

The Devil You Know 2

Zed woke to his tummy being thumped from the inside. Still half-asleep, he rested his hand on Charlotte's pregnant stomach while the baby kicked him. He stroked his hard, round belly as if trying to soothe the baby. With his other hand, he pushed the silky chestnut hair out of his eyes and yawned.

Beside him, a heavy form shifted on the bed and Zed turned to find Chet's sleeping face mere inches away. Chet was a special kind of man. Born on third base but thinking he hit a triple. Boorish, bland and mediocre. What did Charlotte see in him?

Zed slipped through Charlotte's still-sleeping mind, found images of a younger, gentler Chet, plying her with money and time, indulging her whims for astrology and past lives. She'd batted aside the thought that she was just another of his status symbols. A gorgeous woman with big tits to make the boys at the office go green with envy. Charlotte had let herself be awed by his money, even while pretending it didn't impress her. It allowed her to pursue her yoga with the masters, and chase every fancy gadget that claimed to be able to balance her chakra. Good to be a free spirit. Better to be a free spirit with money.

And, god, so horny. The pregnancy hormones were doing wonders for her sex drive. Zed was already fidgety and he dipped a finger between his legs, using Charlotte's own fingers to stroke up and down the line of her entrance. He found his rubbery folds and explored them restlessly, his fingers soon coming away moist with dew.

If only Chet could keep up. But he wasn't young anymore, and Zed found more disappointment than fulfillment within Charlotte's memories. That was good for Zed. Where there was a want there was an opening, a potential host to welcome him inside and grow his power through worship.

Zed turned on his side to face Chet, no easy feat with his huge, firm belly. His milk-full breasts wobbled with him, spilling down his chest onto the mattress. Zed stroked Chet's face, thumb lingering on Chet's cheek. Christ, this body was horny, his little pussy already slippery. He *needed* a good fucking and Chet would have to do.

Chet mumbled and rolled over, escaping Zed's touch. What did Chet want? Did he want his virility back? Charlotte's thoughts were no help here. She was too wrapped up in her own spiritual pursuits and assumed Chet was just as interested as she was. An all-too-common willful blindness as far as Zed was concerned.

Zed tried again, stroking Chet's arm until he woke more fully and shrugged Zed off.

"Come on, Charlotte, not today," Chet muttered, pushing himself out of bed and padding to the bathroom.

Zed pulled away and rolled onto his back. His body was crying out for attention but poor Chet couldn't get it up most days, even for his wet and ready wife. Zed grabbed a fat breast and squeezed gently, looking down at himself to watch as he made Charlotte fondle herself. His view down to his pussy was blocked by the huge, pregnant belly, but he felt his way between his legs and slipped easily between the loose lips of his pussy. Charlotte was so deliciously wet, and Zed stroked in tight circles while his body hummed. He continued stroking his tit, wrapping his fingers around the solid

girth, pinching the little nipple. A trickle of milk dribbled out, zigzagging down his tit. He stuck out his tongue and pushed his nipple to his mouth to drink from himself. The milk was warm and slightly sweet.

He felt Charlotte's reluctance evaporate as he stroked her body. Spreading his legs, he drove his fingers in deeper, feeling himself be penetrated, slipping into the warm, wet canal he now possessed. He sighed as the pressure built within him, releasing Charlotte's mind from his hold so she could enjoy what he was making her do. She sensed his presence in her body and reached out to him, as Zed allowed her the use of her own mouth.

"Who are you?" She managed between sighs.

Zed continued making her fingers grab her tits, greedy with need, his fingers still sliding gently through her wonderful slick pussy. Her voice was tinged with reverence. She felt his power.

"I'm your guardian angel," Zed said with her lips, her voice. "My name is Zed. Worship me and I can give you everything you want."

At that, he used his power to supercharge her body, thrusting his fingers deep into her wet canal and making pleasure explode through her. Her legs twisted and she clutched her breast, throwing her head back into the pillows and screwing her eyes shut tight, hardly able to breathe as the most intense orgasm she'd ever felt blew through her. She gasped, mouth open as delight filled every pore, making her feet twist in beautiful agony until the pleasure finally released her.

Zed dripped down his thighs, Charlotte's wetness pooling onto the bed. His body ached with lust.

"If that's true then you know what I want," Charlotte whispered, clutching the bedsheets as a powerful aftershock made her shiver.

Images of her desires filled Zed's mind, all focusing on one thing: Chet's attention and devotion.

"Mmm, you want your husband to change. Promise to give yourself to me and you shall have him. He will want you as much as you've ever wished."

For good measure, Zed circled his fingers across Charlotte's clit and sent another sizzling orgasm through her body. He kicked his legs, eyes rolling back in his head as pleasure whited out his world, leaving Charlotte's body breathless and gushing.

"Yes, yes, yes," she moaned. "Give me Chet."

"I will. But you must not tell anyone about me. You know your husband. If he is aware of our deal he will resist it. He must think it's his own idea."

"Yes," Charlotte whispered. "Of course."

Zed pulled out of Charlotte's body, resuming his incorporeal form to slip through the bathroom door. Chet was standing in front of the mirror, wearing only underwear, brushing his teeth. He was barrel chested, with thick arms and legs, the muscles covered with a layer of fat. Like his mind, his body in its youth had showed so much promise but that potential was never realized. Chet had been content to just coast as one of the boys. Zed possessed him, filling out Chet's heavysset body to look out from behind Chet's piggy eyes.

Zed pulled the toothbrush away and spat into the sink, feeling Chet's mind reel as he took control.

"What do you want, Chet? What's your heart's desire?" Zed said with Chet's voice.

"What's happening to me?" Chet replied, Zed allowing him to speak through his own lips.

"Marlene was right. There is a spirit of the woods. My name is Zed and I can give you your deepest desire. All I want in return is for you to worship me."

Zed felt the spark of greed in Chet's mind, stronger than the fear of being manipulated. "Anything I want, huh?"

Zed leaned on the sink and moved closer to the mirror, a grin spreading across Chet's lumpy features. "Power. Looks. Money. It can be yours."

"What's the catch?"

"No catch," Zed lied.

"I want to be the sole owner of the company."

"Why, Chet, I'm surprised. I thought a man of your stature would think *bigger*. Wouldn't you like Charlotte to love you? To devote herself to you? To worship the ground you walk on?"

"She does love me."

"You're right, I forgot. You're a dismissive, arrogant asshole. What's not to love?"

There was no rebuttal from Chet, no defense of himself or his wife in his mind. Nor, to Zed's amusement, was there any devotion to his wife. She was a possession, a status symbol. It was her job to worship him, not the other way around. Chet would get what was coming to him, but first Zed would get the power he desired.

"Well, then," Zed continued, "Why don't we fix your little impotence problem?"

"I'm not impotent," Chet argued, without conviction.

"Not anymore." Zed grabbed his cock and pulsed with power, a little electric shock zapping Chet's dick. It rose to attention, strong and sure and needy, like he was twenty years old again.

Chet's gratitude and surprise filled Zed's mind. And his shame. Chet didn't like to be bested. Not at home, not in business, and not even by a demon.

"Nice trick," Chet said. "But I don't worship anyone. I'm my own man."

It was a bluff, a power move in what Chet thought was a negotiation. But Zed didn't negotiate.

"Bah," Zed said, waving his hand and sending Chet to the back of his mind. Let him stew in silence as he watched what Zed did with his body.

Zed returned to the bedroom, where Charlotte remained in bed, the smell of her musk lingering in the room. She looked at him with half-lidded eyes and he leaned over and kissed her, a slow, passionate kiss. She drank him in, fingers coming up to stroke his cheeks.

"Good morning, my love," Zed said, staring down at Charlotte's beautiful, smiling face. He slid his hand beneath the covers and caressed Charlotte's sex with his fingers. She closed her eyes and shuddered lightly beneath him. "Hold that thought," Zed whispered, "while I go get us some breakfast."

He kissed her again, his tongue flicking out to taste her lips, to dip into her mouth, pulling away from her grasp and leaving her wanting for more. He shrugged on a white robe and cinched it around his thick waist, giving Charlotte one last smile before making his way quietly to the kitchen.

Poking through the fridge he found some fruit and cut it up, arranging it onto a tray along with a bowl of cereal as he set a pot of coffee to brew. Marlene and Mark joined him in the kitchen as the coffee finished up. They looked sleepy but content.

"You two look like you had a good night," said Zed.

Mark poured some coffee for himself and Marlene, and they shared a little smile.

"We talked with spirits last night," Marlene admitted.

"Really?" Zed asked, copying Chet's disdain for Marlene's spiritual talk.

He carried the tray back to Charlotte's bedroom and set it down on the bed in front of her. She sat up, bending one leg beneath her.

"Ooh, Chet, thank you."

He kissed her on the cheek as she nibbled on the fruit. Then he rummaged through her suitcase and set out her clothes for the day. When he was done, he slid into bed beside her and helped her finish the last of the cereal. She lay content, one hand on her stiff, pregnant belly.

"Is there anything else you desire, my sweet?" Zed asked.

"There is one thing," Charlotte said. "If you're up for it."

Zed set the tray down by the floor and took Charlotte in his arms. "I'm up for it whenever you are. I live to serve you my love."

She took his face in her hands and stared into his eyes. Zed stared back, watching the gold flecks in her brown eyes as she searched his face.

"Is that you in there, Chet?"

Zed took her hands and kissed each one. "This is just a taste of what I can offer you if you will be mine."

"But it's not Chet." She sounded disappointed.

"It's better."

Zed's cock jumped to attention, pushing aside the terrycloth robe and pointing up to Charlotte.

'Oh!' She cried, and grabbed him.

Her hands were sure and sensual around his dick.

"God, I've missed this," she whispered as she stroked him.

"What's it been? Seven months or so?" Zed asked, eyeing Charlotte's pregnant belly.

She gulped and nodded, never letting her fingers stop playing across his dick. Zed kissed her on the lips as she stroked him. She melted into him, grabbing his cock and stroking long, and slow, spreading the bead of precum down his shaft. In his head, Zed felt Chet eager to give in, excited at the prospect of having a hard-on after so long.

Charlotte lay down on the bed, her huge breasts flopping to either side. She took them in her hands and played with her tits as Zed knelt between her legs. Chet's long cock curved up, pointing at her belly. Her pussy lips were spread wide and glistening, little beads of moisture caught in her light brown hair. Zed pulled back and let Chet have his body.

Chet guided his cock against his wife's pussy lips, watched her part for him as he slipped in through her entrance. She was sopping wet and ready for him and he burrowed past her resistance. Chet held her legs wide and pushed in slowly. Charlotte took his face in her hands and gazed into his eyes as they fucked slowly.

"Oh, Chet. It's you."

"It's me," Chet agreed.

Charlotte was warm and wet and perfect. Zed made sure Chet's cock stayed hard, enjoying the feel of it as it slid through Charlotte's wet canal. Chet moved faster, his cock disappearing into Charlotte and reappearing slick with her juice. The wet sounds of her cunt hit his ears and he nearly came but Zed stopped him, waiting for Charlotte.

Now her eyes were closed, her mouth half-opened as Chet thrust into her, slapping his balls against her groin with each thrust. Charlotte whimpered, each one growing higher, longer, until she cried out and shook with ecstasy. Chet reached out and squeezed a fat tit, staring at it as it wobbled. He licked his lips in delight, the ecstasy surging through him at his wife's beautiful pregnant body spread out beneath him, while at the same time marveling at his newfound control.

Only then did Zed allow Chet to cum, plunging into Charlotte's welcoming heat and emptying himself, pump after pump of warm cum filling his lovely wife. Chet stared down in surprise and delight as he watched his cock slip in and out of his wife's cunt, the pink pussy lips gripping the solid shaft. It was an orgasmic bliss Chet hadn't known for months. Zed shared in his pleasure, feeling his borrowed cock sink deep into Charlotte's wet heat.

"Oh, god, Chet!" She cried as she gripped the bed sheets and convulsed happily around his cock. And that surge of power through Zed was even more delightful than the orgasm.

Chet finished and held Charlotte as the aftershocks lit through her body. When she was calm he kissed her on the forehead and shrugged himself back into his robe. Returning to the bathroom, he flicked on the light and stared at himself in the mirror.

"That was a nice trick. But is that the extent of your powers?" He sneered.

Zed pushed himself to the forefront and assumed control of Chet's body.

"I thought you would have enjoyed having a working prick," Zed said with Chet's voice.

"*She* certainly did. But what about what *I* want?" Chet replied.

"And what do you want?" Zed asked, feeding Chet's insatiable greed. The answer rose in Chet's mind and Zed plucked it from his thoughts, a smile spreading across his face. "Your best friend's daughter. Sweet sensual Jane. She's just eighteen. You like them young, huh?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Chet tried to lie.

Zed laughed. "Oh, I don't judge. I give my worshipers what they want as long as they give me what *I* want." Chet gulped, his mouth suddenly dry. Zed fed on his illicit need. "I will give you this gift. I will let you do what you want with her. And in return all I ask is that you serve your wife."

"Yes. Of course." Chet replied, already considering ways to go back on his word.

Zed knew that the promise was empty. Chet would act the lover for a little while and then return to his usual careless ways not long after he got what he wanted. But that was fine with Zed; he had no intention of keeping his end of the deal, either, because he'd already promised Jane to another. What Chet didn't know was that Zed was strong enough to make him *want* to change. But Zed held back for the moment because a willing worshiper was power that a mind-controlled worshiper had no hope of matching. And the chase was so fun.

"Prove it to me, Chet. I'll be watching. And do not tell the others about me unless you want to share my power with them."

Zed felt Chet's assent as a surge of powerful belief. He withdrew into the back of Chet's mind, leaving Chet to stumble and clutch at the bathroom sink as he was suddenly in control of his entire body once again. Chet peered closely at the mirror, as if searching for Zed inside himself, then returned to the bedroom. Charlotte was getting dressed and Chet slipped up behind her and kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you for that, my love," Chet whispered.

She turned to him with a bright smile and caressed his cheek. Charlotte really was too good for him, Zed realized. Chet was someone who would never truly believe. He may feign it until he sensed a way to gain power, but those kinds of worshipers were unreliable. No, once Zed's full power was realized he would change Chet to suit Charlotte's needs. She was the real power in this relationship.

The question on Zed's mind, as Chet dressed and the two joined the others in the kitchen, was how to give Jane to Chet without permanently losing Jane? She was young and so eager to believe in something, especially something like Zed who could give her the power she felt she lacked in her everyday life. There was pummeling her self-esteem by altering her body in order to make her more open to Zed's advances, and then there was asking her to fuck a piece of work like Chet. At least Christopher was deserving of her attention and would worship her. Chet would treat her like his own personal toy until he tired of her, and then no doubt ask for more from Zed. Tricky.

The others were all awake and lounging around the open plan kitchen and living room when Chet came down. Mark and Marlene played footsie on the stools, a small plate of half-eaten toast in front of them. They were chatting with Christopher and Jay, who sat at the kitchen table. The smell of bacon and eggs wafted from the stove, where Lisa stood attending to the food. Jonah was lying on

the couch by the fireplace, another book in his hands. Jane was curled up on one of the chairs, away from everyone else, watching them with a faintly bored expression on her face.

Charlotte kissed Chet on the cheek and went to help Lisa make breakfast for everyone. Chet poured himself some coffee from the carafe and dropped his bulk in the chair beside Jay, who turned to him as he sat.

“Morning, Chet. Mark and Marlene were just telling us about the spirit of the woods,” Jay said with a wry smile.

“Oh?” Chet asked, his smile faltering.

“Yes. The spirits are all around us,” Marlene said. “This is a very sacred place.”

“Right. I can feel that,” Chet said, winking at Jay, comforted by the fact that Marlene was apparently talking about her hippy-dippy beliefs rather than a specific power-granting demon.

The food was soon ready and lined up on the counter for everyone to serve themselves. They all gathered around the kitchen table talking about this and that. Zed kept his eyes on Lisa whenever he could. Lovely Lisa. She was Zed’s goal, the whole purpose of consolidating his power was to give her what she wanted and make her his queen.

There was a slight furrow to her brow whenever she looked at her husband. Jay was oblivious to her need, to the way she took the opportunity to stroke his shoulder. She had no idea that Zed had been inside him last night, and she was clearly perplexed as to why the caring, loving husband of last night had been replaced with his usual oblivious self. Jay ignored her touches, preferring to make himself the center of attention, commanding the conversation and treating the group of friends and family as a conference to his own greatness.

Where Chet was dumb and self-centered Jay was erudite and knowledgeable enough to *know* he was a narcissist who reveled in others relying on him. He’d turned wonderful, free-spirited Lisa into an anxious, dependent woman. And for that he would pay.

As Zed planned his next move, the conversation around the table turned to the plans for the day.

“I’m not driving anywhere in this weather,” Chet insisted.

“Why don’t we take a hike?” Lisa suggested. “It’s been ages since I went walking in the snow.”

“That sounds lovely,” Marlene agreed.

“Jonah? Jane? Want to come on a hike?” Lisa asked, turning to them.

Jonah pushed back his mop of stringy red hair and chirped in his reedy voice, “Yeah. Ok.”

Jane continued pushing food around her plate and just shrugged. She had a way of making even that simple gesture so sensual. There was an easy confidence she had with her body, just seeming to flow.

“Come on, it will be fun!” Chet said, eyeing Jane before turning to Christopher just in time to see his eyes flick away from Jane as well. “How ‘bout you, champ?”

“Ok.” Christopher agreed, his fat cheeks blushing red.

“Come on,” Jay clapped his hands, “We’ll all go out for a walk. You city kids will love the snow. You can make a snowman.”

“Dad, I’m not a little girl anymore,” Jane scowled.

Chet’s eyes lingered on Jane, admiring the light band of freckles across the bridge of her nose. Zed felt Chet’s thoughts turning to how he’d like to lift that sweater off her and get his hands on her wonderful tits. Chet really was a lech.

“If the kids don’t want to go they can stay here,” Lisa attempted.

“No. We’re all going. It will be fun.” Jay decided.

“Ugh. Fine.” Jane pushed her plate away and stormed off down the hallway.

With everyone’s attention on Jane, Zed shot from Chet’s body, moving beneath the table so no one would see the shimmer of heat that was his essence and landed inside Jonah.

Zed peered out from the world behind Jonah's eyes. His head itched and his fingers got stuck in his tangled hair as he scratched. Jonah was so weak and scrawny, a far cry from the bulk he'd just occupied.

"I'm done, too," Zed said, pushing back from the table and grabbing Jonah's heavy science fiction book.

Lisa sighed and turned to her husband. Zed returned to Jonah's room and shut the door behind him. He could hear their voices rising as they sniped at each other.

Jonah's chest was nearly concave beneath his pristine white polo shirt, and a slightly sour odor followed him wherever he went. With his powers, Zed calmed the fear shooting through Jonah at the sudden takeover of his body. There were so many things Zed could change about Jonah that he thought the young man would like, but where to start?

"What do you want, Jonah?" Zed asked himself as he dug through Jonah's suitcase for a sweater. "A bigger dick? More powerful muscles?"

A flash of pink caught his eye and his hand was drawn towards it. Pulling it out, Zed discovered a pair of pink lace panties. Now this was interesting. Jonah's response to the panties in his hand provided Zed with an explanation. The panties belonged to Jane and had been stolen from out of the dryer several months ago.

Zed shucked off Jonah's his pants and his boxers. He rolled the panties up his skinny chicken legs and over his—surprisingly large—dick. Zed felt the excitement rising in Jonah's mind, followed by the crushing disappointment, the feeling of incompleteness, and the utter disgust of looking at the cock he'd had to cram into the panties.

"Is there something wrong?" Zed asked. "You feel like you're missing something, don't you?"

Zed released Jonah's mouth and felt his lips tremble and then it all spilled out: "I've never been comfortable in my body. I hate it! I hate...this," he gestured to his limp cock. "Why can't I have been born a girl, like Jane?"

"Is that what you really want?" Zed smiled reassuringly.

"More than anything."

"I can help you, Jonah. My name is Zed. I'm an alien sent here from another dimension to help humans like you. We adjust the world to make it right. But silently, behind the scenes. No one must know about me."

"What can you do?"

"You desire your sister's body. I can give it to you. All you have to do is swear your allegiance to me."

"If you can do that I swear I'll do anything."

“Excellent.”

The boy’s desperate willingness to believe made Zed’s job so much easier. He walked to the wall separating Jonah’s room from Jane’s and placed his hand on it. Through the thin walls he heard Jane moving around in her room, angrily banging her suitcase lid against the wall as she threw it open. Zed concentrated and leapt from Jonah’s body, this time taking Jonah’s consciousness with him. He forced them both through the wall and into Jane’s slender body, pushing her own consciousness out. Zed grabbed her mind and stuffed it back into her brother’s body then froze time around her, pausing her in mid-realization—he would deal with her in a minute—before returning to watch Jonah delight in his new form.

Jonah found himself in his sister’s room, kneeling in front of her suitcase. A suitcase filled with pink lace and sexy outfits. Jonah gasped and Zed watched from behind his eyes as Jonah held up his hands and wiggled his sister’s fingers.

“Oh my god,” he muttered, his hands coming to his throat and a smile growing across his face as he heard Jane’s honey voice spill from his own lips.

Jonah pushed himself to his feet and ran for the mirror in the bathroom. His body swayed in delightful new ways and he had to adjust to his balance. He flipped on the light and gasped as he stared at himself. Jane’s face reflected back at him, her little mouth opened in an ‘o’ of surprise.

Jonah’s fingers trembled as he leaned closer to the mirror, eyes flicking over the dusting of freckles across the bridge of his perfect nose. He pushed the silky hair out of his face and let his fingers roam down his body, feeling his sister’s curves, fingers delighting in running along her soft skin. He lingered on her tits, bouncing them in each hand, before slipping his hands down his pants and following the soft line of his slit, fingers just slipping in between his pleasant new pussy lips. Then he turned and arched his back, wiggling his tiny butt as he ran his hand down over a cheek, squeezing the taut fullness that he now owned.

The sweet belief and gratitude swelled Zed’s power even more.

“It’s real,” Jonah whispered. “It’s really real.”

“It’s real. Her life is yours.”

“What’s going to happen to Jane?”

“She’s in your body.”

Jonah smiled, a wicked smile that looked right at home on Jane’s face. He clapped his tiny hands together. “Oh, she must hate that.”

“I will deal with her in a moment. But you must do me a favor.”

“Anything, Zed.”

“I will need to borrow this body when your family goes on the hike. Do not ask me what for but trust that I will return it as I have left it.”

Jonah agreed. Of course he agreed.

“Now enjoy it,” Zed said, slipping into the back of Jonah’s mind to watch.

As soon as Jonah was free he tore off his clothes and gaped down at his sister’s body. She was small and curvy and perfect. He stroked his skin, admiring the softness, hands tracing the curves from his

tits to his hips to his legs. Jane's body was a delight and he laughed as he felt himself off, one hand now coming up to explore the face he'd seen every day in his own house and coveted. It was his. Her lips, her eyes, her nose. All his.

Zed shared in Jonah's delight as he threw off his clothes and fell onto the bed, hands roaming around his body, pinching and squeezing his supple breasts, lifting them into mounds and letting them bounce back down his side. He allowed one hand to slide down between his legs and was pleased to find he was already wet. This body was incredible.

Jonah's fingers traced up and down his new slit, reveling in the feel of this pussy that he'd always wanted. He grew wet at his own touch, pussy lips parting for his finger and allowing him to sink inside to land on his velvety folds. He stroked himself, spreading his dew up and down his entrance as he grew ever wetter. His other hand teased a tiny nipple and he explored the body he now possessed, fingers sliding this way and that until he found the perfect angle, the perfect pressure. It released a wild burst of fire within him and he cried out once, his fingers moving faster inside himself, up and down his slippery cunt.

Now he could hear the slippery sound of himself, so perfect to his ears. He thrust two fingers into his tight little opening, following his slick canal up, up to his dimpled nub. Landing on his inner pleasure, he came, throwing his head back into the bed and crying out in Jane's wonderful voice. Hearing her, seeing her like this made him even hornier and he gripped himself tighter, coveting his own body, fingering himself faster until he came again.

Zed was inside as the orgasm curled Jane's tiny toes and made her body shake. He stayed as the pleasure dulled from a loud roar to a low rumble. At last Jonah was breathless and exhausted and sated, and Zed left him.

Zed flitted away, back through the wall and into Jonah's room, leaving Jonah to explore his new body. Jonah's former body—with Jane inside—waited, frozen in time, caught in the act of staring with wide eyes down at the body of her brother which she now inhabited. Zed flitted inside Jonah's scrawny body alongside her mind and allowed time to flow again.

As time resumed, Jane stared down at herself, grabbing various parts of herself, beginning to hyperventilate.

‘Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god,’ she whispered, and the sound of her brother’s thin voice from her lips just made her more terrified.

Now she was screaming, wailing and running to the mirror on the wall to stare at her body. Her brother’s weakling reflection stared back, copying her every move as she panicked. She was naked but for some pink panties, beneath which her thick new cock was crammed. She screamed, her breath coming in ragged gasps but she couldn’t tear her eyes away from her new body.

Zed silenced her screams, setting up an invisible wall so that they could not be heard outside the room as he enjoyed her terror. She ran to the door and tried to open it but Zed sealed it shut. She was living a nightmare, not only losing her body but becoming her brother. She could feel his cock dangling between her legs, surprisingly meaty, and she batted at it as if it were a bug she could knock from her body. Finally, when Zed had had his fun he pushed forward.

“Jane,” Zed said with Jonah’s voice, “I know this is scary but I’m here to help. I’m an angel and I’m trying to protect you and your family.”

“From what?” Jane asked as Zed released control of her mouth and tamped down on her terror enough for her to form coherent sentences.

“I came to chase away a demon, but I was too late. He has swapped your body with your brother’s body.”

“Why?” Jane asked, nearly crying.

“Heavens,” Zed whispered. “I wish I knew. I wish I’d gotten here sooner. I could have stopped him.”

“Am I stuck like this?” A tear fell from Jane’s eye and she sniffed, getting a whiff of her brother’s pungent odor. Zed wiped her tear away.

“With God’s help I can fix you. In fact, as a reward for your unfailing belief I can make you better.” Zed laid it on thick. “But you need to believe in me. Give yourself to me as a messenger of the lord. Say ‘I give myself to Zed’.”

“I give myself to Zed.” Jane spoke hesitantly, unsure if what she was doing was blasphemous or not but calmed by Zed’s assurances and by the fact that she had no choice.

“Again.”

“I give myself to Zed.”

“Keep going.”

As Jane kept repeating the mantra Zed began work on Jonah’s body. Though his power ran like a raging river through his essence, he pretended the work of transforming this body was a near

impossible task. Jonah's pale, concave chest swelled out slowly, two indentations pushing out the polo shirt, growing fuller and more buoyant until they hung beautifully from her chest, a recreation of her own. But Zed went further, taking her jealously of other girls from her school as permission to make her breasts larger. He swelled them out into perfect teardrop shapes, the curves pristine, the little nipples like exclamation points at the end of each. When he was done her breasts were more immense than before. Not massively pornstar sized, but enough to grab attention, and better than those of the catty bitches from her school.

Jane's eyes went wide and she kept murmuring her allegiance to Zed, her disbelief disappearing as she watched the changes happening to her. Her brother's stomach firmed up, a little hint of abs appearing. The light dusting of hair withdrew and the skin darkened to a rich golden hue. The changes radiated down her thighs, morphing them up into feminine curves even more incredible than her real legs. Here, too, Zed smoothed and bronzed her skin. The little moles and scars disappeared and her thighs and calves tightened up, light muscles forming beneath. When Zed was done Jane's body looked like something straight out of a swimsuit catalogue, her skin airbrushed to impossible smoothness.

Next Zed went to work on Jonah's face and hair. He softened Jonah's looks, plumping out his lips and his cheeks, adjusting his features until he was a perfect copy of Jane. And then he continued. She was already a beauty but Zed increased it tenfold, turning her soft girl-next-door looks into something more fiercely hot. He widened her eyes and slightly morphed her nose, giving it that perfect little upturn, before moving on to make her cheekbones striking, her eyes delicious almond shapes, and tinting the color of her irises an enchanting shade of green. Her auburn hair formed itself into perfectly coiffed waves that spilled down her shoulders, curling down slightly over her forehead and nearly covering one eye. He filled out her lips and adjusted her philtrum so that it left her lips slightly parted, revealing a delicious hint of pure white teeth and giving her a constant look of slightly bewildered desire.

He retracted the cock between her legs, letting it disappear into her body. For an instant she was as smooth as a doll before a dainty slit appeared, the lips tight together, the hair perfectly shaved into a thin line. He increased her sensitivity, allowing her to cum whenever she wanted at the right touch.

When he was done and Jane smiled it radiated pure delight. She had the body of a goddess, all tight curves and dark good looks. A body women would die for and men would kill for.

"That is your reward for belief," Zed said in her richer voice, a voice tinged with lust and just the right amount of throatiness to stir men's loins.

"Thank you, Zed. I'm beautiful," she said, running her hands across her face and her body, marveling in the perfect softness of her skin. It wasn't beauty for beauty's sake that Jane desired, but the power over people that came with it.

The sound of Lisa and Jay returning to their room alerted Zed to the fact that he would have to leave Jane for the moment.

"The others do not yet believe in me but they will. Until I reveal myself to them you must worship me in secret, lest all God's work be undone by lack of faith."

"Anything, Zed," Jane said, still entranced by her own beauty.

"Then stay hidden in your room for now. All will be revealed in time."

Zed flitted out of Jane's body, through the wall separating her from her brother, and back into Jane's former body, where Jonah now resided permanently.

Zed landed back in Jane's original body, putting Jonah's mind to sleep as he did so. Jonah had dressed Jane in her pink, fur-trimmed ski jacket and matching pink beanie. Tan leather snow boots were laced up to her calves, overlapping the skin tight jeans that clung to her lithe frame.

In Jane's old body, Zed returned to the living room to wait for the others. Charlotte was cleaning the dishes as Zed took a seat on the easy chair by the smoldering fire. The others joined him a few minutes later, all but Charlotte dressed to go out hiking in the snow. Christopher wore a ridiculous puffy jacket that made him look like a round orange ball. Zed noticed a tension between Lisa and Jay.

Every little move by Lisa to create intimacy was rebuffed. She would do something like grab Jay's hand casually and he would slip free to go talk to someone else. Zed hated the hurt he saw in Lisa's eyes and had to stifle the urge to take Jay right there and treat her right. Patience. Lisa would be his in time.

"All right, let's go," Chet clapped his mittened hands. "You coming, Charlotte?"

"I'm feeling a little tired. I'll just stay here and rest by the fire."

"Suit yourself," Chet shrugged.

"Is Jonah coming?" Lisa asked.

"He wasn't feeling well, he's going to stay here," Zed said quickly.

"Oh, okay," Lisa said, glancing briefly at Jay as if for confirmation.

The cold air rushed in as soon as they opened the door, and the group hurried outside. The sounds of the morning were muffled, and morning sunlight dazzled their eyes from the snow-hung trees. Jay and Lisa led the way back down the driveway, already bickering about which way they should go. Lisa wanted to stick to the roads but Jay wanted to try to cut through the trees to the edge of the mountain. Mark and Marlene followed behind, holding hands and pointing to the sights, while Christopher trundled along behind them.

Chet had paused, ostensibly waiting for the rest of the group but clearly waiting to see what Jane would do. Zed smiled shyly at him and scooted past him, placing one of Jane's hands on Chet's chest and the other on Chet's butt as he did so. Once past he gave a little backward glance, a slight smile, and then followed the group. Zed heard Chet fall into step behind him and a moment later he was by Zed's side.

They went slow, allowing the others a sizeable lead. Jay and Lisa's bickering faded away. Zed looked up at Chet, who seemed so much taller and rounder from Jane's small frame. An ogre of a man with a mind to match.

"How's school treating you?" Chet asked, making poor small talk.

"Good, I guess," Zed said. "Some of the guys are so dumb though. It's like they don't know how to treat women."

“Yeah,” Chet agreed, “Guys at that age can be assholes.”

“Not just at that age.” Zed paused. “But...something weird happened to me this morning.”

“Oh?”

“I was visited by a...a spirit. Zed.” Chet’s eyes sharpened. “He said *you* knew how to treat a woman.”

“Did he?”

Zed could hear the lust in Chet’s voice. Zed took Chet’s hand and led him off the road. Chet was only too eager to follow. They picked their way down a small creek bed by the side of the road, boots slipping in the snow. Pushing through the trees they soon came to a place where the forest thinned and a patch of sunlight illuminated an outcropping of smooth rock. When they were both alone and standing at the top of the rock Zed turned and looked up at Chet. He was at least a head taller than Jane, and Zed had to stand on her tiptoes, resting both hands on Chet’s chest, in order to kiss him.

Chet kissed him back instantly, warm breath filling Zed’s mouth. Chet took Jane’s cold fingers in his hands and squeezed gently. Zed slipped Jane’s tongue out, ran it around Chet’s lips until he opened them, and then Zed slipped inside to taste him. Jane’s body was eager to warm as their tongues met. Zed felt Chet’s eagerness, his body taut, his lips yearning to press against hers.

Chet ran his hands up Jane’s arms and then down her waist. With a hungry moan he pulled her close, crushing Zed against his heavy bulk. Zed unzipped Chet’s coat and thrust Jane’s cold hands beneath Chet’s sweater and against his bare chest. Chet gasped and Zed pulled away, laughing with Jane’s sweet delight.

Zed wiggled his hips and slowly unzipped his pink coat, putting on a show for Chet. When Zed had unzipped Jane’s coat all the way he let it slip off his shoulders. His cheeks were red and his eyes twinkled.

“Aren’t you cold?” Chet asked, great puffs of warm air appearing at each breath.

“Zed will keep us warm,” Zed said, and placed Jane’s hands on Chet’s cheeks, using his powers to spill warmth through them both.

Chet tossed off his coat and then grabbed Jane again, kissing her, petting her, hands roaming up and down Zed’s borrowed body, squeezing Jane’s little ass, roaming back up to her perfect tits. It wasn’t long before he pulled the sweater off over her head and unclasped her bra. Jane’s tits fell free and Chet gaped at them in open-mouthed astonishment. He tore off his gloves and wrapped his hands around each breast, sighing in satisfaction as he stroked her body. Chet had been longing to do this for so long and now that he had Jane he intended to savor her.

He leaned down and kissed his way across each tit, fingers stroking Jane’s soft skin, tongue circling her strawberry-pink nipples until they sharpened like diamonds. Zed was growing delightfully anxious, a beautiful tension building between Jane’s legs and spreading through her body. As Chet suckled on each tit Zed unbuttoned his pants and stepped out of them. Chet’s cock was visible even beneath his pants, hard and ready for Jane.

With his mouth still on Jane’s tits, Chet’s hands slipped down her body, following the curve of her waist, over her ass and between her legs. His meaty fingers stroked over her delicate cotton panties,

pressing lightly into the fabric, but enough to dab up Jane's growing moisture. Zed barely had to do anything, Jane's body was so ripe, so ready to be plucked.

Zed rolled the panties down his legs and lay back naked on the bare rock. His powers warmed the rock beneath his ass and the air around, melting a perfect circle from the snow around himself and Chet. Zed spread his legs spread to reveal Jane's pussy. Her lips were already slightly parted for Chet, dotted with moisture beneath the coarse line of her auburn pubic hair. She was an angel, and Chet's breath hitched in his throat as Zed spread her for him. Zed grabbed Jane's tits, fondling himself, squeezing his taut breasts together until the fingers dimpled his skin. He pressed his tits against his chest, gripping and releasing, relishing the delight spreading through Jane's body as he made her fondle herself.

"Oh, fuck me, Chet," Zed moaned in Jane's sultry voice, as his body shivered with a tiny orgasm.

Chet scrabbled for his pants, dropping them down to his ankles and pulling out his cock. It was already hard for Jane. He knelt between her legs and guided the head of his dick against her opening. Zed moaned in anticipation, Jane's body needing to be filled. There was a pressure between her legs, growing more intense as Chet slowly guided himself inside her. Jane parted for him, Chet's cockhead slipping inside inch by inch, until he was nestled within Jane's slick opening.

Chet slid in slowly, staring down at Jane's pussy as he entered her, filling her, until he was thrust in to the hilt and his heat was deep inside Jane's tiny body. He withdrew, and Zed craned his neck to watch Chet's throbbing cock, now slick with Jane's lust. Chet plunged in again with a heavy sigh, and Zed dropped his head back, hands still working his tits.

"Oh, Chet. Oh god, yes," Zed moaned as Chet sped up to a medium pace, obviously trying to keep himself in check, trying to draw out this moment of illicit delight, but so, so needy for Jane.

Each thrust in made Jane's body thump, the desire and tension twisting ever tighter. Zed threw back his head and moaned as he was filled, over and over again. Chet was gasping in great, raggedy gasps, his hands gripping Jane's waist, thrusting in deep. His greedy piggy eyes were narrowed as he reached the edge of his control.

And, oh, how the power of Chet's belief enhanced Zed's power. In this moment, with Chet's desire fulfilled, he worshiped Zed. But Zed knew it would be fleeting, and he wanted Chet to truly understand the power he was tempting.

"Oh, Chet," moaned Zed, "Do you want my body?"

"Oh god, yes," Chet cried sinking in deep.

"Then have it," Zed hissed, opening his eyes wide.

He thrust his essence into Chet's body, yanking Chet's mind out and throwing it into Jane. Now Zed was behind Chet's eyes in time to see the look on Jane's face go from orgasmic to confused as Chet found himself in the body he so coveted, his new pussy filled by his former cock. Zed slid into the hilt, feeling Jane's tight little pussy convulse around his cock. Zed had timed it right. It was too late for both of them. He thrust in and came, Chet's cock throbbing, emptying himself into Jane's body, enjoying the look on her face as Chet realized he was being fucked with his own dick, filled with his own cum.

She wriggled beneath him, Chet's mind trapped in Jane's body as her orgasm spilled through him and he cried out. Each pump drove another cry from Jane's lips, her voice cracking as Chet

involuntarily raised her hips to meet his former cock, filling himself on his own dick as his seed spilled into his new pussy. Chet laughed as he drove deep, emptying himself into Jane's delicate body until his cock was finished. Then he pulled out, his dick dripping with their mingled essence.

"What did you do?" Chet asked, gazing down at the taut teenage body he now possessed, shaking every now and then with an aftershock. He was so horny for himself, even now, through his terror, he desired the body he was in.

Chet's hands came up to his tits, squeezing them in disbelief before dropping them and letting them bounce down his chest. He scrambled to sit up, trying to cover himself, his fingers landing in between his legs and on his own wetness. He grimaced, Jane's nose wrinkling in disgust at the cum on his fingers.

"You do not get to bargain with me," Zed commanded. "There is no negotiation. I tell you what to do and if you obey you are rewarded."

"And if not?" Chet asked.

Zed smiled and gestured to Jane's body. Chet's bravado left him immediately. "Please," he sobbed, "Change me back. I'll do whatever you want."

"Suck your own dick."

"What?"

"You heard me." Power flashed through Zed and Chet's cock, still slick with his cum and Jane's juices, grew to attention, pointed right at Jane's lips. "This is your punishment for even thinking of going back on our deal. Suck your dick and you can have your body back."

Chet's lip quivered but he obeyed, moving to his knees and grabbing his former cock. He opened Jane's mouth and swallowed the head, lips slowly travelling down his former dick. Jane's little mouth was so warm on Zed's cock and he smiled, watching her take him in. The salty taste of himself was on Chet's tongue and he grimaced as he slid his lips up and down his own shaft, opening his mouth as wide as he could. With another flick of Zed's powers he made Chet push his lips all the way down his cock, until Jane's nose was pressed into Zed's groin and the head of his former dick hit the back of his new throat.

Chet moved faster, swirling his head around, trying his best to make Zed cum fast so he could end the humiliation. But Zed held on, watching Chet move Jane's little lips up and down, her mouth wrapped around his dick as it disappeared between her lips and reappeared wet with saliva. Soon Zed started thrusting into Jane's mouth as Chet lowered his lips. Chet moved faster, keeping the pressure, sucking as well as he could. The desire grew, centered at the base of Zed's dick, urgent and willing, and then Zed released himself with a groan.

He came inside Jane's mouth, hand pushing her head all the way down his cock as Chet sputtered, his new mouth filled with his own warm seed. He swallowed as much as he could but some dripped down his chin. Zed held him there, throbbing across her tongue until he was empty. When he released Chet, Chet pulled off with a groan. Cum spilled down his cheeks and he wiped it with his tiny fingers, looking up at Zed with Jane's big green eyes. Now he was chastened.

"May I have my body back, master?" Chet asked, like an obedient girl.

Zed nodded and reached his hand down to the humiliated and broken man below him. Like a dog, Chet had learned who the real alpha was and was duly chastened. Zed yanked Chet's mind back

into his own body, before returning himself to Jane. They got dressed wordlessly, Chet refusing to meet Zed's eyes. Zed could still feel Chet's seed dripping down Jane's thighs, her panties still slightly damp with excitement.

"Now, Chet," Zed began as he took Chet's hand in Jane's and began leading him back towards the road. "You will serve Charlotte and love her, second only to me. Your happiness is contingent on hers. Love her, obey her, and you will be rewarded."

"Yes, master," Chet nodded, his eyes dulled.

They clambered back up onto the snowy road just as Lisa stomped around the bend, heading back to the cabin. Her hands were clenched and her face was screwed up tight.

"I don't understand what's going on with you!" She shouted to someone behind her.

Jay appeared seconds later, stumbling through the boot-high snow to keep up and continue their argument.

"Me? It was your idea to go on vacation with everyone. If I'd have known you were going to give me some kind of ultimatum I never would have come."

Zed dropped Chet's hand as Lisa passed, but she barely glanced at the two of them.

"Not an ultimatum," Lisa paused and stared back at him. "Just some goddamn affection. Like I'm your wife, not one of your clients. This trip started off so well but now..." She shook her head and continued toward the cabin.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Jay mumbled, stopping near Zed and Chet.

He turned, about to give up on Lisa. Zed saw his opportunity and quickly tweaked Jonah's mind before leaping across the short painful void to Jay.

He landed inside Jay's mind, looking out at the world through the older man's eyes. His dark winter peacoat and gloves weren't quite enough to keep out the creeping cold so Zed warmed the air around him. It was so easy with all this power, barely an inconvenience. By the side of the road, Jane swayed slightly as Jonah's mind resumed control of her body. Zed glanced at Chet.

"Go to your wife," Zed ordered.

"Yes, master," Chet said, hurrying off toward the cabin.

Mark, Marlene and Christopher appeared around the bend, clearly returning to the cabin and just as eager to allow Lisa and Jay their space. Christopher glanced at Jane and their eyes met. A smile spread across Jane's lips, happy and eager as she gazed at the new love of her life.

Zed smiled at the love-struck young woman, her new feelings the result of Zed's last tweak. "Go to him."

"Yes, master," Jane grinned gleefully and bounded towards Christopher. She threw herself into his arms, nearly bowling him over in his puffball jacket, and kissed him.

Power licked at Zed like flames, warping the air around him. Even this small band of followers he'd gathered provided enough power for him to fuel his desires. He could live happily here, content to rule his tiny kingdom as a minor demon. Or he would be, once he had Lisa.

By the time Zed arrived at the cabin Lisa had locked herself in the bedroom. Zed knocked quietly.

"Lisa?"

"Go away," she cried from behind the door.

Zed placed his hand around the doorknob. It was an easy matter to slide the bolt back from outside and open the door. Lisa looked up at him from where she was huddled on the bed, surprised at his entry, her eyes red-rimmed and her face streaked with tears. Zed's heart softened to see his only human love so sad and vulnerable.

"I don't want to talk to you," she wiped her eyes with the palm of her hand.

"I told you I would come back one day. Years and years and years will not erode my love for you."

She peered up at him as he smiled that old confident, cocky smile, so out of place on Jay's dour features.

"Zed?"

He sat on the bed and took her in his arms. She huddled up against him and he stroked her back, nestling his nose into her golden hair and inhaling the sweet scent of her.

"I'm here," he whispered.

"Oh, Zed," she clung to him. "I've missed you so much."

"And I you."

‘Why did you leave me?’ She sniffed and looked up at him.

Zed stared into her emerald eyes, drinking in her soft face, the delicate slip of nose, the little freckles across the bridge of her nose.

“Sometimes even demons have demons. I did not want her to harm you so I had to leave.”

“And now you’re back.”

Zed stroked her cheek and settled a strand of rich red hair behind a slender ear. She didn’t need to know what he’d had to do to escape the succubus who’d latched herself onto him so long ago. Of the people he’d had to throw in her path until he could trap her in her own dimension. So he said simply: “I’m back.”

As she gazed into his eyes Zed let the power flow through him, reversing Jay’s age. His bald head sprouted a thick mane of black hair, elegantly styled to swoop back over his head. The wrinkles around his eyes smoothed out and his face thinned, the plumpness disappearing, the double chin tightening back up to youthful vigor. His stomach sucked in, replaced with a solid six pack of abs Jay never had. The changes coursed across his skin, removing the marks and the scars of old age, leaving Jay more fit and muscular than he had ever been.

He kissed Lisa, bringing their lips together slowly. She kissed him back slowly, leaning on him as they explored each other. Zed allowed his power to flow through Jay’s lips and into Lisa’s body, reversing her age as well. Her face become young and girlish, her bust tightened, breasts regaining the buoyancy of youth as her skin relinquished its flaws and regained her young, golden glow. As the years dropped away their energy rebounded and Jane pushed herself onto him, knocking Zed onto his back on the bed.

She straddled him, grinning hungrily, her fingers gripping his coat. She was young and fiery and sexy and *his*. She kissed him again, needier this time, their tongues slipping against each other, exploring the other’s mouths. Zed grabbed her cheeks and crushed her to him, needing to taste her, to be close to her, and she did the same. Her fingers twined through his hair as she leaned on him, breasts resting on his chest as they made out like teenagers, desperate and full of pent-up desire, their young bodies crying out for each other.

They tore the clothes off each other in a passionate frenzy, tossing them to the side and falling naked in bed together. Zed lay on top of Lisa, one of his legs in between hers, the heat of his cock resting against her thigh. They continued kissing, Lisa’s tongue shooting into Zed’s mouth and he sucked on her tongue as their hands explored the contours of each other’s bodies. Her hands slid down his side, gripping his taut buttocks while he caressed her breast, palming it and tweaking her little pink nipples with thumb and forefinger.

Zed played her body like a fine instrument and was rewarded with the beautiful music of her sighs. She gasped into his mouth. Zed continued to caress her, pulling away from her soft lips so he could stare down at her body in wonder as he followed her curves with his hand. He trailed over her trim stomach and then down between her legs, teasing her entrance. She was already wet for him, her youthful body eager and ready, and his fingertips trailed across her dew, spreading it up and down her entrance.

He shuffled down and took a breast in his mouth, kissing the round firmness before suckling on her nipple. His tongue teased her even as his teeth nipped her sensitive nub while, between her legs, his

hands continued to strum her maidenhead. He circled the tiny nub of her pleasure and she moaned again: "Oh, Zed."

Zed was harder than Jay had been in a long time, and he carefully positioned himself between Lisa's legs. His cockhead pressed against her opening. Her lips parted for him and then with one strong thrust he was inside her. Now it was Zed's turn to groan as he slipped through her heat, his cock spreading her slick canal, and he drove in to the hilt slowly. Their bodies were connected and he kissed her once again as he stilled inside her, just living in the moment, basking in her fragile wet heat.

And then he withdrew and plunged in again, pushing a strangled gasp from Lisa's lips. Zed stared down at her, memorizing her beauty as she stared up at him. He tweaked his cock inside her, making it fit her perfectly, the head just touching up against the nub of her inner pleasure. Zed then connected their minds and they each experienced the other's pleasure, two people both sharing two different bodies. Her eyes widened and she opened her mouth to speak but just gasped as pleasure lit up her entire body, the twin pleasure that lit through Zed. Zed could feel himself filling and being filled, as could she. He felt her orgasm as his own and she felt his desire.

Their bodies rocked together, both their voices rising in pitch, Lisa's cries emanating from her husband's vocal cords as Zed wrapped Lisa's legs around Jay's body and urged him in deeper, Zed calling out Lisa's name with her own lips, their minds mingling. Now they were one entity sharing two bodies, locked together in lust, pumping, Zed plunging in and feeling himself filled through Lisa's pussy, Lisa's cock throbbing inside him and then they came. Lisa arched her back and Zed thrust in, his cock throbbing as he emptied himself into her, the sweet relief shared between them, along with the feeling of fullness, the throbbing within and the taking.

They shared their orgasm, Jay's short and sharp, Lisa's long and deep. Zed kept their minds entwined all throughout as he lay inside her, enjoying her wet heat, the shudder of her aftershocks as she came back down to earth.

Still entwined, she looked up at him and stroked his cheek.

"Oh, Zed, never leave me."

"I promise."

Zed kissed her once again, long and slow, the beginning of a blissful eternity.

Epilogue

There are rumors of a cabin somewhere in the woods. A small secluded spot in the mountains where it is always winter and the cabin, if you come upon it, is cheerily lit with warm lights. It doesn't exist on any map. The closer one gets the more tangled the roads become and visitors almost always end up back where they started.

Leaving the road and travelling through a twisted trail sometimes gets people to the cabin. Or sometimes visitors are distracted by an impossibly beautiful young woman who appears out of nowhere. She has a beauty so compelling travelers cannot deny her any wish she wants, and a few lucky ones claim to have had slept with her. But mostly she leads any visitors on a merry chase until they're thoroughly lost and miles from anywhere. That's when she disappears, leaving them confused and alone to make their own way back to the main roads.

Other visitors claim to have seen a couple, naked in the snow, her much older than him, holding hands as they frolic. Still others have seen a rotund young man and a gorgeous auburn-haired young woman basking in the glow of each other's company. There are rumors that the leaders of this group of people are a strikingly fit redhead and a charming devilish man. Some have even talked to them, but the specifics drift away as soon as they're out of sight, leaving nothing more than ghosts of memories.

Still, maybe if you search hard enough you'll come upon the cabin. Perhaps you'll see them at their bacchanal, naked and split off into various small groups, all coupling with each other, their cries of delight muffled by the snow that always seems to fall.

But mostly this little kingdom exists alone and cut-off from the world, and whatever delights or secrets they share are known only to the small group of people who live in the cabin deep in the woods.