

Coven of Carnality

by James Lucien

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A drizzling afternoon rain dribbles through the dense forest canopy as Everett tracks his dinner. A heavy mist swirls around his bare feet as he stalks across the hilly terrain. A brook babbles nearby and thunder rumbles in the distance.

Although Everett is a burly man, bulky with mighty muscle, he moves swift and silent. The pelt of a grizzly hangs across his broad shoulders and the fur of a cottontail encloses his hefty manhood. He slew the bear with the dagger strapped to his shin and the rabbit with a twist of his wrists.

Hunting has been at the heart of his way of life since he could walk. After the Fae were slaughtered by the Vampire Courts in The Great War, manfolk no longer had a safe haven. A nomadic lifestyle soon became their only means of survival. Even after the vampires were vanquished in the werewolf uprising, manfolk remained a hunted people. The shifters fear there may be broods of bloodsuckers in hiding that would use the manfolk to replenish their numbers. Vampires cannot breed like werewolves and werewolves cannot turn manfolk.

Everett lost his parents to a pack of werewolves when he was only a boy. They tore out his father's throat as he witnessed from a tree hollow, then they carried off his mother as he wept in the dark. He had been smeared with mud to suppress his scent, same as he is now. As predator and prey, he slathers himself every single day.

As Everett crests a hilltop, his eyes widen with surprise and then narrow with suspicion. He squats low and scoots close to the trunk of a large tree, camouflaging himself. The fur of his coverings and the dirt plastered to his skin allows him to blend with the brown bark.

In the dell below, a young maiden is plucking button mushrooms from the decaying innards of a lightning-split fallen tree. She is too clean and calm to be a manfolk. She is too tall to be a werewolf and too short to be a werewolf and werewolves never travel alone.

The nubile beauty is wearing a tight-fitting black dress that reveals more than it conceals. It is more intricate than anything a manfolk would fashion. And werewolves do not wear clothing, further indicating that this woman is something else altogether.

Each time she plucks a mushroom, Everett is given an alluring peek at the deep swell of her big bosoms. They are full and firm. She turns her back, places her wicker basket upon the ground, and hunches over, reaching into the tree, exhibiting her narrow waist and wide hips. Her bottom is heart shaped. Everett gulps at the sight.

Since she is neither manfolk nor werewolf, could she be a Fae of some kind? She does not have the pointed ears of an elf or the butterfly wings of a faerie. Perhaps she is the rare hybrid offspring of an elf and a manfolk. Could she be a nymph?

Although he was born after The Great War, Everett's mother told him many stories about the various types of Fae. They were a benevolent and beautiful race of magick beings, living in beatific balance with one another and with nature. They always treated manfolk with compassion, but seldom did they copulate with the cruder creatures. In the uncommon occurrence that they did, if a child was conceived the progeny grew to be provocative and passionate. While all the Fae were sensual, nymphs were extremely so.

The thought of mounting the gorgeous girl where she stands, bent over the rotting carcass of the fallen tree, causes a stirring in his loins. He has two feet of height on her and is at least twice her weight. *She is all alone and ripe for the taking. I should make her my mate. If she is a nymph, she will relish my ravishing.*

Everett has never lain with a manfolk, as the only females he has ever crossed paths with were already mated. He did manage to capture and constrain a werewolf for a few months, which he used sexually several times a day until the winter freeze forced him to eat her. Her human

form was attractive, though her meat was tough. To discover an unaccompanied maiden of such beauty as the one before him is a once in a lifetime opportunity. If he were to allow her to frolic free unmolested, he would regret it for the rest of his days.

Galvanized into action, Everett begins to descend from the hilltop. He licks his lips as he watches the woman continuing to bend over to collect mushrooms from within the tree. As he creeps closer, he can make out the cheeks of her heart-shaped bottom flexing through the thin fabric of her dress, one and then the other, as she reaches one direction and then another. Her contracting cheeks are captivating.

Halfway down the hill, Everett halts as she straightens up with two handfuls of buttons. She spills them into her basket and picks it up. Apparently satisfied with her take, she skips away as though she has never known fear, her long brunette hair whisking about with each happy hop.

Lurching from tree to tree, Everett pursues from a distance, intending to follow her home. That way he can take her in her own bed rather than in the mud. She leads him on a winding path through the woods. He spots no telltales of werewolf as he trails her. *Perhaps there is some Fae magick remaining in this area that distorts the shifters' senses.* He has heard rumors from passersby of ancient protective shrines that survived The Great War. *Maybe there is one nearby.*

Everett takes heed, slowing his pursuit, as the hilly woodland gives way to a stone monument, both archaic and awe-inspiring. The cracked floor is carpeted with moss and the weatherworn statues are entangled with vines. Pixies flitter here and there, revealing that Fae magick persists.

The winsome woman descends concentric stairs at the center of the megalithic memorial, where a sculpture of an elf king and a faerie queen embrace. Setting her basket aside, she sits upon the statue's raised base, crossing her sleek legs as if waiting for someone. She closes her eyes and tilts back her head, letting the drizzle sprinkle her face. Rain trickles down the front of her neck and into her ample cleavage, overfilling the sultry swell of her breasts. Parting her lush lips, she juts her tongue, catching raindrops. She is as enchanting as the depicted faerie behind her.

Everett is so thoroughly mesmerized by the dazzling deva, he does not notice a dozen women slinking out of the shadows until he is surrounded. Each of them is as nubile and nectarous as the nymph that lured him here. They are clothed identically as well, in revealing black dresses.

Unsheathing his dagger, Everett rises from his crouch into a defensive stance and inhales deep, puffing up his muscular chest. He releases his breath in a growling question, "Whaddaya want?!"

A red-headed woman saunters closer, showing no fear of his blade, and responds in a tone both dulcet and demanding. "We are in need of your seed and you are going to give it to us one way or another."

Taken aback by her unexpected answer, Everett lowers his dagger, and queries, "Who are you? Why do you need my seed? And how have you remained undetected from the shifters?"

The red-headed woman replies, "We are a small portion of a large coven of witches. We are descendants of Fae. Our kind includes females only, therefore we need your seed to breed our next generation. As for eluding detection by the shifters, we employ many techniques, both practical and magickal."

Gripping his weapon tighter, Everett asks, "And how do you plan to extract my seed?"

The red-head takes another step closer, bringing herself within reach of his blade, and purrs, "In the most pleasurable way."

“And when you are through?”

“You will be free to go wherever you please, as long as you do not attempt to follow us home.”

Detecting no sign of dishonesty in her delivery, Everett disregards his disquietude as simply a delusion and sheathes his dagger. “Do you have shelter nearby?”

“You have nothing to fear from shifters in this place. It is protected by magick.” She looks him up and down with a slight sneer. “However, we do require that you bathe before we begin.” She turns on her bare heel without another word and gestures for him to follow.

Encircled by voluptuous vixens, Everett is led away from the memorial to a cave mouth. Arching a brow with disbelief, he questions, “You expect me to venture into that cave?”

“This cavern contains a hot spring and is within range of the monument’s protective magick.” Noting his lack of appreciation for her claim, she continues, “Myself and another of your choosing will happily accompany you.”

Everett points to the brunette with the heart-shaped bottom. “Her.”

The brunette affords him a demure smile that heats his blood. “My name is Bella.”

The red-head snorts. “Have you chosen a favorite so soon?”

Ignoring her question, he nods to Bella with a greedy grin. “My name is Everett.”

Bella steps closer and curtsies, and his gaze is momentarily drawn to the supple swell of her bosoms. “It is nice to meet you, Everett.”

The red-head scoffs, “*Please*, there is no need for greetings. He is clearly a savage.” With a huff, she twists and strolls into the cave.

Everett follows, relishing the sway of her round rump. *I will show her backside savagery.*

The downward sloping floor, tall chiseled walls, and high domed ceiling of the cavern glimmer and glow with embedded crystals. Fae magick of some kind. A large luminescent pool dominates the belly of the cave. Pixies dance in the steam wafting off the bubbling surface.

Bella whispers softly behind him, “It is a Faerie Fountain. It has many healing properties.”

Everett slows his decent so she may take step beside him. “How did the red-head become your leader?”

Bella breathes, “All members of our coven are equal, though Circe has always been the most forthright of our generation.”

He mimes a slapping motion. “I may be able to solve that with a spanking.”

Bella giggles, “I would like to see you attempt it. She is a valiant fighter.”

Curling an arm around her, Everett rests his palm on her curvy hip and she does not recoil as he feared she may. “Just say the word and I will put her over my knee.”

Bella bats her long lashes. “Would you give me a spanking if I requested one?”

He grins with a gluttonous groan. “I most certainly would.”

She bites her bottom lip. “I will keep that fact in mind.”

“Is it really true that there are no male witches?”

“It is true,” nods Bella. “You are the first man I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.” A coy smile paints her pretty face. “I am thrilled to share a sexual communion with you.”

Circe pulls her dress over her head and Everett loses the ability to speak as he takes in the stunning sight of her nude form. She turns toward him with no attempt to cover her boastful breasts or clean cleft. “I have not disrobed so you may gawk. I assume you will need our assistance since bathing is evidently a foreign concept to you. Plus, the sooner you are clean the sooner we can commence.”

Recovering his voice, Everett blurts, "Why is your womanhood bald?"

Circe scowls, "I told you we are descendants of Fae."

Removing her dress, Bella turns her tiny toes outward and motions to her cleft. "See, my womanhood is bald also. Does it bother you much?"

Blinking in befuddlement, Everett blunders, "No, no bother at all. Just not what I expected to see on an adult."

As he watches the willowy witches wade into the water, Everett sheds his animal skins. His hefty manhood hangs semi-engorged. He stands proud at the edge of the luminescent pool as the women stare stupefied. Only after their tongues have retracted and their lower jaws have raised, does he enter.

The water is sweltering yet sedative, easing his persistent pessimism. Aches and pains he had grown accustomed to melt away. There is truly healing magick of some sort at play.

He marches to the middle of the pool, where the water reaches just short of his muscular chest and the two waiting women tread water to remain above the surface. Bella moves in front of him and Circe behind him.

Circe commands, "Squat so your shoulders are below the surface."

Bending his knees, Everett brings his gaze level with Bella's and she sneaks a wink. As Circe roughly rubs his shoulders below the water, Bella cautiously caresses his chest. Everett grips Bella's narrow waist, holding her afloat as she scrubs his abdomen with her palms while Circe scours his back. As Circe massages his rump, Bella strokes his stiffening shaft with one fist while snuggling his balls with the other. She chews her bottom lip as she stares into his eyes with a libidinous look. He is ready to take her here in the pool.

Circe demands, "Dunk your head so we can deal with your mess of a mane."

Bella relinquishes his rigid member with an expression of reluctance. He blows her a kiss before he submerges himself completely.

Two sets of hands knead his scalp as he holds his breath while fondling Bella's big bosoms with hungry hands. Her nipples tighten as he rolls them with his thumbs.

When their hands withdraw from his hair, Everett ascends to his full height, feeling refreshed and ready to ravage them. "It is time to commence." He curls an arm around Bella's waist, twists and curls his other arm around Circe's. He dredges through the water, carrying them toward the shore as Bella giggles with glee and Circe grumbles with grief.

He releases them at the edge and sits with his legs spread, presenting his erection. "Prove to me with the use of your mouths how much you desire my seed."

Circe sighs, "If we must."

Bella sings, "With utmost pleasure."

They kneel hip-to-hip beside each other in the shallow water. And then glance at one another with equally dubious expressions.

Everett chuckles, "You have never even seen a man's cock before, let alone sucked one, have you, my fledgling darlings?"

Circe glowers at him and Bella blushes adorably.

He pinches their cheeks. "I will take that as a definite yes."

Circe glares at him, teeming with resentment. "We are not *children* to be trifled with."

With mock sincerity, Everett apologizes, "I am sorry to have mistaken your sexual ignorance as an indication of immature age."

Circe snaps, "If you knew what we were capable of you, you would speak respectfully!"

“I could say the same.” Everett palms the back of her skull and pulls her face to his crotch, jamming his manhood into her mouth. “Now suck my cock.” Curling his fingers into her red hair, he grips tight and bobs her head fast. “Suck it like you mean it.”

As Circe sucks and slurps, Everett hunches forward, cradles the back of Bella’s head and pulls her to his lips. He kisses her deep with passion but tender with affection. Bella moans into his mouth as she sucks his tongue. His heart swoons even as his balls swell with seed. He feels a draw to this witch, profound and provoking, that he has never known. *Could this be true love?* His mother spoke of it.

Breaking away with a fervid gasp, Everett pulls Circe from his crotch and gently guides Bella to take her place. Sealing her lips around his cock, Bella sucks hard and bobs swift and deep, plunging the back of her throat. The sensation is superbly satisfying.

Everett pulls Circe’s panting mouth to his own and kisses her rough as she whines. She claws at his chest as she endeavors to escape. Yanking her head back, he slaps her across the face with a loud smack that stings his palm and conjures a cry from her throat.

Bella suckles his manhood as though it is a source of salvation as Circe struggles and strains, scratching and slapping as Everett squeezes her breasts and sucks her stiff nipples.

Circe screams, “You will regret your actions if you do not unhand me at once!”

Everett gives her another solid stinging slap. “Threaten me again and *you* will regret it.”

She spits in his face. “How dare you punish me, you savage brute! I will have your oversized manhood removed!”

He growls, “I warned you!”

With a gentle hand, Everett guides Bella to move aside. Holding Circe at arm’s length by the hair, he caresses Bella’s cheek and kisses her lush lips. “It is time to give Circe a spanking.”

Bella smirks, “I am obviously too feeble to stop you.”

Hauling Circe out of the pool, Everett plants her face on his grizzle pelt with her round rump propped up. He twists her arms behind her back and stuffs his cottontail fur into her mouth. With his knees pinning her knees together, he wedges his erection between her firm cheeks.

A muffled screech of agony echoes through the cavern as Everett impales Circe’s ass with his cock, driving it deep. Leaning forward, he thrusts his powerful hips, hammering her hard, his pelvis clapping her cheeks. The loud rhythmic slapping reverberates off the glowing crystal-embedded walls.

Bella watches in shocked awe, eyes wide, a palm cupped over her gaping mouth as Everett drills away at Circe’s clenching cheeks with feral ferocity.

Eventually, he snarls, “You want my seed?! Here it comes!” He pounds her ass harder and swifter, until his balls pull tight and his cock spews hot jets of goop.

When he has pumped the last spurt into her bowels, Everett releases her arms and slaps her on the ass.

Circe plucks the loincloth from her mouth and throws it down as she scrambles to her feet. Sobbing and sniveling, she staggers up the slope.

Bella warns, “She will return with the others very shortly.”

Everett rises, his manhood still swollen, and takes her hand. “Would you like to take a dip in the pool with me while we wait?”

She simpers, “Yes, I would.”

Hand in hand, they walk into the bubbling, steaming water, luminescent by some magickal force and prettified with pirouetting pixies.

At the center of the pool, Bella links her fingers behind his nape and locks her ankles behind his back. His cock throbs against her cleft as she gently grinds against him with cooing moans.

Everett kneads her taut cheeks. "You are not frightened by the spanking I gave Circe?"

She smiles, her eyes flaring with fervency. "I am *enthralled*. It caused my heart to hammer and my womanhood to weep. So much *raw* aggression. You are a *carnal* creature. I want you *inside* me. I *need* you inside me. *Please*, give it to me!"

She kisses him with vehement voracity and Everett lifts her bottom, freeing his erection from between them, then lowers her gradually, his rigid length forcing her inner muscles to stretch as he forges deep while she mewls into his mouth.

When his manhood reaches the depths of her womanhood, his pelvis pressing against hers, she squirms and squeals and spasms. He lunges his hips even as her cleft clamps tighter than Circe's ass had clinched. Her quivering lips never part from his as she convulses with concupiscence, again and again, as he continues to thrust, wracking her body with wave after wave of devastating delirium.

Finally, he cannot hold back any longer, the ecstasy of her gripping womanhood too great, so grunting and groaning with gratification, he releases an eruption of goo into her womb.

When his blissful tremors subside, Everett opens his eyes to find the Faerie Fountain surrounded.

Circe, wearing her black dress again and standing awkwardly, a sign of the trauma he inflicted, demands, "Exit the pool or we will be forced to bind you with magick."

Bella pecks his cheek with a soft kiss, and whispers, "The binding will be painful. I recommend you play nice."

With his cock implanted in her cleft, Everett marches out of the water as she sucks and nibbles his ear.

Circe hobbles with difficulty as the witches all close in. When they have formed a phalanx around him, Circe rasps, "Bella, it appears your insemination is complete. Move aside so the others may have their turn with the brutish savage."

"Put me down," breathes Bella. "I will not go far."

Everett kisses her luscious lips, long and deep, tenderly stroking her back and squeezing her bottom, before hoisting her from his manhood and setting her down on her dainty feet.

Bella bows and pecks the tip of his wilting member with a kindhearted kiss, saying thank you for the fabulous fun, before stepping back with a wink and a grin.

Remaining in a circle around him, the witches escort him from the cave back to the sculpture of the elf king and faerie queen at the center of the memorial. They seat him on the statue's base and bind him to the sculpture with his hands secured behind his back.

A wistful witch with blonde braids waves a burning bundle of herbs under his nose. The sweet scent is seductive. He breathes deep and his heartbeat doubles and his breathing quickens as he manhood engorges and his loins stir wildly. *I could ass pound a werebear in her full bear-form!*

Eying his erection with a carnivorous countenance, the blonde coos, "That will keep you hard and horny until the morning."

A compulsion to copulate overcoming him, Everett pulls against his restraints, causing the knots to tighten, wishing he could clutch the blonde by her braids and beat her bottom like he had done to Circe's.

The blonde muses, "So anxious already? We have all night."

Everett snarls, "Turn around, hike up your dress and sit your ass on my cock!"

"If you insist," she purrs with a giggle. Turning around, she looks back over her shoulder and shimmies up her dress, unveiling her naked rump. She backs up slowly, settling upon his lap and engulfing his cock within her cheeks. With mock demure, she asks, "Is this what you like?"

Everett growls, "Do not snuggle my cock! Sit on it!"

"Are you sure? I do not want to break it. I would never forgive myself."

With a roar of frustrated anger, he thrusts his pelvis, tossing her off his lap onto her hands and knees.

She looks back at him laughing and wiggles her rump. "You truly are a brute."

As the other witches snicker, Bella comes to his defense. "He has submitted to our demand for his seed, allowed us to take his weapon and even to bind him. He only treated Circe roughly because she continually belittled him. She got what she deserved. I treated Everett kindly and he reciprocated with the same. So do not taunt him."

Circe sneers, "Have you forgotten how this night will end?"

Bella sighs, "I have not. Still, we should treat him with respect in the meantime."

Turning to Everett, who is frothing at the mouth, Bella sinks to her knees and takes his member into her mouth with a murmuring moan. The suckling sensation of her soft lips soothes his rage, but does little to subdue his ravenous requirement for retribution.

Other than Circe, who sits down at a distance and stares with a scowl, the other witches all disrobe and begin to kiss and fondle one another with enraptured enthusiasm. The eleven nubile nymphs lick and lave each other's lips, upper and nether, in a feverish frenzy of jubilant joy.

Everett relishes the rapacious revel with a crazed confliction of covetous craving and cruel carnality as Bella's head bobs in his lap with compassionate care. Lovely and lissome, there is no doubt that these delicious delights are descendants of Fae. Even so, they seem like demented devils in devious disguise.

As the sun sets, setting the sky ablaze, Bella rises at the behest of the woman with the blonde braids. Bella is swallowed up by the orgasmic orgy of writhing and wailing witches as the blonde begins to bounce her buxom bottom on his lap with boisterous and bewildering bliss.

He compulsively clenches and unclenches his bound fists behind his back as he ogles her rebounding cheeks clapping with each solid smack upon his lap. The steady slapping of firm flesh and soft squishing of seeping secretions merge with her mewling moans to spawn a sensual symphony of tempestuous titillation.

Eventually, glancing over her shoulder, perspiration glistening across her brow, she pants, "Are you ready to give me your seed? I am close to climax."

Everett groans, "Lean back and let me do the work."

She leans against him, resting her head on his shoulder, and dares, "Brutalize me, *savage*."

He bucks his hips hard, clobbering her cunt from below. He wallows in the sight of her bouncing breasts and the sounds of her whimpering wails as she nears nirvana. Soon her thighs tremble and her cries crescendo and he empties his swollen balls into her seizing and squirting snatch.

She stumbles away into the surging surfeit, surrendering herself to the salacious sea of sexuality, and another strumpet is spat forth to spring upon him.

A raven-haired woman with milky skin and heavy bosoms straddles his lap and slowly impales herself on his steely stave with a squeal of satisfaction. She rocks her round hips,

grinding his cockhead against her cervix while groping his chest as he grinds his teeth, grappling with the taxing tantalization of her great gyrating globes.

She moans into his ear with a conspiratorial tone, "Circe confessed of your cruelty. I envy her experience. I wish to familiarize myself with the fiendish felicity of that feeling."

Everett nods and groans, "It will be our little secret."

After peeking over her shoulder, she rises to her knees, grips the base of his erection, redirecting it toward her rosebud, and then winches and whines as she slowly sinks. Curling her arms around his broad shoulders and mashing her bosoms against his muscular chest, she mewls with manic misery as she bounces her bottom.

Captivated by the jouncing and jiggling of her clapping cheeks, Everett begins to buck in conjunction with her bounteous bouncing, hammering her harder and harder, her suffering screams rising louder and louder and her enduring embrace growing tighter and tighter until, at last, she convulses with a cataclysmic climax that causes her cheeks to clamp and his cock to spit searing streams of spunk as he grunts with gratitude, and then he faints from fatigue...

Under the sparkling starlit sky, Everett surfaces and submerges, again and again, struggling and striving to stir from his slumber as sultry sirens, one after the next, spring up and down on his lap with shrieks and squeals of satisfaction, sapping his strength and seducing his seed to spew forth...

"Everett," whispers Bella, stroking his cheek, "wake up. I have brought you a revitalizing tonic."

Her velvety voice reaches into the vast void that has swallowed his spirit and soul, and reclaims them from the cold clutches of the chasm.

Everett murmurs, "Thank you, Bella. You are a merciful mistress."

She tips a chalice to his lips and a liquid, sweet and syrupy, courses over his tongue, down his throat and coats his empty stomach. All his senses are revived as his body is reinvigorated. To his perplexity, his manhood pulsates in petition for pleasure.

Setting the empty chalice aside, Bella sits upon his thigh and softly strokes his shaft. "We have each received your seed, most of us twice, but the ritual will not conclude until the sun rises. Meanwhile, I will please you."

Bella kisses him with profound passion, before eventually, sliding from his lap onto her knees. Staring up at him with sorrowful eyes, she seals her lush lips around his cockhead. Slowly stuffing the full length of his member into her mouth with a moan, her eyes roll back under fluttering lids as his cockhead strikes the back of her throat, spit splattering with a gag.

Everett watches in wonderment as the witches continue to writhe and wail as Bella worships him with her suckling mouth. Even under threat of torture, the werefox he had persecuted never pleased him with such potency as Bella is performing. Slurping and slobbering, she chokes herself continually with his cock.

When the first rays of dawn spill upon them, Bella pants, "The insatiability spell is broken. If you climax now you will finally feel content, but we only have a few minutes before my coven sisters begin the transformation conjuration. *Please*, I want to taste your seed upon my lips."

Stroking and sucking, she slurps and sobs with severe and shameless striving, the sensation sensational as she services him with a spirit of submissive supplication. The witches all

congregate, contemplating her with countenances of contempt. Everett grunts and growls as Bella gasps and gulps, guzzling down his geyser of goop.

Licking her lips, Bella steps aside with a grimace of grief as the others besiege him and begin to boom. Their synchronized singing of a melodic mantra penetrates his psyche and mines into his marrow, triggering a terrible transmutation within and a monstrous metamorphosis without.

Fur sprouts from his flesh and horns from his head. The rope restraining him rends as his anatomy is altered, his limbs lengthening, his spine stretching, and his waist widening.

Coming near without any fear, Bella whispers, “I still consider you charming. I will return as soon as possible for a spanking, my sexy beast.”

Thank you for reading Coven of Carnality. I hope you enjoyed it. Please take a moment to leave me a review at your favorite retailer. And browse my website JamesLucien.com for more of my works.

May you appreciate true love in any form it appears.

James Lucien

If you enjoyed Coven of Carnality, you may also enjoy [Dark Lust Woods](#), which takes place in the same magickal world of witches and werewolf.

Dark Lust Woods is a paranormal erotica novella. A twisted three-part tale of sexy stalking shifters and magick-wielding young witches, inspired by the classic fairy tales of Little Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks, and Snow White.

Check out the following preview:

Prologue

Ostara, Spring Equinox
Sunrise

Three young maidens stand naked in a circle with their hands joined, performing a ritual. The cool water of the pond reaches to their hips. The cooing of mourning doves melds with their soft chanting. Their wet flesh glistens as they are kissed by the first rays of the sunrise.

They are celebrating a sacred rite of passage to sanctify their rebirth. They have recently crossed the threshold of womanhood. Their nubile bodies have budded and blossomed with magnificent beauty. The Great Goddess has truly blessed them, and so they are demonstrating their appreciation with this particularly significant fertility ceremony.

These three witches are sisters, not by birth but by blood oath taken years ago when they were merely children.

Rosalina is short and slender and always full of spunk. Her light skin is rosy and her dazzling eyes are the brilliant green of emeralds. Her chestnut-brown hair reaches to her small pert peaks, which counterbalance her adorable little apple-bottom.

Gillian has an average height and build and is the most excitable and emotional. Her tan skin is honey and her bold eyes are the azure of a bright sky. Her golden-blonde hair reaches beyond her full buoyant breasts down to her plump round rump.

Willa is tall and thin and always the most practical. Her fair skin is alabaster and her piercing eyes are the purple of violet petals. Her raven-black hair only reaches to her shoulders, falling quite short of her large boastful bosoms and taut bubble butt.

As their united voices rise in volume, bringing the rebirthing ritual to a climax, the surface of the water surrounding them vibrates in geometric patterns. Attracted to the magick energy, schools of fish leap and splash around them and buzzing dragonflies swarm above their heads. They raise their joined hands high while stepping closer as they sing the final verse. They conclude the ceremony by pressing their three pairs of lips together in a kiss.

Smiling and giggling and crying, they embrace one another with admiration and affection and ardor. Now that they are women, they may enjoy the carnal pleasures of each other as their coven sisters do daily. It has been a struggle for them each, bathing and sleeping together but forbidden to caress or fondle one another. The yearning to touch and taste each other has been a mounting temptation of torment. They ache with avaricious appetite.

With a wild grin, Rosalina asks, "Should we make love for the first time there in the mud," she points to the bank, "with the frogs and turtles and snakes?"

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Gillian weeps, "I want you both now, here in the water among the guppies!"

With a snicker, Willa declares, "We should be proper adults. We must return home to the privacy of our bedroom. If a wandering man were to come upon us wrestling in the mud or frolicking in the water, we would have to beat him off of us with a stick."

Rosalina and Gillian concede to Willa's wisdom with a nod. The stark reminder that manfolk rove the forest, foraging and hunting, hushes them into silence. While not as dangerous as shifters, who pillage and plunder, manfolk pose a serious threat. Only when they are needed for breeding, do witches convene with manfolk. Even then, they only lure in one man. And he is disposed of afterward with a transformation conjuration.

The three witches trudge out of the pond, clay and weeds packed between their toes, and don their ceremonial dresses. Simple white lace frocks that stretch halfway to their knees. Quiet as mice, they skip barefoot through the forest, careful not to snap a twig or step on a rock. Their dainty feet have never known the constraint of shoes. Witches never place a barrier between themselves and the ground. Their magick is derived from their connection with the earth.

Though they only pause for brief periods a few times to snack on berries or mushrooms, their homeward bound journey consumes most of the morning. By the time they reach the base of the small mountain that contains their hidden home, the sun has risen high above the forest canopy.

They slink through a moss-camouflaged crevice in the mountain into a narrow winding path that leads into a concealed ravine. Earthen huts line the walls. Vegetable and herb gardens fill the gorge middle where the sun shines through from above. A hot spring bubbles in the rear of their home.

Their coven sisters are gone. The huts have been ransacked. The garden has been trampled. The spring has been defiled. Bits of fur and splashes of blood mar the walls and ground, revealing a struggle.

Rosalina balls her small fists at the sight before them, and growls through gritted teeth, "I will kill each and every one of the brutes responsible with my bare hands!"

Gillian falls to her knees with a gasp, and tears her frock open in grief. "How could this have happened?!"

Willa inhales a deep steadying breath through flaring nostrils and exhales slowly through pursed lips. "Someone must have been followed home after foraging. We cannot rush after them. We cannot act without an ironclad plan. We must scout and study and strategize until failure is not a possibility. Our sisters will have to endure until we are confident in our ability to successfully rescue them."

Rosalina unclenches her white-knuckled fists, sinks to her knees and wraps her arms around Gillian. "We will get them back. No matter what it takes. We have to be strong."

Gillian buries her flushed face in Rosalina's nape, and sobs, "You and Willa are strong! But I am so weak!"

Willa crouches down and strokes Gillian's back with tender care. "You are a woman now. You will discover your strength within. We will help you."

Gillian curls an arm around Willa, pulling her close, and the three of them hold and squeeze and kiss one another with sorrow-fueled passionate love.

Red Ravished

Litha, Summer Solstice
Midday

Warm beams of the noon sun, as well as a cool drizzling of rain, filter through the dense forest canopy. Scattered sunshowers are not uncommon this time of the year. Thunder rumbles in the distance, warning of an approaching storm.

Rosalina pulls her red cloak tight around her white tunic, which hugs the slight curves of her small pert peaks and adorable little apple-bottom snugly. The hood is drawn, shielding her rosy cheeks from the rain and hiding her chestnut-brown hair tied in a ponytail. Her dazzling emerald-green eyes scan the hilly woodland terrain, while her bare feet pad the moist earth as she patters toward the corrupted portion of the forest in silent haste.

The boundary of the shifters' land is guarded by werewolves. Their patrols are perpetual and follow an established schedule, which she has committed to memory. Her primary objective is to cut through the perimeter wall. Her mission is the first of three, the second is to be led by Gillian, and the third by Willa.

Rosalina's personal magick is stronger on this specific day than any other. She was born under a zodiac sign associated with the element of fire, which is the same element associated with this holy holiday.

Rosalina skids to a halt as she arrives at an unnatural barrier of towering thorn bushes with crows roosting atop. She has reached the border. The malignant magick that permeates this land curdles her blood.

From a sheath on her hip, she draws a dagger. It looks like a short sword in her small hand. The blade magnifies her magick. If it did not, she would be unable to cut through the tough spiny shrubs. It also cauterizes the stems so they do not regrow. Therefore, they all can enter swiftly for the following missions. Rosalina pumps her slim bicep, sawing through stem after stem with frantic speed as the beady-eyed birds caw in annoyance. The longer she remains in one spot, the greater the chance she will be discovered. *These tangled thorn bushes may be the death of me!*

The wind shifts directions as the skies begin to darken. The storm is moving in much quicker than she anticipated. A sustained howl cries out from downwind of her position, hushing the crows and firing a chill up her spine. She has already been detected. *This will not end well.* Fear urges her to turn back before it is too late, but she ignores the impulse and continues to saw, cutting her way through the spiny shrubs with mounting dread.

The drizzle soon becomes a downpour and the dirt below her feet turns to mud. Finally, she makes it through the thorn bushes. A booming crack of thunder, like the sky is being torn asunder, startles her and she drops the dagger into the muck. The blinding blaze of lightning that immediately follows illuminates a hulking beast cresting a hilltop beside her, his eyes smoldering with magick. The werewolf will be upon her in moments.

Hoping to lose her murderous pursuer in the chaos of the raging thunderstorm, Rosalina dashes into the thick wood, mud splashing with each stomping footfall.

The cold air brought in by the storm blankets the forest floor in a fog that reaches to her knees. Unable to see where she is stepping, her foot snags a root and she stumbles and falls into the muck. A snarling growl incites her to roll over in fright.

The pouncing brute lands beside her, where she had fallen. He is larger than any werewolf that has haunted her dreams. If he were standing upright, he would be twice her height. And he is easily three times her weight.

She thrusts out her hand and the cape of her cloak glows with her magick as it slaps the beast across the snout, drawing blood. Shocked and disoriented, the wolf staggers backward a moment as Rosalina scurries to her feet. With a wave of her palm, she smacks him with her cloak a second time. Then a third and fourth. On her fifth attempt, he snatches it between his sharp fangs and steals it away, yanking it off of her. She twirls her hand and the glowing cloak wraps around the wolf's head, blinding him.

As he struggles with the cloak, Rosalina darts into the fog and rain and lightning. It will not hold long. Without her dagger and cloak, she has no remaining weapons. She should circle around and escape the way she entered. Her secondary objective, to scout ahead, is not nearly as important as was her primary. Scouting is of no use if she fails to return. The storm crippled her mission. She will not be blamed. *It is time to flee!*

Rosalina begins to circle back, but the sight of a second werewolf stops her short. She rushes off in the opposite direction but trips and plops into the muck. A flash of lightning reveals the burrow of a werefox ahead. Crawling forward, she dives headfirst into the dark hole and shimmies through the muddy tunnel, soiling every inch of herself.

A snuffling and then a barking echoes from behind her. The passage is barely wide enough for her, so the wolves will never fit inside. But that does not mean that she is safe here. They will return with werefoxes. Rosalina continues to wriggle forward, praying the wolves do not know where the tunnel exits.

Shuffling on her elbows and knees, she eventually traverses the entire length of the burrow and climbs out into the ruins of a stone building. Three of four walls are standing, half of the wooden roof is intact, and several pieces of rotting furniture remain. It appears to be a military base from before the collapse of the old world. She was told stories about Vampire Courts that built great strongholds before the shifters rebelled. This must be an outpost, which confirms Willa's notion that a castle dwells at the heart of the corrupted land.

As Rosalina climbs to her feet, a large hand closes tight around the back of her neck and hefts her into the air with a grisly bellow of malicious laughter. Kicking her muddy feet and clawing at the hand, she squirms and screams in fear. As she is carried across the room, her tunic is torn off, stripping her nude. She is tossed onto a long table and smacks her skull against the stone wall with a yelp of pain.

The werewolf towering over her is in his middle wolf-form. He has the body of a muscular man, coarse fur covering his bulging muscles, and the head of a wolf, his eyes smoldering with magick. A hairless phallus, as long and thick as her forearm, sways between his muscled thighs. He is a beast to behold. A creature of nightmares.

His snout is unscathed, indicating he is the second werewolf. Which means the first is still hunting for her now. In his riled state, he is likely to tear out her throat. Being caught by this wolf may be a blessing from the Great Goddess.

This is the end of the free preview.
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