

HARBINGER OF DARKNESS

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
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CHAPTER TWO

"I don't understand," Morgana complained as Lilith drug her out of their spacious room.

"I don't have time to tell you again, Morgana. Just go, and for fuck's sake, do as you're told. He will be...less hostile if you are complacent." Lilith pushed Morgana out of the door and slammed it shut behind her.

Morgana stormed off down the hallway and headed for the Master's lair. She had no idea what He wanted with her. When He had summoned Lilith, Morgana expected her mother to be gone for some time. She usually was, in those instances. But Lilith had returned only moments later, fuming. Morgana hadn't been able to get anything out of her other than the Dark Lord was now summoning *her*.

Morgana scurried quietly and quickly, knowing that there were far more sinister things lurking in the shadows than she was prepared to deal with at the moment. When she reached His chambers, she hesitated before entering.

"Enter," His voice called from within.

Morgana stumbled inside, closing the door behind her. He was waiting for her. Luckily, He had been kind enough to shift forms, and the form He had taken was not nearly as frightening as His true form.

"Morgana, my dear...I am pleased to see you."

Yeah, right, Morgana thought. She knew exactly why she was here, and she was not keen on fulfilling her duties to Him.

“Do you know why I show such leniency towards your...sister?” He asked.

What the fuck? That was the last thing Morgana expected to hear.

“No, Master.”

“I shall fill you in on a little secret, Morgana. Lilith has many children, yes? You are one of them. But not all of her children share the same paternal link. You, for instance, are the spawn of an evil demon, and you have inherited his great powers. You should be proud.”

“Thank you, Master.” Morgana was confused. Where in the hell was this conversation headed?

“Yet, can you not think of a coupling that would result in such a fine specimen of child...a paternal half that, when mixed with Lilith’s cunning and malice, would make for the ultimate offspring?”

The pieces of the puzzle finally snapped into place. Morgana had always wondered why Ophelia never seemed to be punished as harshly, why Ophelia always seemed to be shown favor. Mother had never told any of her children who had fathered them...or had she?

Mother had always preferred Ophelia over the others. And not long ago, Ophelia had changed somehow. Perhaps mother had told her exactly how important she was.

Ophelia belonged to the Dark Lord in ways Morgana could never imagine...if she was his child. And Morgana was suddenly terrified of her sister. She had always pushed the girl around and treated her like crap, but

wasn't that what sisters were supposed to do? But now, everything had changed.

She never dreamed that Ophelia would turn out to be so...important. And that also meant she would be more powerful than any of Lilith's children. Morgana would be keeping her distance from now on. There was no way she would be responsible for any harm that came to Ophelia again. Surely the punishment would be unimaginable.

"Yes, I can tell that you understand her importance now. But do not fret. You still have purpose as well," He said as He motioned for her.

Morgana stumbled closer, grateful for His almost normal appearance. She wasn't sure she would be able to do what she was about to do if He was in His *natural* state.

Morgana dropped to her knees in front of Him and started undressing. She had learned enough from Lilith to know what was expected. He approached her slowly, freeing His member and giving her a look at what was in store for her.

Morgana silently cursed Ophelia in her head. This was all *her* fault. When Morgana had dreamed of serving their Master, it was in a much different way than this. And she could just bet Ophelia was living it up, having the time of her life, getting away with anything she desired. Meanwhile, Morgana was about to have her mouth violated by the Dark One and get a taste of her punishment for the first time. Fucking Ophelia...

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Ophelia went down on Seire's impressive length even farther. He was attempting to punish her, but secretly she enjoyed it. She relished the feel of his hot, hard dick driving deep inside her mouth.

He grabbed her hair even harder as he fucked her mouth. Ophelia tried on several occasions to touch Seire, but he would swat her hands away each time. Oh well, she could wait...but soon enough he would be putty in her hands. She always got her way.

Seire suddenly pulled away from her, and Ophelia almost fell on her face.

"What the fuck?" she complained.

"Get on the bed. I don't think you're quite getting the picture here," Seire barked at her.

Ophelia did as she was told. He was rough with her as he tore her clothes off of her body. She had the sudden urge to cover herself, but then she remembered that Seire had already seen her naked.

Ophelia pretended like she didn't mind as his eyes roved up and down her body. He had a strange glimmer in his eyes that made her want to shiver. Perhaps she had underestimated him before. Surely he wouldn't actually hurt her. She knew who she was, and she was way more useful than he ever would be. But still...

Seire didn't bother to pull his clothes off as he climbed on top of her on the bed. His large hands pulled her arms

up over her head and held them there. His thick, muscular legs forced hers apart and pinned them to the bed. His heavy body covered every inch of her.

“I’m in charge...you got that? Don’t you ever forget it again. I’ve been given free reign over you and I will not be as nice next time,” he warned, whispering in her ear.

For the first time ever, Ophelia felt true fear, and that was saying something considering where she was born and raised. Something about Seire gave her the creeps. Maybe she just hadn’t seen it before, or maybe he’d been keeping it hidden. She knew better than to resist him.

He took her roughly, slamming his cock deep inside of her without warning. An unbidden gasp escaped from her lips, and his own lips curled into a cruel smile. He battered her pussy with his dick, ramming into her with unnatural speed.

Ophelia couldn’t move an inch under his weight. She was at his mercy. He kept her pinned tightly to the bed as he had his way with her. Though she feared him, she still enjoyed it. She’d never been fucked like this before...a true punishment fuck. It was arousing her in places she’d never knew she had.

Seire continued on fucking her for what seemed like hours. To Ophelia, nothing else mattered at the moment – only his hard, muscular body atop hers, grinding her into her bed, and his fat, hard cock swollen deep inside of her wet folds.

The tiniest of grunts escaped her, but it caught his attention. He glared down at her with pure malice.

“Are you *enjoying* this?” he asked, seething.

Ophelia said nothing as she stared back at him. She watched the anger turn to rage in his eyes. He pushed off of her with disgust. She wanted to protest, but that probably would have made things worse.

Before she blink, he was gone...disappeared into thin air. Ophelia looked around the room but was all alone. She was about to get up and find her clothes when Seire suddenly popped back into her room.

He did indeed have skills. She had her room protected from everyone but herself. He moved in and out of it freely, as if her magic didn't faze him. Which apparently it didn't. That was disturbing.

She had sat up on the bed, leaning back on her arms. Seire apparently didn't care for this, because he knocked her flat on her back again. He pushed her up to the top of her bed and straddled her again. Something shiny caught her eyes. It looked like some kind of weird, thin, metal rope, but that didn't make sense.

Seire noticed her distracted glance and smiled at her. “Oh, you'll see in a minute. It's something I picked up quite a long time ago. It has many useful purposes,” he informed her.

Ophelia still didn't say a word, fearing anything she did say would only provoke him.

Seire pushed her arms up over her head again and reached for the curious metal object. He began binding her hands together and she could feel the metal burning her where it touched her skin.

“What the fuck?” she exclaimed, trying to sit up, but Seire pushed her back down.

“This has special properties. It will keep you from using your powers at all...at least until I feel that you’ve learned your lesson and I take it off of you.”

Seire adjusted the metal bindings and tied her hands to her bed. She felt drained, and she didn’t care for it.

Seire sat back, admiring his work for a moment before he got off of the bed. This time, she didn’t appreciate his carnal glances at her naked body.

Seire slowly undressed before her until he was naked. Despite her situation, Ophelia had to admit he was pretty good looking...for a demon. As she watched, he seemed to change in front of her. It was subtle, but his demeanor was different. His body looked slightly less human and a little more demonic. He seemed bigger, more powerful.

He sauntered over to her bed and sat between her legs. When he spoke, Ophelia thought his voice sounded a little deeper than it had.

“You know, I did try to warn you. You should have listened to me. When the Dark Lord finds out that you’ve not only disobeyed orders to stay here, but used more dark magic to fiddle with those insipid mortals, we will be in serious trouble. Perhaps the Dark Lord does favor you, but as long as I’m your keeper, you will receive punishment every time I do, and I will make sure yours is far worse than mine. I didn’t ask for any of this, and I’ll be damned if you will be the end of me.”

Without another word, Seire produced a very nasty looking leather instrument in his hands. It looked ancient, but that didn't mean much. Ophelia knew that Seire was a thief and a collector – who knew what he had at his disposal? The leather item was long, like a baseball bat, but it wasn't nearly as rigid. It had some bend to it. It had thick ribbons of leather hanging off of one side, while the other side had tight balls of leather knotted up. Seire gripped it tightly in one hand.

Seire flicked his wrist and snapped the instrument in Ophelia's direction. It barely touched her, but the sting was instant. It skimmed the surface of her skin and left searing pain in its place.

Seire watched Ophelia carefully as he flicked the odd object in her direction once again. This time, the ribbons of leather snapped against her chest, sending painful throbs throughout her breasts.

She yelped slightly before slamming her mouth shut. Seire smiled at her. At that moment, she wanted to claw his face off with her bare hands, but the metal bindings were keeping her in place. She tried futilely to say a spell in her mind, but nothing happened.

Seire snapped the leather device across her splayed thighs this time, catching her pussy with one of the knotted balls of leather. It ached and stung at the same time, but it also made her fluids gush out of her. Seire reached down and felt along Ophelia's wet hole, rubbing her with his fingers. He tossed his instrument aside as he viciously shoved his fingers deep inside of her.

She was actually getting off on this. How fucked up was that?

She closed her eyes and ground her teeth together, making sure no sound escaped her. Seire continued his torturous finger play inside of her. She could feel the wetness leaking out of her.

Suddenly, his fingers disappeared and his stiff rod took their place. He wasn't cautious as he shoved the head of his dick inside of her tight folds. He leaned forward, placing most of his weight on top of her, expelling the breath from her lungs.

Seire reared back and slammed into her, filling her completely with his dick. He placed his rough hands onto her jiggling breasts and squeezed them, causing her nipples to ache and elongate.

As he filled her to the brim, Ophelia secretly took delight in what Seire was doing to her. All this time, Ophelia had pitied Lilith for her misfortune as nothing more than a sex slave to the Master and his minions, but now...she knew what it was like, and she loved every second of it.

Seire must have noticed the tiny, miniscule smile that appeared suddenly on Ophelia's face, and it angered him.

He wrapped his hands around her throat and squeezed painfully. Ophelia's eyes flew open in surprise, but she could only see the pure contempt in his eyes as he glared down at her.

The pressure from his hands increased, and suddenly Ophelia couldn't breathe. She tossed her head back and

forth, but it was no use – he was too strong. Her hands were useless, trapped in his special metal bindings. She tried to buck him off of her, but he was way too heavy.

Ophelia felt herself slipping as Seire continued to increase pressure around her neck. Was he really going to strangle her? All the while, Seire continued fucking her.

Just when Ophelia thought Seire was really going to kill her, she felt him release her. At the same time, she heard him moan deeply as he pulled himself out of her.

He grabbed hold of his dick and started yanking on it as he straddled her. Before she knew it, she was being sprayed with his fluids, and there was a lot of it. Her tits were covered in thick, hot liquid.

Finally, she felt the weight of his body lift off of her. She glanced at him, not quite sure what his next move was going to be.

To her surprise, Seire reached up and loosened the bindings on her hands. The burning sensation slowly began to dissipate. Turning around, Seire gathered his clothes and slowly walked towards the door. If she wanted to, Ophelia probably could have used a bit of her magic on him at that moment to make him pay for what he'd just done, but she didn't want to for some reason.

He stalked out of her door but at the last moment he turned to face her again.

"I went easy this time. Next time I won't. So try to be a good girl. I might seem like a nice guy compared to most of the others here, but you don't know my past or what I'm truly capable of." Seire turned and stepped out of the

room. "And I don't want to have to show you that side of myself," he added as he slammed the door shut behind him.

Ophelia sat in a daze on her bed. What the fuck was that? She couldn't decide if Seire really was some fucked up asshole or if he was just trying to mess with her to prove a point. Or maybe he just wanted to fuck her...that could be a possibility.

Ophelia stumbled off of the bed, reaching for her shirt so that she could wipe the drying liquid off of her body. She was planning her next escape already in her head. If Seire thought for one second that she was going to stop crossing over to the mortal world, he had another thing coming.

She had unfinished business to take care of up there, and there wasn't anything he could threaten her with that would change her mind.

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Seire paced back and forth in his quarters, fuming mad. Why had he let himself get so out of control with the girl? He'd had a plan, but that got shot to hell. He was only supposed to assert his authority, not almost kill her, for fuck's sake.

He knew once word got back to the Dark Lord of Ophelia's trip to the other world, he would be held

accountable. But if the Dark Lord found out what he'd just done to her...well, there was no telling what could happen. Why did she get under his skin like that?

Yes, he'd been drawn to her since he first laid eyes on her, and maybe his whole punishment thing was a thinly veiled excuse to get his dick inside of her, but he had really lost it for a minute.

He didn't figure Master would be pleased that he was fucking the chosen child. That hadn't been part of his job description. But she just infuriated him so much! He only wanted to shut her smart mouth – he didn't care for the way she talked to him.

How it had gone so far, he didn't know. He would have to make sure it never happened again. That is...if he was still around after today.

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Aloscer watched as the youngling ran from the Master's lair. He barely cast a glance in her direction before moving along. She was of no concern to him.

Sheathed in a dark cloak from head to toe, only his dark obsidian eyes were visible deep in the shadows of his hood. No one had seen his face for a long time.

The Master was waiting for him. He entered without invitation, knowing that the Master was eager for an update.

“What news do you have for me?” the Dark Lord asked without turning around to face him.

Aloscer noted that his Master had changed forms and was less...scary than usual. Probably in an attempt to placate the girl that just left. Aloscer didn't mind either way. He'd been a servant to the Dark Lord for a long time and was well used to his appearance.

“Good news, my Lord. I have conferred with Aypos and all is going according to plan. I have set things in motion with the humans as you have instructed. Aypos has informed me that he has kept a close watch on Seire and the child, my Lord, and all is well with that pairing. You have chosen well with Seire,” Aloscer said with veneration.

“Yes, I do believe I have, Aloscer. He is performing well in his position. Any news of Ophelia? How have her powers enhanced?”

“Great news, my Lord, great news. It seems that she managed to return to the other world and communicate with the mortals once again. It took quite a while for Seire to locate the girl, and in that time, she was able to use her dark powers to annihilate one of the mortals. It was supposedly a very good show.”

“That *is* very good news. I am appreciative of your help, as well as the help of Aypos. You know why I do not wish to interfere with Ophelia as she gains control of her powers, so I gave the task to two of my most loyal followers. Keep me informed of her progress and of any issues that might arise.”

“Yes, my Lord,” Aloscer said with a bow. He turned without another word and exited the room. He was eager to be on his way. Aypos was waiting for him and they both had work to do.

It had been a great honor for the Master to distribute such important tasks to both of them, especially when it came to the Chosen One. The girl would have great powers someday, and when she did, fire would rain down upon the mortal world. Aloscer was delighted to be a part of that plan, and he no intention of making any mistakes.

He shuffled along the corridor, making plans in his head the whole way.

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Seire became instantly aware of Ophelia’s departure, but he wasn’t sure how her magic had affected him this time. Had she just left, or had she been gone some time? He had been afraid to approach her after what had happened two nights ago, but now he was being forced to chase after her.

He knew Ophelia would have cast some sort of spell to cloak her disappearance, but Seire had been using his own brand of magic to counteract her spells.

Cursing loudly, Seire closed his eyes and started counting in his head. By the time he got to five, he opened his eyes and took in his surroundings. The mortal

world...what a putrid place indeed. The only good that ever came from this forsaken place was a handful of treasures that he'd collected, but that had taken centuries.

He recognized where he was almost immediately. Ophelia was nothing if not predictable. He cast his mind out to try to locate her, and he found her after a while. He wondered if his powers were just not adjusting to her or if she was simply growing more powerful. He should have been able to locate her faster.

He traveled in no time to her location. She was once again inside of the boy's home. What was her reasoning behind this? He was nothing special, even by human standards, so why was she drawn to him?

Seire found himself in the living room of the boy's home. He didn't have to, but he decided to walk up the stairs instead of just appearing at the top. He had a good idea what was going on in the bedroom up there, and he had no reason to hurry. He wasn't sure he wanted to see that again.

For some stupid reason, he felt a twinge of remorse for what he'd done to Ophelia. He couldn't take it back, and obviously it hadn't done any good anyway. She still came back here against his wishes.

Honestly, he wasn't sure the Master *wanted* him to keep her from escaping. He had mentioned something about coming into her powers when he'd first gotten his assignment, but how was she supposed to do that if she never got to use them? Maybe he was just supposed to police her to make sure she didn't get out of control.

Seire figured he would find out soon enough. Surely word had traveled back to the Dark One about recent events, so he'd probably get summoned shortly.

He heard the noises coming from the mortal's bedroom, so he paused at the top of the stairs. He didn't want to watch. He would give her a few minutes – she had to know he was here for her – before he pulled her back with him. He crossed his arms as he waited.

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Ophelia had found herself at Caleb's house yet again. She hadn't actually planned on being here. She'd meant to go to Dana's but this is where she appeared. He must have been on her mind.

She paused before she knocked, wondering if he'd remember anything from the other day. She knew he wouldn't; her magic was too good to be flawed, but still.

Ophelia had stuffed herself into a too-small black halter top and black mini-skirt. She had on her typical high-heeled black boots. She left her hair down today, letting it hide most of her face.

She knocked and waited for a short time before she heard scuffling behind the door. Then, Caleb's face appeared as he swung the door open.

“Ophelia? What are you doing here? I haven’t seen you in a while. I thought you’d moved or something,” he said, looking confused.

So it had worked...he didn’t remember anything about the other day. Good.

“Yeah, Caleb. I did, I just wanted to say hi and see how you are.” She made no mention of Dana or Maggie this time. She didn’t want to bring them up. Unfortunately, Caleb did.

“Hey, did you hear about Maggie? Man, that was fucked up! No one knows what happened exactly. Her parents are seriously freaked out,” Caleb informed her, rambling. She didn’t care about Maggie because she knew *exactly* what had happened.

Ophelia decided to change the subject before she started bragging to Caleb.

“Yeah, I heard, that was a pity. Say, are you busy right now? Can I come in?” Ophelia waited for a split second before Caleb held the door open for her.

“No, I’m not busy. Come on in.”

He walked in front of her, leading her to the living room. This would be fine for now. She looked him over. All Caleb was wearing a scruffy green T-shirt with a grungy looking skateboard on it, and tight, faded blue jeans.

“Sit down. So how have you been? I was kind of bummed when you moved, you know,” he said earnestly.

She smiled genuinely for the first time in a while. She had been right about Caleb. He wasn’t like the others. He seemed decent. If she had paid enough attention, she

would have probably seen Dana's and Maggie's evilness before she bestowed her gifts upon them.

"I've been okay, I guess. I've missed you." For some reason, being with Caleb made her feel...normal. About as normal as she could feel. She reached over and put her hand on his for a moment.

Caleb's eyes widened at the small touch. Ophelia wasn't sure if that was a good sign or a bad sign. Just because things had gone well the other day didn't mean things would repeat themselves.

She carefully watched his face as she climbed on top of him, straddling his lap. Caleb looked dumbfounded. She smiled down at him before leaning over to kiss him. He hesitated for a moment but then he responded.

Caleb's arms groped her ass as she leaned forward into him. She could feel her naked skin showing itself beneath her absurdly short skirt. Caleb caressed her sensitive skin with his hands as his tongue thrust into her mouth.

Before she knew it, she was on the couch with Caleb on top of her, but she wasn't complaining. This was exactly what she needed.

Ophelia pulled Caleb closer, enjoying the feel of his body on hers. He wasn't heavy like Seire, or distant, or cold, or condescending. He was just Caleb.

Ophelia could feel his erection digging into her thigh. The bulge was rock-hard beneath his jeans. She reached down and squeezed his package, causing him to quiver. Caleb boldly reached up with his hand and shoved it under her shirt until he made contact with her right breast. He

tweaked her nipple with his fingers as he continued kissing her.

He started to grind his hips against her body, digging his erection into the space between her legs. It wouldn't be much longer before he would be naked and inside of her.

"Bedroom," Ophelia demanded as Caleb reached for his zipper. He paused, looking down at her, but then shrugged and jumped up off of the couch.

He held his hand out, helping Ophelia up, and then he hoisted her onto his shoulder as he dashed towards the stairs. She let a rare giggle escape her lips as she watched the room go by in an upside-down blur.

Caleb made it to his room in record time, throwing Ophelia down onto his bed before stripping his shirt and jeans off and tossing them onto the floor.

He pulled Ophelia up with one arm and then he went to work pulling her tight clothes off. Luckily there wasn't much to take off. She didn't feel odd being naked in front of him like she had with Seire. She shook her head slightly, not wanting to think about him for now.

Surely he was going to show up any minute now. Her magic wasn't as strong as his, so it couldn't keep him in the dark for long. He'd find out she was missing soon enough.

Caleb hopped onto the bed and stared at Ophelia – he was waiting on her to make the first move. For a moment, Ophelia thought about using her powers like she had the

other day on Caleb, but she decided against it. He was great the way he was.

She leaned over and took him in her mouth, savoring in the taste of his firm, hot cock. She looked up in time to see Caleb's eyes roll back in his head. Ophelia grabbed his shaft with one of her hands and began a sensual stroke up and down in rhythm with her mouth. She let her saliva dribble down his dick, providing lubricant for her hand as it rubbed up and down his considerable length. She increased the tempo of her sucking, aware of Caleb's rigid body beneath her. He was trying to keep himself in check...and failing.

She took pity on him and eased up, knowing he could blow his load at any second. She clambered off the bed and motioned for him to follow. He stared at her stupidly for one second but then he was moving. Ophelia backed herself up against his wall and spread her legs, beckoning to Caleb.

He came and stood in front of her, his hard cock pressing into her stomach. She pulled his hand downward, making him grip her leg and pull it up, so that he was supporting one leg. She repeated the motion with the other hand, giving him a little help when he hoisted her up.

Finally, he had her pinned against the wall, holding her up with his arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck and disentangled herself from his grip. She secured her legs around his waist as he pressed her even harder against the wall. Next, he reached down and positioned his

rod against her waiting slit. He nudged himself inside of her and groaned at the tightness.

He pushed a little harder and buried half of his length in her. Caleb pulled out a little and then slammed himself all the way into her. Ophelia closed her eyes and lost herself in his rhythmic pumping, his staggered breathing, the feel of his sweaty body against hers, and the hot breath that was blasting across the side of her neck as he buried his face in her shoulder.

“Oh, fuck. You feel...so amazing,” he panted in her ear. She could feel his tight balls slapping against her as he pounded her pussy. Her breasts were grinding against his chest as he moved against her, causing her nipples to swell and ache.

Caleb held tight to her ass as he pumped in and out of her, his dick slick with her juices. Ophelia felt the tension building deep inside of her and knew what was coming.

“Holy shit,” Caleb grunted in her ear as increased his pace.

Ophelia couldn't hold on any longer. She felt the arousal take hold of her body and squeeze, causing every muscle in her to bunch and tighten. She arched her back and went still, realizing that Caleb was following suit.

She felt the gush of hot fluid as Caleb shot his load off in her. Her body quivered as her orgasm crested and then began to taper. Her body felt like a big trembling pile of jelly. Caleb drove his dick into her twice more, emptying every drop of his cum deep inside of her.

When he was finally done, he stepped back and helped Ophelia ease her legs to the floor. She felt the hot gush of fluids rushing from her twat.

Caleb was panting still and staring at her in disbelief.

“Wow...kind of wish you’d never moved now,” he admitted. He quickly averted his eyes and stared down at the floor.

“Yeah, me too,” Ophelia agreed quietly. She stood there for a moment, not knowing what to do. Could she just leave without having to tamper with his memory? She hadn’t used any magic on him this time, so what would be the harm? Maybe if she decided to visit him again she wouldn’t have to worry that he might reject her, especially if he remembered this encounter.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, picking up on her quickly souring mood. She was just so frustrated. She didn’t know what He wanted from her. To use her powers? To not use her powers? If He really didn’t want her traveling between worlds, He could stop her, but He didn’t. Instead, He put Seire on watch. She couldn’t figure it out. It was extremely disconcerting to not know what in the hell she was supposed to do.

“It’s nothing, don’t worry about,” Ophelia muttered quickly as she began gathering her clothes. She didn’t want to drag Caleb into this mess.

“Seriously,” Caleb said, grabbing her arm and stopping her. He had pulled his jeans on but hadn’t bothered with his shirt.

He turned her until she had to face him, but she kept her eyes downward. She couldn't tell him anything, at least if she wanted to keep him alive.

"Hey, tell me what's going on," Caleb insisted.

Before she knew it, Ophelia felt scalding tears making their way down her face.

"Fuck," Caleb blurted before pulling her towards the bed. She could hear the alarm in his voice. She didn't want to mar the only decent relationship she had by unloading her baggage on him.

Still naked, Ophelia sat on the edge of his bed and leaned against him. It was enough that he cared about what was upsetting her. She knew it all along – Morgana hadn't been right. Ophelia knew there had to be some decent mortals in this world.

She was about to say something to Caleb but she stopped. She sensed Seire's presence. He was close...in the house and probably right outside the door. It felt a little creepy to know he was right there. Before she could stop herself, she froze time again. She didn't want Caleb to see or hear anything if it had to do with Seire.

She jumped up and started pulling on her clothes, eager to leave Caleb's house. Now that she knew Seire was indeed dangerous, she didn't want him anywhere around Caleb. She would have to be even more careful if she ever wanted to see him again.

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Seire peered around the slightly open door and caught a glimpse of nudity. He was right. She was back here for sex. Something squirmed inside of him. Seire squared his shoulders and was about to burst through the door, but something stopped him. He caught sight of Ophelia's face, and it looked like it was contorted in pain, and her cheeks were splotched and wet. Then he realized the boy wasn't moving. She'd frozen time again.

Seire waited as he watched her quickly dress herself. This was a lot different than last time. Last time she enjoyed letting him watch her, but now she couldn't get her clothes on fast enough. Maybe he did scare her after all. But what was wrong with her? He'd never seen her like this. Surely it wasn't all his doing...was it?

After she was dressed, Seire pushed the door open. Ophelia scrubbed her face with her hands, wiping all evidence of tears away.

"Took you long enough," she snapped, but there was no conviction in her voice.

"Yeah, you're getting better," he offered, hoping to cheer her up some. It didn't work.

"Yeah, right," she grumbled. She stormed past him without even looking at him. As she squeezed out of the door he heard her muttering under her breath, and then Caleb started moving again. He had that same stupefied look on his face as the last time when she'd wiped his memory.

Seire followed behind Ophelia, intent on asking her what her problem was, but she disappeared before he could touch her. He cursed under his breath and then closed his eyes, searching for her with his mind. She was gone. She'd actually gone back home.

He traveled back in no time, and was right outside of her room. He flung the door open and she was on the floor in the corner, hunched up against the wall with her knees pulled to her chest.

Seire sighed, wanting to turn around and leave, but he couldn't. He knew this was his fault, and he needed to make it right. Being her watchdog didn't mean being a total ass, and if she really got upset with him, he'd probably find himself in a situation he didn't want to be in.

"What's troubling you?" he asked. Ophelia looked up and glared at him. Yep...definitely his fault.

"Look, about the other day," he started, not sure what to say. Before he could continue, she cut him off.

"Shut up. This isn't about you, if that's what you're getting at. I'm not some fragile little girl you've got to worry about just because you fucked me too hard or lost control for a few seconds. Don't be so fucking stuck on yourself."

Seire was at a loss for words. Was she just saying this to get him to leave, or did she really mean it? Either way, he shouldn't care. He didn't want to be involved with her – it would only end badly for him.

"Yeah, well, I'm supposed to be looking out for you. It's my job, so stop busting my balls," he retorted.

“Please. As if you care. You fucked up, so you got stuck babysitting me. I know what this is, so don’t keep pretending. You know what WOULD be great though? If you could tell me what the FUCK I was supposed to be doing here!” she screeched at him.

“I’m so fucking sick of everyone expecting something of me just because of who my parents are! Lilith burdened me with that knowledge when she shouldn’t have, so I’ve been trying to live up to everyone’s expectations ever since, when all I really want is to leave this fucking place and never come back. Do you know how frustrating it is? I’m supposed to be this magical, chosen child that does what, exactly? I don’t know, because no one tells me a damn thing!”

She stood up and stomped in Seire’s direction, and he was wise enough to move out of her way. She stormed out of the room and the door slammed behind her on the way out. Seire didn’t bother following. He wasn’t sure what he was supposed to be doing, either.

He understood why she was so upset, because he was feeling the same way. He sighed and plopped down on her bed, intending on waiting for her to cool off and come back. What he didn’t know was that Ophelia was long gone, off to the other realm.

Seire was ignorant to her departure because he was safely ensconced in her room, and her magic was hard at work on him. He was none the wiser to what was happening, as long as he stayed put.

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Ophelia looked around and was pleased to see where she'd ended up. It was exactly where she wanted to be. She was in a funky mood, but she knew what could cheer her up. She stood on the edge of the sidewalk and peered up at the insignificant house. She could see in the window on the second floor, and she watched with interest as the girl inside bounced around her room. Dana had no idea what was in store for her tonight.

* * * * *

Dana stared at herself in the mirror as she brushed her shoulder-length blonde hair. She puckered her lips and applied another coat of lipstick. She couldn't wait – tonight was date night with Thad. He was so fuckin' hot! She hoped they would go all the way tonight. They would have done it last week if his damn parents hadn't come home early.

No matter! Tonight they were taking his truck up to a secluded spot that he knew and there would be no one to stop them. She smoothed her hair and adjusted her makeup. When she was perfect, she twirled around so she could see herself better in the mirror.

She'd picked out an incredibly short spaghetti-strap dress for tonight. It was light purple and a little bit frilly, but it clung to her curves and showed off her massive tits. She could overlook the minor flaws of the dress because she was sure Thad wouldn't notice anything she was wearing at all.

Dana tugged on her white sandals and bolted downstairs. She wanted to be out of the house before her own parents made it home. They probably wouldn't approve of her attire.

Thad was right on time. He was just as anxious as she was. Dana raced out the door and jumped in his red pickup truck. Thad gave her a big grin as he gunned it and the truck took off down the street.

Thad wasn't big on conversation, but that was okay with Dana. He was pretty to look at, and that was all that mattered. Thad was popular at school, he was on the football and the basketball team, he had his own ride, and his parents pretty much let him do whatever he wanted. Not to mention he had a rocking body and a pretty big dick. Dana couldn't wait to get it in her.

Before she knew it, they were pulling up to the gates of a big, abandoned warehouse. The gates had been breached on numerous occasions, it seemed. Thad nudged the gates open with his truck and pulled in. He went around to the backside of the warehouse and parked.

The place was completely deserted. Dana got butterflies in her stomach, but she didn't know why. It wasn't like this was the first time she'd ever had sex.

Maybe it was because of Thad, or maybe it was because of her new body. Either way, she was ready for it.

Thad unbuckled and leaned over to kiss her, but before things could get too hot, his phone rang.

“Dammit to hell,” he swore, fishing the phone out of his shirt pocket. “Hold on, sweetcheeks. I got to take this...it’s my mom. If I don’t, she’ll freak the hell out and send out the whole police force to look for me.” Thad rolled his eyes as he jumped out of his truck and answered his phone.

Dana sighed quietly. It was like that damn woman had some kind of radar. This was twice now that she’d interfered. It was getting really annoying. She heard bits and pieces of the conversation.

“No, mom. I’m fine. I told you I was going out tonight. You just forget. I’ll be home before eleven, I promise. Yes. YES. I have my phone mom. Well, because you just called me on it!” Thad sounded exasperated. “Mom, just because something happened to Maggie Jones does *not* mean there’s a serial killer out there.”

Dana stopped listening as her brain pulled the exact information front and center that she’d been trying to forget for the past couple of days. Maggie...dead and gone. No one knows what happened to her. Her parents are being tightlipped and the cops won’t say anything to anyone about it.

But from what Dana had heard, it was like nothing that any of the cops from around here had ever seen before. Word around the school was that the FBI was involved

now and they were having a hard time piecing together her death, too.

Dana couldn't understand it. Maggie had been doing so well, especially the last few weeks. Ever since that night...the night of their stupid sleepover. Dana and Maggie never spoke of it after that first morning when they'd realized what had happened. There was no explanation for it.

They'd both wondered what had happened to Ophelia, but she'd shown up about a week ago, and she was just as freaky as ever. Dana didn't want to be caught hanging with her any more than Maggie did – it would ruin their newly acquired reputations.

So, they'd both politely told her to go away. Luckily, she must have gotten the hint because Dana hadn't seen her again. From what Maggie had said, though, Caleb had been practically stalking her.

Dana wondered idly if Caleb had snapped and done something to Maggie. Mrs. Jennings from next door said she'd heard that there wasn't much left of Maggie when her parents had come home. She didn't really understand what that meant, but she knew it had to be horrific. She hadn't really wanted to think too much about it, but now Thad's stupid mother was bringing it up.

"Okay, okay! Crap! Don't blow a gasket, mom!" Thad snapped. "Yes, I promise. Just take it easy, all right?" Thad grumbled as he hung up the phone.

“Fuck...you’d think I was a lamb going off to slaughter the way she acts sometimes,” he complained as he climbed back into the truck.

He flung his cell onto the dashboard and turned to face Dana once again. Irritation was quickly replaced by something else. He reached out and yanked Dana’s dress down, freeing her immense tit. Thad’s eyes got big as he watched her enormous udder bounce and jiggle. He freed the other side and then he pounced on her, burying his face in her massive mounds.

Dana squealed with delight as he began to touch her all over. She closed her eyes and fell back onto the seat, letting him take her. It was finally about to happen. Tonight was going to be perfect. She wasn’t going to let anything come between them now.

* * * * *

Ophelia watched as Dana dashed from the house and jumped into some trashy looking red truck. The dork behind the steering wheel looked like a guy from the high school. Probably some dumb jock that had latched onto Dana the moment her boobs exploded.

Ophelia stared after the truck as it disappeared down the street. She ambled down the sidewalk for a while, waiting until Dana got to wherever she was going. She could be patient tonight. She had cast an even more powerful spell when she got here. Seire was going to have trouble finding her this time.

Ophelia found that her spirits were lifting as she walked. She had a plan in her mind, though it could change into something different, something better.

When she closed her eyes, she searched for Dana with her mind and she found her. After a few moments of concentration, she felt herself shift. When she opened her eyes again, she was somewhere completely different. She didn't recognize the place, but it didn't matter. She knew she was where she was supposed to be.

Ophelia gazed up at the derelict building in front of her and strolled through the open gates. She crept around the side of the building and spotted the red truck. The guy that had been driving was pacing around the truck, talking to someone on the phone.

Ophelia got closer and closer until she could hear what was being said. The guy was talking about Maggie. Hmm. So it was big news that Maggie Jones was dead, huh?

She spotted Dana in the passenger seat, with a look of disgust on her face. Eventually, the guy climbed back into the truck. It only took seconds before the reason why they'd picked this location became clear.

A sinister smile appeared on Ophelia's face. Yes, she'd had a plan, but as always, plans changed. A newer, better plan was forming in her head. She walked closer to the truck. The couple was completely out of sight now. They were horizontal on the front bench seat of the truck.

Ophelia could feel the pulsing sensations deep inside of her. It was her power, and it was struggling to get out. It was as if it was a living thing, clawing its way to the

surface, ready to take revenge on Dana for what she'd done.

Ophelia was tired of denying her darker instincts. She was ready to set them free, no matter what the consequences. She was tired of living a lie, of trying to be someone she wasn't. She was fucking sick of trying to please everyone around her, especially when they offered no help as to what she was supposed to be doing in order to please them.

Ophelia cracked her knuckles and stretched her muscles as she kept moving forward, stalking her prey. Neither of them had any clue what was about to go down. They both thought they would just come out here and fuck tonight, but she was about to squash those hopes for good. Dana Warren wasn't going to make it through the night, unfortunately. She was going to have a terrible accident like little Maggie Jones!

* * * * *

Seire paced the room back and forth, but it was only making him more anxious. Why hadn't she come back yet? He knew she had to be around here somewhere, or he would have felt her leave.

She just needed space. That's what he kept telling himself. He was trying desperately to quell the odd feelings that were making their way through his body. He did not have any feelings for her whatsoever. None. Nada. Zip.

It would be prudent for him to leave her alone. Keep the relationship professional. Keep his distance. Keep her happy. That last part was purely a professional concern, as he didn't want his balls on a platter because he pissed off the Chosen One. At least, that's what he told himself.

Back and forth, back and forth, round and round in Ophelia's room. Seire was starting to worry. She had to know he was waiting on her. But, she was stubborn, so she might be hiding somewhere just to punish him. Well, he could be stubborn too.

He tried not to let his mind wander too much, or else he found himself thinking about earlier when he'd almost caught her with that boy again. When he thought about that, the odd feelings came back again. He didn't know what they were, and he didn't want to know.

Seire also didn't want to think about *him* being inside of her, because that just made him want to cross over and kill Caleb slowly, painfully.

Time continued to pass sluggishly, until he really began to worry. Where could she be? He didn't know how long it had been, but he couldn't sit in her room anymore and wait for her.

The moment he stepped out of her door, he knew he'd been a fool. He knew she'd cast some powerful magic on her room, yet he'd stayed inside it like the moron that he was. She'd skipped out on him for the second time today. Probably left the moment she walked out of her room. Who knew what kind of trouble she'd gotten herself into

in the time she'd been gone. All the while he'd been sitting there on his ass acting like a dope.

Seire crossed over as quickly as possible, and he found himself outside of Dana's house. Ophelia had been here, that was certain, but she was long gone now.

He closed his eyes and concentrated. Nothing. This was her doing. She'd cast something on herself so that he couldn't find her.

Well, that wouldn't work for long. He was smarter and way more powerful than she was. At least for now.

He closed his eyes and started concentrating again. It took all his strength, but he finally managed to find her. Seire was outside of the old building in no time. He quickly circled the massive facility and found her in the back.

Seire skidded to a stop. He shook his head and tried to refocus his eyes. He couldn't quite believe what he was seeing. Surely this wasn't right. There was no way. He watched as Ophelia slowly spun around to face him, and the look on her face sent chills down his spine.

There was no way he was going to get this one past the Dark Lord. She'd finally gone too far. He was truly fucked.

More to cum...

*This book is published in serial format.
Subsequent chapters have been added in order.*