

Serpent

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On a blanket at the edge of a little Caribbean cove, beneath the cliff where the deck of their house jutted out a hundred and fifty feet above, Joe Horn fucked Sarah Fenton to another shivering orgasm.

Sarah moaned with hard passion. She shut her eyes and clawed his shoulders. "I'm coming again!"

Later, he rolled on his side and held her close. A stunning black woman leaned on the rail of the deck, watching them.

"Is Belle up there?" asked Sarah as she nuzzled him.

"Yeah," he said. "At least for the past half hour."

"I invited her to watch. She wants you."

"Naturally. Chicks love me."

She bit him. "Indeed, humble one. You know how I like performing. We're both artists. She paints, I fuck."

"The similarities are obvious," he muttered.

She turned on her back with one arm draped over her eyes. "Mmmm. I love the sun. By the way, that painting she did of me, posing somewhat like this, that I gave you last week?"

He admired the marvelous curves of her body. "Yeah?"

"I never told you the price we agreed on."

"I hear she gets what the bankers call medium five figures for her nudes. Hopefully you arranged a discount."

"Sort of."

"Oh?"

"You."

One eyebrow rose skeptically. "Hello, you pimped me?"

Eyes closed, she smiled slightly. "Right on, bucko."

"Suppose I don't like her?"

"Come on. She has big tits, a tiny waist and says she screams louder than me when she comes."

"Sold."

Sarah elbowed him in the ribs. "Caveman. Besides, you said you wanted to fuck her when we met her in her shop."

"Oh, yeah. Hey, wait a minute, since when am I a 'discount'?"

She slapped him lightly on the chest. "Go. I expect to hear confirmation of her claim."

He climbed the long stairs to the deck of the main house, where he found Belle standing next to a table of solid teak. Two of the legs had been shortened so that it tilted downward at an odd angle. At his noiseless appearance she turned, momentarily startled by his casual nudity.

"I was just -- wondering at this table."

"I altered it so Sarah can lie at a comfortable angle while I stand between her legs."

Belle's eyes widened. "Oh."

He waited while she frankly appraised his nudity. "I'd like to paint you, Mr. Horn. Perhaps a companion to the one I did of Sarah."

Her voice felt like warm honey on his libido. "Joe," he corrected. When they met he'd known immediately that he liked her as more than just a curvy body. Although big tits help.

She looked about thirty, firm, yet lush, wearing a white blouse, dark slacks and spiked sandals. A multicolored scarf adorned her elegant head. Impressive cleavage spilled forth from the blouse.

Her nudes were well known. The one she had done of Sarah actually took his breath away. "Sarah said you wanted me to fuck you as payment for the painting."

She seemed slightly embarrassed. "Um, yes. I am afraid -- when I saw you I could not resist the temptation..."

"I'm honored. You're very beautiful."

She looked surprised. "I am?"

He smiled at her false modesty. "I expect you look even better nude."

She licked her lips. "Are you telling me to strip for you, Mister Horn?"

He nodded.

In seconds the blouse slithered to the deck, revealing heavy breasts that swayed hypnotically as she moved. The pants pooled at her feet. She stepped out of them, nude except for the stilettos and scarf.

Her sensual beauty transfixed him almost as much as the huge multihued serpent tattoo that wound from her right ankle up her long, muscular leg and around her torso, reappearing over her left shoulder and sliding under her left breast, ending with its broad green head resting on her sternum.

The snake moved with her, shimmering with colors of astonishing vibrancy. Horn's cock grew rigid. Sexual hunger clawed at him.

She looked at him with a mixture of sadness and lust. "I am sorry, Mister Horn."

Horn gritted his teeth and hissed. "I want you." Her sexual allure went beyond anything he had ever experienced.

"Yes." She leaned back against the table, squeezing her breasts. "No man can resist me." Her eyes burned with ravenous hunger. "Come."

The snake seemed to move independently from her. Horn's cock didn't care.

"The snake will drain your will and make you weak!" she hissed as he roughly grabbed her hips. "Stop now! Leave me!" She moaned with frustrated lust. "I cannot help myself..."

"I must have you!" growled Horn. "Now!"

She trembled. "Ah! Your hands are so strong! I cannot resist! Penetrate me!" Gripping his forearms she lifted her legs straight and wide. Her unblinking stare drew him into her well of hunger as he thrust hard into her.

She closed her eyes and moaned, arching her back, pumping her hips. He ran his hands over her sleek black skin, fondled her breasts, pinched her nipples.

"Ah, I love that! Yes!" she moaned as he pinched her nipples. "More! Please!"

The snake's tongue darted out.

"Your cock is wonderful! I am yours!"

The snake turned its head to regard him with cold disdain. Horn felt a powerful compulsion to submit to it, to spill his seed, his life, in white heat passion and unimaginable pleasure. To give up his will.

He fought it. "I am your master," he growled at her and the snake, as he ran his hands over her sensuous curves. "Your will is smoke in the wind. Your body is mine to command."

She whimpered, "Yes! Tell me I'm your slave!"

"Offer your tits to me, slave."

She arched her back, thrusting her breasts. "Take me! Use me!" She rolled her head from side to side.

The snake unwound itself in a smooth slithering of rippling scales and rose above them, hissing.

Horn smiled, not at all kindly, as he felt Belle surging toward orgasm. "Not this time," he said as he stared down the snake.

Belle screamed. "I come! I come!"

Sarah was right.

Horn felt the power of the snake and understood that Belle had only been its vessel. As Belle screamed and humped his cock Horn focused his own not inconsiderable power on the snake.

I am your master. I control you as I control this woman.

The snake hovered, its beady eyes soulless and unblinking. Horn felt it sucking his will.

Nice try, lizard face, but I'm in charge here. Back to your place. Now.

Belle clamped her legs around Horn's waist, crying out, "More!"

Now.

Belle came again. "More!"

The snake recoiled.

"Mine!" grunted Horn, thrusting into Belle. "Mine!"

The snake hissed in frustration and slowly rewound itself onto Belle's writhing body, laying its head between her breasts.

Horn sucked each of those luscious globes, reveling in his control of this incredibly sexy woman.

Belle came again, crying out, "You are my master!"

Horn gently stroked her as she subsided.

Belle murmured, "I tried to warn you..." She moaned as he softly kissed her nipples.

"I don't listen well. But thanks anyway. Your breasts are magnificent."

She smiled. "You make me feel delicious. I am old, from a place and time when beautiful women were the playthings of men. When my beauty faded I made a pact with the snake and became her slave. In return for youth and eternal life she made me seduce men. When they came inside me, she sucked their manhood and they could not be men for a long time. Sometimes they would wither and die. Except a man who could control me and the snake together. I have long searched for such a man." She absently stroked the head of the snake. It moved slightly, as if reluctantly content.

"Do you want to be free?"

She shook her head. "I have learned to not stay with a man too long. And the sex..." She shivered. "I cannot get enough. Never enough. It is the snake..."

Horn smiled. "I think it's you."

She bit her lip. "You mean I am more of a woman than I think?"

He kissed her gently. "No one -- no thing -- can make you be what you do not wish to be."

She blinked back tears. "So, I could be your slave instead of hers?"

His cock hardened immediately at the thought. "Or any man's."

"Yours," she said quietly, smiling.

He felt the strong desire to fall into her wide brown eyes. "What about the snake?"

Her smile turned wicked. "You have tamed her."

Horn untied the scarf, revealing thick curls. "This is long enough to bind you."

She grinned. "So you will take me again?"

He tied her wrists before her. "I believe I have dispensation. But we should check with Sarah."

She yelped as he dragged her off the deck and down the stairs.

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