

Deadly Seduction

By

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The fading light of the passing day cast brilliant colors upon the horizon. Instead of inciting awe and tranquility, the nightfall conjures dread and fear. For when the hot sun descends, the cold undead arises from their crypts, driven only by their thirst for the warm blood of the living.

The world has fallen into an age of great darkness. Humankind number in only the millions outside of the feeding camps. The structures of society have collapsed and the framework of civilization has crumbled. Survivors of the scourge struggle each day for sustenance and safety. Scavenging and hunting for food during the daylight and hiding in panic rooms and in vaults when the stars shine.

Though a flickering of hope resists the insatiable affliction in the form of magick rediscovered and wielded by master magickians. They are gathering more strength and power each day. Preparing to take the world back. Ready for a counter-offensive strike. Gearing up for a crippling attack on the central command of the vampiric ruling class.

Marius tracks through high grass, crossbow slung over his shoulder, dragonflies buzzing around, swirling his gnarled hands before him as if tying invisible knots, weaving a protective ward around the perimeter of the old farmhouse. It will repel ghouls and familiars and oppose vampires as well. Beyond the barbed-wire fence and spiked trench, traps of various sorts, each of them deadly, are set in the surrounding woods. Nothing will get inside without enduring grave harm, and certainly not without alerting him to their intrusion. His charges, a family of four, should be safe throughout the night under his watchful eye.

After finishing the ward, a bitter pang tears at his chest. His partner of twenty years, Valene, would usually be by his side at this point, closing the spell with him. She disappeared a month ago and is considered deceased by the Order of Magi. They have yet to assign him a new partner. He is not ready to bare himself to another woman, as is necessary to form the bond that is required for synergistic magick. He must heal his wounded heart first, as she was much more than a partner. She was also a lover. Originally his apprentice, once she graduated, he accepted her long-gestating affection for him. He loved her like no one else. An act of vengeance may help numb the pain. He clenches his fists against his anguish for revenge.

When the twilight brings the chirping of crickets, Marius stalks through the grass toward the house strangled by red ivy, the first-story windows boarded up, a thick mist swirling around his leather boots, the distance moans of awakening ghouls echoing in the forest. Ethanael, tall and thin and worn, is waiting on the dilapidated porch.

He contacted Marius for hiring using a communication charm that is sensitive to the shadow magick of all vampire. Even the thrall of a familiar will render the charm useless. He offered double the standard price for a weeks protection. When he explained he was moving his family across country, Marius had him agree to triple the normal payment of food and precious materials. The roads are rife with hazards, such as vampire traps and crazed gangs of marauders. Finding a place to spend each night could be troublesome. Plus he is without a partner. One magickian to protect four people will be a challenge.

As Marius is climbing the ramshackle stairs to the porch, he pauses. Closes his eyes. Reaches out with his inner sight. It's subtle. The faintest hint of shadow magick. Was I followed? A familiar acting as a scout or spy?

Ethanael calls out, breaking his focus. "Everything okay?"

Marius ascends the remaining stairs. "Yeah, everything's fine."

With a look of unease, Ethanael gestures toward the front door. "Please, come in. My wife has prepared a meal."

One hand gripping the handle of the silver-coated dagger on his hip, Marius follows the scrawny man inside. The dank odor of mold and rot assault his nostrils. Ethanael bolts the lock and secures a makeshift door jammer. The warped floorboards creak under their footfalls like weeping wraiths. Candles are placed here and there, revealing water-stained and peeling wallpaper, and illuminating a path toward the back of the bleak dwelling.

Ethanael leads him to a sizable dining room. Parted maroon curtains let in sepulchral moonlight through slants in the boarded windows. A lidded silver serving platter is set at the center of the dinner table, draped with a lacy white tablecloth. The candles upon the table are not yet lit. There is no detectable scent of food. The musk of the home is too potent or the meal too bland.

Ethanael motions to the head of the table. "Please sit."

Marius accepts the invitation and hangs his crossbow off the back of the chair. As he is pulling out his seat, a voluptuous woman whisks into the dimly-lit room, carrying a stack of porcelain plates topped with silverware. He freezes in place, awed by her beauty. She is wearing a burgundy silk short-dress that hugs her curves tightly. Chocolate-cherry hair flows down her back, reaching her slim waist. Her sleek fair-skinned legs are bare. He guesses her age at thirty, though Ethanael is closer to his own age at fifty.

Ethanael introduces. "This is my lovely wife, Ruby."

Setting down the table settings, she gives Marius an elegant curtsy but does not meet his gaze, keeping her eyes downcast in a submissive manner.

His voice comes out much louder than he intends. "Thank you for providing this meal. You will be safe under my care. I promise you."

She whispers with a velvet voice. "You're welcome, Marius. I am here to serve you in *any* way you necessitate."

Marius glances at Ethanael, who nods timidly. He's offering me his wife as additional payment! Do they truly have such a low opinion of magicians?

Lighting a match, Ruby leans forward over the table and ignites the nearest candle. As the wick catches flame her abundant cleavage is illuminated. She is wearing nothing underneath the thin fabric of her dress, as is revealed by the outline of her bantam nipples.

The crotch of Marius' pants begins to tighten at once.

Transfixed, he watches as she saunters around the table, never looking up at him, and slides between the table and the chair he has pulled away. Striking another match, she reaches forward, bending over the table before him, the back of her dress riding up to give him a peek at the bottoms of her unclothed cheeks, round and firm.

The swelling bulge in his pants threatens to snap the zipper's teeth.

Her match loses its flame as if extinguished by a breeze that he did not feel. She huffs in slight annoyance, her heart-shaped rump wiggling as she does. Leaning on her elbows to attempt to light another match, she shifts back and forth on her feet, her cheeks rising and falling opposite of each other with a most captivating charm.

The groin of his pants is visibly pulsating.

The candle lights but she remains stretched over the table, spine arched, rear propped. Reaching back a slender hand, she pulls up her dress, unveiling the totality of her perfect buttocks, and proceeds to roll her hips slow and lascivious.

Marius grits his teeth with vigorous need and the button on his pants pops off, thread left dangling.

Ruby purrs over her shoulder, eyes closed. “It is rather rude to reject a host’s humble offering. Are you not aroused by what you see?”

He swallows hard and clears his throat. “It’s not a matter of arousal. This isn’t necessary. There’re children in the house. *Please* make yourself decent.”

Grasping her cheeks, she peels them apart, exposing her bud and flower. “Our daughters are tucked away. Don’t deny yourself this pleasure on their accord.”

Marius grips the chair top with such intensity that the wood begins to crack. “This was not part of the arrangement. Are you unable to fund the agreed upon payment?”

“This is a bonus.” She slithers her middle finger into her rosebud with a moan and a shudder. “I’m yours for the taking. Any way you like. As often as you like for the duration of our escort across country.”

Ethanael interjects. “I’ll leave you alone now so that you may be more comfortable.” And he quietly exits.

Ruby works her wrist, squirming her finger in her tight pink star. “My dear husband has been unable to satisfy me for quite some time. Are you truly unwilling, or simply *unable* at your age?”

Marius tosses the chair aside, his crossbow going with it, and seizes her wrist, plucking her finger free of her bud. He growls, “I’m more than able. However, I’m uncomfortable altering a deal once the assignment has commenced. One alteration often leads to more. I will not forfeit the agreed upon payment for sexual favors.”

“There will be no alteration to your payment. I swear it on my daughter’s lives.” She slides backward, pressing her bare bottom to his bulging crotch, and lustfully rolls her hips. “Take me, Marius. *Please*.”

Surrendering to his overwhelming craving, Marius unbuckles his belt and then unzips his pants and thrusts them down, letting them fall to his ankles. Clutching her hips, he lunges his pelvis, driving his manhood through her moist petals deep into her womanhood with a grunt.

Ruby moans and beats a fist on the table. “Ooh, yes! Yes! Yes! You’re so big inside me!”

Marius groans as he begins to pump her snug wet pussy with fierce plunges, hitting her harder and harder and harder still. The table top rocks on lose legs and the feet screech across the wood floor inch by inch.

Ruby claws at the tablecloth as she squeals in delight louder and louder. “Ooh, yes! Ooh, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ahh, yeah! Ahh, yeah!”

He hasn’t had any sexual release since Valene vanished. His orgasm is ascending fast and hard, rising like hot magma to the earth’s surface. He is about to climax when with one fluid movement, Ruby twists her torso followed by her legs, which wrap tight around his waist and lock at the ankles. Her abs quiver a moment before her upper-body springs upright. Her eyes shoot open, green as emeralds and piercing as sunlight, and vivid flashes wrack his mind: A crimson moon dominating the night sky. Scarlet lightning shattering a massive tree. A torrential bloody downpour. A flash flood of blood sweeping him away.

Marius clamps his eyes shut and stretches his jaw wide to roar an offensive spell, but a powerful hand palms his face and squeezes, forcing his mouth closed at once. He clutches the forearm of his attacker and attempts to pull her hand away, but she is far too strong.

Ruby calls in a singsong voice. “Girls, time to play.”

Giggles come from behind him, and then on both sides of him. Two young voices speak in unison. “Do you want to be our daddy?”

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This is the end of the free preview.
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