

Encounter: This Enchanted Demon: The Sale

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The Sale

Augustine paced back and forth in the small jewelry shop. His fists were clenched, and a scowl darkened his handsome face. Gloriana smiled, and slowly, leisurely traced the swell of her right breast with one fingertip. Her demon's pacing increased in speed. He didn't want to want her, but he couldn't help himself, and Gloriana used that knowledge to torture him.

The bell over the door tinkled, as a well-dressed elderly man entered. Gloriana's smile widened. "Good morning, Mr. Smythe," she greeted her most faithful customer.

"Good morning, Miss Gloriana." The man perused her selection of finely crafted silver pieces, his hands clasped behind his back. He wore a dark suit, and his expensive shoes were polished to a high shine. "I'm looking for something unique for the missus."

"Are you?" This was a game they often played. "Is this for a special occasion?" Gloriana purred, as she moved around the counter, her hips swaying, her fingers twitching the hem of her obscenely short skirt. Augustine stopped pacing, his gaze following her movements, his big arms folded, and his legs braced apart.

"A very special occasion," the elderly man agreed.

"Then may I suggest --" Gloriana bent over, the cool air conditioned air blowing higher and higher until it fanned the curve of her bottom, " -- these?" She extracted a

tray from the bottom of the display case. When she straightened, both men were gaping at her ass with undisguised lust. "This is some of my finest work."

"Earrings?" Mr. Smythe frowned, placing his hands in front of the huge bulge in his pants. "I bought her earrings last week. I need something special."

"Not earrings." She clipped one silver sun charm to the tip of her finger. "Clamps. Intimate clamps."

"And these would go... where?" Mr. Smythe played the ignorant customer.

"Would you like me to show you?" She unbuttoned her blouse farther, displaying a white lace bra. The elderly man nodded, Augustine growled, and Gloriana pushed down the lace, pleased to see Mr. Smythe's eyes widen. She had wonderful breasts, and she loved to show them off, turned on by appreciative viewers.

"They are to be positioned here." She captured her nipple between the silver, clamping her sensitive skin, relishing the sweet pain. "And here." The second nipple joined its twin in pleasurable torment.

"They will bring attention to your wife's breasts." She flicked the charm. "And give her pleasure." Gloriana sat upon the stool, and spread her legs, exposing her smoothly shaven mons to their gazes. "Don't they look beautiful?" She maintained her cool, professional tone, as she cupped and squeezed her breasts, making the charms dance against her tanned skin.

"They are nice." Mr. Smythe rubbed his hands over his pant-covered erection, the old man sporting an impressive woody. That hard cock was for her, his aged body paying visual homage to her big breasts.

Augustine was as aroused by her exhibitionism, but only the tinge of purple along his clenched jaw revealed his demon desires. That wasn't enough. She wanted his control broken, blown apart by desire.

"Now since it is a very special occasion --" she removed a smaller clamp from the tray. "I suggest also giving her this matching piece." Gloriana parted her pussy lips, the smell of her musk filling her nostrils. "It goes here." She bit her bottom lip as she

applied the clit clamp, the pain shooting along her skin. She was so wet, her juices glistened on her fingers.

A deep rumble came from Augustine. She glanced toward him. His eyes glowed purple, and she shivered with excitement. The demon was clawing its way to the surface.

"These clamps are well designed, and able to withstand the most vigorous activity." She'd give old Mr. Smythe a treat this morning, for being such a loyal customer. "Would you like a demonstration?"

"If you would, Miss Gloriana." The elderly man's faded brown eyes lit up.

"Mr. Augustine, if you could assist me." She gave the demon her best fuck-me face. "Mr. Smythe would like a demonstration."

"Oh, I'll assist you alright," Augustine muttered as he strode toward her, unzipping his dress pants while he moved, until his cock sprang free, his tip a dark purple, a dap of precum on his slit.

"Please." Gloriana spread her thighs wider in welcome, and Augustine grabbed her waist, his hands large and hot and impatient.

With one fierce thrust, he rammed his big cock into her. *God*. He was a beast. Gloriana gasped, clutching his shirt-covered shoulders, her pussy stretched painfully, the pull on the clit clamp almost unbearably sharp.

"As... you... see... Mr. Smythe --" She panted as Augustine rode her relentlessly, slamming into her again and again, the stool legs creaking under the abuse. "The clamp stays in place, even with the most brutal fucking." A noise sounding suspiciously like laughter escaped her demon lover's lips. "It will heighten your wife's enjoyment." It hurt so good. Gloriana closed her eyes, concentrating on the pain and the pleasure, while Augustine's thick shaft ravaged her pussy with deep, hard strokes.

"Fuck." Augustine grunted into her ear. "Fuck." He pulled her against his chest as he thrust forward, their bodies smacking together, flesh against flesh.

Her orgasm came hard and fast and she bit his cotton-covered shoulder to suppress her scream. When her inner muscles squeezed his cock, Augustine roared, the

sound of an animal in delicious pain. Hot cum filled her pussy, and ran in a stream down her leg.

Gloriana took three deep breaths, and then four more. "Thank you, Mr. Augustine." She patted his chest dismissively.

Augustine wrapped his fingers in her hair and pulled her head back, his brutality exciting her. "You are a witch." He stared into Gloriana's eyes for several heartbeats, the moment hanging between them, a slender thread of fragile connection. "A damn witch." He snorted, and released her, tucking his cock back into his pants, and zipping up.

She watched him, shaken by the raw, needy emotions coursing through her body. It was wrong to feel this way, as he could never care for her. He was a demon, like the others, hungry for her power.

She turned her attention back to the sale. "The silver is of the highest quality, Mr. Smythe." Gloriana met the elderly man's unfocused gaze. "It can withstand moisture... and other liquids."

She reached down and removed the clit clamp. Blood rushed back into her abused skin with a dizzying intensity. She held it up for Mr. Smythe's inspection, the charm covered with Augustine's cum and her pussy juices. "With cleaning it will be as good as new."

Shaky fingers plucked the charm away. "I'll take it, Miss Gloriana." Mr. Smythe nodded. "The missus will be pleased."

"She will be." Gloriana smiled sadly, knowing there hadn't been a Mrs. Smythe for several years, the widower heartbreakingly alone. "Gift wrapping comes with an extra charge, but I'm sure your missus will appreciate it."

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