# Harlotry

Maggie kept her face buried in Stephanie’s neck as her small, lithe, body ground against the woman’s. Her bare mound rubbed firmly against the top of Stephanie’s slit through her panties. Maggie stroked her hands over Stephanie’s sides and slowly pulled the woman’s shirt up.

“Stop…stop.” Stephanie said as she gently eased the ghost back. Maggie looked confused at the woman. “What am I doing…” the woman muttered.

Maggie pouted at Stephanie for a moment. “For the past half hour we have been fooling around.” She said. She leaned back to sit on Stephanie’s knees. The older woman’s jeans had not been removed, only pulled down enough for Maggie to get access.

“I know that part, but it feels wrong.” Stephanie said, with a sigh. “It feels like I’m raping you.”

“Because Olivia offered me to you? Yeah, that pissed me off, but I’m willing.” Maggie said with a shrug.

“It’s more than that. Why are you willing? That’s the point of the kind of magic Olivia does – it bends the subject’s will and makes them do things they wouldn’t otherwise do.” Stephanie said while she lifted Maggie from her lap and stood up to pull her pants up.

“That’s not all it does; it can’t be.” Maggie said. The ghost sat down on the floor and leaned back against the invisible wall of the chalk circle on the floor. The room was dimly lit by a small series of candles on a side table. It was Stephanie’s bed room in an apartment above the library.

“I’m sure they do plenty from all eight classical schools, and some of the new schools, but if they are following any of the texts on sex magic… it’s mostly enchantments to get people to fuck.” Stephanie pulled her shirt down and walked around the ghost a few times. “It feels wrong… and I’m a necromancer, for fucks sake. I literally enslave ghosts.”

“I’m confused. You don’t want to have sex with me, something I am willing to do, because it feels wrong, but you don’t have a problem enslaving others like me.” Maggie said with a raised brow.

“Don’t ask me to explain it.” Stephanie said. She walked over and sat on her bed – a cloud of dust flew into the air from the disturbed bed. “Talking to you about it makes it worse. Most ghosts are just mindless automata.”

Maggie sneezed from the dust in the air. “I’m obviously not a mindless… whatever the word was you just used, and I want to have sex. What’s the problem?”

“Do you really, or did she do something to you, intentional or not, to make you her ideal sex toy?”

Maggie rolled her eyes. “I don’t know; I don’t think I can know.” She crawled up to sit in the chair and pulled her legs to her chest, in the process, gave Stephanie a good view of her slit. “Do you know how I got into this situation?”

“Olivia told me about the rituals you both performed, yes.” Stephanie said as she pulled her feet up under herself.

“I went into that willing.” Maggie said. She dropped her knees to the side and pressed the soles of her feet together – she showed off her sex shamelessly. “I don’t know if I would be as… amorous as I am if I didn’t do that, but I don’t care.” She lowered her hand to her lap and slowly stroked the outside of her lips.

Stephanie blushed and diverted her gaze away from Maggie. She fell onto her back and rolled away from the girl. “I… uh…”

Maggie’s shoulder slumped. “This has nothing to do with you not wanting to take advantage of me.” She said matter-of-factly. “You like boys.”

Stephanie buried her face in a pillow. “Yes, I like boys.” She mumbled out.

“…And being around Olivia turned you on, and you asked for me.” Maggie continued. “Is that why you are having a problem now?”

“That might be part of it.” Stephanie mumbled. “Though everything I said before still stands.” She turned to say quickly.

“Come here… or let me go over there…” Maggie said. She kicked her foot out, and it bounced off the invisible barrier made by the chalk.

Stephanie fidgeted on the bed for a moment before she committed and rolled off. She grabbed onto a bedpost and pulled it away from the wall, then extended the chalk circle around the bed. Maggie slipped from the chair and tentatively walked passed the old barrier. She crawled onto the bed and knelt at one end. “Do you have… uh… marital aids?” Maggie asked.

Stephanie took a somewhat large vibrating dildo out of her bedside table and handed it to Maggie. Maggie motioned for Stephanie to lay down in front of her, and she did. “Close your eyes.” Maggie instructed. She moved to kneel between Stephanie’s thighs and unbuttoned the woman’s jeans.

“This is still weird.” Stephanie said. She lifted her hips and closed her eyes while Maggie hooked her fingers under the waistbands of Stephanie’s jeans and panties. The ghost wiggled the tight jeans off the woman’s hips and down her legs. She pushed Stephanie’s legs apart and leaned down; she pressed her lips to Stephanie’s mound.

Maggie stuck her tongue out and gently lapped at the top of Stephanie’s slit. She pressed the tip of the toy against Stephanie’s lips and stroked it slowly up and down. Stephanie’s shoulders rolled back; as she relaxed her arousal grew.

“That feels…” Stephanie started to say, but Maggie shushed her.

Maggie crawled up Stephanie. She pressed the back of the toy to her mound and held it there with her hand. She leaned down and pressed her lips to Stephanie’s neck for a kiss. She pushed forward with her hips and thrust the toy into the woman.

Stephanie clenched her eyes and gripped onto the bedspread. She hooked her legs around the back of the ghost’s legs and pulled Maggie against her. Maggie slowly thrust the toy into Stephanie, her hips pressed against Stephanie’s inner thighs.

Stephanie bit her lip and grunted in time with Maggie’s thrusts. Maggie sped up her movements; her thrusts hit deeper and harder inside the woman. She kept her new pace as Stephanie’s body tensed under her. Stephanie wrapped her arms around Maggie and held her tightly as her body convulsed in orgasm.

Maggie thrust through Stephanie’s orgasm, and slowly came to a stop. She turned her head and kissed the underside of Stephanie’s chin. “What did you think about?” she asked in a soft voice. “Boys or girls?”

Stephanie squirmed a little and spoke through soft panting breaths. “I thought about… girls… mostly.”

“Did I turn you Sapphic that easily?” Maggie asked with a smirk. Stephanie rolled her eyes and shook her head.