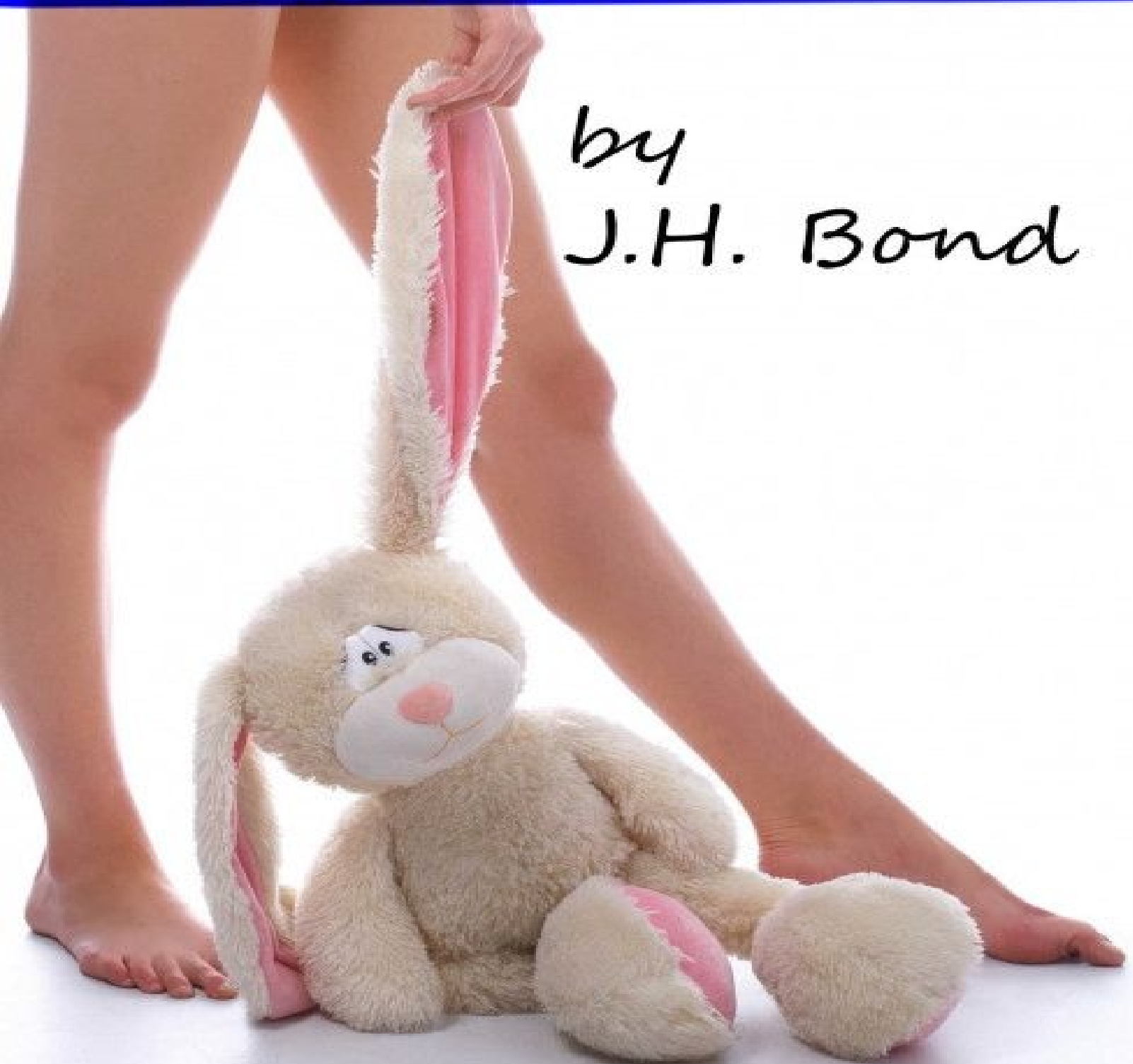


FUZZY MAGIC

by
J.H. Bond



Fuzzy Magic

- [Fuzzy Magic](#)
- [Midpoint](#)

FUZZY MAGIC

Vol. I

By J.H. Bond

Copyright 2018 Wyrdo Stories

Smashwords Edition

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Welcome to the Wyrd World!

It's a lot like the one you live in, just with vengeful goddesses, curses, monsters, magic, lust spirits, succubi, and lots of sex involving any, and all, of the above. The stories tend to take place in Poor King, Virginia, located deep in mountainous Penetratia County. The first settlers were Royalists fleeing England to escape Cromwell.

The town is also home to one of the largest congregations of Lilith worshippers in the southern United States. This is not a coincidence.

Lilith is one of the old gods, She of the Full Figure and Fruitful Loins. Mistress of Magick, and Ruler of the Night and all deeds performed therein. She is the embodiment of all forms of Love, both physical, and spiritual. She implores her followers to find their own love, no matter what form it takes. "Do what thou will, as long as all involved are capable of consent, and no one is forced to do anything against their will." Everyone is equal, and no one is judged.

The Liln are Lilith's children. A countless multitude of Daemons that ferry her blessings, and power, to her worshippers, and bring their mother prayers, and praise from them. Spirits without form, or name, except what is needed to perform whatever task Lilith, or one of her Chosen, set them to. Once completed they return to a formless, nameless bundle of energy.

Strix (Singular: Strix) are Lilith's Chosen. They serve her, releasing Orgone energy into the world, and spreading her message. All Strix have the following traits:

- Eternal Youth
- Perfect Health
- Inhuman Strength, Endurance, and Flexibility
- Command of the Liln
- Vast magical powers that rival even the mightiest Wizards

Megan Maidenhead is the latest Strix to be called by Lilith, and her sexual specialty surprises her. She's the Strix of Beasts and Anthros, and she's enjoying every minute of it.

“What!?!” I yell at the curvy blonde my frumpy, middle aged aunt Samantha just morphed into. “What? What?” I wave my hands in confusion. “What the actual fuck?”

“Calm down, Megan.” The woman gives me a sympathetic smile. “Now that you’re eighteen, it’s time I told you, well, everything. For starters, I’m not really your aunt.”

“I knew it!” I shake my finger in her face. “You kidnapped me when I was a child didn’t you?” I pause as the implications hit me, “It explains so much.”

“No,” she chuckles. I’m your great...” She starts counting on her fingers. “Fuck it. You’re the eighteenth girl, born into the eighteenth generation of my descendants, and tonight is the first full moon since your eighteenth birthday, The Flower Moon.” She beams while clapping her hands, “Tonight, your power is finally unlocked.”

I shake my head, confused. “My power?”

She gets all dramatic on me. “The power of The Strix. The power to summon the Liln. The children of Lilith, Queen of the Night,” she intones. “You will represent Lust, and Desire, as a member of our ancient order.”

I’m not impressed. “Yeah,” I sigh, “You’ve been beating that into my head my entire life.” I walk over to the couch. “Once you turn eighteen, you can summon devils,” I mimic her perfectly.

She rolls her eyes, “Daemons of lust and desire, not devils. Mine just happen to look like devils, yours will be different.” She leans in, grinning, “Very different.”

Something clicks in my brain, “This is why you took me in and raised me isn’t it?” I jumped up from the couch. “This is why you let me have this guest house for free.” I’m mad! I ball my fists. I give her my Evil Look. It doesn’t faze her. It never has. “You’ve been using me.”

“I took you in because you’re family, and I love you,” she sighs, counting on her fingers. “That mark on your hip was an unexpected, but pleasant, bonus.”

She makes a sweeping gesture, "The house affords us both some much needed privacy to practice our arts. And I haven't been using you," she curls her lip, "yet. After tonight that changes, and you'll take on a bigger role in the church." A contented smile spreads across her face. It drops quickly as she points a finger at me. "No more sex with mortals, ever."

I cock an inquisitive eyebrow. "What'll it do, kill them?"

"Yes," she smiles. "Now, let's get started." She points to my bedroom door. "Go get Bunny." She holds up a hand when I start to protest. "I know you still sleep with him, don't be embarrassed."

Confused, but curious, I go get the plush bunny. He's huge, almost five feet tall, and dressed in a dapper brown suit. My aunt, uh, Grandma, uh, Samantha gave him to me when I came to live with her. He had been a display model sent to her toy store all the way from England. She tried to bribe him away from me with different, smaller animals, but I refused. She had promised me any toy in the place but, I only wanted him. Sleeping next to him made me feel safe, and, not so alone. It still does.

"His name," I huff, "is Sir Benjamin Bunbury the Fourth of Long-Ear Manor." I sit him in an armchair. "Not Bunny." I strike an appropriately annoyed pose. "If you are a close, personal, friend you may call him Benji." I glare at her. "You, however, will address him as Sir Bunbury."

"Whatever." She props him against the wall. "Remember when you were eight? You married him in front of all your other stuffed animals." She flashes me a warm smile. "Soooo adorable."

I feel my cheeks flush red. Making her my wedding photographer had been a mistake. Every guy I dated saw those photos. "What does he have to do with this?" I grumble.

Samantha pulls out a small jar full of... milk? "You aren't able to shape the Liln to your desires," she explains. "For now, you need a focus, a pre-arranged form they can inhabit, and bring to life."

My jaw drops. "Wait, you want me to bring him to life? Am I a Strix of Toys, or Plushies?" My eyes widen at another, more disturbing thought. "Or, bestiality? Am I a Strix of Bestiality?!?" I shake my head while waving my hands in front of me. "Nope, not into that! I've never... I, I don't know anything about... No, I, Nooooo." I cross my arms hoping she doesn't notice my neck and face going red. Maybe it'll come across as anger. I mean, Okay, Yes, I share my

bed with Benji. And, yes, I “married” him. And, maybe, you know, with the help of a strap-on and stuff, we have consummated our marriage, almost nightly for the past year, but, I am NOT gonna tell her about it! “There’s been a mistake! A misunderstanding, because I am most definitely not into something, anything, like that!

“Zoophilia, or Furies, whatever you prefer to call it,” Samantha smiles, handing me the cup. It's warm, smells sweet, like a milkshake. “Drink,” she commands. I take a tentative sip. Damn! It tastes just like sugar cookies fresh from the oven! I swallow the rest of it down in one gulp. The warmth spreads through my entire body. It feels good. Really, really, good. I want more. While I'm distracted Samantha unceremoniously yanks my jeans to my knees. I snap back to reality. “That will give you enough power to summon your first Liln,” she informs me. “Now, do what I say, Megan. Lick those two fingers.” She nods as I comply. “Good, now rub your mark three times in a circular motion.” I shiver, a cold chill passing through me on the third circle. What happens next, causes me to drop the cup.

Benji twitches, then shakes for a few seconds. Suddenly, with a pop, he transforms into a human sized, anthropomorphic hare. He's leaning casually against the wall, hands in his pockets, flashing me a devilish buck toothed grin. I gasp. A familiar nervous tingle starts in my belly. I push my knees together because my pussy is starting to betray me. “Hello, sweet, beautiful Megan.” His voice is smooth, cultured and very, very British. (Dammit!) I can't stop a stupid, smitten grin from spreading across my face. A sudden blast of music makes us both jump.

“What are you doing?” I yell.

My former aunt doesn't bother looking up from my laptop. “Finding some appropriate music.”

“Appropriate for what?” I demand.

“That.” She points. Benji has already stripped off his jacket, vest and tie. He's working on the buttons of his shirt while gyrating to the pulsing beat. The shirt comes off to reveal a lean, muscular body. Not a massive bodybuilder physique, but a tight runner's frame. His chest and belly are snow white. It's thick and fluffy across his pecs, but thin enough on his belly to reveal his taut six-pack. I'm trying, unsuccessfully, not to drool. “Seems like your powers make them more Anthro and less Beast,” Samantha opines. “OH!” Benji's turns his back and starts to remove his pants. He teases them slowly down his narrow

waist and hips to reveal a firm brown furry ass crowned with a bushy tail. Samantha's eyes widen in shock. "I'm going to go," she grins. "Let you guys get better acquainted."

I jump up to stop her, promptly falling over. Cursing, I rip my shoes and jeans off before standing up again. "No!" I squeal. "You can't leave me here with...with... HIM!" She just smiles. I stomp my foot while giving her my evil stare again. "Seriously, I am not into this." I feel velvety arms encircling my waist. Hot breath glides across the back of my neck. Surprisingly dexterous paws slide under my shirt into my bra. My nipples stiffen instantly as rough pads slide across them. My panties are already soaked through, just from the sight of him. He begins gently kissing my neck and shoulders while sliding one paw down my belly, between my thighs. "OH, Fuck Me!" I groan as he begins rubbing me through my underwear. "I'm not doing this." I protest, weakly, feeling something fleshy, and stiff, brush against my buttocks. "You can't make me."

Samantha looks back from the open door. "Uh-Huh." She flashes a wicked grin. "Have fun you two." She waves as she pulls the door shut.

Benji's hand is in my panties, expertly rubbing my love button. I count to fifty after hearing the door click shut, then spin around to give him a passionate kiss. We embrace, exploring each other's mouths with our tongues as desire overwhelms me. I relish the feel of his silky fur against my fingers while they explore his naked body. His ridged paw pads dance down my back to firmly grip my full round ass. I come up for air long enough to shove him onto the couch.

The rest of my clothes quickly join my pants on the floor. I smile, strike a sexy pose and wink. He chuckles, his eyes roaming over my entire body. I take the opportunity to look him up and down as well. We won't need the strap-on tonight! His thick cock and pendulous balls are cotton candy pink against the white fur of his belly. His member lays stiff on his stomach, almost reaching his belly button. (or where it probably is under the fur.) It's bigger than anything I've fucked before. I feel a mixture of nerves, and desire, deep in my stomach. My mouth is so dry! I swallow nervously before attempting to speak. "Thank God," I beam, "I thought she would never leave."

Benji pulls me on top of him. I kiss his neck, loving the way his fur tickles my lips. I work my way down his chest, parting the thick fur to find his stiff nipples. He groans loudly as I flick one, then the other with my tongue. My hand strokes its way down his smooth fur to wrap around his rigid prick. I stroke him slowly while continuing to lick, suck, and gently bite his nipples. He sucks in a

quick breath before letting out a slow, deep groan. I put one bare foot on the floor, then straddle him, using my hand to guide him into my waiting wetness. He grips my hips, helping me balance, while we gaze into each other's eyes. I swallow again. This is the point of no return. I feel his tapered length pressing against my dripping entrance. This is exactly what I have always wanted.

I ease my way down onto him. His breath catches as his cock spreads me wide. My own breath comes in hitches as I slowly tease my way down his throbbing shaft. No one's ever filled me this much, or gone this deep. His grip tightens as he enters me completely. We never break eye contact. I lean forward, adjusting myself before grinding against him. I close my eyes, biting my lip as his stiffness retreats, then slides in to the root again, and again. The feel of his fur against my naked flesh as we move sends unexpected thrills through me. I feel his paws start to roam. One rests on my ass, squeezing it gently with each stroke. The other begins to gently tweak my nipples. They're so hard they hurt. I moan, while picking up the pace. He matches my strokes. I feel fur brush against my chest, as something wet traces a path across my breasts. Benji's tongue circles, flicking at my aching nipples. I grip the couch, groaning my approval. He smacks my ass playfully, with an audible pop. I squeal.

"You like?" He whispers. His breath hot and wet on my chest.

"Yes." I gasp. He slaps it again. Harder.

"Speak up, Megan." He bites down on a nipple. I yelp. "I didn't quite catch that."

"Yes." I moan. Another slap brings a stinging heat to my cheeks. He times it perfectly with another firm nibble, making me holler loudly.

"You want more?" he teases. Slap. Bite.

"Uh-Huh." I grin down at him. I can feel my orgasm building. I know he's got to be close as well. We're thrusting against each other with a mounting fury. I decide to give him a taste of his own medicine. I grab one of his black tipped ears, running my tongue along its length. He curses, gripping my ass tighter. I take the tip into my mouth, sucking it, making him moan. Then, I give him a playful little nip. Not too hard, just enough to make him feel my teeth. He squeals loudly, and jerks away. I lose it.

I sit straight up, biting my lip against the laugh swelling in me. I snort. He looks annoyed, which makes it worse. I try focusing on other things. The beat of the music, our clothes crumpled on the floor, the clean fresh natural smell of his

body. None of it helps. I catch a glimpse of his embarrassed expression out of the corner of my eye. That's all it takes. The battle is lost. I cackle. I howl. I laugh until my face and sides hurt. He does not join in. I bury my face in his shoulder until I can get it under control. I look into his scowling face, poke out my lip, and put on a sad face. "Awww, something wrong?" I tease.

With a growl he lifts me off the couch. I squeal, and kick futilely, trapped in his surprisingly strong embrace. He lays me down across the coffee table. I look up, shocked by his serious expression. I can't quite stifle a nervous giggle. Have I gone too far? That naughty smile he's wearing gives off mixed signals. "Yes." He puts my legs on his shoulders, plunging back into me with ease. I gasp. I'm almost painfully full as he slides in to the balls, with one stroke. Then I moan cause he starts fucking me to the rhythm of the music. "Neither one of us has come yet," he hisses through gritted teeth. I grip the table as he pounds me hard. "But it's a situation I'm going to rectify right now." I close my eyes, hanging my head off the back of the table. It's absolute heaven. The orgasm is building within me. My breathing is quick. and shallow. My body trembles under his assault. He fucks me hard and fast, punishing my pussy like it's wronged him.

It hits me like a freight train. I slap my hands against the floor, and howl. My back arches, my hands clench, as waves of pure pleasure crash through my entire body. I'm tossed about on a sea of pure unfettered bliss. Overwhelmed by the most intense orgasm I have ever experienced. Benji keeps thrusting, keeping me in a joyous rapture, until he grunts and grabs my ankles. I feel him swell inside me. I know what's coming.

I pull my legs free, kicking him away. He stumbles back onto the couch with a squawk. As his penis pops out it's already spraying a torrent of hot spunk everywhere. The first shot hits me square in the face. I open my mouth to scream, instead I'm silenced by a shot straight down the throat. I try to protect myself but, it's futile. By the time he's done I have sticky bunny jizz coating me from head to toe. I even swallowed some, which is not something I do. I manage to get one eye clean enough to open. What I see confirms what I'm hearing. Benji is doubled over, laughing.

"Guess this makes us even, huh?" He manages to say between gasping breaths.

"I bit your ear." I sit up, glaring at him with my one clear eye. "You glazed me like a box of donuts, you jackass!"

"I'm a hare, not a jackass," he says with a grin. "You're a very sexy donut if

it helps though.”

“Ha Ha,” I wipe at my other eye, “Very funny. You could have warned me, you know.” I lick my lips, getting some cum on my tongue. I feel warmth spread through me, again. I pause, confused.

He leans back to place his arms across the back of the couch. “You should have just let me finish inside you.”

“Nuh-uh.” I wipe my face some more, tentatively licking a finger clean. “I don’t care if we are *‘married’*. You are not wearing a condom.” The warmth, and a content feeling, increase. “I’m not getting pregnant at eighteen, like my mom did.” Damn, does his jizz really taste like cookies and cream ice cream?

He barks out a laugh. “I can’t get you pregnant, Meg. I’m here through a summoning of lust, not fertility.” He leans forward to kiss me gently. A thought crosses his face, “Though some Strix can use their powers to fake a pregnancy.” He licks, and kisses, my face some more. “And some are perpetually pregnant. But I can’t impregnate you, my ejaculate isn’t meant for that.” He kisses me, using his tongue to feed me the cum he’s licked off me. “It’s Orgone energy made manifest to fuel your powers and sustain your life.” We kiss some more. I smile as he continues to snowball me until my face is clean. I feel tingly all over, and horny as hell.

Something clicks in my brain, making me push him away. “Wait a minute! That’s what was in that cup Samantha gave me, wasn’t it?” Benji nods. “That sneaky bitch,” I snap. He chuckles. “So, is that why it tastes like it does? To make it easier to swallow?”

“Yes,” he nods, “it varies from Liln to Liln, but our power will always be flavored as something you enjoy.” He leans back a little, putting elbows on knees before continuing. “Most of the time it usually manifests as cum when we inhabit a form.” He pushes my hair back to nibble my earlobe. It sends little tremors through me. “Though depending on the Strix, and her focus, it can take on other forms as needed.” He begins playing with my nipples, almost distracting me.

“The form you inhabit?” I ask dreamily. I feel a familiar heat building between my legs. Whether he’s using some trick, or it’s an after effect of absorbing some of his power, I don’t know. I try to ignore it. Maybe I’m just horny, who knows? He’s so handsome... No! Focus. I push him back on the couch. I have questions. He has answers. Hopefully I can keep my hands off him

long enough to get some. Answers! My wandering fingers are already caressing his stiffening member. I better talk fast. "Oh, so you could be any rabbit, or type of animal, not just an anthropomorphic hare? Okay, I got it."

"No." He chuckles. "I can be anything, Megan. Human. Rabbit. Demon. Alien. Male. Female. I'm a spirit." He kisses my neck. Damn, it feels so good. He continues his explanation, "These labels are meaningless to my kind. When you summon one of us we take a physical form that fits, your needs," kiss, "wants," kiss, "desires," kiss, "and role." He leans back with a smirk, fixing me with a lustful stare. "You place me in a form and role that I must fulfill for the duration of our time together."

I blink in surprise. "So, you could just have easily been my Funtime Filly horse?" He nods, smiling. "And you wouldn't have cared?" He shakes his head. "Good to know Pudding Juggler would be down for something like that," I smile. "Something to file away for later."

As I lower my lips towards his iron hard shaft I feel paws hold my hair back, out of my face. What a gentleman. I mean, most guys won't hold it when I'm drunk, or sick, but this is just as important for us long haired girls. I slowly lick my way down his length, his grip on my hair growing tighter with each caress. I take one bright pink hairless ball into my mouth, licking, and sucking on it. His whole body stiffens as he gasps. I give the other one the same treatment before kissing my way back up his tapered penis. I put the tip in my mouth, slowly swirling my tongue around it. I stare straight up at him as I swallow his pulsing cock. My lips are tight around his shaft, as I suck, and lick, my way all the way down. I can't believe it. I just knew it couldn't take him that deep. The way Benji moans and shakes his limbs, I know this won't take long.

I close my eyes, moaning in anticipation, and get to work. My hands stroke his spit covered shaft, before massaging his rotund balls. I bob my head in time to a new song blaring from the laptop. He makes whimpering noises, in between cursing, and gasping my name. He yells a warning just as his dick grows even harder between my lips. I swallow him entirely, determined to drink every, last, yummy drop. The first spurt goes straight down my throat. I groan blissfully, the now familiar warmth hitting my stomach before spreading through every part of me. I squeeze his firm balls as he unleashes shot after shot into my waiting mouth.

It's too much. Like way too much.

Despite my willingness, and best efforts, I can't swallow fast enough. It fills my mouth. It runs out of the corners to drip down my jaw. It flows over my fingers. I don't think it's ever going to stop. But honestly? A part of me doesn't want it to. Soon though, it twitches one last time, and starts to go soft. I pull away, wiping my chin. I barely have time to blink before Benji pulls me up and lays me back on the couch. "Oh!" is all I manage to say.

Benji stands there holding one of my legs. He pulls my foot close to give my heel a playful bite. I giggle. He slowly kisses, licks, and nibbles his way down my foot. Then my calf. As he heads towards my thigh, my hands slide down to my aching slit. He gently brushes them away.

"No, no, no, Sweetness, Leave it all to me." His fur sends tingles through me as he works his way towards my flushed entrance. I put one leg on either side of his head, planting my feet on the coffee table. He looks up at me and winks. I gasp as two fingers slide into me. His whiskers brush against my exposed skin, forcing me to stifle a giggle. His steamy breath dances on my exposed sex just before his tongue brushes my clit. A long breathy moan escapes my lips. I grip the cushions tightly, Benji making my entire body quiver with his mouth and fingers. I feel the knot tightening in my core. My muscles tense in anticipation. Dimly I became aware of his fingers slipping out of me to press against my clenched asshole.

"Oh!" I look down at him in surprise. I look away, embarrassed. I take a deep breath. "Do it. Oh God Benji, just fucking do it!" I bite my lip while his finger forces its way into my backdoor. It hurts, but not bad enough for me to make him stop. I focused on the sensations radiating from my pussy. It doesn't take him long to drive me over the edge. Every nerve in my body dances with electricity as the knot in my belly snaps. My limbs shake, my toes curl, and my breath catches in my throat. He doesn't let up. I ball my fists so hard they hurt. I kick the table over. I grit my teeth as my orgasm overwhelms everything else. He's relentless. I'm not sure how much more I can take. I try to tell him to stop, but, my words only come out as a gurgled moan. With great, no, supreme, effort I manage to push him away.

"So soon, Sweetness?" He teases.

I curl into a fetal position on the couch to ride it out. My entire body quivers with aftershocks. I have never experienced anything this intense. It takes me several minutes to come down completely. It's another couple of minutes before I regain the ability to speak coherently. I look at his smug expression as he sits

on the floor. I manage to point a shaky finger at him. "Evil," I name him.

We both crack up. I look at him, his fur matted with sweat, and other fluids. His cock already hard, again. I think about his finger in my ass. Do I dare let him put something else in there? Do I have it in me? Well, not yet, but I think it's about time I did. I push myself up onto wobbly legs, turning around to present my flushed pussy and full, round, ass. I lean on the back of the couch, looking seductively over my shoulder. He rises to take his position. His hands rest on my hips as he lines his cock up with my aching hole. I reach back to guide him towards my virgin ass.

He's shocked. "Megan? Are you..." I wave a hand to shut him up. "I swore to myself that my husband would be the one who pops that cherry." I smile at him. "Well, we've been married for almost a decade now..." He rolls his eyes. I laugh. "I figure I've made you wait long enough for the honor." I wink. He takes a deep breath before kneeling. I shiver as his tongue caresses my asshole. My breath catches as he licks my tight knot until I'm slick with his spit. He runs his hands up my thighs as he stands. He leans forward, and I feel his knotted fur against my back. Nervous prickles dance across my skin. My stomach is in knots. My mouth is dry. I swallow my fear.

"Are you sure about this, Megan?" His words are hot against my skin. I feel his stiffness pressing against me. I shake my head. He pulls away. I grab his hand. I turn to look him in the eye.

"Doesn't mean I don't want to do it," I say with more courage than I feel. He looks unsure. "Look, you've got tons of experience doing this, right?" He nods slowly. I swallow again. "Well, I trust you to know what you're doing. I trust you'll make this enjoyable." I give him my wicked look. "Now, let's do this before I come to my senses."

"You're the one in the driver's seat on this, okay?" He whispers. I nod. "I won't do anything beyond what you tell me to do, understood?" I nod again. "You say stop, and we're finished. No questions, no regrets." I nod once more. "Not just this time. Whenever you summon any of us, we are limited to only what you allow us to do to you." He chuckles. "Sometimes though, you may not be consciously aware of how far you'll really go..."

"Oh, For Fuck's Sake! Can we quit talking about it and just get down to it already?" I bark. "I have to go back to work the day after tomorrow you know." I talk a big game, but I'm nervous. Benji takes the hint. He grabs my hips. I grip the back of the couch. The pressure builds on my tight sphincter, forcing me onto

my toes. I bite my lip. It feels like he's trying to drive a tree trunk into me. I'm not sure I can handle it. Then, suddenly, he's in.

"STOP!" I yell. He does immediately. I grit my teeth against the invasion of my back door. I'm white knuckling the couch. I have never felt so vulnerable, or so full, in my entire life. The pain is intense, but not entirely unpleasant. I slowly let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. "Go," I gasp. Benji starts thrusting. Slow, and shallow so I can get used to his cock. The pain eases, but doesn't go away. I'm about to urge him deeper when I feel a furry paw slide towards my pulsing sex. "What?!?" I yelp.

"I'm providing a little, uhm, distraction, my dear." He whispers. I gasp as he massages my engorged button. Pain, pleasure, pleasurable pain, (or painful pleasure) fight for my attention. I give myself over to the sensations completely.

"Deeper," I command. He dives in a little further, and speeds up a little more. My legs are made of jelly at this point. A molten fire burns in my core. Each thrust, each touch fanning the flames, driving the temperature higher. Sweat beads on my forehead before running into my eyes. The fire flows through me, making every nerve ending glow white, as Benji fucks my tight, willing, ass. I urge him on, deeper, faster, moaning between gasps as our fire melts pain and pleasure together into a new glorious feeling.

Benji's fingers never stop dancing. My cunt spasms, sending quivers through my ravished body. The explosion radiating from my center to every point on me. I collapse, my limbs turning to noodles that could no longer support me. Benji falls forward, driving his steely rod into me so hard I think he's going to push it through me. I yell through gritted teeth as the pain shoots up my spine, out through the top of my head. Benji's paws slam down on either side of my head. He yells, a mix of shock and pleasure, and I join him. I am spent, my arms hanging limp, my head resting on the back of the couch. I'm pinned between the coolness of the fabric, and the furry heat of Benji's body. My ass is sore, spread wider than it has ever been by his thick penis.

"So," he gasps, "I guess that's as deep as I can go." We both give tired chuckles. "Sorry, I jumped the gun a little." Benji kisses the back of my neck. He starts to pull away.

"Don't," I take a deep breath. "Don't apologize." I turn my head so I can look at him. "I was, a little preoccupied at the time. You're fine." I manage a smile. "So, uh, you gonna finish the job, or what?"

He raises his eyebrows in surprise. "You seriously want more?" He shakes his head. "After that? You're insane."

"No," I tease, wiggling my hips a little to make him groan. "I just don't think you should *half-ass* a job. You need to finish what you started." I push myself up on shaky arms. Benji is still in position. I kneel on a wet cushion and start pushing against him.

"Shit, Megan," he gasps. I laugh. Little bolts of near pain shoot through me with every movement. I love it. I want more. I push back against him, harder. He cusses a blue streak, grabbing my hips to hold me in place. "I got this," he assures me. He pulls back until only the tip is in me. I let out a long, low moan. He slides back in until his balls bump against my pussy. I exhale quickly, through clenched teeth as I'm filled completely once more. His next stroke is a little faster, and a little shallower. With each new thrust he picks up speed, and shortens his stroke, until I'm squealing with delight.

He fucks me furiously, the couch shaking with each punishing stroke. My head droops in submission. My knuckles, white from the death grip I have on the cushions. He's going for speed, so he's not going to last much longer. He grips me hard enough to leave a mark, throwing his head back with an ecstatic cry. The first spurt lands deep inside me, but Benji's not done. He pulls back, then slams it home again. Two more full body, bone rattling, thrusts follow before he finally buries himself to the root in my tender sphincter. My body trembles as I get filled by pulsing cock and hot jizz. I moan. His seed spills out of me to run down my legs before dripping onto the couch. Benji pulls his softening member out, then gently pulls my ravaged body down on top of him.

We lay there, covered in sweat, and other fluids, exhausted. I feel the soothing warmth spread through me, taking away my aches and exhaustion. I wonder what other powers I'll discover, in time? I mean, the one I know about is pretty fucking amazing already, but still... Benji strokes my matted hair, chuckling. I smile, relishing the feel of his silky fur against my naked flesh. I never want this to end.

"So I guess that's what they mean by 'fuck like bunnies', huh?"

Benji rolls his eyes. "Ha Ha, Meg. Very funny."

I jump straight up in a panic. I look frantically around the room. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. Well, other than the talking rabbit on the couch. I give him an anxious look. "That wasn't me, Benji" I whisper. He raises a furry

eyebrow.

“Over here,” someone says. We looked over to see my aunt, uh, ancestor, er Samantha’s smiling face staring out of my laptop screen. “I may have turned on more than just some mood music before I left,” she flashes a devilish smile.

I shake my finger at the screen. I am livid. “What The Actual Fuck?!?” I yell. “What the hell are you doing?” I start to let her have it. Then I remember what I look like. I lunged for the laptop to close it. Her next words stop me cold.

“You don’t know how to send him back.” I give her my Evil Look. Still no effect. I spin the laptop so she can’t see us. “Fine,” she blows an annoyed breath. “FYI, I had to make sure you went through with it. There would have been dire consequences, for us both, if you hadn’t.” I shoot Benji a questioning glance. He nods. “My mentor was in the room with me, offering an unwelcome running critique, for my first time. Luckily technology saved us both from that awkwardness.”

I feel my neck and cheeks flush red. “Just tell me what I need to know,” I yell, “then go away.” I cross my arms and stare at the laptop. “We are going to discuss boundaries tomorrow, though.”

Samantha laughs. “Lick your fingers, then rub your mark in the opposite direction nine times.” I thank her before I start to close the computer. “And, since the Liln can be so messy, I would probably guess you need to know how to clean up.” I open it again. “There’s a jar on the table. I’m looking right at it.” I see an old glass jar with a metal snap ring sitting on the end table. I pick it up, carefully avoiding the laptop’s camera, and open it. “Once it’s open, rub some of his cum around the inside of the rim.” I do, and some of the warmth leaves me. I yelp in surprise as the magic kicks in.

The jizz begins collecting in the jar. It slides across my body, down my arm, and pools in the container. It feels like warm gummy worms slithering across me. Something runs up my leg, and I look down in shock. All of it, from the couch, to Benji, to the floor, every, last drop, was being drawn to the jar. I don’t think it’s all going to fit. “Uh...” I start.

“It’ll fit,” Samantha assures me. “Thanks to the magic it’s effectively bottomless. Now, before you ask, it’s a storage battery.” I give a confused look to the back of the laptop. She continues, “If you need a boost, or you can’t summon, for whatever reason, just take you a swallow or two, and top off the tank.”

By now, everything is spotless. I'm in shock. I look at the warm jar in my hand, before snapping the lid shut. "Yeah, cause that's not weird," I mutter while examining the jar. "You know, having a jar of spirit cum to sip on whenever I want." I shrug, then set it back on the end table.

"Fresh from the tap girl, eh?" Benji says with a wink. I gave him the full force of my Evil Look. Still ineffective.

"So, I should also add..." Samantha starts.

"Tomorrow. You can tell me tomorrow." I close the laptop with a snap. Smiling, I snatch the jar up, and head towards the bedroom. "Well, Sir Benjamin," I call back, "I'm heading to bed."

He sits up. "Going to sleep? I can understand that, you must be tired." He starts gathering his clothes. "Just let me get dressed before you send me back."

I lean on the door frame with an innocent, hurt expression. "Oh," I whine, "pressing business at Long Ear Manor?" I stretch, making sure he notices. "Cause, I'm not sleepy, but if you've had your fill of me or, I don't know, can't perform your husbandly duties..." I give him a wicked leer. His ears perk up, and he throws me over his shoulder. Ten years married, and we're still fucking like we just met.

Being a Strix was going to be a lot of fun.

####

About the Author

J.H Bond is a writer trapped in the Appalachian mountains of Virginia. To stave off the boredom I write erotic fiction. I think of crazy stories, and sex, all the time, why not share those ideas with you. I'm currently working on more stories in the two series I have, plus new fiction for possible new series.

Books by J.H. Bond

The Fairy Ring

Penelope Maidenhead and the Fruitful Vine

Friend in Need

Brides of Batsquatch

[Every Book I've Written](#)

Digitally Stalk Me!

Tumblr: <https://wyrdestories.tumblr.com/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/WyrdoBond>

E-mail: wyrdestories@gmail.com

Don't forget to give the story some love by leaving some stars, and/or a review on Smashwords.

You can also favorite my profile, and sign up for alerts, so you'll know when a new book is available! Tell people about it! Tweet it! Post about it at your favorite site! If you loved it, tell your friends! If you hated it, tell your enemies! I even post *FREE STORIES* on my Tumblr! Art as well!