

Morgana's Gift – Part 13

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Interruption Four – Streets Of Fire

The aftermath of Midas Day was surprisingly light the second time around, and Kevin found himself in much better spirits about it, even if he didn't have a clue what was happening to him or why. The next day it was as though everything had simply returned to normal, and none's the wiser for whatever had happened. They had the camera footage, of course, and so he and Fatima had watched it back with him running for his life like he was in some sort of found footage horror movie. Fatima had had a proper giggle that lasted several minutes watching it, even needing him to stop the film every so often so that she could recover her breath, all of which Kevin found rather embarrassing.

“You don't have to laugh *quite* so hard, dear,” he told her at one point, when tears were streaming down her dark cheeks, her breathing so roughly staggered he was afraid she might pass out from inconsolable mirth.

“Oh babes, if you can't laugh at this, I dunno what'll ever make you laugh,” she said in between giggling fits. “I know it's less funny 'cause it's happenin' to you, but jaysis, you have to admit there's a sense of wondrous insanity about all of it. And you say there's supposed to be some kind of reason for it?”

“That's what Merlin claimed,” Kevin said with a shrug.

“You say that like he could be dickin' with ya,” Natalie grinned, sipping from whatever was in that glass of green liquid she was drinking from.

“It's Merlin,” Kevin replied. “I think 'could be fucking with you' is the first line in anyone's description of him. He's practically a leprechaun. He likes getting into the middle of people, introducing trouble and then fucking off, leaving someone else holding the bag. Sure, there's the depiction of him as the kindly old wizard, helping Arthur get his feet placed as the King of England, but it all goes a bit off the rails pretty quick after that.”

“And you think he'd lie about there being a reason?”

“No, I think that his 'reason,' whatever it is, might only make sense to him personally, or that it might be related to something outside of anything I might actually know anything about,” Kevin said, as they turned off the television, the three of them sitting around the living room. “But then again, it also might be something so painfully obvious that I'm going to kick myself when I figure it out.”

“There's also the chance that it's something specifically to irk Morgana,” Fatima replied. “The two of them have a pretty intertwined history if half of the stories are to be believed.”

“Don't believe half of what you see and none of what you hear,' is how that one Lou Reed song goes,” Kevin said. “So I'll believe just enough to believe that I don't know much of anything at all. But yeah, you asked, love, so that's what Midas Day is pretty much like – an endless swarm of women throwing themselves at me until one of them has their way with me. And each day, in the hour or so before it starts up, I'm compelled to take myself to some different location. That's happened both times now, so I suppose that shoots down the idea of locking myself in a bank vault or something. I suspect that compulsion's mostly to prevent me from doing something crazy like trying to isolate myself away from women. I think that if I planned to go on a ten-day drive across the middle of central Asia with Midas Day somewhere in the middle of it, I'd still find myself near a major metropolitan area when the actual Midas Day itself came.”

“Sneaky lil fucker, innit he?”

“I imagine one doesn't live this long as a magician without being especially clever.”

“So what's on our agenda today?” Kev asked, glancing around. “I should probably be asking Elizabeth that, shouldn't I? Where is she, anyway?”

“She's off doing background research on the next person she wants to present to you for here in the house,” Fatima answered. “Which I *told* her today would be a good day for, because it wouldn't let

you duck out of the thing that *I* have on your schedule today.”

“Uh oh,” Kevin laughed. “What's that?”

“You're meeting my father for a late lunch this afternoon,” she told him.

“The footballer media mogul? *That* father?”

“He's a great big pussycat, so you shouldn't worry too much.”

“But I should worry some?”

“Well,” she grinned, “worrying a little anytime you're about to meet someone who used to play the footie professionally is a fair cop.”

“That completely puts me at ease, Tee,” he groaned. “Thank you for that.”

“If you weren't at least a *little* nervous, how would it be any fun?”

“And we're not going to tell him about the whole magic thing, I take it?”

“I think that would be best,” Fatima replied. “The last thing I want is to have to explain to my father all about magic or that you've met people who knew King Arthur.”

“But I could've made a joke about your dad being old enough that he would've known King Arthur as well.”

“Hardy har har.”

“Who's watching over us? Miriam, Jackson or Mike?”

Fatima stood up, stretching her lithe arms over her head. “I figure we take Miriam and Jackson, so if we decide we need to split after lunch, we've each got someone keeping tabs on us.”

“Yeah, sounds good.”

Natalie took her time making sure Kevin and Fatima both got a good workout in, although Fatima was in *far* better shape than Kevin was, but Kevin's upper body strength impressed both women, something Kevin wrote off to spending hours playing guitar, bass, banjo and basically any other stringed instrument he could get his hands on and teach himself. (Keyboards didn't involve much upper body strength at all unless he was playing a keytar, something he refused to do any circumstances. His exact reply involved the band A Flock Of Seagulls and a biologically and anatomically impossible action.)

After the workout, the three of them decided to take a shower together, which was an entirely different collection of messes. Kevin climbed into the shower first, fully expecting to have the shower to himself, but a minute or so after he'd started soaping up, he felt a set of hands against his back.

“Decided to join me, Tee?” he asked. 'Tee' was the nickname Fatima had suggested to him as a way for him not to have to say her entire name each time, much like she preferred calling him 'Kev.'

“Not just me,” Fatima replied as her hands moved to slide across his stomach, her breasts pressed against his back, as he felt another hand start to wrap around his cock. “Nat decided she wanted to lend a hand.”

“Not just a hand,” Natalie said with a giggle as she stroked his shaft while water poured down on all three of them. One of the nicest parts of the house was that the shower was designed in such a way that the showerhead could be set to one of three settings, covering increasingly large areas of space, so that everyone in the shower was getting hot water. “But whatever part else I need to lend.”

Kevin's breath caught as he felt Natalie kissing down his stomach before wrapping her lips around the head of his dick, sliding her mouth down to the base of it. He tilted his head upwards to make sure the soap was washed clear from his eyes before he turned to look down, watching Natalie's dark hair sliding back and forth, her fingertips cradling his nutsack while Fatima's hands slowly dragged her fingernails against his chest.

“She's good at this,” Fatima purred into his ear. “Did you make her pass a dick sucking challenge before you offered her her necklace?”

Natalie popped her lips off his shaft with a grin, looking up at her. “No, but then I was stretching with one foot flat on the floor and the other leg resting up on his shoulder when we were discussing whether or not I could fit in here.”

“That sounds very impressive,” Fatima said, the last word catching a little in her throat, which Kevin realized was the result of Natalie taking her other hand and stroking it along Fatima's pussy. “Quite the showoff, aren't you?”

“If I wanted to show off, ma'am, I'd be doing this standing on my head, which I could do.”

“She's kidding, isn't she Kev?”

“She was part of Cirque Du Soleil for a while, Tee, so I doubt it.”

“*Was?* What happened?”

Natalie moved to stand up a bit before leaning her face over Kevin's shoulder towards Fatima. “My tits were too big for a lot of the sorts of moves they wanted me to do, so I moved here and started teaching fitness while working on my cooking,” she said, leaning up to kiss Fatima's lips for a moment. “I think I may eventually want to start up my own restaurant, but I'm worried it'll take me away from Kev too much.”

“I never said you shouldn't chase your dreams, Nat,” he replied, feeling Natalie's stiff dark nipples running through his chest hair, stiffening up at the sensations his fine dark hair sent up her spine. “If you want to open a restaurant, I'll be your first investor.”

“Awww, thanks Kev, but it takes more than one investor to open a restaurant...”

“I'll be second in line, then,” Fatima said, arching an eyebrow. “And you know I have the money to be all the investor you need. So you should start planning for it.”

“You're teasing me,” Nat said, pausing as she looked carefully at Fatima's face. “You're *not* teasing me? Oh wow, like, holy shit! Okay! Okay. Right. Let me think about that before I start asking you for money. I'm not in a rush am I?”

“Take all the time you need,” Kevin said, feeling one of Nat's legs lifting up to wrap around his waist, pulling him and Fatima closer, backing the three of them up against the wall of the shower. With a sudden leap, she lifted her other leg up and pressed her thighs to his hips, as she moved to get his cock lined up and slid within her snatch, a filthy groan escaping from her lips, Kev's breath catching a little bit as well.

The Asian girl was limber and the fact that Fatima's body weight was pushing into his, making sure he was grinding her up against the edge of the shower only made it that much hotter. “That's it, love, give it to her,” Fatima purred at him, one of her hands reaching down to take over playing with his balls. “I like watching you give the hired help the ol' one-two.”

“He's.... nnnhhh... he's giving me more than one-two, ma'am,” Nat said as Kev begin to try and snap his hips back and forth, but he found it was actually easier to use his upper arm strength to lift and drop Nat up and down, her back just slipping against the wall of the shower, considering how wet they all were.

Fatima's other hand moved to push between Kev and Nat, doing its best to work down to let her thumb rub against Nat's clit while Andy was jerking her up and down on his dick, his eyes closing a little, as Nat's athleticism was making this even easier than he'd thought it would be.

The three shades of flesh played well off one another, and before he knew it, he felt Natalie's cunt start spasming around his shaft, her face buried into his shoulder, the high pitching whimpering noises almost like little chipmunk squeaks. It took a moment but eventually he felt her slowly uncurling her legs from around his waist, lifting up to slide his cock out from inside of her before lowering one foot then the other onto the floor of the shower. “Do her next, boss,” Nat groaned at him.

“Now now, Nat,” Fatima started, “I don't know that we've got tiiii—”

She was interrupted by Kevin spinning her in front of him, pressing her face-to-face against Nat, pulling her hips back and kicking her legs apart just enough so he could just slide his still hard cock up inside of her Indian pussy.

The two women were of similar heights, which meant pressed together like that, their tits were jammed up against each other, Nat's back against the wall giving her no room to go anywhere, even as her lips moved to press against Fatima's, their tongues getting tangled up with one another even as

Fatima did her best to try and lean back into Kevin's thrusts, but Kevin was hellbent on making sure she couldn't think straight, trapped between delights both in front of her and behind.

Each time Kevin's hips smacked against Fatima's ass, her ochre flesh rippled even as she would moan into Natalie's mouth. The pace was hard and strong, and sooner than Kevin would've liked, he could feel his body starting to tense up, his teeth catching his bottom lip as he started to orgasm and began to blast hot cum up inside of her snatch, giving the woman shivers of delight.

He was starting to pull back from the two women as they were breaking the kiss, a wicked laugh rolling from Fatima's lips. "So, everyone gets an orgasm but me?" she teased the other two.

"You came in there, you can't fool me," Natalie giggled back at her.

"Did not!" Fatima said, grinning like maybe she had.

"Well then, we can fix that!" Natalie spun Fatima around so that her back was up against Natalie's chest. Nat's left hand slid around Fatima's waist, as if to hold her in place, as her right hand reached up to grab one of the detachable showerheads, lowering it down before pointing it directly at Fatima's pussy, sending the Indian Brit into a fit of shivers.

"N-n-n-not f-f-f-fair!"

A moment or two later, it was clear that whether or not Fatima had gotten an orgasm before when Kevin was fucking her, she was definitely having one now, her hips gesticulating wildly, as if trying to get closer to the shower head or, more likely, away from the intense sensations. During her orgasm, Kevin had to step in to help keep Fatima from slipping down to the floor of the shower.

The three of them took a bit more time getting clean again before they finally headed out of the shower to get dressed, not that anyone else said a damn thing about it. Miriam had been on the receiving end of Kev and Fatima before herself, and enjoyed it far too much to complain about others having a longer than normal morning.

Kev and Fatima sat in the back of the Escalade while Jackson drove and Miriam sat shotgun keeping watch, as their giant SUV blended in with the seas of endless other vehicles just like it, heading over towards a southern part of LA away from where they'd intended to be heading, as Miriam tensed up a little.

"Jackson, what are you doing?"

"I'm... I'm not entirely sure," the giant black security agent replied. "I'm starting to think this is some sort of magical compulsion I'm being given, because wherever it is I'm driving, it isn't where I'm intending us to go. It's... fuck, it's frustrating feeling my body not do what my brain's telling it to, but while I know I *should* be worried, for some reason I just *ain't*."

Kevin sighed. "Maybe text your dad, tell him something came up and we're running a bit behind schedule. That sounds exactly like a Merlin compulsion."

"How late should I say we'll be?" Fatima asked, fishing out her phone from her purse.

"Merlin's generally not all that chatty, so maybe tell him an hour or so? Best to keep it open ended. You can even blame it on traffic, looking at the satnav." He glanced and noticed Jackson was turning off the 110 at the N. Hill street exit. "Looks like we're close to wherever it is we're being rerouted, so maybe we'll get lucky?"

"Da says he's running late anyway, so he's asking if we can reschedule to dinner around 6?"

"Tentatively tell him yes."

The SUV didn't have much further to go, pulling into the parking lot at Los Angeles State Historic Park, something that made Kevin frown a little. "Well, this isn't where I'd typically meet Merlin, but maybe he's up to something new."

Jackson pulled the SUV into a parking spot, then turned the car off, stepping out of the vehicle, mostly in control of himself. "We're supposed to go over the Roundhouse Bridge," he said, stepping to open the door for Fatima while Miriam opened the door for Kevin.

"Well, the sightlines are easy as hell to maintain," Miriam said. "So assuming we're just worried about kidnapers and not snipers, everything should be fine."

“Why the hell would I be worried about snipers?” Kev asked her.

“I don't know about you, but I'm *always* worried about snipers,” she replied in that dry tone that made it impossible for him to tell if she was kidding or not.

The four of them moved out of the parking lot and started walking down the bridge towards the end overlook point, where there was a solitary figure waiting for them, but certainly not the one that anyone expected to be.

While it was the first time most of them had laid eyes on this particular individual, Kevin had an immediate sense of recognition, even at a distance, even with the changes in appearance. It was the endless number of rings covering her fingers that was the dead give away.

They walked down the concrete path, and Kevin got a chance to notice exactly how *different* Morgana Le Fay looked from the last time he'd seen her. When he'd last seen her, she'd looked to be in her early 50s, but now she appeared as though she couldn't be a day over 30, her hair a dark color of red, like that of a fine Merlot or Pinot Noir, still hanging loosely around her face, although now it was cut into bangs that the woman somehow made look good. Her general facial structure didn't look *at all* how he remembered her appearing, slender where it had once been rounded, rounded where it had once been slender. In fact, she looked almost nothing like the woman Kevin had pulled from that burning car what felt like four or five lifetimes ago.

“Hello my dear boy!” Morgana said, waving one hand at him in the most aggressively friendly gesture she could manage. “I know I said we weren't going to meet again, but I understand there's been some kind of tinkering going on with the gift that I gave you? Any idea what that's all about?”

Down below the overlook, in a concrete ring off in the distance there was a tall Germanic man swinging a large sword through the air, as if he was going through some sort of training, although there was no one opposing him that Kevin could see. The man's attire was mostly leather or denim, and the fact that he had a beard, even though it was neat and well-kept, might give someone the impression of a homeless man fighting with imaginary demons in the park.

“I know exactly what it's about, Morgana,” Kevin chuckled as they moved to stand before her. “It's supposed to be a 'thank you' from an old friend of yours. Chap by the name of Merlin.”

Morgana's wide and playful smile disappeared almost immediately to be replaced with a look of consternation. “You didn't seek him out, did you?”

Kevin held his hands up in surrender. “I mostly certainly did not. I was in the house one day when I suddenly had this urge to go out for a walk, and before I knew it, I found myself outside of a bar cal—”

“Called Geoffrey's Gambit,” she finished for him. “I'm familiar with where the Myrrdin likes to hang his hat up when he's meeting with civilians.” She sighed a little, shaking her head. “Did he say specifically what he was doing to you?”

“He said he was adding something called Midas Day to the experience, and that eventually it would even itself out, once I figured out what it was and what it was for.”

“He referred to it as 'a gift'?” she asked. “You're sure of that? He used that exact wording?”

“As I recall, he said something like 'you did a solid for Morgana, which means you did one for me as well,' and then he said something about introducing a bit of his magic into yours, but that it would be, well, something a bit more Merlin like.”

Morgana moved closer and reached forward to suddenly take Kevin's right hand, lifting it up so she could look at the ring she'd given him. Her fingertips were cold to the touch, but somehow that didn't bother Kevin. She lifted to raise one hand to wave it over the ring and purple sparks shot out of it towards her as she jerked her hand back suddenly.

“Well, the old fool's certainly done *something* to it, but I can't tell entirely what it is. But if he described you saving my life as 'doing me a solid,' then maybe he's in one of his more positive and friendly moods this decade,” she sighed. “Maybe he's finally forgiven me for taking us both to that key party in 1969, although I swear, he's held onto it longer than he has any right to.”

The giant man with the sword laughed and yelled over to them. “You went home with Jimi Fucking Hendrix, Mo!” he bellowed in her direction.

“Well, I didn’t know he was Jimi Hendrix at the time!” she laughed back at him, shaking her head again before looking back to them. “How was I supposed to know I was shagging one of the greatest guitarists of all time?”

“*One of?*” Kevin said. “You mean *the* full stop, end of sentence.”

“Hell of a lay in the sack too,” she giggled. “But that’s me telling stories again. Who’s your friends, Kev?”

“This is my partner, Fatima Davies. That’s the head of her security detail, Jackson. And next to him is *my* bodyguard, Miriam.”

“Aaaaand...?”

“Oh? Oh! Oh, and the little dragon flying overhead is Strazo, who was a gift to Miriam from Merlin during her one meeting with him.”

“What did he ask of you in return, my dear?” Morgana said to Miriam sympathetically.

“One secret, of his choosing,” she said, blushing a little. “One which I hope you won’t make me repeat here and now.”

“No no,” Morgana said, snapping her fingers to dismiss the thought away. “That was your bargain with the wizard, and Strazo looks like you’re looking after his health as much as he is yours in turn, so that’s good.”

“He likes sweets a little more than he should, especially salted caramels.”

“Mmmm. Don’t let him have too many or he’ll fatten up, and that won’t be good for either of you. Are you happy you’ve got Kevin in your life, Fatima?” she said, turning to look at the Brit.

“Yeh, he was the sort of man I didn’t know I needed until I found him, or until you sent him to me, I guess, or until you sent Elizabeth to send him to me... who, actually, sent him to me in the first place?” Fatima said with an odd smile. “I’d like to know who I should be thanking.”

“A little bit of both. I certainly gave Elizabeth a long list of names whom I thought might make an excellent pairing with Kevin’s wants and needs, but she had every right to decide how and when it was used,” the sorceress said to them.

“There’s a list?” Kevin asked.

“Mmm,” Morgana confirmed. “One which you will *never* see, Kevin, so don’t ask.”

“I wasn’t asking to see it,” he chuckled. “I guess I was just wondering how long it was.”

“Nothing overly large. A few thousand names or so.”

“*Thousand?*”

Morgana made an overly dramatic exasperated noise at him, shaking her head. “I think there was, when I was putting your gift together, about four thousand women or so that I thought would be 98% matches or better, although that number fluctuates all the time, so I wanted to give Elizabeth a leg up. Can’t expect the poor girl to do all the work, now can I?”

“I guess not.”

“Other than Merlin’s meddling, everything else pleasant enough?” she said. “If I had known it was just Merlin sticking his nose in where it didn’t belong, I might not have revisited you, but when my magics have been tampered with, I take an interest in it, because no one will ever accuse Morgana Le Fay of not holding up her end of the deal.”

“It’s all *very* generous of you, m’lady,” Kevin said, bowing his head a little, which made Morgana giggle a little bit more.

“See, Kai? Some people still know how to offer up a bit of respect to someone who’s doing them a favor!” she yelled over at the man with the sword, who had tucked it into a scabbard on his back and was walking towards the bridge.

When the man got close to them, he jumped up into the air and onto the bridge, probably an entire story upwards, making the entire motion look easy and effortless, as he landed next to her, and

Kevin immediately felt tiny, as the man towered over them, his broad shoulders making him look almost like a cross between a biker and a Viking.

"I'd like to think we're about even on the favors, Morg, wouldn't you?" he said with a sly grin, bending down to press a kiss to her forehead. "Otherwise I can pick up where I left off last night..."

She reached out and swatted at him with a hand, although Kevin could swear she was blushing. "Not while there's civvies present, you oaf," she said. "Kevin, Fatima, Miriam, Jackson, may I introduce to you Kai, also known as the Ostrogoth?"

Kai raised one hand in salute and Kevin realized the man's fingers could easily envelope his own head. "Afternoon, good and gentle people."

Morgana sighed. "Well, Kevin, as much as I would love to tell you that Merlin's meddling is the end of it, unfortunately his magics have a tendency to draw all sorts of magical misfits towards it like moths to a flame, so I'll reach out to Elizabeth and give her some contact information for me. I should stress, however, that the time between when she reaches out to me and when I reach out to you might be quite a bit, as I don't always check my deaddrops as often as I should. I'll try, though!"

"Magical misfits?" Miriam asked cautiously. "Dare I even ask?"

"I'll send you a care package, dearie; a gift from me to you, no strings attached, although you'll probably need to spend some time practicing with it. Nothing you shouldn't be able to handle, though. I can't imagine it'll get anything bolder than a vampire, and even they generally know better than to try and feed off those touched by mages. The blood's too volatile for their liking. It can catch fire in their veins sometimes."

"Not literally, of course," Fatima said.

"No no, *quite* literally," Morgana corrected. "But the rush of danger is part of the thrill for them. Anyway, it isn't all that much to get in a tizzy over. Just mind your P's and Q's and everything'll be right as rain as long as the rain keeps coming."

"And this Midas Day?" Kevin asked.

"Knowing Merlin like I do, he's got some sort of endgame in it. You just need to figure out what it is."

"That easy, huh?"

Morgana giggled, rolling her eyes. "Nothing easy about it, but nothing to be gained by complaining either. Go forth, Kevin Bishop, and continue enjoying the gift I've bequeathed you," she said, lifting her left hand to make a sort of silvery-purple cloud of mist start to envelope her and the Ostrogoth within its vapors. "And maybe give me a thanks in the liner notes of your next album. I always like seeing my name in print."

Before he could answer, the column of vapors collapsed, and the space where the two had been standing was now completely empty.

"Magicians are strange folk," Miriam said, breaking the silence, which made the other three start laughing.

"Off to meet Dad?" Fatima asked.

"Sure sure," Kevin replied. "After this, how rough can he be?"