

CW: magic; degradation; transformation; forced orgasms

Familiar Bonds 4

The Five Stones | Part 2

Commission for NikEster

by Danni Iridescent

Word Count: 10,417

Jamie's first view as he saw the inside of the strange woman's bedroom was a mess of thick-knitted throws over soft furniture. The kitchenette was overflowing with unwashed dishes, and there were beautiful and fine clothes strewn across the floor and chair-backs like they were cheap jackets. His nose turned up, and while Jamie had never thought of himself as someone particularly troubled by aesthetic choices, this place just rubbed him up the wrong way.

But whatever aesthetic or hygienic hold-ups Jamie might have felt, in that moment his mind was elsewhere. His body, and the hunger inside of it, that tired desire to feel energy, to feel *pleasure*, had long since taken over.

Which had probably happened at some point between this stranger kissing him outside the pub, and her hand snaking down his chest and into his trousers as she pushed him against the wall inside her flat.

'You know,' she said as her fingers snaked into Jamie's underwear, his shaft growing harder and thicker as her palm ran over it. 'I've never been this forward - usually guys are *begging* for my attention. I hate that. I don't want men to *want* me - I want to want *them*.'

'Is that why you chose me?' Jamie asked, moving to take off his shirt; but her hands clamped around his wrists, putting them up above his head, against the wall. 'You want to be in charge?'

He could feel it on her - radiating off her. She was a beautiful, *stunning* young woman, and she was frustrated by how men would dote on her. Older men, fawning over her pretty looks, giving her tips at work as they let their eyes stick to her curves. All of these ideas, they flowed from her like water in a drain, falling into Jamie's mind, filling him up.

She didn't want to be doted on - she wanted something completely different from him.

'Because you knew that I wouldn't beg you?' he said. 'A disgusting thing like you - why would I beg *you* for anything.'

He watched the surprise go through her, hearing that insult for the first time, maybe ever. Then, it slowly slid from her expression, replaced by a heat that Jamie recognised *well*.

'With me, *right now*,' she said, dragging him off the wall and shoving him towards her bedroom. 'Oh, and for the record? The name you're gonna be moaning is *Veronica*. Remember it.'

'Okay, Veronica,' Jamie grinned as she pushed him in through the doorway, pulled her dress up and over her head in one swift movement - and treating Jamie to a view of her tight, athletic body - and slammed the door shut behind her.

~o~O~o~

Across Mirbeck, back in her own flat, Bri was having just the loveliest time. The guy she'd met at the bar was called Finn, he was the son of a fishmonger - who apparently wasn't very imaginative when it came to naming his child - but he had aspirations to travel the world. He'd

told her as much over a few drinks, as they smiled into each other's eyes, getting slowly more and more tipsy on local ale and wine.

'You're very handsome,' Bri ended up saying to him in that busy bar only maybe twenty minutes ago. 'Would you like to walk me home?'

'Absolutely,' he'd said, his spiky brown hair bouncing as he'd stood up with her.

Now, as he lay atop her in Bri's own bed, his hands explored her body as he undressed her; his kisses were intimate and passionate, with the twinge of ale on his breath that didn't bother Bri as much as it possibly should have. His body was hard, a worker's body in his prime of mid-twenties, and it felt *fantastic* on her as they made out.

He pulled her clothes off with eagerness, but not force; his hands found her breasts with hungry fingers, but without hurting her, squeezing and tweaking and cupping, then back up to her neck as he kissed her.

Bri moaned into his mouth as her own hands tugged his trousers open, pushing them down for Finn to finish kicking them off, onto her bedroom floor. His shirt came off, and his naked body pressed into hers, their bodies warm and writhing, limbs entangled as they slowly became naked around their kisses and exploring hands, until Bri felt his hardness pressing against her sex.

'Fuck me,' she moaned into his mouth. 'You're so *hard* - do you like me?'

Finn nodded, a smile on his handsome face. 'I guess I do,' he said as he ground his shaft along her slit, dragging against her clit, making her whimper as he teased her.

'*Gods*, please - put it in me - *fuck*, I need it, I need it, I- *ohhhhHHH!*

His cockhead pushed into her, stretching her open as his forehead met her shoulder. Her fingernails scratched his back, and she moaned his name as he filled her, pushing in inch by inch, until she felt his pelvis against her.

'You're so...' Finn moaned, but he didn't seem to find the word. Bri kissed him, letting him off the hook, and he began to fuck her, Bri's bed creaking beneath them with each thrust.

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'Call me ugly,' Veronica moaned, her voice breathy and hoarse from exertion. She was atop Jamie, his back against her bed's plush headboard as she clung to it, breasts bouncing in Jamie's face. His hands were on her arse, rolling her back and forwards with each downward bounce of her perfect backside, occasionally spanking her raw - as she'd requested - as her perfect blonde, straight hair bounced over her features. 'Call me fucking *ugly!*'

'You ugly fucking bitch,' Jamie growled, thrusting up into her. He didn't *love* what she was asking him to say, but he could feel every time he did as she asked, every time he insulted or berated her, her passion increased. She loved it, she was getting off on it, and Jamie could feel each slap, each horrid word urging her forwards towards that peak.

He didn't truly understand *how* he was able to feel it, but he wasn't stupid - he knew his recent transformation by way of two sex-demons would have effects. Being able to intuit someone's kinks, and someone's enjoyment, wasn't an *anticipated* one, but it didn't upset him either.

'You disgusting whore - look at you, pathetically bouncing on me like that; you think I can cum like this? You're nothing, *Veronica*.'

'Oh fuck,' she panted as she rode him, slamming herself down ont him.

'You fucking pig - disgusting *pig*'

'Fuck, *oh, fuck, YES!*

'That's it - cum on my cock like the slut you are, you ugly bitch.'

'*Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck - cumming, I'm CUMMING!*

She seized up, her pussy tensing and massaging his cock as her body shook atop him. Her voice cracked into a scream, as Jamie held her in place, embedded balls-deep. He couldn't deny it - she felt fucking *fantastic*, her pussy tight and wet and her body some of the most beautiful flesh he'd ever seen in his life. It was *almost* enough to remind him that, aside from his time with the demon and his magic-instigated sex with Bri, this was the first time he'd just gone out and had sex. With someone random.

And, while he hadn't felt as uncomfortable as he maybe expected he would, he had to admit that finding a girl who got off on being insulted wasn't what he'd expected from his first time.

Still, he hadn't cum, and while he wasn't *too* interested in prioritising his pleasure over hers, Veronica seemed to want that.

'You didn't cum?' she asked, her face flushed.

'Not yet,' Jamie said. 'Did you think that was enough to make me cum?'

Veronica had that glimmer in her eye - as the orgasm faded and her arousal poured back into her, she shook her hair. 'I'm not enough?'

Jamie shrugged. 'Maybe - perhaps I'll have to fuck your disgusting body a little longer, see if I can use you to get off. You're warm, and wet, at least.'

Veronica bit her lip, hips rolling again. 'That's all I am - a warm, wet hole for you to fuck - that's right - *fuck* - just use me, baby - just use me...'

~o~O~o~

Bri sat in Finn's lap, her legs around his hips, their bodies upright and their chests together; they ground into each other, hands on the other's backs. Moonlight spilled through the window, washing over their bodies as they moved, gyrating as pleasure soaked them.

'*Ohh* - oh, *wowww*,' Bri moaned as she clung to him. 'I've never - *ohhhh* - I've never done it like *thiiisss*...'

Finn kissed her neck, one hand on her butt, the other going up into her hair.

Bri was totally lost in the melding sensations of sex, her closeness with this stranger bringing her to the edge of another climax; her body shook on his as her breathing got faster and faster, her moans more desperate and higher. Finn nibbled at her earlobe, the hand on her butt snaking down enough to let him slide a single digit, up to the first knuckle, into her tight backdoor.

Which, of course, was the final straw.

‘*Oh, FINN - cumming again - oh yes, yes, yes, YESSSSS!*’ she hissed and gyrated and moaned and clawed and shuddered and breathed and stretched and tensed - all of it at once, under the bright moonlight.

Then, like her soul was leaving her body, Bri felt a new feeling. A certain... *pull*. It was like her mind was being brought up, out of her body, up into the air.

She didn’t fight it, confused but not scared in any way. Especially as her consciousness, or perspective, or whatever it was, latched on to a target. It flew across the town, without weight or wind resistance or sound, in a direct straight line.

Soon after, with Finn’s cock still inside her, his hips moving as they began to fuck again, in her soft bedding, Bri’s bodiless soul found where it was going - and all of a sudden, she was looking down on Jamie.

Her familiar, her best friend, was in the middle of a depraved fuck-session the likes of which Bri had never *imagined* Jamie getting into. He had a hand around the throat of a beautiful blonde woman, fucking her from behind as he slapped her pert arse red raw. Bri could hear the words spilling from his mouth - filthy, *rude* words: ‘*bitch, cunt, pig, slut, whore - pathetic, nothing, worthless, ugly-*’

What was more, each word was accompanied with a slap, and each slap a salacious moan from Jamie’s fuck-buddy.

She watched, rapt with the raw fucking before her, as she simultaneously enjoyed the loving embrace of Finn’s sensual sex; his cock was thick inside her, his body warm against her, his breath and moans in her ear hungry for more.

It was... a lot.

Too much.

In a moment, Bri felt another orgasm building inside her, but what shocked her was the fact that, at the same time, Jamie seemed to experience the same thing. His moans built with her, his hips moving faster as hers rolled against Finn, getting closer, closer, *closer*, until-

‘*Oh, fuuuuuuuuck,*’ Bri moaned, snapping back into herself as she came on Finn’s cock, feeling the thick fluid pouring out of him, *deep* into her body, filling her deliciously.

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‘*Oh, fuuuuuuuuck,*’ Jamie moaned as his climax finally crossed the edge, his hips jack-hammering into the beautiful, depraved Veronica a few more times before slapping against her, balls-deep, as he came.

As he did, he felt something... *odd*. He felt the energy surging out of him - same as when he masturbated, same as when he'd lost his virginity to Bri, only - something seemed to fill the gap. He felt a warmth soaking into him, filling him as he orgasmed. It was hard to describe, a brand-new sensation for him, and he wasn't ashamed to say that he *liked* it.

'*Fill me,*' Veronica begged. 'Oh, *fuck*, that's right - fill that cunt - use me... oh *GOD!*'

He felt her cum, a final time, at the sensation of his thick, hot load pouring into her; their moans filled her bedroom as they came, hot and sweaty and red-faced and panting.

'Fuck,' Jamie sighed, sitting back. 'Oh, *fuck*...' His cock slipped out of her, and he saw the slight gape of Veronica's well-used sex as she flopped to the side, lying on where her pillows would usually be.

It was late, and they were both exhausted, so when Veronica promptly passed out in front of him, Jamie shrugged.

He lay down in her bed, tried to get the bedding organised enough to get *into* it, pulled the duvet up over his body, and joined Veronica in sleep less than ten minutes later.

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'Morning stranger,' Bri joked as Jamie walked in, still wearing the same clothes as yesterday. He stank of sex, his hair was a mess, and he looked like he'd been dragged through a bush backwards. Though, there was something of a glow in his cheeks. 'You know it's almost ten, right?'

'I need a shower,' he said, stretching his neck out a little. 'Then I can make coffee?'

'Way ahead of you,' Bri said, lifting her mug up. 'I'll make you one up for when you get last night washed off you.'

'This morning, too,' Jamie said as he went to the bathroom. 'You had a point, though - I *do* feel... better? I guess?'

'You don't sound too convinced,' Bri said. 'Wash, and we'll chat.'

Jamie nodded, and took himself to the bathroom. Bri heard the shower start up, and she got herself a clean mug out of the cupboard. By the time Jamie was out of the shower, washed and refreshed, she had a hot cup of coffee waiting for him on the kitchen table.

He walked through, still damp across his chest and arms, his hair slicked back a little, and wearing his towel around his waist, and Bri was unable to deny how good he looked - his body was tight, lean and toned, and she found herself a little breathless as she watched him sit at the table, flashing a handsome smile at her. He took a swig of the coffee, and pulled a face.

'What?' Bri asked.

'That is... the worst coffee I've ever had,' he said, a laugh escaping him.

'Oh, fuck you.' Bri looked at him, seeing how content he seemed. She felt it, too - relaxed. It was impressive to her, in a way, how one night of good sex had revitalised them both. 'You seem good. I mean, you *look* good.'

Jamie looked down at himself. 'Oh - yeah. This kind of... happened. You know.'

'When you became my familiar?' Bri asked, nodding. 'Yeah. I had... similar stuff, I guess.'

'You got muscle-y too?'

'Nah - but my tits got a bit bigger,' she said, pushing her chest out a bit before relaxing. 'I'm not wearing a bra right now - they're just *perky* like that now. And, yeah, I do feel a *bit* more fit, like my stomach is toned and I don't get out of breath coming up those steps anymore.'

'Your skin is clear too,' Jamie said.

'Again - fuck you. But, come on, it's not like we can talk about this stuff with anyone else. We need to be open with each other.'

Jamie nodded. 'Yeah, I get your point.'

'So-?'

'So what?'

'So, you said you felt better 'I guess'? What did that mean?'

Jamie took a drink of his shitty coffee.

'All I meant is... like, I feel *good* this morning. And - I - I mean, you know where I was last night-'

'You got laid, yes,' Bri said, nodding and waving her hand. 'Same - let's skip the awkwardness, dude. It's me.'

Jamie nodded. 'Right. Sure.' He took a drink. 'So - she was beautiful, you know? And she approached me, so I didn't even question it.' Bri thought about the moments she had watched Jamie and this mystery woman last night - she had, indeed, seemed beautiful. At least, the back of her did. 'Well, once we got started, I could sort of *tell* what she liked. So, I played into it. But, what she liked, in the moment it was all good, but this morning-'

'What was it?' Bri asked, leaning in. she had the look about her of someone who was about to be told a salacious secret, some gossip or rumour.

Jamie took a breath. 'She liked to be insulted.'

Bri remembered all of the things she'd heard Jamie calling her, and it clicked into place. 'Ahh,' she said. 'Right.'

'I'm no therapist, but I reckon it was because she's gorgeous, you know? She's always been hounded and pursued, so what got her off was the opposite - a guy telling her she's ugly, all these horrible things, whilst fucking her brains out.'

'How *was* that bit, by the way?' Bri asked. 'I mean, aside from me, that was basically you losing your virginity, right?'

Jamie nodded, looking a little troubled. 'Exactly - it wasn't what I'd pictured, really. But, at the same time, playing into her fantasy felt *amazing*. And when, you know, it was all *finishing*-'

'Gross-'

'-I could feel this wave come over me. Like it was filling me up with energy, but also I could feel it flowing *through* me, you know?'

Bri was smiling at him, wide and genuine. 'Jamie,' she said. 'That was *magic*.'

He frowned. 'No, I- I've felt magic. I felt it go from me to you, at the rituals.'

'And how did that feel?'

He hesitated. 'Honestly? It felt... sexual. Good.'

Bri nodded. 'That was you spending magic, so to speak. Sending it out to me. Last night, that was you... charging your battery. Pulling it in, absorbing it from sex. Tristan was right - this is how you recharge yourself.'

They sat for a moment with that information, before Jamie tried to push onwards.

'So - how was your night?'

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'Beg me for it,' Catherine smiled as she straddled Tristan's body. They were naked, sweaty and panting; her dirty-blond hair over her face as she bit her lip, rolling her hips to make her wetness drag over his rock-hard shaft. Beneath her, Tristan was slightly older than she typically pictured in her mind - he was in his early-thirties now, instead of the twenty-something she'd met. Even so, as his strong hands were pinned by the belts holding him to the bed frame, his body arching under hers as he tried half-heartedly to get some relief. 'Beg me to fuck you,' Catherine said again.

She leaned over him, her finger pulling her panties out of his mouth, and kissed him.

'Fuck, *please*,' he moaned. 'I need it - I need *you*...'

Catherine smiled. 'Do you? Are you sure?' Her sex was slick against him, and she could feel every engorged bump of him; every vein, the ridges of his shaft, the way his glans swelled as he groaned. She was sure she could feel his heartbeat in his cock, throbbing up into her. 'Say the words - you know the ones.'

Tristan groaned, his voice pitiful and thin. 'Please - please fuck your whore?'

'What are you?' she asked, pausing her rocking. Her hand trailed down his chest, finding his wet tip, playing with it.

'I'm your whore,' Tristan groaned. Her fingers slid between his cock and his belly, as she shifted forwards. 'I'm your *fucking* whore - I'm yours for pleasure,' he moaned, almost pleading now.

Catherine leaned in, her hand pushing the tip of his cock to her hole, but not enough to put him *inside* her. 'This is for fucking me when I was eighteen,' she said, 'and you were twenty-five.'

She stood up, getting off him, and making him wail in need. 'Wait - what?'

Catherine looked at him. 'Tristan, I'm afraid you ruined me for all other men - you moulded me into the kind of girl who can only *really* enjoy one guy. And for that, you get punished.' She bent over at the waist to pick up her clothing - but, as she was there, presenting herself to him, she waved her hands.

The belts around Tristan's hand slackened, letting him up.

‘Big scary twenty-something,’ Catherine said, swaying her hips. ‘I wonder - did he prefer the girl who didn’t know what she was doing, clay to be moulded to his will - or the woman who knows *exactly* what he likes?’

Tristan wasn’t listening; he scrambled up, racing up behind her, and before she’d finished speaking, had lined himself up. His cock, hot and hard and *so fucking ready* slid into her easily, as his arm went around her body to hold her in place.

Magic flashed around them, and Catherine began to float in place as Tristan filled her, her moans of shock and pleasure filled the room. He grabbed her breasts, kissing her neck as they floated into the air, crackling on magic as his hips met her backside, slapping into her with each impact.

‘I didn’t make you this,’ Tristan said into her ear as they rotated, limbs and hands grabbing each other, so long as his cock never left her sex. ‘You were always the *perfect* fuck-buddy.’

‘Yeah?’ Catherine said, holding his hair as he fucked her. ‘Well, you were always an insufferable twat with a *perfect* cock, so I guess that makes us even.’

Tristan grinned. ‘I knew you didn’t ask me into town for my fucking familiar knowledge,’ he whispered in her ear. ‘You just needed a good lay.’

‘*Fuck* - don’t flatter yourself, Tristan - *oh, fuck, yeah, right there* - I needed your brain and your magic - *yesss* - the cock was a bonus.’

‘Lucky me,’ Tristan said, as they fucked and floated in the air, magic crackling all around.

‘Wait, wait, wait-’ Catherine panted, her hands on his chest. They paused, hovering in mid-air like a chandelier of limbs. ‘Haider?’ The crow-familiar of hers fluttered her wings, making herself known. ‘Send a summons to Bri and Jamie, but for two o’clock - I think we might be late.’

The crow fluttered out through the rafters of the tower, and Tristan and Catherine went back to wheeling through the air, bodies entwined.

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Bri and Jamie arrived at the location described in the note Haider had brought to them at a little before two in the afternoon. This part of the city was technically no longer *actually* Mirbeck - it had been the subject of an attack decades ago, all of the buildings ripped down before Bri or Jamie were even born. Some buildings of the same age still exist in Mirbeck, but this area had been deemed a loss. They put up a wall on one side of the destruction, and left everything outside to rot. Luckily, this meant that the second stone’s location was in the shadow of the wall, out of the way of prying eyes, in a space that had begun to resemble a cemetery; beautiful green swathes of land, with no trees for a quarter mile, interrupted by old stones poking up from the ground.

The sun was warm, the clouds having cleared, and there was a life to the day that Jamie was struggling to appreciate.

‘You’re being such a downer,’ Bri said, laying back on a piece of ancient fallen wall, covered in moss and lichen. Jamie was pacing, back and forth, antsy. ‘What’s got your pants all twisted?’

‘I don’t know,’ Jamie said. ‘I’m fine. I *should* be fine. I think I’m just... I don’t know. Anxious?’

Bri sat up, frowning at him. ‘Anxious? I’ve known you angry, sad, happy - but anxious isn’t something you feel.’

Jamie nodded. ‘I know, it’s just... I have this *weight* in my chest. Like I did something wrong.’

‘Last night?’ Bri asked. ‘Jamie you didn’t do anything bad with that girl-’

‘I feel bad, though,’ he said. ‘Physically, I’m good. I can feel that crackle of energy, so it’s not the magic, either. I think I just... *feel* bad.’

‘Jamie-’

‘I didn’t like who I was with her,’ Jamie said, coming to a stop. ‘When I was with her, I could feel her wants, the things she desired. And I did them, automatically. Without question. Don’t even mind that, really.’

‘No?’

‘No. What’s getting me is, who I became. I wasn’t *me*. The person who... did those things, with her, I don’t think it was really me.’

Shapes appeared in a swirl of light, and out of swirl stepped Catherine and Tristan; Haider fluttered out, overhead, landing on a pile of wind-worn bricks.

Bri hopped up, and put a hand on Jamie’s shoulder. ‘We’ll finish that talk later,’ she said. Jamie nodded, as the two other Witches approached.

‘Sorry for the lateness,’ Catherine said as they stepped up to Bri and Jamie.

‘Something keep you?’ Bri asked, with a wink. She was joking, obviously, but as Catherine blushed for the first time in front of her, Bri paused. ‘Wait, really?’

‘Hush,’ Catherine said, barrelling through it. ‘Let’s find this second stone, get it attuned to you, shall we?’

Bri nodded, an excitement in her gut at the discovery she’d just accidentally made. ‘Yeah! Yes. Of course, yes.’ She nodded at Tristan, who seemed to be none the wiser, and followed Catherine as she made her way through the rubble and dirt and grass.

‘Here,’ the Witch said eventually, her hand crackling with magic as she hovered it over a piece of fallen wall. ‘Bri - you can help me with this one.’

The two women stood around the stone, hands raised, as Jamie and Tristan watched from the sidelines. As before, a stone pillar began to flutter into existence, fading in from nothing.

‘So,’ Jamie said, leaning in to speak quietly with Tristan. ‘You have a human familiar, right?’

Tristan nodded. ‘I do.’

They watched the column solidify, and the gemstone at the top glimmer in the sunlight.

‘Where is it?’ Jamie asked. ‘Your familiar. She? He?’

‘She,’ Tristan said. ‘And that’s the complicated thing about a human familiar, Jamie. You’re still a *person*. You are entitled to a life of your own, and yet you are tied to someone else and their power. You and Bri are on good terms, you live together. You’re best friends, right?’

'Right,' Jamie said, as he watched Bri following Catherine's instructions.

'Well, what if you weren't? What if the person you were a familiar of... hurt you? Or, what if you hurt Bri? What if you just... became different people, over time. Life goes a lot of strange ways. This isn't going to be easy.'

Jamie thought about it for a moment. 'You didn't answer my question.'

Tristan smiled. 'No, I didn't. She's at home, where belongs. We don't live together, or anything - my home is not her's. But she's safe. Happy. I only call on her when I need it, and she respects this whole set-up enough to help me. Not that she gets *nothing* out of it.'

'What does she get?'

Tristan shrugs. 'I make her spells, charmed things. Things to make her life easier. Small tokens, really. I'm not sure they make up for anything, but she's always been gracious that way.'

'What's her name?' Jamie asked.

Tristan gave a bit of a sigh. 'Her name is Naomi.'

'Jamie,' Bri said, catching his attention. 'I think I need some-'

'Gotcha,' Jamie nodded, bonding forwards. He searched into himself, finding the cord that connected him and Bri, and allowed his magic to flow from his centre to hers. Like last time, immediately he could feel please soaking through him, his whole body beginning to warm up as he spent himself to bolster Bri's magical prowess.

'Ohhh,' Bri groaned as he fed it to her, betraying the fact that, to her too, it felt *good*. But Jamie was lost in the sensations now, his body throbbing, the power inside him swirling and building in such a delicious way. Though the thought bothered him a little as 'inappropriate' in the moment, he couldn't help but recognise the sensation - it was similar to when he would masturbate, alone in the flat, on his bed, late at night - the privacy affording him pleasure and relaxation on a level he didn't get at any other point. The pleasure he felt, naked and reclining, as he would stroke himself casually, enjoying the feeling of the journey rather than rushing to any destination - this was like that. Only, instead of *just* his pleasure centres, it was his whole body.

No, his whole *being*.

He was made of pleasure, and power - and he was sharing it with Bri.

Another odd thought came to him - *he was never going to fuck Veronica again*. He knew she had a great time, he could tell as much by the intensity of her orgasms and the way he'd been able to play into her kink like no one else had done for her. But it had left him feeling... *wrong*. So, he decided to put a boundary up. Even if the sex was good, he wasn't going to do anything he was uncomfortable with.

Unless it's Bri, he thought, before stopping himself. Why had he thought that? Was it just because of the fact that he was connected to her right now? Or the fact that he was her familiar?

A new thought - was he able to say no to her at all? Unlike Veronica, of course, he trusted Bri. But the question was still one he didn't have an answer to.

'Oh - *kayyyy*,' Bri groaned as the gemstone flashed.

Bri and Catherine staggered back, panting. The stone floated to Bri's chest, making Bri grunt in discomfort. Then, it went back to the column and flashed - just the same as last time. Bri nodded.

'That's two down,' she said.

'Yes, it is,' Catherine nodded. 'Three to go. Go get some rest, Bri - try to come back tomorrow feeling refreshed.'

Bri nodded, and gave her a wink. 'I will if *you* will.'

Catherine made a face. 'That's not what I meant. Well, for *you* I guess it is - or at least Jamie - nevermind.' She stormed off, not genuinely angry, but flustered enough for it to be the best choice.

Bri walked over to Jamie's side as Tristan and Catherine vanished into a spiral of energy, left alone by the ruins.

'Can you do that?' Jamie asked her.

'Uhh, yeah actually o if you give me a bump.'

Jamie nodded, put his hand on Bri's shoulder, and-

'Oh, *fuuuUUUUU- HRNNNnnggg- fuck!*' She pulled away, on wobbly legs, and stared at Jamie. 'What the fuck was *that*?!'

'What?! What happened, I didn't-'

'Jamie, what the *fuck* did you just do?!'

Jamie staggered back, looking at his hands. 'I didn't do *anything*, I just - went to give you 'a bump', some magic, you know?'

'That wasn't a bump,' Bri said, her mind coming back to her enough to laugh a little. 'Jamie - you just gave me an orgasm.'

They stood for a silent moment, surrounded by the old rubble and washing winds. They stared at each other.

'Fuck off,' Jamie said eventually.

Bri nodded. 'That was a contact-orgasm, Jamie,' she said.

'You're sure?'

'I am, yes!' she laughed. She shook her arms out, stretching her neck a little. '*God*, it was quite a good one, too. Unexpected, but *strong*. Fuck.'

'Wow,' Jamie said. 'I, uh... you're welcome? Did you at least get a bit of magic?'

Bri frowned. 'I'm not sure. Don't know how to tell. But, I mean, after the stone-ritual-thing, you must be a bit... depleted?'

Jamie nodded. 'Yeah, I have a bit of a weight in my chest? Like, I feel similar to how I do after a run, you know? Limbs are heavier, that sort of thing.'

'Okay - well, we know that sex gets you ramped back up, and we have the whole afternoon to kill; why don't we see if we can't get you some daytime happiness?'

Jamie pulled a face at her. 'Daytime happiness? Is that what you call it?'

'You know what I mean.'

'I know what you *mean*, I'm just questioning what you *said*.'

'Jamie, my ability to become the actual *Witch of Mirbeck* depends on my ability to attune to the guard stones. My ability to do *that*, depends on my familiar having enough magic stored up inside him for me to draw on when needed. And *your* ability to have that magic-'

'-depends on me getting some 'daytime happiness', got it. So - where do we go for *that*?'

Bri put her hands on her hips. 'Well, if you can give a girl a contact-orgasm, and looking the way you do, I don't think you'll have much trouble. But, to start, why don't we head down to the University you've been avoiding? See if we can't find you some cute student to take home and rail.'

'Fuck, Bri,' Jamie laughed as they started walking back towards the gate back into town. 'And, seriously, can't you do the portal thing?'

'Oh, yeah,' Bri said, and waved her hand. She called the magic within her, and split the fabric of reality before them; unlike Catherine's neat circle, this was a tear, like a wide straight cut in the air.

Bri and Jamie stepped through.

~o~O~o~

After the night he'd spent with Veronica, Jamie knew what he didn't want. He knew that he could feel people's preferences, and now he had a better read on *how* that worked, and how he responded to it, he figured he could find someone who was a bit more... his speed.

Plus, and he didn't *like* to admit this outloud, but he was horny as shit. Since what happened the night before, despite feeling sated this morning sexually, he'd found himself feeling pent-up again. His eyes drifted across the curves and bounces of every woman he passed, all of them looking particularly attractive in his eyes. It was mid-afternoon, and he and Bri had split up for the afternoon. She said she would 'check in' on him every now and again, looking through her familiar-vision, but otherwise he was off on his own.

Without Bri.

He was nervous. Nervous and horny. At least, he figured, that made him like every other guy his age.

He was sitting in the outdoor section of an on-campus cafe, a cappuccino before him, as he watched the world go by - and the women in it. More than one of them made his pulse quicken, even just a little. Students, lithe and bouncy and smiley; older women, some professors, wearing skirts and jumpers they hoped could hide their curves; athletes with strong arms and tied-back hair and pert butts; bookworms with glasses and books clasped to their chests.

Jamie, who had never seen himself as a womaniser, imagined himself with each of them. Got wafts of their desires, their needs. But none of them took his attention, until *she* walked past.

She was dark-haired, and dressed somewhere between the other girls he'd seen. She was in a skirt and trousers, with a cardigan over her shoulders and a satchel at her side. He recognised

her, vaguely, and she too seemed to be regarding him. When their eyes locked, hers widened for a moment - panic and embarrassment. She turned away, and Jamie almost stood to follow her, until she turned back.

She strode over with purpose in her steps, and sat at the small table with him. The sun was bright in the sky, hanging in the afternoon air, and the shade of the canvas overhang brought her out of the sharp-contrast light and into the dark with him.

'Hi,' Jamie said, a little surprised. He took a sip of his coffee. 'Can I get you a drink?'

The girl looked at him, and her eyes narrowed, before she sat back. Instantly, her demeanour became more casual, relaxed. 'You know who I am?'

Jamie pulled a face. 'Sorry, don't think I do. Do I need my memory refreshed?'

She laughed, her face bright. 'Nah, you don't know me - but I saw you. Last night. *You* took Veronica home.'

Jamie's stomach twisted a little. 'I did indeed.'

She leaned forwards, maintaining eye contact. Under the table, her palm found his thigh, sending a soft shock up Jamie's spine.

'This morning, she wouldn't shut up about the *amazing* guy she was with last night - how he fucked her better than anyone she's ever had. But, that she was worried she'd scared him off, cause he ghosted her.'

Jamie smiled apologetically, and nodded. 'What can I say?'

'Say yes to my question,' she said. Then, 'Take me home?'

Jamie blinked. 'What's your name?'

'Ellie,' she beamed. 'And I heard your name through the wall last night - *Jamie*. Veronica's my neighbour, and she has a loud mouth, but she's a bitch. I bet I can show you a better time.'

'Well, for the record,' Jamie said, 'she didn't *scare* me off. I just know what I want, and I don't think she was it.'

This Ellie was really quite beautiful, and she had a... perkiness that Veronica had lacked. Jamie could feel on her, too, that she wasn't into the same stuff - the degradation. No, she was a bit simpler, in a way.

She wanted to be fucked, hard and fast, by someone with a good cock and a nice smile.

Jamie smiled, and felt his cock throb in his trousers as Ellie's palm slid against it.

'Your place or mine?' he asked.

~o~O~o~

'You have nice lips,' he said to Bri as an opening line. His breath smelled like alcohol, despite it barely being five, and his hand was on the small of her back. 'Bet they look better around my-'

Bri waved her hand, and the bloke suddenly found himself struggling to utter a single syllable. She turned away from the bar, and him, and left the building with a sigh. She'd come for

a cool afternoon tippie, and to possibly find some 'company' for the night, and instead had been approached now by three guys who seemed concerned with nothing but getting their dicks wet.

And while, yes, she was *also* primarily interested in sex, none of them seemed very interested in making it good for *her*. She was half-tempted to see if she could find Finn, as he'd been a good lay and was pretty gentlemanly the next morning. If she was in a pinch, maybe he would be able to... sort her out.

It had been a few hours, now, since her and Jamie went their separate ways for the night, their pact-for-sex made with a handshake on the walk back into town. They knew they both needed sex, and while the whole situation was a little... *lewd*, they were making the best of it. So, she wanted to make the best of it. She was here for a fun night, and a fun night she was going to have.

What followed was another half-hour of scouting the cafes she knew, as well as the meet-cute shops like bookshops and such that she thought might have some nice men filtering in and out. Eventually, it was as she was passing a music shop that she saw him.

He was taking his time to investigate some instrument that looked like a hollowed out bedpost with copper pipes fused into it. He was grinning, had short blonde hair with a nice beard, and seemed quite... laid back. Casual. Cool.

Bri waited until he was leaving, a newly purchased instrument under his arm, before purposefully bumping into him.

'Oh!' she gasped as she tumbled back, surprised as his hand slipped around her back to keep her upright. 'Hi,' she sighed.

'Hey,' he said, a smile on his face as she got upright, hand brushing his chest. 'Nice to meet you.'

'Likewise,' Bri said, flashing him her best smile.

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'I said, get the *fuck* out,' the musician said, his voice firm as he opened the door for her. 'Or, we can do this the way *I* want.'

Bri was naked, her clothes on his floor, her heart pounding and her sex wet, and she was *confused*. He'd been sweet, he'd been attentive - he'd been exactly what she'd needed. Then, he'd said he was going tie her down, and fuck her the way she'd never experienced before, and... she said no.

And now, he was screaming at her and telling her to get out.

So, Bri stood up, naked as the day she was born, picked up her clothing in a heap of fabric and shoes, and as he slammed the door shut with a wall-shaking force, she slipped into his bathroom, locked the door, and cut open a slice in reality. She stepped through, knowing his bathroom door would remain locked, and decided it was the perfect punishment for being *yet another* weird man.

She stepped into her own bedroom, letting reality snap shut behind her, and dropped her heap of clothing onto the floor.

'Fucking *guys*,' she complained, remembering that before what happened to Jamie and her own libido fucking *spiked*, this was part of the reason she preferred taking care of herself instead of looking for guys to sleep with. So, considering the fact that she was all worked up and was, apparently, home alone, Bri decided to take the sex the musician guy had just blown his chance on, and give it to herself.

While, maybe, trying a few of the magical skills she'd picked up over the years to help herself out. She'd never have the inclination to do that, but... this had changed since Jamie's transformation. Right now, she was on *fire*, mixed with frustration and confusion at what on earth had possessed the musician to behave the way he had. Maybe he thought she would enjoy the power play? Or, maybe he didn't care, and just wanted to bully her into doing what he wanted.

Either way, he'd chosen the wrong girl to bully.

Bri flopped onto her own bed, the frustration in her chest contrasted by the burning need between her thighs. She lay on her bed, shuffling into a comfortable spot, and let her hands and mind wander.

With a flutter of shame, as she let her thighs fall open, Bri's aroused mind turned to *that* day. The day of transformation.

The day when sex became the centrepiece of her world.

So, Bri slipped her fingers along her wet slit, let a sigh of pleasure fall from her mouth as she began to touch herself, and thought about that day.

She remembered how she had been fighting, throwing punches and magical blasts, defending herself as she tried to save her friends - and she remembered *failing*.

'Fuckkk,' she sighed, as the memory coursed through her. A punch to the jaw, and her world span, and all of a sudden she was tied up, in the air, bound by magical means. Her clothes were cut from her body in an instant, sliced by demonic claws; their hands ripped and slashed until she was naked, vulnerable to them, and unable to do *anything* to help herself. Her middle finger slid into her wet hole, and Bri whimpered at the sensation, her mind racing.

These memories, they should have been so *awful*, full of trauma and pain, and yet... she had never been more aroused than she was right now.

Her mind went back to that day, running through certain images, certain feelings - and, suddenly, she remembered the way one of the demons had touched her, inducing an instant orgasm that ripped through her. Just the same way that Jamie had done to her.

She rolled onto her front, face in the sheets, knees under her, fingers playing with her sloppy sex, the idea that she had her own sex-demon starting to help her approach the edge of that evasive orgasm of hers.

She thought about being stripped, and bound; lifted into the air. Jamie's perfect, *diamond-hard* cock. How she was levitated over to her, being told Jamie was, indeed, a virgin, just as she was lowered onto him.

'Oh, *godddddddd*,' Bri moaned into her pillow as she came, remembering the way he felt inside her, the way she could do nothing but receive him - and how *perfectly* his cock had stretched her out, whimpering and moaning as they were made to fuck.

Then, her magic flared and her eyes flashed - and all of a sudden, her mind was flying through the air again. She followed it, her body demanding more as her fingers delved into herself, moaning wantonly into her own bedding, as her out-of-body experience found its destination.

That destination happened to be looking down on Jamie, in the middle of fucking a beautiful raven-haired student; she was on her back, her heels over Jamie's shoulders as his powerful back muscles flexed. Each thrust was met with a throaty moan from her, her fingernails leaving scratches in Jamie's back as he grunted, animalistic with each thrust.

'*UNGH-HHN-HANH-GAHH - FUU-HUUUCK!*' Her pretty face was all twisted up in agonising pleasure, eyes rolling, body writhing, thoughtless and wordless.

Bri's body, back in her room, waved its hand. A construct of solid light, rounded at one end and about as thick as her wrist, swirled into life. She pulled her fingers from her sex, and positioned the rounded edge at her wet, eager opening, and slowly, *deliciously*, pushed it into herself. Meanwhile, a mile away, she had some of the best porn she'd ever experienced in her life.

Then, as she fucked herself, watching Jamie's enviable performance that was sending this beautiful creature into the throes of ecstasy, Bri saw something... odd.

On his back, where she was scratching - Jamie's skin looked... purple.

Veins were splitting beneath the skin, turning his pale flesh a deep violet, not unlike the hue of the demon creatures he'd been born from.

Bri's consciousness moved in, almost able to feel the heat of their sex radiating off of them, their moans and smacking flesh creating a haze of arousal Bri was resisting as hard as she could.

Yes - there, definitely. His skin was turning purple. All over his back, his shoulders, his arms. The raven-haired girl was too dick-drunk to even notice; her eyes were rolled back in her skull, her mouth open as she almost passed out from the pleasure - and not *once* did Jamie hold back or pause.

He kept pummeling her poor sex, stretched around his turning-purple cock, dripping arousal into her bedding, keeping her *well* away from any conscious thoughts.

Eventually, Bri realised that she was still fucking herself, pretty ruthlessly, and in time to Jamie's thrusts; she watched with rapt attention as he turned this girl out, until his thrusts became a little faster, a little more erratic.

And, when he came, whatever transformation his skin had been threatening, came closer to becoming complete.

'Hrhrhhnnnn!' Jamie moaned as he filled this woman's quivering pussy, his orgasm triggering another in her. Bri wondered if she'd fallen victim to his contact-orgasms. Perhaps she'd been getting one per thrust.

How would THAT feel? she mused to herself as she watched from above.

The transformation crested as two thick horns sprouted from Jamie's head, just behind the hairline, coiling up into curved goat-like appendages. He moaned, screaming into her bedding as he filled her, his body demonic, shaking with pleasure.

Then, he pulled out. His cock sprang from her gaping hole, a drool of cum flowing from her filled channel as his thick, long member bounced, slapping her belly. Her legs, once pinned under his body, fell limp to the bedding.

In under a minute, Jamie's skin returned to normal, and his horns receded. He didn't even seem to notice. He was himself again before the raven-haired girl had returned to the waking world, a dumb smile on her face.

'Can we go again?' she asked.

Jamie seemed all too happy to oblige - and Bri was all too happy to watch.

You know, for research purposes. About the demonic transformations.

Of course.

~o~O~o~

'What's it say?' Jamie asked as he walked from the bathroom, post-shower towards his bedroom to get dressed. Bri, sat on the kitchen counter and with another scroll in her hand, looked up at him. Haider was in the process of fluttering away as she spoke.

'The next one is just a basement, apparently - a bookbinders, not far from here. *Makbill's Books*, do you know it?'

Jamie nodded, his slick hair sticking up a little and bouncing as he did. 'I've walked past it a few times, I think. Never been in.'

Bri nodded. 'Get dressed, have a coffee, and let's hop to it.'

Jamie wiped his face with both hands, and left to get dressed. When he emerged a few minutes later, he looked - quite frankly - like shit.

Which surprised Bri.

'Huh,' she said, putting the kettle on the stove to boil.

'What?' he asked, standing at the counter to get himself a mug and some coffee ready.

'What?' he asked again, when she didn't answer.

'You just... okay, I, uh, *sneaked a peak* of you last night. With your friend.'

'Ah,' Jamie said, the lightest bit of blush reddening his face. 'Okay.'

'And, well, you seemed to be having a good time. So, I'm just surprised.'

'At what?' Jamie asked. The kettle boiled, and he immediately got to making him and Bri a new drink, working around her as she sat in his way on the countertop.

'At the fact that you're tired. I can see it in you, dude.'

Jamie shrugged, but it was half hearted at best. 'Yeah, man. Last night was... better than the night before, definitely. But this morning I just feel *drained*, you know? Not running on empty, but closer than I thought I would be. But also, better than I felt *before* I was with her - cause after we did the ritual, I could have slept for a week.'

'Yeah, and what you did was *not* sleeping.'

Jamie sniggered as he poured the drinks out, and passed one to Bri. 'How was your night?'

'Total bust,' she said. 'But, like I said, I had some fun another way.'

'Oh, yeah - *watching* me. Pervert.'

'Says the boy who turns into a demon when he's fucking,' Bri said, expecting him to laugh or say something back. Instead, Jamie just looked at her.

'What?'

'You - when you, you know, *are fucking*, you go a little bit demon-mode.'

'*What?!*'

'You didn't know?!'

'No I didn't know! What are you talking about?!'

Bri hesitated, sputtering. 'Okay - let's walk and talk, we need to get to *Makbill's* soon.'

'Bri,' Jamie said, sounding serious. 'You need to tell me.'

'I will! Just - get your shoes on, and we can talk on the way.'

Jamie sighed, drank his coffee, hissed at how hot it was, and nodded. 'Right. Yes. Talk to me.'

They got their boots on, plus a cardigan each, and made their way out into Mirbeck with hushed voices.

'So - *whatthefuck*.'

'I don't know what to say,' Bri said. 'When you were with that girl last night, you started to... go purple.'

'*Purple?*' Jamie asked.

'Yeah - and then, right at the end, you grew... horns.'

Jamie's hand instinctively went to his head. 'Wow. They're gone now, though.'

'Yeah they faded - so did your skin.'

'So, it's not permanent.'

'Obviously,' Bri said. 'But, the fact that it happens is... interesting.'

Jamie nodded. 'Yeah. Yeah.' He was thinking, his brow troubled by this news, but he was also so *tired* that the effort it took to consider what this meant was beyond him. 'Do you think it's bad?'

Bri was a bit taken aback by that question. 'Bad?'

'Well, yeah. Me, turning into a demon temporarily... that feels *bad*. Like, in a magical sense, bad. Objectively bad.'

‘I don’t know about that,’ Bri said as they turned down a streetway, passing a few shops and small restaurants and cafes. ‘I’m a Witch, remember? Not exactly *positive* connotations around that word, but I’m not bad.’

‘No,’ Jamie said. ‘That’s true. But there’s a difference between a word that’s been given bad connotations mistakenly, and a guy who *turns into a demon* while having sex.’

Bri couldn’t help but laugh a little at those words. ‘Fuck, we live weird lives.’

Jamie stopped walking. They were outside *Billmak’s*. Inside, through the bay window, Tristan was staring out at them. He waved.

‘Yes, we do,’ Jamie said. ‘Yes we do.’

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Jamie gave a groan as the energy flowed from him to Bri, his body alight with pleasure as the glow of sex went through him. The room around him, filled to the brim with overflow materials, old books, and dusty furniture glowed with the flash of energy that emanated out from the gem atop the pillar Catherine and Bri had willed into visibility.

When the ritual was over, and Bri had attuned to this third gemstone, Jamie found himself feeling lightheaded. He swayed on the spot, and as Bri and Catherine began to talk about something Witch-related, he fell forwards.

Before he hit the hard stone floor, one of the three Witches was able to catch him with a pillow of magical power.

‘That was... strange,’ Jamie said, rolling onto his back as he softly met the cool stone ground.

Tristan approached, placing his hand on Jamie’s chest. ‘He’s just about running on empty, guys - haven’t you been, you know, *recharging*?’

‘I have!’ Jamie said, his voice a little thin. ‘Oooh, I can see *stars*.’

‘He actually has,’ Bri said. ‘Each time.’

Jamie sat up. ‘Okay - I feel a little better. That was, like, the *worst* headrush I’ve ever had.’ Tristan reached down and helped him up, as Bri and Catherine came up around him, like an odd little circle. ‘Did the ritual go okay?’

‘Three out of five,’ Catherine nodded. ‘But, Jamie, are *you* okay? This transition can’t have been easy for you.’

Jamie nodded, and rubbed his eyes. ‘I, uh, yeah. Things have been... unexpected. But I’m getting there.’ Bri’s hand found his arm, but Jamie flinched, pulling away. ‘Sorry,’ he said, an undeniable sour mood finding him. ‘I, uh, I’m going to go. I think I need to rest.’

‘That’s not what he needs,’ Tristan said softly to Bri as Jamie made his way up the stairwell, into the actual shop floor of *Bilmak’s*.

The girl behind the counter, mid-twenties and pretty in a mousy sort of way, smiled at Jamie as he walked past. She’d been charmed to let them go downstairs, and to not ask questions, but

Jamie didn't mind the positive interaction. He smiled back, but left the shop, heading straight home.

His mind was kind of on auto-pilot - lack of energy making the sound of 'going out' tonight absolutely *exhausting*. He'd rather crawl into bed and sleep for an age - but he knew he couldn't. He had to be 'fully charged' for Bri, for the fourth stone.

He wasn't living his life for himself anymore, and he remembered Tristan's words - his plea to remember he was a whole person, not just a part of Bri.

Before he knew it, he realised he was home, sat on the sofa and half-conscious. Bri was shortly behind him, or maybe it had been an hour or so, he couldn't really tell. She came in, all energy and buzzing form, Jamie's mind a little on fire at the sense of her.

To him, she was a brightness - which was usually amazing. His best friend. His Witch. But, right now, she felt like a headache - and he *hated* that he felt that way.

'What's going on, man?' Bri asked, sitting across from him. 'The way you passed out, and Tristan said-'

'I'm running on empty,' Jamie said. 'This morning was rough, but after that, I... I'm spent.'

Bri nodded. 'We need you to get, you know, *charged up*-'

'Bri,' Jamie said, sounding exhausted. 'I just need... some time. I don't need to go out to a fucking club, or something, scouting for a girl to follow home. I just... I don't need that. And, I can feel you, you know? I can *feel* that you need to go out and relieve that libido that's been growing so much - that's fine. Just, leave me for the day. Please?'

Bri's face steeled at him. 'Jamie, I need to do this. I thought you knew that.'

'I do,' he said.

'And I know it's not as simple as I'm saying it, but... if you have sex tonight, I can tune to the stone tomorrow.'

'I genuinely think, if I do that, it'll kill me,' Jamie said. He looked at her, and he saw the conflict in her eyes - she wanted to help him, but she wanted him to help her *just* a bit more. 'Tristan told me not to forget who I am, beyond all of... this. And, I think he's right. I need to do something for me - not for this.'

Bri softened, sitting back. 'Okay. What does that look like?'

An idea came to Jamie, right there and then. 'I think I'm gonna go for a run. I haven't done that since I changed, and I don't want to lose it.'

'I thought you were tired?'

'I am,' Jamie said, standing. 'Nothing wakes me up more than a run.'

Bri let out a scoff, and rubbed her face. 'Yeah, fine. Sure, go for a run.'

'Wasn't asking permission,' Jamie said, heading into his room to change. He made sure to slam it behind him.

The fresh air should have been refreshing. The birdsong should have been calming. The run should have been energising.

Instead, Jamie *still* felt like he was just going through the motions. His legs were just moving, like they always did. His breath was level, his heart was pounding, his brow dripping with sweat, but it was just... empty.

He felt empty.

The dirt underfoot, here on the outskirts of Mirbeck's township, crunched predictably. He followed the pathways he always did - the ones that had, not too long ago - led him into the pathway of a demonic creature.

This was the path that had led him to where he was. To who he was.

And, up ahead, he saw a figure. The image was familiar enough to put a pit in his stomach, the memory of being lured and seduced and pleased - all of it pulsed through him, and in an unexpected sensation, Jamie found himself suddenly half-hard in his running shorts.

Only, of course it wasn't a demon, or some disguised creature.

It was, of all people, *Kris*.

'Hey,' Jamie said as he slowed to a stop. Kris was panting, too, red-faced and wiping her brow, and looked up at him with a question in her eyes.

'Jamie?'

'Kris,' Jamie said with a smile. The first smile this afternoon. 'Out for a run?'

She nodded. 'You?'

Jamie shrugged. 'Trying to get back to normal. I used to run everyday - haven't since, you know.'

Kris nodded. She knew.

There was a beat of quiet, before Kris spoke. 'I never used to run,' she said. 'This is new for me. Trying something new.'

'Oh?'

'Yeah. Things are... weird.'

Jamie nodded. 'How's Eddie doing?'

'He's great,' Kris said, and there was a sting in her voice. 'He doesn't remember anything - and I know I can't tell him. I can't do that to him. So, I was just... living with it. In my head.' she took a breath, and looked at Jamie. 'I left him.'

That surprised him. 'Oh.'

'I can't explain it, Jamie - he just didn't *get* it. Since that day I've been... different.'

Jamie could feel her, now that he was paying attention to it. She was... pent up. Needy. 'Different how?' Kris looked at him, an odd look in her eyes. 'You can be honest with me, Kris. I was there - I was changed by it, too. I get it.'

Kris nodded, looking at the ground.

'I haven't stopped thinking about sex,' she said. Her voice was small, and her eyes were on the floor in shame, and Jamie felt a wave of empathy wash over him. 'Eddie enjoyed it, at first - I

was... insatiable. And then, he just... didn't get it. Called me a slut and not in a *fun* way, you know? He looked at me differently. I can tell, it was his memories, repressed or not, they bled through. But he couldn't understand why I'd changed. Then, when I looked at him, I could only see *that day*. So, I pulled away. And we argued. So I left.'

'But you're still...' Jamie said.

Kris, still not looking at him, nodded. 'Like crazy.'

'Me too,' he admitted. 'I at least have a bit more context to everything, though, I think. We just... cut you loose, which wasn't fair. I'm sorry for that.'

'It's fine.'

'It's not,' Jamie said, taking a step forward, towards her. 'Kris - it's not. And, now you're... in need. Can I help you?'

She looked up at him, then, a frown on his face. 'Help?'

Jamie nodded, approaching her. 'I have a bit of... *magic*, now. I can help you, Kris, if you want.' He held out his hand.

Tentatively, Kris took it - and in an instant, her eyes rolled back; Jamie could feel it, connection between them. Magic flowed from him to her - just a *little*. Enough to do to her what he'd done to Bri.

He made her cum, there and then, with nothing but a touch.

Kris' eyes clamped shut, her mouth falling open in a silent scream as her knees buckled, back arching - then came the moan, loud and lewd.

'OooouughHHHHFFUUUUUUUCK!'

Her scream echoed off the trees, heard by no one but the birds, until her legs gave out and she dropped. Jamie caught her, helping her up.

'Can you do that whenever you want?' she asked, a new tone in her voice.

Jamie nodded. 'That and more.'

'Take me home,' Kris said, before leaning in to kiss him. It wasn't soft, or romantic - it was *pure* passion. A thank-you, and a fuck-me, all rolled into one. 'Show me everything.'

Jamie didn't have to be told twice.

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