

Novella

I

Normally I hate blind dates, but this one was starting to show some promise. The woman who sat across from me in the restaurant was stunningly beautiful. She had decided to go with the "basic black, skin-tight, mmmm" type of dress which accentuated her curvaceous form.

I rose to greet her.

"You must be Margret." I said.

"Yes, you're Edward." she offered her hand and I took it, bent and kissed it. She blushed lightly. I offered her a chair and helped her in like a gentleman.

I sat across from her and took in the overall glamour of her preparations for the evening.

Her mane of long red hair matched her ruby lips, and beneath her lashes burned piercing green eyes. A Scot, by her accent, and colouring. I could scarcely keep my eyes from the beautiful, soft curve where her breasts met, and the place where that line disappeared into her dress, hinting at lace beneath.

"What brings you to Toronto?" I asked trying to start a conversation to break the ice.

"I am studying parapsychology at Berkley, and have come up here for the summer to do some research at the UofT."

"What kind of research? I am not fully familiar with Parapsychology."

"I am currently working on the subconscious mind and its behavioral patterns during sexual intercourse. Masters and Johnson seemed to think that the psyche was enhanced during this activity. Parapsychology deals with the psychic, and the unexplained. ESP, telekinesis and stuff like that."

"Fascinating. Is there much research into your specific field?"

"Not much. That is why I am using it as the basis for my Master Thesis."

The waiter arrived and we ordered food and wine. It arrived in short order and we enjoyed a pleasant evening together.

Dinner came to an obvious close with aperitifs and desserts, and I was even more fascinated by this woman than I had been before.

"So let me get this straight," I attempted. "The pituitary and pineal glands are responsible for psychic phenomenon. These glands become active during puberty which is when most people will experience poltergeist activity due to the awakening of telekinetic powers. You believe that in times of intense sexual stimulation the same glands are activated and psychic phenomenon becomes more likely if not inevitable."

"Precisely. I have been studying the brain rigorously, and a friend of mine at Berkley, a neurologist, is beginning to agree with me. Or at least agree that it is possible."

I had never before thought of such a concept and asked her if she had any written material on the subject. She said that she had a few preliminary research papers as well as some articles on Tantric Yoga which supported her theories. She invited me around to her apartments that I could borrow them to look over at my leisure.

We took a cab and continued to talk in the back seat. I was a bit embarrassed that my physical interest was so evident. Like a thermometer in my pants, telling the world my darkest secrets. I was surprised when she nonchalantly grabbed my crotch without so much as a pause in the conversation. It was as though she was "taking the measure of the man" so to speak.

Her apartment was pleasantly decorated in the contemporary style. Flowers, and jewel tones with the occasional hanging plant or sparkly. I made my way to the couch.

"Shall I put the Kettle on?" She asked.

"Sure, I could do with a cup." And I could. I thought that maybe a nice, soothing cup of tea would quiet my raging hormones. Maybe I could get back to conversing about 'parapsychology, rather than undressing her with my eyes.

I was wrong. I couldn't help watching the way she moved in that dress. Making tea seemed to be the most erotic thing I had ever seen in my life. I was starting to ache, as I had been hard as a rock since the restaurant, but one must be a gentleman about these things.

She brought in the tea and joined me on the couch. She poured while I fixed my own cup.

"Hold on a minute and I'll grab those papers you asked about," she said as she once again left the room. It was almost a relief for her to have left my sight for at least a moment. I tried to focus my attention on things other than her body, and her compelling mind. There were magazines on the end table, mostly concerning psychology and physiology. I leafed deftly through one of these as she searched for her papers.

"You can borrow these if you want. I would be interested in your opinion of them when you are done." She dropped the small binder on the floor by my feet.

"Certainly. I think your work is fascinating."

"Good." She sat on the couch and leaned into me in order to put her feet up and turned on the Tele.

"I hope you don't mind, but there is a movie I want to watch, and I hate watching TV alone."

"I don't mind," I replied. With her laying into me I felt rather warm and content. I tried to ignore the passions below and concentrate on the film she wanted to watch.

The movie that was playing was some kind of mild erotica. I thought that if she had planned it, it would have been cruel torture. It felt as if my groin was about to burst, but I didn't want to leave.

We drank tea and watched the movie on the Tele, myself in tortured agony the entire time. Laying into me, there was no way she could have been so oblivious to my discomfort, but if she was not interested, I was not going to push my luck.

"Um," I began trying to keep the evening interactive, "what can you tell me about what they are thinking now?"

"Oh, the erotic is part of the mental function which is normally associated with the female. Men are predisposed to sex, women to the erotic." She snuggled back into me and I felt my raging member sharp into her back.

A scene in the film took a turn for the sexual, and I thought I was going to lose my control of the situation when I felt her hands moving towards the zipper of my trousers.

She opened my zipper and unbuttoned me in order to free my constrained cock from its bonds. I thought I must be dreaming. I watched in stunned silence as she caressed my member like a gem from ages past. Her hands were soft and agile as she bent to kiss it.

Her mouth was hot from the tea, an interesting sensation, languid, wet. I fell back in ecstasy as her adept mouth drew forth unimagined pleasures. She held my balls firmly as though to force me to stand even more erect, though I felt I would burst as it was. She was not in any hurry to see me relieved from my torture.

This mistress of the erotic suckled at me slowly, languid pain. It must have only been minuets by the clock, but it felt like hours had passed before I finally came. I screamed as the muscles in my body crashed together in pulsating fire.

When the spasms had finished wracking my body, I found that she had returned me to my resting place and zipped up my pants. She was drinking tea, watching the movie as though nothing had happened.

I wanted to say something, but found myself lost for words. I had never experienced anything like that before in my life. The intensity, the force of that orgasm. I thought I had died. Barring anything else to do, I settled in to enjoy the rest of the movie.

I thought that perhaps I was part of an experiment. What psychic attributes had I exhibited during that intense orgasm? Had I shown any. Well if that was an experiment, I certainly didn't mind. She could use me for her thesis all she wanted.

As the film came to an end I thought it was an obvious time to end the date. I certainly wanted to see her again, but I needed time to think.

"Well thank you for a lovely evening." I said while rising from the couch, untangling myself from her grasp. "It is late, and I really should get going.

"Are you sure you want to leave?" She looked up at me sulkily from the couch. "I was kind of hoping you would stay a while longer. After watching that movie, my bed will be terribly lonely."

"Well, I, umm." I was a little shocked by the offer and was definitely losing control of the situation. Of course in retrospect I probably didn't ever have control of the evening from the beginning. "You are very beautiful, and I would love to stay, but honestly, I'm a little uncomfortable."

"I can make you comfortable." She said rising from the couch. "I don't think you are as intent to leave as you say you are."

Part of me wanted her so badly I could taste it, and part of me wanted to flee. I was not used to aggressive women, and this one was acting very aggressive.

"No. You will stay here with me tonight and you will not regret it."

My resolve began to weaken and as a final blow to any control I had of the evening, her dress melted to the floor.

I stared at her body, beautiful, full, voluptuous. How was I to say no to the vision of black lace and milk-white skin which stood looking demurely at me. Her breasts full and voluptuous, her nipples showing hard under her bra.

Already I could smell the musk of her, wanting. Again I was all man, hard, strong and erect.

She stepped towards me and began to unbutton my shirt. I reached for her, but she stopped me.

"No. You will not possess me tonight. I will possess you. I am the protagonist in this play, you will surrender your will to me, and I will promise you pleasure."

I had been caught in the trap, and had no wish to escape. Part of me was panicked by the thought of surrendering control, and part of me was excited by it. I allowed her to continue to undress me, slowly, painfully she removed my clothes.

"Hmm. You are a reasonable specimen." I felt like I was being examined, like meat at a market. It was both thrilling and disturbing. "You will stand there and do what I tell you. Deviation will result in the termination of the evening. I was hooked. I obeyed.

She removed her panties where I could see her, and she delighted in the throbbing of my member, a response to her beauty and her desire.

"Kneel at the coffee table, Kneel at my altar." I knelt at the foot of the coffee table and watched as she straddled the table and lay on her back.

"Worship my womanhood with your mouth, your tongue, your desire."

Pussy never tasted so sweet. Her soft legs pressed against my back, her fingers in my hair as I fondled her hot clit in my mouth. I nearly came with my tongue exploring the sweet mysteries of her clitoris, her labia. My passion building, her sweet honey dripping from my chin. But she stopped me before I could, like she had some kind of psychic knowledge of my body. Was this part of the experiment?

"Stop. You will not come like that." She seemed to be working her way into my mind. An odd sensation to say the least. "Remove my bra. Enjoy it, savor it."

I did so and revealed her beautiful soft, full breasts.

"Now fuck my tits, so that I can watch you cum. I want to see the moment when you orgasm."

I slid my cock between her full, soft breasts and gripped the sides of the coffee table, almost hugging her, almost not. She held her tits so that my body brushed her hard nipples as I moved over her.

With a cry like a wild animal I came on her neck and all over her chest, almost as hard as I had before. I fell to the floor trying to catch my breath, worn with the force of the explosions within me.

She stood over me and watched my exquisite pain as the spasms continued through my body. Showing herself to me as I lay there in the throws of ecstasy.

She ran a finger through the cum on her chest and licked it away satisfactorily.

"Sweet man. Mmm. I know the difference between the cum of passion and the cum of necessity." She enjoyed seeing me on the floor, defeated, sexually exhausted.

What the hell had happened to the night? It had started so innocently, and yet here was this succubus pulling from me pleasures I had never dreamed of.

"Come, you look tired. Let me help you to bed."

She helped me up as my body was feeling disoriented due to the blood forced through my brain. She led me to her bed where I began to doze in a languid joy of sexual contentment.

I tried to reflect on the evening, but felt her mind surrounding me, looking through me. I felt that as much as I was with her, she was inside of me. I wondered what it would be like to make love to her, to thrust myself in her as her mind thrust into mine. Bi-directional sex through energy and psychic manipulation. Hadn't she mentioned something like that over dinner?

I must have dozed for I awoke to find I had been bound to the bed by leather strips. I thought at first to panic, but I saw her standing beside the bed in a leather merry widow with fishnet stockings caressing her eternally long legs. I guessed at the game, but she seemed disappointed at my flaccid state.

Running her finger along her womanhood she scented her hand and held it beneath my nose. The smell of that sweet desire reminded me of my earlier encounter and almost instantly cured my flaccid state.

"Good, I haven't completely worn you out. Now for what you have been waiting for."

She slapped my side lightly with a crop as she mounted me, as though I was a steed. She forced my cock into her wet, hot pussy, and at the same time I felt her enter my mind. The sensation was unforgettable.

She bent down to allow me to kiss her lovely breasts. What beautiful, soft skin did God never place elsewhere on this world. I would have gladly drowned in their silkiness, but she had other plans.

Sitting up, she caressed herself with her hands, like an invisible lover was with her on top of me. While she did this she exerted the most amazing control over her inner muscles. I had read that woman could control the bands of muscle inside the vagina, but reading is no substitute for the real thing. Her mastery of this art made it feel as though her pussy was literally pulling my cock deeper into her. As though she were masturbating me with sheer force alone.

As I felt my cock throb within her with the passion of her desire, I felt her mind throb within mine. As though on some level the roles were reversed and she was thrust into me and I was the one pulsating around her.

Suddenly she began to move on me, her face took on a ferocity I had never guessed at, fucking my cock like a jackhammer. She pounded my dick into her with such violence that her breasts escaped their leather bonds and leapt in time to her mad riding.

I felt her mind thrusting into mine in time with my entry into her. As though I was being fucked while fucking. I began to lose consciousness of who was who. Was I on top thrusting a hot cock into my pussy, or was I laying on the bed with a mad woman fucking me intensely? The bodies began to take on a sort of ethereal quality as though there was nothing real but the sexual sensation of pure ecstasy.

For a brief moment I could remember who I was for I felt her hot honey dripping and splashing over my groin, running in rivers over my legs.

When she came she shrieked, a sound so piercing I thought my ears would burst, and her pussy clenched so tight I thought my cock would separate from my body, as though she intended to keep it there forever.

I came as she relaxed from her orgasm and shot my hot seed deep inside her. My balls clenched like a vice as though they wanted to shoot my sperm up to her neck. I fell back into my own awareness like a rock falling from a great height. She fell on me in exhaustion.

"Thank you." she whispered in my ear. It was the last thing I remembered before falling into sweet, silky blackness.

When I awoke the next morning, I found my bonds had been removed and there was still a beautiful woman laying beside me.

"Good morning sunshine." she whispered.

"Good morning." I replied. "Did that really happen? I can't believe it was real."

"Yes it was real. I'm sorry I trapped you that way, but I needed you for my research." She rolled over to throw an arm over my naked chest. Her breast squishing tight against my side.

"I have six weeks left before I have to return to Berkley." She said sitting up on her elbow.

"I would love it if you would help me further my research."

"I'd like that." I said turning to face her. "I'd like that very much."

I made the best of those six weeks.

II

Over the next six weeks I learned a great deal about parapsychology, a field which I had never before dreamed of. Margret also introduced me to more advanced forms of the same thing. I had no idea that Toronto had such an active Occult community.

My affair that summer was not just with a beautiful woman, but also with ideologies. I had always been a very down to earth type of guy, the kind of 'see it to believe it'. That first night when I felt Margret in my mind, I knew that my world view had been shattered. It wasn't possible, was it? 'There is more in heaven and earth Horatio than is thought of in your philosophy...' Yes your Grace Hamlet. I had discovered that the hard way.

Fortunately Margret was all too happy to act as my guide into the Occult world. She took me to meetings and rituals of the most interesting sort, and was always there to help translate the jargon for me. Not to mention that having her on my arm made my plainness disappear.

"Hey Ed." Margret piped cheerily while entering my apartments. They weren't much to talk about, pretty much the usual bachelor type mess, although Margret had tried to tame that mess. Something about 'That which is above is as that which is below...' or something. I think she thought that if my apartment was clean it would improve me spiritually.

"Out in a minute," I piped from the bedroom. We were going to see my first Wiccan ceremony. My images of witchcraft having been built up by popular culture I was a little unsure as to what to expect, but Margret insisted, and for some reason I trusted her implicitly.

"Are we late yet?" I called out. but she had already entered the room.

"Nope. They will be running on Pagan Standard Time, so it will be whenever everyone gets there."

"They have their own time schedule? Sounds like a cult or something."

"No, Pagan Standard Time is a joke. It pokes fun at the fact that most of them are so laid back they don't care if they're on time or not."

"Oh." I think she thought my over reaction to things was cute or something. Sometimes I had to remind her that I was the stranger in a strange land and she was my only guide.

"What shall I wear?" I asked.

"You look fine like that to me," she replied.

"But I'm naked."

"Yumm."

"Ha ha, very funny. What should I wear to this thing?"

"Jeans and a t-shirt. Anything more and they'll think you a snob." She stood there in her hip hugger jeans and watched as I dressed myself.

"Does it ever occur to you that I get nervous about these things? I mean this is a religious ceremony with a bunch of Witches."

"Ed, would I take you anywhere that was dangerous, anywhere that I didn't think you were ready for?" She seemed a little fed up with my resistance, and my nervousness.

"No, I suppose you wouldn't." I finished up and grabbed my keys. "OK, Let's go."

It took us almost half an hour to get to the site of the ritual. It was being held in a park North of the city and once there it took a little while to find it. Margret was the first to spot the bonfire in the woods which signified the place of gathering.

We approached and I saw that many of the people there were wearing tons of jewelry. Some of the women walked with a cacophony of noise surrounding them. I thought it was garish, and didn't understand how it was supposed to make them attractive.

"Most of the people here have been doing this for a very long time," Margret whispered in my ear.

"Why all of the makeup and jewelry? I prefer to see a woman's face, to see her body, not this crude coverup."

"I know, but it is there way. I think they are starting."

A man and woman stood in the center of the circle, near a small black table beside the bonfire. A girl, probably in her teens approached carrying a large book and a candle to read it by. She held it out for the man, I guessed the Priest, to read.

"From ancient swirlings came I. Lord of the land, lord of the hunt. I who am the forest and the King Stag. I shall ever be."

The book then went to the Priestess.

"I gave birth to the world. Before there was man, there was myself and my Lord. Together we formed the land with our breath, and we formed man and woman with our love."

The young girl took a broom and swept the circle around the outside of the people standing to watch. When she was done the Priestess took a sword and went to each quarter drawing signs in the air and "Summon, stir and call ye up..." to the forces who dwelt in those quarters.

The ritual included dancing and singing and culminated in the placing of a long dagger into a chalice. An obvious sexual reference. After which we all partook of the wine and ate moon crescent cookies. It reminded me a little bit of my youth and having to take communion at church.

After the ritual everyone socialized a bit. Margret was interested in my opinion of things.

"Well? What did you think?" She said, hanging on my arm like a child who had just shown off her favorite toy.

"Interesting. All of that stuff about the Goddess and nature. It is really earthy."

"Yeah, I like that part. It is also very sensual and often sexual."

"I gathered that from the cup and dagger thing." We had begun to make our way back to the car. When she stopped and looked me straight in the eye.

"Would you like to learn about Wicca?" She sounded very serious, as though we were back into a parapsychology discussion again. "And I mean Wicca. This is more of a tame version for the masses, not the true Craft as practiced through the centuries."

"What would it entail on my part?" I was curious, and again, I guess I was hooked. Margret had a way of engaging my curiosity in a way that I had no power to refute. Perhaps it was more of that psychic stuff. Of course I was always dreading the time when she would return to Berkley, but I had a feeling that we were forming a friendship that knew no bounds.

"Well, you would have to dedicate yourself to learning, to understanding and to serving the Light."

"The Light huh? "

"In everything there is dichotomy. There is light and there is darkness. There cannot be Good without Evil, and vice-versa. Parapsychology opens you to a certain type of world, a world where the mind has powers beyond common conceptions. But in this case, you always have the safety net of science backing you.

"When you enter into the world of Magick, you suddenly step into a much larger world view. Things which cannot be proven by instruments and science become reality, and must be dealt with." We got into the car and started on our way back to my apartments.

"Intriguing," I said. I was thinking about the possibilities of this step. In many ways my first date with Margret was a type of initiation. It was a turning point in my life and I knew that never again would anything be the same. I agreed to go through with the initiation, and fortunately there

was another full moon available before Margret had to return to Berkley. We agreed that this would be a good time to 'enter me into a larger world view.'

I still needed more though. I was curious about the interplay of energy that she was talking about. I didn't fully understand how it applied to people. I understood the ideas of positive and negative charges, as a grade school teacher I had even taught the rudimentaries of electricity. But how did it apply to sex and personal energy?

We arrived at my apartment and Margret put the kettle on.

"So how do the energies work between man and woman?"

"Energy? Well the female is negative or receptive, the male is positive or projective. This is represented by the fact that my vagina turns inward, and your penis projects outward."

"Hmm... Sounds like I'm going to like this lesson."

"Shush and listen." We sat on the couch waiting for the water to boil. "The man and woman, together, make a complete circuit. We become one whole, like the Tao."

"That's Chinese right?"

"Yes, the symbol shows us the interconnection between the male and female forces in the universe. Either the Black or Yin section, or the White or Yang section cannot exist alone, only together do they create an active whole. The male and female join together in sex to form the one whole. Doing this we can achieve much more on a magickal frontier than we could have before."

"I'll make the tea," I interrupted as the kettle had begun to squeel. This idea of energy must be in some ways related to the mind fuck which I had experienced many times while making love to Margret. But this energy thing seemed different, somehow more interactive.

I brought the tea into the living room and we made up our cups. I was intrigued by the idea of a 'whole person'.

"Ed, have you ever heard of the astral level of existence?"

"Yes, I think I heard something about that going through your books. It is related to the OBE experience that some people claim to have had. Also near death experiences are sometimes thought of as astral projection."

"Well in the Astral Plane we are really just energy and can work without boundaries."

"We can literally get there on purpose?"

"Yes we can, and have complete control over the experience. The Astral is a real place, and it is possible to travel there at will, once you know how."

"Hmm. What's involved in that. Again you have hooked my curiosity. It gets me into more trouble. Often trouble of the most enjoyable kind." I winked at her and she blushed briefly.

"Are you sure you want to try this?"

"I'm game," I told her. She got up from the couch.

"Have you got a phillips screwdriver?"

"In the bottom drawer of the kitchen, why?" She made for the kitchen to retrieve the tool.

"I need to take apart one of your chairs."

"My chairs?" She found the screwdriver and grabbed one of my straight-back kitchen chairs. She moved into the living room and began to take the legs off of it.

"Can I ask what you are doing," I interjected.

"Not yet." She was frustrating sometimes.

She removed the four legs from the wooden chair and made sure it sat flat on the floor. She then cleared the coffee table from the center of the room and replaced it with the modified seating. She took two cushions from the couch. One she lay on the chair, the other on the floor in front of it.

"Now," she commanded, "take your clothes off." I did as I was bade, and she undressed at the same time. 'Curiouser and curiouser' as Alice said. Her beautiful body had its usual affect on me and in moments I was hard as a rock.

"Now I want you to sit in the chair and cross your legs." I followed her instructions. now driven more by the 'what happens next' principle than by mild curiosity.

She straddled me and guided my cock into her already wet pussy. Using the second cushion to support her behind, she was able to sit upright on my lap.

"Use the back of the chair to support your back, but you'll have to hug me to support mine. Focus only on my eyes, no matter what other urges you may feel."

I stared into those green depths after settling into a comfortable position. It seemed she intended for us to sit here for a while. I didn't mind, with her breasts brushing my chest with the rise and fall of breath, and her internal muscles rippling in that magickal way she had, I could have sat there all night.

"Focus on my eyes, and relax." I slowly became aware that our breathing had begun to match in time and depth, as if we were breathing one breath between us, as one body.

Ever so gently I realized that there was a heat in my bowels that I had never noticed before, like a fever. I felt as it moved to my groin and slowly slid down my cock. It began to rise into her,

filling her with its white hot luminosity. The fire was not to be quelled by that though. It flickered in her eyes and in one breath leapt back into my own. I felt it burn through me, joining itself again at the base of my spine.

I could envision the wheel of fire flowing through us, from me into the base of her being, and back to me from her eyes. A spinning wheel of white heat. I began to feel dizzy with the rapid acceleration of it.

"Shh. It's OK. Relax" Her whisper was soothing, and I tried to keep my focus on her eyes, but her eyes seemed to change, to move with an unnatural fluidity. The light consumed us, like a firewheel centered on a spinning flame. Was this desire, or was this the magickal energy that she had told me about.

She turned luminous, as though all base matter was no longer a part of her. As if she were a Goddess.

"Now you may look around." Her voice was not the same as it had been, but rather it sounded inside of me, as if it were not external. I looked and found that everything was glowing with the same luminosity.

She stood up, but there was still a shadow of her before me.

"You can get up now. Your body will stay with mine, locked in the energy exchange, while we move freely."

"How? What?"

"This is the Astral Plane. What you see around you are the shadows of your physical life shining through to the Astral. From here we can go anywhere, do anything."

"This is amazing." I couldn't believe the sensations of it, the freedom of it. It was, terrifying.

"Would you like to go to Berkley? There is a ceremony going on that we can peek at."

"We can do that? But we're in Toronto. Berkley is a long way from here."

"Here is relative." The room around us twisted and reordered itself into the semblance of a great hall. There were a variety of people there in different robes, and each seemed to have a luminous figure standing behind them.

"Can they see us?" I asked.

"The beings of light which are aiding the ritual, they can see us. The man there with the cup, cannot, but the blue robed Archangel behind him can."

"Archangels? What is this place?"

"This is a high magickal ritual. Of the people here only the Adept in the East and the Archon in the West will know we are here, but only if we enter the circle."

The ceremony was surrounded by an intensely bright circle of white light. In the center there was a black altar, about 18 inches square at the top. An intense column of light stood around this altar, so bright it hurt the eyes. Each priest in the circle was being followed and mimicked by what Margret called an Archangel. It was beautiful. Suddenly I had a true meaning for the word awesome. All other uses of the word were but blasphemy compared to this.

"Margret, I'm feeling too weird. Can we go home now."

"Certainly." In an instant I was again staring into those beautiful green eyes with a voluptuous woman in my lap.

We slowly got up, working the stiffness out of our joints. I must admit, this was certainly the most interesting summer I had ever had.

"I feel like a stranger in my own body." It was more an observation than a complaint.

"Relax. A cup of tea will fix you right up."

I lay there while she fixed the tea, rubbing my aching muscles.

I had a lot to think about. Like how I was going to miss Margret. But then, this Astral thing. Maybe we would never be very far apart at all. Nevertheless I was not looking forward to September.

III

I awoke to a feeling that there was a presence in my room. I couldn't see it, or hear it, just had the feeling that it was there.

"Hello?" I tried, but there was no answer. I felt the room warm as I reached for the light.

"No" a voice whispered in my ear, "*lay back and relax.*" The voice reminded me of Margret, but I realized that there was no way she could have been there.

I lay back and waited. I could feel a silky fingernail tracing the outside of my right ear. The sensation drifted down my neck and across my chest. I closed my eyes and I could visualize Margret leaning over me in her naked splendor. The soft stroking returned to my ear and moved in brief spasms along the side of my neck, checking for the accelerated pulse it knew would be there. I thought I must be in a dream.

There was a softness touching my lips and I closed my eyes to Margrets full red lips parting to allow me to kiss her depths. I embraced her in a passion borne of fear. I didn't know what was going on, but I decided it was far more interesting with my eyes closed.

I pulled her to me and felt the fullness of her body against my own. The smoothness of her skin, but more. Not a blemish, not a movement out of place. perfect.

She rose away from me and I looked down at myself. Suddenly I was muscular, strong, smooth, perfect. Two people making love to perfect bodies with perfect bodies. I realized that I could see her clearly, though I had not turned on the light. I was here with her in the Astral.

I thought to try an experiment. I floated up towards the ceiling and found that it was easy. Margret joined me and we held each other while floating above my bed. I rolled out to offer my hard cock to her and she moved to straddle me. Astral or not, that hot pussy felt just as real as it ever had, and the pulsating pleasure I derived from it was in no way diminished by our lack of physical form.

We moved with each other, I watched as her full, gorgeous breasts moved in opposition to her movements with me. I loved the shape of her tits. The line, the roundness, the movement of them. I think God created nothing in the world more beautiful than a woman's breast.

We came together, but it was not like a physical orgasm. When we came we turned into brightly burning fires of astral light. Had anyone been there to see it they would have certainly burned out their eyes. It was like two suns merging into one.

I awoke then in my bed soaked with sweat and cum. I had no idea that the astral could include such a thing as sex. Maybe September wasn't going to be so bad after all.

I got up then and showered, it was only three A.M. but I wanted to wash away the stink of me. It is odd that people often don't like their own smell when to others it is a powerful aphrodisiac.

The warm water felt good as I bathed in the afterglow of a sexual experience I had never dreamed possible. The water running down over my body brought me back to reality and the feeling that I couldn't have asked for a better summer.

After my shower I still wasn't ready to go back to sleep. I turned on the television to see if there was anything on.

Tomorrow was going to be the full moon, and I was going to be initiated into the mysteries of Wicca. If they were anything like the mysteries of the astral as I have been discovering over the last two weeks, I was certainly ready for it.

There was little of interest on the tele, and I surfed channels until the few faint rays of sunrise began to creep across the street. I rose and watched it and heard below me a voice singing to the rising sun.

Hail unto thee who art Ra in thy rising.
Even unto thee who art Ra in thy Strength.
Who travellest over the heavens in thy bark
Coming at the uprising of the sun.
Tahuti stands in his splendor at the bow
And Ra-Hoor Abideth at the Helm
Hail unto the from the house of the night.

I looked down and saw Margret standing by my front door, facing the east with her arms over her head.

"Margret?" I called down to her.

"Hello Luv. You caught me adoring the sun. Are you ready for your big day?"

"I think so. I suppose I have to fast now that the sun is up?"

"And no sex either."

"Great" I was not looking forward to a day devoid of my two favorite past-times.

"Don't worry, I'll keep you occupied. Get dressed and come down here. It's a beautiful day."

We spent the day north of the city visiting the parks and small outcroppings of wilderness we could find. She spoke to me of the beauty of the Goddess and the importance of the different plants and stones.

In some ways she sounded like Yoda from *Star Wars* with her discussion of the energies inherent in the different objects of nature we came in contact with. We listened to trees and cuddled on the bank of a river. The River is the blood of the Goddess, the movement of her power upon the earth.

She told me about how all of the water in the world recycles itself, that there is no new water, and no lost water. The water we drink is the same as the tears that had fallen in sorrow and joy, the blood that has been spilt in the wars throughout the centuries.

Before long the sun began its slow decent into the west, and we made our way to the designated place for my initiation.

"Here, I will prepare you for the night's festivities." We had made our way to a grove of trees far from the eyes of Man. I could see the bonfire in the distance and hear the chanting had begun.

"Here you will undress and I will bind and blindfold you." I undressed and Margret bound me with silk ropes. Almost sensuous against my skin. She caressed me as she prepared me for the following ordeal. I lay back and allowed her to blindfold me.

Soon she left me laying in the dirt, under the trees. I could feel the coolness of the night against my skin. The chanting continued in the distance, and I waited.

I felt hands lift the rope that bound me and they dragged me through the night. I thought to scream as the dirt and rocks tore at my back. I heard people moving around me and felt the heat of the fire as I was dropped within the circle.

"Behold this man, brought into our midst as a babe, blind and bound." I didn't recognize the voice of the priestess. I was surrounded by strangers. I was turned and felt a gentle kiss on my feet.

"Bless these feet which have brought thee in these ways."

Another kiss on my knees.

"Bless these knees which will kneel at the sacred Altar."

I felt bare breasts move across my feet and a kiss on my throbbing cock.

"Bless this phallus without which we would not be."

She continued to climb up my body, slowly, sensually. She kissed my chest.

"Bless this chest formed in beauty and in strength."

She lay upon me, her body hot in the night, her breasts hard against my chest, her weight upon me, pushing me into the sacred earth. She finally kissed my lips.

"Bless these lips which shall utter the sacred names."

Her body moved away from me and I felt hands working at my bonds. I was helped to my feet and, still blindfolded pointed to the fire.

"Quit the night and seek the day." The blindfold was wiped away and the fire seemed blinding compared to the darkness before. I was taken to the four quarters of the circle. There must have been a dozen men and women there, naked in the night. I was introduced to the spirits of the quarters and bade to kneel at the Altar of the Gods.

I did so and felt a heavy slap on my back. A whip made of heavy, wide strips of leather was being used to strike me in the back. The leather was suede and felt gentle, sensual on my skin. Each member of the circle struck me in turn. The feeling of them seeing my body, the touch of the scourge. I came then from the intensity and excitement of the ordeal, spilling my seed into the earth, the Goddess drinking me down.

The ritual came to a close and I was attacked by Margret who grappled me in a hug of mighty intensity.

"You did wonderfully Edward."

"Thank You. Um, was I supposed to cum there during the ritual. It was a little embarrassing."

"No, it was perfect, it dedicated you to the Goddess and she took her pleasure from you. You are a priest now, dedicated to the Light. Congratulations."

I met my new Coven, all of them local people, and now my Brothers and Sisters in the Goddess.

The HighPriestess was a very dark woman with long black hair. Probably what some refer to as the Black Irish. Her breasts were hard and round, not like Margret at all, but still attractive.

"Welcome to the family sweet dick."

"Pardon?" I asked. She laughed a very musical laugh.

"When I kissed your prick there was already a hot bead of cum on the tip. Very sweet, Margret has been feeding you well."

I blushed as I was terribly embarrassed to have been so displayed before these people.

"You have to promise me you'll let me sample it again sometime." She smiled and returned to the party that was being held in my honor. Unfortunately for me, I was horny as hell again, and this was a party of nude people, no hiding it. Margret came to the rescue.

"Jeeze, you never stop do you."

"Well, the orgasm in the circle there wasn't very satisfying, more of an accident really." I wasn't sure what I was going to do to get rid of this raging erection. Margret lead me behind a bush and knelt before me.

"Consider this an initiation gift, My Lord."

"Oh no," I interrupted, "We'll be seen, I'm embarrassed enough as it is." But she was not to be dissuaded. I could see the party around the campfire only a few yards away, My heart leapt with the prospect of getting caught as she took my hot member into her mouth.

She sucked with such force I thought I'd lose skin and felt my gland swell to touch her soft pallet and her tongue at the same time. I kept looking over at the party and felt that at any moment they were going to come looking for me.

Margret was relentless, bobbing her head back and forth with such force that her forehead was hitting my stomach. When I came it was hard. I tried hard not to scream and bit into my lip as my hot load splashed into the back of her throat. I could taste blood, but had no intention of letting others know what was going on. My legs wanted to buckle and only sheer force of will kept me standing. How could she do this with all of those people just a few yards away?

She sucked the last of my cum from my flaccid cock and stood up to kiss me. I could taste the saltiness of her lips and explored her mouth with my tongue. An interesting experience. She sucked lightly on the blood from my lip."

"Now we are mated in the eyes of the Gods," she said. " Your blood is in me, your cum is in me, and we will never have to fear being apart for long, even in death."

"Mmm, that means that I will always find you no matter what eh? I like that." We sat in the grass for a few more minutes before rejoining the party.

"Margret," I began, "you have changed my life. I was but a boring school teacher working day to day, year to year. I'd have an affair here and there, but nothing like you."

"I know how you feel. No matter where I go, you will always be foremost in my heart."

We hugged one another then.

"Well, there's a party going on. I know I need a drink," I said as I leapt up and pulled her along with me. We joined the party and had an absolutely fabulous time.