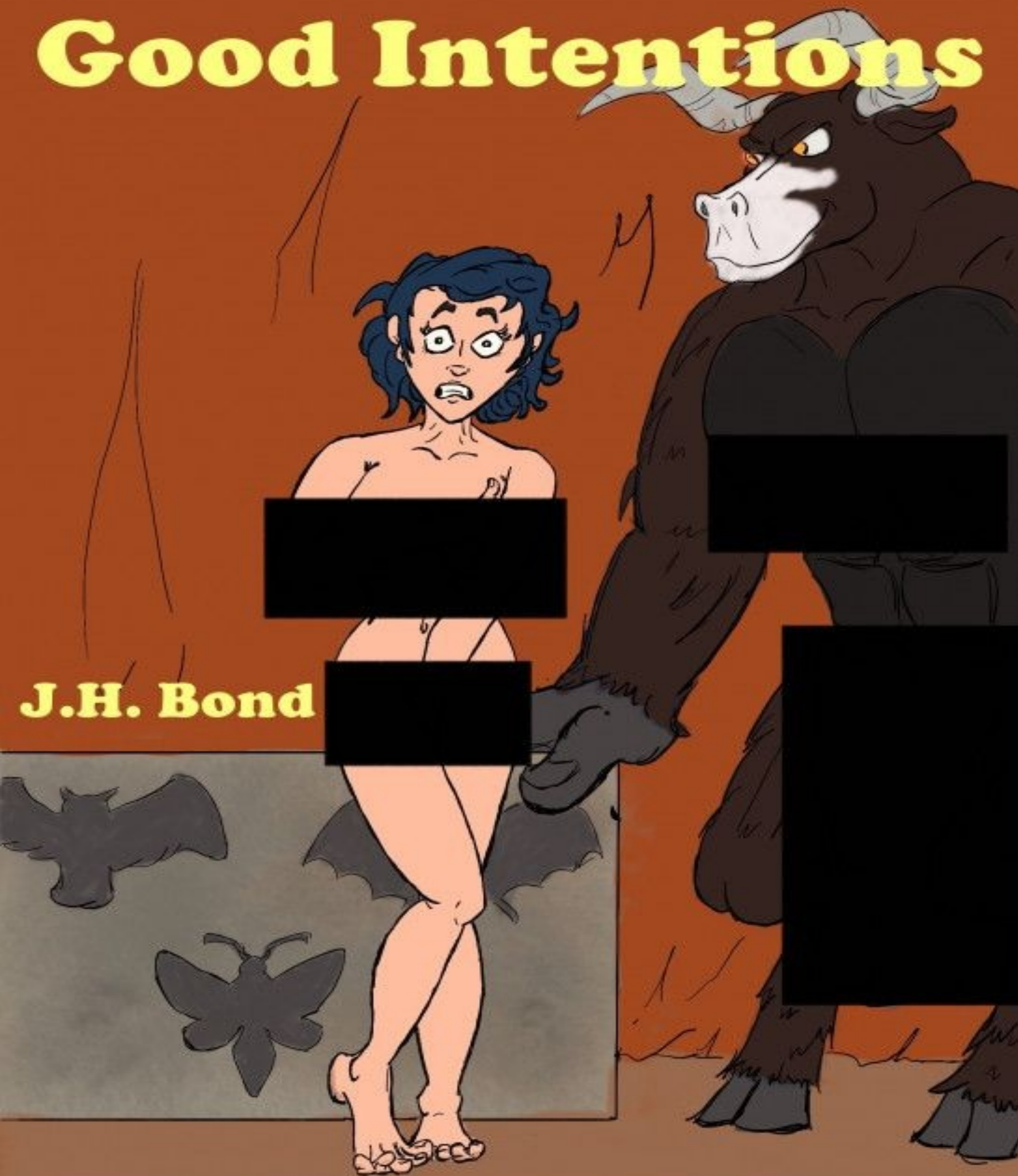


Good Intentions

J.H. Bond



A Cursed Goods Story

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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

Alex Rantipole isn't a Strix though. She is living under a curse, for daring to interfere with a holy ceremony. Now, and forever more, she will be a consort for the Liln, but have no control over where, or when they show up, nor what form they will take, or their numbers. She's starting to wonder if it's still a curse though, since she's enjoying it so much...

I suppose I should have known better. I mean I'd grown up in the church. I had seen others get punished for stepping out of line, but, *man* she was so hot. A little backstory first. If you visited my town you wouldn't think anything of it. We're just like any other little town squatting in the Appalachian mountains of the South. A couple of high schools, a community college, a downtown area full of locally owned shops and several churches scattered throughout the county. Yep, typical rural life in Appalachia, until you start paying attention to the names of some of the churches, that is.

See, I belong to the cult of the Great Goddess Lilith, She of the Full Hips and Fertile Ways, The Queen of the Night, and while our little churches may look like the thousands that dot little towns nationwide what happens inside them would make those Fundamentalists burst into flame from righteous indignation. Let's just say we don't shy away from nudity, and public displays of affection.

For the most part.

During our Holy Days and Festivals there is a strict guide to who participates in the rituals, what part they play and in what order they do their part in. That's where I got into trouble. See every year to celebrate the coming of spring and the return of fertility and growth to the world we have the festival of Uter. This marks the rebirth of Lilith's son/husband/brother, The Green Man, who will grow up, grow old and die between the first day of spring and the last day of fall. We find two virgins- Don't laugh! It's easier than you think for us since we don't demonize the act. You'd be amazed at the number of things people don't do anymore once they realize they're not breaking any rules.

So, anyway, we round up two virgins from those who've turned eighteen since the last festival. They're secluded away for three days before the festival to learn their parts and be ritually cleansed and purified. At dawn on the day of the festival they're brought to the center of town, stripped naked, and reenact the

impregnation of Lilith by her cousin/husband/nephew Othar the Black Kow. As the day goes on Lilith's stand-in gestates, and then delivers Uter at sundown, so we have Lilith's blessing for another year.

It's the most popular holy day of our calendar and not just because after sundown it turns into a free-for-all bacchanalia that lasts 'til sun up. This year our virgins were Willy Bonner (Swear to Goddess that was his name) the quarterback for the Zebulon Baird Vance Fighting Cocks and Kelsey Hendricks head cheerleader for the Cordell High Lady Tigers and holder of every teen beauty pageant title in a fifty-mile radius. Kelsey had been a source of many fantasies among the population of Cordell and Willy was considered the luckiest bastard on the face of the earth for getting to be her first.

I was volunteering with the festival set up, transforming the Great Catherine Campgrounds into an outdoor temple. Well, honestly, I was just holding boards, and handing tools to Jed, my buddy since kindergarten, while he built the platform for the ceremony. We were taking a little break when the subject of Willy and Kelsey came up again.

Jed shook his head. "I just can't believe *no one* has been with that girl yet. Can you?"

"Nope."

"I mean, *SHIT*, remember the car wash the cheerleaders organized last summer for new uniforms?"

I grinned. “Yep, shut down Moss street so many people showed up for it. Raised enough money for their uniforms, new football uniforms, and a complete remodeling of the gymnasium.”

Jed smiled, and leaned in conspiratorially. “Hell, I rode through 3 times to get my truck washed. How about you?”

“Only once.” I smiled. “But I stood across the street for an hour taking photos and video.”

Jed barked out a laugh and slapped me on the back hard enough to leave a bruise. Then he thought about it and chuffed me on the back of the head until I saw stars.

“And why haven’t you given me a copy of any of that shit, you sumbitch. I’ve been having to spunk it to memories and those shitty photos the newspaper printed. And they’re so damn blurry I can’t really tell what they are. All the stains on them don’t help either.”

“In the newspaper’s defense it’s hard to print good pictures when your photographer’s only working one handed. I mean seriously, you’d’ve thought he had a paint mixer in his pants the way he shook when Kelsey was in view.”

“Yeah, well it still doesn’t explain why you ain’t shared this glorious bounty with your best friend in the world, you know?”

“Cause every time I try, I wind up using them to work off some stress myself, fall asleep, and forget about it.”

We went back to work, not finishing up until well after sunset. Jed drove me back to my apartment, where just I collapsed on the couch. The next morning, I headed over to the church to see what else they might need me to do. I was informed that Jacob McDonnell had come down with a stomach bug, so they needed someone to sit with Willy until tomorrow morning.

“What do I have to do?”

Samantha Crupper, an older lady who organized the festival every year, just shrugged and started counting off duties on her finger. “Keep him company, make sure he gets to the festival on time, make sure he’s in costume, and make sure he doesn’t experience an orgasm until he’s inside Kelsey.”

I give her a confused look. “Come again?”

“Make sure he doesn’t masturbate.” She said rolling her eyes and letting out a sigh like a tire with a slow leak. “Can you do that?”

I shrugged, “Sure.”

“Good, get over to this address and relieve Julianne, I need her back here to help with Kelsey.”

I turned to leave, and she grabbed me in a one-armed hug that drove her clipboard into my gut rather painfully. “And Alex? Thank you. You’ve been a real blessing this year.”

Babysitting Willy was easy. I took my games with me, and we played until we couldn’t keep our eyes open. Willy collapsed into the bed, asleep as soon as he hit the pillow. I stayed on the couch, where I slept like the dead. Then, it was a simple matter of getting Willy, wearing nothing but a robe, out to the campground by sun up. We were standing in the staging area out of public view when Kelsey showed up without her chaperone.

“Where’s Julianne?” I said looking over her shoulder towards the car.

“Worshiping the porcelain god, this morning.” Kelsey shook her head dismissively. “I think she’s got the same bug Mr. McDonnell had.” She crossed her arms, “I can’t believe she made me drive myself out her. Bitch, that’s YOUR job.”

Me and Willy looked at each other. I knew better than to disagree with her. Willy was too smitten to contradict her. Without warning, she shrugged off her robes, revealing herself in all her glory. Her body was toned, and curved in all the right places, with full hips and supple breasts. She shook her flowing auburn locks as she smoothed her hair back, fixing me, and Willy, with a slightly embarrassed smile, and sweet little giggle. Until the day I die it’ll remain one of the most beautiful things I’ve ever seen.

I was sporting a boner to beat the band by this point. Seriously! I could have driven nails with this thing. I had to put my hand on the front of my jeans to keep my dick from breaking off and attacking her. Poor Willy just stood there slack-jawed and wide-eyed with a little drool dribbling down his chin. And just when I thought it couldn't get better? Kelsey started rubbing her pert nipples and giggled, "Colder out here than I thought."

That's when it all went to hell.

Willy's eyes bugged almost out of his skull, and he began to shake all over. Guttural moans escaped his lips as he gasped for breath, throwing his robe open to reveal his own stiff, and massive, manhood. Kelsey's face lit up with her patented, million watt, smile at the sight of Willy's cock. I was about to restrain her when suddenly Willy doubled over and began to spew.

And by that, I don't mean vomit.

Without even touching her, or hell even himself, Willy was experiencing the mother of all orgasms. His eyes never left Kelsey as his dick twitched and spasmed, spilling ropes of his seed all over the ground in front of him. Kelsey squealed, sidestepping a couple of spurts as he was launching jizz like NASA launches satellites. After what seemed like an eternity Willy finally stopped, managing a whispered "*Fucking A!*", before falling backwards into pure unconscious bliss.

Kelsey was in a panic "*-THE FUCK! What are we gonna do now?!*"

"Put your robe back on. Let me think." A quick peek around the corner showed me the campground was rapidly filling up. "There's only one thing to do. I'll have to take his place." I tried to suck in my gut, and look sexy, but, her reaction said it all.

"Aren't you like old? Like old enough to be my dad old?" She curled her lip in disgust. "Are people your age even capable of having sex anymore, or do you just shoot dust? I mean, I'm supposed to get knocked up out there..."

I pointed at Willy's comatose form. "Well *he's* not going to do it, and *I'm* not going out there to tell these people the festival's being delayed due to premature ejaculation. So, if you've got a better idea let's hear it."

She chewed her lips in thought for a few seconds. "People will know you're not Willy. How are you getting around THAT, genius?"

"It's a full body bull costume," I point out. "No one will know. It'll work, and be over before you know it."

She raised a perfect eyebrow, "Yeah, I know." She points at Willy, "He'll know."

"You really think he's gonna tell anyone he *didn't* take your virginity? Hell

no. He'll go along with it. When he wakes up. Eventually." I could tell she didn't like the idea, but since she didn't have a better one she played along. We hid Willy. I stripped, slipping on the costume while she kept lookout. I also rubbed one out so Kelsey wouldn't be getting the easy one. Then it was time to walk out onto the platform.

Samantha was already out there, finishing up the invocations and prayers. She walked over to Kelsey, pulling her robe off. I felt the breeze from the gasps of the audience. Several men, and more than a few women, suffered from the same fate that had befallen poor Willy backstage. Samantha smiles at Kelsey, "Prepare yourself."

Kelsey climbed onto the altar, propping herself on the edge so everyone could see her clearly. She slowly spread her legs while tweaking her hardened nipples. They were so stiff they cut the still morning air as she pulled, flicked, and rubbed them in front of the whole congregation. Then, she slowly began to work one hand down her flat tanned belly and across her Venus mound, rubbing slowly as soft mewling sounds escaped her lips. Using one hand to steady herself she leaned back, closed her eyes, and started sucking, and biting, her lips. I start to stroll onto the stage.

And that's when the shit hit the fan.

I found myself naked, lying on the stage, with portals opening up all around me. Long, purple tentacles wrapped around my limbs, hoisting me into the air. Kelsey screams, tentacles wrapping around her, pinning her to the altar. I struggle, screaming, while Samantha glares at us both. The Othar costume continues to walk towards Kelsey, morphing from felt, and plastic into muscle and flesh. Soon, an eight foot tall Minotaur stands on the stage, glowering at the audience. I stare at it, noticing the pale, small penis between its legs. A quick glance down confirms my fears. I'm smooth as a patch of ice in the crotch. I

scream.

Samantha smiles. "Oh! That? It's his now." Othar flexes, roars, and my dick grows, changing into a tool worthy of a giant bull-man. Kelsey screams even louder. Samantha chuckles, "Well, It's his, now."

Othar pulls Kelsey to the edge of the altar, then slides his giant cock into her virgin pussy. Kelsey screams, and blacks out. Othar doesn't care, he starts pounding her unconscious form with a bestial urgency.

Everyone's focused on the breeding, so I try to wiggle free. Yeah, that's not happening. I look around for help. Samantha's niece stands off to the side, waiting for Othar to finish so she can help Kelsey to the birthing area. We make eye contact. I plead with her to help me. She deliberately pretends to not understand before hiding behind the curtain.

"What are we going to do with you?" Samantha looks me up and down. A wicked smile tells me it's not going to be good. She snaps her fingers, "I know." A portal opens above me, and a dozen more tentacles appear. They start to spray, covering me head to toe in glistening, silvery goo. I open my mouth to scream, and swallow some of it. It tastes wonderful! No, dammit! Stay focused. The stuff feels weird gliding across my skin. It doesn't feel right. Something seems different. I shake my head, trying to clear my eyes. The goo drips off my naked breasts onto the stage.

Wait? My... BREASTS?!?

I scream again, this time with a very female voice. Samantha laughs. "Nice. You make a very sexy woman, Alex." She nods towards the altar, "You'll be the perfect distraction for Othar, while we get Kelsey off stage." I stare in disbelief. She's not suggesting... that I... that Othar... Oh, shit, I have to get out of here. NOW!

The town's tornado warning siren suddenly goes off. No, wait, Kelsey just woke up, right in the middle of the mother of all orgasms by my guess. As she howls, and writhes, under Othar, I actually start to wonder if the tentacles will be able to hold her down. Othar doesn't seem to notice, or care, that she's a lot more responsive now. He keeps pounding her cunt, making her belly bulge with each thrust. Kelsey keep up a running dialogue of grunts, moans, growls, and language so foul I can't repeat it here. No, trust me, I shiver just thinking about some of the shit she said. Othar finally quickens his pace, then buries his bull cock into her as deep as it will go. He throws his head back, bellowing to the sky, as his balls empty into his virginal conquest.

Kelsey arches her back, her ecstatic cries ringing through the valley as her belly swells with Othar's seed. Just before it looks like she'll burst open, the cum starts flowing out of her, down the side of the altar, and across the stage. People near the front jostle and shove each other trying to get to the divine flood. Othar cums for, like, ten minutes straight before pulling out of Kelsey. I feel for the next guy she fucks. The attendants rush onstage, carrying her off to the birthing chamber, and leaving a trail of glistening spunk behind them.

With a gesture, Samantha forces me onto my knees before the Minotaur demigod. "Another offering, My Lord." She bows her head, "This one you can't breed, but she can still pleasure you, in any way you see fit." Her smile would do the devil proud. "When you're done with her, I'll make it my duty to insure she continues to serve Lilith in a similar fashion.

Othar smiles, advancing towards me. I try to back away, but the tentacles hold me tight. "I'm not a woman! I'm not a w-", I start to protest. Othar grabs my head, forcing his giant prick into my mouth. I taste a mixture of his and Kelsey's juices on my tongue. It seems familiar.

"I don't care," he rumbles. It's the only words he speaks all day. He forces himself in, deeper and deeper. I keep expecting my jaw to dislocate, or for me to start gagging, but I don't. Like some kind of mind reader, Samantha answers my unspoken question.

"Your body has been built to take him, and all those like him," she smiles down at me. "It's very similar to my own. In fact, that's what your punishment is, Alex. You're going to be a, courtesan for Lilith. Anytime, anywhere, one of the Liln desires the touch of a woman, they'll find you." She walks away with a dismissive wave, "Have fun, and don't hold back."

He doesn't, slamming his dick down my throat to the balls, and rattling my brains. When the first load spews into my mouth, I'm shocked at how good it tastes, and how much of it there is. It pours out of my mouth, coating my breasts, and stomach, before spilling onto the stage. It tastes just like that shit that transformed my body. Even while a part of me tries to deny it, I crave more of it, of him, squealing when Othar throws me onto the altar. The tentacles disappear while he pins me down with one powerful hand. He uses the other on my pussy, massaging my clit until I orgasm. Then he positions himself between my legs, his dick hard once more.

I take a ragged, fearful breath. There's no way that'll fit, will it? He presses it against my slit, forcing the head in. I take in a sharp breath, biting my lip. He takes his time, slowly parting my slick lips, filling me until it hurts, but, damn, it feels good. Like my mouth, he goes far deeper than I thought possible, not stopping until his balls rest against my ass. I let out a breath I didn't know I was

holding. He grips my thighs, pinning them down, and fucks me in front of the whole congregation. I don't put on as wild a show as Kelsey did, but I don't disappoint. I'm on my third, or fourth orgasm by the time he shoots his wad into me. That little voice of doubt, and fear finally fucked out of me by my demigod lover. This is my punishment? Bring it on!

I suck his cock two more times, enjoying every minute of it. He then bends me over the altar and fills my cunt three more times with hard dick and gooey jizz. I'm exhausted, but still horny as hell! Othar, on the other hand, hasn't broken a sweat. He pulls out, leaving me feeling so empty, and spreads my ass cheeks with his thick fingered hands.

Wait, he's not... Oh Goddess he's not gonna...

I feel him press against my tight balloon knot. I grip the altar so tight my fingers pop. My jaw clenched so hard I'm surprised I don't crack some teeth. I cry out to Lilith for strength, mentally apologizing to all four of my ex-wives, and every girl I ever convinced to let me do this to them. Just as I think I'm going to black out, he slides in. I gasp, my whole body shaking under his storming of my back gate. Tears cloud my vision by the time he comes to a rest deep inside my sphincter. His thrusts are powerful, and deep, shaking the whole altar while he pounds my ass. It hurts so much, while simultaneously, somehow, feeling wonderful. He cums, and I feel it flow out of my aching ass to run down my legs. He doesn't stop. He punishes my ass with his cock until his balls have emptied another five times. Then, finally he pulls out.

I collapse to the stage, ruined, and worn out. I lay there in the pool of cum, while Othar rolls me on my back. He takes me again, and again, lying in his own spunk. I can't take anymore. My eyes get heavy, and darkness takes me.

Othar doesn't quit using me as his cocksleeve until sunset. My memories are a bit fuzzy about everything he did to me. (I still haven't watched the videos taken that day either.) I drift in and out of consciousness all day. He finally drops my aching, abused, hollowed out, cum drenched body onto the altar. The last thing I see is the empty costume fall to the stage, then nothing.

I wake up, still naked with silvery semen dried to my skin and hair, on a plastic tarp in someone's basement. I spy a bathroom through an open door, and crawl to it. I stay in the shower until the water turns cold, dry myself, then, with a deep breath, look in the mirror. I'm not bad looking. I still have my black hair, just a full head of it again, blue eyes, and olive skin tone. Of course, I'm now about four inches shorter, a hundred pounds lighter, twenty five years younger, and a C cup at least.

I start to feel a panic attack coming on. Shit, I don't know anything about being a woman! What the fuck am I supposed to do? What about my job, my apartment, my life? Before I lose it completely there's a knock on the door. I open it to find Julianne, and her wife Mary, staring wide eyed at me. "Yeah," I whisper.

"You're awake," Julianne stammers. "Uh, it's been three days since they brought you here, and we were a little worried that you weren't gonna wake up. Ever." Mary nods. Julianne pats Mary's shoulder, "Run upstairs, and heat up those leftovers. She's got to be starving." She points at me, "You hungry?" I nod. She smiles, "Let me get you some clothes. We'll run out later and pick you up a new wardrobe. You're gonna need it." I ask about my place, and my job. Her expression tells me all I need to know. "Don't worry about it. You can have this space in the basement, rent free, and I'll hire you for the store. It'll be all right Alex."

I pull on the clothes with a huff. "Yeah, It'll be fine, until one of the Liln needs to sheathe his cock in something, then I'm on my knees getting drilled in

every hole." I suppress the smile I feel creeping onto my face. What is wrong with me? "Why are you doing this?"

Julianne sighs, "I have to be your handler, until Lilith decides you've been punished enough. I have to make sure you're clothed, fed, housed, and available to perform your duties whenever it's required."

"Oh," I give her an angry look. "Here I thought you were being kind, or my friend."

"I am your friend," she snaps. "I volunteered for this duty, after everyone else shunned you, Motherfucker. I'll help you in any way I can." She chuckles, "I don't know what's going to happen, but I'm here until the end."

I feel guilty. "Thanks," I mumble. "We got this, right?" She nods. "Good, let's go eat, and worry about what happens next when it comes." (or cums?) Whatever...

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.

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