

Rachel's Love Potion 3: Oops, Summoned a Demon Part Three

What a bucket of moldy shit it was, waking up alone. If Joanna had been there, the waking world would have greeted me with a lavish no holds barred blowjob. If Rachel, then my first task upon waking would be to extricate myself from a gorgeous naked woman's irksomely entangling embrace. Instead, there was only me. The lingering scent of sexy perfume (or khamulan sweat, or whatever it was) was losing a battle to bacon and eggs wafting up from downstairs.

I took a shower first, to spite her. For one, the woman – the *creature* – clearly had an agenda. I wasn't about to start my day dancing to her tune. "I made you breakfast," she'd say, and then while my mouth was full, "and while you're eating, I had some thoughts I wanted to run by you!" And it would all sound so reasonable, she'd be grooming me before I knew what I'd even agreed to.

For two, I woke up with spunk in my trunks. So there was that.

I had plenty of clothes stashed over here at Rachel's house, but I went down in my boxers and bath robe, the belt knot haphazardly cinched. The sounds of a piano now accompanied breakfast; whatever track she'd turned on was egregiously delicate and pretty and relaxing. The only thing keeping it from melting through my tension was knowing that this was the music's clear purpose. Once I was downstairs, I'd turn the speakers off and–

"Good morning, Knox sans socks," Kammie said evenly, her fingers dancing across a grand piano that most definitely hadn't filled the living room the night before. "I thought you'd like something to nibble – besides me – so when you started snuffling, I snuck down and taught myself the layout of your gal pal's kitchen."

"Thanks," I muttered, walking right past her into the kitchen. There was a plate in the warming drawer under the oven. I'd have loved to be able to gripe that the meal had dried out or that the contents were insufficient, anything to slow down Kammie's efforts at ingratiating herself, but it was hot and delicious and exactly enough to put me at comfortably full. The soothing tune continued while I ate.

When I finished, I left the plate on the counter. I didn't do the dishes when Rachel cooked for me, and I wasn't about to do so on behalf of her flunky, either. I quietly made my way to the living room doorway where I could observe my khamulan consort. She had her back to me, mostly, and her eyes closed besides, as if to invite my voyeuristic inspection. There wasn't a lot to it, really. She was wearing one of Rachel's sports bras and a pair of her spandex shorts. Those items had been bought for someone several cup sizes smaller, however, with half the sand in the hourglass. Smooth, ripe tit was squashed out left, right and center, and if those shorts climbed any deeper up her ass crack they'd need spelunking gear to find their way back out. Cherry red hair ran in a

thick braid down her back, with two distinct and far more delicate arrangements twining around each horn, the only things reminding me that I hadn't actually woken up to find a half-naked Scarlett Johansson serenading me over breakfast.

"I hope you don't mind that I borrowed some of your friend's digs," she said as if her eyelids were no barrier to her sight. "I didn't have anything else to wear, and there's such a thing as too casually nude, you know? Plus this bench is cold on a bare ass."

"Did the magic Acme warehouse you ordered the piano from not deal in clothing?"

Kammie continued plunking away at those keys though, a simple song filled with a hope and a tenderness that was wildly out of place between us, yet oddly welcome. Her body swayed side to side as she played, often in counter rhythm to the reaches and plays of her fingers. "Rachel had clothes I could borrow. If she'd had an instrument, I wouldn't have needed to bother with the piano, now would I."

For a time, I contented myself sitting back and listening to her. To be sure, I was eager to get my girls back, but I wasn't childish enough to think that snapping at her to hurry this up so we could save half an hour was going to be the difference-maker on this one. This would take as long as she made it take. If she took too long, maybe I'd see where I could apply pressure, but for now, the woman was beautiful and the music was sweet. Then she began to hum, and then sing along without words, and then the world faded into the background and I watched and listened and vacated my life.

"Guess we ought to be thinking about lunch," she said sometime later. Three hours had passed. She probably could have held me spellbound with that music until I shat myself. I was lightheaded from it still. Goddamn immortal beings and their lack of respect for productivity. "Do you cook?"

"More of a brewer, actually." My turn to smirk at being clever.

"How I wish you didn't mean potions. Oh, well. Let's get some food in you, guy."

The stupor from her song didn't fade in an instant. Once I stopped feeling like I was drunk, I made my way into the kitchen. In the narrow gap since her departure, she'd managed to change clothes. Sort of. The shorts were still there, still sunk deep in Slit Canyon, but she'd exchanged the sports bra for Rachel's cooking apron. She'd gotten it for herself as a present for finishing the cooking classes I'd enrolled her in. *Fuck the Cook*, it said in bright red embroidered letters, ringed with flowers arranged in a pattern resembling flames. I'd always liked it on Rachel, who usually wore it without accompaniment. For the obvious, it made it easy to fuck her behind while she performed domestic tasks, always a win. It was also an exquisite bit of teasing even when she wore something below the waist. The perfect amount of sideboob, and she had mastered leaving it tight across her chest but with precisely the right amount of slack in the cord to let me sink my hands in if I wanted to.

Kammie's body had begun with Scarlett Johansson's as a template and then embellished it with the imagination of a fifteen-year-old boy who hadn't masturbated in six weeks and the sculpting talent of Michelangelo. On her, the apron was more like a broad necktie.

Before I'd even begun to consider how long it might be appropriate to leer, Kammie handed me a plate with a sandwich. I almost needed a second shower.

"Thanks again," I said as I took my first bite.

"My pleasure," she answered in that voice that spawned Jerry's nickname for her. She might have been able to amplify the body here and there, but that voice seemed beyond even Kammie to improve upon. "Say, while I got you, do you think we ought to start talking next steps? I don't mind hanging out with you, but you've struck me as a man on a mission."

I directed my wry look at Rachel's "watch me play slut wifey in the kitchen" webcam, inactive presently. (Only \$69.69 for a month's sub to the house's feed – quite a bargain.) "You have ideas, I imagine."

"When a girl don't sleep, she got lots of time for ideas."

I gestured. No sense making this a dialogue. If I could get her expositing, maybe I'd get a more precise notion regarding that agenda of hers. "Hit me."

Kammie took a seat on a stool on the far side of the kitchen from me, stroking her chin in a manner that was guilelessly devious. "Knox, would you say that you're a happy person?"

I arched an eyebrow and retorted around a mouthful of the woman's own sandwich, "What do you take me for, an idiot?"

She laughed. "And I thought coolspeech was lost on you. But I'm serious. I'm not talking 'happy' like some guy roaring excitement in a pub as his team scores 'teh Big Goal' or anything."

"I actually like soccer, you know. It's really a—"

"I mean something deeper." She tapped her chest, and the apron gave up on trying to conceal her nipples, sucked into the valley of her cleavage. "In here."

As I tried to figure out how her brief shake at the waist repositioned the apron, I gave her a shrug. "Happy? I don't want to off myself or anything. I'm content. I enjoy myself, most days. But I'm sure you'll tell me how all these hedonists who fill their lives with pleasure still don't have true joy in their hearts, or some such crap."

"Depends on the hedonist, friendo. Some chase pleasure and find it. Others use the pursuit to run away from something else. But I do find it interesting that your knee-jerk reaction to being asked if you're happy was to call attention to what must be an exhilarating lack of suicidal thoughts."

“Not every turn of phrase means something, Slutmund Freud. Do you want me to rate my happiness on a ten-point scale, day to day? Because until some weird creature from the nether realm stole my fuck buddies, I was hitting a lot of 10’s.”

“Two at least, right? HEYO!” Her smile faded to irritation when I didn’t give her the laugh she wanted. “So that’s it? Screwing around with a hot babe, that’s all it takes for you?”

“That’s all, you say, like I could fit all the men who’d kill to fuck those two inside the same stadium.”

“I’m not trying to cheapen it. I happen to think beauty is one of the highest virtues, actually. But I am dubious that your psychological well-being depends on getting your dick wet, and to hear you tell it, not much else.”

“Your piano was nice, too,” I said once more with a full mouth. “But I find I prefer pussy to the arts.”

“You say that, but I’m sitting right here. I can sense how bad you want me. You know my pussy is the crème de la crème, French pun intended. You’ve already fucked me, thanks to Rachel, and for all you know, you could crook your finger and I’d be helpless to stop myself from fucking you again, right now, in this woman’s body that you’ve no doubt fantasized about in the past.”

I rolled my eyes at her hubris. “I’m not into the whole celeb thing,” I assured her.

She laughed off my protest disdainfully. “You show me a guy who says he’s not into celebs, and I’ll show you one who’d tell everyone he knows about the most banal encounter imaginable with me to everyone he meets for the next two years.”

“I’m not most guys.”

She folded her arms skeptically, her tits oozing out around the sides of the apron. “Look me in the eyes and tell me you haven’t at least once imagined me wrapping these thighs around your head Black Widow style.”

I hadn’t until she mentioned it. Those kinds of movies weren’t my style, but I had a TV, and I knew the moves she meant. Once the thought popped in there, the appeal was undeniable. Dammit. “You’re hot, sure, but now that I know who and what you are, it’s superficial only. Your shapeshifting makes you sexy the way my love potion makes me charming. Do you have some point?”

Kammie reached across the table to where a little squirt of something had dribbled onto my chin, then slipped her finger into my mouth and smiled delightedly until I finished sucking it clean. “My point is, if carnal pleasure was all you wanted, you would have at least tried to fuck me again since you finally accepted that I’m not concealing a class twelve kill cunt. You haven’t, though. Which tells me that it isn’t only the lack of sex that’s keeping you from being happy.”

I shoved the final bite into my mouth, then sucked the juices off my thumb. “So you think depriving me of all sex, and dangling... *that* in front of me, that’s supposed to make me happy. Because it’s not working as well as you’d think.”

“Are you calling me a tease?” Her tone was most definitely a challenge.

“We can circle back to you valiantly disproving that, but for now, why don’t you finish telling me about your ideas.”

“Right. So you were pushing back, saying there’s no metric for happiness. But...” She reached behind herself and came back with, of all things, a magazine. The cover and some pages were folded back and held in place with the cap of a pen. “What if there were?”

I craned my neck to look behind her. “Where did you get that? Did you just pull a magazine out of your ass?”

She waved a dismissive hand. “Things get pulled from places, move past it. We’re going to give you a happiness quiz, Knox. You give me honest answers, and I’ll give you... something you’ll like.” Her eyes’ capacity to sparkle like an anime girl would be off-putting if it weren’t so suggestive. There was something inside the chip in her horn that glimmered much the same way.

“Something I’ll like, huh.” She followed me to the sink, leaning back against the counter. I dropped the plate in the sink with the other dishes, but right before I let go, Kammie reached behind her and grabbed it sight unseen. She brought the dish to her mouth. Eyes locked on mine, the woman dragged it across her outstretched tongue. When she set it on the counter, it gleamed.

“Something you’ll like,” she repeated, a self-satisfied smile slowly slipping onto lips as red as her hair. Was that even the real Scarlett Johansson’s color, or was she aping an on-screen role? I didn’t know. It didn’t matter.

“Question one,” she said, startling me out of my inspection. She held the magazine up in front of her, enunciating crisply. “If you were to describe yourself as any sort of animal, what would you be?”

I cocked my head. “You could give a thousand answers to that question. What if I said armadillo? Your little magazine can tell me how happy armadillo status makes me?”

“Answer the question. And don’t say armadillo. This only works if you’re honest.” I sighed. “Fine. Queen bee.”

Kammie grinned, piqued by my answer. “Queen bee? OK, you gotta explain that one, guy.”

“Is it on there?”

“If I showed you ‘queen bee’ on the page, would you believe I didn’t just now magic it there?”

“Well, no.”

“You’re learning. Now why are you a queen bee?” She nudged me with an elbow.

“How could I be anything else? I’m different from the rest of my kind. Special, better than. I like being in charge and my minions like me being in charge. Plus, I make potions. Queen bees make honey.”

“Uh, the workers make the honey, your majesty.”

“At the queen’s behest.”

She laughed, but good-naturedly this time. “Fair enough. That’s a good answer. Better than I anticipated. Next question!”

“How many are there?”

She lowered the magazine to remove any obstructions from her reproachful look; somehow she was back in the sports bra. The apron was hanging from its hook on the side of the fridge. “At least two. Now, question two!”

I stopped her at question seventy-two. She was straight-up manipulating me at that point under the pretense of being fidgety. Resting her head in my lap, or outright sitting in it; straddling the piano bench, hair hanging down around that spectacular cleavage, then lying down on it facing the other way to show off her butt; while holding poses that she told me were yoga but could just as easily have been something she picked up from pornographic photography. Subtle, she was not. When she leaned her head against my shoulder, oh-so-casually nuzzling the unchipped horn right where I could feel my pulse – or hers? – in my neck, I finally called it.

“Come the hell on already! That has to be plenty of data by now!”

She looked up at me, puzzled. “What’s wrong?”

“You’ve asked me a thousand and one inane questions, and if we keep at this, you’re going to be licking the dinner plates clean before we actually get anywhere! How many pets I’ve had, what color is my dream house, if I had to fuck one family member which would it be—”

“No, it asked if you *got* to fuck one family mem—”

“*WHERE’S RACHEL!*” I roared. “She’s been gone for over a week! Do you even understand what that kind of time away from me could do to her on account of that potion?! I should be sitting here telling her to shut up about what her cousin wrote on facebook while I play with her ass, not playing tweenage slumber party games with the Whore of Babylon!”

Kammie calmly folded the magazine closed, then lifted herself up and set it underneath her. I didn’t need to ask if it was still going to be there when she stood up. It pissed me off to see her still being funny in spite of my being pissed off. “You really miss her, huh.”

“Don’t make this some sentimental lesson. If you stole my car, I’d want that back, too.”

Her nails drummed a staccato rhythm on the end table. “I did steal your car. You didn’t even notice.”

I blinked. “You did? Why?”

“I didn’t, but there’s validation of my point that you wouldn’t have noticed if I did.”

“Kammie...”

“Hey. You played along, and I appreciate it. And it confirmed what I thought.”

I growled. I actually growled. “Oh, do tell.”

“Mostly, that you’re a cranky, miserable son of a bitch. Which I don’t mean as criticism!” she hastened to add. “I’m not out to make you skip down the sidewalk whistling with unrestrainable glee, Knox. You’re one of those who enjoy being a cranky son of a bitch, for whatever reason. But I also noticed that while you seem to have a good

handle on what would make you a happy cranky S.O.B., you're *really* bad at going after it."

It was a timeless trap, redirecting someone's anger by feigning interest in them. While I might be immune to the maddening utterances of the Rhyming Fiend after volunteering for talisman experimentation to pay bills in the academy, I was as susceptible to a beautiful woman's flattery as the next guy. However grudgingly, I found myself sitting back down. She'd never moved. "I took the woman of my dreams and made her my sex slave and cash cow. How can you possibly say I don't go after what I want?"

"Yes, exactly!" she clapped her hands giddily. "With Rachel, you did. Basically nothing else that I can tell. You came out of your warlock schooling realizing you weren't the alpha warlock, and you gave up on yourself. Which is fine – not everybody needs to be Rasputin."

"Oh man, Rasputin. I wrote my thesis on—"

"Knox? Hey. I'm here for you, guy, but you're not interesting enough to do a deep dive and then keep on meandering. Stay with me."

"Harsh, but fair."

Kammie climbed up to straddle my lap, planting my hands on her hips. (The magazine had, in fact, disappeared.) "So you settled down in suburbia, planted a little garden for your little herbs, and did... fuck-all, to hear you tell it. Then along comes this girl, this insanely hot, basically basic girl, and suddenly you have a purpose. And even though things didn't work out exactly like you planned, you found something you wanted and you made it yours! It's inspiring, really."

"That's what I always tell people when they get all judgy about love potions," I mumbled.

"And you should! How many people could even brew a half-assed watered down love potion? Not many, I bet. Now I'm gonna ask a follow-up, and try not to rage quit on me for one final question."

I rested my hands on her ass. If she was going to keep at it, I was at least going to take what comfort I was afforded. "Shoot."

"Why'd you stop there?"

I tried to break eye contact, but she chased me, forced me. "What do you mean, stop? Did you forget Joanna?"

"I did not, but you didn't make a potion for her. In fact, it sounds like you got pretty ticked off at first when Rachel did."

"She was meddling with—"

"With powers beyond her comprehension, I know, I know. But you had to be aware that a girl as smoking hot as Rachel had some smoking hot friends. Just last night, I saw her in the background of the Disney shot looking fine as hell in a bikini top.

You had to see that when you were playing that fucked up little Photoshop game of yours. So why didn't you take Joanna for yourself? With Rachel's help, it would have been a breeze, I bet."

Her voice jumped up to a falsetto, except even so I recognized it had somehow become a falsetto of Rachel. "Oh hey, Jo, I made this totes awesome daiquiri! Try it and tell me if it's strong enough, yeah? Chug it, though – I think most of the alcohol settled to the bottom!"

"That's fucking devious."

"It's obvious. Or it would have been, if you'd been thinking about it. But you weren't."

"So you're mad at me because I *didn't* start a harem of adoring suburban sex slaves...?"

She scooted closer, rubbing herself perfectly across my rock hard cock. "I'm not mad, Knox. 'Human rights' is a pretty uninteresting concept to us non-humans. You could have a thousand sex slaves and I wouldn't care. Or none. I'm only trying to make a point that you don't prioritize your own happiness. And Rachel, more than anything, wants you to be happy. That's where I come in."

"Are we back to that? Rachel summoned you as a cheer-me-up fuck?"

"So you're saying fucking me would cheer you up?"

Kammie was close enough that her breath was moistening my lips. They still felt dry. I ran my tongue across them, and caught a glancing lick against hers. "Not as much as fucking R–"

"I didn't ask if you would rather be fucking someone else. I asked if fucking me, Kammie, in this woman's body, would make you happy."

"Tough to say." With the heat from those demonic horns roasting my forehead, it was hard to breathe.

She leaned in and whispered in my ear, pure smoke. "Do you want me to make it easy?"

"Can you? Since the moment we met, you've done nothing but make it hard."

Her laugh was painfully loud at that proximity, but since it was followed by her ramming her tongue into my mouth, whatever the offense had been was immediately forgiven. She cupped my chin, holding me to her.

It was only a stray recollection of my own feeble protest against celeb fantasies that reminded me I could resist. "Hold on," I managed, requiring a lot more force than I'd have thought to push those slender shoulders away from me.

"Wouldn't dream of letting go," she pressed, starting in on the belt of my robe.

"No no, I mean – look, don't do me any favors, all right? I don't need some pity fuck to tide me over until we get to whatever quiz brings Rachel back."

Her head snapped back, wounded. “Pity...? Knox, my purpose in existence is to improve the world around me. I was brought here from across the multiverse to help you, specifically. Being able to *feel* how bad you want me, the way you can’t stop looking at me, it’s been all I can do all day to keep from falling to my knees and begging you to let me pleasure you.”

Kammie left her weight leaning into me, hard. The only things keeping our mouths apart were my arms and my dwindling strength of will. “I said no.”

“Oooh, a lesson in consent from Dr. Love Potion.” She pushed harder. I gave her an inch, but only an inch.

“No, Kammie.”

“Promise me you won’t think I’m too big of a freak if I tell you what gets me off, Knox,” she breathed.

I didn’t care. Not at all. Not even a little bit interested. “OK.”

“I guess maybe it won’t seem too weird to you, maybe. See, most of my kind, we *crave* perfection. Being the best at doing our best – the khamulan way. But me?” One by one, Kammie guided my hands from her shoulders to her horns. She was still pushing, but now I had handles. My thumbnail glided back and forth in the chip, as if by some heretofore unnecessary instinct. I could have been massaging her clit, it was so intimate. “Me, I think perfection can be so *boring*.”

“I don’t see what that has to do with getting off.” I allowed her an inch closer. That was all, though.

“I could do like the others, I guess, and sink down to my knees, right here, right now, and suck your cock so your IQ dribbles out through your balls. I could invite you to hold my horns, right like that, and use them as handlebars to fuck my face as fast and hard as you like. You’d never be satisfied with another blowjob again. And you wouldn’t need to be, because we could do it again, and again, whenever you want.”

She gained another inch.

“But like I said, I’m a little freaky. I like it a little imperfect. A little... *bad*.”

That voice had been created to say that word, at that volume, in that tone. “Bad how?”

“How about I show you instead, guy? Yeah?”

Someone nodded my head.

“I’m going to go to the kitchen. I want you to count to ten – or twenty, if you can’t trust yourself to count slowly enough – and then I want you to come find me. OK?”

“OK.” Count. Numbers. I can do that. Ten.

“You have to let go of me, Knox.”

I nodded. As her smile spread, I realized I was still holding on, and reluctantly relinquished my grip. I watched every swaying step she took toward Rachel’s kitchen.

She knew I was watching. She wanted me to be watching as much as I wanted to watch. Neither of us said a word

Oh right. I was supposed to be.

“One,” I began, raising my voice to carry into the kitchen. “Two...”

My head cleared by ten, if only slightly, so I took her suggestion and went to twenty. I counted slowly, giving her a minute or so head start. In the absence of the sight of her – her very fake, very stolen visage – I could question this arrangement. She was charming me, again, like she had with the piano earlier, like she had with her rendition of Rachel’s pussy when we’d first met. Kammie might not be a succubus, but she’d been a member of their sorority. She knew their tricks.

This wouldn’t do. I was beginning to trust that once she finished her little game, she’d bring Rachel back to me. That meant that in the meantime, she was toying with me. Whatever it was she thought Rachel had brought her here to do, she was grooming me for it, twisting me around her finger. By the time I finally got to twenty, I’d done some rethinking. I strode into the kitchen as a warlock in control of himself, with my cock back under my robe and my libido back under control.

“Now listen here,” I began. “You can’t–”

Only that was as far as I got. It wasn’t what I expected at all.

Kammie was doing the dishes. Not altogether shocking. If her so-called coolspeech provided pop culture awareness, she was fully aware of an era in which posters of Jessica Simpson vacuuming in her panties and high heels graced half the bedrooms of the world’s adolescent boys. This was not that aesthetic, though. Not even close.

Kammie wasn’t standing at the sink, ass thrust back for a leisurely fuck during Girl Chore Time. The dishes were going into the dishwasher, not even receiving a sensuous cleansing lick. As for the khamulan herself, she was still Kammie. New outfit, which ought to have been off-putting except I’d begun to grow accustomed to her spontaneous wardrobe shifts. It wasn’t some sexy negligee or slutty maid costume, though. It was a baggy white t-shirt with a Sbarro logo, speckled with faded red stains to suggest it had once and at length served its ostensible purpose. Beside that, a pair of huge gray sweatpants and clunky hot pink crocs. I almost didn’t notice that she’d ditched the red hair, too, her new dirty brownish blonde hair tied back in a sloppy ponytail.

“What.” She looked back, frowning at my interruption as if she hadn’t been the one who’d commanded it.

“Um...”

“Um... what?” She went back to the dishes. What was happening? She was supposed to be hot. Which she was, I could tell, but she was a hot woman in the comfort

of her home, not someone's fantasy girl. No bra, I noted as her breasts hung freely while she racked dishes. But no makeup, either.

"Um... this... what you're trying to... uh... do... What the hell *are* you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to do the dishes. Thanks for that, by the way. Guess I'll do the cooking *and* the cleaning." She sneered, but briefly, for a minor slight, and took a moment to scrub a little crud off a plate with a fingernail and wipe it off on her sweats.

"I thought you invited me in here to fuck," I stated bluntly.

"In the kitchen? Did you wanna do it on the floor, or the counter? Just checking so I know whether I need to mop or scrub first." Her sarcasm was evident.

"No, just... you said... I mean, I thought you said..."

Kammie sighed, exasperated at having her ritual disrupted, then took a moment to survey the extent of the cleaning. "Look, fine. I guess we haven't in a few days. Let me finish up here, and then I'll take care of you or whatever. OK?" With her hands wet and soapy, she attempted and failed to blow a stray wisp of hair out of her eyes. It curled awkwardly around her chipped horn.

"Oh. Cool. I mean... how long do you think it'll be?"

"Longer if you keep standing there asking me dumb questions. Shorter if you get the garbage and counters."

Somehow it wasn't the realization that ScarJo Homemaker was doing my dishes that snapped me out of my stupor, but rather her asking me to help her with them. Like, what? What the fucking what?! "No!"

"No? So, I'm doing everything, then. Again."

I impressed myself with my own equanimity. "You weren't summoned here to be my scruffy butler!"

Her spine went rigid. "Scruffy? OK. You know, you're lucky Rachel appreciates that you have some kind of ravenous sexual appetite. I'm doing this for her, understand? Not you. For Rachel's sake, sure, go right ahead. Be my literal fucking guest."

With that, Kammie turned and bent over the kitchen island, butt thrust back. Her chin rested on one up-turned palm; the other drummed idly on the counter. When I didn't immediately rush over and thrust into her, she glanced back, plainly annoyed. Whether at having her time wasted or at my not being bowled over by her sex appeal, I couldn't have said. "Well?"

"I thought you were supposed to be pathologically helpful or something," I said uncertainly.

"Wow. You know, you might be the only man on earth who could be freely invited to fuck me, to fuck *this*," she emphasized her point with a slap of her ass, "no strings attached, no foreplay, no reciprocity expected, and still complains I'm not being helpful enough. Good god, no wonder Jo hates your guts." Still, Kammie didn't budge.

“What do you mean, she hates my guts? Jo is infatuated with me.” Still, I took a few steps forward. Baggy sweatpants or no, that ass was that ass.

“No, she’s infatuated with your cock. She hates you. And of course she does! Look how you treat her! Only you could have a beautiful woman whose personal bible is written in your pubic hair and treat her like crap anyway.”

I jerked down her sweatpants so hard they went right past her hips and down to the floor. Beneath was a pair of ratty old boxer briefs. White – or they were once, before years of apparent fading – with rows of pink hearts. I hated them. They were in the way. “So that’s your game? Trying to sneak in some kind of lecture about treating Joanna better? Shows how little you know Rachel. She wants the two of us to break up so she can go back to having me all to herself. Not patched up and lovey dovey.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right. Obviously Rachel wants you all to herself. Hence her wanting me to whore myself out to you while she’s away. I feel kind of stupid now that you mention it, actually. What would I know about Rachel’s thoughts and feelings?” Her tone was so banal, and I was so distracted guiding those boxers to her ankles, I took her seriously, if only for a moment.

Kammie scratched her ripe round ass indelicately. How could someone make *that* look unsexy? “Are you going to fuck me into seeing things your way, or nag?”

“You’re going to fuck me whether I nag or not, aren’t you? Rachel wants you well-fucked, so I have no choice. Just because I’m a hot slice of trim who has no say in whether or how you use her doesn’t mean I don’t have opinions. But nope, I’m just some summoned fuck toy to you, not a thinking breathing person with a mind of her own. Well, I don’t breathe, but you get me. Whatever. Why am I wasting words when apparently I’m only a set of holes to fill.”

Like the flip of a switch, I was once again ready to fuck.

She might have stuffed her body in frumpy house clothes, but the fewer of those I left her, the more she was that incredible body. Kammie’s pussy was visibly, picturesquely sopping wet, plump and pink and beading and glistening and catching the light just so. She was a hentai slut with a third dimension. Scarlett Johansson, guilty yet again of appropriating Asian culture. The nerve.

I dabbed my fingers in the waters. It was jungle hot, and jungle wet. Her pussy was like a leaky tub of melted butter. Hell, for all I knew she really *was* leaking melted butter. “For a poor put upon summoned cock puppet, you sure are nice and wet for me.”

“You know I’m controlling that, right? I could make it dry, if you’d rather score a few rope burns on your cock.”

“I can feel you tensing when I touch you, Kammie. Don’t bullshit me. Call it Rachel, call it humoring me, call it getting it over with, but I can tell you want this.”

She frowned, but there was a tinge of defeat in it this time rather than the snide, dismissive attitude she’d adopted. “So what if I do? Hardly the first woman to like

having her pussy fingered. Or in order to get you off, do I have to pointedly *not* enjoy myself? ‘Oh, no, I hate sex, my dripping wet pussy is a symptom of acute cock allergy.’ Is that better for you, guy? Will you hurry up and get on with fucking me now?”

“Please,” I prompted.

“And thank you.” She once again faced straight ahead, back arched, on the tip toes of her crocs to position her pussy at a fuckable height, or as near as she could.

“No, I want *you* to say please.” I slipped off my boxers in anticipation.

“Oh. Sure. Please.” She inspected something invisible on her fingernail.

She was fucking with me, of course, but insisting on hearing her beg would in effect be me begging to hear it. So I played like it was sincere and shoved my dick inside her.

The effect was immediate, and I couldn’t care less if her sudden gasp and show of gripping the countertop was legit or not. Probably was, though. Slut. I hadn’t forgotten how good her pussy felt before, and if anything, this new body was even better. Fucking hell, she was hot. Forget the fame factor; she was just plain hot. So hot I wished I’d seen more of her movies so I could still see her when my eyes slid closed.

She made a noise. It was tiny and it was quiet and it was the kind of sound she didn’t want me hearing. “Don’t you say a single goddamn word,” she mumbled sullenly as I hammered away. There was that noise again, though.

Her efforts to downplay her enjoyment were a losing battle. A rout, in fact. I lifted her upright with two overflowing handfuls of tit, squeezed right through that shitty threadbare shirt. Whether she didn’t know how to “program” her finely crafted body to handle such stimulation, whether she had nipples as sensitive as Rachel’s, or whether all that horniness she’d revealed minutes ago in the living room only scratched the surface, I didn’t know. But I had spent rather a lot of time in women’s pussies of late, and I knew how to read them. This was a woman who hadn’t expected being fucked to feel so goddamn good. Joanna’s had felt the same way, our first time. The cushioning on Kammie’s ass vibrated against my skin with each slapping thrust. She couldn’t control it any more than she could control those scratchy little whimpers of bliss she kept failing to keep in check.

“S-stop,” she pleaded, bucking herself back against me, twisting her neck to lick up my neck and cheek like an animal before blathering on. “Not... Not supposed to be... so *good*. S’posed... S’posed to be *bad*...”

“And yet you’re coming anyway,” I grunted back at her, waiting until her delirious cries faded from a hard pinch on her thick, fat nipples subsided. “Maybe next time just let me decide how I fuck you.”

“OK,” was all she said. Maybe all she could say.

Soon enough even the enthusiasm Kammie inspired in me succumbed to our height differential and the burning it was building in my thighs. I scooped her up and

carried her to the kitchen table, sweeping the decorative fruit tray Rachel had set there to the floor. It shattered, plastic fruit flying every which way. Strange to think it had never gotten in the way of me fucking Rachel. Why hadn't I ever fucked her on the kitchen table before?

I lifted that stupid shirt up over her boobs, because fuck her for wearing it in the first place. It treated me to a show of Kammie's tits, bouncing and wobbling and flowing as I fucked her, until she craned her neck up to look at me and they slapped her right in the chin. Kammie was big on eye contact, it seemed, when she could keep her eyes open, so it happened more than a few times. Her mouth hung open, panting, O-ing, sucking in air so she had something to whimper back out. As she came again, her back arched so that her horns scraped noisily against the tabletop, leaving a pair of symmetrical grooves in the wood as her neck thrashed side to side.

"I'm going to come soon," I announced. How had I not yet? If that was her doing, she was even more of a gem. "I'm going to come on your face."

"Mkay," she agreed dazedly immediately before her tits once more hammered her head back down to the table.

I put a thumb to her clit, smirked as her eyes squeezed shut in an aftershock of her orgasm from a moment earlier. "But only if you say—"

"Please!" she blurted. Her eyes flew wide open with self-chastisement, but she covered it well, without warning wriggling off my cock and doing a backward somersault across the table to land on the far side. It would have impressed the Black Widow herself, maybe even the Black Widow's stunt double. Then she was on her knees, crawling under the table at me, tits swaying side to side as she crawled across plastic bananas.

Two hands. With two hands, Kammie jacked me off, my cock aimed right at her face. Her eyes held wide open, unflinching. After days of not coming, by an order of magnitude the longest I'd abstained since the night I first crawled into bed with Rachel, there was some buildup. My recent week with Joanna chugging male enhancement potions like they were candy probably contributed more than a little, too.

In an instant, she looked like someone had thrown a cup of yogurt at her face. And like she really, really, *really* liked yogurt.

The full-body trembling hit Kammie before I even erupted, but once I splattered across her face, she melted down altogether. "Please! Please! Please! Please!" she whined, over and over, until she fell forward and impaled herself mouthfirst on my dick. It wasn't obvious whether she'd meant to or if she lost control and thought sucking me into her mouth would be less graceless than simply taking a dick between the eyes. I held her there by her horns as she licked and sucked out every last drop she could find. They were supernaturally warm, almost too hot to touch, but if my penis had enjoyed

being held inside her, the way she writhed to create friction in my grip said those softly ridged spines loved it every bit as much and more.

Maybe if I'd expanded my porn browsing as a younger man, I'd have been readying myself for horn lust for years. I couldn't say why I loved them like I did. Because they were honest, maybe. The body, her weird frumpy dishwasher-loading act, the goddamn happiness quiz, all that was bullshit. Those horns, though, they kept me from losing myself in some insipid celebrity fantasy, from forgetting what she really was. They were the real her, and they were on fire.

I gave them a sudden hard squeeze, and she came again. My grip was the only thing holding her upright – until it wasn't. The heat simply became too much. I bucked her off my cock, not too rough, but not gently. A coughed-up bubble of cum splashed between her full lips, adding a fresh stain to her Sbarro's shirt, and she tumbled backward onto the kitchen floor, legs splayed wide, her inner thighs gleaming, labia stretched wide and invitingly for a second go. Some slutty instinct bade her lift her shirt back over her tits as she smiled up at the underside of Rachel's table.

"Thank you," she mumbled, eyes sliding closed.

I kicked a fake orange away from my foot. It ricocheted off a table leg and rolled to a stop right at the entrance to her cunt. Artsy, if art were permitted to be that whorish. "Any time. Want to tell me what that was all about now?"

Her head lolled from side to side, cum-dizzy. "Not used to talking right after sex. Gimme a minute." Her eyes slid open, a frown forming as she realized where she was, how she was. "I'd invite you to cuddle, but I didn't get around to mopping yet. Gross. This might be the dirtiest I've been since the Drought of Souls."

I blinked, suddenly impressed. "You fought in the Drought?"

"Oh, no, the Drought never touched us, but it was while that was going on that the Least Minion of Vandivar decided it'd be funny to fly around peeing on everybody for a while. Fucking weird little dude."

"Gross indeed. Come on. Let's get you to the shower and clean you off."

I offered her a hand. When she stood up, she was a changed woman. Red hair again, full makeup, no more scuzzy shirt and cummy face. "Way ahead of you, guy. Can we do that again? Shower's fine, if you want. And then we can talk."

"I may need a few minutes before—"

She dropped to a squat at the speed of gravity, hair flying above her. Before I knew what was happening, she gave my cock one tap of her unblemished horn. It was hard again in seconds.

"Please?"