



SEVEN
VIRGINS

WILL B. GUNN

Seven Virgins

By **Will B. Gunn**

Copyright © 2016 by **Will B. Gunn**

License Notes

All rights reserved. This e-book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. The e-book may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient.

Thank you for respecting the hard work of the author.

This e-book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters, names, places or businesses are productions of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously.

The author acknowledges the trademark status and trademark owners of various products referenced in this work of fiction, which have been used without permission. The publication and/or use of these trademarks is not authorized, associated with, or sponsored by the trademark owner. All rights reserved.

Sexual content statement

This e-book contains depictions of sexual situations and should not be viewed by anyone under the age of eighteen.

All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

Jasmine sat alone in the empty classroom, last row from the teacher's desk. She held her necklace gently, rolling the red gem

dangling from it between her fingers. She took a deep breath, immersing herself in the tranquil early morning atmosphere.

“I will bring life to the still. I will bring power back to He who sleeps.” She whispered in silent prayer.

“I shall awaken the mighty one from his slumber, like my ancestors before me, and my progeny after me. We won't cease till he awakens.” She continued, examining how the light reflected and shimmered off the jagged faces of the red jewel in her hand.

“Irresistible temptation. Endless submission. Heavenly pleasure. He gives us all we are. He deserves all of it. I am his tool. An instrument of his...”

Her chant was interrupted as the door opened. Other students began shuffling into the classroom, replacing the serene silence with the loud banter of excitable college freshmen on the first day of the new semester.

Amber arrived five minutes before the class was meant to start, and took her seat next to Jasmine.

“Since when do you show up so early?” She asked, a tad incredulous, as she took her books and notebook out of her bag.

“Couldn't sleep.” Jasmine said with a shrug.

“Did something happen?”

Jasmine seemed distracted for a moment.

“No. I'm good.” She gave Amber a warm smile, trying her best not to blush. She was never good at keeping secrets.

“Okay.” Amber sounded skeptical, but dropped the issue nonetheless.

“New necklace?” She asked as she sat down.

Jasmine's eyes lit up. “Yeah! Don't you love it?”

“It's nice.” Amber nodded, eyes wide at her friend's sudden enthusiasm. “Where did you get it?”

Jasmine seemed taken by surprise. “Umm, the jewelery store in the mall, Smiths or something.” She kinda mumbled.

“How could you possibly afford that?”

“Stick around, maybe I'll show you.” Jasmine winked.

“What?” Amber frowned. “Are you sure you're feeling okay?”

“Positive. So are you really still a virgin?” Jasmine blurted out. Amber cocked her head in bafflement.

“What did you just ask me?”

“Are you still a virgin? We made a pact back in high school that we'll wait till marriage.” Jasmine explained.

“And you just suddenly decided to check that I kept my part of the deal?” Amber asked with an awkward half-smile.

“Yeah.” Jasmine nodded eagerly. “So are you?”

“As far as I know.”

“You're not sure?”

“N-Of course I'm sure! It was a joke, kinda.”

“Good. I was thinking of going to the chastity club meeting.”

“Why? Those girls are devout and sanctimonious about their supposed purity. It's unnerving.” Amber twisted her lips.

“What's wrong with devotion?” Jasmine asked.

Amber stared at her, blinking. “Nothing, I guess. You're not getting religious, are you?”

“Not in the way you think.”

“What does that even mean?”

“You'll see.” Jasmine winked. “Hope those girls aren't chaste just cause they're fugly.”

“And why does that matter?”

“Never mind! Professor Sullivan's here. Let's concentrate.”

“All right.” Amber shook her head.

Professor Sullivan's lecture was even more boring than usual. It was their first class in the semester, and he spent the entire first hour giving an introductory view of advanced calculus. The only new thing Amber learned was that the frequency of her urge to yawn was in direct relation to the number of definitions and lemmas Professor Sullivan dictated. By the fourth theorem she literally had to force her eyes open to keep herself from falling asleep.

Jasmine usually managed to keep things entertaining, helping Amber endure through even the most lifeless classes. That's why they always sat in the back of the class, so they could talk in hushed whispers without getting the professor angry.

Today, however, something about her was clearly off. She seemed distant, and detached. She kept touching the gem on her

necklace with cheeky smiles. She was clearly not paying attention to anything else.

The vibrant red jewel was quite captivating. It seemed to shine almost unnaturally bright, and it might have been her bored mind acting up, but Amber could swear it pulsed with tangible heat into the air around it.

She didn't even notice she dropped her pen to the floor. Only the moist feeling of drool staining her sweater vest jogged her out of her dreamy state.

"What the..." She looked down and wiped her chin quickly. She needed some tissues for her top, although there was probably no way to scrub off the wet stain.

"Anything wrong?" Jasmine asked, letting the enrapturing red gem rest on her dainty knuckles, looking at Amber with a cheeky grin.

"You didn't get that necklace at the mall..." Amber whispered. "did you?"

Jasmine snickered.

"Of course not, silly. I found it in my grandmother's attic and tried it on. Do you want to try it on?" She asked with a coy smile, almost as if she already knew what Amber's answer would be.

"I want to try it on..." Amber nodded. Jasmine had already lifted the necklace over her head.

"I thought as much. I felt compelled to try it on, too." She smiled and gently put the necklace over Amber's head, patting her silky hair in the process.

"Even though the box it was in said to never open it, and whatever you do, don't put it on, no matter how much you want to."

"What?" Amber frowned.

"Shh, it doesn't matter. I couldn't fight it. I wanted to wear it way too much. It wasn't a desire one as weak as I could resist." Jasmine let the gem rest between Amber's breasts. "And I doubt you are much stronger than I, Amber." She kissed her cheek and looked ahead, pretending to actually listen to the class still going on.

"As if all this silly math matters." She chuckled to herself. "Once the sleeper awakes, none of this will ever matter again."

Amber could still hear Jasmine's words, though they seemed to be coming from a great distance. The voices in her head were much louder now, and she was actually starting to understand what Jasmine said.

"Wake the sleeper. Succumb to his power." She murmured under her breath, barely making any sound, as her life's very purpose was rapidly rewritten.

* * * *

Amber and Jasmine arrived at their very first chastity club meeting.

"I see we have two newcomers." A blue-eyed coed with long, dark hair greeted them with a smile. She wore a cross around her neck, and conservative though somewhat stylish clothes. By her fair, spotless skin and her lithe figure, it was clear she could have gotten all the sex she wanted at a twirl of her trim hips.

"I'm Prudence." She introduced herself as Amber and Jasmine sat down. "These are Evelyn, Katya, Rose, and Dvora."

"Nice to meet you." The petite redhead sitting next to Prudence said with a perky smile.

"Likewise." Jasmine smiled back.

"Dvora?" Amber addressed the curly haired brunette. "That's an unusual name."

"I'm Jewish."

"Oh. Okay!" Amber giggled.

Dvora frowned. "It's actually not that uncommon. It's like Deborah, or Debra." She argued.

"I didn't mean to offend." Amber let her laughter subside. "I'm just really excited. You're all so pretty."

"I know, right?" Jasmine agreed. "Not like it's *that* necessary, but it's definitely much nicer, isn't it?"

Amber nodded enthusiastically.

The girls exchanged awkward looks.

"Umm, are you two lesbians?" Evelyn, the small framed redhead, asked. "Not that there's anything wrong with that. I'm just curious." She quickly added.

“Speak for yourself.” Prudence said with a jeering sneer. “If you two came here to flout your sinful life to a group of pure, god fearing girls, I'd welcome you to leave.”

Jasmine turned to Amber. “That's a weird phrase. Welcome us to leave.”

“Yeah, pretty weird.” Amber nodded. “Anyway, you can relax. We're definitely not dykes.”

“Nor are we here to convert you to 'lesbianism'.” Jasmine snickered at the notion.

“Are you drunk?” The blonde in the middle asked with a slight Russian accent.

“Never!” Amber jokingly protested.

“I suppose you're Katya?” Jasmine asked.

“Why? Because of the way I talk?”

“Well, yeah.” Jasmine crossed her legs and took the red gem between her fingers.

Amber nudged Jasmine with her elbow. “I think that one already noticed.” She pointed at the big breasted coed sitting next to Katya. She was somewhere between seductively curvy and chubby, but her height made up for it.

She was also staring at the red gem on Jasmine's neck with a slack jaw and wide, bedazzled eyes.

“Rose? Is something wrong?” Prudence asked, and turned her gaze to where Rose was looking out of instinct. Her eyes locked on the jewel for the first time.

“Wow, that's...That's a beautiful...trinket.” She swallowed, her sparkling eyes trembling with awe. She quieted down and let her cherry lips part, before jumping in her seat and swallowing audibly.

“What...is that?” She asked, unable to keep her eyes away from the red crystal for too long. The other girls already had their sights transfixed on it, as well.

Jasmine and Amber exchanged elvish smiles, and Jasmine cleared her throat.

“Please, don't let our light hearted demeanor give you the wrong idea.” She said. “We are not here to mock you.”

“Quite the contrary.” Amber jumped in. “We have the utmost respect for you.”

Jasmine continued. “To devote your lives to a greater being, to such an extent. To remain pure and untouched for the sake of the one you worship.”

“To save yourselves until you find the right man to serve.” Amber pinched her nipple through her loose top.

“We...don't serve men...” Prudence said, her voice distant and echoing. “We serve...”

“Your lord and master.” Jasmine finished her sentence, and unclasped her necklace. “It's not your fault you've been following the wrong god.” She held the necklace before them, letting it sway gently from side to side.

Amber slid off her chair and knelt before Evelyn, reaching over to hold Prudence and Katya's hands. “What if we told you there is a living, flesh and blood god for you to adore.” She said with a gentle, alluring whisper.

Jasmine stood up. “A god you can satisfy using your body alone. A divine master who requires only your naked bodies and obedient minds. A god you can serve in the flesh, every day, and know for sure that he is pleased with you.”

“Sounds wonderful, right?” Amber crawled up to kiss Prudence, right on her sweet lips. “You would make a fantastic lesbian, by the way.” She said with a naughty giggle. Prudence blushed, and remained silent, her lips slightly parted almost as if she longed to plant them right back on Amber's mouth.

“She's more than ready, priestess.” Amber stood up and faced Jasmine. “Shall I?”

“Go right ahead.” Jasmine handed the necklace over to Amber, and the latter swiftly slipped it onto Prudence's neck. Her eyes turned red for a flicker of a second. The gem flashed and pulsed on her skin, spreading warmth to the deepest recesses of her mind.

The other girls stared, in uncomprehending awe, almost afraid to utter a word.

“What are you...doing to her?” Katya finally mustered the nerve to ask. She wanted to look at Amber and Jasmine, but diverting her

eyes from the gem proved an insurmountable task.

“She is learning.” Amber replied simply.

“Learning...what?”

“Her purpose. Her goal. Her one and only ambition in this worthless existence.” Jasmine said. “Our lord and master needs our help. He needs our virgin pussies to awaken him.”

“Awaken...him?”

“He was betrayed, right when he stood at the precipice of ultimate triumph.” Amber said with sorrow in her voice. “One of his slavegirls managed to send a message to her sister, before his magic showed her the error of her ways.”

Rose blinked, uncertain. “Magic...?” She furrowed her brow.

Jasmine chuckled. “Oh yes. It was a long time ago, before mankind forgot how to manipulate the primordial energies that flood our world from every corner of the cosmos.” She took a long breath, and sighed. “You'll find out soon enough. The necklace will teach you everything you need to know. There's no reason for me to share my family's shameful story on my own. Even when betrayed, our master shows his grace, and mercy.”

Jasmine smiled and put her hand on Prudence. “How are you doing?”

It was like she woke up from a wonderful dream, to an even grander reality. Prudence looked up with a radiant grin. “Wonderful, priestess. I am ready to fulfill my purpose.”

“Good.” Jasmine reached down to touch her cheek, and gently took the necklace from her neck. “Who's next?” She held it before the others. The four wholesome virgins exchanged doubtful looks. Their eyes fell on the red jewel, and one by one, they each fell to their knees, eager to submit.

Resigned to wait patiently for their turn, they remained on their knees in perfect silence, waiting with bated breath for their turn to learn, and truly understand.

* * * *

That very night, the seven arrived at the site of an old ruined and crumbling temple, where their master once ruled from.

It's become an archeological site and a museum in modern times. A relic of a bygone era that has been researched extensively by those of curious and agile mind for centuries. Still, no one ever discovered the ruined temple's most marvelous secret. No one ever knew the right words, nor the correct rituals.

But Jasmine and her friends were different. They had this knowledge burned into their minds.

Wearing silky flower dresses, as white as the full moon perched above them, they strode forward with purpose and grace. They walked the cool night air wearing no panties, their pussies shaven and exposed. When the gentle breeze momentarily became a forceful gale, some of their silky white gowns flew up and revealed their smooth legs and tight virgin cunts.

Jasmine led them to a marble wall at the end of a pillar lined hallway. The most well preserved part of the temple. It featured a single symbol, smack in the middle of the wall. A black eye, looking both menacing and alluring, with thin tendrils sticking out from the corners that almost seemed to lunge out of the wall to grab at spectators.

At the corners stood two life sized marble statues of naked women, their eyes closed as they leaned on the wall, and their asses pointed away from it in a sexy pose. Researchers have been puzzled by this seemingly out of place monument for decades.

Jasmine didn't need to instruct her followers. They each knew their place all too well. Two of them stood next to each statue, and the other four knelt before the door in a line, with their faces down and their asses up.

Jasmine stood right behind the line of pert butts, turned her head to the right statue, and gave Amber a wink.

"Geas la'shon, ma sen leandra." She straightened her gaze towards the eye and spoke with a strong, clear voice. The language was foreign to her, but the words were etched in her mind.

"O'cal villon ur A'don." She lifted her arms to the air. *"Ur!"*

She called out, her voice echoing into the night. Silence surrounded them again, and just as Jasmine was beginning to worry

something went wrong, the black eye began to emit a blue light.

“It's finally time, master. Your subjects are here to awaken you. To serve you. Forever and ever.” She said with a tantalized whisper, running her hands along her lithe figure.

The eye's iris shone brightly, and the two girls standing by the statues lifted their arms in the air. They brought their hands down on the marble statue's buttocks, giving them an open handed spank. It made a sound much louder, and quite different from what one would expect. The marble wall split right down the middle, slowly revealing a secret entrance. With every spank, the gap in the wall grew a few inches wider, opening the door to the ancient temple's inner sanctum.

The girls stood up and gave way to Jasmine. They followed her down a long staircase cut into the stone. When she set her foot on the stone floor in the end, bright braziers lining the walls came alive with fire.

“So the torches light up on their own around here.” Amber looked around with mild surprise.

“The benefits of magic.” Jasmine smiled, and continued leading them forward.

“Almost makes me wish I could learn it.” Amber walked to Jasmine's side.

“Don't dream of rising above your station, Amber. Be happy with what you got.” Jasmine advised.

“I guess being an enslaved thrall to a powerful wizard will have to suffice.” She said with a shrug and a merry smile.

“You're saying it as if it's not the greatest honor imaginable.”

“Oh it is, totally. I've never felt so wonderful in my life. But being able to do magic would still be awesome. Do you think master will teach me?”

“How would I know?” Jasmine giggled.

Excitement flared in them as they entered the main chamber. The circular room filled with light the moment they entered. In the center of the room lay the one they worshiped, on a bed of stone.

“He's wonderful.” Jasmine touched his cheek with a warm smile.

“What's that?” Amber pointed to a gray stone statue that caught her attention. A woman assuming a stern posture.

“Our master's most hated adversary.” Jasmine seethed.

“Oh, so she's your...”

“Great great, great, great aunt, plus about one hundred and fifty generations.” Jasmine walked over to the petrified woman. “She is the witch who ruined our master's plan.” She gave the statue a contemptuous glare.

“Are you sure *witch* was the word you were going for?” Amber tried lightening the mood. “She's really pretty.”

“She was a powerful female magic user, so yeah.” Jasmine said.

“Why is she here?” Amber asked.

Jasmine sighed. “Well, the stupid sorceress came to “save” her sister from master's control.”

“Yeah I know that.”

“Let me finish.” Jasmine snapped.

“Sorry, priestess.”

“She didn't expect master to retaliate so effectively. She thought she'd catch him by surprise. They fought, and she decided to sacrifice herself to kill him with one powerful attack.”

“But they both survived?”

“Barely. Master put himself in this sleep state to avoid death, and she turned herself to stone so she could fight him one last time, when he awakens.”

“How do you know all this?” Amber wondered.

Jasmine chuckled at her friend's bafflement. “The crystal recognized my blood. It revealed to me much more than it did to any of you. My ancestor was the first to wear it, after all.”

Amber took a deep breath. “It's incredible, priestess. But, hold on...” she frowned, “does that mean she'll wake up, too? Are we going to be caught in the middle of a magical duel soon?”

“I can't tell if you're scared or excited.” Jasmine looked at Amber with a half-smile. “Don't fret. Everything will be fine.” She quickly reassured, and stood before the sorceress's statue. She

removed the necklace from her neck, and placed it on the petrified woman's neck. The others exchanged uncertain stares, curious to the meaning of jasmine's actions.

Jasmine turned back to her master's bed, and with one motion slid her dress from her shoulders, allowing it to fall to the ground, leaving her naked as the day she was born. Amber and the others followed suit almost immediately.

"Let's begin, girls." Jasmine licked her lips and walked forward, shivering with glee. She ran her fingers along her master's muscular thigh, and bent forward to give his tip a loving kiss. She held his flaccid cock and closed her soft lips around the shaft with a muffled moan.

"You may join me." She looked up at the others, gave his tip a lick, and gobbled his rod back up.

In quiet adulation, Amber and the five others joined their limber tongues to Jasmine's effort. They licked every inch of their master's balls and shaft, running their tongues along his side as his cock grew more and more rigid. There wasn't room for all of them at any given time, but those who couldn't plant their lips on his manhood pleasantly kissed his lower belly or inner thigh.

"I've never seen one for real." Katya said, her eyes crossed as she stared at the meaty pole erecting before her face.

"Me neither. It's magnificent." Jasmine said, her cheeks rosy and warm. The girls blushed at each other in silent agreement, not a trace of shyness or shame in their hearts. Their actions were guided purely by lust and devotion.

It didn't take long for Jasmine's lips to tighten around his throbbing boner. The girls felt their master's popping veins on their tongues as they licked, and knew it was time for the second stage of the awakening ritual.

"You first, Prudence." Jasmine stood back up and told the gorgeous blue-eyed coed. She held her master's cock so it pointed straight up to the ceiling.

"Yes, priestess." Prudence didn't need to be told twice. With no delay, she climbed up the stone bed, and straddled her master. She

gently took hold of his sock so she could aim it properly, and sat down with one, decisive motion.

"Mhh!" She squealed and bit her lip, feeling a stinging pain in her pussy. Jasmine grabbed Prudence's ass cheek and bent down to look. A single line of blood trickled down her master's bulging shaft.

"The maiden blood of seven pure virgins will awaken our master. His majesty shall rule over us all." She gave his balls a kiss, said "Ride him, whore," and gave Prudence a sharp spank.

"Yes priestess." Prudence panted in response, and began vigorously shaking her ass back and forth, writhing her hips wildly as if she was an experienced harlot.

Jasmine leaned down and stretched her tongue, flicking it on Prudence's bouncing ass. Prudence felt her priestess tonguing her anus and moaned in ecstasy. Her body shivered in the throes of a massive orgasm. Her tight pussy clenched even tighter on her lord and master's rod, washing it with the cherry-stained wetness of her climax.

She arched her neck up as, her body tense in a moment of unrivaled bliss, before falling cheek first into her master's chest.

"Good girl." Jasmine patted her long hair with long, caring strokes. "Seven unbridled orgasms shall give rise to the master. Now stand off. Your turn is done."

Prudence rose back up to a sitting position. "Yes priestess." She smiled, her cheeks rosy with heat and her breath steamy.

One by one, the fair maidens straddled their god, locked in sleep, locked in time. They sacrificed their precious virginity with a song in their charmed hearts, and a spritelike spring to their step.

With each maidenhead their master's cock pierced, his skin pulsed and livened. As the sixth virgin sat down on his cock, a moan of pleasure echoed in the chamber. The only part of him which remained rigid to the touch was his steely erection.

Jasmine heard her master's moan and nearly fell to her knees from the force.

"Off with you!" She shoved Evelyn off. "It's my turn." Her eyes were wide, her mouth dry, and her cunt soaking with lust.

“Yes priestess.” Evelyn said after falling to the ground at the base of her master's stony bed, and stood up with a shiver. She hurried to join the circle of deflowered teens standing idly around the slate at the center of the chamber.

Jasmine positioned herself above her master, in a reversed cowgirl position. She placed one hand on his chest, for balance, and used the other to guide his cock into her. Another moan boomed through the room as his cock touched the velvety folds of her pink pussy.

A rush of sensations followed. She felt the slight pain of her hymen tearing as she took him all the way in. She felt his scalding cock throb and pulsate within her. She felt his hands grip her hips and push her further down, and then she felt his cum rush into her.

It all happened so fast, and an instant later Jasmine blacked out, her mind barely able to cope with the magnitude of pleasure, engulfing her from all sides.

She awoke to the pleasant sound of wet slurps and giggly whimpers. Her vision was blurry, at first, and it took her a moment to realize she was sprawled on the floor. It took her another moment to make sense of the blurred shapes she saw before her.

Her six friends, her master's fellow disciples, all knelt before him, taking turns sucking his shaft, licking his balls, and lavishing every inch of his manhood with kisses of love and passion. Those that didn't have room to tongue his raw meat kissed his thigh or licked his side.

Jasmine smiled. Her master was back, after millenniums of hibernation. The joy in her heart could not be extinguished by the fiercest storm.

“Master.” She whispered, crawling towards him. The man her life revolved around looked down at her with a cocky grin, a magical glint in his eyes. He gently ran his fingers in Amber's hair, guiding her head as she gave him a slow, sensual blowjob.

Jasmine bowed down and puckered her lips, kissing his feet while the rest clamored to get their tongues to touch even half an inch of their master's manhood.

He looked down at her with glowing eyes.

“You've done well, Jasmine. I, Adonis Clavicus, shall forever be grateful.”

“Master's name...” Jasmine mumbled, her breath taken away for a second. “Thank you, my master.”

“Master speaks English?” Amber let Prudence take over sucking his cock and whispered at Jasmine.

“Of course I do, Amber. I always know how to speak to my slaves, and my slaves have no secrets from me.”

Amber looked up, amazed. “Oh...Of course, master. I'm sorry.”

He chuckled. “What for, silly? Aren't you adorable, and I see you have an interest in magic yourself. With such a curious and agile mind, I am not surprised.”

“I don't understand, master.”

“You don't need to, yet. Tend to my balls.”

“Yes master.”

A cracking sound got their attention. Jasmine turned her head to look, and saw the stone encasing the sorceress fracture before her eyes. The air around her pulsed with a sudden gust of wind, and the ancient spellbinder became free from her rocky shell. Her hair was dark as a raven's feathers, and her eyes sparkled indigo like the twilight sky.

Her eyes locked on Jasmine.

“Still treating others like playthings, I see.” She looked up at Adonis with visible disdain. “Even after all this time. How long has it been?”

“Does it matter, Celeste?” He grinned. “For us it felt like a mere flicker of a moment. I did manage to wake up shortly ahead of you, but I'm guessing you did that on purpose.”

“And yet somehow you already found a group of hapless, hopeless girls to fawn over you. Does it please you? Knowing you can take full control over weak minds with a simple incantation? Do you really see this as the best use of the gifts you've been given?”

“You speak with such venom, Celeste. But look at them, does it seem like they're unhappy with the fate I brought them?”

He looked down. Jasmine had long turned her face away from the sorceress. She was now sucking on his tip with gusto, twirling her tongue around it while the rest of her flock lavished his shaft with love.

Celeste huffed angrily. "At least I managed to save my sister. Gave her a chance at a free life." She said. "Not to mention forced you into your long hibernation."

Fire shot from her fingertips.

"Even if I lose to you now, it will take you some time to recover, and perhaps you never will." She vowed.

"You'll sacrifice yourself for that flicker of a hope?" He mocked.

"In a heartbeat." She declared, as an infernal ball of flame formed in her hand.

"Well allow me to extinguish that hopeful spark in the bud, then." Adonis nudged himself forward, pushing his beautiful subjects back. The seven college coeds scurried aside, realizing they would just stand in their master's way if they tried to help.

Celeste made a quick motion to throw the fiery ball of destruction at her opponent, but it vanished without a trace the moment it left her hand.

"What the...?" She stared ahead, baffled, her blue irises invaded by the hint of a vapor of rosewater red.

Adonis began laughing. He reached down and grabbed Jasmine by the hair, stuffing his cock in her warm, welcoming mouth.

"Apologies, my dear Celeste, but in truth, you have already lost." He said.

Celeste felt a burning sensation in her chest, and it was only then that she discovered the necklace hanging from her neck. The red gem grew so hot on her skin it felt like it was going to sear a hole into her heart.

"Did you really think I was not prepared for this eventuality?" He asked, casually pumping his manhood in and out of Jasmine's willing mouth.

Celeste struggled to stay on her feet, but she couldn't help falling to her knees in defeat.

"Your sister warned me you might come to her rescue." He continued. "So I took the necessary precautions. You really thought

you saved her?" He laughed. "Your sister spent the rest of her mortal life in devotion to my final command, and she dedicated her bloodline, through the ages, for that very purpose."

Celeste felt herself calming down. She wanted to fight it, but the serenity overpowered her. She took a deep breath in, and blinked slowly. "It can't be..." She mumbled. "A weak trinket like this...can't control me..."

"This girl here. Jasmine is her name." He pushed his cock in Jasmine's cheek, playfully slapping it from the other side.

"She's of your blood. She carried that magical ruby on her neck, like all her ancestors before her, just waiting to put it around your neck, Celeste, to help you see the truth."

"You're starting to understand now, don't you?" He towered over Celeste, and asked. "How futile your struggle has been. I've been very patient with you, Celeste," he touched her cheek, "it's time for you to show me your gratitude."

Thousands of voices swam in her head, all different, and yet all carried the same message. They drowned her own voice as they demanded - "Obey!"

"Yes..." Her eyes now red as the gem around her neck, Celeste stood back on her feet, and let her dress fall to the ground below her. Naked and wide eyed, she looked at the man standing next to her. He touched her perky tits, fondling and squeezing, and all she could do was stand there like a doll.

A soft smack on her rear prodded her forward. She stood before the stone slate at the center of the room, and bent over at a perfect ninety degree angle.

"Fuck me, master. Please, fuck me." She invited with a soothing voice, wiggling her ass for him.

"That's what I like to hear." Adonis moved behind her, holding his hard-on and aiming to fuck her.

"Oh yeah!" He gave a moan as he penetrated her from behind and began using her, moving her back and forth like a fuck-toy.

"You're right, Celeste. A silly trinket like this would never control you." He gripped her neck with both hands, fucking her even harder. "Unless it was imbued with the willpower of a thousand souls, all of your own blood, all related to you in essence."

He spanked her.

“Starting from your dear sister, they wore it through the years, using it to indoctrinate others, empowering it further in the process.” He breathed down her neck, growling ferociously as he pumped into her.

“It's a simple but beautiful concept, wouldn't you say?” He pressed his cheek to hers, whispering in her ear. “Each one of those talentless cunts would be worthless against someone as formidable and powerful as you, Celeste. But together they can overpower and override your very mind. Usurp your will. Each one a flickering, small, and insignificant light in the darkness, but together they flood your soul with fire, and shackle you to my service with bonds eternal.”

He spanked her, and rose back to a standing position. “The thinking spellcaster would certainly appreciate the brilliance of my plan, and how perfectly I executed it.” He gave a smirk and lifted Celeste's leg up, pounding deeper into her.

Celeste moaned, her lips slightly parted. She stared forward with her big ruby eyes, as the voices of a thousand enthralled spirits compelled her to obey.

“But I suppose I can no longer lump you in the category of a 'thinking sorceress', can I?” Adonis mocked his defeated, would-be rival.

“Fuck me, master. Please...” She mumbled, repeating the voices echoing like a stereophonic beehive in her head.

“Can't even respond, hmm? And you're so fucking wet, too. Almost makes me feel bad for not being able to personally fuck each and every bitch whose essence is instilled into the necklace controlling you.” He rammed into her with a grunt. “Now get on your knees and put that mouth of yours to good use.”

He barely pulled out and Celeste was already on her knees. Her master's cock flung vertically, slapping her across the face. She opened her mouth wide, and wrapped her lips around his bulging shaft, letting herself choke and gag on it while wiggling her tongue all around.

Jasmine and her flock of six knelt around him, some running their hands gently on his thighs, while the rest did their best to lick

his balls as Celeste sucked him deep.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as a result of the physical strain, but Celeste could not, and would not stop. The voices of a thousand slavegirls roaming in her head left no room for question or hesitation.

“Does my mouth please you, master?” She asked, right before taking his cock between her lips once more.

“More than it ever has when you used that sharp tongue of yours to shoot witty barbs at me. Though I must admit you were one of my best students.”

He pulled out of her lips with a loud smack and shoved his cock in the nearest convenient mouth kneeling around him.

“Do you remember the first spell I taught you?” He traced his thumb on her lower lip, letting her nip on it timidly.

“Yes master.” She nodded, looking up at him with needy eyes.

“Use it on your breasts. They could use a bit of magical augmentation.” He said with a sadistic smile. “And you, Rose, lie down here and spread your legs for me.” He tapped his hand on the slate of rock he slumbered on for more than a millennium.

“Happily, master.” The cheeky teen jumped to her feet and bounced on the hard stone bed, spreading her legs wide and fingering her smooth pink lips with anticipation.

Adonis slapped his cock on her velvety lips a few times, and smoothly slipped it into her tight hole. He rammed into her forcefully, making her entire body tremble as she threw her head back with a moan.

Celeste squeezed her breasts together, glancing upward for a second before chanting an incantation so simple she could have cast it in her sleep.

“Kabir Ha'gadala.”

A gale of light swept through her body, focusing on her bare bust.

“Is this what you wanted, master?” She asked for his attention.

Adonis moved Rose's leg and looked at Celeste. His eyes widened with shock. “Went a bit a overboard there, doll.”

Her breasts grew so massive they touched her knees.

“Try again.” He said with a bemused half smile, snickering at the grotesque display.

“Yes master. *Minit K'than Cir!*”

A sparkling wave whooshed around Celeste's body, sculpting and remodeling her tits as it did.

Amber couldn't help but tear her gaze from Rose's cock-filled pussy, staring at the magical spectacle with awe.

“This is a sad day for plastic surgeons everywhere.” She mumbled, marveling at Celeste's new pair of knockers. They were as big as honeydew melons and yet perfectly round and buoyant.

“Is this better, master?” Celeste squeezed her new boobs together, and asked.

“Much better.” Adonis grinned at her as he casually fucked Rose. He glanced down at the curious Amber, and noticed she was staring with googly eyes and salivating lips.

“Go ahead and test her new tits for me, with your tongue.” He told Amber with a warm smile, and she giddily jumped to obey.

She began licking Celeste's balloons with slow, broad brush strokes, meticulous in her efforts to coat the sorceress's impressive rack with her saliva.

Adonis, meanwhile, pulled out of Rose and turned his carnal attention to Katya. He grabbed the petite Russian and pressed himself onto her from behind, pinching her nipples and kissing her neck as his pelvis smacked her bubbly ass.

With his cock in her pussy, he moved her forward to where Celeste and Amber knelt.

“How are they?” He asked Amber with a smile.

“Like two perfect loaves of bread straight out of the oven.” Amber puckered her lips, leaving a red lipstick mark on Celeste's tits with a warm kiss.

“Master...oh master...!” Katya whimpered, pressing her tits on the wall of the chamber and pushing her ass out.

“What is it?” He pushed deep into her, making her squeal as he asked the question.

“I'm about to cum, master! Your cock is making me cum, master! May I cum?”

“Oh how can I say no when you ask so nicely.” Adonis slowly moved back, teased her for a second, and then pounded into her with a deep grunt.

Katya's entire body tensed. She stood on her tiptoes and pushed herself back on the rigid pole penetrating her. Her pussy quivered in a mind shattering orgasm.

“*Chol Chom!*” His voice boomed, and electrifying heat spread through her body, making her nipples tingle and harden. The warmth caused her to have another orgasm, and then another. She fell to her knees with a blissful smile, sliding further down to the ground till she assumed a fetal lying position, with her hands between her thighs, and her fingers gently resting on her sensitive pussy lips.

Their wonderful master turned his attention back to Amber and Celeste, pumping his throbbing hard-on between Celeste's big tits. Amber kept her lips above Celeste's cleavage, shaping her lips in a perfect circle and letting his cock ram into her lips at the end of each thrust.

“Time for me to cum!” He said with a growl, pushing Celeste back against the wall. “I'm not sure how long it's been, but I sure have waited enough to rule over you, Celeste!”

“Yes master!” She whispered. “I'm so sorry for being so rebellious. I should have listened to you from the beginning!” Her red eyes twinkled like two flaming stars. The obedient spirits took full control of her mind, ready to harness her full power in the service of the one they all lived, and died, for.

“Thank you, master.” She hissed, each and every one of the souls possessing her giving her strength and adding their voice to hers. Her gratitude was like a chorus echoing through time.

“I'll always serve you, master. For as long as I live.” She said, and allowed Amber to begin lapping the creamy load from her smooth skin.

“Good.” Adonis slapped her cheek with his softening manhood. “Because I'm going to need your help getting my full power back. I doubt the old enemies rested on the laurels while I was asleep.”

“Anything you wish, master. I am yours.” She looked up at him with awe inspired eyes, and gave a long, drawn moan.

Adonis looked around and uttered a couple of magical words. The eight naked women yawned almost simultaneously, and fell asleep on the ground.

“Rest for now. I need to remodel this place. Make it more of a modern temple to the joys of the flesh.” His eyes sparkled lightning and globes of light surrounded him from every angle. A powerful rush of magic flowed through the room and continued outside, engulfing the entire temple with an aura of power.

###