

Changeling Press

ENCOUNTERS

Magic with Manticore

A Confessions Encounter

Kate Hill

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Daisy Fay is trying to study, but Manticore shows up looking for action. When Medusa merges with Daisy Fay to challenge Manticore, there's not much reading going on in the Library of Magical Arts.

Author's Note: This short seduction scene takes place after Manticore (Confessions 3). It's a peek into the lives of Manticore-Martin and Medusa-DaisyFay -- four people making love with two bodies.

Magic with Manticore

Snuggling on the leather couch in the Library of Magical arts, I turn the fragile pages of the book I'm holding with gloved hands. The old grimoire has been in the Specter family for generations. Absorbing any lingering magic imprinted by the author would be easier with bare hands, but I don't want to damage the book, either by touch or by soaking in power that I don't need. In the future, someone might require it -- maybe sooner than later.

The world teems with demons. Since that first tower crashed through the illusion of safety several years ago, followed by hundreds more towers, every species on Earth has been in danger. In a world occupied by demons, magical people are no longer outcasts, but necessary for defense. We've kept our heads above water, some better than others.

The Specter family had power long before the demon occupation, and they continue to hold a respectable amount. Now I'm part of the family and privy to their many secrets. Fascinated by the grimoire, I scarcely notice the purring until it rumbles through the underground library. It's like a great cat has staked a claim on the room and stalks me from the shadows. The sound of it sends little shivers down my spine -- anticipation and pleasure.

I can't help smiling. "Manticore."

"Hmm." He purrs again, this time so close to my ear that I jump. Warm breath tickles my ear before he teases it with his warm, wet tongue, and I wriggle.

"Still reading?" he asks in a husky voice.

"It's fascinating."

"It's time for a break." He vaults over the back of the couch to sit beside me. Taking the book, he stares at me with hypnotic green eyes that practically glow with sexual passion. His pricy and conservative black suit is at odds with his feral expression. Dark, catlike makeup covers his exotic face, but I've learned that it's not all

cosmetics. Manticore is something between man and beast -- a rare creature, a manifestation of thoughts and dreams now merged with the witch Martin Specter. They're like one -- my sweet, mild Martin and my impulsive, wild Manticore.

It had been hard to accept their nature at first, but not now.

Because it's our nature, too. The familiar, husky voice in my head makes me smile again. Medusa. She's the manifestation who shares my soul, so we understand Manticore-Martin better than anyone.

Manticore places the grimoire on the coffee table. We might be in the library, but by his expression, reading is the last thing on his mind.

He's in a freaky mood, Medusa continues. *I want in on the action.*

"Then join the party," I whisper aloud.

Manticore's expression brightens even more. "The fair Medusa? I've been looking for her, but she's eluded me."

"That's because I love to play hide and seek." Our voice emerges a little deeper and huskier than when I'm fully Daisy Fay. Closing my eyes briefly, I bask in the sensations bombarding me as Medusa and I merge. Her physical strength and raw, otherworldly power fill me. It's still my body, but enhanced. My muscles and bones harden. Medusa is an athletic animal. When merged, we reflect the best of each other. My magic and hers crackle inside me. It's an indescribable energy, something only another magical being can understand -- a being like Manticore.

"My beauty." Manticore lightly grasps our throat. His thumb caresses our skin, sending ripples of pleasure through us.

"Did you lock the door? We wouldn't want anyone to interrupt us."

The library is hidden under a flower shop. It must be kept secret because the demon masters have stolen or destroyed magical objects from our world. If they knew about this place, they would demolish it along with those of us who preserve the books, scrolls, and artifacts kept here. Manticore-Martin founded this library to keep our magic alive for future generations. We're part of a rebellion, and someday we'll reclaim this world from the fiends who've seized it.

He covers our mouth in a kiss so deep and possessive that we feel as if we're soaring. When the kiss breaks, Manticore's lips hover over ours. Our gaze locks with his. The sparks of desire between us have become an inferno. Wild and out of control.

Growling, he tears open the front of our shirt.

We can't let him get away with that, Medusa tells me.

No, we can't.

Wedging our knee between Manticore's body and ours, we shove him hard. He backs off, his eyes burning with animal lust, and rips off the red tie knotted at his throat.

No way will we allow him to undress himself.

We spring at him. He catches us and we tumble to the floor. Straddling him, we tear off his buttons with our teeth.

"Do you think we're still in the forest, you sexy viper?" he demands.

"Viper you say? Just one?" Medusa merges with me even more completely. Serpents mingle with my hair, a living headdress of poisonous warriors ready to defend me -- not that I need defending from Manticore. They attack him in a far more pleasurable way. As we continue biting the buttons off his shirt, we part the fabric, baring his lean, hard chest. The serpents in our hair wriggle over him, caressing him with flicks of their tongues.

"You're so evil," he breathes. "And we love you so much."

"Of course you do. We're made for each other." We trail our tongue down his stomach, roughly unzip him and curl our hand around his already engorged cock. Kneeling between his spread legs, we swallow his cock and work him over with our mouth. All the while our serpents continue teasing him. Groaning, he grasps our head. He gasps and jerks. One of the serpents bit him -- a love bite, really. He's immune to our poison and to most of our defenses, just like we control the beast in him. We belong to each other. Forever.

“Ah! You’re killing us, Medusa.” He’s panting now. His hips jerk upward while we suck him deep, nearly swallowing him whole. We withdraw slowly, raking our teeth along his rock-hard shaft. We swirl our tongue over his bulging cock head.

Abruptly he pushes us onto our back. Growling, he stares at us with challenge in his eyes. He nuzzles our breasts and sucks a tight nipple into his mouth. His teeth rake it, and it almost hurts, but not quite. He rolls our other nipple between his thumb and forefinger, and then he pinches it. He leaves our breasts to lick and kiss his way down our belly. Our muscles tighten. Sensation engulfs us.

Manticore grasps our ass. His warm breath huffs over our clit before he swipes his tongue over the swollen, aching nub. He devours it, just like we devoured him.

He licks, sucks, nips, and tugs. It feels so fucking good that we can hardly think. Every swipe of his skilled tongue is like sweet torture. Orgasm is so close --

“Payback’s a bitch, isn’t it?” he says with a husky laugh.

“Fuck us right now, Manticore!”

He laughs wickedly, but he’s on us in an instant. Bracing a hand on either side of our head, he fills us with his steely cock.

So. Fucking. Good.

He’s such a perfect beast, Medusa’s thoughts match mine.

“Yes, he is.”

“What?” Manticore pants.

We must have spoken aloud that time.

“Keep going! Don’t stop!” we urge him on.

“No intention of it.” He grunts before he kisses us. His tongue plunges into our mouth to the same rhythm as his wildly thrusting hips.

Orgasm hits us like a tornado. It nearly rips us apart, but we don’t want it to stop.

Manticore stiffens and lunges hard. He practically roars with the force of his orgasm.

He stretches out beside us and draws us close to his heaving chest. It's lean and hard. His warm skin, lightly dusted with hair, feels good against our cheek. His pounding heartbeat quickly slows to normal.

"There's more magic in what we just did than in that moldy old book," he says, a grin in his voice.

"If that's a lesson in magic, then I want a refresher course."

He laughs and squeezes us tighter. "Practice makes perfect."

It can't get any more perfect than what we just had, but we can't tell *him* that.

He's too full of himself already, Medusa reminds me.

Yeah, but he's cute.

Too cute.

There's no such thing.

"We know this kind of silence. What are you ladies talking about?" Manticore asks.

Should we tell him, Medusa?

Hell no.

Manticore shifts position so that he can meet our gaze. He raises a questioning eyebrow.

"We were just saying that you're probably too tired to go again so soon after --"

Growling, he pounces on us and covers our mouth in a penetrating kiss.

It's going to be a perfect night.

[Manticore \(Confessions 3\)](#)

Kate Hill

Martin: I was an outcast. Humiliated and abused, I ran away to carve out a life apart from the Specter family business. Convinced the family magic would never work for me, I was taken by surprise when I met *him*.

Manticore: Shunned by other manifestations, I lived alone and nameless. Then I found Martin. He gave me a name and his body. Now, we exist as one. We never expected to find a woman who'll love us, but Daisy Fay is full of surprises. We've walked through demonic fire to protect her, and we will have her as our mate.

Daisy Fay: Martin is the sweetest guy I know. Manticore is an enticing beast. I never dreamed they shared a body. It's a good thing I love them both. We're in constant danger, though, because their father wants to kill them. They want to keep me safe, but sitting in the sidelines isn't my style, and they'd better get used to it.

[Confessions Series](#)

[Kate Hill](#)

Always a fan of romance and the paranormal, I started writing over twenty years ago. My first story was accepted for publication in 1996. Since then I've written over one hundred short stories, novellas and novels. I love to blend genres. I also love horror and a happily ever after, so if you're looking for romance with witches, aliens, vampires, angels, demons, shapeshifters and more, there's a good chance you'll find something to your taste here.

When I'm not writing, I enjoy reading, watching horror and action movies, working out and spending time with my family and pets.

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