



**Adventures in the
Kingdom of The Faeries**

A Magic and Empire Encounter

Mikala Ash

Changeling Press

ENCOUNTERS

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Crossed in love, Sarah Fletcher walks the dark path that winds through the mysterious forest at the base of Pendle Hill, Lancashire -- the reputed entrance to the Faerie Kingdom. There she meets a handsome stranger, a merry fellow with cloven feet. Without hesitation Sarah commits her body and soul to become a witch and exact revenge. It is 1605 and Sarah's actions begin a chain of events which cascade down the centuries and create a world where the mixing of steam power and magic has dire consequences.

Adventures in the Kingdom of The Faeries

Walking alone through Pendle Forest is, I'm told by those who know, tempting fate. It was truly fortunate that I was in such a mood. I had been wronged most egregiously, and I sought revenge. Gloomy shadows, dappled sunlight, the smell of rain soaked soil and the soulful caw-caw of ravens accompanied me as I followed the narrow path known to be frequented by Faeries and their ilk.

"Hello, my lovely." The voice from the trees was light and full of merriment.

I stopped; my breath stilled, my heart pounding. A tall man with a handsome countenance emerged from the shadows. Green eyes shone from beneath black brows, a noble nose ruled above full red lips. He was dressed in black; frock coat and leggings, frilled shirt and a tricorn hat. His feet however were bare, and cloven.

"Who are you, sir?" I asked, though I knew full well.

Hands on hips he stood before me, studying me from my clogs to the peak of my shawl. I quivered under his heated gaze. "You may call me Robin."

"I've heard of you. Goodwife Hamlyn has oft spoken of Robin Goodfellow."

The sensuous lips curled in amusement. "Does she now? Well then, you know what I want."

"You must tell me, good sir. Lest I mistake your purpose in accosting me."

"I've had my eye upon you for some time. Wondering when you would choose to seek me out. Now, here you are, Sarah Fletcher."

I gasped. He knew me.

"Well then, Sarah. Will you give me your soul?"

"I surely will," I replied. "If what you offer in return satisfies my desires?"

With a grin he opened his trousers. Goodwife Hamlyn had spoken the truth. His cock was long, and like a snake it curled and writhed as it stiffened with lust, the engorged head with its single eye reared up, poised as if to strike.

I swallowed. "I've seen better," I teased. "Every farmer has a lusty son who has showed me his pride and joy hoping to poke my secret place. This alone is not enough to tempt me."

His organ swayed back and forth, mesmerising me, forcing me to watch its growing tumescence. The shaft pink and ribbed like a barrel, the head like an enormous mushroom cap and tinted an angry red. Like a vine it coiled about his body till it looked down at me from atop his head. As fearful as I was I could not stifle a giggle.

He pursed his lips. "Then what?" he asked. "What will tempt you?"

"I need magic."

"Oh, magic is it? What kind?"

"All you have. First I want to exact mortal revenge on those who have wronged me."

His organ uncurled from his body and lunged towards me. In an instant it wrapped around my waist and lifted me off my feet, pulling me to him. His breath was hot and thick as his cleft tongue caressed my cheek. "That will require more than your puny soul."

Though the shaft of his cock held me fast, with my feet dangling in the air, the engorged head snaked its way down the front of my dress squirming ever downward. Not to be the helpless maid he expected I ripped open my bodice exposing my breasts. I grasped him by the neck and pulled his face to my bosom. "You may have me, body and soul," I offered. "if you will give me magic."

"Then you will have it, my dear." He took a nipple between his lips and flicked its hardness with his tongue.

The snake continued to wriggle its way inside my dress till it found my wet and welcoming quim. The head caressed my nub sending shivers of pleasure, like burning needles through my flesh. Then it nudged open my tingling lips.

A moment of alarm. "You will surely cleave me in two," I gasped.

"Fear not, my dear. Now, do you promise to open your door to me whenever I knock?"

The engorged head wiggled inside my entrance. I swooned in anticipation. "I do."

"Do you promise to welcome me to your bed with open legs?"

A further inch inside. My body trembled. "I do."

"Do you promise to do my will, whatever it may be, and whenever I require?"

A full twelve inches. I gasped in shock and cried out. "I do!"

Indeed I felt as if I would be split asunder, and my twisted innards spilt upon this shadowy path. I felt as if there was a living thing inside me that probed every part of my inner flesh, sending burning tendrils of pleasure to my very heart.

Then, in less than the blink of an eye, the snake was gone. I dropped to the ground. "Come tonight to Pendle Hill, and I will bestow upon you that which you seek."

I had succeeded. Looking up into his blazing eyes I caught my raggedy breath. "How will I know where to go?"

"From here follow the Faerie lights. They will show the way."

I closed my eyes to calm myself and slow my galloping heart. "When the hour?"

"Eleven."

The voice was distant. I opened my eyes. I was alone.

It was a wild night when I returned to the place upon the path where Robin Goodfellow had promised to give me magic. In the silvery light of the full moon shredded clouds scudded across the windswept sky, washing the forest with a pale glow of no more use than a guttering candle.

"I have come," I called out to the thick shadows. At once thirteen pinpricks of light flashed into being and began dancing before me, forming a square, then a star, then an arrow head which flitted along the path. I followed for an hour and at last came to Pendle Hill.

The lights led me between a pair of ancient tree trunks blasted by lightning and arched together like an enormous quim. Within them shimmered a silvery door. The Faerie lights blinked out to the accompaniment of tinkling laughter.

I stood for a moment to summon my courage before knocking three times as Goodwife Hamlyn had instructed. The door opened. Blinding light splashed out, and beautiful music filled the air. A delicate green eyed woman, with long tresses of snow-white hair and no taller than my shoulder, appeared upon the threshold.

“You’ve come, Sarah Fletcher. You’ve come,” she said, her voice soft and melodic. She reached out with long skeletal fingers and took my hand. I stepped inside and immediately was amidst a host of shimmering creatures waltzing to a tune played upon golden fiddles by a trio of giant hares.

I’d scarcely caught my breath before I was in the arms of Robin Goodfellow. He swept me across the dance floor, ducking and weaving between the other couples. For hours we waltzed and finally we fell into a bower of feathers which had miraculously appeared at the corner of the ballroom. From there we watched the unrestrained gaiety, where one by one the dancing Faerie folk left the floor to find their own beds of down.

Robin fed me honeyed pastries and sweet golden wine while his sinuous cock stroked my welcoming sheath, pleasuring me till I cried out in ecstasy. Time and again he took me to the heights of sensual excess, hardly giving me time to recover from one peak of bliss before sending me on another flight of carnal delight. After a time I felt lighter, lighter than air, and wondered if my soul had left me.

Though I struggled to keep my eyes open I eventually glided into a deep sleep. I awoke, ravenously hungry, cold and shivering on the path where I first met Robin Goodfellow. Disillusioned and angry I made my way home to find I’d been away for three days.

While drawing water at the village well and cursing Goodwife Hamlyn for sending me into the Faerie kingdom where all I got for my soul was sore feet and the quickening which augured the coming of a Faerie child, a small black dog came barking. I threw water at it, and it laughed. “Why so angry, dear Sarah,” it said in the voice of Robin Goodfellow.

Looking around to see no one was watching me converse with the cur, I whispered back, “You promised me magic.”

"I did indeed. Why haven't you used it?"

"Why, you knave! I have no magic."

"Have you looked?"

"What do you mean?"

"Peek inside yourself, dear Sarah."

I did, and gasped. All the spells and all the charms, every tool of magic was arrayed inside my mind like pickets in a fence.

"Remember your promise to do as I command," Robin Goodfellow continued. "Each night after you cast a spell, come back to the path and follow the lights. Then we shall dance, you and I, dance till the end of time."

Awakening (Magic and Empire 1)

by Mikala Ash

London 1850. A bustling city on the brink of change, with a hidden heritage that refuses to let go.

Anne Device, daughter of a prostitute turned spiritualist, grew up on the dirty streets of Whitechapel. Anne has seen it all -- degradation, desperation, anger, pain and sorrow. Her world revolves around her family -- her mother, sister and brother.

The charismatic and attractive Lord Carlyle, gentleman magician, sees in her the potential to move worlds. Anne, who has never been loved, experiences for the first time the magic of desire. Marriage is only the first ceremony in which Anne will give her body. What came next will test her very soul.

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