



*A Posy of Lies*

A Magic and Empire Encounter

**Mikala Ash**

**Changeling Press**

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Discovering she is having a faerie child, Sara must avoid becoming the village pariah, and is in desperate need of the shield provided by a human husband.

After several days cavorting in the Kingdom of the Faeries, where she danced and loved till she could stand no more, Sarah wakes up in a field of flowers belonging to a likely suitor, the prosperous farmer, Halwell Nutter.

What can she do to entice him to wed a poor village wench, but offer him a posy of lies?

## A Posy Of Lies

I was awakened by a bee buzzing near my ear. I swatted it away, and opened my eyes to the early morning sun. I sat up to find I was in the middle of a fragrant meadow of wildflowers. My thighs ached, and within my dew damp skirts my quim was sore.

I recalled the thorough rogering I'd received from Robin Goodfellow, the father of the faerie child that was still a mere bean in my belly. I'd overcome my petulance at his complimenting Isobel Hamlyn with the very words he'd said to me, and we'd revelled in the Faerie Kingdom under Pendle Hill. We ate, drank, and danced naked till I could skip no more, and we made love over and over again to the mad melodies of giant hares playing golden fiddles. Time in the Kingdom of the Faeries is like that, nonstop romping and raving. Robin's snake-like cock satisfied me even while we danced. It searched out my welcoming slit, nudged open my lips, and slid in to fill me with his seed as we traversed the glittering ballroom.

"I have your child growing inside of me," I reminded him. "Won't you marry me?"

He tutt-tutted while his snake found my arse and wiggled inside. "Best find one of your own kind, my love. I already have a faerie wife, and she'd take terrible revenge on ye if I took you as well."

"She doesn't mind this?" I gasped, watching the moving bulge in my belly as his cock squirmed through my entrails.

He'd thrown back his head and laughed, his forked tongue whipping from side to side like a red pennant in the wind. "Nay. This is nothing to her." The twin ends of his tongue each found a nipple and teased them while we danced.

A light breeze chilled me to the bone. The sun was low, its rays flickering through the crests of distant trees. I was thirsty and ravenously hungry. Last time I'd visited the home of the faeries I was away three days. I wondered how long this time.

I stood up on wobbly legs.

“Hey-ho!”

The voice came from a powerfully built man striding towards me through the field of flowers. It was Hal Nutter. Hal was a wily farmer with several holdings and a mill of his own. More importantly he was without a wife, Brit succumbing in childbirth only last summer.

Think quick, Sarah Fletcher. Think quick.

I waved to him, put my hand to my forehead and slumped to the ground. In the space of three heartbeats he was kneeling at my side. “Miss Fletcher. Sarah. What ails ye?”

I gazed up at him in the most helpless manner I could devise, and blinked my lashes several times. “Oh, Hal. It’s you.”

Only five and thirty he had a round pleasant face and gentle nature. “Sarah. What brings you here?”

I’d last spoken to him a year ago when I’d taken a posy to Brit’s burial. “I came to pick flowers,” I mumbled weakly. “I tripped and fell. Then when I stood, I come over all dizzy like.”

“Oh, aye.”

“I fear I cannot walk,” I groaned.

“Here,” he said, and scooped me up in his muscly arms as if I weighed less than half a feather. “I’ll carry you. My house is just over yonder.”

“So near?” It seemed my presence here was by design. Robin had slyly placed me in this good man’s path. I breathed in Hal’s pleasantly masculine scent, and though my quim was sore, it stirred, and an urgent tingle spread through my belly.

Hal’s was a grand two story household with three wings and a paved courtyard between. A dozen servants stopped their chores to gawk as he carried me past. “Fetch water someone. Miss Fletcher has taken a fall.”

An hour later I was sitting up on a wide bed, a bowl of soup and a barmcake in my belly, a warm compress on my forehead, and a useless onion poultice

on my left ankle. Hal looked in on me. I thanked him, and apologised for the trouble I'd caused..

He waved my words away. "I've sent a message to your mother that you'll be here for the night, and that she is not to worry. I'll have you safely home again tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Surely I can't ... "

He silenced me with a finger to my lips. "It is no trouble, and I'll not have it said that Halwell Nutter turns away an injured friend."

"Not so injured as clumsy," I said.

He dispelled my protestations and we fell to talking about goings on in the village. Finally he asked me why I was so far from home, surely not to simply gather flowers.

I blushed. "As I started I thought of you. I mean that day when I gave you that posy for Brit."

"Aye, I remember it well. A bonny posy it was."

"I was chuffed with it, an' all," I said. "Next thing I knew I was in your field."

It was a poor lie, but it's what came out of my mouth and found a safe haven in his ears. We gazed at each other in silence for many moments.

Eventually he looked away, his face a deep crimson, and his voice when he spoke, was thick. "I often think of that posy."

"Do you?"

"Many a time I wanted to go to the village and ask after ye."

My turn to blush. "You would've been welcomed," I replied, fluttering my lashes as I tried to form a shy but warm smile. "What held you?"

"It didn't seem right," he said softly.

I nodded sagely. "You miss her still." I took his hand and brought it to my breast. "You're a good man, Hal. I'm sure Brit looks down and sees that. She would be sad to see you lonely."

He withdrew sharply. "I best go."

Ugh! Too quick, Sarah Fletcher. Too damn quick indeed.

I detest sick beds, especially when not unwell. I wiled away the hours cursing myself for my forwardness. The servants who saw to me gave me scant intelligence about their master. Loyal, they were, and suspicious. Night fell and he did not come. For consolation I fingered the lock of his hair which I had plucked while he carried me. With that I would make a charm, but it seemed magic would not be needed, for in the pitch of night, after the moon had set, the door of my room squeaked open. Bare feet padded towards me. A shadow knelt by my bed.

“Forgive me, Sarah. I have struggled, and I have lost.”

I took his arm and pulled him onto the bed. “Struggle no more,” I whispered. “I could not sleep for thinking of you. Glad I am that you’ve come.”

I kissed him, working my lips against his while I kicked away the blanket. I pulled him between my open legs. He lifted his nightshirt and I felt the heavy weight of his cock against my thigh. I locked my ankles around his arse and urged him forward. His cock easily found my welcoming quim and pushed through the moist portal of my body. Luckily my desire had buttered the tight sheath for his cock was thick and hard. I gave a pitiful little cry, and clutched his arm.

He stopped. “I’m sorry.”

“I was a maid,” I whispered the lie into his ear. “Now I am a woman. Don’t stop, Hal. Please don’t stop.”

He obeyed. Beginning cautiously, he soon became more determined, and impatiently ploughed my furrow, his heavy ball sack slap, slap, slapping against my arse. His breath upon my cheek quickened, and his thrusts became frantic. I raked my nails along his flanks, losing myself in the pleasure of it. His frenzied thrusts at last stopped, and his body became rigid, while he grunted and spurted his seed deep and uselessly within my womb.

He rolled off me. I held him, kissed the sweat from his brow. “Sleep, my dear.”

Hal was gone in the morning, inspecting his mill the haughty maid told me. No matter. In my pocket I had a lock of Hal’s hair, beneath my nails the flesh from his back,

and in my quim his still warm seed. The love charm I planned would be very potent indeed.

As I opened the gate to my mother's house I noticed down the lane the ancient witch, Elizabeth Southern, known as Old Demdyke from Malkin Tower. The ugly old hag was blind as a rock, and her bony fingers gripped the shoulder of her guide, little Alison Device, her granddaughter.

"Sarah Fletcher." The old slut's voice was like the screech of a night owl. She rubbed her belly. "Rock a bye baby," she cackled.

A shiver coursed through me. The old witch knew.



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