

Quickie #19

Mistress Of The Marsh

Declan's heart pounded in his chest as he raced through the woods. It didn't seem possible, but he was catching up to the buck. He'd missed his shot, but he was gaining on the animal and moving back into range. Maybe it was desperation driving him on, allowing him to run faster than he ever had in his life.

It was foolish to chase a deer in the woods. So many things could go wrong. You could step on a rock and twist your ankle. You could land in another hunter's trap. You could ascend a rise, not realizing it had a steep drop-off and tumble down the other side into trees or worse. The creatures of the forest always had the advantage. They knew the terrain and had better reflexes than you.

But Declan was hungry. So eager for this quest to be over. And against all odds, he was gaining on the beast. Deer were fast, but they didn't have great endurance. If you could run long distances, it was possible to chase one down. It was the foliage, rocks and trees that were your real enemy. They concealed your prey and made it difficult to get off a good shot. Unless...

Declan's eyes went wide as he saw ribbons of pale light in the distance. A clearing! If the beast was foolish enough to cross it, he would have a second shot. A difficult shot with a moving target, but a shot nonetheless. Declan readied his bow and poured on the speed, even as his legs screamed at him to rest. Sure enough, the sprinting beast hopped past the tree line into the pasture that waited on the other side.

'YES!'

He breached the tree line and reached for an arrow. His enthusiasm faded as he scanned the area. The beast was gone. Vanished completely. It must have turned and doubled back into the forest. On top of that, there was no pasture. Declan found himself at the edge of a swamp.

“DAMMIT!!!”

He was about to throw his bow into the ground with every bit of force he could muster, but stopped himself just in time. If he broke it, he'd have bigger problems than the withering hunger pangs in his stomach. Instead, he leaned down and rested his hands on his knees as his ragged breathing slowed and his heartbeat returned to normal.

Once he'd caught his breath, Declan rose back to his full height. He put his hands on his hips and examined the misty bog that stretched on for leagues. There wasn't much to see and there was no quarry to be found out there. He was about to turn and head back into the woods when his ears twitched in disbelief.

“Declan...” A woman's lilting voice called through the mist.

The young man's brow furrowed. He reached back and pulled an arrow from his quiver. He nocked it into the string as he raised his bow defensively. Who out there could possibly know his name?

“Declan...”

“HELLO?” he asked in response, his voice cracking.

There was no answer. Not at first. To his astonishment, a figure appeared in the depths of the mist a few moments later. It wasn't a body. Only a face. Declan aimed at it, but even from a great distance, he could tell it was ethereal. The unusual visage grew closer, floating slowly through the fog.

It was a woman's face. Her skin was the most flawless, pale white he'd ever seen. Her eyes remained closed, with two webs of beautiful, dark lashes in repose. Her lips were painted a light shade of purple. Her thin eyebrows were the same charcoal color as the liner around her eyes.

“Declan...” the voice came again, echoing in his mind. The lips on the approaching face didn't move.

“STAY BACK!” he called out as the haunting image grew closer. He wasn't sure what to do in the face of this witchcraft. His weapon quivered in his hands as his anxiety grew.

“DECLAN!” the voice came loudly from behind him as a hand grabbed his shoulder.

The young man jumped. Fear coursed through his spine and drained into his limbs as he turned to see the interloper. It was the same face that approached him from the front, but attached to a tall, curvy form. The woman stood a foot taller than him, her body half-covered in twisted, black armor.

Her glowing, pink eyes had slits of midnight black at their center. They bore into him with the strength of a thousand suns. Her lips spoke mere inches from his face.

“COME TO ME!”

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Declan's body spasmed and his limbs flailed. His eyes shot open and he found himself back in more familiar settings. He sat beside the campfire he'd built to stay warm overnight. All that remained of it was a pile of ashes and a few fizzling embers.

“Owww...”

He rubbed the back of his head, realizing he'd just pounded his own skull into the tree he'd been resting against. He glanced from side to side, finding he'd just knocked over his pack and bow. His hand flew to his side and found his trusty knife sitting in its holster. Thankfully, nothing was missing or damaged. He let out a sigh of relief as the tension drained from his body.

'Just a dream.'

His limbs creaked as he rose from his resting spot. The air was crisp and full of early morning birdsong. Declan gathered some kindling and dumped it in the fire pit. He knelt down and blew on the embers until he had a small morning fire crackling away. His stomach gurgled and whined with hunger.

If he was lucky, one of his traps had caught a critter he could roast for breakfast. If he was **really** lucky,

he'd find some edible berries or mushrooms while he checked on them. Anything he could scrounge up would be a blessing as he began the fourth day of his hunt. He warmed himself by the fire as he considered his situation.

Rabbits and even smaller game were all he'd managed so far. Nothing big enough to take home. *'Don't come back until you can feed the family!'* his father had said. That was the right of passage all men in their village underwent when they came of age. Some guys got lucky and came back the same day. Others might be gone days or weeks. Occasionally, a poor soul would never return.

There were beasts big enough to be a danger in these woods, but they usually avoided you unless they felt threatened or were desperately hungry. Declan had encountered bears and wolves with his father and lived to tell the tale. He'd even killed a boar, once. Wild animals weren't what worried Declan's mother. *'Be wary of spirits and witchcraft!'* she'd warned him. He hadn't taken them seriously, at the time, but now, in the wake of his dream, they felt like words of wisdom.

The young man scanned the woodland depths. The forest echoed with tweeting birds, the knocks of woodpeckers and the chirps of insects and amphibians. This was as deep as he'd ever gone into the wild. It seemed he would go even further, today, in search of his quarry. Declan would be silent as the grave and watchful as an owl as he sought to bring this test to an end.

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It was late afternoon and Declan was exhausted. He leaned against a large, mossy rock and rested his forehead in the palm of his hand. He was stressed and voraciously hungry. His meager breakfast hadn't sated him for long. Declan's stomach had been whining and groaning for the last several miles. He wouldn't be surprised if it was scaring away the deer.

On the other hand, what deer? He'd found a few tracks and a pile of droppings, but nothing recent. They were all old. His predicament was growing stark as the fourth day dragged on. He would need to eat again soon. Otherwise, it was questionable how long he'd be able to continue. If he didn't find a promising lead in the next hour, it was back to foraging and preparing small traps.

After a brief rest, he launched himself off the rock and continued his advance into the lonely wilderness. He was quietly plodding along when an intense feeling of *deja vu* overtook him. Ribbons of pale light appeared between the trees ahead. It seemed he was at the forest's end.

'A clearing...'

He proceeded through the final expanse of woodland greenery with trepidation. Declan stepped into the dim light and sure enough, he was at the edge of the very same bog he'd visited in his dream.

'This is too weird... I'm not hanging around to be charmed by some witch. Mother was right.'

He was already headed back to the edge of the woods when his nose wrinkled and he stopped in his tracks. There was a scent on the breeze. A smell he would recognize anywhere. **Stew.** Someone was making stew not far away. And it was coming from...

He whirled around and looked back at out at the marsh. The wind was coming in from the bog. On top of that, a thin trail of smoke presented itself, rising above the mist and floating up into the overcast sky. Its source didn't appear to be too far away.

Forage? Or reach out and hope it was someone friendly? Neither option was particularly appealing, but making allies was part of survival in the wild. Besides, a bowl of stew and whatever might come with it would last a lot longer than another fire-cooked squirrel or handful of berries.

After a few moments of deliberation, Declan sighed. He slung his bow over his shoulder and reluctantly trekked into the marsh.

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It wasn't long before he spotted a faint, colorful glow in the mist. The young hunter advanced slowly, watching his footsteps and remaining as quiet as possible. The sounds of peepers, wetland birds and other swamp creatures helped mask his approach. They croaked and chirped away, their steady noise filling the air of early evening. The smell of hot stew grew stronger the closer he got, sending his stomach into painful, groaning knots.

A small encampment came into focus. To Declan's surprise, it looked unoccupied. Empty of humans, but not of food. He could see a giant kettle sitting over a fire at the center of the camp. There was other food and drink nearby as well. Had a party just finished their evening meal and headed out on a hunt? What would they even be hunting in a swamp?

Regardless, it seemed like it might be Declan's lucky day. He could eat and be gone before they returned. He studied the camp carefully as he entered the perimeter, being mindful to check for traps. Finding none, he strolled in like he owned the place.

A feast! His heart leapt as a cornucopia of food awaited him at a small table near the fireplace. Not only was there stew in the kettle, there was bread, fruit and cheese! Skins of fresh water and a half-full flask of wine!

He felt some measure of guilt as he approached the table and eyed its bounty covetously. This was someone else's food, after all, and he hadn't been invited. But his ravenous hunger overrode all other considerations. He grabbed a small loaf of bread and bit into it without delay. He picked up a branch of grapes and began gobbling them off the vine in rapid succession.

Once he had enough in his stomach to bring the wincing to an end, he procured himself a wooden bowl and spoon before making his way to the stew. He lifted the lid, took up the hanging ladle and guided heaping mounds of hot meat, vegetables and delicious looking broth into the light brown dish.

When it was full, he sat on one of the large logs adjacent to the fire where makeshift seating had been carved out of its bark. He sat down and began eating, murmuring in satisfaction as each warm, delicious mouthful slid down his throat and eased his lingering hunger. In between hasty gulps and chews, he looked around and listened for any approaching sounds. Were anyone to return, he would make a hasty exit.

Thankfully, no one did. As soon as he was done with his first bowl, Declan helped himself to another serving. He raised the cauldron lid again and looked down at the simmering feast with relish.

“Hello there, young man.”

CLANG

Declan dropped the lid, tossed the bowl aside and whirled around, his hand flying to his knife. His nerves crackled and his heart rate spiked from the sudden intrusion. Not far away stood the woman from his dream, a demonic looking figure of snow white skin and black carapace armor. It somehow molded perfectly to her body, covering half of her pale, curvy form. She had long pink hair that matched the color of her eyes and supple, purple lips.

Atop her head sat an intimidating dual-horn helmet. Three gems were faceted into it. One at the base of both black horns and the third centered over her forehead. The fixtures were sculpted to look like a trio of extra eyes, giving the headpiece a sinister look that was equal parts twisted and arcane. The leathery black and purple garb that draped from her arms looked almost like a pair of wings.

She stood thirty feet away in a haughty pose of poise and confidence. The woman maintained a thin smile as she studied him curiously. If her demeanor was any indication, a young man with a knife and bow didn't register as any kind of threat.

Declan decided not to mince words. “I saw you in my dream. Are you a witch?”

“A witch?” she replied with a laugh. “Has someone been scaring you with bedtime stories?”

He drew his knife and pointed it at her. “You look enough like a witch to me.”

“I have no use for goat's blood or jars of toads, I assure you.”

“A wizard then.”

“Sorceress” she corrected him. Her smile faded into an annoyed glower.

“Right, so a **witch**.”

“You can put that away. If I meant you harm, I would've poisoned the food.”

Declan lowered the weapon slowly. “This is your camp?”

“That's right. You look like you're still hungry.” She motioned to the simmering pot beside him.

“Please, help yourself to more.”

He hilted the weapon at his side with a sturdy shove. “I will, thanks. But keep your distance, witch.”

“My name is Daemiel. What's yours, young one?”

“Declan” he answered. “Though, I suspect you already knew that.”

Daemiel uttered an amused chuckle. She watched as the hunter circled back around the fire and picked up his bowl. Declan was careful to keep the woman in sight at all times. He lifted the lid and began serving himself another helping.

“I'm going to eat my fill and then I'll be on my way.”

“Fine, if that's what you want” the sorceress replied. She took a few steps toward the fire. “But I would advise you to spend the night. It's safer here than in your forest. And I would welcome the company.”

“I'm sure you would” he shot back with a knowing smirk.

Daemiel looked indignant. “What's the matter?” Her hands trailed down the sides of her decadent curves. “Don't like what you see?”

Declan stirred the stew as he made his way back to his seat. “You're a gorgeous woman in the middle of a swamp who visited my dreams last night. Only the king of fools would walk into a trap that obvious.”

Her body shook with full-throated laughter before setting her sights on him again. “Smart boy. I guess I'll need to turn on the charm.”

“Turn it on all you want” he said between mouthfuls of stew. “I'll be leaving-”

The sorceress raised her right hand. It flared radiant purple as her chant echoed through the camp. “*Renme Libioaal Xavuin Nimouaris!*”

She opened her glowing palm and blew a kiss. A large, heart shaped cloud of red and pink shot forth, sailing to Declan in the space of a breath.

He dropped his bowl and reached for his weapons, but it was too late. The cloud splashed into his face and dissipated. Declan coughed. Each breath he inhaled brought with it a sickeningly sweet smell. As the colorful smoke cleared, his head went woozy and his body began to tingle with giddiness.

When he could see clearly again, the grinning Daemiel was much closer. She was just a few feet away.

“**Come to me**” she commanded in a warm, sultry voice.

Declan was overcome with her beauty. Her glowing eyes and sultry tone only added to his intoxication. Suddenly, he wanted nothing but to be with this resplendent, tall, mighty sorceress. He rose on shaky legs and shuffled forward, his mind awash in a miasma of bliss as he pined for his new Mistress.

She was just as tall as she'd been in his dream. Daemiel towered over him in her black, thigh high boots. Her thick, luscious thighs put his well toned body to shame. Her ample breasts presented themselves at the level of his chin. Declan's longing for her grew dramatically the closer he got.

The woman welcomed him with a gentle embrace. She cooed as his head nestled into her cleavage. The sorceress wrapped her arms and their leathery wings around him. She pet his head several times before lifting his chin off her chest. Daemiel reached down and planted her lips on his, her serpentine tongue slithering into his mouth. She cemented his enslavement with a deep, probing kiss.

Long minutes of mutual tonguing and moaning passed as she groped his body up and down. Her grip tightened on him as she emitted a pleased, throaty murmur. Satisfied that he was completely under her spell, she broke the kiss and spoke.

“Yes, you'll do nicely. You want to please me, don't you Declan?”

“Yes, Miss Daemiel.”

“Yes, **Mistress**” she instructed.

“Yes, Mistress” he repeated without hesitation.

“Very good. You're going to serve me well. And I promise you, young hunter, that you'll never go hungry again. Mistress intends to feed you well. Well and **often**.”

She released him momentarily and her hands flared with purple light a second time. “*Asceni Levitatum!*”

Declan was astonished to find his body lifted into the air. His form straightened out as he became parallel with the ground. He strained his neck, leaning forward so he could gaze upon Daemiel. His eyes went wide in shock as he watched her transform.

A dozen thick, black rubbery tendrils sprouted from her sides and leapt upon Declan. They ripped the clothes from his body piece by piece before wrapping themselves around his chest, torso and every limb. He muttered gibberish as they coiled around his levitating form and applied wet, sucking warmth to every bit of skin they touched. A pleasant buzz flooded his body and his desire to submit to the sinister Succubus was magnified ten fold.

Before long, a long, black tail emerged from Daemiel's backside. Its glossy, phallic tip passed under her legs as it continued to elongate and thicken. Soon, it was probing at Declan's ass, its silky head working its way into his exposed pucker. At the same time, a final tendril wrapped itself around the young man's cock and began sliding up and down with its warm, sticky embrace.

“Ahhhhh! **OH GODS!!!**” he cried out as her tail sank into his silky pucker.

The stretching pain of her sudden entry was more than canceled out by her tendrils stroking and sucking away at his suspended body. The sensations overwhelmed him as sticky, writhing lengths bathed him in warm juices and turned his entire body into one massive erogenous zone.

“Feels good, doesn't it?”

“**Y-Yes Mistress Daemiel!**”

“But Mistress wants to feel nice too. Open wide, slut...”

With a wave of her hand, Declan's body dipped closer to the ground. His eyes traced her powerful, demonic curves all the way down to her pelvis where the shock of his life awaited. Where once had been black armor covering her body, now a long, fat, drooling length of cock protruded. Angry looking veins graced its rigid length as pre-cum dripped from its mighty tip in gobs.

Its girth expanded at the halfway point with a ridge of extra skin, giving it an equine appearance. Fittingly, the massive cum sack that dangled below the impossibly large penis looked like it could only belong to a horse. To see such a thing attached to a woman would've been horrifying, were his mouth not already watering with lust. He gazed at the oozing appendage as if in a trance. Declan's lips yearned to wrap around its thick, flared tip and begin pleasing his Goddess in haste.

Daemiel didn't make him wait. Her strong, slick tendrils pulled his helpless body to her crotch with dire need. Declan's obedient mouth opened and her bulbous, dribbling glans sank into his warm maw. The young man slurped and gagged around her as she plowed her considerable length to the halfway point in one thrust. His sucking lips were pulled all the way to the fleshy ring where her girth expanded.

The sorceress sighed in divine bliss. Her lust was at a fever peak. She'd been searching for her newest pleasure slave for weeks. Having found him last night and entered his dream, she still had to wait all day for the young man to arrive. Her careful planning and patience were about to be rewarded.

Her previous slave had lasted Daemiel a good fifty years. Fifty years of rutting, sucking, hole-stretching joy as she slowly drained him of his life essence to feed her eternal youth. Recently, she'd discovered spells that could slow the process and keep the slave in a state of suspended servitude. How much longer would Declan last? A hundred years? A thousand? There was only one way to tell and the experiment had just begun.

The enraptured woman seized his head with both hands. Declan gurgled around her cum pipe as it strained to drill further in his mouth. Phlegm and pre-cum oozed from his stretched lips as her cock pushed against the tight entrance to his throat. Her tail sank ever deeper in his anus as it sought to fill more of his hot, gripping cavern. Declan's arms and legs squirmed uselessly as the tendrils writhed and tightened around him, bathing him in their rapturous glaze.

“Attlium Yaoyugus” she spoke and the young man's mouth and throat relaxed.

His eyes bulged as she pressed forward and the fat head of her cock plowed into the depths of his throat. The fleshy ring that marked her expanded girth slipped past his lips and Declan was guided further onto her fat, thrusting pole. Her tail darted in and out of his pucker excitedly, spearing deeper with each fuck as sticky fluids seeped from its tip.

“AAAAAAHHHH, YES!” she exhaled as Daemiel tilted her head back. **“MORE!!!”**

Declan's vision became a blur of back and forth movement as the combination of mystical energies, gripping tendrils and Daemiel's stern hands pulled him back and forth on her bulging expanse of glistening cock. Her giant scrotum swung below, twitching and churning with untold quantities of thick, steaming nut.

The former hunter's face grew red as she fucked his mouth relentlessly. Her tail thrust ever deeper into his expanding rosebud, determined to fill his spongy insides to bursting. The slick sounds of wet thrusting, labored slurping and moist, sloppy gagging filled the camp as Daemiel dominated every inch of his body. Her smallest tendril caressed Declan's rock-hard prick up and down, edging him exquisitely and ensuring her slave didn't cum before she did.

“I hope you're still hungry, slave...”

The devilish Domina moaned and gasped as her pace quickened. She seized his hair in both hands and lost herself in the warm, gripping nirvana of decadent throat fucking. Her massive cum cannon tightened and tingled with imminent release as her equally sensitive tail railed her slave-boy's virgin ass. She stretched his pucker to the breaking point as the greasy black length of flesh glided in and out of his burning backdoor. Pasty white slime dribbled from Declan's nose and bottom lip as rapid, sloppy fucks abused his tongue and warm walls.

“OH YEEAAAHHH!!! HERE IT COMES!!!”

Daemiel's twitching horsecock and thrusting tail sank deep into Declan's holes. Their fat glans' erupted forcefully and flooded the suspended slut with streams of sticky sperm. His cheeks bulged and his eyes grew panicked as fat ropes of glue-like semen hosed into his body at both ends.

The Succubus' smallest, slickest tendril worked up and down the young man's penis, pushing him over the edge and sending him into a shuddering orgasm. Declan shot his load all over the muddy ground as his body shook in her tight, eldritch grasp. The climax coursed through his body in overwhelming waves. It felt like no orgasm he'd ever had before. The syrupy coating applied by her all-consuming tendrils amplified and extended the young man's pleasure beyond what his mind could handle.

“MMMMMMMMM!!! NNNNNNGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!”

Daemiel's groans continued until the last of her viscous pudding discharged into Declan's clogged holes. Her thick appendages slurped out of his mouth and ass reluctantly, allowing the former hunter to breathe and his tortured ass to rest. As the young man caught his breath and hung in a pleasure-racked daze, Daemiel lingered in the soaring high of climax. The ecstasy of double penetration and twin ejaculation was a joy only a powerful sorceress like herself would ever know.

The fire crackled and fizzed not far away. After a while, Daemiel spoke.

“That was the first, my pet. The first of **many**.”

Declan looked up at his new Goddess and his dazed expression faded into a lovesick smile. Even after what he'd just gone through, his desire for her hadn't faltered. If anything, he wanted more. To be closer to Mistress Daemiel. To please her more and be subject to her every whim.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Daemiel gazed down at him with a knowing grin. The aphrodisiacs her tendrils leaked were also present in her abundant semen. The ecstatic feeling in his bulging stomach and stretched bowels were no accident. The chemicals produced by her magically enhanced body would ensure he remain a loyal and eager servant for the rest of his days.

Even after the sexual frenzy she'd just unleashed, Daemiel's cock soon regained its rigid form. Its plump head oozed again with thick, white sludge. Her nipples grew rock hard and she could feel her fat scrotum preparing another meal for her helpless slave. The power she'd accrued had come with a price. Her sex drive only seemed to increase the longer the sorceress lived. It was a burden she was happy to bare. Most days, it didn't feel like a curse at all.

“We'll head back to my lair, soon. I'm sure you're eager to see your new home. But first...”

More tendrils emerged from her demonic form and wrapped around Declan's frame, tighter and more completely than the first time. His entire body was ensconced in their warm, wet, massaging grip from the neck down. Two shorter tendrils arced upward and wrapped around Daemiel's nipples, adding to her pleasure as she prepared for a second, longer round of rutting.

Daemiel could feel the bump in Declan's belly, the product of her first batch of emissions. It wasn't **that** big. Surely, he could handle one more deluge of viscous cum before one of her potions was needed to unclog his soiled anatomy.

She guided him forward and took firm hold of his head for the second time. Her gunked up bitch-breaker slid back into his mouth; pulsing pleurably in its new home. Declan was enthralled by her pungent smell and taste. He sucked away dutifully and wagged his tongue along the bottom of her supple flesh. He grunted as her impossibly thick schlong glided its way down his seed-slathered tongue and plunged back into his warm, tight throat.

Daemiel's tail sank into his silken boy pussy. It pumped back and forth greedily, spearing harder and deeper in his now deflowered hole. As she built up a steady ass-fucking rhythm, the dark mage's guttural moans echoed across the marsh.

In the back of Declan's mind, a stray thought tried, in vain, to break through the spell of his enslavement. It was the memory of his mother, warning him about witches in the wild and how some young men who went on the hunt disappeared forever. Her voice faded into the void, drowned out by the gripping, slurping tentacles wrapped around his hovering body and the relentless, moist thrusting in his defiled holes.

Daemiel cackled, reveling in her debauchery until her laughter faded into contented sighs of growing bliss. Declan groaned around the bloated fem-cock stretching his lips and focused on pleasuring his new Mistress.