



*The Caddish Cousin*

A Magic and Empire Encounter

**Mikala Ash**

**Changeling Press**

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**Time is running out. Sara has conceived a faerie child and knows she needs a human husband. She encounters another contender, Gilbert Nutter. Though rich, Gilbert is nothing like his affable cousin. Sarah lets the bully sample her charms, but Gilbert has a surprise in store for him...**

## The Caddish Cousin

Barely an hour after my unnerving meeting with the old witch Demdyke, I was on the lane to Roughlee thinking with pleasure of my night with Hal when another of the Nutter family, by the name of Gilbert, accosted me.

"I hear you've set your lights on my cousin Hal," he said without even a hallo, or good day. Gossip travels faster than a lightning bolt in Pendle. "You'll hear a lot of things," I retorted.

"With those big lug 'oles of yours you could hear a fly fart in Scotland."

He grabbed my wrist. "How now, don't play miss innocent with me, you little malkin."

"Don't call me slut," I protested, and wrenched my hand out of his grip.

"It's what you are, aint it?"

I looked him up and down. He was a strapping fellow to be sure, and the lump in his pants was like a confession. At thirty odd, he too was a prosperous farmer with a dozen tenanted farms supplying his coffers with rents. He was, in some ways, a better prospect, though Hal was a gentleman compared to this oaf.

"Leave me be," I said, and made to walk on, thinking of some affliction I could send his way. Gout? A burning dick when he pissed? I laughed.

He grabbed me and swung me around. His oniony breath assailed my nostrils, but I held his gaze with a glare of my own.

"I warn ye. Leave him be," he continued.

"What's it to do with you?" I studied his eyes, too far apart and set deep in their sockets. I sensed desperation. "Wait now? You wouldn't be lookin' for a wife of your own would you? A willing wench to take care of that lump between your legs?"

He'd taken a deep breath as if to let go a torrent of insult, but instead his gaze went from my eyes to my mouth and then to my chest. I made sure to take a few deep breaths of my own to set the flesh aquiver to satisfy his curiosity.

His face went beetroot. "What if I am?"

"And you look in my direction?"

"Why not? You're comely enough despite..." His voice died in his throat because I'd grabbed that lump between his tree trunk thighs and was giving the ball sack a goodly squeeze.

"Despite what?" I challenged. "Mind what you say now."

"You've a sharp tongue, Sarah. A man would never be bored with such as you keeping his bed warm."

"Is that what you're looking for? Lively conversation after a hard day collecting rents?"

"Think of it, Sarah. No more darning and sewing, no more beggin', or cleaning other people's shite. A life of ease, free of care..."

"Or is it an heir?" I persisted. "Do you need to beat Hal in having a son? Is that it?" I had no idea of the arrangements within the Nutter clan. They were rumoured to be convoluted with all sorts of intermarriages to hold it together.

"Don't be daft."

"You've dozens of womenfolk to choose from, cousins by blood and marriage. Why wet your wick in an outsider like me?"

"You're comely," he repeated unconvincingly.

"As you say, but why..." and then it dawned on me. He'd probably already tested the waters with his family and none would have him, or he didn't like the ones that would. Plus, childish as he was, he'd covet anyone his cousin Hal favoured. For a moment my pride was stung, but since the garden we women are used to being prizes and playthings of buffoons such as Gilbert. I considered the proposition. Marriage with Gilbert would have no love, but I could rule him easy enough. He'd be putty in my hands, a puppet, and I'd feel no regrets pulling his strings. I liked Hal, but feelings of that nature could be a complication.

I squeezed Gilbert's balls. "Show me what you've got between those tree stumps that go for legs."

He grinned and dragged me off the path to a spot between the roots of a giant oak. He pulled off his coat and laid it down, uncharacteristically chivalrous, I thought, before he shoved me down. "A Norseman, are ye?" I chided and hitched up my skirts.

He opened his trousers and produced a hard, but bent length of cock something like a Moorish scimitar. He made to push my thighs apart but I closed them quick enough. "Come here, you impatient devil. You want to tear me dry?" He knelt beside me and I hefted his manly flesh and brought the head to my lips. "I'll make you nice and slimy," I cooed. "So you'll slip right in."

He was grinning like a crescent moon as I took him into my mouth. I guided his hand from my breasts which he had pulled from my bodice and directed it between my thighs. "Gentle now," I mumbled around his cock.

He was indeed gentle. Skilful too, no doubt he'd fingered a few servants in his day. His fingers caressed my puffy lips that were still sensitive from his cousin's enthusiastic rogering of last night. I moistened up quick enough and he slipped two fingers in while his thumb teased my nub. I admit a groan or two escaped the seal my lips made around his shaft.

He began to fuck my mouth and his frantic movements suggested he was coming to the end so I took my mouth away and pulled him down on top of me. His thick rubbery lips found mine, and I tasted onions.

His cock was inside me in an instant, so deep his balls were bouncing on my arse. I almost forgot to yelp in pain and say I'd been but a maid until he came along. He laughed in disbelief, and I wondered if Hal's servants were not all as loyal as I'd supposed. Someone had talked.

His technique, though crude, was effective. The curved shaft touched places that Hal's had not. It did not compare with Robin's faerie cock, of course. Robin's pulsed and vibrated, changing shape inside me, its flexible hardness sending shivers of pleasure cascading through me like ripples on a pond. Gilbert's was, however, delighting in its own manner, and I soon lost myself. My squeals of pleasure sent screeching ravens fleeing from the branches.

He paused in his rutting to suckle at my breasts, holding a nipple between his teeth and flicking it with his tongue. I wonder who had taught him that little trick.

While he contented himself with playful gestures I contrived to run my hands inside his shirt. "Fuck me," I urged. "Don't stop now."

His deep and rapid thrusts resumed and I raked my nails along his back. He cried out and buried his face in my neck as he spurted inside me. He nipped my throat and I knew I would have a bruise to hide tomorrow.

He kept fucking till I lost myself for another little moment. Then he stopped, and after a minute climbed to his feet. "I knew you were a slut," he said and spat on the ground between my feet. "Not fit to enter my barn, let alone my house."

"So this is your true self, is it, Gilbert Nutter?"

He hitched up his leggings, then fished about in his waistcoat pockets. He dropped a few copper coins on the ground. "Never say I don't pay my dues."

"Begone with you," I yelled. "No wonder your bed is empty and cold."

"Ha! Cousin Hal will be interested in what I have to tell 'im."

Any thoughts of marrying this swine and controlling him like a puppet drained away. It would be too much work. I searched my mind for a moment and an appropriate spell came to me. I had his seed inside me, skin under my nails and hair on my dress, all I needed was some clay to fashion a little doll and he'd forget all about today's episode. I would need privacy to cast it, and I'd have to do it quickly before he told anyone.

I watched him swagger away down the lane where he had his horse tethered. I was tempted to scare the beast and have it strike Gilbert down with its hooves. The spell was in my head, but I couldn't be bothered running after him to pluck a horsehair from its tail.

The tinkling of a running stream came to my ears. There I found some clay to shape a little figure with a curved cock with spend, skin and hair attached. I said the spell three times, the second time backwards, and the hex was cast. Gilbert Nutter

would arrive at his destination and remember nothing of his interrupted journey, save falling asleep in his saddle. That would suffice for now.

Revenge for his rudeness could wait.



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## Mikala Ash

**Aussie Mikala Ash used to be a mild-mannered training & development consultant by day, and a wild sci-fi and paranormal adventure writer by night. Now she is a brazen full-time writer and nature photographer who is concentrating on having among other things, "... bags, and bags of fun!" Mikala can be found on Facebook and on Twitter.**

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