



CHANCE GIM sat at the desk in his home office and looked down at the long list of names, phone numbers, and personal data. He had numbered them, using the date as a sorting guide. One hundred and eleven. All women. The youngest, eighteen, the oldest, twenty-six. All proportionately built, judging by the photo each had enclosed. All carefully weeded from an even longer list of three hundred and eighty-two.

Like fruit, he thought, you gals are ripe and ready, oh so ready, to be added to the lovelies I already have. All I have to do is give you my magical song and dance, and you'll jump from the tree right into my basket.

Yessiree, old **Chance** now had the pick of the female crop. But it wasn't always like that, so easy, so sweet and easy. Not at all. For, prior to his fantastic plan anyway, he had trouble getting near a woman, let alone having her do his every sexual wish. Like sucking his cock and fucking him. Willingly. And in front of two other guys, no less. And come back for more! Again and again. **Chance** thought it was no less than a miracle.

At twenty-five, **Chance** looked younger than his years, but the years had not been kind. Far from it. He was a loser when it came to the ladies. Shit, he once said to his image in the bathroom mirror, I couldn't get laid in a cathouse with a fist full of hundred dollar bills! It was true, he couldn't, even with new bills.

For how many females are out there, who would want to fuck a cadaver? A ghostly white, even vampire white, cadaver. One dressed all in black, the cadaver's favorite color, who reminded anyone with even one good eye of a funeral parlor director, or an evil looking mortician.

Or **Lurch** of *The Addam's Family* fame. A long and lanky **Lurch**, for **Chance** displayed his ghostly pallor on a 6' 5" frame. And he always, but always, covered the frame in black denim trousers and black knit shirts. Was it any wonder women immediately thought of him as weird, strange, and downright warped looking? A freak, a loner, a loser. All in black. And ghastly white.

It didn't help his chances with women, not in the least, that he was well off financially by inheritance, owned his own home, drove a brand new car, and could wine and dine them in the finest restaurants. Chance never got the chance to go beyond the first meeting. His looks and demeanor saw to that.

It wasn't two years after he had graduated high school that his widowed mother died and left everything, the big old house and a quarter of a million dollars, to her only child. And left him a lonely hole in his heart the size of a basketball. This, coupled with his general failures with women, had him feeling so lonely, so out of it all, and so depressed, he even considered suicide.

But, and in spite of it all, Chance was, as his mother was, a fighter. He had watched her cope with her husband's sudden death and the almost failure of his real estate company because of dad no longer being at the helm.

Instead of caving in and folding up her tent, she fought back. In less than three months, she had not only turned the company around, it had one of the best years in its thirty-year history. "Son, make lemonade!" was her familiar war cry.

So Chance took his lemon of a life and squeezed it. All he needed, he reasoned, was a plan. A game plan that would change things and make them better. One that would rescue him from his doldrums and turn things around, just as momma had done with a failing firm. All it would take was time. And, given his now rosy financial picture, he had plenty of that commodity . . .

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IN TIME, a very short time, a plan of sorts did emerge. He called it Plan "A" even though he had no Plan "B" in mind at the time. Perhaps, he reasoned, I won't even need a Plan "B."

Plan "A" popped out in the form of an ad in the personals column of the local newspaper:

SWM (A Leo!), Financially secure, 25, 6'5" 170#, black hair, green eyes, seeks female for one-on-one relationship. Yeah, I like long walks and cozy dinners for two, but I also dig weird music, strange movies, and kinky novels. If I sound like your bag of tricks, contact me at: BOX 12462.

He received six responses to Plan "A." And dated all six, even the two overweight ones, but only once. None of them, not a one, wanted a second date. One date was sufficient, thank you, Lurch. Why don't you go and tend to a grave someplace. OK?

Plan "A," it seemed, sucked. Chance considered running the ad again, giving it a fair chance to work, but gave up on the idea. He

didn't have the heart to go through the same rejections again.

What I need now, he pondered, is a Plan "B." But he had no Plan "B." So he took to staying in the house and reading. Perhaps an idea would be sparked by something in a book, some phrase, some written thought. But the only books he found in the wall-to-wall bookcase of his father's den were of the boring kind.

Business books, ho hum, accounting books, yawn, real estate books, bleh, not one with even a glimmer of fiction or general interest in it. He couldn't see a plan emerging from this conglomeration of ho hums, yawns, and blehs. But momma was still in the background, inspiring him.

He looked at the bookcase and said, out loud to the air around him, "C'mon, you fucking lemons, get your dumb, lazy asses off the shelf! You're going into cold storage in the basement."

When the books had been stored away, Chance looked at the now empty bookcase. It reminded him of an empty shell. Very much like how he felt at the moment. What it needed was filling up. And fill it up, he did, and in one helluva hurry.

One quick trip to *Samuel's Used Books* store was all it took. "Sam," he told the proprietor. "Here's a hundred bucks. Box me up some of your best twenty-five cent books, would ya?"

Sam, being quick with basic math, said, "You want I should pick out four hundred books for you? Just like that? You don't want to pick them out for yourself? You want me to do it for you? Just like that?"

"Yeah, Sam, just like that. Just don't throw in any ones that are so friggin' ratty, they'll draw flies, OK?" It was OK by Sam. A hundred bucks doesn't walk in every day of the week, that's for sure. Especially when it throws in an extra twenty just to deliver them. All twenty-odd cartons.

When the books had been placed in their new bookcase home, Chance gave them the once over. Sam had, sure as hell, been truly eclectic in his picks. There was "*The Poetry of Robert Frost*." And one called "*America in Pictures*." Also included was "*Adventures in Literature*," a book Chance saw as having some possibilities for exposing a Plan "B."

There were also books on politics, government, gardening, and basic homemaking. And one by a Wendell Wilkie, called "*One World*," that Chance thought might hold promise. At least until he read into the book a bit. Wilkie had been, ho hum, a Republican presidential candidate, yawn, in the last century, bleh!

Stifling a yawn, Chance picked out two to get him started in his quest for a plan: "*Forty Years of Murder*" by Keith Simpson, a retired

British medical examiner. Just like Quincy, Chance reckoned. And "*The New Ager's Biography of Aleister Crowley*," including, it said, many passages from Crowley's "*Magick in Theory and Practice!*"

Chance set fire to some logs in the fireplace, fixed a gin and tonic, and settled in for some good old-fashioned reading. He started on Simpson's book first, but threw in the towel halfway through. Yeah, Simpson was as good an M.E. as old Quincy, maybe better even, but who the cares?

The book on Crowley was a totally different matter. Crowley, it appeared, had also been a bit of a loner, and an outsider to society. An oddball to most folks. One with weird ideas of the world. But, to Crowley, these weird ideas of his was the way the world should be, and had to be, in his vision, anyway.

Some called Crowley a genius. Others called him the king of depravity. But, Chance thought, at least they called him *something*.

Crowley was also known as a poet, a mage, a prophet, and as a man who was well versed in all things odd or occult. Yoga, Freemasonry, Witchcraft, Black Magic, and others of this ilk were in his bailiwick. He was also seen as the most notorious magician of the last century, or any century for that matter.

One particular quote by Crowley, among the many the book offered, grabbed Chance and made him think, really think:

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." Aleister Crowley.

Shit, thought Chance, this guy even created a *new* law! Do whatever the fuck you want, Jack! I like this Crowley guy. Classy! And he didn't take crap from anyone.



Crowley's catchword, it appeared to Chance, was "Thelema." Which was somehow linked to something called *The Golden Dawn*. It was rough reading, very rough reading, but he did come away with a few things.

He read how Crowley had created a tradition known as Thelema, leading to the Thelemites, which was, and still is, a spiritual or religious system centered on ideas of freedom and personal growth.

But, when Chance read that OTO stands for Ordo Templi Orientis (Order of the Eastern Temple), a magical order that leans heavily on

Thelemic principles, Chance skipped ahead a lot. A whole lot. Paragraphs and pages fell by the wayside. In rapid order. *The Golden Dawn*, poor thing, never got a chance to really come up.

When he read about neophytes entering the paths of evil, and something about Konx om Pax, and "The thinkable is false, then? (Once more!) Yea, but equally it is true." and some crap about avoiding the "Scylla of Ay and the Charybdis of Nay by the Straights of No-meaning," Chance got lost real quick and started his paragraph and page hopping again.

When he read that Crowley had compared Londoners to empty-headed Athenians, he could relate. Chance had more than a few empty-headed Athenians in his life; they were all around him, Londoners or otherwise. They seemed everywhere, the annoying, silly fools.

After reading such things as, "The manifestation of Nuit," and, "It is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-kraat . . ." and, "The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs," Chance felt a wee bit Khu-Khu and ready to call a Khab and go home! Nuits to this shit, he mused. But he stuck in there, and mixed himself another drink . . .

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HOWEVER, soon after picking up his reading thread, with items swimming around in his head such as, "The Call of the First Aethyr," and "Goetia of the Lemegeton," he'd had it. Up to here. But he saw a potential in it all. A helluva potential.

Plan "B" had arrived, and was staring at him from the horizon of his mind: He would start his own Crowley-like group of magic seeking individuals and, to be sure, they would all be females.

Except, he quickly figured out, for two other males, his two friends, Ben and Jerry, if you could call them friends, to give his magic group a little yin and yang balance.

Plus, he reasoned, if *he* couldn't comprehend this shit, the average person couldn't, sure as hell, either. Lordy, he thought excitedly, *I* would be the teacher and *they* would be my . . . willing pupils. *Very* willing pupils. Oh, yeah, I like *that*. Thank you Plan "B." You look so much more promising than that schmucky Plan "A."

For, in his reading on Crowley and the black arts of magic, Chance had glommed onto another particular phrase:

"Sex is a serious road to magical power and a gateway to the unconscious mind."

To Chance, this translated easily into: Sex! Magic! Power! House! Mind! Ergo, women! Ergo, slave women! Ergo, sex slave women! In

his house! All he had to do to make it a reality was fuck with their minds. Which, he now firmly believed, would lead to fucking with their bodies. And their mouths! And, lordy, perhaps even an ass hole or two tossed in for good luck.

Another passage he read concerned Crowley's attitude toward women. He felt women had no magical powers of their own. The men had it all. One woman, a practicing witch, emphasizing this point, was actually quoted as saying:

"The only way a woman can get the power that lives within men, is to swallow their sperm! The life-giving magical sperm that comes from the shaft of life. Or by taking this magical elixir into her vaginal sheath."

Holy shit! Thought Chance, Crowley, you were a real genius! Take my sperm, honey, and feel the magic going in you! Unreal!

The incredible possibilities he now had crawling all over his brain seemed not only hopeful, and certainly doable, but endless and beautifully simple. As long as one had an imagination. And Chance knew, if nothing else, he sure had that little needful thing.

Thus, with excitement oozing out of every pore, he immediately started on a design plan for a room. A room where all the action would take place. The magical room. Of suck and fuck. Where women would swallow magical sperm--and ask for seconds . . .

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A THOUGHT POPPED UP. He would use the windowless basement room. It was very large and perfect for the job he had in mind. True, it would have to be cleaned, emptied of clutter, and the walls, floor, and ceiling painted, but it had wonderfully rough old cobblestone walls. Just like in a castle. Or a dungeon! He could picture the flickering light of the candles playing on the old stones. It was all, to Chance, sounding simply delicious.

Black! It had to be all black, his favorite color. Walls. Floor. Ceiling. And low lighting. Yeah! Candles! Only candles. Too dark? Wait and see. Torch sconces were also a possibility. They would look great on the black walls.

Also, a dimmable overhead track-lighting source would be a snap to add. And, he just now thought of it, a rebirthing tub! Made of rough-hewn wood for a back-to-nature effect. Caulked to hold water. Warm water. Body temperature water. He quickly sketched out the tub.

Its dimension would be 2' x 3' x 6.' Coffin like. He liked that aspect. He then sketched the plan for the rough-hewn wooden table. A fuck table. But not an ordinary table.

Dimensions: Just wide enough to hold a woman's back! No, make it wide enough so she can rest her elbows on it. This width would make it look different from your everyday household table. It would look a little magical.

Height? Cock height! For stand up fucking. But he foresaw a small problem. He was 6'5" tall, Ben was 5' 10" and Jerry, 5' 8." An adjustable top! But no electric. Too modern. A hand crank setup. Piece of cake. He could build it. The thought that perhaps a bed would be easier to do crossed his mind, but he threw that out. Too obvious. Too horny-bachelor like. Too much like . . . like . . . a bedroom. Not very magical.

And, ho ho, he thought, it needs a sperm-swallowing area. Think! Aha! A platform! A round one. Wood. Rough looking wood. Like the tub and the fuck table. Delicious.

Dimensions? A diameter just large enough to hold four people, three men and woman. 5'? 6'? He'd have to figure it out later, but six, as a guess, seemed the most promising. Height? Low. 6" off the floor seemed ideal.

And a camera! A hidden one, of course. Allowing him and his cronies to review the actual proceedings at their later leisure. A training film, if you will. But why only one? Four! One capturing the inside of the tub. Another, the sperm-eating arena. With two aimed at the fuck table, taking two different angles. Oh, what fun!

Wait! A fifth, to capture her walking naked around the tub! Yeah! I'll have her walk around the tub a few times before getting into it. Give us boys a good look. Four times? No, five sounds better, much better. With instructions to walk slowly! Maybe not? Too lecherous sounding? Weigh this aspect.

How, he thought, is the best way to get Ben and Jerry involved without them thinking it's just another of my oddball ideas? While mulling this over, he made a quick note: Black robes, men's and women's sizes. With those kooky hooded cowls. Designs on them? No. Keep it simple. Black simple.

He solved the Ben and Jerry problem by deciding to wait until the room had been completed. This would telegraph his seriousness. And, if these doltish Athenians didn't bite, well, fuck 'em, he'd find two others easily enough.

Ben and Jerry not only bit, they swallowed the idea, hook, line, and sinker. Neither of them was in the chick magnet arena. And the way that Chance had laid it all out for them, showing them his now copious notes on the subject, and the all black, magical room, with 30 candles, and four torch sconces, how could they resist? It had vast potential. Even Jerry, the dimmest of the trio, could appreciate that little tidbit. The entire room had the aura of other-worldness.

And magic seemed to be present in the overall feel of the room.

Chance had even figured out how to go about getting the magic-seeking females. An ad in the personals of the local newspaper:

If you're a female, 18-35, who wants to put *real Magick* into your life, join us *now!* Expand your mind and your power. Be a better you! We have a few (limited) openings for select new initiates. Contact Aether, High Priest of *The Black Arts Magickers*. Box 34213.

And thus, Chance Gim's Black Arts Magick plan quickly went from his fertile mind to a firm reality. He was now, today, known to a cadre of willing servants, consisting of two loyal men and twelve loyal women, as Aether, High Priest of the Black Arts Magickers of Coventry. With Coventry being an imaginary place of the mind, and not any actual location he had in mind.

He had simply chosen the name because it reminded him of London, and those empty-headed London-Athenian fools. That, and because it had the word coven in it.

Chance had built the tub, which he named The Thelema Tub, from 1" x 4" planks of cheap oak lumber. When finished, it measured 2' x 3' x 6' and looked as boxy as a pine box coffin. He then caulked the tub's interior to make it waterproof.

The overall effect looked more than just homemade, it looked sloppily homemade. Chance had slathered on the caulking, and it was heavier in some places than in others, bumpy here, smooth there. And the light color of the caulking stood out starkly against the dark wood's rough surface, magnifying the errors immensely. He had planned it this way, in keeping with a back to nature look.

And it did the job it was intended to do, hold water. And, in a room lit only by candles, torches, and controllable track lighting, it had a mysterious and magical aura to it.

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BEN wasn't too keen on the name Chance had given the group. "Still sounds like a fucking small town basketball team to me! Schmucks, 6, Magickers, 2."

Although Chance didn't say it, he thought: Piss off, you Athenian-headed dolt! What the fuck do you know about it all, anyway? You schmuck. You loyal fucking schmuck. Kiss my High Priest's ass.

What he said, was, "I have my reasons, Ben. Now, go and prepare the tub, we have our thirteenth baptismal rite tonight. Her name, if that matters at all, and in case you forgot, is Yolanda. Sounds kinda magical, don't it? But, you dumb shit, what really counts is she has great tits and a bodacious ass!" Chance knew exactly what to say to

motivate the faithful Ben. "And get Jerry to help you."

Thirteenth! A lucky number . . .

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WHILE Ben and Jerry got the baptismal Thelema tub prepared, Chance remembered his first female follower of the Coventry Magickers, Margaret, or Maggie. He called her Magic in honor of her being his first faithful female follower and because it fit her name.

Margaret didn't know this fact, her being first, and he wasn't about to enlighten her. That was one of the good things about being the High Priest; he didn't have to tell anyone shit about shit. He only had to tell them what he felt they would eat up in their ridiculous quest for magical powers. Just the way he did at Margaret's first "get to know us" meeting with him. He had snowed her plenty.

Their second meeting was more pointed. The introduction to the black robe. The necessary nudeness beneath the robe. The black room and candles. Give her just a small taste. Some mumbo-jumbo incantations. A handful of odd sounding names, such as Nuit, Thelema, and the Khu's and the Khab's crap. A mantra was also spoken, in unison, and very somberly:

*"Ommmm! Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.
Ommmm!"*

The third meeting was the swearing-in phase. Where the woman, and the role-playing initiates, Ben and Jerry, would be sworn to absolute secrecy . . . on "pain of death . . ." should they ever reveal to the outsiders, the profaners, exactly what went on in this magical room of the Coventry Black Arts Magickers.

It was all cleverly geared to bind the woman to the cause, to the magic, to the power, and, to be sure, her fellow practitioners. Without her smelling a male rat at the same time.

It was, to the woman, quite heady stuff, highly charged and exciting. Just like being on a movie set and playing a part. Without, however, being aware of the cameras. Just as Chance had planned it would be. And by now, the three black arts magicians had it down to a science.

The fourth get-together for Magic Margaret was the Thelema Tub bit. Where anyone could be reborn, any female that is, and as Margaret had said herself, "It's just like old Grisabella, the Glamour Cat, who gets a new lease on life in *Cats*, the musical." But with a foot of warm, body temperature water thrown in.

Ah, Margaret! How great she was! How sweet it was, too. And how easy it had all gone. In just three meetings with her new High Priest,

there she was, standing naked, willingly, in front of him and his two minions. Momma, it was all they could do not to gawk and drool all over themselves.

Ben and Jerry played their roles of initiates very well. Geared to get her used to the idea of being in the same room, and naked, with the three men. Each would be asked, in turn, with Ben being first, "Are you ready to be baptized and reborn, my faithful follower of Thelema?"

Ben would say, quite somberly, "Yes I am, my High Priest." Then Ben would be told to remove his black robe and, and it should be said, he played his acting part very nicely. He darted his eyes about as if nervous, coughed a few times, then looked slightly, but only slightly, embarrassed.

Ben, naked before the other still robed people, with his semi-hard erection in plain view, was given the instruction to walk around the wooden Thelema Tub. Very slowly, and exactly five times before getting in and sitting down in the baptismal water.

There was a reason for the five times tub walk-around. It gave the boys a good, long look at the female initiate when it was her turn. And it afforded them, and the camera, many enticing angles.

It also gave Chance the opportunity to judge her willingness, or reluctance, at having to walk naked in front of the men. He would then know just how much schmooze he had to lay on her in order to get her to do the suck and fuck session.

Margaret went next. Same words spoken, same answer. She was a good faithful follower. When she popped her black robe up over the top of her head, the boys almost lost it.

Ben stared bug-eyed, his tongue hanging out, his saliva beyond his control and running down his chin. Jerry gasped, quite audibly, startling everyone in the room but himself. And the High Priest almost whistled, and surely would have if he hadn't had the presence of mind to bite his tongue hard. For Margaret, sweet Magic, was mind-blowing gorgeous.



Margaret (Magic)

And Chance estimated that the little minx knew it. She had taken, in

his opinion, more time than necessary to let the robe fall to the floor. It had just hung there; her hands in it, over her head, letting the boys get a good feast of her body. Chance thought: Oh, yeah, Magic, you're an exhibitionist, for sure.

She did her five times around the tub as professionally enticing as any strip-tease artist could execute. Slowly. Sensuously. Cat like. On tippy-toes, her breasts wobbling slightly to and fro seductively, with her ass cheeks grinding rhythmically together. She walked as if upon a stage.

Seeing this, Chance had the fleeting idea in his mind that he could order her to get on her knees before him, right here, right now, and tell her to grab his cock and suck it, but . . .

But the good stuff, the fun stuff, the suck and swallow and fuck stuff, would have to wait for a future lesson. Chance knew not to rush matters. Gain their trust would play out better in the long run. Get their loyalty firmly set. Make them, in essence, come to you, willingly and with both eyes wide open. No illusions involved. Thus, the first such bathing tub bullshit of the Magickers of Coventry merely ended with a stare, a gasp, and an almost whistle.

Later, mild reprimands went to Ben and Jerry from the magical High Priest named Aether to behave more coolly, "You empty-headed Athenian troglodytes." And they did, in the future. For they now had faith and believed in the wisdom of their new High Priest . . .

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LATER, when the boys reviewed the film of Margaret, they were overjoyed. There was Magic, naked, and in living color, walking around and stepping into the Thelema Tub. The track lighting had done a good job, too. Every detail of Margaret was shown in crystal clarity. Right down to some small, blond hairs on her areolas, and the unshaven bush of her pussy.

And Chance had added a new trick to the cameras. They would zoom in whenever they caught a glimpse of Chance's ring. A chip inside the ring accomplished that bit of magic. The close-up of her face and breasts, when she was seated in the tub, was absolutely first class, and priceless.

All Chance had to do to make it happen, was to place his ringed hand on one of her shoulders so the camera could spot it. Of course he mumbled a few pieces of magical bullshit at the same time, to allay her suspicions. To cancel the camera's tracking ability, all he had to do was turn his ring around, or hide it from the lens. Simple as a dimple.

Most of his mumbo-jumbo crap came from disjointed snippets right out of the book, but he was not beneath making up a few as things

went along. "Har des kebab, Thelema is among us! Let us praiseth and raiseth her powers! The Khu are with the Khabs! Let them seeth the light, those who canst yet see! See, my child. See! Thelema is with us! Verily and yea!"

He would then reach a hand into the tub, scoop up some water, and splash it on her chest, baptizing her, and, in the offing, making her nipples harden up. This made those wet T-shirt contests seem quite pale by comparison.

Chance had planned on giving Margaret two, perhaps three more bullshit sessions, but upon viewing the tapes, and having had observed her in action, he decided she was ready to take the suck and swallow plunge. Hell, he thought, if it fucks up, it fucks up. Gotta learn somehow.

To this end, he called her and told her he was mailing her the next sacred part of her initiations. She said, quite excitedly, she couldn't wait. We'll see, he thought, we'll see, Magic, old gal.

He mailed her a six-page treatise he had printed out. It was titled, *"Learning and Knowing The Art of Thelemic Sexual Magick! As Practiced by the Faithful Minions of Thelema, Nuit and Hecate!"*

He had written the entire piece himself, with a lift here and there from Crowley, and a few blurbs from other books on the occult. And, but of course, the quote from the woman, who said sperm possessed magic was featured prominently, in bright blue ink. At the bottom of each page, neatly centered, and also in blue ink, was:

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." Aleister Crowley.

Then Chance waited, with bated breath, for sure. A week later, with the boys figuring she must have chickened out, and Chance blaming himself for rushing matters, she called. When Chance realized it was she, with a hello from him and a cheery hi from her, he felt his heart stop. And his breathing with it. But she opened with:

"My High Priest, as one of your faithful minions, I am ready for my next lesson. If you will but set a date, I will . . ." He had her!

Unbelievable! Now he had to make sure it was suck and swallow time. With an erection beginning to form in his trousers, he said, "My most faithful follower, Margaret, you must first answer some questions. OK?"

"Yes, my High Priest."

"Good. Now, tell me, my child, have you read the entire Thelemic monograph I sent you? All six pages?"

"Oh, yes, my High Priest, all of it." Good girl, Magic.

"And are you now ready to receive the magical elixir, as mentioned in the monograph, from the staff of life?" He held his breath. She hesitated . . .

"Yes, My High Priest, I am." Her words sounded raspy. He now had a full hardon, as did the two cronies, who were listening to it all on the speakerphone. He decided to make sure, damn sure, that she would do Ben and Jerry, too.

"And, Magic, my dear, if you read it carefully, you know you must receive three such elixirs for the magic to take place. You do understand that, don't you? Are prepared to receive from three?" Again he waited, his heart and breathing at a halt. However, this time she didn't even hesitate.

"Yes, my High Priest. I am ready for the magic to enter into me. Just tell me when and at what time you would like me to be there." Holy fucking moley! It beat the shit out of ordering pizza sent in! "Hello, could you send over a delicious cunt, one who will suck me and my two friends off? And if she's not here in half an hour, I understand it's free! And, oh, I have a cents-off coupon!"

"Tonight, seven o'clock." He hung up, not giving her a chance to change her mind. He didn't think she would, however, because she wanted to suck and swallow. That much was crystal clear to Chance. All he was really doing, he believed, was giving her a reason to do it. Without guilt creeping in.

Ben said, "Mother fucker! Chance, you're a fucking genius!"

Jerry said, "I don't believe it! Chance, ditto on the fucking genius!"

Chance sat there, his face beaming up a storm. A genius! A fucking genius, no less.

"And, man," said Ben, "I'm gonna give her one helluva drink of the old magical elixir. Shit, I haven't cum in four or five weeks!" He rubbed the tent in his trousers and when he took his hand away, the other two could see a stain the size of a silver dollar.

Jerry said, without rubbing his own dick, "Oh, man, me too! I got a load in me that will drown the bitch! She's gonna be swimmin' in magical elixir!" He laughed. Ben followed suit with a deep chuckle.

"Yeah, guys," Chance said. "Me too. Its been a while, that's for sure. Christ, just thinking about tonight is making me tremble all over. I hope I don't fuck up and trip over my robe and poke her eye out with my dick!" They all laughed.

"Hey!" Ben said. "Let's rehearse it, check the cameras out, too. You know, a dry run sorta." He grinned. "It'll take our minds off of the

evening's shit."

Chance knew that sometimes, just sometimes, Ben showed pure brilliance. He smiled at Ben. "Great idea, Benny, let's do it!" Ben fairly beamed. It wasn't too often someone agreed with him, much less a High Priest of the black arts, even though a sham one.

They traipsed down to the magic room, Chance leading the way, the slow-witted Jerry clomping along at the rear. Once there, Ben suggested they go so far as to put on the black robes. Chance readily agreed. He felt it would lend an aura to it being a real full-dress rehearsal and, perhaps, at the same time, kill some of the anxiousness he felt swimming all over him and through him.

They donned the black robes, but unlike it would be for real, they kept their street clothes on underneath. Tonight, if all went as expected, the Uniform of the Day would be birthday suits, with the robes merely acting as props.

"Now, guys," Chance said. "She'll be standing about here . . ."

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DING-DONG, ding-dong! The front door bell. It was showtime. Magic time. Suck and fuck time.

Chance told the boys to stay in the magic room while he answered the door. They stood there, looking too excited for words. Chance decided to lower the lights just a touch on his way out. The less she could see, initially, the better. The only light he left as is, was the light that shone on the suck and swallow platform. For the camera's benefit.

With his robe in place, the hooded cowl over his head, he went up the stairs, feeling the blood rush to his head.

Margaret looked absolutely lovely. Scrumptious. She had on shorts, which showed her lovely legs to their full and shapely advantage. A T-shirt top, with the words, *Magic is Power!* completed the simple ensemble. And, it was obvious to Chance, she had no bra on. Her large nipples were poking right at him.

He decided to add a twist to the night. Believing he was now totally in charge of her, he wanted to push it and play some. The idea had popped into his head on the way up the basement stairs. He had met her with her robe in his hand. He placed it on a small foyer chair.

"Now, Magic, as your High Priest, I must prepare you, here and now, before you enter the room of Thelema." She just looked at him and, because she didn't speak, he went a bit further.

He reached out and took hold of the T-shirt on both sides of her

waist. He paused, giving her time to absorb it or even protest. No protest, so he went further. He lifted the T-shirt up and over her head in one motion, her arms rising compliantly as he did. She was now naked from the waist up. With the loveliest, rubbery looking tits he had ever laid eyes on.

Chance wondered why Margaret didn't seem to see him as the pale and cadaverous ghoul most people saw. She sure seemed to treat him differently than anyone else in recent history. Or, he thought, maybe she does see me as they do, but it adds a mystique to my overall mystical aura. My so-called magic powers. If that's the case, talk about turning a frigging negative into a mind-blowing positive! Wow! Who knew?

Chance knelt down, his face hidden by the cowl, and unhooked the button on the side of her shorts. He did it slowly and deliberately. Testing her. A quick pull on the zipper and the shorts fell to the floor and bunched up around her feet. She stood there in just her panties. The light, perfumy smell of her hitting his nose and making him feel weak all over. Except in his groin area.

She just stood there, her eyes riveted on the carpet, as if waiting for him to attack the panties next. He smiled. Wonderful, just wonderful. And what a body you have, my dear Magic!

He was amazed that his hands weren't shaking in the least. And glad of the robe. It hid his raging hardon. But somehow, he didn't think it would matter to her. Nothing, he now believed, was going to scare her away. Well, maybe seeing a severed head in his refrigerator . . .

He hooked both his thumbs into the top edge of her panties, which were so transparent he could see her pubic hairs quite clearly. Blond and curly. He kept the fingers in place and said, "My loyal and faithful minion, are you prepared to do all my bidding tonight?" He had said the words without looking up at her, preferring to keep his eyes on her pussy.

He heard her say, from above, "Yes, My High Priest, instruct me and I will do all you ask of me." Holy fucking cow! He kept his thumbs in place. Her skin felt cool and warm at the same time.

He said, "And are you ready and prepared to take the magical elixir in both your mouth and your vaginal sheath? Thrice each as proscribed in the Thelemic monograph?" It was shit or get off the pot time.

"I am, my High Priest." Whew! It don't get no better than this!

With a slow pull, the panties made the trip to join the shorts. He stood up, retrieved her robe, and saw she had stepped out of the shorts and panties circle. Good girl. He stood up and looked right into her eyes.

"Repeat after me! Tonight I will swallow the magical sperm. Thrice times!"

She looked right into his eyes and said, "Tonight I will swallow the magic sperm. Thrice times."

"And willingly take the magical sperm into my vaginal sheath. Thrice times." She repeated it.

"And in the doing, I will follow carefully any and all instructions from my High Priest." Again, she swore faithfulness to his oath.

The temptation to tell her to, right here and now, "get on your fucking knees and work my cock head to death!" was overwhelming, but he had time. Besides, he had another new wrinkle to play out. One that just came to him.

Originally, it was supposed to be her blowing them all at once on the platform, going from one cock to another, but he was going to change that a bit. He would go last! And the boys would go, not as a unit, but individually, with him acting as the High Priest director in each case. It would stretch it out, make it all the more exciting and enjoyable. And look absolutely fan-fucking-tastic on film.

Then, when the two boys had made their, ho ho, deposits, he would tell them to leave the room. He wanted to teach the lady a new trick. Deep throat! And he felt she would be more receptive to it without an audience.

But, for now, he wasn't through with her. He placed his right hand on the top of her head and said, "Now, my most faithful minion, close your eyes." She obeyed.

He took a few seconds to admire her body. Her luscious tits stood out in perfect harmony, the nipples erect, and both moving seductively as she breathed in and out. Her stomach looked smooth and, he thought, so very kissable. He had to see more of her.

"Now, true and loyal minion, turn to the west, your left." She complied. He looked at the profile of her breasts, so perfect. He looked at the curve of her ass cheeks, so perfect. They were two lovely globes that seemed to shimmer in the low light.

"Now, my faithful minion, another turn to your left." Again, she followed his direction. She now had her back fully to him. He looked at her ass cheeks. Oh, God, he thought, how I so want to bury my face in there! And tongue the shit out of your ass, you gorgeous cunt.

He kept her in this position by mumbling some nonsense. "Hecate and Nuit will protect you. Hecate is in the west and Nuit in the east." He, then and there, decided to push her a bit further.

"The magical triangle of a woman consists of three things. Her two breasts, and her vagina." Then he reached his left arm around her and cupped her left breast. "Her left breast is Hecate. Say Hecate three times." He started to massage the breast, his fingers playing with the nipple, hardening it up.

"Hecate . . . Hecate . . . Hecate." She sounded quite throaty.

He took his right hand and ran it around her to find her right breast. He squeezed it, and massaged it, working over the nipple, and said, "Her right breast is Nuit. Say Nuit three times." He continued manipulating the breast.

"Nuit . . . Nuit . . . Nuit." Less raspy, as if she had recovered her voice.

"Her vagina . . ." he paused, letting the words sink in, "is represented . . . and protected . . . by Thelema, mother of all of the earth. Say Thelema three times." He took his left hand, with his right hand still massaging her right breast, and pressed it into her pussy, his fingers finding the entrance and working their way in.

"The . . . lema . . . The . . . lema . . . The . . . lema." The words came out haltingly as she shuddered. His fingers probed her vagina some more. He now shoved three fingers deep within her, judging her reactions. She was moving her ass in small circles, and her pussy was sopping wet. Oh, yeah, Chance thought, she's ripe! But, he told himself, enough of this for now.

He handed her the robe and told her to wait right there. He then went down to the basement and clued Ben and Jerry in on the new plan. At first, the two Athenian morons balked at the idea, but he sold them on it when he said she would learn deep throat. And in the future, well . . .

* * * * *

THE MAGIC ROOM now had four black robed people in it. All naked beneath the black. With three of them having unbelievably hard erections.

In a darker part of the magic room, Chance threw out some of his wiggly-woggy incantation crap, but this time it was directed at the two play-acting initiates. He made them swear, ho ho, *not* to hold back on the delivery of their precious life-giving magical elixir. "Into the mouth, yea verily. And into the vaginal sheath, yea verily."

With the boys duly sworn in, Chance now led Margaret over to the suck and swallow platform. He told her, in his most commanding High Priest's voice, to disrobe and kneel on the Platform of Thelema. She complied without a whimper, or even a moment's hesitation.

"Now, minion Ben, disrobe and join minion Margaret on the Platform of Thelema. Face her, and reveal to her your shaft of life and show her it is at the ready." Oh, man, you could cut the sexual tension in the magic room with a butter knife.

Ben complied. Thank goodness Jerry was standing behind her, for his face was one of pure, unadulterated lechery. Sweat was actually dripping from his chin.

"Now, minion Margaret, take Ben's shaft of life into your right hand, at the base." She reached out and took hold of Ben's fully erect 7" cock. The tip, if anyone cared to look, was coated with pre-cum, a large white blob that looked ready to give in to gravity. Margaret surely noticed, but more importantly, so did Chance.

"Minion Margaret, never waste a drop of the precious elixir. With your tongue, reach out and take in the early . . . uh . . . flow." He watched as her pink little tongue did just that, flicking at it, erasing it, then going back into her mouth for the swallow. Jerry, fun boy that he is, quickly moved around to her front for a better view.

Chance was now warmed to the task of being director. "Now, minion Margaret, take minion Ben's penis head fully into your mouth and, using all the ardor and passion you possess, work your mouth, back and forth, until he gives up of his elixir."



Ben's 7"

Chance and Jerry watched as her mouth approached Ben's fat cock head. And then consumed it. Ben couldn't help himself; he let out a great moan. "Ooooooh!" He shot a glance at Chance, expecting a rebuke for upsetting the ambience, the mood.

"That's okay, Ben, it's human to enjoy yourself. In fact, the more you do, the more the magic gets transmitted to your sperm. So, don't hold yourself back. Minion Margaret, please tell minion Ben not to be ashamed and to just enjoy himself."

She removed her hot mouth from Ben's cock, looked up at him and said, "Minion Ben, please listen to our High Priest and just relax and enjoy yourself." Well, knock me down with a fucking feather! After Ben nodded down at her, she resumed her magical cock sucking. With an ardor and passion that shocked the three men.

"Now, minion Margaret, listen to my words. Don't swallow your saliva. Just let it flow out naturally and uninhibited. It will increase Ben's pleasure." He knew she had heard him when, a moment later, her saliva was flowing out around Ben's shaft and spilling onto her

knees and down onto the black robe. Good girl, takes directing well. But she was only going a half-inch or so beyond the flanged ridge of the cock head.

"Now, minion Margaret, listen to me. You are not going down the shaft of life's length far enough. Please take as much as you can into your mouth short of choking." He watched her lips travel down the shaft until she had a good four inches of Ben in her mouth. Ben was moaning like a freak. "Ooooh! Oh! Ooooh, fuck! That feels so good! Ooh, oh, oh!" He was nearing the end of his road.

"Now, minion Margaret, listen to me. Press your tongue hard against the shaft's underside and keep it that way." Ben let out a howl! A big howl, "Oooweeeeeeee!" He was about to cum. And, a few seconds later, he did. He reached out and took Margaret's head gently into both hands, and flooded her mouth something fierce. She gurgled at the first spurt and spluttered with spurts two and three.

Anyone with ears could hear her swallowing. And Ben wasn't quite done. He dribbled a large puddle onto her tongue. And, again, they heard her swallow it all.

"Good, minion Margaret. Now, vacuum suck the head until you have drained Ben completely of his elixir." She did just that, for two or so more minutes.

During this time, the High Priest asked her, "Can you feel the connection? The connection between your mouth and Ben's penis? The magical connection of sperm and throat and stomach?" They all heard her mumble a yes, his cock still in her, "Mmm Hmm!" And she had, it is to be believed.

She sucked away on Ben's dick right up until Ben went fully soft and pulled it from her mouth with a splooshing noise. She then looked at Chance as if seeking his approval of her efforts. He rewarded her, as any decent High Priest would do under the circumstances.

"Well, done, minion Margaret, well done, indeed. Thelema, herself, would be proud of your first effort! Now, minion Jerry, shed your robe and get onto the Thelemic Platform, please." If you think Jerry had to be told twice, you don't know Jerry. He was out of that robe and onto the platform faster than you could say, "Am I next, am I really next?"

Jerry's cock was an inch shorter than Ben's, but it was also a quarter-inch wider, give or take, and with a slightly larger head, which, as with Ben, was also cummed up all over the tip. Of course, it never got a chance to succumb to gravity. It went into minion Margaret's mouth too quickly for that nonsense.



Jerry's 6"

The proceedings followed along similarly to Ben's event, with the High Priest directing the female initiate. But this time, he added a turn.

"Minion Margaret, listen to my words, while you work minion Jerry's shaft, reach out with your free hand and caress and massage his scrotum. This will greatly increase his pleasure." She quickly complied and Chance took a look at Ben. They exchanged knowing glances and smirks.

During both times, as Maggie did the men, Chance, here and there, placed the ring finger in a direct line with the camera. There's nothing better than those extreme close ups, now is there? And minion Maggie, so hard at work listening to instructions, hadn't noticed a thing out of the ordinary. If you could call all this ordinary.

Jerry, too hot from watching before, didn't last more than a few minutes. But the load he dropped, a big, built up one, forced her to swallow three times.

It was now time for her next lesson. Chance's deep throat one. Without a word, Chance waved a hand at the boys and they took the hint and left the room, quietly, and without a word.

Margaret, seeing the change, said nothing. She was, as far as she was concerned, in the hands of her magical High Priest, the man named Aether.

Taking off his robe, Chance said, "Now, minion Margaret, I'm going to teach you a new way to work on the shaft of life. It's called deep throat. Have you ever heard of it?" Probably not, he thought.

"Uh, uh, yes I have, my High Priest." She surprised him. So he probed.

"Have you ever tried to accomplish it?" Nah, he thought.

"Oh, yes, my High Priest." Hmm.

"And, uh, did you, uh, succeed?" Never.

"Um . . . yes . . . I did, my High Priest." Holy moley, Batman!

"Why didn't you use it . . . er . . . before? On Ben and Jerry." Fuck, he thought, that sounded like ice cream.

"Uh, well, I-I don't know. I guess I was embarrassed. I didn't want you to think less of me. I . . . "

"Less of you? Oh, my child. If anything I would have thought more highly of you." To be sure. "Well, then," he said, stepping onto the platform, "why don't you just show me what you are capable of. OK?" She nodded, still in the kneeling position. We'll see, he thought, if you can take my over eight incher.



Chance's 8"

Chance's boner stood almost straight up, as if trying to touch his stomach. She reached out and pried it downward. Feeling its urge to go back to its previous position, she said, "Oh, my High Priest, it's so strong. I can feel it pressing up against my fingers." She seemed amazed by this.

"Yes, my dear, and if, while you are sucking on it, you take your hand away, you will feel it pushing up against your upper lip. Would you like to see?" She would. Still holding his cock, she put her hot, wet mouth on the head. She then released her hand from it . . . and moaned. "Mmmmmmm!"

She took her mouth off and said, "My, yes, it does feel good that way. Nice and strong. Is it all right if I do you that way entirely, my High Priest?" He said, "But of course, my dear. Your pleasure is important here, too." Exact words I would have used.

Well, Magic didn't just suck him off, she *sucked him off!* With the ice broken, so to put it, she let out all the stops. She deep throated him, right down to his pubic hairs, and stayed there a bit.

Then back up to work and slather all over the cock head, her saliva flying out all around. Her tongue doing little tricks, swirling, pressing, exploring every nook and cranny it could touch. And she moaned here and there as the enjoyment of sucking his big eight-inch prick got to her, reached into her, and made her, in her mind anyway, feel the mouth-cock connection. The magic.

And Chance went wild, too. He put both hands into her hair and proceeded to mouth fuck her. Furiously and with great deliberation. This created even more saliva. His dick was awash in the stuff as it

splashed out all around his shaft and made its way to the floor below. He was moaning, too. Loudly.

But even at his hottest, he still had the presence of mind to place the ring on his finger in various and sundry locations. Those close-ups, you know.

Then he lost the high-toned Priest's crap. "Oh, Magic, you suck my cock like it's never been sucked before. You're one great cocksucker, baby, you know that?" She responded with, "Mmmm Hmm!"

As he stood there, deep throat fucking her face, all the way in and all the way out, his hands on her head pulling her toward him, he shouted, "You like sucking my cock?" She said, "Mmmm Hmm!" Then he pushed her even further on the road of commitment.

"And you will suck my cock whenever I want you too?"

"Mmmm Hmm!"

"And Ben and Jerry, too?"

"Mmmm Hmm!" He'd had it. There was no stopping the flood now. Try as he might, it was a losing game.

"You ready for my cum?" She said, once again, "Mmmm Hmm!"

"Scoot up to the head!" She complied just as he let loose. And the High Priest sure did let loose, in a seemingly endless flow of lava-like cum. It shot out of him, it bubbled out of him, and shot again. He heard her swallow four times, moaning after each swallow. He knew he had given her the biggest fucking load he had ever dropped in all his years. The excitement of it all mostly responsible for his added heat.

He pulled his slowly dying cock from her lips. "Now, minion Margaret, I want you to suck on my balls, going from one to the other, getting them nice and wet with your saliva. All right?" She nodded and reached her head out toward his nutsack. And sucked and licked both his balls as if she was in love with them.

When he felt she had done a sufficient job, he lifted her off her knees and said, "Now, minion Margaret, are you ready to receive Ben's elixir into your vaginal sheath?"

"I am ready, my High Priest."

"And Jerry's elixir? And my elixir after Jerry?" She said she was ready. His wish was her command. He decided to prime her pump a bit before letting the boys have their fun. He reached down between her legs and played his fingers into her pussy. As he expected, it

was more than just a little moist, it was hot and dripping wet. She moaned at the first touch. He fingered her a bit until he felt the time was now. But she surprised him.

"My high priest, is it against the rules or something for you to suckle at my breasts?" Silly lady. What rules? Who's rules? Crowley's long dead. I make the rules now.

Now Chance, his head filled with corruptive power, was tempted to play cagey and make her beg for a suckle or two. But he decided against it. He had the feeling that he had one very horny babe on his hands and to disappoint her could be counterproductive. So he sucked her titties, one by one, and quite sloppily, too. He got both areolas and nipples soaking wet. And super hard.

But, shortly, it was time for the, ahem, main event. He led her over to the crank-operated "fuck" table. A couple of new things had been added since his original design had formed in his mind.

There was now a soft, 3" deep cushion covering its entire surface. And, hanging from the ceiling, were two leather loops, one on each side of the table. The loops were also crank-operated and could be raised or lowered a full twelve inches. He had thought of it all.

He had her lie on the table on her back; her buttocks aligned with the edge, and put he both her ankles into the leather loops. They needed no height adjustment. Thus, there she was, naked, flat on her back, with her legs spread out wide and held in place at the ankles by the leather loops.

He then turned the tabletop's crank and set it for Ben's height. Two clockwise turns did the job. Jerry would require just one turn more in the same direction. Then, for himself, all he had to do was give it five counterclockwise turns and his cock would be at the perfect height for pussy entry. With any small adjustments easily made. The rehearsals were paying off.

He then told her to wait while he went and got the other minions. On the way out, he glanced back at her. Her pussy was glistening in the dim light. This reminded him of a small task to be done. He hit that area's dim switch up a notch, brightening the area for the cameras. And its close-up lens.

* * * * *

CHANCE found the boys in the living room, watching TV of all things, and still as naked as jaybirds. He quickly filled them in on her deep throat cocksucking skills and had to hush up their natural exuberance. "C'mon, guys, we've got some fucking to do!"

Ben stood in front of the spread-legged Maggie and guided his 7" ready-to-go-again hardon into her. He was liking this. He wiggled it a

bit before putting it entirely into her. He reached out and fondled both her rubbery breasts at once, tweaking the nipples into even greater hardness.

She squealed a moan, "Eeeeeee!" He kept working the tits while he slowly fucked in and out of her. "Eeeee! Oh, ooooooh! God! Eeeeeee!" Ben was moaning, too, but softly, as if not to interrupt her sounds.

Ben leaned forward, bent over her, and kissed her breasts, first one, then the other. Then he leaned farther in and planted a kiss full on her lips. She immediately put her arms around his neck. The two other men could hear her moaning throughout the long kiss. Ben broke from the kiss and stood back up, again sawing in and out of her. With her legs flailing wildly in the loops, and her head rolling from side to side, Chance had an idea.

Because the table was so narrow, he reasoned, she could also easily suck a cock at the same time. So he went to the left side of her and said, most un-High Priest-like, "Suck my cock, Magic!" And she found that all she had to do was turn her head to the left and take him into her mouth.

Chance spoke again, "Minion Jerry, get to her other side. Minion Margaret, suck Jerry's cock, too, and go back and forth between us." She complied, much to Jerry's childlike glee.

There she was, this initiate, being fucked by Ben and sucking two cocks in turn. And moaning all the time. Chance realized she was one hot cum-loving babe. Oh, he, yeah thought, we're gonna have lots of good fun times here in the magic room with Margaret.

Ben shot his load. With an overall body shudder and a yell, "Aaaayeeee!" He stayed in her a moment or so and then pulled out, his cum trailing string-like along.

Jerry wasted no time in taking his place at the pussy helm. And, Ben, bless him, had an idea, too. He went to her right side, offered his shrinking cock to her and said, "Suck me clean, Magic, suck me clean!" And, lo and behold, she did just that, leaving poor Chance, momentarily, to his own devices. He busied himself with some sensuous titty and nipple play.

When Jerry had blown his wad and departed the vaginal sheath, Chance said to Maggie, "Maggie, my dear, have you been able to cum, too?" Thoughtful bugger, eh?

"Oh, God, yes! Three big ones and two smaller ones, my High Priest."

"Good!" Chance said, waving his hand in a dismissal of the boys. "Now, my most loyal minion, are you ready to receive your High

Priest?" As the boys left, she said, "Oh, yes, my High Priest. I'm ready. Really ready!"

His heart pounding, he went and cranked the old cranker, lifting the tabletop up, and her with it, to his ideal cock height. He pushed his raging dick downward and inserted the head a few inches into her pussy, feeling his cock's natural inclination to rise back up.

Her pussy felt wet and cum-filled. He knew he was taking gloppy thirds, but he had decided earlier it was better he direct the proceedings. Just in case. He could alter it all in the future.

He gave her all hard eight inches and felt cum squoosh out around his cock. Her pussy made a small fart-like sound. All the way in her now, he bent forward until his lips were near hers. She took the hint, if a hint it was, and kissed him. They kissed; swapping spit and tongue touchings for quite a while. He slow fucked her throughout.

Then, while still fucking her deeply, he placed his head alongside hers and whispered into her ear, "Did you enjoy sucking three cocks tonight?" She whispered back, "Yes, yes I did, my High Priest. It felt wonderful."

"And did you love swallowing three hot loads of male cum?" Again, in a whisper.

"Yes," she hissed. "I love the taste of sperm." He was getting hotter.

"And did you like being fucked by Ben and Jerry?"

"Oh, God, yes! Oh, shit, I'm gonna cum. Nooooooooooooow! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!"

He waited for her to subside. "And tell me, do you love fucking me?"

"Oh, God, yes! Oh, yes! Your cock is magnificent! I can feel it pushing up inside my pussy, just as it did in my mouth. Oh, yes, I love you fucking me! Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Yessssssssss!" Again he waited.

"Tell me, have you ever before sucked a cock while being fucked?"

"N-N-No! N-Not even once." He felt she wasn't lying.

"Did you like that?"

"Yes! Oh, I'm . . . oooooooooooooooooo!" He waited for her.

"Have you ever been fucked in the ass?"

"Y-Y-Yes! My ex boyfriennnnnd . . . oooooooo! And, and, and . . . I loved it!" Ex? He liked the sound of that. But he had surmised it to be

the case.

"Would you like being fucking in your pussy, your mouth, and your ass all at the same time?" On, man, he was really getting hot, and so close.

"Y-Yes . . . yes, yes, yes . . . ooooooooooooh, God! Ohhhhhhh!" She squeezed his neck. "Ooooooooooh, fuck, bastard! Fuck me, you motherfucker, fuck me good!" Then, a moment later, she seemed to collapse and lose steam. But he was now ready.

He pumped real hard for a few moments, banging his groin into her buttocks, then whispered in her ear, "I'm gonna cum, darling, hold still and take me." Then he moaned as he came, his body shuddering and shaking. She felt his cock throb inside her as it spurted load after load. She started showering his face and neck with hot, sloppy, saliva-filled kisses. "Oh, God, my High Priest, I can actually feel you spurt! That's a first for me!"

He moaned one last time and collapsed upon her belly and chest, his arms on both sides of her braced against the narrow table.

She said, "Oh, God, my High Priest, I'm all fucked out!" He laughed, a hoarse one.

"Me, too, minion Maggie, me too!" He then pulled out of her, eased her out of the stirrups and helped her up to her feet. He then told her to suck and clean his cock. She complied. Then he told her she was to be at his beck and call, twenty-four-seven. She agreed. Then she surprised him once more.

"I have a girlfriend, my High Priest, named Samantha, who will be curious to know what I've done here tonight. But, while I fully understand the need for secrecy, pain of death and all that, is it all right if I tell her just enough to get her interested, because, you see, she's boyfriend free, too, and just loves to suck cock and fuck. And take it in her ass. I think you fellas would really enjoy Sam. She's very down-to-earth." My, my, my. Number two is on the horizon, old High Priest. Delivered by none other than number one.

"I see nothing wrong in that, but she would have to go through the basic orientation just as you did. So, feel free to talk to her. And, if you think she's of a mind to enjoy herself here, bring Sam to me . . . "

* * * * *

SAM worked out just as Maggie thought she might. The only difference being Chance had to teach her how to perform deep throat. It only took one lesson for the down-to-earth Sam to get it right.

Before you could say Aleister Crowley, the five members of the

Coventry Magickers were having sex frequently. Sometimes six times a week. With fucking, ass-fucking, and deep-throat blowjobs providing the evening's entertainment. All filmed. Chance even put together an X-file album, with photos and a brief dossier.

Needless to say, the three boys had never had this much sex, not even in their wildest wet dream fantasies. It was as if they had somehow rubbed a magical pussy lamp and a wild, over-sexed genie had popped out and had granted them unlimited sex wishes. And the boys only had two faithful female followers back then. Today, bless their ornery hides, they have twelve:

Barbara, Clarissa, Freda, Gwendolyn, Janice, Joan #1, Joan #2, Maggie, Mary Ann, Samantha, Sue, and Wendy. Just to put them into alphabetical order. Hugh Hefner, eat your old heart out. You too, all you dim-witted Athenians.



Samantha

The boys were now getting laid twice a day, if they felt like it, and setting up the schedule was getting to be a bitch. Out of necessity, most of the women did not know about the others. For not all were as liberal minded as Maggie and Sam. Only three others were off that ilk, Freda, Joan #2, and Wendy. Even then, Chance kept them apart. He was taking no chances by letting them compare notes, of any kind. Perhaps, one day, he would have a large group sex party. Maybe.

And today, he had a list of over a hundred more! Shit, when it rains, it pours! In buckets, it seems. Well, after a hastily called meeting of the High Priest and his two goons, it was decided to take just one more female and put the rest on the back burner. As backups, just in case.

Ben, looking through the X-Files album, said, "Man, oh, man, I never dreamed we'd get so many fantastic women to have sex with us! Look at 'em! All fucking raving beauties, and all with great bodies, too. Man, oh, man!"



Barbara



Clarissa



Freda



Gwendolyn



Janice



Joan #1



Joan #2



Margaret



Mary Ann



Samantha



Sue



Wendy

Jerry said, looking over Ben's shoulder, "Christ, you can say that again, Benny. Shit, I haven't seen this many great looking gals, not even in my wettest fucking dreams!" He whistled.

Chance said, "Yeah, guys, it is amazing, isn't it? Who'd have thought? And, shit, they all love it! Fucking love it! We must be doing something right!" Ben and Jerry nodded simultaneously.

Ben said, looking quizzically at Chance, "Why do they do it Chance? They can sure do better than us."

Chance thought a bit. "Well, guys, the way I see it, they want to suck

and fuck. We just give them the excuse to do so, without any guilt trips attached. And, with our secrecy bullshit, they know their reputations won't get all fucked up. This way they can have their cake and eat it, too."

Ben corrected him, "Actually, Chance, that should be eat their cake and have it, too!" Chance grimaced at him and said:

"Yeah, whatever. But one thing is for sure. We fuckers are in sex heaven!"

Ben said, "Amen to that!"

Jerry said, "Ditto!"

Also discussed at this meeting was, for shits and giggles, which woman did they think would enjoy having her mouth pissed into?

Because Freda was a little kinky and loved licking ass holes, Jerry offered her name up for consideration, but when the other two named Magic as a most likely candidate, he folded up and agreed. If and when, it was duly decided, they ever added water sports to the agenda of magick, Maggie was the one.

And, if there was a slow moment, which there hasn't been too many of lately, they always had the films in their rapidly growing library of Black Arts Magick porn to gander at.

Enter Yolanda . . .

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YOLANDA, the latest novice, had already been primed. Chance's first meeting with her was the getting-to-know-us crapola. Of Magic and Power and Mind. Blah, blah. As usual, he cleverly left out any mention of Sex.

She had breezed right through the next two sessions, including the Thelema Tub ridiculousness, and seemed to be overly eager in her search for real magic, of the Chance Gim Magickal kind.

Thus, Yolanda's fourth session would be, it seemed, a no-brainer . . .

* * * * *

AFTER CHANCE had talked to her, quite briefly it had seemed to him, Yolanda seemed very eager to get to the sperm swallowing part. Women, thought Chance, I'll never live long enough to figure them out.

So, without too much waste of time, Yolanda proceeded to blow the three men, each in turn, swallowing their entire male cum power.

With what seemed like great relish.



Yolanda

Then she surprised the boys by saying, still down on her knees on the suck and swallow platform, "Tell me, my High Priest, if I get power from swallowing all of your delicious male sperm, do I get even more power by fucking all of you and taking your sperm deep into my hot, tight cunt? For if I do, boys, let's get to it. I need all the power I can get my hands on. Hee hee!"

She sat there, on her haunches, looking very cat like. Chance could swear he even heard her purr.

Well, lordy, lordy, Yolanda, you freaky thing, you. You know, dear reader, as I know, the boys didn't have to be asked twice. The High Priest, as is only right and proper in these matters, went first. Besides, he didn't like sloppy seconds or gloppy thirds, as you know, and this time, he didn't need to direct her. She was a starlet eager to perform, or so it appeared.

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AND FUCK HER the three boys did, those crazy ass magicians, with the fuck order going from Chance to Ben to Jerry. And she loved it, too, judging by her loud, almost inhuman, screams, yells, and moans.

Right after Chance had helped her out of the leather straps, she stood up, the men's cum oozing out of her, and seemed to collapse. Right down to the floor, her head looking downward as if noticing a stain on the carpet. Then she recovered herself somewhat and looked up at them, her eyes going one to the other, from Jerry to Ben to Chance. Then back again. Ben. Jerry.

She pulled her legs in toward her body and just sat there, one hand on the carpet propping her up. Then she smiled at the boys, a weird smile, and a very strange smile. With a touch of something sinister about it. She looked a tad deranged, just sitting there, not moving, and smiling like an idiot child.

Chance broke the silence, "A-Are you okay, Yo? Can we do . . . ?"

Then the magic took place. The real magic. The magic that has no need to have the letter *K* nailed to its ass.

Right in front of the boys' eyes, Yolanda started to whirl in place, like

a top, no, much worse, more like a tornado, faster and faster. It was impossible, but it was taking place. She was spinning like a dervish, and becoming, with each revolution, a mere blur to them.

Then the sound! A horrible, high-pitched sound. "Maaaagiiic!" And it seemed to come from somewhere in the center of the tornado. Which was slowing down a bit. "Maaaagiiic!"

Chance started backing up, his nstinct telling him he had better put some space between himself and the whirling, twirling Yolanda. Then the tornado stopped completely and Yolanda was no more.

In her place was the vilest creature imaginable. It was short, under 3 feet, naked and fat and muscular and puke colored. With blazing red and yellow eyes and a mouth the size of a soccer ball.

In the large, cavernous mouth could be seen razor sharp teeth, the kind found only in the largest sharks. Or in one's most horrible nightmares.

It started moving slowly toward Ben, who seemed frozen in place, a step at a time. "Maaaagiiic!" it screamed, the large mouth baring its sharp teeth. It was now less than twelve feet away from him.

"Maaaagiiic!" Ben backed up some, feeling his legs go funny and unresponsive. "Maaaagiiic!" it screamed at him again, its eyes blinking rapidly.

The other two, Chance and Jerry, were too scared to even move. Or speak. So they just watched in horror as the creature stood there bellowing and moving closer to the also frozen Ben. "Maaaagiiic!"

It had stopped in its tracks, its head thrown back. "Maaaagiiic!"

It then looked right at Ben, who had no control over his legs at all. Nor over his bowels. Standing there, frozen with fear, he pissed and shit his pants at the same time.

Then it moved again toward Ben. "Maaaagiiic!"

"No, don't . . . !" were the only words Ben got the chance to utter before the wild-eyed creature, in a move that defied logic, leaped from ten feet away right onto Ben's black-robed chest, grabbed his neck with both hands, and, using his large, soccer ball mouth with the razor sharp shark's teeth, bit his head clean off his shoulders, the blood spurting out so hard it hit the black ceiling and dripped back down onto the solid black carpeting.

Chance and Jerry had seen enough. With their feet now miraculously unfrozen, and motivated by animal fear instinct, they headed for the door.

Chance made it through the door, but poor Jerry wasn't as lucky. The creature was on his back and, in a wink, chomped his head right off his neck, too.

"Maaaagiiic!" Blood dripped from the creature's lower lip.

As Chance cleared the top of the basement landing, he heard behind him, "Maaaagiiic! I let you live, Chance Gim, so you can spread the word. Maaaagiiic! Don't fuck with my world! Maaaagiiic! Or I shall hunt you down. Maaaagiiic! And kill you, too!"

And, to be sure, Chance didn't have to be told twice . . .

* * * * *

THE SOUND OF A DRUM BEING BANGED woke Chance up. Then the drum banging transformed itself into mere banging. This, in its turn, transformed itself into someone banging on his front door. Chance Gim opened his eyes.

"Open up, Chance, you dumb fucker, it's cold out here!"

As he stumbled out of bed, his mind unable to fully wrap itself around the situation, he thought: It can't be, it just can't be. He went to the door, opened it, and found out it just could be.

"Geez, Chance," said Ben, as big as life, "You sleep like the fucking dead!" He pushed past Chance and entered the room.

Chance shook his head in an attempt to clear his mind. "Holy shit, Ben, *you're alive!* Oh, man, what a fucking dream I just had. In it, you and Jerry were . . . "

"Yeah, well, save it for later, Chance. Yolanda's gonna be here in less than twenty minutes for her second go-round of magical sperm swallowing. So, man, get your ass dressed . . . we got a show to put on!" He smacked Chance on the arm. "Jerry's already got his black robe on, and he's chompin' at . . . "

Chance looked dopily at him. "Yolanda? She ate you and Jerry . . . !"

"Yeah, and you, too. And she's eager to do it all over again, so get a fucking move on, my old High Priest. Time's a-wastin'!" He grinned at Chance. "Here!" He tossed Chance Yolanda's X-File photo.



Chance's looked at it, and then his dopey look turned itself into one slightly tinged with fear, "Ben, do you think our dreams can foretell the future . . . ?"

The End.



Aleister Crowley (1875-1947

Would you buy a used car from this guy?