard his sister's whisper as she stood in the doorway. He wondered if he could hear her from so far away what else awaited him? His eyes having no trouble seeing every curve of her body in the weak lighting. Samuel braced himself as his sister ran towards him. Huffing as her body collided into his, gently wrapping his arms around her as Kelly wept against his shoulder. "I thought I lost you," she said her voice trembling.

"You know me sis, I'm like the plague you're never getting rid of me," Samuel said making sure he didn't rub to hard on his sister's back.

"I hope so," Kelly said snugging closer to him. "Come. Mom and Charlotte have been waiting up for you," she said her hands ran along his arms before taking hold of his hands. Gently tugging Samuel towards the house. Her green eyes ran over his face looking for anything that was different about him. The only thing she could see was the light red sheen that flashed before disappearing as the light from the entrance of the foyer rose over his face. "Don't worry we didn't tell anyone of what happened," Kelly whispered as the door closed. Falling into his arms once again to insure herself that Samuel was indeed real. Wrapping her body around his left arm never letting him go ever again.

"Sammy!" Charlotte and Wendy cried out in joy, their eyes lighting up as he walked into the room.

"Oh baby! I was so worried," Charlotte said as she dotted his face in her loving kisses.

"Sammy," Wendy said crawling to the edge of the bed her joyful tears reaming her eyes, "hold me," she said holding out her arms to her son. Resting her head against his shoulder a feeling of contentment flooded her body having her son returned to her. "I could stay awake just to hear you breathing. Watch you smile while you are sleeping. While you're far away and dreaming," she began to sing softly.

"I could spend my life in this sweet surrender. I could stay lost in this moment forever. Ooh, every moment spent with you is a moment I treasure," Charlotte said adding her voice to the song as she pressed her body against Samuel's right side.

"`Cause even when I dream of you. The sweetest dream will never do. I'd still miss you. And I don't want to miss a thing," Kelly said laying her cheek on his left shoulder.

"I just want to hold you close," Wendy said tightening her hold on her son.

"I feel your heart so close to mine," Charlotte sang lovingly placing a sweet lingering kiss on his cheek.

"And just stay here in this moment for all of the rest of time," Kelly said finally feeling whole now that Samuel was back.

"You know forever is a long time, and it appears time is all I have now," Samuel said his skin tingled as their magic touched it.

"Then I want forever with you," Charlotte said her hazel eyes quivered in the love she has for her nephew.

"As do I," Kelly cooed her fingers running through his hair, "it nearly broke me that I couldn't save you. I don't want to ever go through that again."

"So are you like them now?" Wendy asked.

"Partially," Samuel said matter-of-fact.

"What do you mean partially?!" Charlotte asked confused.

"Nimue only turned me part way. She thought it would be best since...well Hekatê isn't done with me yet," Samuel said looking down at his mother.

"They can do that?!" Kelly asked silently thanking the woman for allowing her to continue to be with her brother out underneath the sun.

"Apparently."

"Can I see them?" Wendy asked her tiny finger tapped his lower lip.

"Oh, wow!" Charlotte said in awe as Samuel showed them his fangs. "So I'm guessing you won't be needing food anymore?"

"I don't know about that, I know I have to feed on blood," Samuel said as his tongue brushed against his fang knowing it was going to take awhile to get use to the feel of them.

"How often?" Kelly asked. She was going to make sure they had enough to sustain him, she didn't want him to put himself in danger just to feed his hunger.

"She told me a pint a week will be enough, unless I want to speed up the transformation," Samuel said glancing at his sister.

"Then...we'll...sure...you...fed," Wendy said nodding off feeling safe in her son's arms.

"She was so worried about you," Kelly said gently rubbing her mother's back, "she wouldn't go to sleep until she knew you were okay."

"Now that we do, I think it's time for us to follow suit Kelly," Charlotte said stretching her arms over her head.

"I think so too," Kelly nodded tiredly, "you don't need to sleep do you?" she asked quizzically.

"Right now no, later I can't really say. We didn't get into that before I left," Samuel said handing his mother over to Kelly.

"Well, if you get the need to feel my ass pressed up against you, you just wake me okay," Charlotte purred getting her goodnight kiss in, "and you know I'll let you run this thing through my lips," she cooed lustfully as her hand rubbed against Samuel's groin.

Samuel watched as his aunt walked along her side of the bed. Her hips swayed as she pulled her shirt up her chest. His nostrils flared as her hips wiggled as her pants slid over her ass seeing she wasn't wearing any panties as she flashed him her pink lips as she bent over. Teasing him as she ran her finger through her moist labia before slipping her finger into her wet canal.

"Sammy," Kelly said turning his chin. Pulling him in her lips ravaged his drinking in her fill of the man she loved. "That's better," she said dreamily as she pulled away, "don't get into too much trouble while we're asleep."

"Hey, what could happen?" Samuel asked with a shrug of his shoulders and a smirk on his lips.

"Knowing you, everything," Kelly said glad her brother hadn't lost his humor. "I'll see you soon," she said in getting one last kiss.

Samuel stood at the foot of the bed, watching how his sister and aunt lovingly encased his mother with their bodies as they drifted off to sleep. He wondered if he even would sleep any more and if he did would it be the same or would he just close his eyes and just wake up how ever long vampires rested. Once he knew they were sound asleep Samuel silently slipped out of the room. His eyes glanced to the left as he finally noted the time. Eight hours. Eight hours he had been gone. Eight hours he had tittered on the verge of life and death. Looking down at his hand wondering if he could call this life. His heart still thumbed in his chest. His lungs still drew air into his lungs. Yet was that all just mimicking his former self or was he truly alive? His mind was so in flux before he knew it Samuel found himself standing on the threshold of the solarium. He could hear a low hum emanating off of the altar as he stood there.

Closing his eyes, breathing in deeply as he felt the magic in the air.

"In the darkness, her allure grows." Samuel heard Nimue's voice inside his head. "The sweet scent of her, the warmth, the danger, drawing the unwary to their glory..." Images of goblets, a rich flowing red liquid as it filled those glass containers. His hand shot out catching himself on the doorjamb of the double doors as his mind was pulled from his body. A red flashing key of Solomon scorched the sky of that realm of hers. A pale naked woman walked towards him. Her black cloak covered the tops of her breasts, her hood hid her eyes as it hung down to the tip of her nose. Her black stockings ran up her alluring legs, hugging her thighs, stopping at her mid-thigh as her hips swayed giving Samuel a peak at her womanhood. He knew this wasn't the Hekatê he knew as he saw what she held in her right hand. It's raven strands acting as an anchor for the skull that swung at her side. In her left a cutlass was held tightly in her grip. "Or their doom... For she is Seipowe, mother of darkness. Hekatê, goddess of witches-she is the quintessential female and she owns the night." Her blood-red lips curved into a sweet seductive smile as she gazed

upon Samuel. Revealing to him a set of fangs that reminded him of small daggers given the size of them.

"You live. Rather as a mortal or immortal, you live. You are my Herald, my right hand, the man..." If Samuel didn't know better, he could have sworn Hekatê was blushing and hard too. Why? He couldn't say. Yet as his eyes ran down the goddess' body, he could feel himself hardening. The items in her hands dissolved into a black mist as she continued to walk towards him. His eyes following her as Hekatê's body became a blur, straightening up, his muscles tensing as he felt the goddess' breasts pressed into his back. "Accept this life that now flows through you. Accept that from now on we share a very special bond between us," Hekatê cooed sweetly into his left ear. Biting his lip as she flooded his mind with the knowledge of blood magic. "Soon Samuel, very soon, you and I..." her lips tugged on his earlobe, her hands running up his chest pressing him tightly against her own chest. Allowing Samuel to feel their roundness, their firmness, the warmth that soaked into his back. Her magic rapidly flooding his body as her right hand slipped into his pants. Moaning loudly as Hekatê's hand wrapped around his hard cock. Her breath hot in his ear as her thumb kneaded the head of his rod. Her supple lips

nibbled along his jaw line before his mind was thrust back into his body.

Unaware of the pair of light green eyes that peered around the corner. Her blonde hair poked out as she stared at Samuel as he just stood in the doorway of the solarium. Her teal satin robe clung tightly to her body as she viewed the man that had shook up her family. Ever since Ines had told her about her encounter with him, she had been pondering on how to get Samuel alone. Then she had heard Marie moaning in her office as she screamed out his name. She suffered from insomnia and lately her husband hadn't been fucking her like he normally did to get her to sleep. Magdalene felt her nipples cutting into her robe, the way her labia throbbed, knowing if Eric wasn't going to fuck her than she would find someone who would; and as her eyes bored into his back, she found the one she wanted pounding her cunt into sweet oblivion. Silently slipping around the corner once she knew no other was awake, tiptoeing towards him, undoing the knot in her belt. She wanted him to feel her naked flesh as she pressed her body against his back.

"Cousin," Magdalene whispered into his ear. Seeing that glowing cobalt eye peering back at her. "Let me feel what Ines and Marie felt when you fucked them. Let me experience this cock," she purred as her hand reached around. Taking a dry swallow as her hand felt his hardness, the heat, his size as her hand rested over his hard bulge. "Please show me what sex magic is," Magdalene pleaded as she nuzzled his neck. Her fingers slowly undoing his zipper, feeling his cock straining the fabric of his underwear as it brushed against her palm. Her honey dew began to gather along her dark pink labia as her fingers wrapped around his girth. Gently stroking that hard shaft through the cloth. Her lips dancing along his neck, her nose inhaling the fragrant scent that was drifting off of his skin. She didn't know what it was, but the drive to have him fuck her silly was burning through her mind and body. Her left hand took hold of his, bringing it behind him, allowing Samuel's fingertips to skim along her naked left thigh. Leading those appendages along her hairy bush then down to her awaiting lips. "Feel my heat Samuel, feel how moist I am just wanting to feel this..." Magdalene cooed as she softly squeezed his cock, "deep inside of me," sucking in a breath as she slipped two of his fingers into her pussy. Her body shuddering as she felt his palm brushing along her clitoris. Biting her lip to

keep her whimper in check, she didn't want to wake anyone -- namely her husband.

"You sure this is what you want?" Samuel asked feeling his fingers becoming coated in her juices as his fingers stirred her hot cunt.

"Mmmhmm," Magdalene stuttered as her breasts rubbed up and down his back. Hoping Samuel could feel her harden nipples as she did.

"Then come," Samuel said slipping his fingers out from her pussy. Watching her reaction as his tongue swirled around his fingers cleaning his skin of her hot sex. Seeing her eyes flaring in hunger as he savored the snack, she had offered him.

"Samuel, do you eat pussy often?" Magdalene asked wondering if he would taste her pussy. It had been so long since she felt Eric's tongue parting her lips, hence why she had lapsed in keeping her bush as trimmed as she normally did.

"All the time, mostly," Samuel said referring to his sister and aunt.

"Will you eat me, please?" Magdalene pleaded. Groaning out loud as Samuel nodded. "Then please give me a few minutes, I don't want you to have a mouthful of hair," she said feeling her pad of her thumb becoming coated in Samuel's pre-cum.

"Okay," Samuel said watching as Magdalene clutched her robe closed before she raced off down the hall. The moment he stepped into the solarium his body was engulfed in a torrent of arcane energy swirling around him becoming thicker as he neared the altar. Gasping as a surge of that same energy raced up his arms as the palms of his hands rested on the surface of the altar.

"Consecrate it my Herald," Hekatê's voice rippled across his mind, "make that woman moan as she coats my altar in her juices!" Samuel wondered why he felt a tinge of jealousy in her voice. "Show her what it means to be one of my subjects!" Looking over his shoulder as he heard the doors

of the solarium closing and the lock falling into place. The sound of the metal rings sliding along the curtain rods as Magdalene drew the drapes closed.

Magdalene spun around on her heel, her hands reached up pushing her robe off of her shoulders. Displaying her naked body to Samuel, holding her arms out from her side wanting him to drink his fill of her body. Hoping he enjoyed gazing at her 32D breast, while not flat yet not chubby stomach due to having carried two children, to the hastily trimmed arrow that all but said eat me as it pointed at her ravenous pussy. Her eyes flickered low noting how Samuel hadn't zipped up yet. Purring into her mind as she saw how hard he still was.

"Samuel a naked woman stands before you what is the first thing you should do?" Magdalene asked teasingly.

"You're very beautiful woman, I can see why your husband sought after you," Samuel said holding his hand out to her.

Magdalene wasn't expecting to hear that. Feeling her cheeks heat at his compliment as her hand slipped into his. Yelping

as Samuel pulled her into him. Her heart raced, her breath became rapid as she felt his right hand skimming down her spine. Her eyes bulged and then slowly closed as he kissed her with such passion that she had forgotten existed due to her years of marriage. Nodding against his lips as Samuel's hand caressed her ass. Gooseflesh rose along her skin as Samuel cradled her left breast with his free hand. Moaning into his mouth as his thumb rolled along her harden bud. Her hands worked the buckle of his belt as she heard his shoes skidding across the floor.

"Yes that's it," Magdalene said breathlessly as Samuel kissed down her neck. Roughly pushing down his pants, hearing his cock slapping his stomach once it was freed from his underwear. She had forgotten that sound. The sound of a rock hard cock that was just for her. Her mouth hung open as she felt his fingers wiggling within her cunt. Her hands held onto his arms, her back arched as she felt something strange flooding her womb making it instantly clench at the touch of it. "F-fuck yes," Magdalene hissed as her folds clamped down on Samuel's fingers. Unaware of how Samuel had positioned her at the edge of the altar, that was until she felt the stone pressing against her ass. Her mind wondered how he had done it without her ever noticing.

Easing herself onto it, something told her she was meant to be there on it. Whimpering as she felt that same strange feeling shooting up through her canal from the stone's surface. Her hips moving on her own rubbing her mound along its warm surface coating its grey surface in her nectar. Spreading her legs open, displaying her wet, throbbing cunt to Samuel to show him just how eager it was to feel his tongue deep inside of her.

Magdalene always loved it when a man gave her oral. While sex was nice and very pleasurable, it was when a man was willing to taste her hot peach like she was as willing to suck their cocks, that always gave her the greatest orgasm she ever had. Giving Samuel a kiss as he laid her down onto the altar. She thought the stars looked brighter as stared up at them. Her nails dragged along the stone as she felt Samuel's tongue ran up her aching labia. Feeling the strength in Samuel's single hand as it held her down onto the altar. Her hand flew to her mouth to keep her moan from altering the house as Samuel sucked on her clit. Loving how he teased her lips, the way his tongue gently flicked that tight little bud of hers, how it circled her entrance before it curled within her channel. Pinching her nipples as her thighs trembled as she neared her second orgasm.

"Yes Samuel, I'm going to cum!" Magdalene moaned from around her hand as her hips ground against Samuel's mouth as she rode out her climax. Wondering if his sister or aunt taught him to let the woman enjoy her orgasm while lightly teasing her as she did. "Do I taste good Samuel?"

"A little spicy, must be all that Cajun food," Samuel said smirking over Magdalene's mound.

"Does that mean you'll taste me some more...?" Magdalene squealed as Samuel's mouth encased her mound. Squeezing her thighs together, locking Samuel's head against her cunt, her eyes widen as she witnessed small blue orbs beginning to fill the air of the solarium. "Yes that's it, eat that pussy!" she growled holding Samuel's head to her very hot box. "F-fuck god damn!" Magdalene whispered low as she came hard once again on Samuel's tongue. "Fuck, boy, just what are you?!" she asked mystified at how he could get her to cum so quickly.

"What? You did said you wanted to know what sex magic is, no? Well, you're getting a very private lesson on it," Samuel chuckled.

"I didn't think...it would feel so divine," Magdalene said dreamily, "is that why these things have appeared?" she asked holding her hand behind one of the nearest orbs watching how its light played along her skin.

"No, that's from me," Samuel said giving Magdalene's cunt one last lick before he rose between her legs, "I call to the arcane as it calls to me," he said wondering how he knew that. Shaking it off, he had other things to worry about at the moment.

"Fuck me, Samuel," Magdalene said spreading her lips. Letting Samuel see how her juices ran freely out of her canal, down along her anus before joining its brethren on the stone. Biting her lip as she watched as Samuel rubbed his cock along her clit before she felt the pressure of his head at her entrance. Her hands lavishing on his chest as he eased his cock into her. "I'm a woman Samuel, fuck me hard," she said sternly. She didn't know if she was going to

enjoy what lay behind that smirk of his. Yet if it was anything like she had felt so far, then she knew she was in for a ride.

"Oh god, I can't take any more Samuel!" Magdalene moaned after Samuel had been fucking her for thirty minutes straight. She could feel her juices inching up her back as they seeped out from around his cock. What surprised her was by the fact that Samuel didn't have a drop of sweat on him. "Cum in me, let me feel the man that's fuck me so splendidly seed filling my pussy. I want to feel it oozing out of me as I return to the bed of the man that passes up fucking me," she begged. Arching an eyebrow as Samuel rose his right hand over his head. Her head rocked side to side as those small orbs began to swirl around the room. Moving faster and faster until their heighten speed slowly blocked out the doors, the windows, even the night sky as its light shone down upon them. Her mouth opened as it released a silent moan as her womb creamed his cock in her tenth orgasm feeling his spunk flooding her womb before the light grew to bright for her. As her eyes regain its focus, Samuel was clothed and looking up to the night sky. Magdalene could feel something strange within the air. It was as if the room now felt holy and pure.

"My, Samuel would you look at all this cum you left inside of my pussy," Magdalene cooed as she ran two fingers through her satisfied lips. Yawning before sucking her fingers clean, her eyes flew wide as she tasted the magic within his semen. "You don't mind if we fuck a few more times before you leave?" she asked as she slid off of the altar.

"Sure, so I'm going to go out on a limb here and say this family is going to be joining us?" Samuel asked glancing at her from the corner of his eye.

"If it means I can be fucked like that from now on, damn right I am!" Magdalene said sternly with a nod before flashing him a smile. "Thank you, for allowing me to experience what your sister and aunt always gets to have," she said place a kiss on his cheek before gathering her robe and leaving him alone within the solarium.

Samuel didn't know how long he stood there looking up at the night sky. The stars seemed to have a life of their own in his eyes as they moved across the night sky. He might

have stayed light like if not for Nimue's gentle whisper in his mind.

"Samuel, please come outside," Nimue said into his mind. She wanted to spend the last hours before sunrise with him. Plus it was her job to insure he knew the limits of his new body. Feeling his presence as he left that house. She wasn't going to move any closer to that place due to what guarded it. She knew it wouldn't harm Samuel given that he was the one that summoned it. She didn't know how it would react to her. "Up here Samuel," Nimue whispered as Samuel looked up and down the road once he left the property. Loving how those eyes of his gazed at her as she stood on the pitch of the roof of the house across from his relative's home. "Follow, Samuel," she said before turning into a blur. She needed to know how fast he was and the only way she could determine that was to see if he could move like a vampire. Smirking as she looked behind her as they raced across the city. The mortals around them were unaware as they sped passed them faster then their eyes could see. All they would notice was an odd breeze as they ran pass them. Whistling at him as Samuel lost track of her, her translucent gown fluttered in the breeze as she stood in the shattered remains of the bottom quarter of an century old stain glass

window. One of the few remaining remainders of the hurricane that ravaged the city. She could see his confusion on his face as he stared up at the steeple of that long abandon church.

She needed to see if he had the strength to leap that high. If he couldn't then she knew he would be at a disadvantage should he encounter other vampires that meant him harm. Seeing him nod as she beckon to him before appearing to float in the air before the darkness of the interior encased her. Nimue's giggle floated on the air as Samuel stood in that ruined window. Peering around a pillar as she saw his eyes looking for her. Smiling proudly behind that beam that was doing everything it could to hold up the rotting roof. Pleased that even as a half-vampire Samuel had their speed and strength. Magic. Well, she knew he outclassed everyone within their race even her, so she had no worry about that. Although, his landing could use some work as the rotten floor board gave way underneath Samuel's left foot.

"Shit." Nimue heard him softly curse at how the jagged floor plank tore through the leg of his pants. "Well, that happen," Samuel said watching his skin rapidly healing.

"Samuel," Nimue said stepping of the shadows. Hoping that his eyes could see that she wore nothing underneath her gown, all just for him. The way his eyes were running up and down her body and how his mouth hung open she had to say that he did. "Come," she said holding out her hand to him. Smiling warmly at him as his fingers skimmed along her palm. Leading him towards the center of that once warm sanctuary that was now ringing with old fashioned tallow candles and their corresponding wrought iron candle holders from a few feet tall with multiple branches to ones that measured in inches and holding only a single candle. "Samuel, can you light these?" Nimue asked she needed, no, wanted to see and feel his magic once again. A smirk graced her lips when Samuel simply flexed his index finger igniting the wicks of lonely candles. "Seems you don't need to chant a spell out loud to cast your magic, good," she said with a satisfied nod, "few witches can do that inside their heads," Nimue said her lips curved into a seductive smile as the warm orange light bathed her skin. Gently pushing his chin up when Samuel's eyes were glued to her breasts. "Would you like to touch them Samuel?" she asked her silver eyes shimmered in mischievous.

"Yes," Samuel said with a stern nod.

"Good answer," Nimue purred before taking hold of his hands placing them over her breasts. Biting her lower lip as Samuel cradled her breasts. Her cheeks burned hot, her breath came out in heaves as the heat of his hands soaked into her skin. Releasing a soft moan as Samuel teased her pale nipples. Feeling her thighs starting to rub together, the moistness that her paradise had released knowing she could grow use to this. "Kiss me Samuel," she pleaded as her gaze soften, the woman that had remained hidden in her long years to Seipowe starting to surface. Her hands resting on his chest as Samuel pulled her close. Her eyes fluttering as the pads of his fingers skimmed along her cheek. Moaning into his mouth as their lips touched. Keeping her smile hidden as she felt his bulge pressing into her. Knowing that soon that she would lose something she thought would never happen. Her virginity. She would never break her vows to Seipowe. Her faith came before everything even sex. Yet now, she wondered if she would be a good lover to Samuel. She didn't want to disappoint him, nor her goddess in this task she had given her.

"So why did you bring me here?" Samuel asked feeling a strange sensation in his mind that told him sunrise wasn't too far away.

"I wanted to spend time with my future husband, and this I think agrees with me," Nimue teased as the palm of her left hand ran up and down the length of Samuel's cock. "Plus I am your sire, it's my duty to in sure that you are settling into your new life," she said moving her body closer. Rubbing her dancefloor against his bulge wondering if it could feel how wet it made her. "Now a word of warning as you begin to transcend into a full vampire you need to be aware of the sun. As you are now, any exposure to extended sunlight will simply give you a very, very bad sunburn, and you will need sunglasses on the brightest of days. Fire can kill us as it does everything else. Stakes too, but what doesn't a stake to the heart kill?" Nimue said with an amused smirk. "Beheading too, but none except our own kind can move as fast as us, plus none would dare do it, it's a very taboo subject to kill own of our own. Unless of course, the said vampire was deserving of such an act. Cross' as you can see holds no power over us, nor does holy water, where humans got that I have no clue," she said with a little giggle. "Other than leaving a bad taste in our mouths garlic doesn't

work either. However, be careful of silver, while it can't kill us it does burn us and weaken us."

"I see, and should I choose to make others like me, would I be able too?" Samuel asked knowing how his sister and aunt would never leave him even if they too had to become like him.

"Yes, but right now you are too young to sire others. I'm assuming you are speaking of your sister and aunt?" Nimue asked with a knowing smile. "Then when the time comes ensure that I am there so I can help you," she said once he nodded. "I want you to be happy, and I know the need you have. I shall not have you dying on me in a century when your family is gone," Nimue said sweetly, "if it means I must make them like us then I will. I want you to have everything. You are our peoples greatest treasure along with the oracle."

"Are there any vampires in Salem?"

"Of course," Nimue chirped, "you think we wouldn't linger in such a place?"

"No, I was just wondering. I just never seen any there before," Samuel said scratching his cheek.

"Well, did you know about us here before your cousin told you?" Nimue asked enjoying how they could talk so openly with one another. Smiling when Samuel shook his head. "We have already contacted them about you. They know while not one of their house, they will offer help should you need it and our house will repay them since you will be leaving us soon," she said trying not to be sad at that fact.

"About that," Samuel said looking away wondering if he should tell her.

"Yes?!" Nimue said snuggling closer to him.

"I might be around more often then you think," Samuel said shyly.

"Oh? Do tell Samuel."

"I might be able to connect our (my cousins and mine), houses to one another."

"How?" Nimue asked in shock. Pondering if she could get him to do the same for her so she could be with him always.

"Honestly, I have no idea. I don't even know if the spell will work or not. However, on the off chance that it does then think of it like a tunnel boring its way through space connecting the two points magically. So you could be in Salem one moment and New Orleans with one simple step through a door," Samuel said as his hands cupped Nimue's ass. His index finger was posed to part her ass cheeks to tease her chocolate starfish. That was what was going to happen until Nimue playfully slap his hand away.

"I think someone is taking liberties with me," Nimue cooed as she brought the palm of his hand to her lips. Inhaling his scent before placing a kiss on it. "Now sunrise is in an hour, so I don't have much time, but I want to show you something," she said looking over his hand.

"Okay," Samuel said arching an eyebrow at her as she moved him to stand in the center of that ring of candle stands. His eyes dipped low as he watched her ass cheeks bounced with each step as she walked out of the ring. Turning his head as he heard the needle lowering onto the record. "Beethoven's Silence," slowly began to play in the eerie darkness.

"I don't do this often, but my husband should like to know his wife can dance sexy," Nimue said with a coy smirk. Her hips gently shook, her hands slowly rose along the sides of her chest cupping her breasts as she got into the steady beat of the song. Her left hand danced down her stomach before covering her womanhood. While she wanted him to look, to enjoy the sight of her body. Nimue just wasn't ready for him to see all of her, at least not yet. For thirty minutes Nimue teased him, rubbing her body against his, keeping Samuel as hard as she could get him without him blowing his load. Yet she could feel the sun on her skin telling her dawn was approaching. She knew she had to leave, or she wouldn't make it before the sun's rays caught her. She didn't want any mortal to see her naked and burning at the same time. "Now I must go," Nimue said forlornly as she rested

her head against his chest. Getting one last kiss in before disappearing.

Samuel looked around as the candle flames went out. Wondering what was going to happen to him once he and Nimue brought the seer into the world. While he wasn't apprehensive about being with Nimue, she was rather attractive. If his hard cock was any indication, then he couldn't lie that he didn't enjoy her body pressed against his. Exiting the same way he entered, Samuel didn't think being found trespassing would be good for him.

"Oh, before I forget, can I still eat food, and will I sleep like I use to?" Samuel asked as he crotched down in the window. His nails digging into the stone to keep his body steady as he waited on her response.

"Of course you can, why wouldn't you?" Nimue teased. "You are still half-human; your body will still need rest and substance. However, you won't need as much as you normally once did when you ate. As to your sleep cycle, cut it in half and you may not need to rest as regularly as you once did, that depends on how tired you are."

"I see, that clears that up," Samuel said jumping down to the ground. A little relieved that he be somewhat normal given what had happened to him. Feeling the cool morning air on his skin as he raced back to Maire's home before anyone awakened. He could have them asking questions on why he was still up and why he was out so early.

Seventeen hours later...

"You ready for this aunt Joan?" Samuel asked as he stood in the doorway of their room. Watching how she went about on deciding on which robe to wear to the ceremony.

"To be able to have another child and to end the hex that man put on me. Yes, I am," Joan said nodding sternly as she stood in her underwear in front of her nephew. Wondering if his eyes lingered on her body, and if he thought about stuffing her with that cock of his. Rick was busy putting their children to bed, so it gave her time to lure her nephew with her body. "Samuel, do you want me nude for the ceremony?" she asked she already knew she would have to be. Smirking as she saw his eyeroll, reaching behind her

back undoing the clasp of her bra. Her breasts weren't as big as her sister's nor were, they as small as Wendy's before her transformation. Yet due to breastfeeding her two kids it had left her breasts a tad saggy. Nevertheless, she did yearn to feel her nephew's lips on them, suckling them, plucking at them, fondling them. "Samuel will you look at something for me?" Joan asked deviously as she walked around the foot of her bed.

"Sure, what is it?" Samuel asked tilting his head to the side.

"Tell me," Joan said turning her back to him. Her thumbs hooked underneath the waistband of her panties pulling them down as she bent over. Flashing Samuel her ass and her red puffy lips. "Will you fuck your aunt's horny pussy? Will you let me feel that cock my handsome nephew?" she asked as her fingers spread her labia open as she peered over her shoulder. "Because I haven't stopped thinking about you sliding your cock into this wet hole of mine," Joan purred as she slipped two of her fingers inside of her cunt. Her ears perked as she heard the door of their children's room closing, quickly pulling her fingers out, grabbing her light blue robe. Tying the knot just in the belt just before Rick showed himself.

"Hello Samuel," Rick nodded to his nephew as he entered their room, "it seems it's almost time I take it?" he asked seeing his wife nod. "Then you don't mind giving me and your aunt time to prepare ourselves," Rick said looking over at Samuel.

"Sure, I need to go see if Kelly and Charlotte are ready as well, plus I need to shower too," Samuel said waving to them as he left the room. Once he entered their room, his body instantly grew hard at how their silk robes clung tightly to their bodies leaving very little to anyone's imagination of what lay just beneath its surface.

"Oh my, Samuel, I'm pleased to know my body can get such a rise out of you," Charlotte purred hungrily as she saw his cock flex against his pants.

"Mmmhmm," Kelly said her tongue running along her upper lip as her fingertips skimmed along the edge of her robe. "To think that my brother would want to fuck his sister," she said with a knowing smile on how he once didn't want a thing to do with that.

"Samuel it's been two days you better be taking care of them," Wendy said sternly crossing her small arms.

"Yes once we are done with this, I want to feel you in-between my legs," Charlotte said stepping up to him, "because I want to know what this new body of yours can do," she whispered lasciviously into his ear.

"So do I, little brother. Your sister is getting hungry," Kelly said her breasts bounced, her hips swayed as she neared him. "And there's only one thing I hunger for," she purred as she stroked his cock through his pants as her tongue invaded his mouth.

"Kelly, Samuel needs to get ready," Wendy said turning her head so not to see her daughter touching her son so scandalously.

"Later, okay?" Kelly asked enjoying how she could make those eyes of his flutter.

"O-okay," Samuel stuttered.

"Come," Charlotte said taking Wendy into her arms, "we need to prepare the solarium before they arrive," she said before getting her own kiss in before leaving the room.

"Sammy, you better kiss your mother when you get done," Wendy said over her sister's shoulder.

"I can't wait to know what it's like to be fucked on the wall," Kelly teased referencing all the old horror movies they had watched when they were younger.

"We've been waiting Samuel," Marie said her eyes zeroing in on his naked cock as he walked into the solarium. Noting how Aurore hid her face in her hands and how Magdalene and Ines stared hungrily at his manhood before their husbands gave them a nudge. They all knelt on cushions wearing their own robes as they were told to. Finally seeing a roll of papers in his left hand once she had her fill of mentality sucking that cock of his.

"Evening Samuel," Carson said looking up at his grandson. He noticed something was very different with him. He knew the boy too well not to notice as did his wife.

"Are you feeling well sweetheart?" Martha asked trying to keep her eyes focused on his face and not that very alluring cock a foot away from her. Ever since Samuel had come into his magic, she could feel it pulling at her, whispering to her, luring her to taste his seed.

"Yeah, why?" Samuel lied but he couldn't tell them about what had happened to him last night or early this morning. Eyeing the strange woman in the far back he had never seen before. Her caramel skin glistened in the faint lighting that seeped in from the main part of the house. Her midnight black hair draped down her chest covering her breasts from his view. Her brown eyes looked confused at his lack of attire.

"You just seem different," Martha said as Carson nodded.

"Ah, well, could you pass these out for me?" Samuel said handing his grandmother the print outs. Her eyes widen as she saw what was on it.

"Of course," Martha nodded with a smile. Pleased to know that they would be joining them. Kissing her grandson on his cheek as he helped her to stand. Glancing at Samuel as she handed out the leaflets, in her eyes his magic burned ever so bright nearly blinding her. While before yes, it was like a distant star, now however, it was like orbiting super close to the sun as Samuel walked around the altar. Seeing how he kissed Charlotte and Kelly pleased to know their relationship was going strong.

"Now as the ritual is going on all of you need to recite what you see on the paper my grandmother just handed you," Samuel said leaning forward resting his hands on the altar. "However, for the one I don't know, you do not since I do not know if you are ready to start your conversion to this way of life," he said looking directly at the woman.

"That's my cousin I told you about Samuel," Marie said looking behind her, "we'll talk later okay?"

"Right. As for you..."

"Lola," the woman offered her name as Samuel looked at her.

"What you see here isn't to leave your family," Samuel said having to be content with her nod.

"Sammy, it's almost time," Kelly whispered into her ear. Her eyes glancing at her mother/daughter as she sat in her grandfather's lap.

"Right bring them in," Samuel ordered. "Now everyone except Lola once Rick and Joan cross the threshold start the chant," he said listening to the paper crinkle in their hands as they sat straighter on the cushions. Bowing his head as his aunt and uncle approached the solarium.

"Hail Hekatê Chthonia.

Queen of the Witches.

She who stands at the threshold,

Between the worlds.

I bring you a fine meal,

Knowing that you intend it for the animals,

And the downtrodden.

They, like me, are yours.

I feel the restless dead,

And the haggard spirits,

Gathered in this place.

They, like me, are yours.

I am embraced by the darkest night.

For the moon has covered,

Her face hidden out of respect for you.

They, like me, are yours.

Here at the crossroads.

I am never alone.

Nor am I afraid.

I am surrounded by my kindred.

Those who seek your mysteries,

And those whom you protect.

We are your witches.

Your horde.

Hail Hekatê Chthonia.

Queen of the Witches.

She who stands at the threshold,

Between the worlds."

Samuel chanted hearing those gathered there whose voices joined his. The heavens rumbled, the wind whipped, the stars began to move along that black satin curtain. Joan's lip trembled as her hand squeezed her husband's as the

solarium was filled with a warm white light as it shone down from the heavens. She knew her goddess was there with them. She knew this was going to work. Brushing a tear from her eye as her eyes quivered as she looked upon her nephew. Joan knew without a doubt he was indeed her Herald.

"Please approach and disrobe," Samuel said gesturing to his aunts, sister, and uncle. Seeing the proud smiles on Kelly's and Charlotte's lips as the walked around the altar to stand at his side as their robes fell along their bodies.

"That was beautifully done nephew," Charlotte whispered into his ear. Smirking at her as his uncle help his aunt onto the altar.

Listening to Joan's gasp as Samuel ran his hand down her stomach.

Biting her lip as she felt her juices leaking out of her pussy, trying not to moan as his fingers ran up her labia gathering her nectar on the pads of his fingers. Watching as Samuel turned Rick towards him watching the rune, he drew on his

uncle's lower mid-section flash red. Then trying not to laugh at the face Samuel tired to hide as he gathered Rick's pre-cum from the tip of his uncle's cock. Drawing the corresponding rune onto her own dancefloor.

"Charlotte if you would," Samuel said trying not to shiver at the fact he just touched his uncle's penis. "Kelly," he said his hand ran down her chest watching the pleasure on her face as he coated his fingers and palm of his right hand in her pussy juice. Doing the same with Charlotte once she had inserted Rick's cock into her sister's awaiting cunt. Sharing a nod with his uncle as he began to fuck his wife in front of his family.

"Dimittere ab immunda: restituet fidelium. Adducere ad eius vitam. Ut ei corpore pestes: qui statis in quas maledicta congessi," Samuel began to chant into his hands. The room grew silent his fluid covered hands glowed in an azure light. Laying his left hand just above his uncle's bush while placing his right over his aunt's ovaries. "Huius bring copulabis vitae. Expectans in regenerationis meae possideat semen germinet," he chanted high as his eyes closed. Pouring his magic into their bodies, feeling the hex beginning to crumble underneath his might. "Consurge et

evigila in hoc mundo!" Samuel shouted to the heavens. Rick's and Joan's moans sought after his voice, those watching on were tossed back as the spell exploded.

Part 5

"Well...," Marie begun to say her hair a skewed as she pushed bodies off of her due to Samuel's spell. Quickly pulling her rob closed as her breast thought to escape it from the magical force that propelled everyone expect those at the altar backwards. "That's some magic you have there Samuel," she said straightening out her hair trying not to let on that she was mesmerized by that pulsating blue aura around Samuel's body. Taking a quick glance back at her cousin Marie had to say that Lola too was impressed. All motion became still as Samuel put a finger to his lips. Watching how Rick and Joan became stiff as Samuel placed his hand back onto his aunt's stomach. His brow wrinkled as he concentrated on his task.

"Sammy am I?" Joan asked tentatively as her hand rested over his.

"It seems that you are," Samuel said slowly opening his eyes. Quickly backing away as his aunt and uncle embraced one another.

"Samuel, now that the ceremony is over shall we talk in my office?" Marie asked getting up from her seat on the floor. Noticing her cousin had gotten to her feet as well.

"Sure," Samuel said slipping into the robe Kelly had placed there for him once the spell was over. Nodding to his aunt and sister to meet him in their room. "You don't mind keeping her tonight do you?" he asked squatting down in front of his grandparents.

"My daughter and granddaughter are hungry I take it?" Carson asked as his daughter reached out for her son as she sat in his lap.

"So it seems grandpa," Samuel said flashing his grandfather a sly smirk.

"But Sammy...," Wendy pouted as she looked up at her son. She didn't want to be without him not after what happened last night.

"Don't worry Mom, it isn't like you can't see me," Samuel said winking at her. He had never seen his mother blush so hard before.

"But..."

"Hush now," Martha said taking her daughter into her arms, "Sammy has to meet someone. You'll see him in the morning," she said bouncing her daughter on her leg.

"I better," Wendy said crossing her tiny arms in a huff. Her mood softening as Samuel brushed the back of his index finger down her left cheek.

"Please, if you will Samuel," Marie said gesturing to the door for him to follow after. Samuel found it odd walking around in robe in a home not his own. Then again, he did just walk around nude in front of people he really didn't know.

Laughing inwardly at all the weirdness that has come into his life over the past few months. His eyes darted between the two women before him as they spoke in Creole. Pressing his lips tightly together as his fangs instinctively descended as their arteries throbbed in his eyes. Looking away, he had thought given the blood that Nimue had given him he wouldn't have to feed until sometime next week; however, it appeared his hunger was surfacing, and he had no wish for this house or anyone else to know what he has become. He wasn't going to complain about how Nimue had saved him. Samuel knew his sister, aunt, and mother were grateful to her in her swift actions as was he. Nonetheless, he was now a half-vampire, he had no idea of how anyone else would take the news. Wiggling his nose like Nimue had told him trying to get his fangs to go away before they reached Marie's office. Then he felt it, the feeling of his fangs retracting was so weird. Samuel wondered if he would ever get use to it.

"Please after you," Lola said waving for Samuel to enter Marie's office.

The hints of jasmine clung to the air as Samuel passed her. He felt her magic brushing up against his looking for a

toehold to make his submit to hers. Keeping his smirk hidden as Samuel entered the room. Walking towards Marie's desk, pulling one of the chairs out so he could look at them both at the same time. He noticed the elegance of the woman as Lola sat across from him in her own silk robe. He wasn't surprised at how the woman's nipples cut against her robe. His magic did tend to have that effect on people, namely the women in his life.

"Samuel, I'd like you to formally meet my cousin," Marie said smiling warmly at him.

"Lola Beaudoin, of the House Beaudoin," Lola said holding out her dainty hand to Samuel, "my cousin has told me a lot about you. I'm pleased that the tales she has told me wasn't exaggerated," she said with a kind warm smile as she shook Samuel's hand.

"Samuel Goodall," he said the pad of his finger shyly brushed over the vein in her wrist feeling it's quick beat as he let go of her hand.

"So I hear this family has some trouble with that voodoo witch?!" Lola spat.

"Not since I've arrived, but yes, they have been plagued by them," Samuel said placing his hands over his manhood in the attempt to keep it from rising in front of the two of them.

"Oh? Are you telling me that just by your presence that woman has backed off?" Lola asked arching an eyebrow.

"Backed off no, she has just simply redirected her attention at the bigger threat," Samuel said shaking his head. Not wanting to know what would have happened if the zombie spell, the bullet that was meant to kill him, would have happened to him if not for Nimue's intervention. "That would be me," he said flashing the two women a coy smile. His eyes flickered down as he felt a low wave rippling off of his body. Not that the others could see it, however, they did feel the effects of it.

"So...," Lola said clearing her throat feeling oddly strange all of the sudden. "What exactly did you do to cause her to...?"

she asked unable to finish her question as her body began to heat unexceptionally. Her amber eyes flashed over to her cousin seeing how she too was under the effects of whatever it was that she just felt.

"Oh? Well, there is the golem that she no doubly knows exist now. Then there's the man I killed and along with destroying that grotesques belt of hers," Samuel said scratching his chin. Pretending he couldn't see what his seductive powers were doing to them. He knew he was going to have to do something about that, or who knows what kind of trouble he'll get into because of it.

"Did you now?" Lola asked her raven hair bounced against her chest as her right hand clinched her robe closed. Her peach began to tingle in sexual arousal. "T-that's interesting..." Samuel slyly looked between the two and noticed it wasn't just his seduction they were feeling. Could it be that his own sexual powers were mixed into it? If so, he knew this could get very interesting if he didn't get a handle on it. Samuel didn't think Kelly or Charlotte would let him off the hook again. "That spell that we just saw. Was it real sex magic?" Lola asked trying not to rub her thighs together. She didn't know what was wrong with her. While yes, she

had been effected by his magic at the height of the spell, but shouldn't it have worn off by now? If what she was feeling wasn't from his spellwork then what was it?

"Yes. What you saw tonight was indeed real sex magic," Samuel nodded.

"Is it always so...?" Marie asked referring to the events that happened after his spell was cast.

"No, I think that's because of what I am," Samuel said looking over at Marie.

"And just what are you then?" Lola asked confused by his meaning.

"I am Hekatê's Herald," Samuel said matter-of-fact.

"And that means what?" Lola asked trying to calm her body yet the harder she fought against it the stronger it roared back to life.

"It means where I lead you follow when the time comes, if you wish to join us that is," Samuel said trying to keep his vampirism at bay as his nostrils flared as he caught the scent of their magic infused blood.

"If my family agrees to join this little coven would one of my people be chosen as a Herald?" Lola asked shifting in her seat. Biting her inner cheek as her mound rubbed against the leather.

"If the time comes for another like me to walk the earth then yes, you like my cousin's family will among those she will chose from. Maybe a sample of what I saw will help with your decision," Samuel said holding out his hands two the both of them.

"Yes, I think that would be most helpful," Marie said reaching for Samuel's hand.

"Yes it will," Lola said taking hold of Samuel's hand. She wondered what else he could do as her fingers slid along the palm of his hand.

"Close your eyes, you might be disorientated for a bit," Samuel said his grip tightened as his magic flared. Showing the two of them the events he saw a few days ago.

"I see now, why you almost destroyed my house Samuel," Marie said her gaze softening as she peered at him.

"I see why you are offering this to us," Lola said disturbed by what she had witnessed in that vision. Looking over at the clock, it was too late to discuss the matter any longer and she needed time to think on what she had seen. "I hope you don't mind if I take a few days to think on this matter," she said lifting herself out of her chair. Praying there wasn't a wet spot marring the leather.

"Of course," Samuel said with a nod.

"I'll give Lola your number should she wish to contact you directly on anymore questions on this matter," Marie said flashing Samuel a smile as he got up from his seat. "Now I'll see you in the morning, I think you're needed elsewhere."

"You didn't tell me he was..."

"What gorgeous?" Marie smirked coyly at her cousin once Samuel had left the room. "You didn't ask Lola."

"Are all sex witches like that?" Lola asked flashing Marie her wet thighs.

"Oh no, Samuel is one unique man," Marie said showing off her own wet thighs to show that it wasn't only her affected by Samuel.

"That's an understatement," Lola chuckled who was followed by Marie.

The door to the room they were given for their stay slowly inched open. Samuel's ears picked up the hints of his sister's singing long before he neared the room. It was as angelic now as it was on that dancefloor a few months ago. His mind flashed back to that dark club. That sandy blonde hair woman singing so soulfully as those eyes of hers gazed at him.

"The only thing that matters now is everything you think of me," Kelly sang her back to the door, her hips sway slightly as she waited for her brother. Her robe brushed against her legs as her hands resting on her stomach. Singing to the child that was growing within. She didn't need to see her brother to know he has returned. Her aunt's sultry eyes did that for her. A loving smile slowly drew across her face as Samuel's hands ran along her waist. Tilting her head to the side as she felt his kiss along her neck. She had no fear of her brother, she never would if he wanted to feed on her she was all the more willing to give him what he need. Her right hand reached up gently caressing the right side of his face as she leaned back against him. Gooseflesh raced along her skin as Samuel's lips danced along it. Sucking hard on her lip as Samuel cradled her right breast. His hand slipping between her robe, her legs spreading wider to give her

brother access to her mound. A peach that was in need of a good plucking. Whimpering as those magical fingers cavorted along her labia. Her body arched against Samuel as playfully teased her tight bud.

Those glowing cobalt eyes glanced up as his aunt fought herself not to interrupt. Yet his nostrils flared as his nose ran down Kelly's carotid artery. Her magical blood was driving his mind insane.

"Sammy," Kelly said sweetly her voice calming the chaotic mess that Samuel's mind had become. "Take what you need from me, you know I would never..."

"Samuel," Charlotte said sliding off the bed, "if you are hungry, you may take from me as well," she said seeing a red haze floating along the surface of his eyes. Pressing her chest against Kelly's, brushing aside her hair offering her neck to him. "It's only that as your wives that we see that you are taken care of Sammy," Charlotte said her blue eyes flickered over to him.

"You sure?" Samuel asked in a whisper.

"Of course we are. Have you learned nothing in the few months that we've been together, we won't abandon you little brother," Kelly said twisting her body around. Undoing the knot in the belt of her robe, allowing it to cascade down her body pooling around her feet. Noticing how her aunt mirrored her movements. "We are here for you Sammy," she said lovingly as she pressed her body against his chest.

"Take what you need from us baby," Charlotte said her fingers danced along her neck drawing those hunger filled eyes of his to her slender neck. "Just be sure that you don't take too much so our children aren't harmed," she said so his hunger wouldn't get the best of him. Charlotte bit her lip as she peered out of her eye as Samuel's fangs sank into Kelly's skin.

"Oh god Samuel," Kelly moaned lost in the sensations of his bite and the way his fingers danced within her canal. It felt ten times more intense than when she was under the influence of his magic. Her body shuddered as his fingers

slowly slid out of her hot canal. Biting her lip as the pads of his fingers brushed along her clit.

"Samuel," Charlotte cooed her fingers danced along her artery. Offering her nephew her body to sate his hunger. Plus she had seen how Kelly reacted and she too wanted to feel that. Noticing how his tongue licked along the puncture wounds on her neck, watching them closing before her eyes. "Interesting," she thought to herself. Gooseflesh prickled her skin as she felt his lips tasting her skin. Sucking in a breath as his fangs gently pressed on her skin. "Sammy!" Charlotte gasped unprepared for the sheer bliss that flooded her body. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as her mound welcomed his fingers. As her mind came to, a curious sound tugged at her ears. "You little sneak," she teased playfully batting her niece's shoulder as Kelly was on her knees savoring Samuel's cock.

"What you were busy," Kelly smirked as she peered up over the side of Samuel's cock.

"Well then, Samuel needs to taste my pussy anyway, a nephew shouldn't allow his aunt's peach to be neglected,

isn't that right Samuel?" Charlotte asked her lips curled into a seductive smile.

"Mmm," Samuel said his tongue flicking out tasting his aunt's juices on his fingers. "To be between those legs once again I can't wait."

"Sammy," Charlotte said feeling her cheeks heat rapidly. She loved how he was so willing to taste her. So willing to give back when she was all the more willing to have his cock in her mouth. Yelping in surprise as her body started to lift off of the floor.

"No sense of making Kelly disrupt her meal, now is there Charlotte?" Samuel asked peering up at his aunt as he maneuvered her through the air.

"Samuel. You better not drop your aunt or I'm..." Her face became frozen as Samuel's mouth wrapped around her mound. Being suspended in midair while having her pussy eaten was something new and very, very pleasing to Charlotte. "Fuck! Yes Samuel!" Charlotte hissed as her thighs squeezed his head.

"Sammy, you just concentrate on keeping her aloft," Kelly said before sucking on the tip of her brother's cock. Bracing her hand on the foot of the bed, your right hand reached in-between her legs as she lined up her brother's cock with her hot cunt. "Mmm," she purred as she sank down the length of Samuel's shaft.

"Oh god Samuel!" Charlotte moaned as she held onto his head. "Yes, suck that clit! Mmmhmm," she growled as his tongue parted her lips.

"That's it Samuel fuck your sister," Kelly panted as Samuel thrust deep into her mound. "You shouldn't keep your sister so lonely like I've been these past two days," she said her breath coming out in heaves as her fingers curled around the comforter as her brother hammered his rod into her. "Yes...yes...right there Samuel...harder," Kelly begged as the tips of her fingers teased his balls. Kelly's gasp resounded throughout the room as Samuel spanked her ass, biting her lip as she looked back at him as Samuel garbed a handful of her ass cheek. "You like that ass don't you baby?" Kelly cooed feeling her cream starting to coat his cock.

"Samuel, I'm going to cum," Charlotte said the tips of her raven hair teased his forehead. "You'll drink it down want you?" she asked shuddering as Samuel nodded against her mound. How Samuel remained standing as her back arched her cunt flooding his mouth with her hot juice she had no clue. Peering through her eyelashes as she felt her body floating away from his. Giggling as her body bounced on the bed once Samuel released his hold on her.

"Yes that it Samuel. Fuck me hard!" Kelly growled over her shoulder as she felt his other hand coming to rest on her hip.

"Sammy," Charlotte pouted as she laid on her back spreading her legs as her labia parted. "You can't leave me wanting not when you given your sister that cock, now can you?" she said slipping two fingers into her hot cunt.

"Of course not," Samuel said as Kelly collapsed onto the bed due to her orgasm. Seeing Kelly smiling happily at him as he crawled towards his aunt.

"Mmm, you're so good to me Sammy," Charlotte said her fingertips softly brushing along his cheek, "I hope I can repay my nephew's kindness," she said with a coy smile as her other hand guided his rod to her paradise.

Samuel's eyes snapped open as he heard her voice. Her wail hammered his mind as she called for him. Glancing at his sister and aunt as their bodies were pressed against his as they rested in their sleep after their relations two hours earlier. Disappearing from their bed, grabbing his pajama pants off the arm of the chair. His long strides carried him across his cousin house as her sobs filled his ears. Knocking on his grandparents door as his grandmother tried to sooth his mother.

"Hey," Samuel whispered as he opened their bedroom door.

"S-Sammy," Wendy said her voice trembling.

"It's okay Mom," Samuel said slipping into their room once his grandmother waved for him to enter.

"She must've had a nightmare. She was mumbling about how you were dying," Martha said rubbing Wendy's back as she looked up to her grandson. If she didn't know her grandson those glowing eyes of his would have unnerved her as his body was shadowed in darkness.

"Ah. Well, I'm up, I'll take her and you two can get some sleep," Samuel said holding his arms out for his mother, who wasted no time in filling that void.

"Sammy," Wendy whispered as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"It's okay Mom, I'm here," Samuel said reassuringly.

"You'll come get us if you need help," Carson said sleepily.

"Sure thing grandpa," Samuel said reaching for the door handle.

"Samuel, whatever it is, know you can tell us we won't judge you," Martha said ominously. Samuel simply nodded to his grandmother as he peered over his shoulder as the door closed.

"So what's got you all worked up so late tonight?" Samuel asked as he swayed his mother against his chest.

"I-I saw you...thought I would never see you again," Wendy said choking back a sob. Hugging her son tightly ensuring that he was indeed with her and Samuel wasn't a dream.

"Then you know how I felt that day," Samuel whispered into her hair as he stood in Marie's living room staring out unto the Big Easy.

"Hush now don't cry," Samuel began to sing feeling his mother becoming still in his arms. "Wipe away the teardrop from your eye. You're lying safe in bed. It was all a bad dream. Spinning in your head." His vampiric powers homogenizing his voice causing his seductive powers to lace his words. "Your mind tricked you to feel the pain," he sang rubbing his mother's back, "of someone close to you

leaving the game of life." Wendy stared wide eye at her son as he gently rocked her. "So here it is, another chance. Wide awake you face the day. Your dream is over. Or has it just begun?" Wendy's cheeks rapidly heated as Samuel took hold of her left hand leading her into a dance.

"There's a place I like to hide. A doorway that I run to in the night.

Relax child, you were there. But only didn't realize it and you were scared," Samuel sang sweetly he danced around the room. Unaware of someone watching him from the shadows. Her hands roamed her chest and womanhood as she watched on. "It's a place where you will learn. To face your fears, retrace the years," he sang his thumb brushed along his mother's cheek. "And ride the whims of your mind. Commanding in another world. Suddenly, you hear and see. This magic new dimension," Samuel sang a slight smirk graced his lips as he held his mother aloft.

"I will be watching over you. I am gonna help you see it through. I will protect you in the night. I am smiling next to you, in silent lucidity," Samuel sang sweetly up to her.

Watching how his mother looked away then back again. Aurore fought back her moan as her fingers danced along her labia. "If you open your mind for me. You won't rely on open eyes to see.

The walls you built within. Come tumbling down, and a new world will begin.

Living twice at once you learn. You're safe from pain in the dream domain.

A soul set free to fly. A round trip journey in your head. Master of illusion, can you realize. Your dream's alive, you can be the guide but..." Wendy's breath grew still as her son brought her down within inches of his face. Her tiny hands took hold of his face as she stared into her son's eyes.

"I will be watching over you. I am gonna help you see it through.

I will protect you in the night. I am smiling next to you," Samuel said listening to his mother's giggles as he raspberried her stomach.

"S-Sammy! No fair!" Wendy squealed.

"Not my fault you have a ticklish tummy," Samuel said bringing her down holding her close to his chest. His nose wiggled as he caught the scent of something. His eyes darted to its source. Samuel's mind ground to a halt as Aurore's hand covered her mound he could only think of one thing of what that meant. Her movement stopped for but a moment as she realized she had been caught. Her eyes begged his to watch as she pulled her panties aside. If Samuel was a normal man he wouldn't have been able to see those light pink lips, but as it was he could see her womanhood clearly as she showed off her sex to her. Aurore's eyes had a pleading yearning to them as if she was silently calling to him.

"Sammy, promise me you won't go away ever again," Wendy said her eyes quivering as she looked up at her son.

"Of course Mom, I'm going to be around for a very long time," Samuel said lightly bouncing his mother as he slyly watched as Aurore's left hand squeezed her left breast. Her sex filling his nostrils as she bit her lip. He knew she was about to cum. "You going to cum?" he mouthed the question. Aurore nodded that she was. "You going to cum for me?" Again another nod answered his question as Aurore's left hand rubbed vigorously on her clit. Chatting with his mother while slyly watching Aurore as she came. Keeping his smirk hidden as Aurore sucked her fingers clean before slipping back into the darkness of the hallway.

"Take me to bed Sammy, you mother needs to feel you while I sleep," Wendy said gazing up at her son.

"Okay Mom," Samuel said smiling warmly down at his mother, "but first I think it's time to change someone's diaper," he said biting his lip to contain his chuckle as his mother's cheeks heated.

"S-Sammy," Kelly said sleepily as Samuel entered their room. "What's...?"

"Mom had a nightmare," Samuel said softly so not to wake Charlotte.

"Then climb back into be so we can all can hold my sister," Charlotte said her blue eyes falling on Samuel as her rose on her right arm cause the sheet to cascade down her body.

Wendy fumed in her mind. She hated that she couldn't be with her son like she wanted to be three years ago before her transformation. She should be sharing her son's bed not her sister. She should be the one experiencing her son's magic...sighing in her mind knowing her jealously wouldn't do her any good. Yet she wished her body was more of adult-like so she could share in the bliss of her only son. Then an intriguing thought cross her mind, while it was only for a limited time and one she couldn't use very often, yet it would give her what she sought. The only question was if Joan would go for it.

"The time is coming my Herald, the time where the threat to my coven shall be laid low and soon," Hekatê said speaking into Samuel's dream. "The seer must be awoken by the blood moon. This is the task I have given you. Do

not fail me my child." Samuel bolted awake as Hekatê left his mind only to find himself alone in his bed.

Two hours earlier...

"Sis," Wendy said crawling across the floor of the drawing room as Joan, Magdalene, and her mother watched over the children that were too young to attend school.

"What is it Wendy?" Joan asked reaching down plucking her sister off of the floor.

"Can we talk...some where private?" Wendy asked her eyes glancing over at Magdalene.

"Go. We can handle these little tikes," Magdalene said smiling down at the children.

"Okay, what's this about Wendy? You haven't actually talked to me in a sisterly fashion since you got here," Joan said as they entered her room.

"I need your help," Wendy said looking up at her younger sister as Joan set her down on her bed.

"With?"

Wendy bowed her head, her cheeks rapidly heated, twisting her index fingers together.

"Wendy, I can't help if you don't tell me what it is," Joan said crossing her arms as she stared down at her sister.

"You remember when we were younger, and we used to do that little thing?" Wendy asked knowing it had to be Joan. She was so similar to her own body type before she died. It had to be Joan, or it would never work.

"Yeah," Joan said arching an eyebrow, "just what are you thinking of doing Wendy."

"I need to use your body sis," Wendy said with determination.

"Do what now?!" Joan said in shock of what she was asking her.

"I need to use your body," Wendy repeated.

"Why? There has to be very good reason I would even think about it. You know the danger of doing such a thing in your current state."

"I know sis," Wendy said dropping her chin to her chest, "but I want my son, it's not fair that Charlotte gets to experience what was taken from me. It's not fair that I can't know what it's like to be with my son for another seventeen years," she said tears reamed her eyes as she looked up at her sister. "I'm only asking for an hour Joan, is that so wrong? My baby hasn't seen me at my fullest in some years. The last time he saw me was when my body died. That's not an image I want my son to remember."

"Help her Joan," Rick said from behind his sister's back, "I'll watch over her body while the spell last," he said placing a kiss on his wife's cheek. "We do owe her sis," Rick whispered into her ear.

"Fine," Joan sighed while in the back of her mine she knew she too would be experiencing her nephew. "Come on then," she said taking her sister into her arms, "we need to cleanse ourselves before we do this."

Once they had exited the bathroom after cleansing Wendy's and her body in sage and clean clear spring mineral water. Laying her sister on her bed as Joan stood over her in her robe. Her wet body caused the thin fabric to cling to her.

"You ready?" Joan asked looking down at Wendy.

"Mmmhmm," Wendy nodded. She couldn't wait to finally show her son how much she appreciated him. To show him the love he should have felt if she hadn't been taken from him. "Whatever happens," Wendy said taking hold of her sister's hand as Joan placed it on her chest, "I want to thank

you for giving me this chance," she said knowing how very dangerous this was going to be. Sending a quick prayer to Hekatê that nothing would backfire during the transfer. Her eyes slowly closed as her sister chanted, feeling her soul trailing along Joan's arm. Pushing Joan's consciousness to the back of her mind as her own took control of her sister's body.

"W-Wendy?" Rick asked noticing a slight change in his wife.

"Hello little brother," Wendy said smiling once she was sure her sister's body wouldn't fight against her. "Restituere," she chanted morphing her sister's body to her own image a year before her cancer was found. A body she knew her son knew very well. "Hmm," Wendy said lifting her sister's breasts as they shrank slightly to her own size, tweaking her magic a little tightening Joan's breasts. Peering over her shoulder at her sister's ass watching her magic take hold of it too, nodding with a smile when everything was ready.

"Go. You don't have much time," Rick said before chanting his own spell to keep Wendy's body connected to Joan's. He wasn't about to lose either of them.

"You were always good to me, little brother," Wendy said placing a kiss on Rick's cheek.

"Well...you're my sister," Rick said blushing a little, "I'm sorry for not..."

"Shh," Wendy said sweetly silencing his words, "what's done, is done. I'll return your wife to you shortly," she said spinning on her heel.

"Wendy," Carson gasped his face quickly lost it's color like he had seen a ghost.

"Hello papa," Wendy said giving her father a quick hug. She didn't have time to lose. "Can't talk, my boy needs his mother," she whispered into his ear.

"Oh baby, to hold you once again like this...," Carson said trying not to choke up.

"I know but I can't keep this form for long."

"Then go," Carson said rubbing her back, "your son is in waters that I can't even fathom. Whatever he has gotten himself into you just sure make he doesn't endanger his life."

"Of course Dad, I love you too," Wendy said placing a kiss on his cheek before leaving her father.

Wendy stood in front of the door to the room they had come to command since they had arrived in New Orleans. She couldn't believe how nervous and excited she was as her hands hovered over the door handles. Biting Joan's lip noticing how her sister's body was getting turned on at the thought of laying with Samuel. She wondered just how long has her sister been dreaming of sleeping with her son. Shaking her head at the thought, it would only waste what little time she had left. Pushing the door open slowly, she knew Kelly and Charlotte were teaching the men of Marie's family, so she had her son all to herself; and that's how she wanted it.

"Aunt Jo..."

"Her body perhaps," Wendy said smirking as she walked confidently towards the bed. Watching how her son's eyes dipped low as the robe loosened showing off her breasts to her son as her knee decompressed the mattress.

"M-Mom?!" Samuel said his eyes quickly running up and down her body as he sat up.

"Mmmhmm," Wendy said kneeling on the bed, her hands running up her thighs, along her stomach. Her sultry eyes fell on her son as she cradled her breasts.

"Mom, what's going..." His eyes glanced down as her finger covered his lips.

"Shh, no time," Wendy cooed sweetly gently pushing her son back down onto the bed. Straddling his lap, watching his eyes as her hands rested on the knot of the belt of the robe. Her body heated as her son gazed at her as the robe fell open. Pooling on Samuel's legs as she pushed the robe

from shoulders. Her hands ran up his chest as she leaned forward. Her eyes studied her son's face, she wanted to remember this until she could do this herself without the help of her sister. "Sammy, kiss me," Wendy said sweetly, her skin felt flushed as her son caressed her left cheek. Her heart fluttered in her chest as she felt her son's lips against her own for the very first time. As much as she wanted to know how he was at tasting her womanhood that would only take away the time she had to feel her son deep inside of her. Her hand snaked its way down his chest, beneath the waistband of his underwear. Purring into her mind as her hand wrapped around his manhood. She couldn't think of her son as her little boy any more as Samuel began to grow within her hand. Feeling Joan in the back of her mind drooling as her thumb kneaded the head of his cock.

Samuel's hips lifted slightly as she pushed down his underwear their lips near leaving each other's. Feeling her son's magic swirling within the air around her as she teased his naked manhood. Loving the feel of her breasts against her son's chest. Watching his eyes flutter as she lowered her mound onto her son's cock.

"Sammy? Do you like how your mother's pussy feels on your cock?" Wendy asked in a husky voice. Breathing heavily as her hips rocked gliding her labia along his heated erection.

"Y-yes Mom," Samuel said his voice stammering.

"Is this better than in that place?"

"Mom, it doesn't matter where it is, it's you that I'm with. It always feels awesome," Samuel said sincerely.

"Oh Sammy, my sweet, sweet boy," Wendy said blushing as she stared into his cobalt eyes. Wendy was posed to ease the head of his cock into her awaiting mound when the door opened.

"Man, you would think they knew how to fuck and treat a woman," Charlotte said in disgust walking into the room wrapped in a towel.

"I know right," Kelly said with a sneer, "look at how long it took to get his cum out of my hair."

"No wonder..." Charlotte stopped in her tracks as she saw a face she hadn't seen in years looking back at her.

"Mom? Mom?!" Kelly cried out trying not to cry.

"Sis, what have you..." Charlotte began to say until her eyes dipped between her legs noticing her hand wrapped around her son's cock and how her mound awaited to feel its heat. Shutting the door and locking it as Kelly ran to the bed.

"Mama!" Kelly said throwing her arms around Wendy. "I know whatever you've done you don't have time to talk. Just let me hold you for a minute," she said softly crying on her mother's shoulder.

"Oh baby, shh, it's okay sweetheart," Wendy said sweetly as she rubbed her daughter's back.

"Now Samuel," Charlotte said climbing onto the bed. Taking hold of the base of his root lining it up with his mother's cunt. "Fuck your mother," she said peering over her sister's shoulder before placing a kiss upon it.

"Oh Samuel!" Wendy moaned as she sank down onto her son's rod. Her magic swirled in her eyes as his filled her womb. Now she knew why her daughter and sister couldn't get enough of her son. His magic seemed to make her nerves on fire as she rocked her hips rocked back and forth. "God baby, your magic is so...," she lamented as her hands pressed down on his chest.

"I know sister, it's so delicious isn't it?" Charlotte asked pressing her chest against her back. "Sammy, watch me," she said grinning down at him as she fondled her sister's breasts, "you like watching your aunt playing with her sister, don't you?" Charlotte asked knowing how sensitive her sister's breasts always were. So she knew she would be making Wendy cum on her son's cock.

"Charlotte!" Wendy gasped feeling her womb quivering.

"Don't you want to cum for your son? Hmm, bug sis, don't you want Sammy to know how pretty you look like as your cream his cock?" Charlotte asked as she continued to play with her sister's breasts.

"Oh Sammy," Wendy said dreamily as she stared down at her baby boy. Looking down as Samuel drew a rune on her son. "Shit! Fuck! Samuel! You naughty boy!" she howled as his finger left her skin causing her to instantly cum.

"What?!" Samuel said smirking coyly as he watching his mother in the throes of her climax.

"You bad boy," Wendy purred once she came down from her orgasm, "I think I need to punish you for making your mother feel so good," she cooed as she glided faster along his rod.

"I think you do, I have been very naughty," Samuel said holding onto his mother's hips.

"Mmm, yes, yes, you have," Wendy hummed loving how his cock felt in her. Hating that man for taking her away from her son, when this was what would have greeted her when she visited her son's bed every morning if Norman hadn't been so jealous that she never wanted him. "So baby, do you like your mother bouncing on this cock?"

"Mmmhmm," Samuel nodded.

"Then would you..." Suddenly Wendy was gone, her spell crumbling away as Joan found herself impaled on her nephew's cock.

"Joan what happened?" Charlotte asked concerned for her sister's soul.

"I think..." Joan fought a shudder as Samuel's cock flexed slightly in her cunt, "Wendy didn't take her small body into account when she thought of this, so the spell couldn't sustain itself any longer."

"Where is she?!" Kelly asked her eyes frantic as she took her aunt by the shoulders.

"M-my room."

******

Kelly bounded off the bed her towel went flying as she grabbed her robe. Her feet hammered on the floor as she raced to her aunts bedroom. Fear fueled her legs at the fate of her mother as she raced through Marie's house.

"Mom!" Kelly panted in the doorway, her hands resting on the door frame as her uncle hovered over her daughter/mother.

"Relax Kelly," Rick huffed as his niece pushed him out of the way.

"Mom," Kelly said weakly as she bent over her mother. Quickly looking back as her robe flew up, feeling her uncle's

fingers running along her slit. "What are you doing?!" she hissed.

"Taking payment for your brother fucking my wife," Rick said. Muttering underneath his breath, flicking his finger as his zipper lowered.

Kelly mumbled as her lips were magically sealed, her wrists bound anchored to the bed. Her screams muffled as Rick ran his fingers through her folds.

"Kelly you should really enjoy this," Rick said thrusting two fingers into his niece's cunt. "I told you to relax," he growled slapping her ass hard as Kelly squirmed to get out of his hold. "You'll enjoy my cock better than your brother's I promise you," Rick grinned evilly as his rod stood at full mast.

Kelly screamed as her uncle thrust his cock into her. Squeezing her eyes shut calling for Samuel, Charlotte, or anyone that could hear her. Tears reamed her eyes, her hands curled around the comforter.

"Yeah, that's a tight cunt," Rick grunted as he held onto her hips, "you and Charlotte walking around here showing off. Giving out this pussy to your brother, and not letting your uncle have a taste is fucking wrong," he growled into her ear as he took hold of her hair.

"Mmm yeah, god this pussy is tight..."

******

"Samuel can we...," Joan began to say blushing as she gazed down at her nephew.

"No," Samuel said pushing his aunt off. Something was off, he could feel it in his blood.

"Samuel?" Charlotte said reaching out to him noticing her sister's shocked look. "You shouldn't be rude to Joan, she did allow your mother to experience..."

"It's not that Charlotte, somethings wrong," Samuel said grabbing his robe, "sorry aunt Joan," he said apologetically.

"What do you mean?" Joan asked glad it wasn't her that he didn't want to fuck.

"Don't know, I just feel it," Samuel said walking hurriedly towards the door.

"Then I'm coming with," Joan said grabbing her own robe, "then maybe afterwards we can finish?" she asked. She hid her smile at his nod.

The three of them marched through the house with determination with Samuel leading the way. What he saw when they arrived at Joan's room wasn't what he thought he would find. Charlotte had to hold him back as Kelly's eyes screamed to save her.

"Canitorins!" Joan said her index and middle finger directed her spell as she magically tossed her husband through their

bathroom door. Samuel raced passed her, covering up his sister as he worked to break Rick's spell.

"What are you going to do with him?" Charlotte asked looking at over at her sister.

"Kill him!" Kelly shouted once Samuel broke the spell before burying her face into his chest.

"Hmm," Joan muttered unsure what to do with her husband. She loved her husband even she couldn't let this slide. What was she to do? What was she to tell their children or their parents? How was she to explain this to them? Looking around franticly as every item in her room began to violently shake as Samuel's magic flared in her room.

"Sammy?!" Charlotte said tentatively as she felt his murderous intent as his azure aura pulsated.

"Get out!" Samuel growled. Whispering into Kelly's ear to take their mother to their room.

"You can't kill him!" Joan said blocking the doorway to the bathroom.

"She's right Samuel," Charlotte said getting in-between Samuel and her sister. She had seen that look in his eyes before and knew he wanted to kill Rick.

"What's going on in here? Why did Kelly run out of here crying and holding Wendy in her arms?" Martha asked as Rick groaned on the bathroom floor. "Why does it look like Samuel is about to kill someone?" she asked stepping into the room.

"Tell her or I will," Samuel growled staring down his aunts.

"Fangs?!" Martha said shaking her head she must be seeing things. "Tell me what?!" she asked confused as to what was going on.

"When we got here," Joan said looking over at her mother. Peering out the corner of her eye at Samuel, she had never

seen her nephew so angry before. Never seen a hint that murderous intent in his body when he was younger, and it frightened her to no end.

"Yes, go on," Martha said growing tired of her daughter stalling.

"That ass raped my sister!" Samuel shout pointed at his uncle.

"What! Is this true?!" Martha roared looking at her daughters.

"Of course I did," Rick chuckled while wincing in pain, "he fucked my wife, why shouldn't I fuck his own?" he said thinking it was a reasonable exchange.

"Tribunal. Now!" Martha growled. "Samuel," her tone softening, "go to Kelly, comfort her, she needs you most of all right now," she said seeing how tight the sinews in his hands were becoming. She could feel his magic almost

ready to explode, and she knew if he did nothing and no one would be able to still his rage if that happened.

"Please Samuel," Charlotte pleaded with him as she stepped up to him. "Please?" she asked once again begging with her eyes. Their family was small enough and she didn't want to lose her brother no matter what he had just done. "I don't ask for much Samuel, do this for me?" Charlotte asked leaning in for a kiss only to watch as Samuel pulled away.

"Fine," Samuel spat at his uncle, "if I don't like what I hear he dies," he said stumping off.

"Bring that," Martha said with disappointment.

*****

"Sammy!" Kelly ran into his arms once he walked into the room.

"I know this is a stupid question, but are you..."

"Yes that is a stupid question," Kelly said into his chest.

"Sorry," Samuel said rubbing her back.

"Don't you ever be sorry for caring for me," Kelly said balling her heart out.

"I'm going to kill him!" Wendy seethed her small hands mocking choking her brother to death. "To think he would do that to my own child, his niece!"

"You're sisters stopped me from doing just that," Samuel said placing a kiss on the top of Kelly's head as he gently rocked her.

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"So you think rape is fine for an exchange?!" Martha seethed as she stared down at her son who was magically chained

down to the floor of the solarium. Her hands pressed down on the altar as she stood behind it.

"Well, Joan's been waiting to fuck Samuel ever since he's got here, please like I didn't know," Rick said rolling his eyes at his sister's shocked look. "And you and Kelly flaunt that ass around like you own the place," he said his eyes running down his sister's body, "to bad it wasn't you in that bedroom sister. We could have some fun like in the old days." Rick's head rocked to the right as Charlotte slapped him hard across the face. "What? Don't you remember when I..."

Martha, Charlotte, and Joan looked around as the yard, sky, the interior of the house became dark. Martha nearly leaped out of her skin as a polecat leaped onto the altar. She knew they were in trouble if Arcita had willingly showed herself that she couldn't be to far away.

"You bring dishonor to my coven, harm one of its members you swore to protect," Hekatê voice thundered overhead, "you take what wasn't given! You haven't learned! I shall correct that!" the goddess growled.

Charlotte and Joan rushed to the other side of the room as a blue mist rose around their brother. Rick's clothes rotted away in mere seconds, his body convulsed as the blue mist forced his mouth open as it invaded his mouth, nose, ears, eyes, and every other orifice of his body. Rick watched in horror as his cock than his balls putrefied and fell to the floor. His muscular arms shrank to slender delicate ones, his rough hands were no more replaced with soft silky ones as any subtle flower. Gone was his short brown hair, in its place long strands of mellifluous hair that resembled fine milk chocolate. His once handsome features from his youth now faded in his age were replaced by the sharp alluring lines that would draw any man's gaze. Rick watched unable to voice his fright as his once hard pecks began to swell and sag as they continued to rise off of his chest until a pair of 38D breasts sat on his chest. His once hairy body underwent a massive migration of his body hair to the floor leaving behind very smooth, supple, flawless skin in its departure. His once thick, muscle bound legs lost want he had coveted in his youth, leaving Rick with slender shapely legs that any man would want to feel wrapped around him. Rick could feel something happening between his legs as a slit began to form. A clit, labia, gasping inside his mind a it felt like someone was digging out his insides as it made space for her now ovaries, womb, and canal, along with a brand-

spanking new hymen. Rick knew he was no longer a man, something deep within him told him he could never be that ever again.

"You shall forever be named Edna from this day forward a woman in name and body," Hekatê said as a pale image began to draw near, "while her transformation is temporary yours if forever," she said as Kelly (transformed into a man) stepped out of the darkness. The chains that bound Edna's wrist rapidly sank into the floor pulling her forward. The left side of Edna's face pressed against the floor presenting her ass and virgin cunt to Kelly. "As your victim she has every right to show you what it's like to be forced. If any of you interferes I shall have my Herald sunder this coven," Hekatê warned. "Now my dear take her as she has had taken you. Let her learn what it's like to be raped as she will fear it for the rest of her days."

Her presence fade as Kelly stroked her eight inch hard cock. Her eyes narrowed hatefully at her uncle's... or was it her aunt's backside now? Even though he was only inside of her for a short time, it was a violation, nonetheless. She was going to enjoy this.

"Kelly..." Her eyes widen as her once deep voice was now light and airy. "Please..."

"Please! You have the gall to plead with me!" Kelly shouted in anger. Stomping towards her transformed uncle, kicking her knees farther apart, giving Kelly access to her newly formed cunt. Getting to her knees, grabbing the base of her cock (which she will admit was damn weird even for her), slapping her aunt's (uncle's ass), when her ass squirmed. "Hold still you bitch!" Kelly growled lining up the head of her cock with her canal. Watching as her back arched, listening to her cries of pain as Kelly tore her hymen.

"It hurts!" Edna cried out as Kelly roughly shoved her cock all the way in her. "Take it out! Take it out!"

"What don't like it! Huh, you little bitch!" Kelly growled reaching forward taking hold of her hair. Looking down noting the blood that was running down Edna's legs. "Don't like being raped! Well neither did I!" she said pounding her aunt's new cunt. Smirking cruelly at her whimpers and how her pussy was gripping her cock. "Oh I think you like being

fucked," Kelly said thrusting hard causing Edna to produce a little squeak of pleasure. "Well, would you look at that you're just a little whore that just likes to be fucked."

"No I don't," Edna cried glancing to her wife pleading with her to help her. Yet Joan just stood there watching as her niece fucked her.

"Then way is it I feel you're about to cum, hmm? A little rapist like you couldn't like getting fuck, now do you?" Kelly asked feeling her slickness coating her cock. "Well, let's test that shall we?" she asked pulling out. Forcing her ass lower, pressing the tip of her cock against her unlubricated asshole.

"No!" Edna screamed out Kelly shoved her cock right in. She could feel herself tearing as Kelly sank that eight inches into her ass.

"Did you hear me complaining when you raped me! No! Of course you didn't you little whore! No, you used your magic against me, your own niece!" Kelly said roughly using her

ass like he did with her. "Well, how does it feel being the one raped now, huh?! Huh?!"

"Please Kelly, it hurts, it hurts so much. Take it out," Edna said in-between sobs as her tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh? You want this to end, huh? Well, you fucking know what you wouldn't be a little bitch now if you hadn't raped me!" Kelly said fucking her rougher just to listen to her cries of pain. "Shit," she hissed feeling the churning of her balls. "Oh, I'm so going to enjoy cumming in your ass," Kelly grunted slamming her cock all the way in as she unleashed a torrent of her cum into her aunt's ass. "Isn't that just a good little cumslut, taking all my cum like a good little bitch," she said watching her cum leaking out of her ass as she pulled out. "What you do with this bitch, I don't care, but you better make sure you keep her away from me," Kelly said dodging the squirt her ass jetted out a mix of Kelly's sperm and her blood. Feeling Hekatê's spell crumbling from her body reverting her back to her true self.

About to head back to her room as she saw Samuel leaning against the door. She could see how his eyes wanted to ask,

and knew not to not yet, but she knew she needed time to deal with what her uncle did to her. Her heart swelled as he held out his hand to her.

"Sammy?" Charlotte called out to him, "I love you," she mouthed hoping she hadn't damaged their relationship in siding with her new sister.

"Love you too Charlotte," Samuel said blowing his aunt a kiss before he and Kelly walked back to their room.

As twilight neared a mysterious text came through his phone. Arching an eyebrow as Samuel read the text. He had spent the hours by Kelly's side offering her comfort when she needed. Making up with Charlotte once she had returned to their room. Glancing up from his phone, his eyes lingering on his sister as their mother gently stroked her hair. He didn't want to leave, yet he had given his word, and he doubted Aarrin would forgive him for blowing him off again.

"Kelly, will you be okay without me for a few hours?" Samuel asked placing a hand on her hip as he sat beside her.

"Y-yeah," Kelly said her voice quivering.

"Sammy, where are you going baby?" Wendy asked gazing lovingly at her son.

"A gathering that I don't think I can put off," Samuel said wiping away his sister's tears. Huffing as his sister abruptly threw herself into his arms.

"Be careful Sammy, I don't want to lose you," Kelly said trembling in his arms.

"Not going to happen sis," Samuel said sweetly as he rubbed her back. Pouring his love for her into their kiss to tell her he would be back.

"Leave her to me Sammy," Charlotte said resting her hand on his shoulder, "me and Wendy will see to Kelly while you're gone, and I'll keep Edna away from her as well," she said feeling weird saying her sister's new name.

"Alright, if she doesn't...," Samuel said leaving the last part unspoken to which Charlotte nodded, "you call me if something happens and I'll come flying home," he said kissing Charlotte before leaving the room and then the house. Noticing the sleek black sedan waiting just outside the gate along the curb.

"Good evening Mr. Goodall," Amalia said politely as she held the rear passenger door open for him.

"Hello... Amalia, was it?" Samuel asked as he passed through the gate.

"Yes, many have gathered tonight," Amalia said eyeing his attire, "if I may make a suggestion?"

"Sure," Samuel said stopping before climbing into the car.

"You may wish to dawn more... appropriate attire for tonight," Amalia said her green dead eyes stared into his

glowing cobalt ones. Seeing the power swirling within his iris' as she waited for his decision.

"I assume if we go to this place that you have in mind that we wouldn't be keeping Nimue and Aarrin waiting?" Samuel asked feeling the cool interior washing over his skin.

"I promise, it won't take too long," Amalia said laying her hand on top of the door, "the house will pay for the garments, if money is a worry for you."

"Very well then," Samuel said giving her a nod, "I don't wish to disappoint my hosts," he said sliding into his seat.

Part 6

Samuel stared out the window as night fell on the Big Easy. His mind pondered on what he was going to do. So much weighed on his mind, from his sister, to Labo, to Edna, and Lola accepting the offer or not. Pulling out his phone, quickly typing out a text to his sister telling her he loved her.

"We love you too, Sammy." Samuel smiled as a picture of his sister, mother, and aunt were squeezed into the frame of the picture she sent him. "Don't worry, Mom and Charlotte are with me. Go focus on what you need to do."

"Here we are, Mr. Goodall," Amalia said, pulling to a stop along the curb in front of a tailor shop. Samuel stared confusingly at the shop; he didn't think they had time to get a suit made. "Lady Nimue called ahead and ordered a few made for you. She has an excellent eye on her," she informed him, smiling coyly into the rear view mirror.

"Right," Samuel said. He should have thought about that given how he had woken up on her bed.

"Please, if you would," Amalia said, holding the door open for him. "If you wish, you may reveal your nature in the car. It must be taxing for you having to hide your nature in that house," she said, leading him up the brick steps of the storefront. The brass bell hanging over the door jingled as she and Samuel entered the store and jingled again as the door closed behind them.

"Yes? Amalia! How are you?!" a fiery red-head said excitedly as she came walking to the front of the store upon hearing the bell.

"Hello Samantha, I'm fine," Amalia said, smiling sweetly at Samantha. "We have an order waiting," she said, propelling Samuel forward.

"Ah. I was wondering who it was for. I take it this is a rush job?" Samantha asked, arching an eyebrow at Amalia.

"Naturally," Amalia nodded.

"Right. Come with me," Samantha said sternly, taking Samuel by the wrist. "Now strip down to your underwear, and stand on that," she commanded, snatching the curtain of the fitting room open. "I'll fetch the one we have currently done. Ms. Nimue will have to return for the others; this is the only one we could complete in such a short time," Samantha said, walking off.

"Would you be more comfortable if I turned my back to you?" Amalia asked.

"Nah, not like I haven't been naked in front of strange people before," Samuel said. Lifting his shirt up. Peering over his shoulder, seeing his reflection and Amalia's in the mirror. "Hey! Isn't there like a thing about us not being able to see ourselves in a mirror?"

"Ah, the old mirrors, yes, that was true. They used to be backed by silver; mirrors these days aren't," Amalia said, matter-of-fact.

"Ah," Samuel said, at least with this he could keep up the ruse that he was still human.

"If you would?" Samantha asked, handing Samuel the 18th century style suit Nimue had commissioned, along with a pale white shirt. Three buttons lined the button placket stopping at the bottom of his sternum. The soft linen fabric brushed down his chest. Delicate lace was stitched at the cuffs of the sleeves flaring out, covering the backs of his hands to his knuckles. "You have some strange eyes you know that? Are they contacts?" she asked. Her hands running along the high collar of the shirt making sure it was right before flipping it down.

"No," Samuel said plainly. Watching her hands moved down his arms, making sure the length of the sleeves were right.

"Turn around please," Samantha said, "well they can't be your real eyes," she said, running her hands along his back. Samuel glanced to Amalia in the mirror who simply shrugged her shoulders.

"They are, they changed when I became the Herald of Hekatê," Samuel said truthfully.

"You know you don't have to make something up, if you don't want to tell me you don't have to make up such a ridiculous story," Samantha grumbled, tugging on the hem of the shirt. Samuel noted how Amalia was laughing silently behind her hand. "Now try on the pants," she ordered, crossing her arms so the pin-cushion on her left wrist pressed into her right arm. "How do they feel? Are they too tight around the waist?" Samantha asked, her fingers running around the waistband once Samuel had buttoned the fly.

"They're pretty snug actually," Samuel said, looking down at her.

"That's no good," Samantha said, unbuttoning his fly, rolling down the waistband, popping a few stiches to give it a little more slack and placing a pin to hold it until she could run to the back. "Try that now," she said watching him button up his fly again.

"Better," Samuel said, as her fingers once again probed his waistband.

"Good. Now hold still," Samantha said, running her hands down his left leg. Rolling up the cuff to Samuel's ankle, placing four pins to hold it in place then doing the same with the right cuff. "Now try on the jacket," she ordered. Her masterful eye moving over the garment ensuring that nothing was wrong with it. "Please take the pants off so I can hem them," Samantha said, before walking to the shoes that Nimue had payed for. "This shouldn't take more than a moment," she said, draping the pants over her arm before heading towards the back room.

"You would think speaking the truth to mortals they would take it at face value," Amalia said, holding out her hand to Samuel as he stepped down from the fitting platform.

"You would think," Samuel said, slipping his right foot into the shoe.

"I'll hold onto these," Amalia said, picking up his clothes.

Ten minutes later Samantha walked back into the fitting area of the store with his pants in hand. "Try these on one last time," she said, handing them to Samuel. "Good. Good. I assume you have tried the shoes?" Samantha asked, peering up at him as Samuel nodded. "Did they fit?"

"A little tight in the toes," Samuel admitted.

"I see," Samantha muttered, overturning one of the shoes checking the size. Picking up the other shoe as she rose, scurrying over to the rows of dress shoes. Choosing a half size bigger shoe in the same style before walking back over to Samuel. "These should be a better fit," she said laying the shoes down before the stool.

"Please tell Ms. Nimue the rest of the suits will be done by next week?" Samantha asked, as she charged their long-standing account, "here Amalia, you can put his clothes in this," she said, handing over a paper bag with the store's logo on it.

"Thank you Samantha," Amalia said, smiling warmly at the woman.

"You're always welcome here, Amalia. You know that," Samantha assured, her hand gently brushing along the back of Amalia's hand.

"You're clothes Mr..."

"Call me Samuel," he said, taking the bag from her.

"As you wish, Samuel," Amalia said. She bowed her head slightly as she held the door for him.

"Yes Mistress," she said as the phone rang through the speakers of the car.

"Have you picked up Samuel yet?" Nimue's voice filled the cab of the car as Amalia pulled away from the curb.

"Yes Mistress. We're just leaving the tailor shop," Amalia informed her as she pulled into traffic.

"Samuel?"

"Yeah?" Samuel said, noticing the smirk in Amalia's eyes as she caught the hints of his fangs.

"Is everything okay? You feel distant," Nimue asked, concerned.

"Just a lot on my mind," Samuel said as they sped down the streets of New Orleans.

"We'll talk more in private, okay?"

"Alright," Samuel said, looking into the reflection of his glowing cobalt eyes.

Spanish moss hung low along the branches of the trees as the car slowly rolled down the crushed oyster shell

driveway. Swamp gas floated low to the ground as it was blown across the estate. The silver light of the moon painted the green blades of grass as it pierced through the top branches of the tress that dotted the old plantation. White classical columns lined the porch as a row of four silent sentinels, the egg-shell white exterior of the mansion glowed eerily in the moonlight with its black shutters. Rare blue roses lined the front of the porch as the lights from inside highlighted the old red brick lining the floor of the porch. Samuel's eyes glanced over as he saw the front door opening as Amalia pulled to a stop.

"Samuel, you can leave your things in the car," Amalia said, peering back at him as she shifted the car into park.

"Alright," Samuel said, slyly reaching into the bag taking out his wallet and phone. He wasn't about to leave them unattended; no telling who might go through his things while he was inside that house. Sliding his phone and wallet into the jackets inner pocket as he slid out of the car. His eyes falling on Nimue and Pandora as they stood on the porch. His eyes followed Nimue as she elegantly walked down the stairs, her snow-white hair floating on the air as her silvery eyes fell upon him. Her blood-red corset held

aloft her heavenly orbs; her black high-low show girl skirt was lifted by the breeze as her stockings contoured to her shapely thighs, her heels clicking along the stone as her sensuous strides led her to him.

"Samuel," Nimue said sweetly as she held out her hands to him. Her thumbs brushing along his fingers as only a sliver of moonlight separated them. Her lush, crimson painted lips curved into at smile as she gazed into his glowing eyes as their lips parted one another's. "I'm glad you came tonight," she said sweetly, "thank you Amalia for fetching Samuel. Why don't you enjoy the party, Pandora will get you when Samuel wishes to leave," Nimue said over Samuel's shoulder.

"Yes Mistress," Amalia replied, bowing to her before walking past them. Sharing a quick greeting with Pandora before heading inside.

"I know what troubles you, Samuel. It's okay, you don't have to speak of it," Nimue whispered into his mind, "I might be able to help. She just can't scratch at it or the memory block will come undone. That is if you or your sister wants my

help." Samuel looked at her with a mix of caution and intrigue. "Trust me Samuel, I wouldn't endanger your sister. That would harm our bond," Nimue whispered, gently squeezing his hands. "But come, the house wishes to meet the right hand of Seipowe. You look very handsome tonight," she said shyly, feeling her cheeks blush as her arm looped around his as Samuel whispered mentally how nice she looked in her dress.

"Thanks, I kind of feel underdressed in this thing," Samuel said, peering down his chest.

"Nonsense, you look very distinguished," Nimue said sweetly as her hand rested on his bicep.

"Evening Samuel," Pandora said lustfully as they neared the steps of the porch. Her black sleeveless and adjustable shoulder straps sat on her proud shoulders; high-low irregular hemline hugged her copious breasts the metal zipper that ran down the front of the dress straining to contain her vast bosom. The fitted bodice, with waist belt loop decorations, gave the dress a very witchy feel to it. The black lace danced against her legs as her blue eyes gazed

down at him. Hiding her lust from her sister; even she wasn't foolish enough to cross Nimue openly.

"Hello Pandora," Samuel said, remembering what she had said about the ceiling. "Nice dress."

"Isn't it?!" Pandora said, doing a little spin for him. Hoping that nose of his could pick up the fact she wasn't wearing any panties.

"Behave yourself sister," Nimue said pointedly.

"But...," Pandora pouted, flashing Samuel her baby blues.

"At least allow me time with my future husband before you sink your fangs into him," Nimue ordered as they climbed the stairs. She had finally relented to her sister's demands after Pandora bugged her to no end even while they laid in their coffins.

"Of course sister," Pandora acquiesced, shooting Samuel a seductive smile. Taking command of his free arm, allowing it to rest in the deep valley of her double E breasts, at least as deep as her dress would allow. The double doors swung silently open as they neared, her left fang gleaming in the light that spilled out from the interior as Samuel glanced at her.

Samuel tried not to be creeped out as the doors closed just as smoothly as they had opened. The dark rich walnut paneling encased them as they stood in the foyer. The thick Persian carpet dampened Pandora's footfalls as she neared the french glass doors. Watching how she bowed to Nimue as her sister passed her. Shooting Samuel a lustful look as she shook her breasts at him behind her sister's back.

"Father! Mother! Members of this house!" Nimue's voice rang out as she entered the grand hall, the spilt-grand staircase dominated the view as Aarrin, and his wife stood on the middle landing as the other members of the house stood on either side of the room creating a lane for them. "Allow me the pleasure of presenting you her right hand, her will in this world, the Herald of Seipowe!" Nimue

proclaimed, her arm directing their view to the front entrance.

"Go on!" Pandora whispered, smiling, waving him on. Her grip crushed the doorknob in the abrupt orgasm he gave her as the pad of his finger ran along her jaw line. Her sultry eyes gazed at him as Samuel wore a smirk as he walked passed her.

Nimue held out her hand to him. Their fingers interweaved with one another as they strode side by side towards the foot of the staircase. Nimue glanced out of the corner of her eye as she saw those eyes of his slyly peering around. Gently squeezing his hand telling him it would be alright.

"Welcome Herald!" Aarrin's voice rang out, silencing the murmuring voices around him. His hard, cold eyes glanced around the room as Nimue led Samuel up the stairs. His dark hair sat close to this scalp. Feeling his wife's grip tightening on his right arm. There was no doubt she and everyone else could feel Samuel's power. It seemed to him that it had intensified since the last time they had met one another.

"Hello Aarrin," Samuel said politely, holding out his hand, "sorry about yest..." Aarrin waved his apology off.

"I understand why, I don't think poorly of you for helping your family," Aarrin said, shaking Samuel's hand, "it's pleasing to know you take your family's safety just as seriously as I take my own. Allow me the pleasure of introducing you to my wife, Ambrose," he said waving to this right.

"I have heard the Herald was strong," Ambrose said, her pale white hand sliding into his. Her silver eyes shimmered as her magic met Samuel's. Her snow-white hair held light delicate curls within as the longer strands draped down her body. "I just didn't think it would be true," she whispered, her seductive smile revealing the tips of her fangs.

"Well, I know where Pandora got her boobs from," Samuel said to himself, trying not to gaze so openly at the woman's bust. "Oh this is nothing," he said, a coy smirk teasing his features. His azure aura pulsed on command; showing that what they felt was only a fraction of what magic he had

stored in his body, causing orbs of pure arcane energy to appear in the air. "You might want to close your eyes," Samuel warned, before those bits of magic sought out his body.

"Well... her Herald is indeed...," Ambrose began to say, the image of his haloed body was burned into the backs of her eyes.

"Yes, he is," Aarrin agreed with his wife, blinking rapidly trying to get the dots before his eyes to fade away faster. "Everyone!" he called out, placing his hands on Samuel's shoulders stilling the crowd. "I wish to announce on this day: the Herald and my daughter, Nimue, are to be wed! If that wasn't enough joyous news, the prophesied seer shall arise from this union!" Aarrin announced, looking out onto the crowd seeing their startled and shocked looks. "As they say in this day and age; let's party!" he said, casting Samuel a smirk as he patted his left shoulder. Leaning in, "Come to my study we will discuss this Labo woman," he whispered into Samuel's ear.

"Come daughter, we have much to discuss," Ambrose said sweetly as she descended the stairs.

"Come find me once you and father are done speaking," Nimue whispered in his ear before placing a kiss on his cheek.

"This way Samuel," Aarrin said, gesturing to the stairs to his left.

Samuel glanced out of the corner of his eye noting how Pandora's eyes were following him. He also took note that other than Nimue and her mother there weren't any others like them from their order down below. He wondered why? Samuel would have thought news of the seer would be something they would want to know about, or was it that there were only the two of them in their household? That was something he really didn't know. He had enough worries to deal with rather than go delving into their religion.

"If you would," Aarrin asked politely, holding the door open as the music down below started. "Please, have a seat

Samuel," he said, gesturing to the leather chair in front of his desk as he walked around it, opening a drawer as he sank into the desk chair, pulling out a manila brown envelope and handing it to Samuel. "Open it." Prying the wings back on the brass tab, lifting up the flap, reaching in, arching an eyebrow when he pulled out a stack of photos. "Those were taken when my hunters raided three of Labo's known hideouts that Nimue saw from that man's blood," Aarrin said, resting his elbows on the desk as he peered over his fingers at Samuel.

"The man that was supposed to kill me?" Samuel asked, with a pointed look as he glanced up from the photos.

"Yes."

"Did you lose anyone?" Samuel asked, flipping through the photos of the dead men that once inhabited those locations.

"No," Aarrin said with a cruel smile. "Labo doesn't have the means to combat us, nor is her magic powerful enough to keep us at bay. But thank you for asking."

"Did you learn anything from them?" Samuel asked, setting the pictures on Aarrin's desk.

"So glad you asked." There was no hiding Aarrin's mirth as he reached once again into the drawer and pulled out a century old map. "From what we could gather from their blood, Labo has moved herself to a site deep in the bayou. Thinking that it's old magics would aid her in surviving her fight with you. Also more than likely, once her zombie spell failed she ran like a frighten vole back to its hole," Aarrin said, his razor sharp nail pointing to the site on the map. He watched as those glowing eyes darted back and forth as Samuel contemplated on what he had told him. "What are you thinking Samuel?"

"That in three days this ends, one way or another," Samuel said coldly, his glowing cobalt eyes glanced up as a red sheen flashed across their surfaces.

"Why three days? Why not now?"

"If she was only after me I would destroy her this instant, but it's not just me she is after. I need time to shore up defenses around my cousin's family," Samuel said his nail tapping on the armrest. Hoping that Lola would agree to his terms, he would need the extra magical power to ward off whatever Labo had in store should she die.

"I see, then in three days' time my house will fight by your side when we finally rid this city of that snake," Aarrin said, rising from his chair. "I for one would like to see your magic in person, like the same kind you used to destroy the coven in Salem," he said, smirking knowingly.

"Oh, I plan on using far more deadlier magics than when I destroyed those fools," Samuel said, a sinister light played across his eyes as his hand slid into Aarrin's outstretched one.

"Excellent! I like a man that will do anything to protect his family," Aarrin said approvingly. "May I offer you something to drink?" he asked, waving to the decanter that sat on the surface of the middle shelf of the antique tiger maple bow glass curio cabinet display hutch. Samuel

simply nodded; he didn't wish to seem rude to the elder vampire. "I was thinking; the blood moon of Seipowe is only a week away and I thought what better night than on that holy day to hold the wedding?" Aarrin solicited, with a genuine smile on his lips as he poured blood-spiked wine into two glasses. "Is something the matter?" he asked, handing Samuel his glass, seeing the strange look on his face.

"It's just something Hekatê told me this morning," Samuel said, shaking off the thought as he took the glass from him.

"Oh?! Is that so, please, if you would, or if you're at liberty to, divulge what Seipowe spoke," Aarrin entreated, taking a sip from his glass.

"That the Seer must be awakened by the blood moon," Samuel replied into his glass.

"Ah," Aarrin said fighting back a smile. "Well, you just leave the preparations to Ambrose and me; we'll see to it that its fit for our holiness," he said, with a sly smile as Samuel drained the last of his glass. "Now you go and keep my

daughter company," Aarrin said, taking the glass from Samuel's hand.

Samuel's eyes ran over the group of vampires as they danced in elegant ball gowns that looked too vintage to be reproductions while the men wore matching garments of the same era. Noticing the red glint in their eyes as the light struck their iris' when they looked up at him. Glancing around for Nimue only to find her with her sister and mother chatting. The way she looked at him, the way her eyes lit up, when Pandora gestured to him, reminded him of how his own sister and Charlotte looked at him.

Her legs carried her across the floor, weaving through the people that were in her way as she hurried towards the stairs. Her silver eyes glistened as her left heel pressed down on the step in her climb to meet him. Her hands ran along his forearms as they met halfway. Standing on the tips of her toes, her hands trailed up Samuel's arms, along his shoulders, fingers dancing along his neck as their lips embraced as her arms wrapped around his neck. Her fingers combed through his unruly brown hair, her eyes searched his, the tips of their noses briefly touching.

"Come dance with me Samuel," Nimue said, taking hold of his right hand leading him down the stairs. Her hips swayed alluring as she guided him into the ball room. Samuel peered over his shoulder as every vampire followed after them into the room.

"Marsal, lets start this party!" Pandora called out to the DJ. Her breasts bounced as her hips shook to the beat in her head.

For a group of centuries old vampires you would think they wouldn't be up with the times. Samuel thinking, however, proved incorrect as the strobe lights came on. The moment Powerman 5000's 'V is for Vampire' started those ancient beings moved like teenagers of his day, and Nimue wasn't any different. All but Pandora kept their backs to them as their feet hammered the floor in a rhythmic hum. Samuel's eyes were glued to her ass as it swayed, popped, and dropped all within inches of his cock. The look in her eye as she peered at him over her shoulder, dared him to grab hold. Listening to her gasp as he did, pulling her back, feeling her heat soak into his pants as she rubbed her ass

against his bulge. Her hands rested over his before she lifted his hands bringing him closer into her. Her hands guided his up her stomach, breathing heavily into his ear as she leaned against his chest, her tongue flicking out tasting his skin as his hands cradled her orbs.

Soon she knew they would be doing far more than just touching. Nimue prayed that she would be as good lover to him as his female family members were. She didn't want to disappoint him in their marital bed. Sucking on her lower lip as she felt his hand at the edge of the front of her skirt that reached down to her mid-thigh. Whimpering into her mouth as Samuel's fingers skimmed along her virginal mound. Her body trembled as her labia parted for the first time. Heat flooded her womb spreading rapidly throughout her body. How she wanted this. To know this feeling, to be touched by him in her most secretive spots, ones no mortal or immortal man had ever experienced before. Yet it was still too soon. Taking hold of his hands, whispering her apologies to Samuel, before dashing off.

Samuel tilted his head, confused as to what just happened. He thought he had read her body language correctly and

this was what she had wanted. Could it he that he pushed a little too hard?

"Don't take it too hard Samuel," Pandora cooed, her fingers trailing along his shoulders as she walked behind him. "Nimue has never been with a man before. To be touched by you is a very arousing sensation; but you already know that, and Nimue takes her duties to Seipowe very seriously. So she adheres to her faith like any good priestess of Seipowe should," she said, coming to stand in font of him, "especially when she so wants to be with you. The spell she performed in the club has set rules that she must follow. That means no fornication prior to the act, her womb must remain untouched by your seed until then," Pandora said, a lustful smirk gracing her face. "I, however, am not under any such rules," her eyes flashed hungerly as her hand cupped his bulge, giving Samuel's cock a gentle squeeze as she slowly stroked it. "I do hope you remember what I said the other day."

"Kind of hard not to Pandora," Samuel said, feeling his seduction powers rolling off his body. Watching how her body succumbed to his mix of vampiric seduction and sex magic.

"Are you prepared for the best sex of your life?" Pandora asked with sultry eyes.

"Are you?" Samuel retorted with a coy smirk.

"We're about to see aren't we?" Taking hold of Samuel's hand leading him out of the ball room. Swaying her hips, knowing how her ass was at his eye level, as they climbed the stairs. She knew that nose of his could smell the faint arousal that clung to her lips. Quickly lifting up the back of her skirt flashing Samuel her naked ass. Hoping he got a quick look of her hot mound, which he had awakened earlier, because after tonight she was going to ensure it was imprinted in his mind forever. Her tongue pressed against the middle of her upper lip as she pushed Samuel into her room. The hungry look of a predator on the prowl burned in her eyes as Samuel tossed his jacket onto her bed, gesturing for her to come and get him. The wooden door slowly eased closed before the sound of the lock falling into place. The belt fell from her hand, the metal of the buckles resounding with a ping as it hit the wood floor boards. The metal teeth of the zipper echoed out as her fingers pulled

the tab downward causing her copious breasts to swell, finally freed from the tight, constricting garment. Slowly, agonizingly, deliberately sliding the straps of her dress from her shoulders, the tip of her chin touching her shoulder as she turned her head. Her blue eye peering through the strands of her raven hair as she pulled one arm then the other through; pushing the bodice down her breasts teasingly as Samuel's fingers fumbled with the buttons of his fly. Her soft 'psst' brought his attention back up as her light pink areolas peeked over the fabric, biting her lip as the fabric dragged along her hard nipples as it inched down her bosom.

Her eyes watched as his cock flexed against his pants as the top of her landing strip came into view as her dress inched lower on her hips. Pandora could feel her cunt throbbing, eagerly waiting to feel his lips plucking gingerly at her sensitive labia. As her dress kissed the floor the tips of her fingers ran up her thighs, along her stomach, cradling her heavy hanging breasts giving each one a little lift before giving her nipples a playful pinch. Stepping out of her dress, her heels clacking on the wood floor as she stepped to him, her fingers bunching the fabric of his shirt into her

hands before giving it a sharp yank from the confines of his pants.

"Tell me Samuel, how are you at eating a woman's pussy?" Pandora asked sensuously. Trapping Samuel's arms in his shirt sleeves above his head, her lips hungered to taste his as her breasts pressed against his chest. Her tongue curled within his mouth as she tasted his warmth. Finally removing and lazily tossing his shirt onto the chair behind him, her arms pulling him deeper into their kiss.

"I haven't had any complaints yet," Samuel said as Pandora's lips left his.

"This has been longing to feel your lips on it," Pandora said, placing his hand over her womanhood. "But first, we need to get you out of these clothes," she said, pushing down his pants. A wicked smile graced her lips as she tossed Samuel through the air, watching his body bounce on her mattress. Her tongue running over her fang, contemplating the meal to come. A predatory light flared in her eyes and her breasts swayed as she crawled along her bed. "Samuel?" Pandora purred, as she knelt on her knees, allowing his eyes to

absorb the sight before him. To let that mind of his to remember this sight. "Are you sure you can handle vampiric pussy?" she asked, as her fingers ran along her labia.

"Why don't we find out, hmm?" He replied.

"Mmm, that's what I wanted to hear," Pandora purred. Looking down her body; her mound hovered over his face, as her nipples teased his stomach. Gooseflesh ran along her skin as she felt his hands on her ass. Biting her lip as she lowered her mound to his welcoming mouth. She felt Samuel drawing something on her back, what it was she couldn't tell. Yet it wasn't long before she felt the effects of it. Her back arched, her mouth wide, her fangs gleamed in the light as her womb quivered in excitement. "You naughty man, you," Pandora growled enthusiastically as her slickness flowed down her channel as Samuel sucked on her clit. Her fangs drew across her lower lip as Samuel's tongue parted her moist labia. Her hips moved along his probing tongue, enjoying the feel of him tasting her womanhood. Laying her weight on Samuel causing her breasts to pancake out as her mouth neared his twitching cock, a

smirk gracing her lips as she felt his muscles tremble after her tongue ran a circle around the crown of his scepter..

Pandora felt their combined magics swirling and rising as they tasted each other's sex. Her head rocked as her lips glided along his shaft. Her fangs faintly skimmed along his heated member causing his rod to flex in her mouth. She loved when a man's cock did that. She loved knowing how they danced in her mouth. More so now that it was Samuel's cock that was lodged deep in her mouth. Pandora would do anything to keep her Herald satisfied. Even pestering her sister for the chance to lay with him. Her hands gripped his thighs tightly as she felt her cunt climaxing. Squealing around his shaft as Samuel lapped up her cream. She had forgotten the feel of a man's tongue swirling inside her canal. She hoped that she could talk her sister into always letting her feel it. Her tongue licking up the front of his cock, rolling along the meatus of his crown, her eyes fluttering as she tasted the power that single bead of pre-cum contained. Running her wet mound along Samuel's chest, marking him in her scent. Letting him feel how wet he had made her. Turning her body around she wanted those eyes of his to watch as she rode that hard cock of his.

"Mmm," Pandora moaned as she held his cock against her labia rubbing his hard phallus through her honeydew lips, "you know how much I wanted to be your sire?" she asked, her blue eyes burned in her hunger as she peered down at him.

"No, why don't you tell me," Samuel said, feeling his toes curl as Pandora rubbed her clit along his head.

"You see if it was my blood that turned you," Pandora said, rising on her knees, moving his cock to her entrance, "then I could whisper all the naughty things I want to do to you... like this for instance," she said with a coy smirk as sank down on Samuel's cock. Titling her head back, smiling up at the ceiling, loving the feeling of his cock lodged deep in her cunt. "Whereupon I wouldn't have to pester my sister just to be with you," Pandora cooed resting on her hands as she leaned forward. The tips of her hair teased his chest as her eyes gazed into his. Her hips slowly gliding along his pole, listening to his increased breathing as her sex coated his rod. A devilish smile graced her lips as her thighs squeezed his hips lifting him off the bed. She so wanted to show him just how good it was to be with a vampire and all the neat things they - namely her - could do. Watching how

his eyes darted about as she started to crawl towards the wall. Thrusting his face into her bosom, telling Samuel to hold on if he wanted to. Her skin heated as his hands held onto her hips as she crawled up the wall. "Trust in me Samuel, I won't drop you," Pandora whispered, stroking the back of his head. Trying not tremble as Samuel nodded in the valley of her breasts. Feeling her hair falling the moment they graced the ceiling. It was Samuel's lips, holding her nipples, that kept her tits from falling into her face. "Now to really fuck you like a vampire," she purred, placing her left arm over her breasts so she could watch his face as she took him to heights of bliss he had never experienced before. Her toes kept her rooted to the ceiling as her free hand rested on his chest while her hips rocked along that hard branch of his. Pressing her breasts down as she watched his nail drew some strange symbol below her navel. Her juices gushed out of her cunt, running down her stomach as she came hard on his cock. Biting down on her lip to keep her scream from alerting the others of her house.

"Oh, look what you did," Pandora growled demonically, her eyes burning in her primal hunger. "Painting me in my own pussy juice! The nerve you have young man to make that

cunt feel so good," she said lustfully, plunging hard down onto his cock sending it deep into her womanhood. "You like that pussy don't you? You like how it wraps around that hard cock?! Hold my tits Samuel," Pandora ordered, "feel how they just ooze out from between your fingers," she said, breathing heavy as her hips rocked back and forth rapidly on his cock. "Don't they just feel so sublime in your hands?"

"Mmmhmm," Samuel said, fondling her breasts.

"Good. I want you to be pleased with my body. I want you to keep fucking me. Will you do that?" Pandora asked, panting as her sex resounded in her room. Feeling her juices slowly running down through the lush valley of her breasts.

"Oh? I think I can do that," Samuel said with a coy smirk.

"Good," Pandora said, leaning forward, her lips teased his before sinking into the ecstasy of their kiss. Her grip slipped as her folds clamped down on his cock. The air hissed in her ears as they fell down to her bed. Her skin tingled as

Samuel's magic wrapped around her body halting their fall mere inches above her mattress. A giggle escaped her lips as her back bounced on the bed. "Fuck me Samuel, fuck me like you fuck your sister..." Her back arched, her fingers curled around her comforter as Samuel held her legs to his chest while he pounding that hard cock into her wet, hot, tight cunt. "Oh Seipowe! Oh fuck! Yes, give it to me Samuel!" Pandora moaned, loving the feeling of his balls slapping her ass. Her eyes shot wide, her mouth hung open, the light playing off her fangs as her womb sent down another torrent of her hot cream. "Yesss, fuck that cunt Samuel, fuck it hard!" she growled as she came.

"Everything you hoped for?" Samuel asked, his cobalt eyes shimmering as he fed on the sexual energies that rose from her body.

"So much better than before," Pandora sighed in bliss, which confused Samuel. "I'll tell you later. Right now I want that cock so deep inside of me I feel it for days," she said, playing with her tits as Samuel curled her legs back to her chest. Allowing him more penetration to which she wasn't complaining. The look of want, of need, and of lustful satisfaction simmering in her sultry eyes as she gazed at

Samuel. She knew what that twitch meant. "I want you to paint my big, firm, bouncing tits in your cum Samuel," Pandora purred, placing her legs on either side of him. Her hands running up his chest waiting to feel his hot seed painting her skin. Quickly siting up so the tops of her breasts could house all that magic laced cum. Licking her lips as she watched his sperm jet from the tip of his cock coating her breast canvas in that hot, sticky, salty seed. Her blue eyes looked up at him as her lips wrapped around his cock, cleaning it of her sex and tasting the last remainders of his seed.

"Sister," Nimue said, knocking on the door, "I know Samuel's in there, please, let me in."

Answering the door as she sucked her finger clean. Making her sister watch as she gathered another glob of Samuel's cum off her breasts. Watching how her sister's eyes were fixated on her chest.

"Try some Nimue, you should at least know what your future husband tastes like," Pandora said, holding out her finger to her sister, "go on, you really should try it."

Tentatively, after a few moments of internal debate, Nimue nervously wrapped her lips around her sister's finger. Instantly her eyes shot to her sister as she felt his magic coursing through his seed. "I know... Hey! Hey! Don't hog it all!" Pandora huffed irritably as her sister's tongue lapped up Samuel's cum from her breasts.

Nimue retreated back a few steps, her pale cheeks heating at what she had just done. Yet she was simply overwhelmed with the need to have more. She had to lick up every morsel of his power-rich cum. She felt the power of her goddess within those protein rich droplets. Her silver eyes slyly glanced at Samuel, going wide at the sight of her very first cock. She had seen plenty of them in pictures, however, none ever in the flesh. Nimue wondered if she would be able to fit that inside of her as her eyes moved up his deflating cock. Feeling her face burning as their eyes meet.

"Samuel, it might be wise to get dressed now," Pandora said, peering over her shoulder, her sinful smirk graced her lips as she blocked her sister's view. Stepping out of the way once she heard the elastic band snapping against his hips.

"Samuel..." Folding her hands in front of her, her head bowed, her cheeks still held a pink hue on them as Nimue walked towards him.

"Hmm?" Samuel hummed, as he pulled up his pants. Arching an eyebrow when her left hand reached out then pulled back and repeated the act once again. Taking hold of her hand pulling her into him and placing her hand on his bare chest.

"I wanted to apologized to you in a more proper way for running..."

"No need, Pandora has informed me of why you did. I understand why you did," Samuel said, glancing down as Nimue's thumb brushed gently along his chest.

"Then you're not upset with me?" Nimue asked, her silver eyes quivering.

"No, why would I be?" Samuel was not prepared as Nimue launched herself at him. He was lost in a daze as she assaulted his lips.

"Are you ready to go?" Nimue asked, her eyes glancing to her sister as she enjoyed the last bit of Samuel's cum. She wondered if she should ask her sister about how to please a man with that part of herself. Pandora had vast amounts of knowledge on the subject and she was smart enough to seek it out when she herself was lacking.

"Yeah," Samuel said, as his shirt slid down his chest.

"Don't be a stranger now, you hear?" Pandora said, holding out his for him. Pulling him in allowing the heat of her body to soak through his shirt. Hoping the feeling of her breasts pressing against his chest would soon return him to her bed as she got in her goodbye kiss.

Nimue held Samuel's right hand in hers as she snuggled up to him while they walked down the hall. She knew she didn't have the body like her sister's, yet she hoped that Samuel found her attractive, nonetheless. Giving Amalia a

nod as they descended the stairs, her mind wondering on what life for the two of them would be like. What her life with her house would be like, her servitude to Seipowe when the two of them would be wed. She hadn't told Samuel of the in-fighting within her sect due to her breaking her vows. It amazed her how beings as old as they were thought they could dictate what a goddess is supposed to do and how to do it. They should be joyous that the seer was about to be conceived. Happy that her right hand was now apart of them. Jubilant that a century old wrong was about to be set right. Resting her head on his shoulder as they walked towards the door. Sighing inward knowing at least in this they were just like their human counterparts in that zealots were a part of every religion.

"My lady," Amalia said, holding open the door for Nimue as they approached the car.

"I hope we weren't pulling you away from anything?" Nimue asked as they neared.

"No my lady, just enjoying the night," Amalia said, with a warm smile slyly eyeing Samuel's loose attire, "seems I wasn't the only one," she said, winking at Samuel.

"I'm a hoot wherever I go," Samuel said jokingly.

"I can imagine," Amalia said, containing her chuckle.

Pulling out his phone as Amalia slid into the drivers seat. Pulling up Kelly's number, his fingers drummed on his leg as the phone rang.

"Hey Sammy," Kelly said sniffling.

"Hey, I'm on my way back," Samuel said looking over at Nimue as he heard her pain. Wondering if his sister was going to go for what Nimue was offering. "Sis?"

"Hmm?"

"How would you like to... well not forget, just not have to feel the pain of what he did?" Samuel asked, looking at Nimue as she nodded.

"What do you mean? How would that be possible?" Kelly asked, perplexed by what he was saying.

"Nimue can explain it better than I can, so you might want to wake Marie if she isn't up. Someone is going to have to invite her in."

"Are you sure about this Samuel?" Kelly asked, uncertain that this was wise.

"Truthfully no, but I don't..."

"Oh Sammy, you do love me," Kelly sighed happily.

"I'm going to say 'Duh'," Samuel said, rolling his eyes at her giggle.

"What about... you know?"

"I guess now is as good a time as any to tell them what happened Sis," Samuel said, peering out of the corner of his eye as Nimue rested her chin on his shoulder. Her silver eyes studying him, a warm smile rose on her lips.

"Alright, I hope this works, I hate feeling like this," Kelly said, hold back her tears.

"I know sis, it's why Nimue offered to help."

"Did she? I wonder why?" Kelly asked, her jealousy lacing her words. No matter if her goddess had ordered this, she didn't like sharing Samuel with another woman. Samuel held his tongue. He wasn't about to get into a fight with his sister over this. He wasn't about to add any more emotional distress on to her then she was already going through. "When will you get here?"

"About twenty minutes."

"Alright, I'll go see if I can find Marie. Do you want the others there too?"

"Okay..."

"Sammy?"

"Yeah."

"I love you too, it warms my heart knowing you're thinking about me," Kelly said, before hanging up the phone.

Amalia waited by the car as Samuel and Nimue stood on the porch of Marie's house. Nimue might not show it, but he knew she was nervous given that one of her own kind had died in this very house. Giving her hand a gentle squeeze, yet he knew she was walking into a house full of witches while she was alone with only him as back up.

"Yes..." Marie's voice died in her throat as she viewed Nimue standing on her front porch. Never in her years did she

think she would be looking at a vampire - especially one standing at her door. "Samuel what is the meaning of this?"

"Please, I don't want to cause your house any trouble. I'm only here to help Kelly," Nimue said, drawing strength from Samuel's presence.

"What about your sister? What has happened in my house that I'm not aware of?" Marie demanded.

"I'll tell you Marie," Martha said from behind her. Her eyes studying her grandson wondering if she had written off what she had seen in her daughter's room too quickly.

"Very well," Marie sighed, "please enter," she said, remembering what her old family tales spoke about them.

"Samuel...?"

"I'll tell you, but it'll be better if everyone heard it at the same time," Samuel said, looking over at his grandmother.

"Then I'll fetch Joan... shall I bring Edna along?" Marie looked confusingly at Martha and Samuel as to whom they were speaking about.

"No leave her where she is, I don't want to look at her," Samuel said, keeping his anger from his voice, "and Kelly doesn't need to be around her."

"I understand," Martha said, nodding before walking off.

"Samuel? Will you please tell me what the hell is going on?!"

"Uncle Rick raped Kelly earlier and Hekatê changed him into a woman as his punishment. So Nimue thought she could help her cope with what was done to her," Samuel said low so no one else could hear.

"I see. I will deal with this Edna after we help your sister. Will that be suitable to you Samuel?" Marie asked, she wasn't about to have a rapist in her house... not if she could help it!

"Hey, this is your house, you do have a say in what goes on here," Samuel said, shrugging his shoulders, "just don't except any sympathy from me in regards to Edna."

"Nor should you, that man, or woman, whatever it is now, is a vile human being.

"What's the meaning..." Paul began to say as he rounded the corner, his words dying in his throat, as his eyes fell on Nimue. "Isn't that...?"

"Yes, I'm a vampire," Nimue sighed, rolling her eyes. "Now that that's out of the way..." she said, letting go of Samuel's hand as Kelly and Charlotte, with a child in her arms, came into view. "I know what has happened to you is such a terrible thing to happen to any woman. Know I only want to help you," Nimue said, taking Kelly's hands into hers.

"Samuel? Why is she..." Charlotte's eyes glanced at the woman that had saved Samuel.

"She knows, she's here to help if you let her," Samuel said, looking over at his aunt.

"It's your choice baby," Wendy said, reaching out, lighting touching her daughter's arm.

"Samuel, there's a talking baby, you never said anything about a talking baby," Nimue said, trying to keep her voice from conveying how freaked out she was by it.

"Mom meet Nimue, Nimue meet my mother, sister, and aunt," Samuel said, stepping up to Nimue's side introducing her to his family.

"Trust me, you weren't the only one that was freaked out about it," Marie said, smiling warmly at Nimue. She had no idea what Samuel was playing at getting involved with the vampires, yet she knew she had to make good on this chance to make up for the bad blood between them. "Everyone, let us adjourn to the ballroom," she said, looking over at her family.

"Sammy," Kelly snuggled close to her brother. Feeling secure in his arms now that he was back.

"Hold me," Wendy held out her arms to Nimue. Who looked to Samuel as to if she should or not. "Thank you," she whispered into Nimue's ear as her tiny arms wrapped around Nimue's neck.

"So you're the one that Hekatê wants my Sammy to make this Seer with?" Charlotte asked, pressing her body against his left side.

"Yes," Nimue said, feeling the weight of their eyes on her. Quickly looking down as Wendy fondled her breasts.

"Sammy have you tried these out yet?" Wendy asked, smiling mischievously up at Nimue as her tiny hands squeezed Nimue's breasts.

"No..."

"Why not?" Kelly asked, looking between her brother and Nimue.

"It's against the rules of the..." Nimue stopped herself feeling her cheeks burning.

"Umm... are you all going to take all night?" Aurore asked, standing in the doorway. Her eyes running down Samuel's body. Noticing something odd about his magic as it burned in her eyes.

"She's right we can talk later, when it's just us," Charlotte said, placing a kiss on Samuel's left cheek.

"Do you mind carrying her?" Kelly asked, looking over at Nimue, noticing how Nimue had a lustful gaze in her eyes due to her mother's fondling.

"N-no," Nimue said, her voice quivering, feeling those tiny fingers teasing her nipples.

"Good. You're going to need the experience of holding a baby," Wendy smirked, before her lips plucked at her hardened nipple.

"Mom, don't tease Nimue too much," Samuel said, flashing Nimue a smirk as like to welcome her to the family as he led them into the ballroom.

"Please relax, this will help," Nimue said, as she sat beside Kelly on the couch. Her hands on her temples making Kelly look into her eyes as she gently poured her magic into her.

"Now Samuel, please explain why you're hanging out with a vampire, no offence," Marie said, glancing at Nimue who simply nodded in understanding.

"Three days ago Labo tried to kill me," Samuel said matter-of-factly, listening to his grandparent's and aunt's gasp, "the minion she sent would have succeeded if not for Nimue's timely intervention," he said, glancing over at her seeing his sister mouth the words thank you. "Now I'm not human anymore, well partially," Samuel said, seeing the looks they shared with one another.

"But how did you...?" Aurore asked, glancing to Nimue.

"Ah, well Hekatê has tasked me with another task, as to why I am here, other than to save you," Samuel said, leaning back in the chair. His glowing eyes running over his family and extended family, running his tongue over his fang, his nails scraped up the fabric of the armrests as he allowed them to see his vampiric side.

"What would that be?" Magdalene asked, feeling herself drawn to Samuel as she gazed into her eyes.

"To give rise to her Seer," Samuel said, waving to Nimue.

"So that night you were already...?" Magdalene asked, thinking back to the night that he had fucked her on the altar.

"Yes," Samuel nodded. Noticing how she was eyeing him lustfully as her index finger ran along her lower lip as she leaned back.

"This was meant to happen a hundred and fifty years ago," Nimue said, butting in once she had set the memory block. Her hand covering Kelly's hand, trying to be supportive for Samuel's sake. "If the war between our people hadn't happened... However, Samuel is going to correct the wrong your family committed against mine," she said, holding up her hand as Marie opened her mouth. "I don't blame you or yours for what happened to my friend all those years ago. That was a deranged man that took delight in the death of one of my kind, and a coward for fleeing and leaving your family to deal with his crimes. You're family was just as much of a victim as Tanya was. This is why my father has agreed to aid Samuel in this fight with this Labo woman. Yes, we know all about her and what she has done to this family prior to Samuel's arrival," Nimue said, the tips of her fangs showing as she smiled at Marie. "We take the safety of her right hand very seriously."

"Good, or I wouldn't allow you to be with my son," Wendy said sternly as she sat on Charlotte's lap.

"Should we be locking our doors at night?" Eric asked, with a pointed look, yet his eyes glanced lewdly at Kelly. Remembering how she sucked him off and how his cum splattered her hair. Although she didn't moan like he hoped she would have.

"No, I wouldn't feed on you; I have my feed bag already," Samuel said, looking over at him.

"Samuel, can't you at least..." Carson began to say, trying to plead down his now daughter's punishment.

"No, I wasn't the one that changed him, that was Hekatê's doing. Edna brought her punishment down upon herself by her own willful act. I would have killed him," Samuel said, narrowing his eyes at his grandfather.

"About this Edna," Marie said, taking on the mantle as the head of her household, "Joan, I can't allow this rapist to live within this house. You should have informed me of what happened..." The snapping of Samuel's fingers stilled her voice and awe and shock graced her face as Edna appeared before them.

Part 7

"What...?!" Edna began to say only to have her hands quickly pulling down the hem of her shirt, quickly hiding her bare ass and her uncovered mound. Wondering how she had appeared in the ballroom when she had just been in her children's bedroom since Joan had kicked her out of her bed.

"So you're Edna," Marie said with a sneer.

"She's rather..." Paul began to say as his eyes lewdly ran down Edna's body. Jumping in his seat as his wife slapped his chest.

"Mom? Dad? What's going on?!" Edna asked nervously, as she looked over at them. How it pained her to see her own wife not bothering to gaze at her.

"This," Samuel said, his voice carrying power as he rose from his seat.

"Samuel!" Edna's head snapped around causing her milk chocolate hair to float in the air. Her feet scurried over to him, quickly kneeling down before him as those cold, hate filled, glowing eyes burned into her. "I need to feed... I don't want to die," she said, her eyes pleaded with him to curb his anger for a moment. "Please," Edna said, tentatively reaching out her hand lightly touching his leg just above his left knee.

"Do you honestly think I'm going to do that?" Samuel asked coldly. "After what you did to my sister?!"

"Yes, I have been informed of your transgressions within my own house," Marie said, her voice adding to the icy chill of the atmosphere.

"Samuel, Marie, I know my s... daughter," Martha said correcting herself, "has done some very irremediable things," she said, glancing over at Kelly seeing the

indifference in her eyes as she gazed at Edna. Hoping that whatever the vampire did to Kelly would help to heal her.

"Martha, this thing raped your own grandchild; how can you sit there and defend this... thing?" Marie asked, her loathing dripping from her voice, casting Edna a look of scorn.

Samuel's head was on a swivel as the room became still and color faded from his eyes. A chill ran up his spine as Arcita slowly walked out from behind Marie's chair, her tail brushed along Marie's leg pulling her into her realm as Arcita wandered over to him.

"Sam...?!" Marie began to say fear and awe etched into her voice as she rose from her seat. "What's...?" Her tongue became still as Samuel held up his hand.

"She's coming," Samuel said plainly.

"Who's she?" Marie asked perplexed.

"Hekatê," Samuel said, his cobalt eyes burned into her.

"But why?"

"Because I will it!" Hekatê's voice thundered overhead.

Marie could feel the weight of her presence press down on her shoulders. She could feel the magic bubbling around her. Her deep emerald green eyes glanced over to Samuel, keeping her gasp from escaping her lips as pure arcane magic swirled around him. Feeling his power radiating outward, prickling her skin, making her womb melt as it touched her womanhood.

"My Herald." Hekatê's voice softened as she addressed Samuel. "I understand your anger at the thing at your feet. Yet I still have need of that thing."

"Oh?!" Samuel said arching an eyebrow.

"Why? Why must that rapist stay within my house?" Marie asked, looking up at the ceiling hoping she wasn't overstepping her bounds.

"Because you heed my will, little witch!" Hekatê said, a chill crept up her spine as Marie felt Hekatê's anger pressed down on her. "For my future high priestess I would think you would heed the words of the goddess from whom you draw your power," she said sternly.

"Forgive me, I just don't want that thing trying anything on my family," Marie said, trying to keep her body from trembling. When Samuel and his family arrived on her doorstep, she never once thought she would be speaking to an actual goddess; nor did she think every ill that has affected her family of late would soon be put to rest.

"Worry not, if that fiend wishes to live she won't try anything. My Herald will see to that, won't you Samuel?" Marie looked over to Samuel wondering why it sounded to her that Hekatê's voice softened greatly when addressing Samuel.

"Of course! I won't let that bitch have her way," Samuel grumbled.

"But what of..." Marie began to say only to be cut off.

"I never said that woman shouldn't be punished for her crimes against my coven. Since she thought to hide the magic that once ran through your family, she will be charged with instructing every man that joins," Hekatê commanded. "I have spoken, so let it be!" In the blink of an eye, she and Samuel returned to the realm of man. Nervousness flooded the room as they noted Marie standing when just a second ago she was sitting in her chair.

"It seems," Marie said, a foul taste lingering in her mouth as she lowered herself back into her chair. "That Hekatê still has a use for you," she said, her eyes narrowing at Edna. Who held her left hand to her lips, her eyes quivering in unease, looking far too cute for her liking as she sat on her lower legs before Samuel. Her eyes glanced over to Kelly, Charlotte, and his grandparents as they looked to Samuel.

"What she says is true," Samuel sighed.

"Please Sammy..."

"You lost the right to call me that," Samuel spat as he looked down at his former uncle. Taking hold of Edna's chin, turning her to look at the men that were within that room. "Since you hid your magic from them; as your punishment, as deemed by Hekatê, you are to instruct each and every man that comes into this coven. If you should fail in this task... well, I doubt you would like what she has in store for you, vile cur. If I had my way I wouldn't have to deal with you," Samuel said coldly. "I think now is a perfect time to teach them," he said, his razor sharp nail slicing through the cotton back of her t-shirt with ease.

"Please don't," Edna whimpered, as she held the front of her shirt tight to her breasts. "I'm... not ready."

"She and I don't care if you are or not," Samuel growled into her ear. "You raped my sister, you would be nothing more than atoms scattered to the wind if it wasn't for Hekatê," he said, roughly shoving Edna to the floor exposing her bare ass to him. "She's yours to deal with, I wash my hands of

this... thing," Samuel said, looking up at Marie, who nodded. "Come Nimue, I'll walk you to your car," he said, holding out his hand to her.

"Yes, we can talk more privately," Charlotte said, holding Wendy tightly to her chest as she and Kelly rose from the couch. Not even glancing at her fallen brother/sister as she did.

"Sam?" Joan called out as they encircled him.

"Yeah?"

"Can we... you know finish what...?" Joan asked, her cheeks heating rapidly as Samuel looked back at her.

"Sure, in the morning," Samuel said, looking over his shoulder at his aunt.

"Okay!" Joan said, a little too cheerfully.

"Now that we are alone, explain what you meant before we were interrupted?" Kelly asked, taking Wendy from Charlotte as they stood on Marie's porch.

"Umm..." Nimue's pale white cheeks rapidly bloomed into a pink hue as their eyes never left her. "You see in order for my kind to produce a child, we must perform a spell that has set rules in place. Where we(I)," gesturing to Samuel who stood on her left side, "can't have relations until the night of the coupling. My womb must remain pure until that moment. That is why Samuel and I haven't..." Nimue quickly bowed her head in embarrassment, hoping her curtain of white hair shielded her heated face from view.

"Oh? So the two of you haven't had sex yet?" Kelly asked, while she knew her brother was following Hekatê's will. A part of herself was glad the woman hasn't felt that part of her brother yet.

"No," Nimue said shyly.

"But you do want to?" Charlotte asked, reaching out softly touching Nimue's right arm.

"Yes," Nimue said weakly. Her silver eyes shyly glanced at Samuel through strands of her pearl white hair. A gentle smile rose on her lips as her fingers softly squeezed Samuel's hand. Glad she had come along with him, glad that she got the chance to spend time with Samuel outside of her family's influence, along with meeting the two most important women in his life, knowing they accepted her - even if it was due only to the will of her goddess. She was also glad to see firsthand how well he heeded her goddess's will, even though she had seen how much Samuel wanted to kill the woman at his feet.

"Well since you are going to be a big part of Samuel's life now, why don't you come by more often so we can get to know one another better," Wendy said, putting on the best motherly persona she could. It didn't matter to her that Nimue was a vampire, she had missed this chance to do this for her son before her untimely death. Now that she had the chance to make up for lost time she wasn't going to waste it.

"You sure?" Nimue asked skeptically, her eyes darting around the three women.

"Of course," Charlotte nodded, "while I don't wish to share my Sammy, that ship sailed long before we got here." Holding her hand up when Nimue began to speak. "I also do thank you for saving my Sammy. I honestly don't know what I would have done if he was truly gone from my life," she said, placing her hands over their sleeping child. "And I know Samuel didn't seek you out, that this is all Hekatê's doing for whatever she has planned for my Sammy," Charlotte said, her eyes glancing lovingly at her nephew.

"So you might as well come around more often we will be a family soon, no?" Kelly asked, flashing Nimue a warm smile.

Nimue's hand went to her mouth to hide her trembling lips. Moisture gathered in her eyes; never once did she think Samuel's family would be so welcoming to her. She knew how the abruptness of her appearance in their lives must have caused so much havoc for them. Not that she wasn't happy to meet and soon-to-be wed to Samuel. She honestly thought her very long life would have been spent alone as

all her order has done throughout the ages. Yet as she looked over at Samuel, she could honestly feel that they could actually be a family - albeit a very, very, strange one.

"May I?" Nimue asked, nodding towards their stomachs.

"Sure, go ahead," Kelly and Charlotte said in unison. Their hands guiding hers to their developing stomachs.

"Interesting," Nimue muttered tilting her head to the side. She could feel the child that slept in Charlotte's womb wasn't a new soul, she could tell it had a masculine feel to it; yet the body it inhabited wasn't which was strange to her. Never in all her years has she experience anything like it. It truly perplexed her.

"What is?!" Charlotte asked, hoping nothing was wrong with Victor as her hand rested over Nimue's.

"Why does your child have the soul of a man, yet the body of a girl?" Nimue asked quizzically.

"A girl?!" Wendy giggled. "Victor is so going to love that!" Laughing inwardly, her eyes falling on her son knowing now she wouldn't feel as if she was cheating on her husband once she came of age.

"You couldn't tell us this yourself?" Kelly asked, with a pointed look at her brother.

"Hey! I've only been a vampire for what, four days. Do you expect me to know everything sis?" Samuel retorted rolling his eyes.

"Yes, with the amount of time you have your nose stuck in the books at the house I would have thought you would have," Kelly said sternly, yet in a teasing, sisterly manner. Smiling coyly at Samuel's huff, loving how close they had become since Samuel returned home.

"My lady?" Amalia said interrupting them. "It's time for us..."

"Ah. I understand," Nimue nodded. "Well Samuel, this has been a very pleasant evening," she said, turning Samuel's

chin towards her. Her soft, velvety, hungry lips gently pressed against his tasting the man she was falling for; why or how Samuel became a large part of her waking mind she couldn't say, nor could she say it was a bad thing either. "I'll be with you when the time comes," Nimue said ominously, as her lips left his. "Now don't you go getting yourself killed," she whispered, looking back at him as she walked down the steps. Waving to him as her silver eyes viewed Samuel as he stood beneath the light of the porch. Her heart fluttered in her chest as that soft white light washed over his body. Loving how those magic-infused eyes of his gazed at her. Bowing her head as she walked towards the waiting car. Feeling how hot her cheeks were, knowing it could only be Samuel that caused such a reaction in her, since no man before ever made her feel like this.

"Sammy what did she mean?" Kelly asked, as Nimue's car pulled away.

"In less than three days Labo will die," Samuel said matter-of-fact.

"Then does that mean we'll be going home soon?" Charlotte asked, eager to have her nephew all to herself when Kelly was out of the house.

"In a week," Samuel nodded.

"Good. Hold me," Wendy said, holding out her tiny arms to her son. Snuggling closely to his chest as he held her close. Praying that Victor would understand that the soul siphon didn't necessarily mean he would be born as a man again. Wendy had no qualms about being with him in such a state. It wasn't like she hadn't done such things with her sister's before her untimely death. Her tiny fingers combed through the strands of her son's hair, trying to hold back the lustful feelings that were brewing within her chest. Her eyelids slowly closed nodding off in his arms.

"Well, I think some of us need to head to bed," Charlotte said, a coy smirk graced her lips as she cocked out a hip. Her taut, firm 36D breasts bounced as she crossed her arms under them, adding a little extra lift. "And some of us need to feel the father of their children lying next to them," she said sweetly, her hips swayed as she closed the distance

between them. "You do like feeling our bodies against yours, don't you?" Charlotte asked coyly.

"Duh," Samuel said softly, rolling his eyes at his aunt and sister as they giggled.

"Good. The man that I love should love feeling my and Charlotte's bodies," Kelly said, taking command of Samuel's left side. "Now it's late and your women and babies need rest," she cooed sweetly into his ear before placing a kiss on his cheek. Resting her head on Samuel's shoulder as they all walked to their room to spend the night together. Only to have their advance stopped by a soft 'psst' behind them.

"Can we talk?" Aurore asked with a pointed look at Samuel, as they turned to face her.

"What about?" Samuel asked.

"Something private," Aurore said, bowing her head her raven hair streaked with blue highlights cascaded out before her.

"It's okay, we'll wait for you," Charlotte said smirking knowingly, knowing how the teenager had been eyeing Samuel rather strangely as of late. "Don't take too long little brother, your sister needs a good tongue lashing," Kelly whispered lustfully into Samuel's ear. Taking Wendy from him, her eyes peered behind Samuel as she eyed Aurore as their kiss lingered.

"Okay, what is this about?" Samuel asked, as the door to their room closed behind them. He knew he was going to have to talk to her eventually about what he had planned for bringing Lola and her family into the coven. He knew the only thing powerful enough to do that was the blood of a virgin. Samuel just didn't know how to go about asking Aurore to give up her innocence for the sake of the coven.

"I'll tell you," Aurore said, her hand reached out taking hold of his, "in private," she said, hoping she could get him to enter her room. She could feel her nipples hardening against her bra as they walked across the house. It was true; she did have an obsession with Ann Rice's type of vampires. When she noticed how he could view her in the darkness of

the hallway, she knew something wasn't normal with him; and when he brought that vampire back with him, she had to know what his kiss was like. She could feel her cunt throbbing, eager to part for him. To allow those fangs of his to dance along her neat, tight labia. Ever since she had learned of the history their family had with the undead, Aurore had been obsessed with finding them. Yet her mother and father always kept her away from the parts of the city where they knew vampires operated; and she didn't wish to cause a crisis between them and her family. Her cheeks blushed, remembering what Samuel had said about her ass. Aurore did hope he wasn't just being polite and that he actually liked her taut backside.

Quickly pulling Samuel into her room, sticking her head out into the hallway, looking both ways to ensure no one saw them. Silently closing her door, pressing her back against its wooden surface. Her heart was going a hundred miles an hour as Samuel looked around her room. Viewing the movie posters she had hung on her wall. The vampire dolls that lined her bed, the framed, signed Bela Lugosi Dracula picture, which she had won on eBay, sat on top of her dresser.

"Well..." Samuel's eyes went wide as Aurore launched herself at him. Her lips pressing hard against his, kissing him sloppily, showing him how inexperienced she was. Those quivering eyes of hers peering into his as she pulled away.

"Sorry," Aurore said quickly, feeling heat rapidly flooding her face. "I've... always wondered what it would be like to kiss a vampire."

"I see," Samuel said, placing his index finger under her chin, his thumb brushing along her cheek. Watching how Aurore leaned into it, those eyes of hers held emotions that Samuel knew would lead to trouble. Samuel had heard stories of teenage girls becoming fixated on the person they first had sex with. Not that he was apprehensive about having Aurore chase after him, she was rather attractive. Yet he knew their life would never be safe for those who came into his life. He knew, eventually, he would watch his family die off only to be the last one standing. Honestly, Samuel didn't know how he was going to live with himself when that happened. However, none of that mattered as he leaned in, his lips softly brushing against hers. Aurore's arms slipped beneath his, her hands running up his back before holding onto his

shoulders. Pressing her body against his, listening to her muffled moan as his hands cupped her ass. Watching her eyes fluttering in a dream-like state as their lips parted.

"That was..." Aurore sucked on her lower lip, her tongue rolling along it tasting Samuel upon it. "Can we do it again?" she asked, closing her eyes, and puckering her lips together.

"In a second, I need to talk to you for a minute," Samuel said, taking hold of her hand leading her towards her bed; noting how close she sat to him as they lowered themselves down onto the bed.

"Okay, what about?" Aurore asked, trying not to stare at his fangs. She wondered if he ever drank from a person before. Wondering if it was as blissful as it appeared to be in the numerous vampire movies she had watched over the years. Pondering if she could get him to drink from her to feel that kiss of his.

"Hmm..." Samuel muttered rubbing the back of his head. Unsure on how to ask that delicate question. "You know Lola?"

"Yeah," Aurore said, arching an eyebrow trying not to smile at how cute Samuel appeared to be when he was nervous.

"Well, the only way for her and her family to join the coven is to use the blood of a virgin when her hymen breaks during sex," Samuel said, looking over at her as her eyes went wide.

"Y-you... y-you want to have sex with me?" Aurore asked nervously.

"The choice is yours; I won't force you into this; however, without you the plan won't go off," Samuel said, trying to keep Aurore from freaking out on him. "Your hymen is still intact, yes?"

"Mmmhmm," Aurore nodded shyly. Her thighs rubbed together as she peered down. Wondering if she could actually do what he was asking of her. "Will we... be in front of everyone?" she asked nervously, her eyes glancing over to Samuel noticing the thin line of the azure aura that

surrounded his body as her Jack Skeleton lamp lit his body from behind him.

"Yes," Samuel nodded.

"I don't know... what you're asking of me..."

"I understand," Samuel said, laying his hand over hers. "I get that this is nerve racking to you. Given what I'm asking from you..."

"It's not that," Aurore quickly blurted out, her face rapidly became a shade of cherry red. "It's just..." Hiding her face, embarrassment flooded her mind, her heart raced franticly in her chest feeling his eyes on her. "I've never been that close to anyone... ever," Aurore stated.

"Oh?! You've never had a boyfriend go down on you?" Samuel asked, watching her shake her head.

"Never had one, not with the rumors around town about us. It tends to bring out the worst in people - namely the boys," Aurore said trying not to sigh.

"I understand, I too was a virgin not too long ago," Samuel admitted causing Aurore's head to snap towards him.

"No way," Aurore said in disbelief, "the way you... did that with Marie," she mumbled inching closer to Samuel.

"Well..." Samuel chuckled softly rubbing the back of his head. "Kelly and Charlotte had a lot to do with that."

"Do the three of you have sex... all the time?" Aurore asked.

"Almost every day, it's been really hectic since coming here, kind of broke our rhythm."

"Umm..." Aurore placed her hands between her thighs, palms pressing against each other, feeling the heat of her womanhood radiating off her teenage mound.

"Yes?" Samuel asked arching an eyebrow.

"I'll do it on two conditions," Aurore said, trying to put strength into her words as those cobalt eyes of his stared at her.

"Which are?"

"One: I'd like to know what it's like to have someone... you know, taste me down there before... two: I want to know what's it's like to be bitten," Aurore said, her eyes falling on the tips of his fangs.

"I see," Samuel said plainly, looking towards the wall, rolling his tongue along the tip of his fang. Wondering if he could, hoping his blood-lust wouldn't take over the moment her virgin blood touched his tongue. "How would you like to do this?" he asked, looking over at Aurore. "The room Marie lent us or..."

"Here!" Aurore said, her hand latching onto Samuel's left arm. "Just..."

"Give you a minute to get ready," Samuel said with a coy smile.

"Please," Aurore whispered.

"Sure," Samuel nodded. Keeping his mirth contained as Aurore nearly leaped off her bed, snatching her robe from the hanger, before dashing out of her room. Placing his hands behind his back as he looked around Aurore's room. Trying to think of when the last time he had actually been in a teenage girl's room. It wasn't a long wait for Samuel as Aurore slipped into her room. Silently closing her door, his eyes running down the opening of her robe due to the loose knot in her belt. "Hey, relax, it's just us here," Samuel said sweetly, noticing how nervous she was as Aurore walked over to her bed. Catching a flash of her raven pubic hair as she crawled onto her bed. Watching Aurore pull her hair to the right exposing the left side of her neck as she tilted her head to the side. Her fingers pulled the edge of her robe

down her shoulder allowing her left, 32C breast to be exposed to him.

"Please be gentle," Aurore said weakly, biting the inside of her check knowing how her body was practically displayed for him. Knowing if he wanted to, he could force himself on her, she wouldn't be able to fight him off if the legends about their supernatural strength were real. Peering out of her eyelashes as those fangs of his neared her neck. Releasing a soft whimper as they pierced her skin, gooseflesh raced across her skin as Samuel softly caressed her left breast. Biting her lip as Samuel's thumb teased her hard nipple. Her heart leaped to her throat as his hand moved down her stomach. Gasping loudly as she felt the touch of a man for the very first time. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as her womb clenched in her unexpected orgasm. Her body shuddered as she felt his tongue running along the puncture wounds. Her chest heaved as her eyes saw a red haze drifting across Samuel's eyes.

"So... how would you like me to...?" Samuel asked, his eyes dipped low as her robe had opened more, drawing his gaze to her fine raven hair that disappeared as it sank below her thighs.

"Umm... I don't know," Aurore said blushing hard. "How would you like me?" she asked, glancing up as the knot became undone. Sucking in a breath as the fabric brushed against her right nipple as she pushed her robe from her shoulders. Aurore watched his reaction as she sat nude before him.

"The guys here sure don't know what they're missing," Samuel said in awe, as his eyes ran up and down her body.

"Thanks," Aurore said bashfully, brushing her hair behind her left ear. "But after the ceremony, would you still want to... have sex with me?" she asked quickly, looking down at the tops of her knees.

"Hey," Samuel said softly, lifting Aurore's chin so she could look at him. "You're a beautiful young woman, if you want to then yes. Yet I'm sure you have your eye on someone better looking than I am," he said, keeping his smirk hidden as Aurore shook her head. Falling backwards as Aurore launched herself at him. Her tongue darting into his mouth as her youthful breasts pressed into his chest. Feeling her

tremble as his fingers danced down her spine before his hands came to rest on her ass cheeks. Listening to her sharp intake of breath as the pads on his fingers danced along her labia. Rolling her over on to her back, watching how cute and innocent she was as he loomed over her. Watching how her eyes darted down as Samuel drew a sigil just below her navel. Her fingers curled tightly around her comforter as his magic worked through her. His nostrils flared as he caught the faint scent of her arousal as he drew near to her paradise.

Feeling her muscles dance beneath his lips as Samuel kissed down her left inner thigh, then doing the same with her right. His eyes peered over her mound as he watched the rise and fall of her firm breasts. He was taking this slow so Aurore would grow used to being with him. To be touched in her most secretive of places; places she hasn't shared with anyone before. Samuel couldn't risk her being scared off, too much was at stake, and he wasn't about to allow what he had witnessed in that vision to ever come to fruition. He was never going to watch another one of his family members die on him, like he had to watch his mother waste away. His cobalt eyes shimmered in his magic as his tongue danced lightly along her labia. Listening to Aurore's soft

moans as he gently blew on her sex. Smirking when her back arched, her mouth hung agape, her grip tightening as his tongue lifted her hood that hid her clit from view.

"Oh god!" Aurore's hand flew to her mouth as she screamed behind it as whatever spell he had used fired off. Causing her womb to send down a wave of her orgasmic juices. She never thought having someone eating her would feel so good, or was it because of what Samuel did? She wished she knew. Nevertheless, that didn't take away from how sublime it felt. Her hand instinctively reached down, running through Samuel's hair, pressing him lightly against her sex. Aurore was floating on a river of euphoria as Samuel's tongue teased her hymen, her body shuddered as it parted her hot, red, throbbing labia. "Oh god, yes!" Aurore squeaked as she came. Her eyes were distant, her hands moved on their own tugging on her nipples as Samuel's tongue continued to torment her. Now she understood why Marie and her own mother gave themselves to Samuel. Her body quaked one last time as Samuel gave her virgin mound one last lick before rising from between her legs. Her eyes fell on his chin noting how her juices coated his skin. Weakly lifting herself up, pulling her robe towards her, wiping his face clean.

"I hope I taste good," Aurore said shyly, covering her womanhood with her robe as she sat cross-legged before him. Her breasts bounced as she watched his tongue darting out licking the corner of his mouth.

"Well... you are definitely sweet," Samuel said, flashing Aurore a sincere smile.

"Thanks," Aurore said bowing her head. Wondering how she was going to see him again when they leave. "So... when is the ceremony?" she asked, her hands fidgeting under her robe.

"Tomorrow night," Samuel said matter-of-fact.

"So soon?!" Aurore asked, her nervousness rising once again. Only to have her heart settle as Samuel placed a hand on her shoulder. She didn't know what it was about him, yet she felt secure, safe, around him.

"The threat to your family ends now," Samuel said, pushing himself off the bed.

"Oh?!" Aurore said, wondering if this side of him was what caused his own sister and aunt to fall for him. "I'll be ready," she said with determination. She wasn't about to hinder him or her family. She just hoped her mother and father would understand why she was giving her virginity to him.

"Well, you should get some sleep," Samuel said, as he headed for her door.

"What about you?" Aurore asked quickly.

"I don't sleep a whole lot these days," Samuel said, a tiny smirk graced his lips as he looked back at her as the door opened. Watching those excited eyes of hers as it inched closed as she gazed at his fangs.

"Sammy?" Joan's voice called out to him as he neared the foot of the staircase.

"Yes aunt..." Samuel's voice stilled as he stared up at Joan; she stood at the top of the stairs in a translucent teddy, her matching purple panties held his gaze as her lips curved into a seductive smile.

"I can't wait till morning," Joan said, placing her hands on the banisters on either side of her. "How about you come up and really pound your aunt?" she purred wiggling her eyebrows. Her eyes dipped low noting the bulge in his pants. Her tongue ran along her upper lip remembering how that cock of his felt deep inside of her once Wendy's spell had broken.

"Sure," Samuel replied, the palms of his hands glided along the polished wooden surface of the banister as he climb the stairs.

"Excellent choice nephew," Joan cooed, reaching out once he drew near, her fingers danced along his jaw as she pulled Samuel into her. Her arms draped along his shoulders; her lips teased his before her hunger forced her to taste her nephew's taunting lips. Her breasts pressed against his chest pancaking them out the sides of her chest as she delved into

the bliss of that sensuous kiss. "Come," Joan said sweetly, her hands ran down his arms, taking hold of his hands guiding him to her room.

"God, they're disgusting!" Edna spat flicking a glob of semen from her finger as she tried to get it out of her hair.

"What's..." Samuel's voice stilled as his eyes fell on her as she sat on the floor with her back to the wall. Noticing how her naked body was spattered in cum.

"She needs to feed Samuel, she can't do that with Michael, Paul, and Eric now can she, at least not yet," Joan said, her hand ran down his arm sensing his displeasure. "You won't have to touch her Samuel, she's going to eat the creampie you're going to give your aunt," she said devilishly, pulling him towards her bed. Her tongue ran along her upper lip as she pushed Samuel backwards onto her bed. A purr rumbled in her chest as she watched his body bounce on the mattress. "You watching Edna?" Joan asked, not taking her eyes off her nephew. A smirk raising the corner of her mouth as Samuel crawled backwards to the head of her bed.

"Yes Joan," Edna sighed. Pulling her legs up to her chest, allowing her sore mound to be viewed for their pleasure as she rested her chin on her knees. Remembering when her wife used to look at her like that.

"Good, when I'm done you'll know how to really fuck a man, so you better be prepared to eat Samuel's cum out of my cunt," Joan said, lifting the teddy from her shoulders.

"Okay," Edna said weakly. Wondering if she'll ever get her body back. She hated how their cocks tasted; hated how her body came as they fucked her. Hated how she was used as nothing more than a cum rag. Her eyes flickered over to Samuel, watching how his magic coated him like a shroud as Joan crawled towards him. Her nails pressed into the palms of her hands as she watched Joan kiss along Samuel's bare chest. She knew she was going to have to get him to fuck her. It was the only real way for her to live. It was bad enough she had to allow those wannabe sex witches to touch her, yet she got nothing from it. Her father was too old to give her what she needed and surviving on semen that Joan fed her wasn't enough. She needed to tap the source if she hoped to change her current state. Sighing in

her mind, she knew Hekatê wouldn't have it that easy to break her spell.

"My, Sammy, is this for me?" Biting the inside of her cheek as she watched her wife cooing at Samuel's stiff cock once she freed it from his pants. Taken aback as she felt tears forming in her eyes as Joan's lips sank down Samuel's cock.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" Edna asked herself. Ever since she was turned into this, new waves of emotions had been bombarding her mind. Wrapping her arms tighter around her legs as she thought about what she had done to Kelly and what she did to her. "I deserve to be like this," she admitted to herself pressing her forehead against her knees. Knowing how violated she felt and in turn how Kelly must have felt. No wonder Samuel wanted to kill her. She couldn't blame him; she had done some very dark things. Wondering if this was also a punishment for all the things he had done to Wendy and Joan. Praying that Samuel never found out he had helped Norman. If he did she doubted there would be enough of her left to hold a funeral for.

"Now Samuel, I think it's time for you to fuck your aunt like you promised." Edna quickly glanced up as Joan was posed to impale herself on Samuel's rod. She couldn't help herself; her tears fell regardless if she wanted them to or not.

"Please don't do this Joan," Edna said, through sobs as the sides of her chest heaved. "Don't make me watch you fuck another man," she pleaded.

"Why do you care now?" Joan asked, looking over at her. Snapping her head over to Samuel as she felt his magic surge.

"Please... don't..." Edna huffed as her body was penned to the wall, her arms outstretched as Samuel's magic held her in place.

"Did my sister beg for you to stop? Did my sister plead with you not to rape her?" Samuel asked coldly. "Oh, that's right, you used your magic to silence her screams, didn't you?!" Pure hate and malice showed on Samuel's face. Edna trembled in fear.

"At least don't fuck him on our bed Joan," Edna said, tears streaming down her face hating how these newfound emotions toyed with her mind.

"Oh? Not on the bed, huh?" Joan asked, her tongue flicked against her teeth as her eyes narrowed at her new sister. The nerve that Edna thought she had the right to tell her what to do after what she had done to Kelly. Her hand ran along Samuel's cock as she slid off the bed. Standing over Edna, placing her left hand on the wall above Edna's head, reaching back her right hand moving between her ass cheeks before inserting two of her fingers into her eager, hungry cunt. "Samuel get over here and fuck your horny aunt!" Joan growled, slapping her ass, smearing her skin in her hot sex. "You are going to sit there and watch as Samuel fucks me. You're going to watch as my pussy gets wetter and wetter as he plows that cock deep inside of me. Don't. You. Ever. Think. You. Can. Tell. Me. Who. I can or cannot fuck ever again! You lost that right when you raped our niece," she spat hatefully at Edna.

"Yes Joan," Edna sighed, hanging her head in defeat.

"Mmm, yes Samuel, rub that cock through those lips," Joan moaned, causing Edna to glance up, her eyes gazing at the crown of his rod as it rubbed along her wife's clit. "Yes Samuel, shove that cock deep into your aunt's pussy," she begged as she shook her ass at him. "Mmmhmm, that's it, right there, don't stopped," Joan pleaded as Samuel's cock surged through her folds.

Edna sat there watching as if she was possessed. Watching how her wife's juices steadily dripped out of her cunt as the minutes wore on. Something compelled her to inch closer, sticking out her tongue catching the magic infused juices on her tongue. Feeling the power that coursed through her as she swallowed it. However, when Samuel's cock slipped out of Joan's cunt, she couldn't help herself; her tongue ran along the back of his cock as it pressed against Joan's dancefloor. Cleaning the head of his rod, her eyes fluttered as she tasted Samuel's pre-cum. She had no idea the amount of magic that single drop contained until it exploded across her tongue. Before she knew it she was trying desperately to get his cock in her mouth, yet the tight space between Joan's legs kept her from swallowing his

cock. Closing her eyes as Samuel slapped his cock across her face.

"Yeah you like sucking cock don't you, you dirty bitch?" Joan asked, peering down as Edna's head rocked on Samuel's pole. "That's a good bitch clean that cock so I can get it dirty again. She's had enough Samuel put it back in and keep fucking me!"

Edna pressed her face against Joan's dancefloor. Her tongue darting about eagerly waiting for Samuel to fill her mouth again with that delicious cock of his. She couldn't understand why she so desperately wanted to suck on that pole of his. The need to have it filling her mouth, to please it, as her tongue cleaned his soiled skin.

"If you're going to wag that tongue, then wag it against my clit while you wait to clean Samuel's cock again," Joan ordered, her nails scraped down the wall as she neared her orgasm. Magic swirled in her eyes as she felt the well of magic opening for her. Feeling how vastly different it was compared to when her husband used to open the connection. How pure the magic felt as it flooded her body.

"I hope you aren't done Samuel," Joan said lustfully, peering over her shoulder her magic swirling in her pupils as she looked upon her nephew. "Because my pussy isn't remotely satisfied. But first, have that bitch clean that cock of my cream since she so hungrily wants it."

Edna was lost in a swirl of bliss as she slurped Samuel's cock clean. Feeling her hunger gradually subside as his lingering energies burned in her veins. Whining when his cock left her lips, only wanting to suck on it some more.

"Fuck Samuel! Yes fuck me hard!" Joan grunted as Samuel hammered his rod into her. Peering down noting how Edna's juices were freely dripping from her cunt as she knelt between her legs. "God, Samuel, your cock feels so good inside of me," she moaned as her legs shook. Her womb quivering as she felt another orgasm coming on. "Cum in me Samuel, let me feel how hot your spunk is when it fills my pussy," Joan begged. A whimper escaped her lips with every thrust of his hips. The moment she felt the first rope of his cum, it felt like her nerves were aflame as the arcane raced through her body. Never before had she felt so strong, so brimming with magic that she could remake the world with but a thought.

"Open up Edna, time for your meal," Joan said straddling Edna's face as she still knelt on her knees. "That's a good, obedient bitch." Spreading her labia, releasing her hold on Samuel's cum, she watched it flow into Edna's waiting mouth, using her hand to force Edna's face into her pussy telling her to scoop out the rest with her tongue. "Now doesn't Samuel's cum taste delicious?" Joan asked, once she eased off Edna's face.

"Y-yes." Edna's voice broke as she realized she wanted more. She wanted everything her nephew's cock could give her. Her eyes fluttered down as Samuel rested on their bed watching them. Scurrying over to him on hands and knees. Her quivering eyes peered up at him. "Sam... please, I know you're angry. I know I caused Kelly pain..." Peering behind her as Joan stood at her back.

"Don't you understand yet Edna: You and I are Samuel's now! Now clean his cock," Joan ordered, thrusting Edna's face into Samuel's crotch. "Go on, that's the cock you've been wanting isn't it?"

Edna was on Samuel's cock like a leech sucking blood from the body of its host. She felt her wife's hand on the back of her head, forcing her mouth further down Ira's cock. Her tongue darted out, running along his balls tasting her wife's juices that coated them. Gagging loudly as Joan forced Samuel's cock deeper down her throat. Saliva trailed after her when she was allowed to ease off his softening rod.

"See it doesn't feel good having something forced down your throat, now does it?" Joan asked, remembering the times Edna used to shove his cock down her throat when she used to be a man.

"N-no," Edna said weakly, trying to gather breath.

"Remember that when you try to force someone," Joan said sternly, placing her hands on her hips as she stared down at her.

"I understand," Edna nodded weakly, yet all the while her eyes glanced at Samuel's cock. Wondering how it would feel inside of her. She wasn't anywhere near full, but she wasn't starving for the magic they lived on either, as she was just a

few minutes ago. Still she couldn't help but want to feel full on the magic they called to this world, like it appeared her wife was. She could see the slight glow of her aura. Her fingers curled along her thighs wondering how long they were going to punish her. Sighing inwardly knowing her punishment would be eternal. Yet she did hope eventually she could redeem herself in her family's eyes. Since Rick Crowder wasn't alive anymore, deep within her soul she knew she would forever be Edna Crowder. "Joan?" Edna whispered; her hands rubbed together as her bare thighs squeezed them. Her head bowed wondering what was going to happen to her child.

"What is it?"

"What's going to happen to my child?" Edna asked, looking up, tears forming in her eyes.

"You mean our child," Joan corrected. "He or she will know Samuel as his or her father. I will not let our child know what kind of man you once were."

"But... Can I see our baby?" Edna asked, trying not to break down. How she hated these newfound emotions. It made her feel so weak, so vulnerable as she looked up at Joan.

"Of course you can, how else are you going to feed our child?" Joan asked, arching an eyebrow. "I'll tell you how, by putting those new, perky tits to work." Her eyes flickered over as Samuel began to dress. "Sammy," she cooed sensuously, allowing his shoulder to rest between her breasts as she leaned into him. "You'll fuck your aunt always, yes?" Purring loudly in his ear before her tongue curled out bringing his earlobe to her lips. Where she sucked gently upon that little tag of flesh making Edna watch as she did.

"Oh?" Samuel peered at his aunt from the corner of his eye. "Enjoyed what you felt I take it?"

"Mmmhmm," Joan muttered, her breath hot in his ear as her hand ran down his chest. "Now I think you have two women eagerly waiting on you, don't you Sammy? You best not keep my sister and niece waiting any longer."

Samuel heard Edna asking Joan if she could stay the night as he walked down the hall. A smirk rose from his lips as his aunt forced her out, telling her to sleep with the children. Yet he couldn't think on that right now. He had more pressing matters to contend with - namely ensuring that Lola joined them and Labo's destruction. Too much rested on him to fail, his fists clenched, his nails cut into his skin knowing he wasn't going to allow his family to die, not now, not ever again. Exhaling as he neared the room Marie had lent them, shaking the thoughts from his mind. Tonight he wasn't going to worry about any of that. Tonight he was going to make love to the two women that had brought him into this world.

"Sammy?" Kelly said, pushing herself up on her left arm while holding the sheet to her chest. "We were worried you wouldn't be joining us," she said, with a knowing smirk.

"Do you honestly think I'd leave you all alone tonight?" Samuel asked, the fabric of his shirt slid up his chest as he undressed.

"Well, my sister does like to horde what I have claimed as mine," Charlotte said, resting her head in her hand as her elbow compressed her pillow. "Now come Samuel," her index finger beckoned him to line their bed, "and take care of the women who love you the most."

"With pleasure," Samuel said, throwing the covers over his body before slinking forward, kissing, licking, and nibbling his way towards Kelly's peach, all while his fingers were teasing Charlotte's womanhood.

"Sammy!" Kelly giggled loudly as his lips tickled her thigh. "Oh Sammy! That's it, your sister so needs to feel those lips," she moaned as Samuel's mouth wrapped around her mound.

"Mmm, tickle me with those fingers baby," Charlotte cooed, feeling the pads of his fingers dancing along her labia.

And so, the Herald and the women in his life spent the night wrapped around each other. Enjoying the feel of their bodies, the euphoria of becoming one with each other, as their bodies connected in that most primal way. When it

was all over Kelly's and Charlotte's bodies collapsed after the multiple orgasms Samuel had given them. Wrapping their bodies around his, sighing contentedly as his fingers ran up their backs as they gently drifted to sleep in his arms.

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"Lola says she'll be glad to entertain you," Marie said, setting down her phone once their call had ended. "So Samuel it seems our time is almost over," her eyes gazed longingly at him, "I do hope we get to see more of you and your family around here," Marie said, her finger ran along her lip, her emerald eyes lustered in her lustful desire of want.

"Well, the molding for the doorway is nearly complete the runes just need time to permeate the wood so it can hold the spell," Samuel said, a smirk raising the corner of his mouth knowing full well what was on her mind.

"Tell me," Marie cooed, resting her elbows on her desk. Her chin sitting lightly upon her interlocked fingers as she rubbed her thighs together. Wondering if Samuel knew what awaited him once they got to Lola's estate. "You

wouldn't mind, if sometime late at night, I came strolling through that door and let you have your way with me... would you?" Marie asked, her words dripping with sin.

"No, are you going to miss me?" Samuel asked, in a teasing voice.

"Maybe," Marie said, her eyes glinting in the light, wondering if he was always this playful with his ladies. Leaning back, pushing her chair back so she could stand, her fingers skimmed along her desk as she walked around it. Her black skirt hugged her hips, the silk stockings hugging her toned legs matched her skirt. Her heels clicked along the wooden floorboards; her red blouse contoured to her shapely body. Enjoying the feel of his eyes on her, wondering if she could talk him into fathering a child with her. She could see how powerful his offspring would be, and over the years she had seen how her sister was joyous when and since Aurore was born; she wondered if she had wasted her life on leading her family and not having one of her own. Sliding into his lap, hoping Samuel liked the feel of her ass; giving it a little roll, wanting to feel that broad head poking at her starfish. "Samuel," Marie said softly, her finger lazily roamed up and down his chest as she pressed

the side of her left breasts against his chest. "Can I see them?"

"See what?!"

"Your fangs," Marie whispered, feeling her cheeks heat as Samuel arched an eyebrow.

"Why?"

"I'm just curious," Marie said shyly, knowing what she was going to do once he did.

"I see," Samuel said, feeling his fangs descending on command. "Happy...?" His words were cut off as Marie shoved her tongue into his mouth. Her felt her pressing her tongue against his left fang. Her hands gripping his arms as his fang pierced her flesh. Feeling her blood dripping onto his tongue as hers rolled around his mouth.

Marie panted as she pulled away. Her body wanted more. It needed to feel his kiss. She needed to know if what legends they could determine as true were actually true or not. Tilting her head to the right, her fingers ran down her artery taunting Samuel with that blue pulsing vein.

"Samuel... let me feel it," Marie pleaded, glancing out the corner of her eye at him.

"You sure this is what you want?" Samuel asked, wondering if all the women in her household wanted to feel his kiss.

"Mmmhmm," Marie slyly nodded. Gooseflesh raced across her skin as she felt his hand on her left thigh. Heat flooded her body as she felt his breath on her neck. A soft whimper escaped her lips as she felt his fangs pierce her skin. Her thighs rubbed against his hand as his fingers danced up and down her labia. Her breathing grew rapid, her nipples began to harden, her womb quivered, her nails scraped up her skirt as she felt her body on the verge of cumming. "Oh god yes!" Marie softly cried as she felt her cream flooding her canal. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as Samuel sank two fingers into her canal. Feeling those

appendages wiggling within her, coating themselves in her hot cream. "Well, at least that myth was true," Marie thought to herself as she felt Samuel's tongue running along her neck. Her body shuddered as Samuel pulled his fingers from her cunt. Her face heated as she watched Samuel sucking his fingers clean. "Why can't a man ever do that without being asked to?" she asked herself watching how Samuel enjoyed the taste of her pussy. A pang of jealousy burned in her mind at how lucky Kelly and Charlotte were to have Samuel all to themselves for so long. "I'm more than happy to let you have another taste if you ever need it," Marie whispered heatedly into his ear, knowing her words weren't strictly about the blood he had just drank. "Now come," her right hand ran down his left arm as she slowly rose from his lap, "it's quite the drive to Lola's family estate. We can discuss family matters and what responsibilities we will have once we are joined with your house," she said, gently pulling Samuel out of his seat. "And what the future high priestess of your sister family can do for the Herald of Hekatê," Marie purred lustfully as she led him out of her office.

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The drive to Lola's estate was long and hot when Samuel's skin was exposed to the Louisiana summer sun. What he and Marie talked about was nothing more than rehashing what he had already told her. Although, Samuel had the suspicion that she just wanted to make small talk, doing her best at not focusing on the sexual desire he saw ebbing around her as she drove. That was something that wasn't hard to see with his eyes. Sighing once Marie's car drove under the centuries old cypress trees that were draped in light green Spanish moss that lined the old highway that led to Lola's home. Samuel knew this would only get worse when his blood was fully taken over by his vampiric side. He wondered how he was going to function as her Herald once that happened. He doubted Hekatê would want a Herald that could only operate once the sun fell. Would that mean his time would soon be up? That she would choose another to take his place once the sun became too great for him to venture out? As he stared out the window, while it was unbearably hot, Samuel did have to say the country surroundings where pleasantly beautiful and hauntingly eerie at the same time. He could see why the vampires and witches sought out this place.

Looking down when Marie slipped her hand into his lap. Noticing how those fingers of hers would occasionally flex out running up and down his manhood. It kind of reminded him of how Magdalene had sneaked into the bathroom earlier that day while he was showering. Remembering how she was on her knees licking up and down the back of his cock, swirling her tongue around its head, slowly sinking down his length. Playing with her 32D breasts as her head rocked on his pole. Her light green eyes told him she was loving his cock gliding through her mouth as she wanted him to watch as her hands fondled her breasts. When she felt that he was about to cum she quickly pulled off, allowing his cock to spray her face in a shower of his cum. With the water pounding on her back, shaking her ass at him letting Samuel see how red her mound was. Eager for him to sink that dagger of his back into her wet, hot sheath.

"Fuck me Samuel, let me feel you again. Let my pussy milk your vampire cock, because I so want to cum all over it," Magdalene begged in a hungry need.

"Oh, can't get the fucking I gave you on the altar out of your mind, hmm?" Samuel asked, chuckling softly as Magdalene moaned as he ran his head through her heated labia.

"Mmmhmm, ever since that night I've wanted this." Magdalene's voice stuttered as Samuel eased his cock into her welcoming peach. "Eric can never match this feeling," she purred as Samuel sent his cock deep into her cunt.

"Oh? Have I ruined your marriage?" Samuel asked, that wasn't something he was trying to do.

"He won't care," Magdalene said, shaking her head. "He, his brother, and Michael are too busy fucking Edna to care about the wives they have pushed aside. So you just make sure you fuck me so well I forget all about that man," her light green eye peered through strands of her wet blonde hair as she looked back at him. "Oh fuck!" She squeaked, startled, as Samuel pulled her roughly back to the base of his root. "God, if Kelly or Charlotte ever get tired of you... promise me you'll give me the chance to sweep you off your feet," Magdalene said through heaving breaths.

"I'll keep it in mind," Samuel said with a smirk. Watching how his cum oozed out of her cunt as she sat on the floor of the shower in a daze as he wrapped his towel around his waist. He wondered if he was going to have to be on the lookout for an ambush by Ines as well. Not that he minded, she was a pleasant woman to be around, and her cunt was heavenly.

"Find something you like?" Samuel asked, returning his mind back to the present.

"Mmmhmm, a nice hard, yummy, stout cock that I think wants to feel my pussy wrapped back around it," Marie said, shooting Samuel a coy smile.

"Maybe," Samuel said, drawing out the word.

"You know if it wasn't so damn hot and humid outside right now, I'd pull this car over and make you fuck me on the hood before we got to Lola's," Marie said, her hand gently stroking his rod through his pants no longer playing coy.

"Promises, promises," Samuel teased.

"What?! I would!" Marie chuckled playing along with his teasing manner. She was so going to miss him once he and the others left. That was until Samuel could get the doorway operational on his end. Then there would be no stopping her from crossing that threshold whenever she wanted. From what she had seen the way Magdalene had been eyeing Samuel all through their meeting when he brought Nimue to her house; she knew she wasn't the only one hunting after him. Before Samuel had come to her office, she had heard her half-sister muttering to herself about how she was going to get Samuel alone long enough to scratch the itch she had. It was her own itch that Marie was hoping to get scratched here in a few minutes as the red, clay tile roof of Lola's ancestral home came into view.

A half a dozen chimneys lined that centuries old home capped in bright white brick. It's three foot thick brick walls once helped to keep the massive home cool in the summer heat in days gone by, while that was still true to this day, it was more of a decoration than any form of cooling since Lola's forefather's had retrofitted the house to run modern cooling systems. It's quarter acre footprint and two stories

could house legions within its walls, which, oddly enough, had served as such during the Civil War, when Benjamin Butler captured New Orleans. Its forest green shutters showed a fresh coat of paint along their wooden surfaces. English Ivy crept up the brick facing. Neo-gothic columns stood proudly, inviting guests to walk beside their towering strength before being welcomed into that grand home. White crushed oyster shells lined the wide lane that could house two cars passing each other with ease. A small circle of greenery was an island unto itself: housing a single cherry tree with multiple flowering plants beneath it, decorative grasses ringed that small oasis, as the driveway looped around it.

Small popping sounds greeted Samuel as the tires slowly rolled over those crushed shells. Samuel turned his head in time to see fifty people filing out of that expansive mansion. The smallest lining the first step, the second oldest the second, the teenagers the third, and lastly the adults stood proud behind their children. Leaving only a space wide enough for him and Marie to walk up. Lola stood at the center; her teal dress swayed in undulating waves as her brown eyes stared warmly and welcomingly at their car. Her midnight black hair was held high against the

back of her head. Her caramel skin had a slightly dark tint to it as if she had spent some time bathing under the southern sun. Yet Samuel's eyes went back to the little girl that looked just like his mother when she was going through her treatments.

"Time for us to go meet and greet," Marie said, smiling sweetly at him, getting one last squeeze of his cock before her left hand pulled on the door latch.

His eyes roamed over that group, knowing the defense of Marie's house was going to depend on them and his family while he dealt with Labo. While he could feel their combined magical power they were nowhere near as strong as that voodoo woman. Samuel chalked that up to their nonuse of enslaved spirits to do their bidding. Which he found oddly pleasing. The shells crunched beneath his feet as he slid out of the car. Trying not to squint at the harsh light of the mid-morning sun. Knowing he was going to have to get a pair of the darkest sunglasses he could find. His glowing cobalt eyes watched as Lola, with the grace of a southern bell, sauntered down the steps to formally greet them.

"Greetings cousin," Lola said greeting Marie. "Everyone I want you all to meet Samuel, the Herald of Hekatê, the man I told you all about when I returned from watching that very interesting ritual," her voice broadcasting her words, her eyes shimmering in amusement as she stared at him. "Welcome to my home Samuel," Lola said, holding out her hand to him.

"Thank you for seeing me so quickly," Samuel said, keeping a check on his strength. He didn't want to end up breaking her hand on their first meeting. His head snapping to his left as the little girl doubled over in a fit of coughing. He knew that look all too well when the girl pulled her hands away. His mother wore that same look when she first started coughing up blood. He too could see the worry in Lola's eyes as they watched the girl's parents trying to comfort her. "Would you mind if I..." Samuel nodded over to the girl.

"Do you honestly think you can do something for her?" Lola asked, not wanting to give her brother false hope.

"Yes," Samuel said, in all seriousness. His eyes glowing brighter in his determination. He knew how devastating it was to watch the one you love waste away when you couldn't do a damn thing to stop it. That was something he never wanted anyone to ever experience, especially when it was a child.

"Then please, do whatever you can for little Christine," Lola whispered her plea.

With a nod Samuel left Marie with Lola. He could feel all their eyes on him as he approached that sickly girl. Kneeling down in front of the girl, glancing up at her parents then down to the splattered blood that marred her hand.

"Hey there, I'm Samuel," he said, smiling sweetly at her. "Want to see some magic?" Samuel asked, his eyes warmed as Christine weakly nodded. "Watch," waving his left hand over hers removing the sign of her illness from existence. His heart nearly broke when it took so much effort for her to simply smile. "Would you mind if I healed her?" Samuel asked, looking up at her parents.

"What?! How can you do such a thing when we have tried everything we know?" Wade asked, his dark brown eyes stared down at the strange man in front of his daughter.

"Because I know magics that have been lost to the sands of time for I am her Herald," Samuel said, as politely as he could. "Trust in me, I will heal your daughter." The fires of his resolve burned brightly in his eyes.

"Please do something for our daughter!" Trista said, laying a steadying hand on her daughter's left shoulder. Her eyes pleaded with Samuel to save her only child.

"Be at ease, I will not harm you," Samuel said softly, looking directly into Christine's eyes.

"O-okay," Christine whispered. Wondering how she could get eyes like his. Watching as he placed his left hand on her forehead, while his right rested on her chest. Christine stared in awe as she watched his azure aura suddenly flare

into existence. She thought it was pretty as it cloaked his body.

Wade's head shot up as thunderheads rapidly formed, lightning violently arcing amongst those towering clouds. The trees swayed angrily as the wind picked up. Holding his wife close as they felt this strange man's magic sparking to life all around them. Then just as quickly as the elements roared to life they suddenly returned to their slumber. Trista gasped beside her husband as they watched a white holy glow replace the azure one that had been shrouding his body. Watching how it slowly migrated from his body to cover their daughter's.

"Mommy, I feel weird?!" Christine said, a tinge of fear creeping into her voice as she stared at her hands.

"Relax, the light is healing you, be brave just a little bit longer, okay?" Samuel said. "You can do that right? Be that strong girl for your parents once again?" Smiling warmly at her as Christine set her jaw and gave him a stout nod. "Woe to those who try to date her in the future," Samuel chuckled to himself. His eyes studied her as color started to return to

her cheeks. Her breathing didn't sound as labored in his ears. Her heartbeat was growing steadily stronger as the tumor within it began to shrink.

"How long will this take?" Sighed a moody teenager behind Wade.

"It will take as long as it takes, now be silent David," Wade hissed at the boy two rows behind him.

Samuel heard the smack across the back of the boy's head. Smiling warmly as his keen hearing picked up how she was breathing easier than before. Closing his eyes pouring his magic into that holy light, feeling the lingering touches of her illness hanging on; but Samuel would not be deterred! He would heal Christine! Even if he had to stay there all night to do it. Slowly but surely that white glowing aura slowly rose up Christine's shins, up her thighs, along her chest before returning back to Samuel.

"That should do it for now, but I'll need to do another healing in an hour to make sure everything is gone. Once I'm confident everything is, your daughter will live a nice

long, healthy life," Samuel said, looking up at her parents as he rose.

"Baby, how do you feel?" Wade asked, kneeling down beside his daughter. His hand rubbing lightly along her back.

"Are you lightheaded?" Trista asked, squatting down at Christine's left side. Her eyes studying her daughter's face, the way she was breathing, how her body seemed stronger than it has in months as she stood between them.

"No Mommy," Christine said, shaking her head. "It doesn't hurt to breath anymore. My heart isn't doing that thing either," she said, as she placed her hands over her heart feeling it's steady beat.

"No pain, or anything?!" Wade prayed. Prayed that this strange man could do what they themselves couldn't.

"No Daddy, I feel much better," Christine said, smiling sweetly at her father.

"And you say, you just need one more healing in an hour and our daughter will be healed?" Trista asked, looking up at Samuel. Praying that he wasn't some snake oil salesman preying on their desire to save their daughter.

"Yes, in one hour," Samuel said, with a stern nod. He so wasn't prepared for the crushing hug they threw around him. He also tried to hide the pain of using such a holy spell given what he was now. However, it was all worth it as that cute face of hers looked up at him. Samuel could see the childhood innocence still locked into those blue-green eyes of hers. He hoped that innocence would last for many years to come, yet he also knew Labo was still out there and posed a serious threat to them all. Although, that threat was soon to be put down... once and for all.

"Mommy," Christine cooed tugging on the hem of her mother's shirt.

"Yes sweetness, what is it?" Trista asked, looking down at her daughter.

"I'm hungry!" Christine cried out, her smile reaching those dazzling eyes of hers.

"Well then, how about we go fix that, hmm?" Trista reached down plucking her daughter from the ground holding her tightly to her chest. Breathing heavily into her neck silently thanking Samuel for saving their daughter. She and Wade didn't know how they would have lived without her. Now that wasn't even a thought they had to worry about anymore. Whatever this Samuel wanted from them, she and Wade were going to make sure the man got whatever he wanted. Whatever he asked for paled in comparison to the life of their only child.

"Yes please Samuel, why don't we all get out of this sun," Lola said, gesturing for Samuel to enter her home, while waving sweetly at her niece as Trista passed her. Ever since she was a child she had a gift of detecting the undead and spirits that haunted the bayou that surround her family's land. It had saved their family numerous times when less savory witches thought to subjugate her and her family years prior. While he wasn't fully one of the undead since Samuel had no trouble standing in the sun, and she saw no hint of him wishing to harm anyone when she was at that

ritual of his. Still it piqued her curiosity as to why he would join them. Like Marie they knew of the vampires that inhabited the city, and just like Marie's, her family avoided them as much as they could, given Marie's family's past dealings with their kind. Reaching out her left hand, resting it in the nook of Samuel's elbow as the rest of her family filed into their home. Bringing up her right index and middle fingers to her lips, noticing how Marie stood on Samuel's left side. Muttering under her breath, modifying her wards to allow Samuel admittance to her home without him bursting into a giant ball of fire. "There that should allow you inside," Lola said, flashing Samuel a knowing smile.

"Come now Herald, did you think your secret was a secret from me?" Lola asked, trying not to smirk at his shocked look. "When you live long enough in a city inhabited by the undead you tend to notice the hints," she said, with a sly smirk as her left hand gently, seductively danced lightly down Samuel's back. "Fear not, I don't hold this against you. However, I would like to hear why you chose to become like this; if my family is to join yours, our families should have no secrets from one another," Lola said, hoping he took her words to heart.

The entrance to Lola's family home still held the grandeur of the days of yore when such grand balls were held within those stately manners. When hordes of maids' and butlers' would work tirelessly to keep the dust and grime from marring their employers' fine furniture. Now, however, where once numerous underlings would have seen to the cleaning of that grand house, magic-infused items wiped, polished, swept, dusted, and even took the garbage out working nonstop to keep that ancient home as pristine as the day it was built. Samuel watched as the enchanted items went about their work, noting how Lola's family paid them no mind. Then again, they were probably so used to seeing the sight that they never thought how marvelous it all was. Then the movie Fantasia popped into his mind knowing how disastrous it could become if the magic was left unchecked. Although, the thought of never having to wash a single dish again was highly appealing to him.

"Please, this way Samuel," Lola said warmly, directing Samuel towards the grand ballroom where they had turned it into an auditorium for the day so they could voice their questions. While she was indeed the head of her family, even she had to govern by the will of the majority. If she

went against the wishes of her family then that could lead to her family's doom and expose them to the world of man. Even though there hadn't been a witch hunt in over four hundred years, that didn't necessarily mean mortal man wouldn't persecute them all over again. Lola wasn't about to be the cause of her family's downfall.

"After you Samuel," Marie cooed, shooting Samuel a coy, seductive smirk after she pushed the double doors of the ballroom open. Her emerald eyes dipped low savoring Samuel's ass as he passed her.

"Mmm, cousin," Lola whispered into Marie's right ear. "You did bring me something yummy," a hungry light glinted in her brown eyes as she pulled away.

"Just you wait until you feel his magic at work on your body," Marie whispered in want. Muttering to Lola at how many orgasms Samuel had given her and Ines. Watching the burning hunger turn into a licentious conflagration in her cousin's eyes.

"That many?!" Lola asked in stunned awe. She could feel her cunt throbbing eager to experience what he could actually do to a woman's body. Her cheeks were on fire as Samuel peered over his shoulder wearing a smirk that told them he heard everything as he moved to the center of the room. "We'll talk more later, alright?" Gently swaying her hips as she moved past Samuel, letting him see how her ass moved under her dress. Sharing a nod with Marie before taking her place on the throne that every head of the household has used since time immemorial. "Now everyone please let us formally greet Samuel," Lola said, directing her family as her teal painted nails glistened in the light as the tips of her fingers dragged up the end of the armrest. Her eyes studying the man before her. Knowing how her family would, if chosen, wield such magic should Samuel pass into the next world. Her eyes glanced to the right as her brother rose from his seat. Noticing how Christine was nibbling on an apple strudel pastry. Pleased to see her niece's appetite returning. She knew how her lack of hunger had worried Wade and Trista. This one thing she could never repay Samuel for.

"Please don't take what I'm about to ask unkindly given what you have just done for me and my wife," Wade said,

gesturing to Trista. "Yet the question remains: why come to us? What could we possibly have to offer someone who is obviously beyond powerful?"

"I might be powerful," Samuel said, looking over at Wade. "But I am only one man, and I can only do so much. I can't be everywhere at once, and with what is going to take place tonight I'll need all the hands I can get to protect my family and Marie's," he said, his hand waved to Marie as she sat off to the left of him.

"Samuel? What is it about tonight that you have planned for us?" Lola asked, her interest piqued by the serious look in his eyes.

"Tonight you become like me," Samuel said matter-of-factly. "That is if you and your family agree to this."

"Samuel, I thought you had to wait until the full moon for that?!" Marie asked, confused.

"For your family yes, that is true," Samuel nodded. "However, your family already has traces of sex magic within them, they," his hand waved around the room, "do not."

"Explain," Wade said, arching an eyebrow. "What do you mean by sex magic?"

"Hmm... how to explain," Samuel muttered, dropping his chin into his hand. "As my aunt tells it, my family can trace our origins back to the Golden Age of Greece. Where men and women of my line were priests and priestesses of the goddess Hekatê. Where, like all the others of her sect, they practiced magic, yet unlike them, my ancestors delved into the magic that surrounded sex. Over the years, it became so engrained in our very being we couldn't live without it. Which wasn't a problem back then when there were hordes of us around. Nevertheless, that all changed when the witch hunts began and well... my family, including me, are the last of the true sex witches on this planet. That is why Hekatê ordered me to travel to the south to re-forge her sect," Samuel said, gesturing once again at Marie. "But... a threat looms, a threat that cannot stand, she won't allow it."

"This she, you speak as if you're on speaking terms with a goddess?!" asked a very perplexed man that sat to the right of Samuel.

"I should be given how she's in my head twenty-four-seven."

"So if we agree to join you and Marie's family what would that mean for us?" asked a curious woman.

"Your every day life would go unchanged, albeit you will need to have sex at least once a day for the adults in the room and our magic can only be performed by those of the same sect. I don't think you all will have a problem with that," Samuel said, casting the group a coy smile. "Those below the age of eighteen won't have to worry about that until they come of age, then and only then must they feed on the well of magic that forms when a man and woman are joined. But this only pertains to your family," he said, his eyes falling on Lola. "Since I'll have to forge you all into sex witches if you agree to join us."

"What is this well you speak of Samuel?" Lola asked, curious as to what he meant. Never in all her years has she heard anything like it.

"It's were the arcane of our people's magic condenses and expands our world and feeds us life, however, every year thereafter, if you agree to join, you must re-forge your pact with Hekatê. If you fail to do this it means death, not just for you, but for everyone within your family," Samuel said, allowing the weight of their choice to fully set in. "However, the price is worth the reward that awaits you." His glowing cobalt eyes ran over the group. "That being said, if there comes a time when Hekatê calls upon me, where I lead you must follow; which in hindsight might not be now, or a year from now, but there will come a time and you must be ready. Other than that she is content with allowing you and your family to continue on as you are."

"Tell us Samuel, since there cannot be any secrets between us," Lola said, her voice carrying the weight of absolute authority she held over her family. "Just how did you become... half undead?" Holding up her hand as her family began to speak out. They needed to know just who he was and why he became like this.

"Labo tried to kill me," Samuel sighed, wishing she had asked in private. "Thought she could use a zombie spell to make me hers. For reasons I won't go into... one: since I've agreed to keep what happened there secret and it really doesn't affect yours or Marie's family since I'm the only one involved. So with Nimue's intervention, this was the only way to save my life and to break the spell she attempted to put on me," he said, his hard eyes cut into Lola.

"This spell was it in response to how you humiliated her in front of her own people?" Lola asked, remembering their chat they had after the ritual she was invited to witness.

"I believe so," Samuel nodded.

"Why?!" asked a confused teenager off to his left.

"Because, compared to me, she is weak, and ambushing me was the only way she could hope to defeat me," Samuel said plainly. Looking down as tiny feet rushed along the floorboards as Christine ran to stand in front of him.

"Can I get eyes like yours?!" Christine asked, her eyes wide with wonder.

"Yeah, what is the deal with your eyes man, they're kind of creepy," said one of the teenage boys in the group.

"It comes with being the Herald of Hekatê," Samuel said, looking over at the boy. "So you like my eyes?" he asked, kneeling down, smiling warmly at Christine as she nodded vehemently. "Did you know that they're infused with the arcane?"

"Really?!" Christine was awestruck.

"Mmmhmm," Samuel nodded, "when she chose me as her Herald every cell of my body was and is saturated in raw arcane energy; which caused my eyes to become like this, they used to be brown. So how are you feeling?" he asked, his eyes studying her trying to see if he missed anything.

"I'm good, really good," Christine beamed at him. Doing a little twirl on the ball of her left foot.

Knowing the hour was nearly upon them, Samuel glanced at Christine's parents who nodded in understanding. "Now hold still for just a moment," Samuel said softly, reaching out placing his hands in the exact same position as before. Biting back the pain of using the same holy magic as it covered Christine's body. He could feel it burning at his vampiric cells as the minutes wore on.

"Samuel?!" Marie exclaimed nervously. Looking around the room as small orbs of light began to fill the room.

"Relax, they won't harm you if you don't touch them," Samuel said, not taking his focus off the task at hand no matter how much it hurt him.

"But what are..." Lola's voice grew still as the room grew dark and the only light was coming from those small floating orbs.

"Be at ease mortals." Hekatê's voice floated on the air.

"Samuel, what's the meaning of this?!" Lola asked, fearful that this was some sort of trap meant to harm or kill them. She rose from the throne preparing to defend her family.

"I told you to be at ease," Hekatê growled, forcing Lola back to her seat. Everyone, except Samuel and Christine, was glued to their seats as her translucent image appeared before Lola. The hood of her cloak draped down her face stopping at the tip of her nose. Her ruby lips curved into a smile as Samuel peered over the top of Christine's head. The black cloth ran down her chest allowing the sides of her bouncing breasts to be seen as she approached Christine's back. Christine's small head hid her naked womanhood from his eyes as Hekatê placed her hands on the girls shoulders. "Hello my Herald." Hekatê's voice was soft and sweet as the arcane ebbed and flowed around her form. "Such a sweet child you have chosen to save, and your pain is the cost of using such a spell," her lucent hand brushed along Christine's hair. Samuel kept Christine's attention on him. He had no idea why she was here. This was only the second time she had actually shown herself in the real world. What could possibly bring her to the material realm?

"I expect nothing less from my Herald. That is why I chose you before you were born," Hekatê cooed. As her hand moved from the crown to the back of Christine's head all pigment drained from her hair leaving snow-white locks in its place. "I couldn't ask for a better future high priestess," the goddess said as her image began to fade. "Soon Samuel, very soon the blood moon shall rise. Be sure to teach that woman that it's not wise to threaten my coven." Her voice was but a whisper that only Samuel's ears could pick up.

"Samuel?! Just what was that?!" Marie asked, trying to keep her body from trembling at what she and all the rest had felt.

"That was Hekatê," Samuel said matter-of-factly.

"And just what did she do to my daughter?!" Trista asked, her eyes frantic, her husband's hands on her shoulders as he kept her back. Knowing she couldn't interrupt the healing Samuel was performing on their daughter.

"She blessed her," Samuel said, flashing Christine a warm smile. "It means Hekatê's magic will now protect her and

strengthen her," he said, his eyes peered over Christine's right shoulder. "This one however," removing his hands from her body, slicing open the pad of his right index finger allowing the blood to pool in the palm of his left hand, "is to ensure this illness will never again plague your daughter," Samuel said, drawing a sigil on Christine's forehead. Placing the palm of his right hand over it. A blinding white light flooded the room as Samuel chanted the incantation in his head. Rising from his kneeling position as Christine's parents rushed to her side. Drinking his own blood so no one could use it to either turn themselves or to form a spell against him. Licking his hand clean, peering down through his fingers as they cooed and fawned over their daughter.

"Samuel," Lola said, her tongue curled out, her lips curved into an alluring smile as she rose from her seat. Two of her fingers closed around the Kleenex her cousin held out for her as she passed. Her hips swayed; her body heated as those glowing eyes fell on her. Her soft delicate touch ran along the back of Samuel's left hand as she took it into hers, gently running the Kleenex along his palm, her brown eyes gazed into his; wondering if he knew how much she appreciated what he did for Christine. "There. Clean as a whistle," Lola cooed, the pads of her fingers skimming

along Samuel's palm. Allowing him to feel how her magic felt along his body; hoping to feel his touching every part of her body very soon.

With that, their meeting slowly drew to a close within two hours of Samuel arriving at Lola's estate, once it was agreed upon that her entire family would be arriving just before twilight at Marie's home. While the children would be there, they would be off in another room, supervised by one of the teenagers. Nevertheless, they too would be joining the ranks of his family. Slowly Samuel watched as Lola's family left the room leaving him alone with Marie and Lola. He didn't need supernatural gifts to know what was on their minds.

"Shall we retire to my private chambers?" Lola asked, her lust underlying her words as she looked at her cousin. Watching how Marie sauntered up behind Samuel's back, how she pressed her body against his. Lola could only assume Marie's hands were caressing that ass of his.

"Mmm, I don't know Lola," Marie cooed, resting her chin on Samuel's right shoulder. "Do you think Samuel can

handle the both of us?" Her voice dripped with sin as her hot breath drifted along his ear. Sensuously biting her lip, her right hand snaked out around him. She knew if Samuel wanted to he could easily push her way. Her eyes glanced at his as her hand slipped below his waistband. Her lips plucked along his jaw as her hand wrapped around his soft cock. Her gaze flickered to her right as Lola approached. Her left hand reached out, running along Lola's stomach, up her chest before it cradling Lola's 32C breasts as her 36DDD orbs rubbed along his back.

"Don't you think it would be wise for the two soon-to-be high priestesses of our respective families..." Lola's hands ran up Samuel's chest, lightly biting her lip as Marie's thumb teased her hardening nipple. "Don't you think it would be wise for us to be trained under these strong hands of her Herald?" Lola asked, as she took hold of his hands. Bringing them up pressing them against her breasts once Marie removed her hand. A soft whimper escaped her lips as his magic burned along her skin through the fabric of her dress. A red mist swirled within her pupils as her own magic rose unable to deny the call of Samuel's. "Well Samuel? Are the two priestesses of your growing sect worthy enough to feel... this magic of yours?" she asked, her voice shuddering

as she felt magic so pure, so overwhelming, so sexual flooding into her body; it made what she felt at that ritual feel like nothing more than a wet dream.

"Come Samuel," Marie cooed, her nose brushing along his jaw, feeling her breasts pancaking out as she held Samuel closer. "I haven't felt the touch of this deep within my pussy for too many days." She pouted as his rod grew in her hand. "I need to feel this hard cock surging through my cunt as you fuck me with your enhanced strength. I want to feel those fangs of yours dancing along my pussy as that tongue teases my hot, tight, wet peach," Marie said, her thumb kneading the head of his cock. Feeling her juices starting to awaken as the heat of his erection soaked into the palm of her hand.

"You can't forget about me Samuel," Lola said, lifting up the hem of her dress guiding his hand to cover her matching thong covered mound, allowing Samuel to feel the heat that he had awakened in her. Feeling her muscles trembling as the pad of his middle finger gently parted her aching labia as his index finger held her thong to the side. "Come," she hissed low, knowing this wasn't the place to be doing this. Shooting Marie a coy smile as they pulled Samuel towards

the secret doorway that one of the former owners installed when the house was used as a base for the Underground Railroad. The hidden door closed in a soft kiss removing their presence in the house from curious eyes.

"Mmm," Lola purred as Marie thrust Samuel's face into her covered ass as she bent slightly standing three steps higher than either of them. Rubbing her mound up and down his face so that nose of his could smell her womanhood to his heart's content. Gasping loudly as she felt the light nibbling of his teeth on her hard bud. "Naughty boy," she cooed as she peered over her shoulder, "just what am I to do with such a naughty man, hmm?!"

"Oh, I can think of a few equally naughty things we can do to him cousin," Marie said, smirking wickedly at Lola. "After all it isn't fair to us that he's so... attractive," she whispered, her lips captured Samuel's right earlobe giving it a gentle tug.

"Agreed cousin," Lola nodded, before continuing their climb. Pulling Samuel into her room once they reached the top of that hidden stairway. Watching Marie closing the

door while she locked the main bedroom door. Licking her upper lip as Marie passionately kissed Samuel. Her eyes dipped low as her hand rubbed along Samuel's bulge. Slipping out of her shoes silently, stealthily moving to Samuel's right side. Her fingers gently turned his chin towards her, her lips teased his before embracing their soft velvety touch. Glancing out of the corner of her eye as Marie sank down Samuel's body. Listening to Marie's hands working on Samuel's pants. Her right hand ran down his chest as the sound of his pants falling to the floor rang in her ears. Her fingers ran along Samuel's hard cock as she held it aloft for Marie. A twitch appeared on her right cheek as Marie batted her hand away. Her cheeks heated when Samuel wore a smirk as her lips pulled away from his.

Her brown eyes gazed up at him as she sank to her knees. Watching her cousin rock on Samuel's cock. Biting her lip noting how Marie's lips wrapped around his stiff rod. Noting the hunger she saw in Marie's emerald eyes as his mushroom top left her lips. Fidgeting beside Marie when she was hogging Samuel's cock as his shirt rose along his chest. Arching an eyebrow as he reached down, running the tip of his finger along the meatus of his crown. Perplexed as he drew a sigil just below his navel. However, once his

cock was unoccupied Lola pounced. Batting away Marie's hand like she did with hers as her tongue swirled around the head of his rod. Her eyes watching his face as she sank further down the length of his pole.

"Samuel? What did you do?" Marie asked, watching that rune glow in a deep red color.

"Oh... just something that will allow me to remain hard," Samuel said, peering down at her. His eyes darted to Lola as she grew still on his cock. Feeling his muscles ripple as she slowly eased off his phallus.

"What does that mean Samuel? That it will allow you to remain hard?!" Lola asked, her hand leisurely stroking his slick cock.

"It means..." His fingers curled into fists, feeling his nails pressing hard against the palm of his hands as her thumb kneaded his sensitive head. "No matter how much I cum I won't soften until I end the spell."

"I see," Lola cooed, a wicked grin spread across her lips as she peered up at Samuel. "Then I want you to cum all over my..." Stopping herself when Marie's hands were working along the buttons of her red blouse. "Our," she corrected herself, "tits. This big, hard, delicious cock can do that, yes?" Lola asked, her voice was laced with her sexual desire. Her eyes zeroing in on his head as it swelled in response. Glancing out of the corner of her eye as Marie tossed her shirt and bra off to the side. Allowing her to take over while she too removed the cloth barrier that kept her from feeling his hot cum splattering all over her chest.

"Samuel," Lola purred as she rose. Drawing his gaze to her as Marie slurped on his cock. "Do you like what you see?" she asked, her hands pushing the straps of her dress from her shoulders. Allowing the soft material to cascade down her body, pooling around her feet as she stood bare chested in front of him. Her brown eyes shimmered in her need as her hands ran down her chest, lifting, cradling, and fondling her breasts, feeling her thong soaking up the honeydew that dripped from her hungry peach. Her body heating as his glowing eyes followed after her hands as her hands hooked around the waistband of her underwear. Peering over her left shoulder as she turned around, she

wanted him to watch, bending over, sucking in a breath as the fabric pulled away from her throbbing mound. Hoping that Samuel liked the view of her hot pussy as her thong fell to the floor. "Well?" Her tone was light, yet full of yearning.

"Mmm, that is a yummy looking thing you have there," Samuel said, his eyes shimmering in the magic that was steadily rising within the room. "I can't wait to taste it." Reaching out, running his tongue over his right fang as his fingers danced along her moist labia. Listening to the intake of breath when two of his fingers slid inside that hot, wet, tight cunt of hers. Samuel chuckled softly as Lola pouted as he removed his fingers, when it appeared to him that she wanted those fingers of his deep inside that pussy of hers. "In due time," Samuel thought to himself. Using Lola's juices to draw two more sigils beside the first one; a necessity, if they wanted the amount of cum they were demanding.

"What are you doing?!" Lola asked, intrigued, and slightly annoyed that all she has felt was a minute finger fuck.

"You'll see." Was all Samuel would say as he wore a coy smirk.

"You'd better be tasting this pussy of mine later," Lola huffed and pouted causing her breasts to bounced.

"Of course, I just needed your juice," Samuel said, wiggling his eyebrows. Looking down as Marie's lips slid off his cock.

"Samuel?" Marie's eyes gazed hungrily up at him. Passing his cock off to Lola as her salvia dripped onto Lola's floor.

"Hmm?" Watching how Lola's cheeks sucked in as she glided along his rod.

"Will you use that spell you used on Ines?" Marie asked, her right hand ran up Samuel's left thigh, while her left cradled his balls. "The one that made her cum so much?" Her voice but a whisper.

"Sure," Samuel nodded, not telling her he was already planning on doing just that. "Shit!" he hissed as he felt his balls churning.

"Do it Samuel," Marie and Lola said in unison their hands stroking him off as they pressed their breasts against each other's to maximize the coverage. Their tongues flickered out, each catching a rope of his magic-infused semen while the rest painted their orbs. Lola wasted no time sucking Samuel's cock clean while Marie feasted on her cum covered breasts.

"Now for desert!" Lola said, with devilish glee, before knocking Marie to the floor. Her eyes fluttered as her tongue ran through those globs of hot cum. Feeling his magic burning through her body as it settled in her stomach.

"Ladies, I do hope that isn't all you were wanting," Samuel said, a sly smirk rose along his lips as they turned their heads toward him gesturing to the bed.

"You need to taste me first since you've already fucked Marie," Lola said, crawling along her king size bed allowing Samuel to picture what it would be like while he was taking her from behind. "Now come Herald," her index finger beckoned to him as she turned to face him. "This pussy needs and wants to feel your tongue in it," she said, laying on her back, spreading her legs wide, running her fingers along her wet cunt; parting her lips to show Samuel how eager it was as her juices leaked out of her canal. Gooseflesh ran along her skin as she felt his fingers dancing along her thighs. Her eyes flickered over to Marie as she watched her cousin wiggling out of her skirt. Watching those heavy hanging breasts of hers swaying as she crawled towards her left side.

"Samuel? You best not forget about me," Marie said, teasingly.

"Wouldn't dream of it," Samuel said, watching how their eyes fluttered as his fingers ran along their slits. Gathering their dew on the pads of his fingers. Two pairs of eyes watched on as he drew the sigil in their own juices. "Be warned this will be intense."

"Oh fuck!" Lola howled. Her head pressed against her bed as her back arched away from it.

"Damn! Yes, do it again!" Marie begged as her womb quaked once Samuel's spell hit the both of them.

"Mmm, yes, may I have another?" Lola asked, with a satisfied grin.

"Go on, eat her, but you best save some of that tongue work for me," Marie purred, "because I still want to feel those fangs along my hot pussy." Wrapping her arms around Samuel's neck, her lips embraced his in a passionate kiss. Her hips rocked on his fingers as they danced inside of her cunt. Euphoria burned through her veins as she fondled her breasts as Samuel lowered himself to Lola's waiting pussy.

"That's it Samuel, taste that Creole pussy make it... purr... Fuck!" Lola whimpered as Samuel's spell fired off another orgasm as he gently sucked on her clit.

"I did tell you," Samuel said, peering over Lola's mound. "It would be intense."

"I don't care, I want more!" Lola growled.

"Yes Samuel, I'm going to cum!" Marie yelled. Feeling her orgasmic juices leaking out around Samuel's fingers as she rode out her climax, crumbling beside Lola. Smiling at her cousin as Lola wore a serene look. Their breathing increased as Samuel worked his tongue in time with his fingers getting them both off at the same time.

"God," Lola said, breathlessly. "I didn't think it would feel this good cousin."

"Hey," Marie's head turned to the right once Lola's nipple left her lips, "I would never lie to you about this," Marie said, before returning Lola's breast to her mouth. Squealing around it as she came again. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as Samuel's thumb rolled along her clit.

"Mmm, yes get that tongue in that pussy!" Lola moaned as Samuel's tongue curled inside her hot canal. Her body quaked as she felt Samuel lapping up her juices.

"I think that little pussy has had enough, but mine yearns for a good tongue lashing," Marie said, smiling seductively at him, lifting her left leg to show Samuel just how wet he made her cunt.

Samuel wondered if she got that phrase from his sister. Since that was Kelly's way of saying she wanted and needed her pussy eaten. As he started to move out from between Lola's legs, her thighs clamped around him, arching an eyebrow at that impious look on her face.

"Nah-uh-uh," Lola said, in a tsk-tsk voice. "I couldn't very well allow that hard cock to go to waste as you're eating out my cousin. So why don't you lay down and I'll ride that hard cock," she said in a wanton purr. Her tongue pressed against her cupid's bow as she watched how his pre-cum dripped onto her bed; oh, the things she could think to do with a cock that never softened until the spell was ended.

"Mmm, yes, I so want to ride this face," Marie purred, her fingers dancing along Samuel's right cheek. Hoping that after Labo and everything else Samuel would still want to be with her. She herself wasn't one for threesomes, yet it seemed that it was needed to bring Lola into the fold. She had no idea how Charlotte and Kelly kept from fighting over Samuel. She also knew now that he had become a vampire - well half - Samuel was, and is, going to be a force to be reckoned with. She knew how wet he could make any female with just a simple gesture. She and Lola had experienced such a thing after the ritual to undo the hex on Joan. Marie knew they had to keep him out from public eye just so they themselves could keep Samuel's attention squarely on them. Her hand ran along Samuel's chest as he laid across the foot of the bed. Swinging her leg over his head so he could view her hot cunt to his delight before it smothered that mouth of his. Her body shivered as Samuel ran his tongue along her labia as she lowered herself onto his lips. "That's it Samuel, let me cum for you," Marie said, breathlessly. Sucking on her lower lip, her nails dragging along his chest, her hair cascading out before her as she rocked her hips along his lips.

"Such a waste to leave this unattended," Lola cooed as she knelt at Samuel's side. Her tongue swirled around his head coating it in his pre-cum before swallowing his pole. Pressing his cock against her pussy, running her saturated labia along that hard shaft allowing them to feel the cock they were going to be wrapped around for as long as she could stand it. Noticing the rune on Marie's stomach still burning brightly on her skin as Marie silently held back her scream of orgasmic bliss. "God, that's a hard cock," Lola hissed as she sank down his pole.

"Oh?!" Marie cooed as she flashed her cousin a coy smirk. "If you like, I'd be more than happy to switch places with you," she teased.

"Not on your life," Lola said, defiantly shaking her head. "Now come here and give your cousin a kiss," she commanded, leaning forward, her and Marie's tongues swirled around each other's as her hips plunged down on Samuel's rod.

Their hands fondled each other's breasts as Samuel's magic flared. Losing themselves in that hurricane whirlwind of

sexual magic that rushed through their bodies. For twenty minutes the only things that could be heard in that room was the smacking of lips; lewd lustful moans; and Lola's sex as Samuel hammered his cock deep into her womanhood. Her mind went blank, her body convulsed as Samuel's hot seed flooded her womb. Samuel's cum squirted out of her cunt as she lay exhausted on her side. Her body weak, her mind numb, her pussy throbbing in satisfaction from the numerous orgasms she'd had from riding that cock of his.

Marie wasted no time crawling down Samuel's body to take the place her cousin had vacated. Sucking Samuel's cock clean so that only her juices would mar his hot phallus as she came upon that hard pole. Peering over her shoulder as she lined up the head of his rod with her paradise. Releasing a soft moan as Samuel squeezed her ass cheeks, pulling them apart so he could watch as she inched down his hard root. Resting her hands between his legs as her hips sent that cock of his deep into her cunt. Tossing her head back as she silently screamed as her womb sent a torrent of her hot cream down her canal coating that thick branch. Feeling how her juices were running down his cock as she fucked Samuel as the minutes wore on. Pressing her back against Samuel's chest as he sat up. Breathing heavily into his ear as

she slowly rolled her hips against his while his hands toyed with her breasts. Switching positions, laying on her back, her hands held onto her ankles bringing them as close to her chest as she could as Samuel pounded her into Lola's bed. Locking her legs around Samuel's waist as soon as she felt the swelling of his root. His magic flaring the moment the first rope of his cum jetted out from the tip of his cock.

Roughly an hour later, once Marie learned how to walk on unsteady legs, Samuel waved goodbye to the extended family he never knew he had. Knowing that in a few hours everything was going to change. That his role as Hekatê's Herald was going to expand. The teaching of her new sect, in the old ways, was going to fall mainly on his grandparents, aunts, and sister. Although, if he had to guess, he would be in attendance for the majority of it, when his classes allowed it. Pulling out his phone when it vibrated in his pocket. Arching an eyebrow as Lola sent him picture after picture of her naked body.

"Just so you don't forget me Samuel. This hot, fuck-able, Creole woman will always be here should you ever need her." The text read along with another picture of her spread labia showing off that glistening pink cunt of hers. "I can't

wait to be serving underneath you." Allowing the innuendo to linger as Marie pulled out onto the state road heading back to the Big Easy.

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"Why don't you go on inside, while I try to get my legs back under me," Marie said, flashing Samuel a knowing smile once they had returned to her home.

"Alright, call me if you need help," Samuel chuckled as he slid out of his seat.

"If I call you, it's to be fucked on the hood of my car," Marie called out to him from the open car window.

"What a tempting offer," Samuel shot back as he climbed the steps leading to the entrance of Marie's home.

"Sammy!" Kelly shouted throwing her arms around her brother's neck the moment he walked through the door.

Placing a long, hot, passionate kiss on those tantalizing lips of his. "Someone's been naughty," she said, with a smug smirk, tasting the pussy on his tongue.

"I take it all went well nephew?" Charlotte asked, holding Wendy in her left arm as she slid her right around him. Getting her own kiss in, loving how Samuel made her feel so wanted from a simple kiss.

"Tell us Samuel and stop kissing my sister like that!" Wendy huffed in irritation.

"Don't mind her, Mom and Dad said she was a serious pain when she went through her terrible twos," Charlotte said, tugging on the hem of Wendy's shirt.

"I am not!" Wendy huffed again, crossing her little arms across her chest.

"Now, now," Samuel cooed taking his mother from Charlotte. "If you wanted kisses you should have said so," he

said, holding his mother above him. Listening to her laughter as he planted multiple kisses along her neck.

"No fair!" Wendy squealed in delight. Her small hand curled his shirt in her hand as she rested her head against his left shoulder.

"I see, the moment Samuel returns you behave yourself, some daughter you are," Kelly teased, lightly tickling Wendy's side. "So spill brother," she said, cocking out her right hip, crossing her arms below her breasts. Loving how he looked at her as he held their mother/daughter in his arms. Wondering if he'll look the same when their own child comes into the world.

"Somewhere private," Samuel said, not wanting to let anyone else know what was about to happen, other than those that were involved in it. "You mind going and getting Aurore?" he asked, looking over at his aunt.

"Why?!" Charlotte asked, wanting just to spend the rest of the day with her nephew. It had been so long since it was just the two of them. While she loved her family and was

joyous of the fact they wouldn't be alone in the world for much longer, she did still want to have Samuel's attention squarely on them.

"She's the key to what's going to happen tonight," Samuel said plainly.

"Fine," Charlotte sighed.

"Hey," Samuel said, lifting her chin. "I need the both of you. The two of you are my anchor in this world. Don't ever forget that I love both of you."

"Oh Sammy," Charlotte whispered. Her eyes quivered seeing the truth of his words in his eyes. "I love you too." Her lip trembled; a tear glistened in her eye as she planted kisses upon his lips.

"Don't forget about your sister, Sammy," Kelly cooed turning his chin towards her. "I loved you before her," shooting her aunt a glance as they kissed, "never forget that," she said, smirking at the both of them.

"Samuel," a soft female voice startled them, "there's no need for you to send someone to find me, I'm here," Aurore said, stepping out from around the corner of the hallway. Her cheeks held a rue of blush upon them, she didn't mean to eavesdrop on them, nonetheless she couldn't stop herself from listening in on their banter. She wondered if she'd ever find someone to love her like Kelly and Charlotte did with Samuel. "Is there something you need from me?" Aurore asked, her eyes downcast, her right hand held onto her left arm as she hugged herself.

"Go get grandma, granddad, and Aunt Joan we need to practice for the ritual," Samuel whispered to Kelly. Knowing he was going to need their help during the ritual to hold the spell circle in check while he brought forth the well of magic.

"Okay," Kelly nodded, "don't go starting without me," shooting her brother a smirk before leaving them. "Relax, my brother wouldn't do anything to harm you," she whispered to Aurore as she passed noting the girls nervousness. Kelly could feel her brother's eyes on her ass

as she climbed the stairs. She was more than happy to show it off to him, just so those eyes of his could get their fill.

"Come," Samuel nodded to the door, only to be stopped as Marie slowly opened it.

"Samuel? Where are you going?" Marie asked, wondering why Aurore was standing behind him.

"Preparing for tonight Marie," Samuel said, as they filed past her.

"Then shouldn't I help?" Marie asked, eager to spend more time with him.

"How many white candles do you have in stock?" Samuel asked, as they stood on her porch.

"A hundred or so, double that if we cut them in half," Marie said, her finger tapping her chin as she mentally took stock

of their magical components. "Why?" Marie asked, trying not to notice how Aurore was standing so close to Samuel.

"It's to represent her innocence," Samuel said, slyly glancing at Aurore.

"Wait?! Don't tell me you're going to use this girl's virginity?" Charlotte asked, knowing how dangerous the power he was playing with is.

"It's the only way to open the well and forge Lola's family into becoming like ours," Samuel said, plainly, turning his head as Kelly, his grandparents, and aunt... sneering as Edna joined them as well.

"I want to help Samuel," Edna said, weakly. Bowing her head, hiding from the hate she saw in his eyes. Wanting to show that she was indeed worthy of redemption. She just needed Samuel to give her time to show him that.

"She might be a deplorable human being, but she is still a powerful witch Samuel," Joan said, trying to ease her

nephew's distaste for Edna. Knowing that he would have to overcome his discomfort with her if he wished to heed Hekatê's command.

"Fine," Samuel said, coldly. "You wouldn't happen to have two hanging incense burners along with Mastic, Dragon's blood, and Solomon's seal?" he asked, turning his attention to Marie who nodded, listening to the gasps all around him.

"Samuel, those are some very powerful incenses on their own in spells, are you sure it's wise to add all three together?" Carson asked, eyeing his grandson like he had grown a second and third head.

"Just what are you thinking?!" Martha asked, knowing how disastrous it could go if even a single amount was measured wrong.

"Relax Mom," Wendy said, speaking up for her son. "I know my son, he wouldn't have put all of this together just on a whim, isn't that right baby?" she asked, her small hand gently caressing Samuel's right cheek. A warm smile graced her lips as Samuel nodded.

"Then I want you to do the measuring," Charlotte said, poking Samuel in the chest. "I don't want any mistakes in this," quickly adding in a low whisper, "I don't want to lose you."

"Come show us what we need to do for tonight's ritual," Joan said, sweetly, reaching down taking hold of Samuel's right hand leading him and her family off the steps.

"Well, when Lola's family gets here, all the adults will be lined up here," Samuel instructed pointing to the sides of the grassy lane. "Each will be holding a single candle," turning to Aurore as she suddenly became the center of attention, "where you will start your journey from the steps of the house, once she passes the first two adults they will fall in behind her and so on," he said, rolling his hand. "Leading them up to here," Samuel said, as they rounded the corner of Marie's house, where he had planted the rune in the ground.

"Samuel? This area is a tad small don't you think?" Marie asked, knowing there wouldn't be much room for all of them.

"True it is, but I've got that covered," Samuel replied with a coy smirk.

"But the solarium is where..." The words died in Marie's throat as the altar he had remade materialized before them. "How?!" Marie asked, in a hushed whisper as Samuel's fingers ran along its surface.

"I willed it here. You can too," Samuel said, looking at her. "It will appear anywhere on the property if you want it to. Plus, I needed the space in the solarium for the children in Lola's family. While they can't partake in the spell, that doesn't mean they'll be excluded from it."

"What would you have us do?" Carson asked, his wife nodding along.

"I need you, grandma, Joan, and her," Samuel said, nodding to Edna, unable to speak her name. "To hold the magic circle once I cast it. You four combined should have enough power to hold it while the ritual is going on."

"And where do we need to be?" Edna asked, eager to prove that she wasn't like the man she once was.

"Joan, there," Samuel directed, pointing to his left twenty feet away from him. "Grandpa over there," mirroring Joan's position, "and you," his tone carried the hints of his indifference for Edna, "I want you at the southern point," he said, drawing a triangle on the altar showing them where they needed to be. "And grandma, I need you at the center, you'll be the anchor for the other three. You're good at manipulating energies," Samuel said, casting his grandmother a sly smirk as her hand covered her mouth. Something he had come to find out on his own while he browsed through the books in their library. "That way should either one of them begin to falter you can shore them up so the circle doesn't fail."

"What about us Sammy?" Kelly asked, arching an eyebrow thinking he had forgotten all about them.

"You two have the most important part," Samuel said, shooting his sister a warm smile.

"Which is?" Charlotte asked.

"You get to anoint Aurore and lead her to the altar, plus like I already told you," Samuel said, reaching over running his hand down Charlotte's right arm. "You two are my anchors, I will need your strength when I bring forth the well so I don't lose myself in it."

"Don't worry," Kelly said, glancing over at her aunt both nodding in agreement. "We'll pull you back should you lose your way."

"Sammy? What about me, I'm a witch too you know!" Wendy pouted.

"You're staying with the kiddies," Samuel said, his fingers tickling her stomach.

"But... I can help," Wendy pleaded.

"Not this time Mom," Samuel said sternly. He wasn't about to lose her again. He knew how reckless and dangerous this was going to be, and he didn't want her caught up in it should something go awry.

"But..." Moving to look her son in the eyes. "I can help Samuel," Wendy said, sternly. Using a tone that her son knew all too well from when he was growing up; before she was trapped in a toddler's body.

"She can help me," Martha said, speaking up, seeing how protective Samuel had become of her ever since he had found out about the whole thing to save her daughter's life.

"See? I can help," Wendy nodded in determination.

"Don't you push yourself too hard, alright?" Samuel sighed, resting his forehead against his mother's.

"I promise I won't," Wendy said, staring into her son's eyes.

"Samuel, what about my family?" Marie asked, her thighs pressing against the edge of the altar. "Should we not be here too to witness this event? Are we not to become a part of this same coven?"

"Yes," Samuel stated. Tilting his head at the display Marie was giving off. "If you thought I was excluding your family from this I apologize."

"Marie, what's going on?" Ines asked, walking up the grassy lane, once she had returned from overseeing their holdings. "How did the altar get out here?!" Staring, confused, at them, wondering why her daughter was part of the discussion.

"We're preparing for tonight's ritual," Marie said matter-of-factly.

"Ritual?! What ritual? Why weren't we informed of this?" Ines asked, incensed that she and the rest were being left out. Trying to keep her eyes off Samuel, seeing how good he looked with a child in his arms, it didn't matter if it was his own mother. It was the fact that Samuel seemed to step up to the responsibility of helping to raise her. Something her own husband had to be nagged into doing.

"We," Marie said, gesturing to Samuel. "Have just returned from Lola's home, where Samuel here offered her and her family to join us as one coven."

"But why?!" Ines asked, still confused by it all.

"Because Labo dies tonight," Samuel said, cutting in, the silence was deafening as they all stared at him. "Hence why I need the extra hands to protect you," his eyes shooting towards Ines, "and the rest of your family and mine should she have something planned upon her death. This way if something does go down while I'm out in the swamps dealing with her. I'll know you and the rest will have the strength to deal with whatever plan she has formed in that twisted little brain of hers."

"Then why is my daughter out here with you?" Ines asked, crossing her arms, tapping her foot waiting on an answer.

"Because he asked me to be a part of it Mom," Aurore said, bashfully.

"What do you mean a part of it?"

"I think this would be better spoken of inside," Marie said, taking charge. "Samuel I'll leave the preparations to you," nodding to him before she and Aurore went to fill in the rest of her family.

"Well, we have a lot of work to do and little time. I suggest we make the most of it," Carson said, clapping his hands together.

"Come Samuel, I'll show you where Marie keeps the spell components stored," Martha said, as he handed Wendy off to her granddaughter. Noticing how each one ventured off to prepare themselves for the night's event as she led

Samuel back to the house. "This way," she said, over her shoulder as she descended the stairs that led to the basement. Normally, basements were never used in New Orleans given its high water table. Yet due to whomever had the forethought about enchanting it, it kept the basement nice and dry especially when the rain just poured for days. Which in turn made it an excellent choice for storing the more temperamental ingredients they used in their spell-work. A huge sucking gasp roared in his ears as Martha opened the heavy metal door that kept the Louisiana humidity out along with the overhead dehumidifier.

What Samuel saw as he crossed the threshold wasn't a dark, damp, hole in the ground with a clay floor. No. This was a sixty by one hundred foot concrete floor, with white and blue decorative tiles running as far as his eyes could see. Cedar paneling ran along the walls and the ceiling to keep the insects at bay. Rows of shelves; some made of all wooden dating back centuries, some made of metal to replace those that had fallen into disrepair. Rows of 1920's era light fixtures ran along the spaces between the shelves overhead. Peering over his shoulder as the metal door resounded as it closed.

"Marie keeps the incense in the far back," Martha said, wearing a smirk upon her lips. She wondered if her daughter and granddaughter would mind if she had a little taste of her grandson. "Here we are Samuel," she said, as they came to a stop in front of row upon row of incense stored in labeled jars and tins stacked on the shelves. Down at the far end of the row stood a mixing table that hadn't seen use in many moons. "I'm sure we can find the ones you're looking for," Martha said, a twinkle of mischievousness flared in her eyes as Samuel's eyes roamed the shelves for what he sought.

"Grandma!" Samuel gasped loudly as Martha reached around and grasped his manhood.

"Come now baby boy, did you honestly think I wouldn't want to try this out for myself, hmm?" Martha cooed into Samuel's ear. "Did you think only Charlotte and Kelly got to feel what this cock can do?" she asked, the sound of his zipper lowering thundered in the quiet of the room. "That they were the only ones who got to feel full on the magic we need to live? Your grandfather used to be able to provide

for me, and the girls, when your dad grew ill. Yet that has changed, now my boy it falls to you to give me what I need," Martha purred as her hand wrapped around Samuel's cock. "You'll help your horny grandmother won't you? You'll let me feel as powerful as I was in my prime?" she asked, as she stroked his cock to life. Watching how Samuel's hands gripped the posts of the shelves as she teased the hard phallus in her hand. "See doesn't that feel good baby boy?"

"Fuck... grandma," Samuel said, biting his lip, his grip slowly crushing the metal post as his grandmother teased his cock like a pro.

"You'll fuck your grandmother's pussy with this hard cock won't you baby?" Martha whispered into his ear. Feeling Samuel's body trembling as she teased the underside of his crown. "You'll thrust this big, hard thing into my aching pussy won't you?"

"Yes..." Samuel's voice broke as his grandmother's nail played with the meatus of his head, feeling her nail sliding further in his pee hole as her hand worked his cock.

"You've always been a good, sweet boy to me," Martha said, her lips graced his cheek as she slowly inched her nail out of that small hole. Bringing her arm up along his chest, letting Samuel watch as she sucked his pre-cum off her finger. Turning around pushing her panties to her knees, lifting up her summer dress, presenting her ass to her grandson as she braced herself on one of the shelves. "Now get over here and stuff your cock in your granny's pussy," Martha growled as she lightly spanked her dancefloor.

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The hour approached as car after car arrived at Marie's home. Squeals of laughter and joy echoed through the home as relatives got reacquainted with one another, all ignored the twenty foot golem that guarded Marie's home. Samuel watched as Charlotte, Kelly, and his mother, who was held in Kelly's arms, gathered around his grandmother. Watching how his grandmother fawned and blushed as they asked why she had a glow about her. Then even in a room full of people their eyes turned his body cold and made him wonder if it was wise to remain. Not that they were angry with him having sex with his own grandmother, it was the fact that he didn't invite them along. Taking a dry

swallow as his sister mouth the words: "When you get back be prepared!" Why did those words frighten him more than going up against Labo did? Probably because his sister and aunt knew all his little weak points. Knew how to make him beg for more as his sister teased his rod with that masterful tongue of hers. Looking off to his left as the whispers quieted, the rustling of feet stopped, a hushed gasp echoed through the crowd as Aurore slowly walked down the stairs in a pearl white linen gown.

A ring of white lilies crowned her head, her raven hair held back so her beautiful face could be seen. Samuel could see how nervous she was as Marie's and Lola's families ringed her. Seeing her blushing hard as they praised how adorable and pretty she looked. Yet to Samuel's eyes he could see the men and the teenagers, both boys and a few girls, eyeing Aurore's gown as the light shined through it.

"Alright! Make a hole!" Kelly shouted as she and Charlotte forced themselves through the throng of people.

"This little lady needs to get ready," Charlotte stated, rubbing Aurore's back as they made their way towards the

front door. Nodding to Samuel, silently telling him they would be ready in ten minutes.

"Hiya!" Christine's voice rang out causing everyone to look over at her as she stood in front of Samuel.

"Hello there! My don't you look all energetic tonight?" Samuel asked, smiling down at her.

"Mmmhmm," Christine hummed as she nodded. "Thank you!" she cried enthusiastically throwing her arms around Samuel's legs.

"You're very welcome," Samuel said, his hand gently brushing along her back of her head.

"Everyone!" Marie's and Lola's voices rang out in unison.

"You know where you need to be for the ritual, those of us not partaking in it follow Darrel to Marie's solarium where

he'll keep an eye on the little ones while the ritual is being performed," Lola said, waving to the fifteen-year-old.

"Michael, Paul you two see to our children," Marie commanded. Glancing to her left as she watched her half-sister approaching Samuel.

"You better not hurt my daughter; you hear me?!" Ines growled in a protective motherly voice as she poked Samuel in the chest.

"Wouldn't dream of it."

"Good, but please, be gentle on her," Ines said, her eyes quivering knowing how her daughter was giving up the one thing that could help save her family; and she couldn't be more proud of Aurore.

"You have my word," Samuel nodded before leaving them so he too could get ready for the ritual.

"Wait!" Ines called out as Samuel neared the door to his room.

"Yes..." Samuel had to brace himself as Ines threw herself into his arms. Listening to her moan as his hands instinctively went to her ass as he caught her.

"You best make it up to the mother of the daughter you are about to deflower," Ines purred. "I want to ride this cock of yours too," she cooed as her hand gently squeezed Samuel's manhood. "Remember that, when this is hilt deep inside my daughter." Swaying her ass seductively for Samuel as she left to go join the rest of her family.

"We're ready Sammy," Kelly said, once Samuel stepped out onto the porch in his robe.

"Good, they all know what to do?" Samuel asked, as he gazed out at the people he had come to save.

"Of course Samuel," Charlotte huffed, causing her taut peeks to bounce as she rolled her eyes. Only to feel her cheeks heat as he smiled at her.

"You know you're so cute when you do that," Samuel chuckled softly.

Charlotte was speechless as she brushed her hair behind her ear. Pleased that he still found her attractive after all the women here wanting a piece of him. Praying that once they returned home some semblance of a normal life with just her, Kelly, and Nimue would begin. She wanted her own time with her man... was that too much to ask for?!

"Okay, give me two minutes and bring her down, alright?"

"Sure, but I still don't see how you're going to fit everyone into that small space," Kelly said, trying not to dwell on how he hadn't called her cute, pretty, or hot in five hours' time.

"Oh, we're going on a little trip," Samuel said, with a sly grin as he ambled down the stairs.

The tips of Samuel's fingers pressed down on the stone surface of the altar as he leaned over it. Breathing in deeply and exhaling. Centering himself and his magic, knowing how taxing warping the planes of reality were going to be. Arcs of energy leapt off his back as his azure aura pulsated as he called forth the might of his magical being.

"Hic et nunc. Fiat enim motus non esset, aciem instruit, et accipere!" Samuel's voice thundered across the sky. Clouds billowed past; stars, the moon and the sun rose and sank rapidly as Samuel bent reality to his will. "Hic autem magia in hoc loco. Ubi omnium vitas. Cui debetur fides." Samuel's powers shook the ground as his will pulled them closer to the realm of magic. "Audi clamorem nostrum. Suscipe deprecationem nostram. Nam quaerere tuorum coram te!" Samuel's hands rose as he called out to the one they all served. His eyes watched as a red glowing magic circle lowered from the sky. The points of the triangle overlapping his aunt's, and grandfather's positions. While the center of that triangle engulfed Martha as she held his mother in her arms. As that circle touched the ground, the material realm crumbled away as twisted, eerie trees sprouted from the very ether. Red lightning arced

overhead. Arcane magic swirled around him as he shared a nod with Joan and Carson. Then looking to his grandmother as she began the chant he had given her so they could take the burden of holding the circle in place.

"My love, My love."

"My fearless love."

Kelly and Charlotte began to sing as they led Aurore to the altar. Kelly's fingers drummed lightly on a drum tucked under her arm to give it more of a haunted feel. Plus they were overlaying their own spell so Samuel would return to them.

"I will not say goodbye."

"Sea may rise."

"Sky may fall."

"My love will never die."

The orange lights of the candles appeared through the branches of the trees as one family member after another merged into the procession.

"Go on, Go on."

"Go bravely on."

"Into the blackest night."

Samuel peered up at that black sky feeling her eyes upon them. Knowing that soon, all of this would come to an end. He for one was happy for it. He was tired of fighting. Tired of constantly facing death. He was looking forward to a nice, long, quiet life with his growing family. How little did Samuel Goodall know of what fate had in store for him.

"My heart, My heart."

"My drowning heart."

"Oh all the tears I've cried."

"Oh I may weep forevermore."

"My love will never die."

The drumbeats grew as they neared him. Relaxing his body, centering his mind for the next part of his task. Pulling forth the raw arcane magic that permeated the land around him to replenish the energy he had used twisting the fabric of reality. He needed to be at his peak if he was going to call forth the well. It would take all his might not to be burned to a crisp or lose his mind to its vastness.

"My love, My love."

"My fearless love."

"I will not say goodbye."

"Sea may rise."

"Sky may fall."

"My love will never die."

Kelly drummed as they sang out the last note, parting for Aurore to pass between them. Kelly handed the drum to Ines as she and Charlotte fell in behind Aurore. Approaching the altar, leading her to the middle of it. Kelly bent down, taking a hold on the chain of the hanging incense burner as the rest of them filed into the clearing, muttering a cleansing spell as she swung the burner side to side as Charlotte cut away Aurore's gown. Walking around the altar gently swaying the burner as she circled it three times. Watching Charlotte lift the crown of lilies from Aurore's head.

"I'm ready," Aurore said, yet her heart was racing, her palms were sweaty, her legs felt like rubber as her family's eyes stared at her. Drawing strength from her mother as she

nodded that she could do this. "I am yours Herald, do with my body as you will," she said, turning around displaying her naked body to him as she held her arms out to the side.

"O antiqui bene. Sumat per hanc vocationem. Bus exeunt hac hora!" Samuel began to chant as he walked around the altar as his sister and aunt moved away to join the others bowing to him as they did. "Sumat per vocationem, quae est fons magicae in hoc mundo. Domina nostra attendit qui ministrat." His hands went to the belt of his robe. Slowly undoing the knot, feeling Aurore's eyes running down his naked body as he held out his hand to her. Gently giving it a reassuring squeeze as her hand slid into his. Easing her onto the surface of the altar, tenderly laying her down on her back. Feeling her gooseflesh racing across her skin as his hand trailed down the valley of her breasts.

Watching how she bit her lip as his fingers skimmed up her labia as she tried not to moan. "This will help with the pain," Samuel whispered, seeing her nod as he drew a sigil just above her trimmed landing strip of hair. He had to admit it looked good on her. Giving her clit a few gentle rubs to awaken her womanhood, seeing her fingers gripping the

edge of the altar as he ran the head of his cock through her labia.

Aurore's body arched; her mouth frozen in a silent wail as she felt her hymen tear. Trying to keep from whimpering as Samuel inched deeper into her virginal mound. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she felt her folds welcoming and embracing his stout rod as he pushed deeper to the heart of her core. Her breathing grew as she felt him withdrawing only to have his hard cock advancing deeper with each thrust. Feeling her blood running over her anus and onto the altar. Feeling it hum underneath her as more of it gathered below her before dripping off the edge.

"Hic et nunc. Et aliquando est esse quod factum est. Semper autem plus facti sunt mec!" Samuel chanted placing his right hand on the center of Aurore's chest, bringing up his left hand, his palm facing Lola. A red bolt of arcane energy shot out striking Lola square in the chest before bursting out of her back to the next two behind her. Chaining those of her house to him as he remade their magical essence. Forever tying them to him and he to them.

Part 8

"*Ooooh*... my head," Lola said, pressing the heel of her hand against her temple. Once the throbbing started to fade a tingle began to take its place. Her vision cleared as Samuel stood there chatting away with Aurore, glancing at Kelly and Charlotte standing on either side of him noticing how different Kelly and Charlotte were to Aurore, how that strange light that surrounded them burned brighter. That all seemed so small when her eyes centered on him. She felt his pull. Felt it with every fiber of her being. A spark of electricity arced up her back as those cobalt blue eyes glanced at her. She could feel, touch, taste, listen to all that knowledge that laid within him.

"Well cousin?! How do you feel?" Marie asked, her 36DDD breasts strained her robe, her crimson hair swayed as she loomed over Lola.

Lola peered through her eyelashes as she was wrapped in a shell of orgasmic bliss from a simple look from him. "What is this madness?" Lola asked herself, "what did he do to us?

To make us(me), feel this... wonderful," a rumbling purr rippled across her mind. Sighing in a moan losing herself to it.

"Samuel? Tell me this is just a side-effect," Maire said, standing, placing her hands on her hips as she turned to him.

"Well, yeah, I did warn you did I not?" Samuel said, arching an eyebrow, remembering having that conversation far too often.

"You did... I just didn't think it'd be so..." Taking a dry swallow, wondering if she was going to look like that when it was her turn as she returned her gaze to her cousin. "So then, I take it the ritual was successful?"

"Yes..." Looking over at Kelly and Charlotte then down as Aurore's fingers teased with the edge of his robe. Knowing that now, he could put one task behind him. "Make sure they follow Kelly's and Charlotte's orders," Samuel stated their fingers brushed along his knowing what he had to do. "Tonight," stopping beside Maire, "no one is to leave.

Whomever wasn't here tell them to hurry, I can't guarantee their safety if they are off the property."

"Sammy... I can call you that now, right?" Marie asked, shooting him a look.

"Yeah, I think you can," Samuel answered with a smirk.

"Don't push yourself too hard, alright? Your family would surely miss you," Marie said, sweetly, wrapping Samuel in a warm hug. Allowing him to feel her naked body that laid just beneath her robe. "If something were to happen to you..." Her fingers trailed along his jaw as she moved away.

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"Now you be careful," Wendy said motherly, as the minutes drew near. "You only do what Hekatê needs you to do and nothing more!" Shaking her small head, her arms pumping. "Then you come right home okay!" she said, her eyes quivered as she stared up at her son.

"Of course, Mom," Samuel said, his hands pressed down on the bed as he leaned forward to place a kiss on his mother's forehead.

"Soon Samuel. We are going home. All. Of. Us," Charlotte said matter-of-factly, resting her hands over the head of their sleeping child. "Don't forget that while you're out there," she said, her raven hair brushed along her back. Her brown eyes gazed into his, silently conveying her love for him as their lips touched. Losing herself to the man she had turned back time for, the man she had chosen to be the one that fathered her children.

"Just hold me," Kelly said, her sandy-blond hair draped along his shoulder as she held her brother in her arms. She knew her brother. She knew he would come back to her, so she didn't see a need to inform him of such. Holding his body tightly to her own so she can drink her fill of her brother until she saw him next.

"You better take care of him!" Charlotte called out to Nimue as Samuel approached her car.

"You have my word, he will be," Nimue said sternly, her silver eyes peering at Charlotte as she nodded.

"Good. We expect to see you here tomorrow night," Kelly said, slipping her arm around her aunt's waist. Knowing how frightened she was as well as herself about Samuel's safety.

"Of course, I wouldn't miss it," Nimue said, smiling warmly at Kelly. "Don't worry Pandora and I will always have our eyes on him," she told them. She for one wasn't about to lose Samuel to this voodoo woman. She had interfered in her Goddess's workings - Labo needed to die!

"I love you Sammy!" Kelly called out to him as he neared the car's rear passenger door.

"I know," looking back at his sister, "I love you too, Kelly," Samuel said, waving to them before slipping into the rear of the car. His ears perked as 'House of the Rising Sun' played on the radio.

"Such affection thrown about, makes me wonder..." her sultry voice filled the cab as Samuel slid in across from her. A red sheen of her own magic flashed along her blue eyes as she stared at Samuel. She knew the attire she wore did little to show off her figure, she thought he wouldn't have a problem with picturing her naked. "That this dark sister of yours is missing out on something," Pandora said, leaning forward, the lights of the streetlamps played across her eyes. Feeling how her 32EE breasts were straining the black cotton t-shirt she was wearing to blend into the swamp once they reached the end of their paved journey. The rest would have to be reached on foot. "Sister?! I do believe we need to test this out ourselves, don't you?" Pandora said, looking over at Nimue, while Samuel's chin rested in her palm. "To see if he loves his other sisters as well," she said, her alluring lips curved into an enticing smile.

"You know when we used to walk down Main Street in those awful powder wings?" Nimue asked, tapping her chin as the car pulled away from the curb.

"Of course, and those gowns! They kept all of this hidden," Pandora purred her hand ran down her chest as she leaned

back. "And I think you like seeing it all, don't you Samuel?" she asked, her words dripped with her desire.

"You know all the men that would try, and try, and tried to get me to sleep with them, they never made me want to do this," Nimue said, lightly taking hold of Samuel's chin. Seeing her sister hiding her jealousy as her soft lips touched Samuel's. Rolling her tongue around his, loving how her fingers weaved through his hair, the feel of hands pulling her close. She was glad Seipowe had chosen her for this. Without her goddess she wouldn't have been able to feel this.

Samuel's eyes flew open and then down as Nimue's hand covered his groin, her thumb brushing along his soft member. Her cheeks blushing as their lips parted as her eyes glanced down. Yet she didn't pull her hand away.

"I hope you're pleased with me Samuel," Nimue said softly, her insecurities were clear as day. "Only a few days remain before we..."

"I know, but you're hot, the question is are you pleased with the man you'll be stuck with for... however long that will be," Samuel said, teasing her to lighten the tension. Seeing Nimue grow red faced at his words.

"Y-y-you r-really think that?" Nimue asked, dreamily. Her eyes lustered in innocent glee as she looked away bashfully.

Pandora moved stealthily, her nostrils flared, her tongue flickered out teasing Samuel's earlobe. Did he think they couldn't smell the virgin's blood on him? Didn't he know how it would drive her crazy? Her breath stuttered as she fought herself from taking him right there before her own sister. "Samuel?" Her voice hard, straining under the weight of her desire. "Just which one of us are you referring to as hot?"

"Amalia, of course," Samuel said, taunting her.

"Awe. Why thank you, Herald," Amalia cooed sweetly, winking at him in the rearview mirror.

"Mmm... that means I'm not trying hard enough," Pandora purred, pushing Samuel back against the seat. Seeing her sister nod, telling her she was ready. When Nimue asked her to teach her on the ways of how to please Samuel, given she's already done such, she wasn't about to pass up the chance. Samuel knew she was joking, still, if Pandora tried... Samuel feared that mankind would die out as every man would try to win her hand. "Or are you just teasing me, hmm?" Pandora asked, her fangs dragging along her lower lip as her hands moved down his chest. "That could end badly... for this!" she cooed as her hand gently caressed his bulge. Noting how Nimue was taking it all in. Her breasts dragged along his chest, her lips brushing along his, her fingers easing down his zipper as Samuel's eyes cut to Nimue. "I think I'll have a little nibble," Pandora stated, her eyes flashed hungrily as her palm ran up the back of his cock once it had been freed from his pants.

"Don't worry," Nimue said, her left hand rubbed along Samuel's right forearm while her right took hold of his hand. "I told her it's okay," her silver eyes softened as she gazed at him.

"Mmm, yes, it is, isn't it?" Pandora muttered as her nose trailed up his cock. Inhaling the scent of his manhood, the time she had fucked him on the ceiling flashed in her mind as his crown danced along her lips. "Now..." She paused knowing their time together was running out. "I think it's time to please her right hand," she purred before her soft lips encased his crown in the heat of her warm mouth. Her eyes fluttered, her muscles trembled, her fingers twitched along his thighs as the lingering taste of the girl's virgin blood danced along her tongue. She nearly lost herself as her tongue swirled around Samuel's root. That would have been the case if her sister hadn't been there plaguing her with questions. Turning her head to the left, glancing up at Nimue, her silver eyes watched her intently knowing that soon she would be the one doing this for Samuel. Pandora was going to miss this. She doubted she would ever find someone like Samuel that made her feel alive again.

"I heard they smell and taste...?" Nimue began to say only to drop her head, her cheeks becoming flush with embarrassment.

"Oh?" Pandora muttered once she eased off Samuel's cock. "They can be if the guy doesn't take care of himself, but

Samuel here," her eyes flashed, a mischievous grin spread along her lips as her hand ran up his shaft. "He takes care of this... delicious tool. It's quite tasty sister," she said, her blue eyes glancing up as his cock slid back in-between her lips. She was going to make sure that Samuel never forgot about her. That somewhere, some time in the future that when Samuel is looking, standing, or studying whatever it is at the time that a smile would cross his face as her image popped into his mind. A satisfied look appeared in her eyes as Samuel moaned as she sucked gently on his head. Making sure her sister was watching as her hands milked his manhood. Allowing those eyes of hers to watch it flex, how it swells when that hot seed was about to spew forth. Moaning around Samuel's shaft as it erupted, coating her tongue in his hot cum.

"Is... it tasty, sister?" Nimue asked, her snow-white hair was pulled back to avoid being snagged on the tree branches once they reached the swamp Labo had fled to. Her eyes running over her sister's face, it appeared that Pandora enjoyed having her soon-to-be husband's cum in her mouth.

"Mmmhmm," Pandora hummed, as she rolled it in her mouth before swallowing every drop. "I'm so jealous of you sister," she said, looking over at Nimue.

"Me? Why?" Nimue asked, with a sly smile. She knew all too well about her fascination with Samuel. All Pandora had to do was ask her, and she would probably agree to her laying with her husband.

"Don't give me that look Nimue," Pandora said, in the best sisterly voice she could muster after having Samuel's cock in her mouth. "You know why," she said, sliding back into her seat, her eyes glanced down as Samuel stuffed his cock back into his pants. Feeling her little mound throbbing, eager to feel itself wrapped once again around that hard shaft.

"Well... I can't help that Samuel is..." Her hand ran up his thigh. Her silver eyes gazed warmly at him before her hand slipped into his. "Special," Nimue said, lovingly. Turning her attention back to her sister. How she loved making Pandora jump through hoops to get what she wanted. Chuckling in her mind as Pandora tried to speak to her with

her eyes as her blue eyes darted from her to Samuel and back again. "Samuel?" she cooed; her thumb brushed along the back of Samuel's hand.

"Hmm?" His eyes darting between the two vampires. Knowing that Pandora's hunger wasn't satisfied if the look in her eyes was any indication.

"I know with everything that's been happening since you first arrived," Nimue said, her eyes slyly glancing at her sister. "And the new women that you have to teach," hinting that she knew it all. She didn't mind, she knew that this too was going to happen. It was just who Samuel was. "But do you think... that maybe you could make..." Smiling wickedly at her sister as Pandora squirmed in her seat. Noting how Pandora's eyes pleaded with her to say the words. The words that would allow her to be with him without going behind her sister's back. "An exception for my sister," Nimue said, seeing Pandora's eyes widen, grinning like the Mad-hatter. The strength it took to keep herself in her seat. "It isn't like you haven't already been with her. All that I ask is that when it's only us," her hand moved diagonally across his chest, her small breasts rubbing against his arm as she

leaned forward. "That I'm the only one on your mind," she whispered as their lips embraced one another.

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An hour later...

"Well..." Her blue eyes scanned the dark border of the bayou. "This is as far as the vehicles can take us," Pandora said, the years of her running barefoot through the bayous flashed in the forefront of her mind.

"So, you stay beside us until we get there, okay?" Nimue stated as her hand slipped into his. Loving how it felt. Only two more days remained, two days that were going to be murder on her nerves; since all she wanted to do was press her body against his and let Samuel feel her womanly shape that no man before him ever has. "It's easy to get lost in the bayou," she said, tenderly.

"Herald!" Aarrin called out. Waving his arm above the heads of those surrounding him. Ambrose gave Samuel a nod of

reverence as Pandora and Nimue led him towards the ring of bodies. "We were just going over the plan of attack when you pulled up," he said, waving for Samuel to join his side. "I was thinking of attacking here and here," Aarrin said, pointing at the locations on the map.

"Labo and whoever is with her are mine. I must deal with her alone," Samuel said matter-of-factly.

"On orders from her Holiness?" Aarrin asked, arching an eyebrow at Samuel's nod.

"It's good to hear that the Herald heeds the commands of our lady Seipowe," Ambrose said, sauntering up to them. Her massive orbs bounced as her snow-white hair fluttered in the humid breeze.

"Yes quite," Aarrin nodded along with everyone there. "Hmm..." Brushing his finger along his chin deep in thought. "How about this then, my men and I will encircle the area," he said, his finger circling the site. "Catching anyone that attempts to flee," Aarrin said, the weak moonlight shining along his fangs.

"Acceptable," Samuel muttered. Feeling the weight starting to lift from his shoulders knowing that this task was almost done. His eyes glanced over at Nimue, watching how her fingers brushed her hair behind her ear. The way her lips curved as she spoke. The light shade of red her cheeks held as she noticed him looking. Cocking an eyebrow when she moved her body to a better spot that showed off her sinful curves. Seeing how her eyes lustered in the moonlight as they flicked over to him.

"Good," Aarrin said, bringing Samuel out of his mindless gazing at his daughter. "I'll inform the men, we wouldn't want to keep the Herald from his prey," he chuckled as he patted Samuel's shoulder.

"Samuel?" Ambrose stepped closer to him as Aarrin moved off. "I can call you Samuel, yes?" she asked, in a quizzical light.

"Sure."

"Before your and Nimue's ceremony, I would like to have a private party just for us, so that me and my husband can grow to know the man that's about to wed my daughter," Ambrose said, protectively, as her hand lightly ran along the back of Samuel's right hand.

"I don't see a problem with that," Samuel replied.

"Good," she said sternly. "Be sure to fulfil your task, and to come back safely for Nimue's sake," Ambrose said, placing a kiss on each one of his cheeks before moving to join her husband.

"I hope mother isn't on the list of women you sleep with," Pandora said, teasingly, from behind him causing Samuel to jump in startlement. "I only kid," laying her arms along his shoulders, "still though, do be careful of my mother, she's what you call a cougar in this day and age."

"A vampire cougar," Samuel whistled low. Picturing her mother prowling the bar scene looking for a new snack and fuck toy not necessarily in that order.

"Hmm... you have no idea the little boys I see running out of the house just before dawn," Pandora whispered as she hugged Samuel closer. "Don't they feel good pressed against you? I know you probably have felt quite a few of them since coming here." Her desire laced her words as she felt his magic tickling her skin. "I do hope they are pleasing to you... Samuel," Pandora whispered in a wanton purr.

"Yeah," Samuel responded, peering out the corner of his eye. "If you saw how I see you, you wouldn't be saying that, and if we were on my campus..."

"Tell me Samuel!" Her voice hot in his ear. "Tell me what would happen if I was on your campus," Pandora pleaded.

"Well... let's just say, you wouldn't have a hard time finding a place to sleep... for like ever!"

"I'm not interested in what those boys want. I'm interested in what would you do if I just showed up on your campus," Pandora said, feeling her slickness beginning to gather the

longer she held onto him. Not that she was going to stop mind you.

"If I didn't know you, and if I wasn't like this?" Samuel asked, feeling her nod. "Probably walk away."

"Walk away?! Why?" Pandora asked, confused.

"Well, you're hot," Samuel said, stating the obvious. "Never had this much luck with women before," he admitted nervously.

"Oh, I see," Pandora muttered, hiding her smile. "I think you preferred not to get involved with them because deep within your heart you knew they weren't meant for you," her lips brushed against his ear, pressing her breasts harder against his back wondering if he could feel her hard nipples poking at him. "Like me, your sister, your aunt, and my own sister are meant for you. You don't have a problem with an older woman wanting you, do you?" Pandora asked, her hand slid down his chest...

"Sister!" Nimue growled. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

"What does it look like Nimue?" Pandora shot back, resting her right cheek on Samuel's left shoulder.

"It appears you're about to take liberties with my husband."

"Indeed, I was," Pandora said, shooting her sister a sinful smirk.

"You should have told me, and I would have told them to wait," Nimue sighed in a huff.

"We're going in now?" Pandora asked, the years of guarding her family kicked in.

"Mmmhmm," Nimue nodded.

"Then we need to finish this quickly," Pandora said, reaching down, her hand covering Samuel's manhood.

"Because I need to fuck this," she whispered wantonly into his ear.

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Samuel moved his head to the right before being brained in the forehead by a dangling branch as he followed Nimue and Pandora through the swamp. Listening to the bull frogs croaking, their legs propelling them into the water as their footfalls sped along the water-soaked ground. Cicadas hissed high in the trees as the trio moved through that dark swampy forest. Peering up at the night sky knowing four hours remained until dawn. He wasn't about to have Nimue, Pandora, and all the others caught out in the open when that happened, even if he had to go on alone. Enough people were going to die tonight, Samuel didn't need their deaths on his shoulders as well. The alligators hissing as they sensed their unnatural approach.

"This way," Pandora whispered low knowing their approach to the site would have to take a roundabout way given the vast amount of water between it and them. One: she didn't want Samuel to use his magic, that would only alert Labo

and her gang to their presence. Two: she wasn't about to go wading through waist high water, tangle with an alligator, nor was she going to deal with the snakes and bugs.

"Hold my hand if your eyes can't see," Nimue said, holding out her hand. Knowing that he wouldn't have the keen eyesight they did to be able to move through the dark swamp without becoming something's snack.

"Mine too," Pandora said, batting her eyes at him while holding out her hand.

"So, the great Herald led through the dark by the hand," Samuel muttered to himself. "How Kelly and Charlotte would laugh at the sight. Although..." His eyes dipping low watching how their asses moved beneath their black cargo pants. "The view isn't all that bad."

"Samuel..." Nimue began to say only to catch him staring at her ass.

"This is as far as we go, per your order," Pandora said, running his hand along her ass before letting go of his wrist so he would know what awaited him once he was done. "It's just ahead," she said, pointing in the direction.

"Right," Samuel nodded. Setting his resolve to see this to the end.

"Samuel," Nimue whispered taking hold of his right bicep as he moved passed. Her tongue rolled in his mouth to tempt him to return to her. Her eyes studied his as she pulled away.

"Come Nimue, we need to meet up with the others," Pandora said, once Samuel was swallowed by the darkness of the night.

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"Fools! Every last one of you!" Labo growled as she stalked in front of the bonfire. "You had one job to do and that was to bring this pa gen to his knees! Thinking he can command

Ma'am Labo!" she seethed as the firelight flickered along her skin eerily.

"But... he's too powerful for us!"

"I don't care! He is only one man! Incompetent idiots, every last one of you!" Labo hissed, staring each and every one of them down. "I've finally unlocked the secrets of this sight, and all you do is give me excuses for your failures!"

"His ward..."

"His ward, his ward... Is that all you can speak about! Huh?! If you were half the witch you claim to be then this northern pa gen wouldn't be that much of a problem..." Labo spun around as she watched and heard the gurgling noise as blood poured out of her sect member's mouths, ears, eyes, and their noses.

"You were warned. You were given the choice to live or die." Samuel's cold, deathly tone drifted through the trees as his magic culled her people. Thuds resounded as one after

another fell to their deaths as Samuel forced every ounce of blood out of their bodies. "Yet do you listen?" Labo jumped back as the bonfire roared as Samuel's magic saturated the air. "No! You try to kill me. You tried to turn me into a zombie. Tried and failed."

"You would've been mine if not for those damn vampires!" Labo shouted, quickly throwing up flimsy wards thinking she could protect herself from Samuel's might. "Don't worry though, once I've dealt with you, that family will join you as well as the vampires once I take over the city." Her head jerked back at the maddening laughter that filled the swamp.

"Then you are a fool." Samuel's voice chilled her to the bone. "I've prepared for this day. That family isn't as weak as you think, not anymore. It'll be a cold day in Hell before someone as weak as you able are to get the better of my family," Samuel said, stepping out of the brush. Swatting his right hand across his chest deflecting the fireball into the water. Listening to it hiss as all life seem to flee the area as he stepped... "Stone?" Samuel asked himself as he stepped onto the lay line. "There shouldn't be stone here, not in this place. This isn't..."

"Hmpf!" Samuel grunted as Labo's trap was sprung. Wiggling around, trying to free himself as bony hands sprouted from the ground. The stench of death filled the air as those that had fallen to Labo came to her call.

"Fool! Didn't anyone tell you not to go messing with your betters," Labo gloated, her horse laugh filled the air. Laughing in glee as her undead minion's hands inched up his chest. Knowing that soon this boy would be brought to heel, and her plans could finally move forward. "W-what?!" she muttered as electricity sparked all around her.

"Better?! You think you are stronger than the one that is the source of all magic on earth?!" His cobalt eyes glowed brightly as Samuel peered through the flames. Tropical storm force winds whipped the trees, sending animals scurrying for cover as clouds built overhead. Bolts of lightning flashed; thunder exploded vibrating the very air around him. "You think you're stronger than... Me!" Samuel howled as he unleashed the full might of his magic. An azure pillar of light shot upwards, boring a hole through the clouds as it sought out the Heavens. The hands that once

clawed at his body soon began to disintegrate unable to withstand the onslaught of the magic pouring off of his body. Thrusting his right hand out in front of him once it was free, his eyes narrowing as his telekinetic grip wrapped around Labo's throat. "You have left me no choice. I had no wish to kill you, yet it seems you overestimate your importance," Samuel said, lifting Labo off the ground.

"You can't... do this... to me!" Labo rasped as her legs kicked as she hovered twenty feet in the air. "I am..." Her body went into convulsions. Her shoes, her clothes, her undergarments were all cut away by some invisible force. Fear. Unrelenting fear burned in her eyes as that same force cut down the middle of her chest. Turning his head as Labo howled, her blood splattering across his cheek as her skin was flayed from her body. "You can't do this... I'm Ma'am Labo..." Blood squirted, her consciousness floated in horrible pain and nothingness. Her mutilated body dangled in the air as if suspended on a meat hook. Her scream rolled along the water's surface as hooked chains flew over her shoulders as the hooks dug into her raw exposed muscles. The ancient forgotten words of the arcane burned along the chain's surface as the metal sprawled out like a hungry vine

seeking the lush sun infused ground after so many years in the darkness.

"Hear me Labo," Samuel said, coldly. "If you think your pain will be lifted in your death. You. Are. Wrong. You should never have threatened my family," stepping back as the chains ripped her abdomen open. Her bowels spilled and slid down the moss covered alkary stone. "No. It can't be. It can't exist in this realm. What the hell is it doing here?" Samuel asked himself. Glancing up as a wet thud struck the stone. Knowing the curse was entering the third stage watching her entrails, skin, and blood soaking into the ground to forever tie her to the site. The light of her soul burned in the eye sockets of her bloody skull as piece after piece of her skeleton joined the other parts of her body. Red mist rolled off Samuel's nails, using the blood magic Hekatê instilled into him, as his left hand rose. Raising the souls of those he had killed earlier. "I curse you Labo." The wind picked up, the time between lightning strikes quickened as Samuel's magic began to build to heights he didn't think possible. He was strong, yet as he looked down he knew it was the stone that made it feel like he could reorder the universe with just a thought. "For all eternity you will know

the pain you have caused as well as those that have severed you," Samuel said, his voice hard and cold.

Their wails howled and pleaded as their spirits tried to flee, to attack his body, his mind, pleading for him to be merciful as Samuel tied their fates to Labo's. Crushing her skull in his invisible grip, watching the bone raining down onto the ground and into the murky water. The spark of Labo's soul fading to join the rest of her being in her eternal punishment.

"Let your death announce to all what happens when you threaten Hekatê's coven..."

"Very good my Herald," Hekatê said, her voice appearing over him. "You have done one of the tasks I have given you, and you even increased my flock..." Samuel turned his head to the left as he felt something brushing along shoulder. "Impressive. I wasn't thinking you would go down this path. The others never did," she said, her ghostly image appearing at Samuel's right side.

Samuel looked at her quizzically at what she meant by that. Yet it seemed to him Hekatê wasn't going to elaborate on the subject. He had so many questions - namely the very stone he was standing on. It could only have come from her inner sanctum. The question remained: What the hell was it doing there?! This too he knew Hekatê wouldn't answer him on.

"So, my Herald, are you prepared for what is to come next?" Hekatê asked, her ghostly image closed the gap between them. "Are you prepared for what's required to give birth to the seer?" Her translucent lips brushed along Samuel's ear as her hands held onto his arms.

Samuel honestly didn't know what else was involved other than having a very steamy night with Nimue. Something he - and he suspected many men wouldn't have a problem with. "Yes," Samuel answered, because saying no to a goddess... well that could be very bad in so many ways.

"Good," Hekatê purred softly, "I shall toil away waiting for that night..."

"Son of a..." Samuel bit down on his lip as Hekatê slipped her hand into his pants. He had known for a while of her desire, the constant touching and the few things she had done in his sleep that he never told anyone made him highly suspicious of what awaited him on that night.

"Yes, my Herald, enjoy it," Hekatê cooed sweetly, softly biting his chin as Samuel melted in the palm of her hand. "Enjoy what's about to happen to us, to the world, to my coven," her red eyes glowed beneath the hood of her cloak as her palm ran up and down Samuel's length. A teasing laugh taunted Samuel as Hekatê disappeared as he neared his apex.

Sighing as he peered down his chest. Noting how his bulge strained his jeans, praying that no one saw that. He didn't want to think of what Aarrin and the others - namely Nimue and Ambrose - would do to him if they knew their goddess had jacked him off... almost.

"Samuel?" Nimue called to him, her voice weak. Her legs wobbled; her knees felt like rubber at what she had just felt. Her silver eyes quivered as she stared at the man chosen for

her by the very goddess she had just felt on the material plane. Never once in all of their lore have any one of them actually felt their goddess on the same plane as them. If Seipowe had need to speak to them she would speak into their minds. Her eyes glance to her mother seeing the same awe on her face as she held at the moment. Then there was the sheer volume of magic they felt filling the area, and what they had seen as they listened to the woman's screams. How her pride in Samuel swelled as she drained the last of Labo's men dry, his blood dripped down her chin as she looked to the clearing when she heard it. She knew if those of her house sensed or saw Samuel relenting in what Seipowe commanded they would all turn on him - even her. She might be falling for him, but she was a priestess of Seipowe, her first duty was to her goddess.

Samuel's azure aura rolled like liquid fire along his body as her silver eyes gazed at that being that was the earthly channel for the old ways. Her nails dug into the palms of her hands as she bit down the sensations the waves of his magic caused as it brushed along her body. However, the moment those glowing cobalt eyes of his peered over his right shoulder. She knew he was hurting; she knew while he

did as Seipowe ordered that didn't mean he enjoyed killing her. Samuel wasn't that cold, that heartless.

"Sammy!" Pandora giggled mimicking what his sister called him as she fell from the sky. Her arms outstretched as she soared past her sister and mother once she leapt from the tallest branch, from the tallest tree closest to him. "That was so... amazing!" she cried out in laughter as her momentum spun them around. Her blue eyes gazed at her sister as she held Samuel close to her. Giving her hand two small flicks to tell Nimue to go ahead of them. Knowing that would give her time to get in place before they arrived. Nuzzling into his neck as she felt his arms around her. For a split second as her womanly body caressed his in that embrace, she felt she was the only one in his strange... and arousing world. "Samuel?"

"Hmm?" Samuel muttered. Knowing the feeling of Pandora's breasts wasn't helping to quiet his manhood. "Well Samuel, here you are, brought home because of your father's illness. Learned that you're a witch, your mother transferred her soul into Kelly's child, did the same for your father. Got your own sister pregnant, destroyed one coven only to do so once again," he thought to himself as he gazed

at the scene he had caused. "Oh yeah, you got yourself shot and then turned into a vampire! Idiot. Although, the perks aren't that bad."

Pandora's lip dragged across her left fang as she felt that hard cock pressing against her. How it called to her to touch it, to caress it, to love it until it covered her in a shower of hot, sticky rope. "Let me take care of it, you will won't you?" Pandora asked, her sinful words tickled his ear as her thigh slyly rubbed his rod. "You'll take care of me and the pussy that needs this," she whispered trying to keep her lewdness as hidden as she could in front of her house members.

"Umm... like right now? Wow. Didn't know you were into that kind of thing."

"Shhh you!" Pandora playfully slapped his shoulder. "You won't leave me wanting now will you?" she asked again. Knowing that look her mother was giving her.

"Herald?" Ambrose called to him to draw his attention away from her eldest daughter. Hoping her daughter's

forwardness wasn't going to harm his relationship to Nimue.

"She's nosy," Pandora huffed wiggling her nose at her mother. Her eyes glinted mischievously as fingers ran up his cock, giving it a loving squeeze as she moved it to a more, less noticeable spot.

"Herald, may I have a word with you?" Ambrose asked, taking a few steps forward.

"Go, don't worry, I'll always will take care of it," Pandora whispered before turning Samuel around and pushing him towards her mother.

"Sure..."

"Tell me Herald," Ambrose said, looping her arm around his, shooting her daughter a look over his shoulder as she led Samuel out of the swamp. "Do you always speak with Seipowe here on this plane?" she said, shooting her daughter a coy smirk over her shoulder as her hips swayed.

"Not always, more like half and half," Samuel said, slyly looking around as members of her house moved in around him as much as the land would allow as they walked back to the cars. Wondering where Nimue had run off to.

"But you do speak with her on this plane, yes?" Ambrose asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Speak... I guess you can call it that," Samuel said, tilting his head to the side. "She normally tends to speak in here," he said, tapping his forehead with his finger.

"Ah, so has Seipowe actually spoken aloud to you?" Ambrose asked, moving closer to Samuel as the land narrowed.

"A few times," Samuel admitted.

"Oh?" Her eyes darted quickly over to him. Knowing if even an ounce of what he said was true, and she had no reason not to trust his word given what she had felt in that clearing.

Then he along with the seer once she was born (in all their history the seer has always been women. Why? No one could say,) needed to be protected always. They couldn't lose this chance to actually hear Seipowe's words. Her mind raced knowing one of their house had to be with him always, not to watch him, to protect him from himself and the outside world. Samuel was far too important to let go traipsing around. "Samuel..."

"Yeah." Samuel peered out the corner of his eye at Ambrose as he felt her left hip brush against his. The hairs on the back of his neck began to stand on end. Wondering just whose eyes were burning holes in his back.

"Would you," her silver eyes flickered over to him, "mind if I inform the others like me of what has happened here. Your fight will stay within the house, it's what I felt that I wish to share with the other priests and priestesses."

"Sure, knock yourself out," Samuel said, wondering why she was asking he figured she would regardless if he agreed or not.

"Thank you, Herald. I have a few more if you don't mind," Ambrose said, her pink lips curved into a smile.

"Okay," Samuel replied wondering how much further it was to the road. He hated relying on anyone - namely to see - yet due to the cost of the spell his magic was almost tapped, or was it due to that stone or a combination of both? Samuel couldn't say. So, him casting a simple werelight to see would be out of the question.

"Have you been to her realm?" Ambrose asked, knowing how many of them have tried to enter it, yet they were always denied such pleasures of seeing into their goddess's realm.

"All the time, why?" Samuel asked, inquisitively. Pondering on where all her questions were going to lead.

"Truly?" Ambrose asked, her shock apparent on her face as she looked at him.

"Yeah, why would I lie about it?"

"Not saying you would," slyly brushing the side of her left breast against Samuel's arm, "it's just no one here or around the world for that matter has ever stepped foot there. I would like, if you wouldn't mind, for you to sit down with one of my order so we can inscribe how that realm appears to you. Would that be alright with you?" Ambrose asked, seeing her husband slightly behind Samuel nodding his support.

"Sure... I guess," Samuel answered, scratching his head, pondering on why a few lanes and a lamp post would be the talk of the town. The only things that remained the same in her realm was the library, her inner sanctum, and that crossroad, everything else was subject to her whim.

"Thank you, Herald. I know with your insight, our people will come to know our goddess better than they ever have before," Ambrose said, sweetly. Flashing Samuel a smile, the tips of her fangs peeking below her upper lip. "Now before we go," she said, stopping their advance a few meters from the edge of the swamp. Holding out her hand to the young woman as she gingerly carried a chalice in her hands

towards them. "I thought maybe you would be hungry from your duties to Seipowe," Ambrose said, her index and middle slid beside the stem of the cup feeling the glass resting against the palm of her hand as she presented it to him. "Please, allow me," pressing the rim of the chalice to his lips. Slowly increasing the angle as Samuel drank his fill. Her silver eyes studied the young man, feeling his strength growing with each drop that he swallowed. Wondering just how powerful he would become once his blood had undergone the conversion. If it was as powerful, or more, as what she felt in that clearing then she feared the world wouldn't be safe from those that harmed his family. Smiling inwardly knowing that they would now too benefit from that power. After all, Samuel was about to become her son. "Done?" Ambrose asked, pulling the chalice away from his lips. Her fingers skimmed along the glass surface as she handed it back to the young woman. Who scurried off into the darkness now that her task was completed.

"Better?" Ambrose asked, casting him a warm smile.

"Getting there," Samuel said, offhandedly.

"Well, I'm sure once you're home your family can help with that," Ambrose said, with a coy smirk. "I wonder how your family deals with you being this..." Allowing her innuendo to hang in the air as her voice trailed off.

"Mother." Pandora's voice was cold and hard. A chill crept up Samuel's spine at the look in her eyes.

"What? Is there a problem with me growing close to the man Nimue is to be wed to?" Ambrose asked, shooting her daughter a look.

"Come dear," Aarrin said, drawing his wife away from Samuel. He didn't need the two of them fighting in front of Samuel.

"But... I'm not done asking my questions."

"There will be plenty of time for that later," Aarrin said, pulling his wife along.

"Don't forget Samuel about the private party." Ambrose's voice faded as Aarrin led her out of the swamp.

"Now..." Pandora sauntered up to Samuel as the others of her house began to head to their cars since their task was completed. "How about we head back, and I'll show this," she purred, her hand slowly rubbed his manhood. "Just how much I'm going to miss it and you," Pandora whispered, her lips gently plucked at his before giving into the burning desire that smoldered in her chest.

"O-o-okay," Samuel stuttered as their lips parted.

"Good answer," Pandora cooed as her blue eyes flared in her want. Her hand reached down, softly squeezing his as she led him back to the car. Nodding to Amalia as she stood beside the sedan. Seeing the color in Amalia's cheeks foretelling of how well she fed. Her hands ran along Samuel's shoulders as he climbed into the back of the car.

Samuel felt his phone vibrating in his pocket as Amalia made a three-point turn. "Sammy! Is everything okay?! We felt the upsurge... and your golem went crazy as zombies

tried to get onto the property." Kelly texted sending over the photos of the dead body parts strewn out along the street in front of Marie's house. "I have to tell you brother, everyone here, including me, are a little afraid, and in awe, of that thing."

"Well, you shouldn't be, unless you're a threat to her house," Samuel sent back teasing his sister.

"Very funny Samuel." Kelly texted back sending a photo of her unamused face. "Tell me is it done, is that woman dead?"

"Yes Kelly, tell Marie she doesn't have to worry about Labo and her ilk any longer."

"Good. Now come home soon, and crawl into your sister's arms." Sending Samuel, a picture of her laying on the bed wearing a light pink camisole top, smiling lovingly into the camera. "Now that everything is coming to an end, maybe... maybe, we can live a quiet life just the four of us."

"Let's hope," Samuel agreed. He for one was eager to fade into the background and forget the world around him. Focus back on his life before Hekatê put him on this path. To have the only thing to worry about is if he was going to pass the midterm exam and not the life altering battles he had fought since coming into his magic. However, as much as he wanted to think his life would return to somewhat of a normalcy. That stone plagued his mind. Something about it just wouldn't let go of him, not that it didn't belong - which it didn't - but something more that tied into something far larger than he could even comprehend. Yet a nagging feeling poked at his grey matter that something big was brewing, something that would take him far away.

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"Mmm... I've been waiting for this," Pandora purred hungrily as she pushed her bedroom door closed with the heel of her foot as the smacking of her lips filled her room. Her hands snaked their way under the hem of his shirt. Running up his chest, enjoying the feel of the heat of his skin on the pads of her fingers. Her eyes glanced to the left at the one-way screen modeled after the screens in the confessional booths in catholic churches. Wondering if her

sister was naked behind it and touching herself. She had only gotten the thing once Nimue asked her to teach her how to please Samuel. A task she might add was very enjoyable to her. So, she didn't scoff at shelling out the few hundred dollars for the item.

"That's new," Samuel said, once Pandora gave him time to gather his breath.

"Oh, that old thing," Pandora said, offhandedly. "Its been sitting in the attic for some time. Now do you want to discuss my room décor, or do you want my lips wrapped around something," she asked, her fingers making quick work of his belt. The slapping of the leather filled her room as she quickly pulled it through the belt loops of his jeans. Tossing it to the side, the metal buckle landed in a ping on her floor. Her blue eyes taunting him to say that he didn't wish to feel his cock gliding through her mouth. To feel her tongue running along his stiff rod.

"The second one," Samuel stated unaware that Nimue was watching from behind the screen.

Her silver eyes watched as Samuel kicked off his shoes, her sister's hands worked quickly to remove the obstacle that hindered her. Biting lightly on her lower lip as her gaze ran along the length of his cock. Feeling her mouth water, her mound throbbing as she imagined how it would feel if it was her as her sister's lips neared that mushroom top. Her pale hand ran down her chest, along her 32B breast, her muscles trembling as she playfully teased that pale white bud. Taking everything in as her sister's head rocked, her hands resting on his hips as she pleasured her future husband with her mouth. All so when the time came she wouldn't be fumbling around when it was her turn to be the one that brought pleasure to him.

How she wanted to moan as her fingers ran up her labia. Wanted to whimper in bliss as they rolled along her clit, yet she had to remain quiet. Had to keep her presence unknown to Samuel. Not that she didn't think he would mind her being there, it was that if she was out there with them that she would succumb to the feelings that had been brewing within her. That was something that she couldn't allow. That would endanger the task her goddess had set her out on.

"Would he taste me like that?" Nimue asked herself, as she tilted her head as her sister squealed in bliss as Samuel was between her legs. Watching how her sister's back arched, the way her chest heaved, how her fangs gleamed in the light as Pandora's mouth was shaped in an 'O' as her silent wail hung in her throat. To her heightened hearing, Nimue heard the strain the sheets were under from her sister's grip.

"Mmmhmm. Right there Samuel! Right. Fucking. There!" Nimue watched her sister's breasts jiggled and bounced as she came. Noting how Samuel's hand ran up Pandora's flat stomach. Arching an eyebrow at how her sister whimpered, the way her hand moved through his hair as she turned her head to look at her. Feeling her cheeks blush as Pandora blew her a kiss. She wondered what her order would think of her if they knew how wet watching them was making her. How she wanted to slip her fingers into her tight mound. To coat them in her sweet nectar, yet she couldn't, no matter how much she was tempted to. "That's it Samuel taste my pussy, get it etched into your memory, so you never forget," Pandora moaned.

Nimue wondered how her sister would take what Samuel had told her about the doorway he was going to construct.

That when her duties allowed she would be by his side. Wandering the streets of his hometown, her body gliding against his as they made love in his bed. The sweet embraces they would share beneath the full moon as the waves crashed against the shore.

Rubbing her fingers together, the light sheen of her juices glistened along her pale fingertips. Her body shuddered as her tongue ran through her sweet essence imagining it was Samuel's tongue running through her moist labia. Her grip tightened on the armrests of her chair; her thighs rubbed together as her mind brought her to the edge of her orgasm. Fondling her breasts, tilting her head back, her silver eyes quivered as her body succumbed to the bliss of her daydream.

"Mmm... I don't what it is about you Samuel." Nimue's eyes peered through her eyelashes seeing her sister posed over Samuel's cock. Feeling her cheeks heat as Pandora tapped her nose, silently telling her he could smell her sex. Her ears perked at the sound of Pandora running the head of his cock through her satisfied lips. Pandora's blue eyes teasingly taunted her knowing how much she wished it was her on that bed and not her sister. "But I just can't get

enough of this." Pandora stared right at her as she sank down on Samuel's pole. "You like watching my ass bounce don't you Samuel?" Biting the inside of her cheek knowing her sister was doing it to torment her. "I'll take those hands gripping my ass as a yes." Pandora's giggle filled the room as Nimue watched on as her sister bounced, glided, rolled her hips as she coated that cock in her hot cream.

Nimue felt how her own peach was leaking like mad as she watched as the hour progressed. From Samuel taking her sister from behind, to missionary, to other forms she had no idea what their names were. She hoped that in time she would come to learn them with his help of course. Nimue watched with sultry eyes as that hot seed shot out painting her sister's ass.

"Sammy! You were meant to coat my boobs!" Pandora pouted all the while reaching behind her gathering up his gift. "It's too bad you can't spend the night; I'd love to get you alone in my coffin." Nimue heard her sister say as she was cuddled close to Samuel as they rested from their love making. "I'm sure Nimue would enjoy the feel of you next to her as she sleeps during the day. She does have a very comfortable coffin; you should try it some time." Nimue

felt her cheeks rapidly heat at her sister's words. Never... never has she ever taken a man into her coffin. Yet the thought of laying face to face, feeling his body lightly pressing against hers, their fingers interweaved with one another's as the sun sent them into their rest got her heart racing. She wondered if she could store a coffin at his home just so she could experience that feeling.

"Now..." Nimue watched how her sister's breasts dragged along Samuel's chest as Pandora leaned over him. "You best get home and take care of that sister of yours, because if she doesn't want to take care of you..." Pandora's hand ran down Samuel's chest watching her sister's hand caressing his manhood. "I'll be more than happy to take her place and give this all the attention it needs." Nimue heard her sister's rumbling purr before Pandora passionately kissed Samuel.

"You better come say goodbye to me before you leave for home," Pandora said, batting her eyelashes at him as Samuel's shirt slid down his chest.

"Oh, I figured you'd come hunt me down if I did that," Samuel said, smirking down at her.

"True, I would. Especially if I had to come to your college," Pandora said, shooting him her own smirk as her hands ran up his chest as she knelt on her knees before him. "I wonder how all those boys would react seeing this hot older woman whisking you off to do some very naughty things," she said, pressing her chest into his. Her blue eyes dazzling at how her body hummed. She definitely was going to miss him. "I'll phone Amalia tell her it's time," Pandora said, getting one last kiss in.

Her smooth legs slid along the comforter as her door closed. Hips swayed; her breasts bounced as she neared the screen. A sinful smirk graced her lush lips as she stared down at the state her sister was in. "Well Nimue, did you enjoy your lesson?" Pandora asked, seeing her glazed over eyes.

"Mmmhmm," Nimue nodded.

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"Sammy!" Wendy squealed in joy at the sight of her son as he walked through the door. Her tiny arms and legs propelled her along the bed. "Oh baby! I was so worried!" she said, in a motherly voice as she wrapped her arms around his neck as Samuel held her.

"Everything is fine Mom," Samuel said, rubbing her back.

"Is it?! Is it really?" Wendy asked, looking into her son's eyes.

"Yes Samuel," Charlotte said, the sheet slid down her alluring body as she sat up. "Is your task done here?"

"Almost, but nothing too life threatening," Samuel said, not telling them about the stone in that clearing. He still couldn't figure out why it was there in the first place, and he doubted he could find an answer in her library. Nothing in the journal of the former Heralds ever mentioned anything like that and it unnerved him. Anything and everything that pertained to magic was written down in leather bound books.

"Why is it I get the feeling you aren't telling us everything?" Kelly asked, shooting her brother a look as she crossed her arms. "But come we can discuss that in the morning," she said, patting the bed.

"Mmm... yes, these so need to be pressed against you," Charlotte teased as she cradled her breasts.

"And your face needs my kisses," Wendy giggled planting big wet kisses on his cheeks.

"A few more days," Kelly sighed as she snuggled up to her brother. "A few more days until I can finally have you to myself," she said, brushing her cheek against his chest.

"Not if I beat you to it first Kelly," Charlotte said, taunting her niece with a coy smile.

"Hey! I'm right here you know!" Wendy huffed as she sat on her son's chest.

"We know, but you aren't old enough to enjoy Sammy," Charlotte said, teasing her sister. Lightly chuckling at her sister's 'Hmpf!' as she crossed her arms and turned her head.

"It's too late for this," Kelly yawned, lifting Samuel's arm, and wrapping it around her. Drawing strength and comfort as she sank into the warmth of his body.

"Yes, I have to agree, I need my beauty sleep," Charlotte said, her silky thigh slid along Samuel's as she snuggled closer to him.

"Sammy...?" Wendy began to say, her cheeks heating as her bashfulness rose.

"What is it Mom?"

"When I'm older..." The tips if her index fingers tapped against each other as she bowed her head. Glancing up as Samuel's hands took hold of hers. Her thumb brushed along the back of his hand, knowing how it was him whose hands once felt so small in hers. "Will... will you be my first?"

Wendy asked, her skin heated as those cobalt eyes gazed inquisitively at her. "And when I'm eighteen again, that you turn me, I don't want to lose you ever again," she said, her lip trembling remembering the time he had spent at her bed side. How it tore at her heart as her body withered away and he was forced to watch as she lost the battle. "You'll do that for me won't you Sammy?" Wendy asked, hugging his chest tightly.

"Sure Mom," Samuel said, offhandedly. "That is if I'm still here," he said to himself. That stone was too much of an enigma to allow his mind to think about the future.

"Mmm... good, I can't wait," Wendy sighed as she hugged her son's chest tightly, her body succumbing to the late hour. She was out the moment her head touched her son's chest.

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Morning rose and so did the covers that hid his body. Her green eyes stared down at her bother as she hovered over him. Her sandy-blonde hair teased the mattress below her

as she watched her brother slumber. Her fingertips lightly brushed along his face; a loving smile rose along her lips knowing this was how it was always meant to be. Her nipples teased his chest as she gazed down his body. Softly biting her lip as she felt something growing between her legs. This too was how it was meant to be. Her hand danced down her brother's chest, loving the feel of his warmth beneath her as it neared that hard root. Gently rubbing her mound along his stout rod, marking it as hers now and evermore.

A soft gasp floated past her lips as Kelly ran the crown of his rod through her hungry labia. They have been deprived of the feel of her brother for far too long and she meant to rectify that. Her nails scraped down the sheet as she lowered herself down his length. Her muscles trembled as his pole sat so perfectly within her hot canal. Squeezing her folds to arouse her brother from his slumber. Her thumb brushed along his lower lip as those cobalt eyes peered out through his eyelashes. Gooseflesh raced across her skin as the pads of his fingers danced up and down her spine as she leaned forward. Her hips rocked; her tongue rolled within Samuel's mouth. Her eye twitched as it was pierced by his left fang. Her eyes went wide as Samuel sucked on her

tongue. Seeing how her magic-infused blood strengthened his body as Samuel sucked on her tongue. Kelly felt her core quivering, her canal tightening its hold on his cock as her body shuddered beneath his touch.

"Mmm," Kelly hummed, "that's it Sammy, fuck me, fuck the woman you love," she purred hungrily. Gliding along his shaft, breathing heavily into his mouth as she neared her peak. Her eyes rolled back into her head; her mouth hung agape as Samuel thrust hard into her. Filling her body with such pure magic that made her believe she could reorder the universe. "No more messing around baby bro," Kelly growled in a wanton purr. Pushing herself up, her nails dancing down his chest as she sat posed over him. Rolling her hips, a predatory smile graced her lips as she stared down at Samuel. Her left hand covered her stomach knowing that her, Samuel, and their child were connected as one. "Oh Sammy!" she moaned to the ceiling as she tilted her head back. Listening to the sound of her sex that only her brother could truly bring about. "So..." Her voice stilled as she was about to apologize for the abrupt squirt of breastmilk only to watch as Samuel's head moved so fast all she heard was the droplets striking the pillow beneath him. "Now if you can move that fast, why haven't you..." Kelly

sucked in a huge breath as Samuel sent his cock upwards. Gliding through her folds at inhuman speeds, "Samuel!" Kelly screamed out filling Marie's house in the sounds of her epic orgasm. If she wasn't already kneeling she wouldn't have the strength to stand, much less move around. With shaky hands pushing herself up, staring mystified at how much of her nectar gushed out once his cock left her cunt.

"Where have you been hiding this, hmm?" Kelly asked, in a teasing manner. "Oh no, we aren't done Samuel," she said, in a commanding tone. Taking hold of the base of his cock so Samuel couldn't move. Not that she would ever harm her brother, she just hadn't had enough of Samuel's cock. Whimpering as she bit her lip as his cock danced along her sensitive labia before that hard rod slid back were it belongs. "You've been running around this town fucking everyone, and not paying attention to your sister," Kelly pouted as she slowly rocked. "You can't leave me all alone anymore. We're going to need you now more than ever," she said, placing his hand on her stomach. Knowing she and Charlotte couldn't be turned until they gave birth and once their babies got off of their breastmilk. However, that was a long way off, and she wasn't about to be out of his life like the two years he had distanced himself from her. Never

again were they ever going to be separated, she was going to see to that.

"Fuck Kelly," Samuel grunted as his sister's pussy gripped him like a vice.

"What? Don't tell me you don't like it," falling forward, her hands pressed down on the mattress on either side of his head. "I'm sure this new body of yours can take it, or are you saying you don't like when your sister gets a little rough?" Kelly asked, with a coy smirk as she stared into Samuel's eyes. "You did make my pussy all nice and wet, didn't you brother?" she asked, slamming down to the base of his branch. She had no doubt that new hearing of his had no trouble listening to how wet he had made her cunt. This too she knew was meant to be, and Kelly wouldn't have it any other way. "You like that don't you Samuel," Kelly purred rolling her hips forward while squeezing his cock before gliding back down that cream covered pole.

"Umm... duh," Samuel smirked revealing the tip of his right fang. His pupils dilated as Kelly tossed her hair to the right revealing her artery. He could hear her blood pounding in

his ears, calling to him to partake of that rich coppery liquid.

"Drink Samuel, drink and taste how powerful you make me," Kelly panted as she neared another orgasm. "Taste the magic you bring about, that burns through my veins like liquid fire," she said, offering her neck to him. She felt how depleted he was when he returned. That was evident by the sheer volume of magic he had released. She had no earthly idea he had that kind of power. Yet she also knew with that kind of power it would tend to draw Samuel deeper into things she can't foresee. Taking him to places that few have ever ventured. She also knew the power he wielded tended to corrupt those that held it for any length of time. This she was sure to nip in the bud if it ever raised its ugly little head. Her skin prickled as she felt his hot breath on her neck. A lustful moan rumbled from her lips as his fangs pierce her neck. Euphoria flooded her mind and her core as it sent down another torrent of her hot cream as her womanhood detonated mixing with his hot cum that jetted from his crown. Her cheek brushed against his as her body collapsed. Feeling her skin heat as his arms wrapped around her.

Neither of them moved as they laid there simply enjoying the feel of each other's bodies. Knowing how close she was to losing him once, from his own misplaced anger, to the Council's evil plans to usurp Hekatê's power, then to Labo's zombie spell. She was never going to let that happen ever again. Nuzzling into his neck, praying to Hekatê to give her the strength she needed in order to protect Samuel.

"Samuel?" Kelly muttered, her thigh brushed up and down his, her thumb brushed along his chest. Her nose nuzzled his neck as she snuggled up to her brother.

"Hmm?" Samuel hummed feeling the increased size of his sister's breasts as they pressed against him.

"It's been some time since you've showered, how about you come shower with me," Kelly said, with a mischievous smile. Throwing off the covers, the sound of the sheet rushing across the bed as Kelly stood at the foot of the bed. Noting how Samuel's eyes were following the sheet's movements as she wrapped it around her naked body. Sucking on her lower lip as her eyes moved down his body. "Now oh great Herald, come catch your woman!" Kelly

giggled as she raced towards the bathroom. Only to feel a sudden gust of wind speeding past her.

"Too slow." Samuel smirked as he leaned against the sink basin as Kelly opened the door. "I wonder; what was the penalty for being the last one here?" Samuel asked, his cobalt eyes shimmered as Kelly closed the bathroom door as the sheet slid down her body.

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Samuel stood in the solarium watching the noonday sun playing across his palm as he had the house to himself for once. Knowing that soon he wouldn't be able to feel its warmth once his blood had been fully overtaken by his vampiric side. He had spent the last hour in that room to prepare it for the night ahead, where Marie would be the anchor to re-forge the pact her family once had with her.

"I thought I might find you here," Ines cooed as she stood in the doorway. Her brunette hair brushed along her light blue robe. A seductive smile graced her lips as Samuel turned to her. "I knew you'd be here all by yourself, so I

raced back just so you and I could be alone," she said, her blue eyes glinted as her own magic flared.

"Is that so," Samuel said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Mmmhmm," Ines purred her fingers at the edge of her robe allowing his eyes to run down her exposed skin. Wondering if he could smell the perfume she had hastily donned once she had gotten home. "Don't you find me attractive Samuel?" she asked, as she undid the knot in the belt of her robe. Watching how his eyes moved down her body as she pushed it from her shoulders, feeling it pooling at her feet.

"Of course, why wouldn't I?"

"No reason," Ines said, a soft smile shown on her lips as her hips swayed as she approached him. "With you making Aurore into a woman last night, I was wondering if you would be interested in more mature women these days," she teased. Her fingers trailed along the altar's surface as she circled around it. She wanted him to see how her ass bounced unhindered by her clothes. Although she was sure

he remembered what it looked like when he fucked her in that courtyard. Since then Michael hasn't dared to touch her. Not that she cared any longer. Her marriage now was more of a sham these days. Only staying together for their kids' sake. Plus, with Edna around her husband has been making use of her body far more than he has been in their bed. Which oddly she was grateful for, she no longer had to endure the touch of his cheating hands.

"Aurore was nice, but there are some things that can only come from experience," Samuel stated. A sly smirk rose the corner of his lips as Ines peered over her right shoulder.

"Is that so," she felt the warmth of the stone as she sat next to him on the altar, "then how about," her fingertips ran down his right arm before taking hold of his hand. "You let me show you what an older woman can do with this," Ines purred hungrily as she rubbed Samuel's manhood as he stood between her legs. "You would like that wouldn't you Samuel?" she asked, her desire lacing her words as her fingers slipped underneath the hem of his shirt. Her lips trailed up his chest as his shirt rose. She was going to make sure this man knew he was wanted. That he knew that she would always take care of his needs when they were

together. How she was envious of Kelly and Charlotte. When they had a man that took care of their needs any time they wanted. That made them feel loved and desired. She had listened outside of the bathroom they were using when they showered. How she wanted to experience what Kelly had in that steamy room. Wishing it was her that had him to line her bed every night. To hold her when the night grew cold, to caress her when something troubled her, to care for her when life grew too hard to deal with at the moment. Inhaling his scent imprinting it to her memory so she could always remember it. Unaware of the doorway that would soon connect their two houses. "Samuel?" Her blue eyes peered up into his.

"Yeah?"

"Will you taste me like you did with Magdalene?" Ines asked, knowing her pussy needed to feel his tongue in it before he left.

"Sure," Samuel said, smiling warmly down at her.

"Good." Gently bringing Samuel down to her lips, her arms wrapped around his neck pulling him deeper into their embrace. Biting her lip as Samuel kissed down through the valley of her breasts, along her stomach, gooseflesh rippled her skin as his hands lightly rested on her thighs. A pleasure filled sigh escaped her lips as Samuel's lips gently plucked at her labia. Her fingers ran through his hair as he teased her clit. "Samuel... would you use that spell again?" Ines asked, her muscles rippled as Samuel ran his finger through her lips. Gathering up her nectar on his fingertip, memorizing the pattern as he drew the rune below her navel. So, that when she was a true sex witch, like Lola had become last night, she could do it herself and touch herself thinking about the man that had given her such bliss. "Mmm... fuck! Samuel!" Ines howled in joy as his spell flared off once he returned his attention back to her hot mound. "Yes, that's it get that face in there!" she growled; her hand pressed against the back of his head as his tongue lapped up his juices.

"Going to miss me I take it," Samuel chuckled as he rolled his thumb along her clit noting how she was savoring her climax.

"Oh, most definitely," Ines nodded, feeling the back of her thighs being coating in her juices that leaked out from her canal. "Promise me -

promise me when you can that you'll return here and give us women who've become addicted to you a chance to have another taste of you," she pleaded as her sultry eyes peered down at him.

"I can do that," Samuel smirked as he peered over her mound.

"Good," the tip of her tongue pressed against her cupids bow, "now why don't you take that cock out and fuck this hot, wet pussy to sweet bliss," Ines said in a wanton purr.

"Thought you'd never ask..." The sun drifted across the sky as Samuel filled the solarium with the smell of Ines's sex. Her moans of ecstasy filled Marie's house as she coated Samuel's rod in her sweet cream. She didn't care if he fucked every woman in her household, as long as he kept giving her orgasm after orgasm like he was currently doing.

Then she would deal with everything else. Samuel was just too good for her to let go of.

"Oh, fuck yes! Give it to me Samuel! Yes! Yes! Yes! Pound that pussy good!" Ines growled demonically as Samuel held onto her hips. "Oh fuck! God damn it! Don't stop! There! Right there!" The palms of her hands drummed on the stone's surface as her core went into meltdown from her twelfth orgasm. Staring up at the glass roof of the solarium, her eyes glazed over as her body convulsed. Smiling lovingly at the top of Samuel's head as his pace slowed so she could enjoy her climax while he sucked on her left breast. "Yes Samuel, enjoy every part of my body, let it please you as you have done to me," Ines whispered as her hand gently stroked the back of his head. "F... Samuel! Thrust that hard cock deep into me!" she begged as he sought to bring her to the cusp of her thirteenth orgasm.

Sliding off the altar once she had felt that he was nearing his own. Letting Samuel paint her face in his cum, something she never allowed Michael to do. Swallowing his cock removing any and all traces of her sex from his rod. His cum shining in the sunlight as Ines smiled up at Samuel as she cradled his balls. Giving his crown one last lick

knowing she would always be ready to take care of him and his delicious cock.

******

"Sammy? It's almost time, are you going to be ready?" Joan asked, entering the room Marie gave them to use during their stay. Feeling Edna at her back, ever since two days ago when Samuel magically brought her before all of Marie's household. The men of the house have constantly been chasing after her. Joan had to admit she did have a hand in it due to Hekatê's decree; and she thought it a fitting punishment due to what Rick - now Edna - did to Kelly. Watching how the blue terrycloth robe rose along his back noting how there were a few small patches of skin on his back that had lost some pigment. Wondering what else was going to happen to him over the next few months.

"Yeah, just getting ready," Samuel muttered. Feeling his strength had returned from Kelly's blood and sexual energies along with Ines's.

"Then you'll be leaving here in a few days won't you?" Joan asked, knowing she would have to visit him before then so she could be at her peak.

"Yeah."

"Sam... please let me have a taste before you go," Edna begged rushing to his side. Lola's family, while now being sex witches thanks to Samuel's spell, weren't as potent as he was, and she so wanted to suck, lick, twirl her tongue around that rod of his. She knew he was never going to fuck her. Yet simply swallowing his cum gave her - filled her - with more magic than fucking those newly turned witches. Dropping to her knees in front of him as those cold cobalt eyes burned into her. "Please Samuel, please let me..." Taking a dry swallow, her hands balled around the material of his robe as her eyes stared at his groin. Knowing that just beneath that barrier of cloth was his cock. A cock that gave her so much power. A cock that tasted so good on her tongue. Edna had no idea why she thought like this, yet ever since Joan forced her to watch as Samuel fucked her, Samuel's cock has been on her mind. Longing to have it within her once again in any form. "I'll do whatever you

want, please Samuel," Edna pleaded as she stared up at him with quivering eyes.

"Edna! Samuel has more important tasks to deal with than your needs," Joan said, coldly.

"But Joan..." Edna's lip trembled fighting back the emotions that had been flooding her mind since she had been turned into a woman. "Please Samuel, I know I've done something terrible to Kelly. Every night I'm plagued by it! Can't you see I'm no longer that person?! What Hekatê did to me changed me not only on the outside but in here," Edna said, placing her hand gently over her heart, feeling it flutter being so close to her nephew. "I can never atone enough for what I did, I know that. But I'm not Rick anymore. I'm Edna. I would never do that. Ever! Not after what Kelly - righteously did - to punish me for my crimes. I'm not asking for you to sleep with me... although that would be nice, just that you let me feel you here," she said, opening her mouth, letting Samuel see where his cock belonged as she stuck out her tongue.

"I'll think about it," Samuel said offhandedly, moving past her.

"Okay!" Edna said, containing her glee or trying to.

"How about once the ritual is over you come to my room," Joan whispered into Samuel's ear. Her fingers ran down the inside of his arm. Her nose ran up his neck inhaling the scent of the fresh soap and the magic that drifted around. "Your aunt needs a very good fucking before her sweet nephew leaves," she purred as her lips brushed along his ear.

"I think you'll have to fight Charlotte for that," Samuel said, feeling Joan's fingertips dancing along his palm as he moved towards the doorway.

"Why not bring her along," a seductive smirk rose on her lips as Samuel peered back at her, "it's been some time since I've had the pleasure of tasting my sister's pussy," Joan said, her tongue flicked against her teeth.

"Joan?" Edna crawled hurriedly over to her sister's side. Her purple thong peaked out as her t-shirt rose up, something she was forced to wear as her punishment. She hated wearing them, it always felt like her starfish was going to inhale the material every time she moved. However, she did hope Samuel liked the shape of her ass. "Please can I watch?" Edna asked, staring up at her sister with pleading eyes as her hands clutched at her robe.

"Oh?" Joan arched an eyebrow as she stared down at Edna.

"I promise I will only watch."

"Is that so," Joan said, coldly, bending down taking Edna's chin between her thumb and index finger. "How else is Samuel's cock going to get clean from my and Charlotte's pussy cream if not for that whorish mouth of yours?"

"Yes, that's what my mouth is for Joan," Edna said, feeling her mouth salivating at the thought of Samuel's cock gliding along her tongue.

"Well, see to the children while we induct Marie and her family back into the coven, and put some pants on. Our children don't need to see how much of a slut you have become," Joan said, turning her back to Edna. Her arm slipping around Samuel's, "Come along Samuel, we shouldn't keep them waiting."

"Don't worry Joan, I'll see to them," Edna called out to her as they walked towards the solarium.

"Must you return to Massachusetts?" Joan asked in a sigh, as she rested her head on his shoulder as they walked through Marie's home.

"Yeah, classes will be starting in a few weeks," Samuel said, offhandedly.

"But..." Joan began to pout. "I'm going to miss you," pressing his arm deeper into her bosom, "why can't you transfer down here?"

"Umm..."

"You know I'll take care of you, as I'm sure the others will too. We've only just begun to develop this new relationship between us," Joan said, snuggling closer to him. "It'd be a shame to let it die out wouldn't it?"

"Hasn't Grandma, Mom, or Marie told you about the doorway?" Samuel asked, glancing at her from the corner of his eye.

"Doorway? What doorway?!" Joan asked, perplexed. "We'll talk about this once the ritual is over," she said sternly, as Aurore pushed open the doors that lead to the solarium once they neared. She had to know everything about this doorway, if it was what she thought it was... her nephew was going to have to schedule an hour or two from his studies to please his fuckable aunt; and she was sure that in return Samuel would always be taken care of no matter what it was. Giving Aurore a slight nod as she passed her as Aurore hurriedly scampered to Samuel. Looking back as Aurore threw her arms around Samuel's neck.

Aurore's heart raced as she felt his hand running down her back, coming to a rest on her ass as their lips parted. Biting her lower lip as her eyes studied his. Her cunt throbbed remembering how he felt in her last night. While she was still sore, she couldn't help but want to feel him back inside of her again. "If you need a drink," tilting her head to the side, "I'm willing to let you. I'm always willing to feel your kiss..." Aurore looked behind her as her mother called to her. "Later okay?" Winking at Samuel before she went to join her mother.

As he stood in the doorway, smiles greeted him as he looked around the room. His grandmother gave him a look before her eyes dipped down to his groin. Wendy waved shyly to her son as her father held her. Waiting for the time she could truly be with him without using her sister's body to be physically with him. Imagining Kelly and Charlotte standing by the altar smiling warmly at him, yet they were with Marie preparing her body for the ritual. Magdalene's blonde hair draped down her chest as her burgundy silk robe hugged her body. Her light green eyes glanced hungrily over to him. Earning him a burning stare from Eric as his own wife undressed him with her eyes. Michael stood on the other side of the room away from his wife. His

eyes slyly searching for Edna among the crowd. Paul simply gave him a slight nod eager to join in with his cousins.

Looking to his left as Aurore pulled her robe slightly open allowing her smooth silky leg to peek out from the robe. Slowly pulling aside the lower half of her robe to taunt Samuel with her teenage mound only to be stopped by her mother. Yet, with the burning look in his eyes she knew she had gotten the desired affect as Aurore saw the rise in the depths of his robe.

"Are you all ready for this?" Samuel asked, as he stood behind the altar.

"We are." They spoke as one.

"You all have the chant you must recite as the ceremony is going on, yes?" Samuel asked, making sure they were indeed ready to proceed.

"Yes Herald." Again, their voices rang out as one.

"Very well, then have a seat," Samuel ordered gesturing to the floor of the solarium. With the snap of his fingers extinguishing the house light and igniting the wicks of the candles at the same time. "We'll begin with our prayer to Hekatê," he said, seeing their nods.

"Hail Hekatê Chthonia.

Queen of the Witches.

She who stands at the threshold,

Between the worlds.

I bring you a fine meal,

Knowing that you intend it for the animals,

And the downtrodden.

They, like me, are yours.

I feel the restless dead,

And the haggard spirits,

Gathered in this place.

They, like me, are yours.

I am embraced by the darkest night.

For the moon has covered,

Her face hidden out of respect for you.

They, like me, are yours.

Here at the crossroads.

I am never alone.

Nor am I afraid.

I am surrounded by my kindred.

Those who seek your mysteries,

And those whom you protect.

We are your witches.

Your horde.

Hail Hekatê Chthonia.

Queen of the Witches.

She who stands at the threshold,

Between the worlds."

Their combined voices filled Marie's house, her pearl white robe was like a ghost as she approached the solarium. The smell of incense drifted on the circulated air as Charlotte and Kelly chanted behind her. Her bare feet glided along the floor; red lacquer runes were painted on her skin to channel the magic of the ritual. Stopping at the threshold to the room. Her emerald green eyes stared right at Samuel. Her hands loosened the knot in the belt of her robe. Pushing it from her shoulders showing him the body that he would always be welcomed to explore, and her family of what she was willing to risk if the ritual went awry.

With her head held high, her crimson hair brushed along her skin as she stepped into the solarium. She could feel the magic building as their voices called it from the ether. Trying to keep her arousal in check as those glowing cobalt eyes peered at her. Lowering herself to her knees as she felt Charlotte's and Kelly's hands lightly touching her shoulders once she stood two feet away from the altar.

"I offer my body and soul to the goddess of magic. So that Hekatê may grant me and my family the gifts restored to us that we have lost to the ages," Marie said. Her arms outstretched, the candlelight shining along her 36DDD breasts as she looked up to the sky what Charlotte and Kelly had drilled into her all day. "I, along with my family, will serve your will oh great goddess!" Crying out to the heavens as the silvery light of the stars shone down upon the land. Her eyes glanced down as Samuel's hands began to weave through the air. An azure smoky aura trailed after it as his own magic heeded his call.

"Olim erat, et reformari videretur. Qui in semita invenietis illud," Samuel began to chant as he began to weave the strings of fate. "Audi vocationem. Audite verba. Ego enim sum magicae ignis spiritus." His eyes began to glow brighter as he began to remake their essences. "Ex nihilo autem resurgemus. Ex cinere ut et prioris sui aliquis novus locus suus," Samuel chanted watching how Marie slowly began to sway followed by those of her house. Glancing at Charlotte and Kelly as they added their own strength to his spell as they repeated every word he spoke. Maire's body moved under his command as his hand rose so did she. The runes

that Charlotte and Kelly so painstakingly applied to Marie's skin began to glow in reds, blues, greens, purples, and every color that was associated with every aspect of the magical realm; dancing along her skin in what appeared to be a chaotic storm, but to his mind that storm had a purpose. To show that while magic could be dangerous and disorderly if used by the unworthy, yet if given the proper guidance that even the most unwieldy magic could be tamed if one had the will and the strength to use it. Only the whites of Marie's eyes could be seen as she took one step then another towards the altar as her body heeded the magic's will.

Her legs swung over the top as she pivoted on her ass. Spreading her legs wide so her nectar could flow out to coat the stone in her offering. "I, Marie Clotilde Beaudoin, present myself to you Herald." Her voice was cold and distant as if her soul was far away in the realm of her domain. "Take this body of mine and use it as you see fit, so that my family will know true peace once again underneath your guiding hand," Marie said, coming out of her trance. Her hands reached out untying the knot in the belt of Samuel's robe. Reaching up pushing it from his shoulders, listening to it as it softly kissed the solarium's floor. Watching how those runes danced along her skin as her

hands worked to rouse that cock of his. Leaning into the palm of Samuel's hand as his thumb brushed along her lower lip. Her emerald eyes quivered as she nuzzled his palm as those eyes of his studied hers.

"Are you ready? Once..." Watching Marie's eyes flutter as his fingertip danced down the valley of her breasts. "There is no going back, you still have time," Samuel said, giving Marie the option.

"No Samuel," Marie said, warmly, as her right hand covered his. "You've done so much for my family already, and it would be improper of me as the head of this family to back out when you've saved us from going to war with Labo. So, let us help you now..." Her back arched, her limbs went rigid as Samuel placed his finger on her third eye. The runes that once were darting across her skin like a rainbow with ADHD before the runes raced to that single point on her forehead. Her vision pulsated with her heartbeat. Her breathing became rapid, her skin felt like it was on fire as Samuel poured his magic into her.

"Sive de rerum existunt. Ego veni ut Herald sum, fluxus ipsius imperantis cum magica per gratiam Dei Hekatê," Samuel chanted as he reordered her magic. Burning away most of her hoodoo magic to make room for her body to contain the sex magic that would soon fill the void. While she would still have access to that line of magic, it, however, would no longer play a large role in her life. "Excita. Qui graditur una cum evigilare faciatis iuxta eam. Excita, quae est regitiva unius in manu tua!" Samuel commanded, his voice oozed power as the spell reached it's apex. His fingers traced down Marie's face as he slowly lowered her to the altar. A soft whimper escaped her lips as the head of his cock ran through her labia as his hand danced down her neck, coming to a stop centered over her heart. As always with her materialization onto the physical world. The world around him became still and turned gray except for him and Marie.

"I accept your offer Marie Clotilde Beaudoin." Hekatê's voice drifted from within the darkness of Marie's home. The hinge of her lantern squeaked as it swung side to side. Shining that godly light down onto the path of her realm. Grey misty vapor rolled along the floor as her pale foot breached the threshold. Her lantern disappeared from her

hand as that gassy vapor shot into the noses and mouths of those that were a part of Marie's household. Runes burned brightly on their skin as her ancient magic tied them to Marie. Her cloak brushed along her naked thighs as she approached her Herald. Her magic gently took hold of Marie's body lifting her up. Her pale hands snaked beneath Marie's arms along her 36DDD breasts, cradling them as Hekatê peered over Marie's right shoulder. "Well, my Herald, complete the ritual," Hekatê purred before whispering the price of the spell into Marie's ear.

"Yes," Marie answered without a hint of uncertainty. Glancing down her body as her goddess's hand moved down her stomach. A coy, lustful smile rose along her lips as her fingertips drummed lightly on Marie's dancefloor. Marie yelled out in sheer pleasure as the solarium was filled with Samuel's bright light.

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The next night...

"Why do you have to go early?" Wendy pouted, as she sat on their bed with her arms crossed.

"Because I told Ambrose I would," Samuel said, plainly, as he dressed in the attire Nimue had bought for him for the party a few days ago.

"And who's this Ambrose?" Charlotte asked, her eyes ran down her nephew's body lewdly. Remembering how he made her moan so licentiously last night on Joan's bed. In all honesty she had never seen her younger sister begging for a cock before like Joan was last night. She made sure Edna cleaned Samuel's cock five times just so she would forever know the taste of her pussy on his manhood. Something she was sure Samuel was never going to allow Edna to experience.

"Nimue's mother."

"Oh, I see, wanting to get a peek at the man that's going to be marrying her daughter, hmm?" Charlotte teased.

"Something like that," Samuel admitted glancing over to his aunt as his jacket rose along his arms.

Her hips swayed alluringly as she sauntered over to him. Her fingers ran along the lapels of his jacket before giving it a sharp tug causing the material to sit snuggly to his shoulders. "I do hope this isn't another woman you'll be fucking," Charlotte said, casting him a smirk before their lips embraced. Moaning into his mouth as Samuel held her close to him. Her cheeks heated as he gently squeezed her ass. Charlotte's fingertips softly danced down Samuel's right cheek as she stared lovingly into his eyes. Only to turn her head as Kelly cleared her throat. Blowing her niece, a kiss as she backed away.

"Sammy," Kelly sighed as she rested her head against his chest. Smirking at her aunt as his arms held her tight. Wondering if he had noticed the increase in her cup size. She knew she was going to have to dig out her maternity bras once they got home, they were more comfortable to wear with her sensitive breasts. "Does my handsome brother have a sweet sensuous kiss for his older sister?" Kelly whispered in a wanton purr as their lips neared each other's. "Mmm... yes, that's how you're supposed to kiss

me," she cooed, her thumb brushed along his cheek. Knowing how far they had come together and how much further still they had to go. However, she was willing, and more to the point, she was never going to leave his side, not as long as she lived. Samuel would always count on her being at his side offering whatever she could to aid him.

"Kelly don't hog my son," Wendy said, motheringly, holding out her tiny arms to him as her daughter moved away. "You best be on your best behavior while you're there," she said sternly, as her tiny hands held his face.

"Yes Mom," Samuel said, trying not to crack a smile.

"You've done well sweetheart," Wendy whispered into his ear as her arms wrapped around his neck. "I couldn't be prouder of you than I am now." A warm smile rose along her lips as her son held her tightly like he used to do when she had her former body. "Now you go, and do make Hekatê proud," Wendy said, placing a kiss on Samuel's left cheek.

"Do enjoy yourself Sammy," Marie said, as she stood on the foot of the stairs. Her hands covered her stomach wondering if he knew the price she had to pay. Something she didn't really see as a burden to her. She just hoped that Samuel could love their child and care for him or her once he or she was born. That was her price: to give rise to the new head priestess or priest should the day come when she was no longer around. Whispering to their child as the front door closed behind him. Telling the sleeping babe about how strong and caring his or her father is. Telling the child of just how strong they would become once they were older. Smiling as she looked out the window as she watched Samuel slide into the back seat. Knowing that once he left while it would be lonely for her, but once the doorway was completed on his side. She was sure that she would be visiting his home as often as she could.

"So, Herald it seems your time with us is coming to a close," Amalia said, as she looked at Samuel from the reflection in the rear-view mirror. "Any thoughts on what you're going to do once you're home?"

"Try to graduate college without bursting into flames," Samuel said, with a coy smirk.

"Ah, I hear that can be a challenge," Amalia said, her eyes sparkling in mischief. "I never went to college, granted in my day we had to worry about the plague killing us more than what two plus two equaled to."

"So... that makes you older than..."

"You should know better than to suggest a woman's age," Amalia huffed, puffing out her cheeks playfully.

"Right..." Samuel muttered, looking away.

A half an hour later...

The rear passenger door opened; Samuel eyed the pale skinned man warily. He wondered how many of Nimue's sect had rushed to New Orleans once word of his existence reached their ears. He could even see the guarded look Amalia gave the man.

"Please if you would," the man said, waving for Samuel to exit the car. "Lady Ambrose is waiting for you in the foyer," he said, coldly. His dead eyes ran down Samuel's body in disdain.

Straightening out his jacket as he stood, buttoning the lower one without appearing to study the man. The way the man stared at him made his blood run cold. Samuel couldn't understand why he held such disdain for him, maybe the man just didn't like witches or half-vampires or both. Whatever it was Samuel wasn't going to worry about it. However, a little show of strength should make it clear the man had no power to stop him. His glowing cobalt eyes glanced over to the man as he took an involuntary step back as red arcs of electricity ran down his fingers as his hand hung at his sides. Pivoting on his heel, the soles of his dress shoes clicked on the stone of the walkway. Samuel pondered on why Pandora hadn't greeted him. Although as the front doors opened he understood why as Ambrose stood before him with arms outstretched. An alluring smile on her lips as her silver eyes slyly ran down his body.

"It's so good to see you again Herald," Ambrose cooed. Her heavy hanging breasts bounced as she stepped to the side gesturing him to enter her home.

"Hello Mrs..." Samuel began to say only to have Ambrose place her index finger on his lips.

"Call me Mom," Ambrose said, her lips mouthing each letter of the word. Looping her left arm around Samuel's right, pressing it against the side of her left breast as she gave her hand a little flick willing the doors to close. "I'm sure you're wondering why my daughters didn't greet you tonight," she said, offhandedly. Her hips swayed as they sauntered down the grand entrance way of her house towards the small room where she could speak with Samuel until Nimue was ready. "And why there are so many of my order here," Ambrose stated as she saw how Samuel was slyly peering around. "Well..." Snuggling her body closer to his, "they are here to witness the conception of the seer. It's a very special event," she said, gently rubbing his bicep feeling the tension his body.

"Then why do I get the feeling they would like nothing better than to dig my heart out?" Samuel asked, in a low whisper.

"Oh... they probably do want to do that," Ambrose said, trying to play it off. "You have to understand we all thought her right hand would be one of us," she said, referring to her sect. "We never thought it would be a witch or a human for that matter, but let's not dwell on that now, shall we?" Ambrose said, trying to lighten the mood. "Now about my daughters..." A sinful smile rose along her lips as she glanced at Samuel. "Pandora is attending to Nimue to prepare her for this wonderful night. Although the order wasn't pleased to learn that it was one of our own who was chosen to be the mother of the seer. As you know we have strict orders of celibacy unless we have our leader's approval of the marriage before the event. So, you can understand why some of them are irked at the way this has gone about. To them this is an affront to our traditions that have been around since our making."

"I used to know a coven like them thinking they could know what was better and bend a goddess to their will," Samuel said, coldly.

"And what happened to them?"

"I destroyed them, down to their very essence," Samuel said, as they rounded the corner leading them towards the west wing of Aarrin's manor. "One has to wonder how foolish they have to be to think they know what's best for a goddess that's older... well you know what I mean."

"True, that does seem rather foolish," Ambrose agreed. "Tell me would you do so again if Seipowe commanded it?"

"If it was warranted," Samuel nodded.

"Good," Ambrose cooed, liking Samuel all the more. "It's good to know that my future son heeds our lady's command," she said, ushering Samuel into the room she used for divination magic. One of the few magic skills she excelled at. Unlike her daughter - Nimue - Seipowe didn't bless her with a wide assortment of magic. Yet that didn't mean she was weak by any means. Gently pushing him down into the chair that sat in front of her crystal ball that

she used to peer into the possible future for those that came seeking such things. Ever since Nimue had the dream, she has been in this room trying to see what fate, this strange man they knew not of, held for her family and her house. No matter how much she tried it would seem Seipowe would cloud her sight. Why? She couldn't say, nonetheless, she hoped that now with Samuel present during her scrying it would be more fruitful, and she could prepare her house for anything that would harm it. "Now you just relax," slowly running her hands along his shoulders, "and open your mind to me, alright?" Ambrose said, as her thumb brushed along his neck.

"Okay," Samuel said, drawing out the word.

"Place your hands palm side up on the table if you would," Ambrose ordered in a sweet tone as she lowered herself into the opposite chair. Her fingers traced along his palms as her eyes darted between them as she read his palms. "Such an interesting life you have lived," she mused as she read the sum of his life in a few seconds. "Such hardships you had to endure," her silver eyes glanced up as Samuel studied her, "no wonder she chose you," Ambrose said, plainly.

"How so?" Samuel asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Hmm... trials and tribulations tend to make a person's character stronger or they break them, and you..." Ambrose paused taking another look at his right palm, seeing the amount of pain he had to endure written on a few small lines. "Seem to have withstood them admirably," she said, casting Samuel a warm smile. "Now let us see what the future holds, hmm?" Her palms laid upon his, her fingertips rested over his pulse as her eyes slowly closed. "Just relax and breathe naturally," Ambrose stated as she peered into her crystal ball with her minds eye.

Her grip tightened as her mind was pulled into the depths of her crystal. The sounds of screams, of battle, of blood splashing echoed in her mind. The image of Samuel... yet something was different about him. She could tell he was no longer a half-vampire, yet he was like no vampire she had ever seen before. His skin held a light golden sheen to it as the light struck it. However, what she couldn't understand was why he was standing off with those from her order as they stood before him baring their fangs and

daggers in hand. That was when she saw Nimue's reflection in the mirror holding a child she had never seen before. The child's eyes were what stood out most as they held an intelligence that seemed unworldly along with their ruby irises. How she wished she could hear the words they were speaking as it seemed to her that Samuel didn't approve of their demands. Noting how Nimue nodded as Samuel peered back at her, before Samuel waved his hand and her daughter and child were gone. To where she couldn't say, she didn't sense how his power swelled as Samuel turned his attention back to those that meant them harm. What happened next she couldn't say, one moment she was in that room with Samuel the next a bright flash engulfed her blinding her third eye.

Yet once her vision cleared she wasn't standing in that house wherever it was. No. Ambrose felt herself floating as the full moon loomed large in the background. Fear. That cold, body numbing fear as her silver eyes fell on a tall, blonde haired woman as those fine silken strands floated around her. Her blood red glowing eyes stood in contrast to her pale white skin. Her pale pink lips curved into a cruel, wicked smile. The black leather collar lined her slender neck running along her shoulders capped with gold metal

plates, writing so foreign to her were etched on that rich metal. An inch of the material ran down her upper arms before widening out to her whole forearms and hands. A deep purple jewel was attached to a fine gold chain hanging on to a pure gold ring that sat on the nape of her neck. The upper part of her chest was bare, that same black material cradled the bottom of her large voluptuous breasts tapering with a slight curve to it as it moved up her breasts stopping at a point covering only her nipples leaving the rest of those massive orbs uncovered.

A very deep 'V' stretched down past her navel showing off her abs stopping an inch from her pink hood. Her hands held the pitch-black shaft of her scythe as she held the weapon as the shaft pressed and lifted her ass. Her right hand nestled against the twisted base of the blade, the rear spike curved and tapered down to a fine point stopping just below her right breast. Fullers ran a quarter from the tip of the curved blade to its base. That deep black blade gave off an aura of sheer destruction as it curved down to the tips of her toes. Fine gold wire gilded that supple material, a thin black leather strap ran diagonally from her left hip to six inches below her right hip. Held taut by a thick gold ring, few inches before that polished ring that shone in the moon

light another black leather strip adorned in gold; a long trailing midnight black silk cloth covered half of her smooth, tone thigh before wrapping around her waist hiding her supple ass. Drifting in the air and curling around her legs showing off her matching boots yet not in height as the left one rose to her mid-thigh a 'V' shaped notch was etched into the leather. The same gold designs marred her boots like the rest of her outfit. Withered hands reached up trying to touch that unearthly being.

The small table her crystal ball sat on top of began to shake as Ambrose stared at a being she wasn't supposed to know to even existed. Cracks began to form along the surface of her crystal ball, Samuel and Ambrose huffed as some unseen force struck the center of their chests sending Ambrose crashing into the wall and Samuel through the door. Splintering it as his body flew out into the hall only to be stopped by the wall. The exploding crystal ball fragments shot out lodging themselves into the walls and ceiling.

Pandora stood in confusion at what she had just witnessed. She had come to fetch Samuel given how Nimue was ready to start the ceremony. Hissing, pulling her hands back as

she tried to help Samuel as his body smoked. Blowing rapid on her stinging palms as her eyes widened at the sight of her unconscious mother.

"Mother!" Pandora called out rushing into the room. Tossing the table aside, ignoring the shards of glass that were embedded into the walls. Kneeling down at Ambrose's side, running her hand over her mother's face sensing that she was just knocked out. Otherwise her mother would be nothing more than a pile of ash.

"Go... help... Samuel..." Ambrose muttered weakly as she came to her senses. She had no idea what the hell that was, and she never wanted to find out what had thrown them across the room. However, she did feel the unrelenting hunger that wouldn't be sated by anything and that scythe she held. Something about it made her feel that it could even cut through the fabric of reality. She prayed that whatever it was would never come to haunt her family.

"Sammy," Pandora whispered, pressing her fingertips against his artery reassuring herself that Samuel was still alive. "Speak to me Samuel," she said worryingly, as she

lifted his chin. She had to get him to awaken; the time for the ritual was nearing and they couldn't miss it.

"Gah, did someone get the number of that bus?" Samuel mumbled as his conscious mind began to come back to the surface.

"Can you stand?" Pandora asked, her thumb brushed along his left cheek.

"Yeah... I think so," Samuel said, pushing himself up using the wall for support.

"Good," Pandora said, resting his left arm along her shoulders as her right wrapped around his waist. "There's no time to waste, the ritual needs to be performed," she said, looking into the room watching her mother giving her a wave telling her that she would be alright.

"I understand," Samuel nodded. Pondering on what he had felt as that invisible fist struck him in his chest.

Four feet tall wrought iron candle sticks lined both walls, those white beeswax candles burning and flickering in the recirculated air as she and Samuel stood in the doorway to the room she and Nimue had prepared for this night. The only piece of furniture in that dark room was a lone crimson tufted circular sectional sofa. Easing Samuel down onto the section that faced the door. Unbuttoning his jacket, her hands ran up his chest and onto his shoulders. A warm smile rose along her lips as she helped Samuel out of his jacket. Fighting herself from tasting his lips again as her fingertips danced along them.

"You just wait right there, and I'll go tell Nimue..." Pandora fought back her tears knowing that soon he would be leaving, and she didn't want Samuel to see her cry. "That you're ready to begin," she said, the pads of her fingers lingered on the tip of his chin before she left him.

Samuel's hand lingered on the center of his chest trying to figure out what that thing was as he waited for Nimue. He had no idea what to expect other than a hot night of sex with a virginal vampire. His head shot up as music began to play and the door inched opened. His right eyebrow rose as Nimue stood in the doorway wearing a cloak he knew all to

well. While the hood hid her eyes, the cloak hid her breasts, and her hands covered her womanhood as the light of the hallway spilled out around her. The tips of her fangs were revealed as she smiled sweetly at him before moving to the center of the room. Pandora reached in closing the door, cutting off the house from the room to give her sister the privacy she needed.

"Hello, my husband," Nimue said, greeting Samuel, her voice was light and sweet, yet something seemed off with it. "I know the wait for this moment has been long and hard for the both of us, but after tonight, my body and my heart shall always belong to you," she said, her hands moved away from her mound as her arms rose along her side. Allowing those keen eyes of his to view her peach that would soon know his touch for the first time in all her life. Her right index finger flickered magically hitting the button on the stereo to stop the repeat of the songs intro. The 69 Eyes 'Velvet Touch' restarted as Nimue prepared to take the first step into her new life.

"The autumn came." Nimue's hips began to shake, her hands began to roll. "Took you away." Nimue's head turned quickly to the right as her right foot drew a circular pattern

on the floor as she silently chanted the second half of the spell she had started over two weeks ago. "I never expected you to stay." The tail of her cloak whipped around her as she spun on the ball of her foot displaying her naked body to Samuel. "Black tears fallin'. In the cold rain." The soft orange light of the candles played along her moist mound as she rolled her hips allowing Samuel to see how ready she was to be with him.

"I woke up one night." Her fingers spread her labia apart to show him just how her nectar was eagerly waiting for that tongue of his to lap up her sweet juice. "To the darkest dream." Her hands took hold of the edges of her cloak as she twirled as her feet drummed along the floor. Causing her magic to steadily rise as she preformed the dance that was apart of the ritual since time immemorial. "Your pretty ghost whisperin' to me." Her breath sensuously flowed past her lips as her hips rolled, her fingers trailed up her thighs, along her stomach, up her chest to entice that root he hid in his pants to rise. "Just one drop." Thrusting her arms out, her cloak billowed out behind her before settling against her back. "And I'll give you... Eternity!" Her left index finger pointed at him as her right hand grasped the hem of her hood.

As the hood rose along the crown of Nimue's head, the color of raven's feathers raced across her snow-white hair, infusing those pigment-less stands in that deep black color. The light of the candles played across her eyes as a deep ruby red raced across their silvery surface. A healthy pink color rushed across her skin as her fingers untied the knot that held her cloak securely to her body. Samuel's eyes widened as Hekatê presence overtook Nimue's body.

"I'm looking at you. I'm looking for love." Her fingers trailed down the sides of her face as her tongue curled out. Her fangs glinted in the light as her ruby eyes gazed upon her Herald. Her belly rolled, her breasts shook and swayed as she danced for the man that would bring forth her Seer. The man that would heed her call to do her will in the realm of man. Twirling around as she gave into the thrill of the feeling of Nimue's body. "Never get enough. When push comes to shove." Her hips swayed as she strode towards him. Her shapely thighs rippled with each step drawing Samuel's gaze upward so he could savor the body he was going to experience.

Her raven hair whipped through the air as she planted one knee then another on either side of him. "Try to look at me. Tell me what you see." Her right-hand caressed Samuel's left cheek as her hips rolled foretelling how she would look riding that hard phallus of his. "You let fantasy become reality." Her muscles trembled as her mound rubbed against the bulge in Samuel's pants. Her ruby eyes stared into the eyes of the well of magic that still held sway over his mind from bringing so many into her fold. "When night is callin'. Pretty baby screams." Her tongue curled out teasing Samuel's upper lip. Breathing heavily as their lips embraced tasting man in the flesh.

"I buried my heart. Into the deepest seas." Her left hand ran down his chest as her tongue swirled around his. Tasting the man, she had been teasing since he had awoken as her Herald. "When the blood runs cold I feel hot in heat." Listening to his moans as they filled her mouth as her hand caressed his naked cock. Biting his lower lip as she felt his hands exploring her body as her mound ran along the length of his rod. "The red moon risin'. Over you and me." Rising slightly, a mischievous smile rose along her lips as the head of his cock glided through her wet labia.

"Oh fuck!" Samuel hissed as she sank down upon his rod. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as her vampiric strength caused her folds to grip his branch tightly.

"Yes, my Herald, enjoy how good it feels to be inside of us," Hekatê and Nimue spoke as one, slowly rising and lowering herself on that hard root of his. "Doesn't that cock feel exquisite being inside our tight three-hundred-year-old virgin pussy?' she asked, breathing heavily as she rocked faster feeling Nimue's body rapidly healing the tear of her hymen. Assaulting his lips as she felt his hands taking hold of her ass. She knew even with all the experience he's had so far, Samuel would never be able to last for too long with a virgin vampire; and that was alright, this didn't necessarily mean that this encounter between the two of them would be the only time they would experience such pleasures.

"I have a gift for you my Herald," Hekatê whispered sweetly into Samuel's ear as she plunged down to the base of his pole. Her nose nuzzled his ear as Nimue's fangs grew thicker, sharper, and longer as she placed her hand on the center of Samuel's chest. Smirking as she listened to the moans he was producing as Nimue's cunt milked his cock like he never felt before. "You have served me faithfully

over these past few months, and such servitude does not go unrewarded," Hekatê said, listening to how Nimue's sex was resounding with every downward thrust of her hips. "And my Herald can't rightly serve his goddess if he's incapacitated by that blazoned Helios..." Her lips danced down his neck. "Or is it Apollo these days. Bah, it doesn't matter, all that matters is that you, Samuel Goodall, continue in your service to me unhindered by that silly god," Hekatê said, before her fangs sank into Samuel's neck. Feeling his cock swelling as she partook of his rich, coppery, magic-infused blood. Prying his mouth open as she bit into her right wrist while her hips continued to please that stout tool lodged deep within her cunt.

"Drink Samuel," Hekatê commanded as her blood dripped onto his lips. "Drink and be reborn," she said, pressing the wound to his lips. Urging him to partake of her blood. A loud sensuous moan filled the room as her back arched as her folds clamped down on Samuel's hard tool. Feeling her hot cream flowing down his stout rod as his hands held onto her forearm and hand drawing more of her blood into his body. Samuel's blood vessels began to bulge and crawl along his skin as Hekatê's blood surged through his veins. "Shh... it only hurts now my Herald," Hekatê cooed sweetly

as her blood began to change his body. "Soon Samuel, you will awaken as something more... something stronger than any vampire that has walked this earth," she muttered before her lips gently embraced his as his cock flooded her womb with his hot seed.

Samuel felt something soft underneath him, and someone pressed against him as he laid on his left side in a cramped space. He knew something was different about him the moment he had awoken. His hearing was keener, his eyes could see well enough in the pitch blackness of... Nimue's coffin. Taking a dry swallow as her angelic face was only an inch from his. Her fingers curled tighter around his shirt as he shifted his weight. Silently telling him to stay the day with her.

"Rest..." Nimue's voice was weak as the noonday sun pulled her body back into her slumber. "Stay... with me Samuel," Nimue muttered closing the gap between them. Allowing him to feel her naked body against his. Feeling her smile as he placed a kiss on her lips.

Samuel quickly slipped his fingers back into the coffin when he tried to open the lid later that night. Only to feel the heat of the sun's rays on his exposed fingers. Throughout the day he came to the realization he wasn't part human any longer. Whatever Hekatê had done to him last night burned that part of him away and... he rightly didn't know what else she had done to him. Yet as he stared at his fingers thinking he was going to see his flesh burnt from the sun's rays. That wasn't the case as his thumb brushed along his fingers. Which to his mind seemed impossible for a full-blooded vampire.

"You're a daywalker now Samuel. I told you, my Herald cannot be incapacitated by the sun," Hekatê said, her words whispered into his mind. "Not if he is to continue his work upon the earth."

The lid of Nimue's coffin squeaked as the hinges swung open as Samuel pushed up on the lid. Using his magic to shield Nimue from any stray bits of light that might strike her exposed skin. His mouth hung agape as Samuel stared at himself in the mirror. A slight golden sheen marred his skin as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. Those hard eyes of his stared back at him wondering if he had now

become the predator of man. He knew this would happen eventually just not so quickly. However, he also knew Kelly and Charlotte would be overjoyed that they could still explore the daylight world together. Speaking of which... Samuel knew he was dead as he stared down at his phone as seventy text messages and twenty voicemails greeted him as he powered up his phone.

"I'm so dead," Samuel muttered.

"Samuel Goodall?! Just where have you been?!" Kelly's voice hammered his ear drum as she screamed into the phone.

"Do you have any idea how worried we were?!" Charlotte yelled as Kelly put the phone on speaker.

"I thought I raised you to be more considerate Sammy," Wendy said, sternly, into the phone.

"I just woke up, alright?" Samuel whispered so not to wake Nimue. His thumb brushed along the pads of his fingers as he stood in the twilight sun. Feeling its warmth bathing his

skin, something he didn't think he would ever feel when he became a full-blood vampire.

"What do you mean you just woke up?! You haven't been sleeping all that much these days. Just what exactly went on last night?" Kelly asked, incensed, that he would spend the night or day away from her bed.

"It's easier to show you once I get back," Samuel said, pulling Nimue's curtains closed.

"Fine!" Samuel could hear his sister pouting over the line.

"It better be a damn good reason you spent all day there!" Charlotte said, before cutting off their call.

"Great," Samuel sighed, pocketing his phone, knowing what his sister and aunt were like due to the raging hormones that were flooding their bodies. It was the same during the drive down from Massachusetts. Samuel wondered if all men went through this when their girlfriends or wives were pregnant. If so, then he wondered what Nimue was going to

be like during her own pregnancy. He did have to admit Nimue was stunning as she laid motionless in her coffin. Leaning over the lip of the opening, his lips less than an inch away from her ear. "Hey," his breath flowed over her skin causing Nimue to stir, "I'm have to head back now," Samuel whispered.

Her left hand shot out taking Samuel by surprise, rolling onto her back, her silver eyes quivering as she ran his hand down her chest. Letting Samuel feel her womanly body before coming to a rest on her stomach. "Our child is growing in me." Nimue's voice quivered knowing that the ritual had succeed and she had fulfilled her duty to her goddess. Plus, she was now wedded to one of the most powerful beings on the planet. Something she hoped none would be foolish enough to anger. Her right hand rose, caressing his left cheek as she moved his other further down. Nimue sucked in a breath as her hand guided his along her womanhood before she sunk his fingers into her hot canal. "This is only for you Samuel, this body, this heart," Nimue said, lightly touching her chest. "Is only for you my dear husband," she said sweetly, rocking her hips on his appendages so he would see how beautiful she was as he pleasured her. Lifting herself up, her long snow-white

hair dangled behind her as her lips neared his. Her arms slipped around his neck as she sank deeper into that blissful kiss of his. Her eyes studied his, she knew something was different about him, sure she knew he was a full-blood vampire now. That much was obvious to her, however, something about his appearance seemed off for he looked nothing like the others or those of her sect. "You can't leave... at least not yet, the sun is still up and..." Her eyes widened in shock as Samuel whispered into her ear. "Truly?! Show me!" Squealing in delight as she peered out from the crack in the lid of her coffin as she watched as Samuel stood in the light of the sun. Throwing up the lid once Samuel had closed the curtains. Her hair whipped behind her as she ran towards him. Giggling as he spun her around as she held on to him. "I'll see you soon..."

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Two days later...

"Samuel may I have a word?" Marie asked, as she stood in the doorway of their room. Her eyes running over the bed

noting the packed bags knowing their departure was in an hour.

"Sure," Samuel said, looking over at Kelly, Charlotte, and his mother as they gave him a nod.

"Don't take too long Sammy," Kelly said, shooting her brother a knowing smirk.

"This house isn't going to seem as lively as it has since you've been here once you're gone," Marie said, sweetly, her hand rubbing his left bicep as they walked towards her office. Glancing over at him, remembering how Aurore was moaning last night as she heard them in her room. It seemed to her when Samuel had returned from Nimue's place Aurore was all over him now that he looked like a real vampire. She wondered why that was given that she didn't think he would undergo the transformation so soon or quickly for that matter. "I do hope it won't take you too long to get the doorway on your side up and running," Marie said, rubbing his arm against the side of her right breast.

"Oh?"

"What can I say, I have enjoyed our..." Her eyes slowly ran down his body, biting her lower lip, feeling her mound moistening at the thought of having it back inside of her. "Time together, haven't you?" Marie asked, a sly smile rose the corner of her mouth as she leaned against her office door where Lola waited inside. It was something they both wanted to give Samuel as their parting gift and something to urge him to work quickly so they could be together once again.

"Yeah..."

"Good," Marie cooed, as she slowly turned the handle of the door. A seductive smirk rose along her lips as her hand reached out, taking handfuls of his shirt, pulling him into her office.

Lola stood with her arms resting on the mantle over the fireplace. Tight cornrows lined the left side of her head wrapping around the back while her rich black hair hung loosely down her right. Her caramel skin glistening in the light, the hem of her green t-shirt stopped a little below the

nipples of her 32C breasts. Allowing the remainder along with her toned stomach to be viewed to Samuel's enjoyment. The straps of her blue thong rose high resting on the tops of her hips as the fly of her frayed denim shorts that stopped just an inch below her crotch allowing her ass cheeks to hang out. Her muscles rippled as she pressed the ball of her foot against the floor to show off her body to those eyes of his. Her amber eyes glinted as she peered over at him. A warm smile spread along her lips as she noted how Marie had locked the door behind her.

Camila Cabello's and Shawn Mendes's 'Señorita' began to play over the speakers of Maire's iPad dock station. "I love it when you call me Señorita," Lola sang along as her fingers snapped. Watching Marie's hands dancing along Samuel's shoulders. "I wish I could pretend I didn't need ya." Pushing herself off the mantle, her fingers hooked around the waistband of her thong, releasing her hold on them noting how his eyes darted down at the sound of them as she approached him. "But every touch is ooh la la la," Lola cooed as her fingers skimmed along his jaw.

"It's true, la la la," Marie cut in, her dress shirt hung open showing off her black lacy bra. "Ooh, I should be running,"

she sang pressing her body against his as they steered Samuel towards the couch that sat against the wall. "Ooh, you keep me coming for you," Marie purred, pushing Samuel down onto the middle of the sofa.

"Land in Miami." Lola moved in between his legs; her hips shook as she pushed her shorts from her hips. A sinful smile beamed down at him as her thong showed off the shape of her mound. "The air was hot from summer rain." Her hand ran up her stomach pushing her shirt over her right breast as she danced for Samuel. Her left hand ran down her thong covered dance floor feeling her arousal building being so close to Samuel. "Sweat dripping off me." Lola breathed heavily as her finger ran along her moistening covered labia. "Before I even knew her name, la la la." Peering over her shoulder as she felt Marie's hands on her hips. Slipping beneath the waistband of her thong pulling it away from her body allowing the smell of her arousal to spill out into the room.

"It felt like ooh la la la," Marie sang, placing her chin on Lola's left shoulder. Smiling down at Samuel as the palm of her hand brushed along Lola's dance floor. Listening to Lola lightly moan as her finger teased Lola's clit. "Yeah no.

Sapphire moonlight. We danced for hours in the sand." Reaching around pulling aside Lola's thong so Samuel could watch as she made Lola cum on her fingers. Glancing out of the corner of her eye as her lips tugged on Lola's earlobe. Watching how that nose of his wiggled as Lola filled her office with the smell of her sex.

Holding out her juice covered fingers to Samuel. Her own pussy throbbed as she watched how he cleaned her fingers of Lola's juices. That one act made her heart ache. There weren't many men she had found that would do such a thing if there wasn't something in it for them. Yet Samuel did it without any prompting, how it made her cunt quake knowing the thought of not feeling his mouth capturing her pussy was going to be torture for her until the day the doorway was opened. Holding Lola up as Samuel thrust his face between her legs without warning.

"Yes... Samuel, that's it, make that pussy wet," Lola loudly moaned as Samuel's tongue parted her labia. Her nails scrapped along his scalp; her foot trembled as it rested on the cushion of the sofa to give Samuel better access to her cunt. "Fuck me!" she howled as Marie drew a rune below her navel that Joan had taught her how to use.

Marie only used that particular rune on herself so she could drench her bed when she was masturbating to Samuel. "You like that don't you cousin?" Marie purred into Lola's ear as she slyly rubbed Lola's clitoris.

"Oh fuck... yes!" Lola's eyes rolled to the back of her head as her second orgasm flared off.

Marie licked her lips as Lola collapsed onto the couch beside Samuel. Her 36DDD breasts swayed as she leaned forward, allowing his juice covered face to glide through the valley of her orbs. Holding the back of his head as she rose so his nose would trail down her stomach. Feeling her nectar flowing freely down her thighs as those lips of his neared her pink hood. Her emerald green eyes shimmered in her lust as she rocked her hips as she rode his face. Making that tongue of his plow through her wet lips before sending that tongue into the depths of her moist heat.

Marie and Lola straddled each one of his legs switching off kissing Samuel as much as they could. Knowing they had to get enough in so they could sate their ravenous appetites

they had each developed due to their interactions with Samuel. Marie's and Lola's tongues twirled around each other's; their soft velvety lips pressed against one another's whimpering in pleasure as Samuel alternated between sucking on each one of their breasts while they rode those wiggling fingers of his. They both cried out in bliss as Samuel brought them to the cusps of their own orgasms.

"Now Sammy," Marie said, breathing heavily, as they laid him down onto the couch. "Let us take care of you," she said, sweetly, as her fingers lightly danced down Samuel's left cheek. Glancing over at Lola as she crawled between his legs.

"Mmm... yes, let your high priestesses take care of you," Lola purred hungrily as her hand ran up and down his bulge.

"This way..." Her fingers reached for the zipper as well as Lola's did. "You can always count on us to give you what you need," Marie said, an impish smile rose along her lips as Samuel's cock sprung out from the depths of his pants. Her intake of breath resounded in that small space as she

inhaled his cock. Her tongue lavishing that hard rod in her newfound powers. Urging his own to come to the surface so she could partake in that purest form of magic she has ever experienced in her whole life.

Her back arched as Lola took over for her as Samuel's fingers danced along her labia. Biting her lip as she slowly thrust backwards on those fingers of his all so that she could prolong this encounter of theirs. Marie wanted to engrave this moment into her mind for the time when she couldn't feel his touch upon her skin.

Smiling around the head of his cock as Lola lifted herself off the couch. Peering out from the corner of her eye as she watched and felt her cousin scurrying around her before feeling Lola's weight compressing the couch.

"Samuel." Lola's voice quivered in her desire as her mound hovered over his mouth. "My pussy needs to feel that tongue inside of me," Lola cooed in a light moan as she spread her lips apart. Her body shuddered as she felt the tip of his tongue running along her vulva as her nectar dripped onto his face.

Marie rocked her lips as she held his cock against her hot mound as her left hand ran up her body, over her voluptuous breast, her hand ruffling her crimson hair as she held it aloft as the lyrics: "But friends don't know the way you taste, la la la. 'Cause you know it's been a long time coming. Don't you let me fall," played over the radio. Her tongue curled out teasing Lola as she moved the head of his rod through her labia. Poising it at her entrance, feeling how her canal eagerly awaited for it to stir her paradise once again.

Lola's and Marie's fingers interweaved with one another's. Their chests heaved as their bodies gave in to the pleasure they felt building within them. Their need filled the room as the minutes wore on, yet they knew their time was coming to a close as Samuel hammered Lola's cunt as she braced herself for the hard ride he was giving her. Not that she minded, she couldn't remember when the last time a man she had brought home ever made her so wet, so horny, so... very satisfied as the man below her was currently doing. Marie's and Lola's hands worked along his shaft as they knelt before his rod of man. Their tongues out, ready to accept the gifts that shot forth from that divine member.

A serene look was on their faces as his hot seed erupted splattering their skin in blotches of hot white semen.

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"Do you have to go?!" Aurore whined as she held onto Samuel as he, Kelly, Charlotte, and Wendy said their goodbyes. "Why can't you stay here with us?!"

"Aurore!" Ines scuffed at her daughter's behavior. Not that she wanted Samuel to go either, but their life was up north and not in the sultry south. No matter how much she wanted Samuel to stay, to show him how much she did. To line his bed, to awaken him with her mouth wrapped around that hard root of his. Making those toes curl as her tongue teased that crown of his. Making him watch as she drank down every drop of his salty treat that filled her mouth. Alas, that wasn't meant to be, Samuel had his own life to live in the north just as much as they had theirs to live there in New Orleans. Although that didn't mean they couldn't visit one another.

"Oh... I think you needn't worry Aurore," Joan said, with a sensuous smile as she pulled away from her older sister. "I'm sure we'll be seeing Samuel sooner than you think," she said, with a sneaky smile. Nodding to her mother and Marie that she knew about the doorway.

"Now you call us once you get home, alright. I do worry," Martha said, rubbing her grandson's back.

"I never thought this was how it would all turn out when I called you that morning," Carson said, his words were filled with pride as he patted Samuel's back.

"Yes," Marie nodded. "Samuel has given us a chance to grow stronger than we ever hoped to be," she said, shooting Lola a smirk, knowing her cousin's pussy was probably still as wet as her own was at that moment.

"You better keep in touch with your high priestesses," Lola said, her eyes shot to Kelly and Charlotte as she grabbed a handful of Samuel's right ass cheek. "You wouldn't want Marie and I to show up at your college, now would you?"

She teased placing a sweet lingering kiss on Samuel's right cheek.

"Well Samuel," Kelly said, watching her family and extended family waving at them from the rearview mirror as she pulled out of their driveway. "Shall we stop for the night or..."

"You two can sleep once it gets late, I'll drive the rest of the way home..." Leaning between the seats, his eyes darted between his sister and aunt. "It's been a while since I've had either one of you on our bed, I think it would be nice, don't you?" Samuel asked, smirking coyly as Kelly's and Charlotte's faces turned a deep shade of red. "Plus, it seems I don't need to sleep any more so..." His fingers trailed down their arms, watching how their breathing quickened as he poured his magic into them. "Just think of all that sex we'll be having." Samuel chuckled at their combined moans at the thought of it. Smiling at his mother as she swatted his arm for teasing them so... pretentiously.

The End.

Epilogue

One week later...

"Sammy is it ready?" Wendy asked, as she waddled down the hallway. Her cheeks heated as her son's hands lifted her off the floor. Her left arm wrapped around his neck as her right hand rested on the center of his chest.

"Yeah, pretty much," Samuel nodded. Ever since their return home, Samuel had given a lot of thought to what his life would be like now that he wasn't human any longer. Did he need to continue his college courses? No, not really, anything he would learn there wouldn't truly aid him in his mystical labors he was sure Hekatê would send him out on. He was sure Kelly and Charlotte would enjoy him staying home and not driving the two hours to his college when he had a class. Plus, how would that work out given how he looked like now? Samuel didn't want to cause a stir at his school, nor did he want to draw attention to himself or his family. He had enough of that down in New Orleans and Samuel just wanted a simple quiet life with the four of them.

Then there was the vampires that Nimue had told him that inhabited the surrounding area. While they hadn't made an introduction yet, Samuel had seen them snooping around his town when he walked the streets late at night. Telling Nimue and Pandora all about his hometown when his family was fast asleep. He knew they were just as eager as his aunt and Marie was for the doorway to be completed given the hints they had dropped over their many conversations. So, Samuel couldn't be sure of what their motives were, nonetheless, he wasn't about to be caught off guard by them either. He learned that the hard way down in New Orleans.

"Then don't you think we've kept them waiting long enough?" Charlotte asked, her blue sun dress swayed as she sauntered down the hallway towards them.

"Yes, I think we have," Kelly said, smiling lovingly at her brother as he peered over his shoulder.

"Who wants to do the honors of calling them?" Samuel asked, holding up his phone. Knowing Nimue had stayed in

the basement of Marie's house last night knowing the doorway was nearing completion, all so when the time came she wouldn't have to race across the city to get to Marie's home on time.

"Let me!" Wendy giggled as her right hand reached for her son's phone. "Mom!" she said, gleefully, into the phone.

"What is it baby?!" Martha asked, she had been waiting for this call since their return home.

"Are you ready?!"

"Has Samuel completed the spell?" Martha asked, noticing how everyone's eyes from: Marie, Lola, Ines, Joan, Edna, Magdalene, Nimue, and Aurore were glued to her, along with all the men as well.

"Mmmhmm," Wendy nodded against the phone. "Sammy's just putting the finishing touches on the spell," she said, as she watched as Samuel's hand reached out. Resting palm side down against the wood. Watching how his lips moved

as Samuel chanted the spell beneath his breath. "It's so pretty!" Wendy said in awe, as a purplish light flared along the seams of the doors as Samuel's magic twisted and manipulated the fabric of reality.

"I know, I can see it from this side too!" Wendy heard the rushing of feet as they all raced to where the doorway stood on their side. "I never thought Samuel would ever have this much power."

"I know, my baby is something isn't he," Wendy said, placing a kiss on her son's left cheek as the spell fully took hold.

No one uttered a breath as those wooden doors slowly rolled open by hidden hands. The audible gasp could be heard as Samuel came into view. Their smiles widened as Charlotte and Kelly appeared over his shoulders.

"Samuel!" Nimue rushed past everyone in her excitement to see her husband. "How I've missed you!" she cried as she dotted his face with her loving kisses. "And you!" Nimue cooed tickling Wendy's stomach. Something she had come

to learn when they all had a family dinner before their ritual. "Come here you!" Taking Wendy into her arms hugging her to her chest as she spun around. Shooting Samuel, a smile as his family gathered around him, his sister, and his aunt. Listening to Wendy giggling as she planted sweet kissed on her neck.

"Well everyone, let me give you a grand tour of the place," Charlotte said, over the clamoring noise. "We have an excellent place for you all to learn on how to be proper sex witches," she said, leading them towards her family's library. Only to be stopped as some unseen powerful force invaded her home.

"What the..." Samuel muttered as he was encircled by golden bits of light as he stared down at the palms of his hands. Feeling his body being pulled to some place - Where? - he couldn't say.

"Sammy!" Charlotte, Kelly, Wendy, and Nimue shouted only to throw up their arms, Nimue turning her back to... whatever it was to protect Wendy, as Samuel Goodall was plucked from existence.

THE END