



HALLOWEEN
TREAT

MIRA DRAKEN

Jeffery fast learned that playing without his lover's permission was a dangerous game with consequences... consequences with a tail. When a spell goes array, cats and mice may play, but witches take their business very seriously... especially when a rat is the center of attention. Susan wants to make Jeffery human, but her spell seems to have a mystical something she's missing, not to mention a serious side affect her friend discovers all too soon.

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Halloween Treat
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Halloween Treat

By

Mira Draken

“Got you!”

The lemon-green eyes of the black cat closed to slits. Her tail twitched. She fletched her muscles, ready to jump.

“Oh, blast it!” The woman sounded annoyed. “That damned rat got away, again.”

The cat ducked. Tiny feet scrambled alongside the floorboards. The cat’s jump was followed by shrill squeaking.

“Bugger. Get off the rat!” The woman clamped her hand down on the cat. “Don’t you dare kill my rat. You know you are supposed to guard him, not hunt him.”

The cat mewed. She knew, but still, preferred hunting. After all, what use could a rat have besides serving as food?

The woman examined the rat. “Looks like you were lucky again,” she murmured. “Just a bit of nibbled fur, nothing serious. Well, this will teach you to stay put next time.”

“Why don’t you just change me back to human once and for all?” piped the rat, exasperated.

“Fat chance. You are much better off in the cage. There you are safe and I can enjoy your antics, which is much more enjoyable than chasing after you through bars and bordellos all over the town.”

The woman carried the rat back to a gilded metal cage in the kitchen, put him in the cage and closed the door. "Enough fun for today. I have serious work to do."

The rat didn't answer.

The woman got a big cauldron, opened a heavy leather-bound book and started to mix some liquids and herbs.

* * * *

Half an hour later, the bell rang. She opened the door. "Hi, Gladys. So nice to see you." She hugged the visitor, a slim, middle-aged woman with carrot-red hair. "You are just in time."

Gladys sniffed. "Already cooking, Susan?" She went straight to the kitchen and inspected the cauldron, which by now rested above a vintage stove and simmered. "Now what mixture do we have today?" She grasped the wooden spoon, stirred and snickered. "Lovers change-back potion again? How many times have you tried now?"

Susan looked a bit ashamed. "This is my thirteenth try."

"Thirteen is a very good number, not to mention that tonight is Halloween, you might very well succeed this time."

"Will you help me?"

"You know full well that you have to do this one

all on your own." At the open disappointment, Gladys added, "But I can give you my advice."

Susan beamed. "You're the best friend a witch can find."

"On one condition."

"Which would be?"

"You share the result with me."

"Nooooo!"

Both women looked toward the rat, then simultaneously looked at each other and started to giggle.

On the stroke of sundown, the potion was ready. Susan scooped the sickly sweet smelling liquid with the wooden spoon and carried it to the cage. The rat sulked in a corner under some assembled cardboards. Gladys dragged it out by the tail as it cursed her all the way out.

"Shut up!" Gladys sat the rat on the chair right in front of the cage and pressed her black painted fingernails against the sides of its snout, thus forcing it open. Susan tilted the spoon. Drop by drop, the potion ran into the rat's throat.

It started to grow. Fur shredded. Muscles bulged. Bones grated. The whiskers disappeared, the front teeth receded and the tail shrank as well. The face flattened. Arms and legs grew, claws became hands and feet. After the creature swallowed the last drop, a fine looking young man cowered on the chair, stark naked, his brown eyes

glaring at the witches.

"It seems to work this time." Gladys clicked her tongue. "My, my, what a fine stud."

The man reared in defiance. "I'm no stud, especially not yours." He stood proudly erect now, giving free view not only to his well-defined muscles and shapely limbs, but also to very impressive private parts nested in dark brown curls as wiry as the strands of hair which framed his handsome face.

When Susan patted affectionately on his back, he flinched.

"Leave me alone!"

Susan just laughed.

"Damned witch! May your black soul roast in hell." cursed the man.

"Oh, please, Jeffrey, don't be such a spoilsport."

"Sport it is, eh? I'll tell you something about sport. Sport is fair chance for all participants. There is no fair chance at all when a witch plays with a simple human male. So be sure I won't be your plaything any time longer, that's for sure."

"Wonder what you will do instead."

"Just wait and see!" Jeffrey brushed her roughly aside and marched toward the front door. On his way out, he snatched a kitchen towel and wrapped it around his loins.

Gladys eyes got round. "You let him go? Just like that?"

“Don’t worry. He’s still under my spell. He can’t leave the house.”

The witches watched with amusement as Jeffrey tried in vain to open the front door. His biceps strained when he pressed the door handle down, which refused to move a single millimeter. Then he tried to smash the door. Kicks didn’t succeed, and when he thrust his shoulder against the glass panel, it was to no avail. He could as well have hit a concrete wall. Next, he tried the windows, same result. Totally frustrated, he stopped at last in front of them, panting heavily from his efforts. “Take your spell back. I want to leave.”

Susan arched her eyebrows. “What for? Weren’t you well housed and fed? Didn’t I pet you enough?”

He jutted his jaw. “You treated me like a dumb animal!”

“I was just teasing. Besides, if a dumb animal had been my wish, I wouldn’t have provided your rat form with the ability to speak.”

“Pshaw. As if speaking did me any good. Not even that damned cat listened to me.”

“You can’t blame her. Cats never really listen to anybody but themselves.”

“Nevertheless, it was insulting. To put me in the body of a rat. Of all possible animals, a rat! Why?”

“You were begging for it, remember? After that night, when you said you didn’t give a rat’s shit

about me feeling bad?"

He had the grace to look a bit mortified. "Did I really say that?"

"Well, how do you think I got the idea?"

"I didn't mean it."

"You did."

"No I didn't."

"You most definitely did!"

"Hey," interferred Gladys. "As much as I hate to stop a lover's quarrel, don't we have more interesting things at hand tonight?" She went over to Jeffrey and put her fingers under the towel. "Things which contain some nice activities?"

"No," Jeffrey tried to back off.

Susan stood right behind him. With a giggle, she pressed her body against his back, and her hands cupped his ass cheeks lovingly.

"Leave me. Both of you."

Susan frowned. "The drink still isn't working right."

"Just wait. Sometimes it needs to mellow a bit."

Susan pouted. "Waiting is boring."

"I don't think so. Don't forget, it's Halloween tonight."

"As if I would ever. All my neighbors will be visiting and presenting me their annoying brats, masked and pretending to be werewolves, skeletons, vampires and witches."

The doorbell rang.

Sighing, Susan went and opened it.

“Trick or treat!”

Half a dozen tiny figures waited in front of the door, a skeleton, a catwoman, a ghost, a witch, three vampires and a spiderman, guarded by an oversized, middle-aged woman with short blonde curls and a pink and red striped skirt.

“Yeah, yeah,” muttered Susan and grabbed for an assortment of sweets which stood ready for serving in a wooden bowl on the windowsill and threw some sweets in the children’s waiting bags. She flashed a smile as they turned away.

Jeffrey dashed to the open door. The spell encountered him like an elastic band. He got out two steps before an invisible force swept him back into the house. Only the towel escaped and fluttered to the ground, right behind the children. The woman, who hadn’t yet turned, opened her mouth and uttered a gurgled scream. Hastily, Susan slammed the door shut.

“Phew,” Gladys exhaled slowly. “That will be some gossip during the next days. You are lucky if she doesn’t call for the police.”

“She won’t. I’ve got a guarding spell. The minute she loses sight of my house, she will forget. Besides, even if she did call the police, it means nothing. Our local officer had me engaged for some voodoo last year when his wife wanted a divorce.”

“Ah, yes, I remember. That poor woman was so ill. Couldn’t keep a single morsel of food down for two weeks. And these obnoxious red-and blue blotches on her face were absolutely hilarious.”

Jeffrey retreated to the living room, still scowling. Susan looked at Gladys and both witches burst into laughter.

About a dozen gangs of children later, Susan decided to call it a day. It was pitch dark outside by now. Dinnertime.

Soon delicious smells wafted through the house. Jeffrey emerged from the living room, a pink blanket with a printed pattern of golden druid signs wrapped around his loins. He had taken advantage of the sofa throw.

He was still pouting, but hungry enough not to make a fuss right now. Susan dished him a good portion. A well-fed man was a content man, as she knew from experience.

Half a baby turkey, several glasses of red wine and some ears of golden corn later, the situation had calmed down. Susan stared dreamily at the ceiling, Jeffrey slumped half-asleep in a lush sofa near the fireplace while Gladys meditated over a half-filled bottle of dark red wine. The clock chimed eleven. Gladys tensed for a moment. Then she started to laugh.

“What’s so funny?” asked Susan.

“Here we are, two mature witches, in one room

with a healthy, well-endowed young stud, nearing midnight at Halloween, and what are we doing? Behaving like a perfectly normal bunch of elderly humans."

"You got any better idea?"

"You bet."

Gladys got up with a predatory smile and approached Jeffrey's sofa from the backside. Her black nails danced about his neck. Then she seized his hand and kissed his wrist. The kiss turned into a suck.

Jeffrey snatched his hand back. "Don't!"

"Why not?" purred Gladys.

"Susan might not like it."

"Well, well, aren't you a grown man, able to make your own decisions?"

"Fuck it," growled Jeffrey. "Last time I didn't take her feelings into account, she changed me into a rat. I can't risk her choosing a cockroach next time."

"No chance," Susan stated flatly. "I prefer my pets furred. No cockroaches."

"See." Gladys smiled cheerfully while her hands took the blanket away from Jeffrey.

Jeffrey tried to snatch it back.

"It can't get worse. Besides, Susan and I are friends, we share."

"Even lovers?"

"Especially lovers. Don't you know witches are

promiscuous?"

Jeffrey yielded and let go of the sofa throw.

Gladys kissed his cheek. Then she kissed his lips. Her kisses wandered south, covering first his pectorals, then his nicely formed six pack, and the last kiss, she planted on the tip of his cock. It stirred. Gladys knelt down in front of him and started to tease his cock, first with her hands, then with her lips. It rose and grew. Gladys scratched ever so softly over the inside of his thighs. Jeffrey groaned, fully aroused by now.

"Well," said Gladys, "if you want me to continue, you have to work for it." She opened the buttons of her blouse and lifted the fabric slowly until a good part of her breasts were showing. She tugged at the hem of her skirt, inched it higher and higher until it didn't cover the slight curl of red hair at her crotch any longer. No need to get rid of her panties, she didn't wear any.

Jeffrey's eyes glazed over, his lips slightly opened, even drooling a bit.

"Come here, my boy." Gladys wiggled her pelvis invitingly. "Come here, touch me, lick me, drink me. Make me hot, make me come."

Jeffrey jumped up. Then he hesitated. "But... she's watching."

"It's alright," said Susan reassuringly. "I don't mind. Go on, both of you. But, Gladys, be careful, remember my spell, whatever you do, don't drink

his juices.”

Gladys nodded, her gaze never leaving Jeffrey.

Tentatively, he touched her breast and opened the last buttons of her blouse, pulling it away, over her shoulders, down her arms. He planted a kiss on her left breast, then one on her right as he unhooked the bra, slowly, ever so slowly. It fell on the ground beside the blouse. His hands stroked her shoulders softly, down to her wrists, back high again and then cupped her breasts. They lay in his hands, firm, full, heavy and well-shaped. Open admiration shone in his face. “You’re beautiful.” He kissed them again. Then his hands wandered to her waist and tried to open the zipper of her crumpled skirt.

Gladys laughed, a throaty laugh. “You’re tickling me.” She wriggled a bit more, then the zipper slid down, and with a nice hip swing, she rid herself of the skirt. Jeffrey embraced her. He was half a head higher. “Just what I like,” mumbled Gladys. “A man big enough so I can rest my face on his shoulder.” Her arms embraced him as well and she pressed herself against his body.

Jeffrey’s hands wandered about her backside, down to her ass cheeks. “Hmm. That feels really good. You’ve got a gorgeous ass, Gladys.”

She giggled. “You think so?”

“Absolutely. I love it when women shows curves all over. A man needs to have something in

his hands." The last part was barely audible because he had buried his face in her hair.

Gladys didn't lose time. Both her hands probed for his cock and found an already proud erection, then pressed a bit.

Jeffrey groaned.

Gladys smiled wickedly and started to rotate her pelvis. The stiff cock was pressed between her stomach and his, while her hands grabbed Jeffrey's ass and grabbed it hard.

Jeffrey groaned louder. "Damn, woman, you know how to handle a man."

"Now, what are you waiting for? Take me!"

Jeffrey didn't need a second invitation. With a ferocious growl, he moved to the sofa, pressed Gladys down and forced his hands between her legs.

She opened up without hesitation. Jeffrey's cock touched her wetness. For a short moment, he waited, while his gaze searched for Susan. When she nodded, he instantly shoved his cock into Gladys's pussy and started to bang her. It didn't take him long to come, which was too short for Gladys who still wriggled her ass beneath him. When Jeffrey didn't react at once, she mumbled something.

The effect was instantaneous. Jeffrey roared in surprise when both his head and his cock seemed to explode with red warmth. His cock was stiff

again, ready and lusting for work, while his head seemed to shed every thought besides shagging Gladys as hard and as fast as possible. And this time Gladys came together with him, her whole body rocking in ecstasy.

When Jeffrey was able to gather his senses again, he sat up. He still showed an erection, Gladys's spell was obviously working well. Gladys herself stayed reclined between the cushions, pleasantly exhausted, eyes half-closed.

Watching their activity, Susan was by now horny like a cat in heat. She didn't wait for Jeffrey, but started to strip. His gaze was glued to her body. Off went the silk shirt, down slid the panties. Gleaming black curls of pubic hair appeared as luscious as her long mane which was now the only clothing for her agile young body. Jeffrey paid apt attention. So did his cock.

Susan lay down on the carpet and opened her legs wide. "Come, my little pet, I've got some sweet juices for you."

Instantly Jeffrey was on his knees and between her thighs. Her stomach muscles quivered when he covered them with kisses. Her thighs trembled when he licked them the whole length down to her sex. Her eyes glazed over. "Oh, that's good, that's excellent. Go on, just go on." Her fingers entwined in his hair. With both hands, she pressed his head down. His lips touched her sex. "Suck," she

commanded with a hoarse voice.

Jeffrey obeyed eagerly. His tongue danced around her clit, searched her folds, flicked over her clit and back again. Then his lips clamped down on her flesh and he started to suck in earnest.

Susan writhed, her hands clamped down harder. "More, give me more." Jeffrey used his hands now as well. Two fingers searched her, found her well wet. Then the fingers dived down, right into her pussy. Susan shuddered. She was breathing fitfully now. "More," she begged again. Well-versed Jeffrey fingered and sucked her until her whole body was tight as a string. Then his other hand joined the game and went for her ass. One last, heavy thrust. His teeth grazed her clit. Susan's body seemed to explode while a shrieking sound escaped her mouth.

Jeffrey continued to suck her until she calmed down, his fingers stayed buried in her pussy.

"Marvelous! You still are the best fucker I've ever had."

Jeffrey tugged his fingers out and inspected them. Gleaming wet. Involuntarily, his hands wandered down to his bulging erection and he started to stroke and rub his cock. It took him mere moments to come again. It was to no avail. His erection stayed. For a moment, he looked confused. Then he rubbed it once more. Another climax shook him. Both women watched him, eyes

slitted like cats.

Jeffrey glanced down. His erection stood unaltered. By now he looked a bit desperate. He started to rub again.

"Give him a break, Gladys. Release him of your spell!"

Gladys got up, touched Jeffrey's back, mumbled some words and waved her hand negligently.

Jeffrey looked positively relieved when his cock instantly went limp. With a slight thud, he sat down on the ground, trying to regain his composure.

"Why did you use your hands to relive yourself?" Susan inquired. "It would have been a lot easier if you had just fucked me for good."

"Well." His face expressed embarrassment. "I know for sure that you didn't take contraceptives during the last weeks. What if I impregnate you?"

"Stupid man," Gladys patted his head. "We are witches, remember? A little spell the morning after takes care of such minor problems."

Susan still lay spread-eagled on the carped. Now she rolled on her tummy and yawned. "That was bliss. Jeffrey, my dear, I can't imagine how I could do without you during the last months."

"Does that mean you let me stay human this time?" Hope glimmered in his eyes.

"Nope." Susan got up to a crouching position. "Regrettably the potion I used works only

temporarily, like the others I tried before. It's just that this one works a bit better."

"Why can't you make it permanent?"

"Well, for starters, I would need a unicorn horn for an effective counter spell, and they are pretty rare nowadays. Most shops sell fakes."

"Fakes? What happens if you use fakes?"

"Remember the third time I tried to change you back? That hellbound shop-owner sold me a narwhal tooth instead of Unicorn horn."

"Ugh. I remember," growled Jeffrey. "That was the smelly potion which changed me into a hideous mixture between man and some fish."

"Yeah, with a fishy part where I definitely would have preferred a human. We were lucky to get you into the bathtub in time, or your fish body would have suffocated."

"So." Jeffrey hesitated. "How long will I stay human this time?"

"Just tonight. It's supposed to work until sunrise."

"Sunrise?" Gladys chimed in. "There's half of the night still left. What are we waiting for? Let's make the best of the situation. Or is it your idea of a pastime that we sit around a prime naked young stud and spend our night talking?"

"Unfair," protested Jeffrey. "I'm just one single normal man, you are two witches. Your desire will kill me."

“No way. I want to keep you a long time.” Susan’s eyes twinkled. “Yours the best cock in the entire neighborhood. I should know.” She now smiled broadly. “One little spell more will keep you well and able during the night.”

“I’ll give you a helping hand,” Gladys chimed in.

Both women exchanged a glance and then they started a singsong together. The moment they finished, Jeffrey’s cock was ready again. He licked his lips, while his eyes wandered from Gladys to Susan and back again, ogling their naked bodies up and down.

“That spell worked fine,” said Susan. “By the looks of him, I doubt he has any thought left besides sex right now.”

Gladys giggled and opened her arms. “Dance with me, love.”

She didn’t have to ask twice. Jeffrey’s strong arms embraced her. Susan got up and started some music. *Blues*. Jeffrey and Gladys danced. Candlelight flickered over their sweating bodies. Both had their eyes closed. Ever so slowly, Jeffrey started to lift Gladys. For a moment, her feet dangled and then she enveloped her legs around Jeffrey’s groin. His cock, already in peak form, found a well-lubricated, welcoming place and slid in. Jeffrey danced, slowly turning around, his hips in rhythmic undulation, his hands supporting

Gladys's ass, while her arms embraced his neck and buried her face at his shoulder. The music went faster now.

Jeffrey's rhythm accelerated as well. Gladys started to moan. Her moans changed to small shrieks. Her head fell back. Jeffrey thrust harder, moved her up and down his cock faster and faster. Gladys arched her back, her arm muscles strained now and her throat produced hoarse cries. Again the music went faster as Jeffrey followed suit. He thrust again, burying his cock deep inside her. And again. Gladys arms opened. Her body fell, into the supporting arms of Susan, who had patiently waited behind her friend during the last minutes. A last thrust. Gladys climaxed, her body shuddering all over, her voice too hoarse to cry any more.

Carefully, they lay her down on the carpet. Jeffrey's cock still stood stiff and erect and hadn't found release yet. Susan reached for it, touched its soft tip lovingly. Their eyes met. Without uttering a word, Jeffrey elevated her as well and lowered her body down on his erection. It then went in, up to the hilt. She embraced him with both arms and legs and started to enjoy the same dance he had done with Gladys before.

The unseen orchestra changed its pace. The music became softer, sweeter. Jeffrey didn't notice where his legs carried him until something

bumped the back of his knees and he fell backward, onto soft, cool cushions. Cushions his body remembered all too well. This was the very bed in which he had his quarrel with Susan, the quarrel which resulted in him becoming a rat. He tried to get up and away.

Susan grabbed his balls with both hands. "Don't you dare. You go away now, you'll not only be a rat, but a rat without balls."

Jeffrey's face grew sullen, but he didn't dare refuse his mistress. Obediently, he lowered himself on the black satin sheets besides Susan. His queasiness didn't just show on his face. His erection had shrunk by half, despite the spell. Susan opened her mouth to utter another incantation and closed it again.

"Don't be so afraid, darling," she whispered. "Trust me, this won't hurt you."

Jeffrey stiffened. It wasn't hurt that he feared.

"Ah, well," Susan sighed. "Then we'll work this out without any more magic." She smiled again. "Not that I will need much magic. Mind you, since the time of Eve, woman has always known how to seduce man. Now, let's have a look at that fine tool of yours."

With these words, she dived south and closed her lips over the head of his cock. Tease, lick and suck. Jeffrey's organ didn't need much encouragement. Eagerly it stirred inside her mouth

and started to grow back to its former marvelous size. Tease, lick, suck. He was about to come. At the last moment, Susan let go. Jeffrey's cock erupted under her hands. She allowed him to relax a bit. Not that it did him any good, his erection stood to attention as before, red and hard and swollen, dark purple veins meandering around it which looked like they were ready to burst any moment. She flicked it with her finger.

Jeffrey's face contorted. "Blast it, woman, why don't you leave me alone? This spell is working so good, it hurts like hell when you touch me."

Susan flicked his cock again.

Jeffrey flinched. "Owww! You're cruel."

"I'm a witch. Witches are supposed to be cruel."

"Didn't you say you love me?"

"We're not lovers. You are my lover. That's not the same."

"Suppose so." Jeffrey's face showed reluctant resignation, while his body continued to react to Susan's ministrations. Her hands stroked his shoulders, his pectorals, his belly his thighs, every now and then returning to his cock. He shuddered, tensed and tried to evade, but to no avail. She was strong, much stronger than she looked. Besides, he knew better than to anger her. He had done so once. One time too many.

When Susan knew she had him fully aroused again, she moved to the middle of the bed and

knelt down. "Your turn."

For a moment Jeffrey hesitated. Then he remembered her favorite starting point. He crawled behind her and kissed her neck.

"Hmmm."

More kisses followed, which descended her shoulders and arms. Her shoulders felt cramped. He started to knead them. Susan sighed. He pressed his hand between her shoulder blades. Susan took the hint and lay down on her belly. This was a much better position for a massage. For a moment, Jeffrey cupped her ass cheeks lovingly.

"Well-nigh as beautiful as that fantastic ass of your friend," he said admiringly.

"Well-nigh? No more?"

Hastily he continued. "You are definitely more beautiful, my dear. Of course you are. It's just that single part of her shapely ass..." His voice trailed away.

"Agreed, she's got the better ass." Susan stretched languidly. "It's not that I'm jealous of my witch-sister. I just want to be sure that you know to whom you owe your loyalty." With those words, she relaxed again and buried her face in the sheets.

Jeffrey started to massage her legs. By his movements, it was clear that he had some expert knowledge. He worked his way over her backside up to her shoulders. Her whole body responded and relaxed. When all her muscles were pliant and

warm, he bowed and planted a kiss on her back. More kisses followed. His fingers probed between her legs.

Readily, she opened them. He painted shimmering wet lines on her back, lines which he licked clean again. While his tongue was busy washing her back, his fingers danced around her sides. Her body twitched and trembled. He gave another round of wet lines, this time covering her ass cheeks and thighs. She moaned and tried to press her pussy against his face. He retreated, just enough to allow him a tantalizing soft touch.

Ha, this was his opportunity to take revenge. He blew softly against her sex. She lifted her ass a bit to allow him better access. He blew again. Then his tongue did a little dance between her folds. Her ass rose higher and higher. He stopped.

“No. Don’t stop, you moron. Go on, go on!”

Jeffrey patted her ass and kissed it again. Then he turned his administrations back to her thighs.

Susan was barely able to stay put. Her hands clamped down on the sheets. “Fuck me,” she whispered. “Fuck me now.”

Jeffrey licked her again, but then his fingers wandered under her belly, tracked her folds and found her clit. His fingernails pinched, scraping it.

“Owww!” Susan nearly bolted. “That hurts.” Jeffrey licked her again.

He paused.

Susan was desperate. "Fuck me, Jeffrey, love, please, fuck me, please."

"Promise you make me wholly human again?"

"I promise. It might take some time, but I promise."

She was as good as her word as he knew from past experience. With a broad grin, Jeffrey rammed his cock in her pussy. His balls slapped against her flesh. With a sucking sound, he pulled it out again. Susan arched her back. He banged her again, fast and hard. Then he continued with a steady rhythm. His rhythm accelerated. The music had changed. A hard beat hit the air, giving a feeling of urgency. He was going full speed by now. Susan shrieked with pleasure. He grabbed her hips, used his hands to pull her up harder and harder. The world exploded in a glorious ecstasy for both of them.

When he came back to his senses, Susan had snuggled down beside him. Another body touched him, warm and soft from behind. A red curl teased his cheek. Gladys.

"Now, how are we at this early hour?"

Early hour? It was still pitch dark outside. The music had returned to the soft Blues.

"You had a lot of fun, both of you," said Gladys. "Mind if I share?"

"Take whatever you want," said Susan, without opening her eyes. "As long as you don't expect me

to leave my bed.”

* * * *

“Don’t worry. There’s plenty of room left,” Gladys assured her. “Besides, I don’t want peak performance. I just want to feel this incredible huge package inside once more. He felt so damned good.” Her hands slid between Jeffrey’s legs. “Ah. The spell is still working. I’ll have to memorize that one for later opportunities.” She tugged a bit.

Reluctantly, Jeffrey turned.

“Now I’ll make it easy for you,” Gladys beamed at him. “Just lie down and let me do the work.”

Jeffrey complied.

Once he lay on his back, Gladys straddled him. His cock hadn’t changed at all, except for the fact that its color was now a deep purple. It still stood stiff and erect. Gladys started to shuffle. Jeffrey’s face contorted. “Cruel, witch. Don’t tease me so. I can’t restrain myself very long now.”

Gladys doubled her efforts.

Jeffrey groaned. With a swift movement, he tossed her around. Now she was lying underneath him. Her mouth opened invitingly. He kissed her and continued to do so, his body busily bumping her. He didn’t leave her enough breath to moan or to cry. Only the long shuddering of her body betrayed the moment when she climaxed.

* * * *

“That must have been the longest kiss I ever witnessed,” remarked Susan. She was still lying in the sheets, her body curled into a ball, watching them.

Jeffrey retracted his cock and fell down on his back, clearly exhausted. Deep lines etched his face. Both women watched him. His erection was still proud and firm.

“Don’t you think he’s done enough work for one night?” Gladys asked.

“Maybe.”

“I think we should undo the spell. He doesn’t look very happy right now.”

“Alright,” murmured Susan, her eyes already half-closed. “You want it, you do it.”

* * * *

Gladys saw a spark of fear in Jeffrey’s eyes when she towered about him. “Now, young man, this is easy work.” She mumbled some words and then planted a kiss on the tip of his cock. “There we are.”

Jeffrey glanced incredulously at her. “It’s still erect.”

“Oh yes it is. The spell will break the moment

you climax again.”

Jeffrey’s hands moved.

“No.” Gladys stopped him. “You’ve done marvelous work for us this night. I want to return you a favor. Let me do this.”

She knelt down and opened her lips. The bulging head of Jeffrey’s erection vanished in her mouth. She sucked.

* * * *

Susan tensed and sat upright. “You better stop now.”

Jeffrey moaned. “No, no!”

Gladys paused for a moment. Her hand slid along the full length of his cock, lovingly. “Why stop? It’s such a beauty, look. It’s almost a shame to take it down.”

“Please, go on, don’t stop,” Jeffrey’s pleading sounded desperate. “I can’t stand the lag, oh, please, help me, I can’t stand it any longer. Please, Gladys, give me release, and make it last.”

Gladys traced a thick blue vein with her fingernail. She drew blood. Jeffrey nearly exploded. His body shook.

“Gladys, you cruel witch, don’t torture me such, go on, please, pleeeeeease.”

Gladys smile intensified. Then she bowed her head and licked his glans. Jeffrey arched his whole

body. The noises his vocals produced didn't sound human any longer. He had to climax any moment now.

"Let's see how you taste." Gladys blood-red lips clamped down on his shaft.

Horrorified, Susan shouted, "Gladys, don't."

Too late.

Jeffrey cried out. His whole body shook in spasms, while his erection exploded into Gladys's throat. She swallowed, licked and swallowed again. His cock twitched violently under her administrations. After a last little explosion, it went limp. The spell was broken. Jeffrey lay exhausted, drenched in sweat, his loins sticky from his ejaculation.

Gladys settled down beside him. "That was fabulous. I envy Susan, really, I do. You were the best ride I had in years."

Jeffrey huffed. "Not my doing."

"No," agreed Gladys. "But your body is prime work." She snuggled alongside Jeffrey and closed her eyes. One hand patted the sheets aside her. "Come join us, Susan. There is nothing better than taking a nap together after having had really good sex."

Gingerly, Susan lay down beside her. She didn't touch Gladys, nor did she touch Jeffrey.

Susan watched her friend and her lover as they snuggled even closer together and drifted into

dreamland. Both faces showed a satisfied smile.

When a red sky announced the next day, Susan got up, ushered the cat out of the bedroom and collected the cage.

The rats woke up and protested vehemently when she dropped them behind the mash.

“Sorry, Gladys, I warned you. You really shouldn’t have drunk his semen. Now you share his curse.”

Even in rat form, her friend looked miserable. “I know you told me. I just forgot. Oh, Susan, he was so marvelous I just forgot everything. What now? Will I stay this way?”

“As long as he does, yes.” Susan snickered. “Well, I think, now I will have to search for an antidote in earnest. But until I find something, you stay put with him.”

The tiny whiskers tremble. “What shall I do, the whole day long, as a rat?”

“Oh, I’ve got some splendid ideas,” piped the male rat. “Lucky me. My days of abstinence are over.” With a swift movement, he reared up behind the female and started to bang her. “That...is...heavenly...I...tell...you...so...I...will...uahhhhh.”

It took him mere seconds to recover and start anew.

After a few moments of stupefaction, Gladys the

rat gave a high-pitched squeak and started to wriggle her behind. Obviously, she now actively joined the game. "Yeah, yes, that's it, take me, make me come."

"Ha, no need to ask, I'll do it anyway," piped the male rat. "Let me tell you, Gladys, you've got the sexiest behind I ever saw on a woman, even as a rat."

"You talk too much. Go on, take me, hard and fast."

And the rats rutted on.

Susan stared at the cage and the sex-obsessed couple within. Maybe she better look up a contraceptive spell first. Very fast.

About the Author

The first man of her dreams had pointed ears. As a young girl, Mira Draken was fascinated by Star Trek. Since that time, she always loved good storytelling, loved it enough to try it herself. Fairytales for the youngsters of her family at first, short stories for the adults during later years. And then she decided that the time had come to write real books.

50 years of life, love and laughter, that was what it took the author to finish her first. Add to that a family, two golden hamsters, several cats and a never-ending fascination for books and writing, and you have all the ingredients of a good author.