

# Font of Fertility Chapter 25 Beta

By BreaktheBar

*The following is the Beta Draft of Font of Fertility Ch 25. As a Beta draft, this is not the final work and may see changes prior to final posting out in the wide world.*

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*All Characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

*This story is a continuation of the Font of Fertility series. I would suggest reading Chapter 1 if you have not already. This chapter includes mf, mff, mfff, ff, solo and Finland!*

*Jeremiah goes to accept an apology.*

## Returning Dramatis Personae

- Jeremiah 'Jerry' Grant - Seat of Fertility, aka. Powerful Sex Shaman
- Lauren Baxley - Public girlfriend, Jerry's Prime in the magic world, closest friend and confidant
- Anna 'Other Anna' - Yaroslav's Prime, magical media mogul
- Lindsey Baxley - Girlfriend/Concubine, Lauren's step-sister via marriage, girl-genius
- Angela 'Angie' - Lindsey's friend from high school, has been dating/sleeping with Jerry
- Stacey Wilde - Girlfriend/Concubine, godchild of Jerry's parents, athletic
- Victorious - Ancient demonic nightmare horse-turned-muscle car

## Referenced Characters

- Annalise Stoker - Concubine/Girlfriend, Fire Mage
- Esmerelda - Seat of Death, aka. Powerful Death Wizard, second-youngest Seat, weirdo
- Genghis Khan aka Temüjin - Seat of Fertility, aka. Powerful Sex Shaman
- Jordan - Redheaded writer friend, interested in Jerry and his Harem
- Ndia - Eldest Seat of Fertility, aka. The Most Powerful Sex Shaman
- Uwe - Seat of Death, aka. Powerful Death Wizard, second-eldest
- Yaroslav - Seat of Life, aka. Powerful Experience Wizard, stoner/partier

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Helsinki.

Lauren and I weren't sure exactly what to expect. On the one hand, Lauren was fairly certain that Anna wanting to host us and apologize for the fiasco with the magazine meant that we'd be having sex with her. I wasn't nearly as sold, primarily because while that certainly seemed to be a much more 'normal' thing based on what we had learned from our dinner with Esmerelda, I still had reservations about it.

Anna was the Prime of another Seat, and based on what I'd seen at the Council meeting he was still in love with her. Separated, apparently, but the Life Seat still very much wanted and cared for her even if they weren't together.

"What is it, Jerry?" Lauren asked as she squeezed my hand. We were walking down the sidewalk in downtown Helsinki, having teleported to a nearby building from the address Anna had given Lauren. The sun was bright in the clear sky but unlike back home where the snows of winter were fickle and melting despite it being early January, the weather here had a bitter bite of cold that felt like a little kick whenever I breathed too deeply.

"I'm just thinking," I said. "It's possible that Anna *does* want to apologise in the 'appropriate to a Fertility Seat' way, but that Yaroslav would be against it. Hell, based on the way they spoke to each other at the meeting, she might even want to do it with us just to antagonize him a little."

"That's true," Lauren said. "But that wouldn't make it your fault if he gets angry."

I looked over at Lauren with a raised eyebrow, and after a moment she sighed out a little puff of air in the cold and rolled her eyes.

"Alright, yeah, logic doesn't need to apply," she said. "So what, are you going to turn her down?"

"We just need to be careful," I said.

Lauren squeezed my hand again and nodded, then smirked a little. "Lindsey is so jealous, by the way," she said. "She gets why she couldn't come, but she's annoyed that you keep having hot hook-ups without her. First Stacey in Miami, and now me in Helsinki. You might need to bring her somewhere exotic."

"Maybe," I said and snorted. Despite everything, it felt weird to think of just jumping somewhere in the world and looking for someone interested in sex. That wasn't what Miami had been about.

"This should be it," Lauren said, checking the map on her phone.

The building wasn't super tall, at least by skyscraper standards. It was six stories tall and long, taking up most of a city block by itself, and faced with a light brown brick with dark tinted windows lining each floor. There weren't any big signs on it or anything, but the entryway was clear in the centre of the building with two rotating doors.

"Ready?" I asked as we walked towards the entrance.

"With you?" Lauren asked with a little smile. "Always, dorkus."

Through the doors, we found a two-story atrium that was much wider than it was deep. Unlike the outside facade of the building which looked a little dated with the brick, the inside was sleek

and modern with shiny marble floors and walls. A security desk sat in front of a bank of elevators, and four men and women wearing all black were working behind it.

As soon as we entered, all four of them glanced up and stopped what they were doing, their attention on Lauren and I.

It took a thought for me to release the spell I'd come up with for the trip. It was small and fine-tuned so that it wouldn't drain my magic - I basically downloaded the language skills of each of the four of them straight from their left-side brains. I copied them like files and installed them in my mind and, once I was sure I hadn't just fucked up my own mental processing, did the same for Lauren. I didn't know exactly *what* I had gained, since I didn't copy any memories with the skills, but I was fairly sure I'd at least gained proficiency in the local language.

"Good morning," I said, switching to Finnish. The language felt... gloopy in my mouth. Some of the vowels dipped in odd ways, some of the consonants were intonated differently than English, and my mouth wasn't used to making all of the sounds in the order I was making them. But I was making them. "We have an appointment with Anna, I believe."

Two of them, a man and a woman, immediately smiled at hearing me speaking their language and moved forward, while the other two remained passive and sat back a little bit, keeping their eyes up from their work but only glancing at us while watching through the windows at the front of the building.

"Yes, good morning, honoured Seat," the male receptionist said. "We are very happy that you have come and graced us with your visit."

"Can we offer you any refreshments before escorting you to your meeting?" The female receptionist offered.

"No refreshments, thank you," Lauren said in Finnish with a smile. The strange language somehow sounded better coming out of her than it did my own mouth, at least to my ears.

"Would you prefer a male or female host?" the male receptionist asked.

*Oh, fuck me, I thought. Or, rather, don't fuck me.*

I forced a smile. "I appreciate the implied offer, and you are both attractive, but whatever... meetings you have witnessed with other Fertility seats, I have a bit more self-control."

"We would be happy to provide the service," the female receptionist said, and I almost wanted to agree with her. She was a tall, slender brunette with a beautiful, aristocratic face that sported cute apple cheeks and what I guessed was a wickedly smart mind behind those eyes.

"Your offer is appreciated," I said. "But an escort to our meeting is all we need."

“You can follow me then, sir,” the male said, gesturing around the desk and towards the elevator banks.

I started walking but noticed Lauren release my hand. When I glanced at her she winked and nodded me forward, so I followed the man while Lauren stepped up to the desk and leaned forward, whispering to the woman.

The man had that same smile still stuck on his face as he summoned the elevator, and after a few moments, Lauren joined us.

“What was that about?” I asked.

“I’ll tell you later,” she said with a little smile, taking my hand again.

The elevator arrived quickly and we stepped in, the receptionist following and pressing the button for the top floor. The doors closed, and I noticed he still had that same look on his face.

“You can relax,” I said. “I don’t bite.”

The man flushed slightly. “My apologies, sir.”

“For what?”

“I’m just... nervous.”

The man had to be in his early thirties, so me making him nervous felt weird. The fact that the four of them down at the reception desk knew that I was a Seat hinted at them being part of the magical community, but I had to wonder if other Seats had visited Anna in the past and what sort of chaos those visits caused for the employees in the building.

“You don’t need to be,” Lauren said, trying to turn a charming smile on him as reassurance. “Remember, we’re from *this* time. We aren’t crazy.”

That made him snort and cover his mouth as he tried not to chuckle.

The elevator ride wasn’t long enough to encourage him any more, and as the doors opened we stepped into a modern, open-plan office. The floors and walls here were white, but the dozens of large screens mounted on the walls cycled through various colourful magazine covers that slowly flitted from one to the next. Some of the covers had celebrities I recognized, but most of them were people that I didn’t. The magazine titles were also unfamiliar, and part of me wanted to just stop and read the article headlines because they presented as mundane like any other magazine I glanced at in line at the grocery store or something, but hinted at wildly more interesting topics.

There had to be three dozen men and women bustling through the work area, but moments after we stepped off the elevator they all went silent and turned towards us, dropping what they were doing and lowering their heads in an almost creepy sign of respect.

After five steps, led by the receptionist, I was weirded out. "You can be about your business," I called.

It took another long moment of hesitation before they started to slowly go back to what they had been doing, though the conversations that had once been filling the room were now muted and many of them continued to flick their eyes up at Lauren and I. One thing I noticed was that, among the various people working, there was a much larger diversity in ethnicities than I had seen on the streets of Helsinki or had expected for a business based there. I realized quickly that if Anna published magical media internationally, she probably also recruited internationally as well.

This business could very well represent the most diverse gathering of mages across the entire world, and it wasn't some weird cult or magical order or something. Well, probably.

The receptionist led Lauren and I through the centre aisle down the middle of the workspace and stopped at a pair of tinted glass doors. A large assistant's desk was just to the side of the doors, stacked with what must have been proofs of different photoshoots and articles. The chair, however, was empty. Our receptionist escort hesitated, clearly thrown off by not having the assistant to hand us off to, but he was saved as the doors pulled inwards and revealed the inner office.

The assistant murmured her apologies, holding the door open and bowing her head, and I couldn't help but spare a long glance for her - my Dad used to talk about the old 'Swedish Bikini Team' beer commercials, and I'd seen a couple of them on YouTube when we'd looked them up. I'd always sort of felt like Lindsey could have been on that team, but next to this woman Lindsey was almost frumpy. She was stunningly gorgeous, probably six and a half feet tall, and there was no way she could hide the incredible bust she carried around under her business blouse and coat.

The office didn't match the rest of the building. Not the inside, or the outside. The first thing that stood out was that the walls were entirely glass, but the building didn't have a corner office without brick. That was my first hint that whatever else was going on here, someone had magically modified the building. Whether that was Yaroslav doing a favour for his Prime, or some other ascended mage, I couldn't tell. The next was that, rather than being modern and sleek, the office was full of what must have been Anna's collection of furniture from throughout her history. There was a prominent central desk of exquisitely carved wood. Three amazing, huge rugs covered the floor. Standing mirrors with ornate frames, two gilded and one of bare wood, were positioned near racks of clothes that looked to be organized by decade and went back centuries. There were wardrobes, and side-tables, and divans and couches. A throne sat

back in a corner, and I wondered if maybe that was the throne she sat in beside Yaroslav when they first ascended.

Anna was standing at her desk, talking quickly into a phone that looked like it belonged from the 1950s, in a language that I couldn't understand even with those I'd picked up from the receptionists. She was speaking urgently and glanced up at us, said one more thing and then hung up the phone. "Jeremiah. Lauren," she said in English with a smooth accent that was an indiscernible mash-up of Eastern European, Russian and Nordic. "I apologise for keeping you waiting. You are here much earlier than I expected."

Lauren frowned and checked her phone. "I mean, we weren't exactly waiting around, but this is the time we set up."

Anna came out from around the desk. "Ah, I should have realized- I understand the mistake I made. My apologies." She was wearing an elegant dress, almost inappropriate for an office setting if only because it was too formal. It made me think of when the girls made me watch *The Devil Wears Prada* and how Meryl Streep's character and all the fashion folks seemed to seek to outdo each other. It was black, backless and had a daring slit up the floor-length skirt on either side that exposed her perfect legs as she walked. Her cleavage was bulging slightly but not in an inappropriate way, and her black hair was styled in a modern, sexy way and hung loose around her shoulders and down her back.

She was gorgeous, and I was struck again by how she seemed almost more *real* than Genghis Khan's Prime, Khaltmaa. Or even Esmerelda. If I had to guess, I thought that maybe Anna hadn't asked, or wanted, Yaroslav to change her from her natural beauty; certainly she'd had him stabilize her ageing to keep her somewhere in her early or mid-twenties, but other than that she just came across as a very attractive but real person.

"You expected that I'd take some time to use at least one of your receptionists," I guessed.

"And you didn't," Anna nodded. "Which, I think, says more about my assumptions than it should about you. Again, I apologise." She looked past us at the receptionist who had escorted us up and the stunning assistant. "Thank you. Back to work, now."

"Yes, Mistress," they both said, nodding and backing away from the doors so they could close.

"Mistress?" Lauren asked with a raised eyebrow and smirk.

"A little joke played on me by Yaro," Anna sighed. "The last time he visited my office, maybe a decade and a half ago, he convinced them all that I preferred that honourific. No matter how hard I try, I can't get them to call me anything else in the office. I think he enchanted the building."

"I could try and remove that if you want," I offered.

She sighed and shook her head. "If you did that, he would find out eventually and do something even more disruptive. But, please, come in and sit." Anna escorted us to a small sitting area with couches that looked like they might have been lifted out of some Tzar's royal rooms. They were stiff but, once Lauren and I were both sitting, actually fairly comfortable. "You were offered refreshments?" Anna asked.

"We were," Lauren confirmed. "Anna, please. You're acting like we're some dangerous business rivals or something."

Anna smiled with her lips pressed firmly together. "Well, this *is* a meeting where I'll be apologising for a monumental fuckup," she said. "To a man who could level this entire building, and no one here could stop him."

"I think it would take a *lot* more pissing me off to get me to that point," I said. "I'm a reasonable person."

"So were they all, Jeremiah," Anna smiled sadly.

"Well, he still is," Lauren said.

"Then, let me start again by saying how apologetic I am that anyone in my organization pried into your lives. Especially just as you were getting your footing as Seat and Prime," Anna said. "As you can see, my operation is a little chaotic. We are the only publisher of Ascended-related media in the world, and while the Seats don't pay much attention to my little 'project,' the common Ascended have come to rely on my publications for news and entertainment they would otherwise never receive. My office in America passed the article through without touching base with my editors here, or it ever hitting my desk. The author and editor thought they were getting a scoop and would rise in the company because of it. I assure you they've been reprimanded appropriately."

"Reprimanded how?" Lauren asked. Anna frowned for a moment, and Lauren pressed on. "Because, and I'm not trying to suggest that you're lying Anna, but that *would* be something someone in your position might say if they were covering for an action that actually did get rewarded because of the publicity and money that it brought in."

"Shrewd and cutting to the core of it," Anna sighed, then met my eyes. "She's going to be another me. Don't piss her off."

"I have no intention to," I said, grabbing Lauren's hand. "Ever."

"The editor was fired," Anna said. "Since he was the one who circumvented our protocols. The writer was disciplined and given some history lessons on why one does not pry into the lives of Seats and their close associates without invitation. He was sufficiently cowed, in my estimation."

Lauren and I both nodded. We'd talked beforehand and hadn't exactly decided what would be appropriate, but we'd decide when we heard what happened if it was enough. Anna's decisions were tough but fair, which was exactly what I'd wanted; thankfully, that meant I didn't need to try and do something myself. "And, might I add," Anna said, focusing on Lauren again. "From one Prime to another, Lauren, I apologise especially to you. I know how... radical a change becoming a Prime can be. Entering this world without magic of our own. Without any real control other than the influence we have over our Seats."

"Thank you," Lauren said.

"So," Anna said. "By way of apology, it's only fitting that I offer a sacrifice - thankfully this didn't happen with a Death seat. The buck stops with me, so I of course offer myself for your sexual gratification, Jeremiah Grant. If you don't find me an appropriate sacrifice, however, my business covers the top three floors of the building and anyone in my organization will be made available to you. They are all Ascended, or the siblings or partners of Ascended, and are aware of the mistake that was made."

I sighed, and Lauren smiled at me. She'd called it. I felt awkward as hell about it, but she had, and we'd already decided how I needed to respond.

"Anna," I said slowly. "First, I don't think anyone could say that you wouldn't be 'appropriate' when it came to sexual gratification. And I certainly won't walk through your offices and choose random women to demand they have sex with me. If I accept your... sacrifice, though, I'm concerned how that would impact things with Yaroslav."

Anna frowned and stood up, circling around the couch she had sat on and bracing her hands on the back of it. "Yaroslav and I are not married," she said. "Well, not for a long time now. He has his life, and I have mine, and while we... collide frequently, as I will always be drawn to him, we are different people. We've both taken lovers over the years. Fewer on my part than his, but that's not saying much considering quite how many there continue to be for him."

"But were any of yours other Seats? And new ones, at that?" I asked.

Anna smiled and looked across the room at a small writing desk as if remembering something. "No Seats," she admitted. "Not in the real world, at least. In the Council chamber, yes. I've been careful over the years not to open myself up to... demands from other Seats. They've almost all visited my offices, and some of my staff have been 'blessed' by interactions with Temüjin or Ndia, but I've never been in a place to apologise like this before."

"You got involved with someone else's Prime though," Lauren guessed.

Anna smiled, glancing at Lauren again. "Shrewd," she said softly. "Twice, actually. Though they're both gone now."



"I'm sorry," I said.

"It's the way of things," Anna sighed. "But, despite the newness of this, Yaroslav does not own me or my body, and he has never tried to. He is a romantic, but not a jealous man. That might actually be one of the things that frustrates me about him. So no, I do not believe he would care one way or another if I gave myself to you sexually."

Lauren must have felt how uncomfortable I was with how this was being talked about because she squeezed my hand softly. "Then I think we'll accept your offer," she said.

Anna's serious stare broke with a smile. "I am happy that you'll accept me as adequate reparation," she said. "And... I'm looking forward to it, too. The two of you are fresh to this world, and that brings something of a beauty with it that is all its own. Would the two of you like to share me?"

"Actually," Lauren said, following our plan. "While I want a raincheck on that offer, I was thinking that this might be a good time to offer one of your up-and-coming reporters an exclusive interview. It would give me a chance to correct some things in the first article, and maybe give some insight to your readers on what Jerry is like and what he's planning, while you and him get on with each other."

This raised Anna's eyebrows. "I- Are you sure?" she asked. "After the first article, I didn't think you would be open to something like that."

"I think you've got a lot of surprises coming to you over the next few decades," I said. "Hell, the next few months. If this goes well, we might open up another interview with someone else in my inner circle."

"Would that, perhaps, be Annalise Stoker?" Anna asked.

"She's out of bounds for now," Lauren warned. "Her story is hard, and she'll only tell it when she's ready."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to suggest that I wanted to poke at what must be still-open wounds," Anna said. "I was just curious since she's a descendant of mine."

That one set Lauren and I back a bit. "She is?" I asked.

"Yes," Anna nodded. "Eleventh generation, I believe. Too many 'Greats' to bother listing. I keep loose tabs on my bloodlines. Very loose. I've found that trying to keep contact with anyone past Grandchildren becomes... messy. Even then, with the modern world, I may need to reel that back."

"How many?" Lauren asked.

“Children?” Anna asked. “Fourteen over the years. A little over half by Yaro, the other half by various lovers.”

“Wait, is Annalise from Yaro?” I asked.

“No,” Anna said. “Her line comes from a simple fisherman I fell in love with. I was in a fight with Yaro for several decades and settled down with the man on a cosy little stretch of the North Sea. We had two children together, whom I raised, and their children dispersed south. It was Annalise’s mother, by the way, that would have been of my blood, not George Stoker.”

“Then I’m sorry,” I said. “About what happened to her, and that I haven’t brought Stoker to proper justice yet.”

Anna smiled sadly. “If I let myself care that deeply about all of my bloodlines, I would have gone mad ages ago. It’s something that each of us, Seats and Primes, need to deal with separately. The passage of time, and detachment. Annalise’s mother was so far down the line from me that news of her death was simply one more negative news item for the day, and a statistic to record in my records. She had daughters, and did as well as she could for them. That is the best I can hope for.” Anna took a deep breath and then shook her head slightly, and I could tell she was fibbing a little. Spending time thinking about it made her care more than she wanted. “So, you’re sure about this interview?”

“Find me the right reporter who deserves it, and who won’t try to press if I say ‘no comment,’ and I’m in. Then you two can get to the ‘apologizing,’” Lauren said with a grin.

Things moved quickly - Anna went out to her assistant, calls were made, and a woman in her late twenties arrived. Anna introduced her as Kirsi, and the reporter blushed as I said hello and shook her hand. Lauren went off with Kirsi to another floor where they could find a private room for the interview - I trusted Lauren when it came to what she wanted to, or what we should, release in terms of info for the magical public. Part of that would be the first official mention of the Judgement email address that she and Lindsey had set up, which would be a sort of soft rollout to test how it would work and how busy it could get before I made a global proclamation about it.

When they were gone, Anna shut the doors of the office and went to her desk, pressing a button on a remote, and the glass walls surrounding us dimmed to fully opaque. “I assume what happens next is not something you want my staff to watch,” she said. “Unless you do?”

“No, Anna, I’m not an exhibitionist,” I said. “And I wouldn’t want to hurt how your staff see you. Or me, for that matter.”

“Then should we get to it?” she asked, coming back around the desk to me in a saunter that worked her hips. She licked her red lips lightly and I could tell her breathing was speeding up a little - she was excited, or nervous, about this.

“Come here,” I said, patting the couch next to me. She did, sitting demurely with her ankles crossed, and I took her hands in mine. “What sort of sex do you like?”

“We can do any-” She started.

“Ah,” I said, squeezing her hands lightly. “That isn’t what I asked. What sort of sex do *you* want from this, Anna? That’s important to me.”

She closed her lips and looked at me, then flushed and looked away for the briefest moment before meeting my eyes again. Clearly, for all that she was many hundreds of years old and boasted multiple lovers through that time, she wasn’t used to being asked this kind of question so bluntly. “For this, Jeremiah, I would ask... I like different kinds of sex for different things, and for this encounter I think I want you to treat me like a sexual being. Not an object, like the other Fertility seats see people. But like a willing woman, another person as interested in having a good time as you.”

I smiled widely and nodded. “I’d be happy to do that,” I said. “Is there anything you don’t like?”

“Don’t... call me names,” she said. “Sweet or nasty ones. Just call me Anna.”

“Gladly,” I said.

“And try not to fall in love with me,” she said with a little smirk. “No matter how good this is, I can’t ever be part of your Harem. So please don’t try to make that happen.”

“I don’t know what you’ve heard, or think you know,” I said. “But any woman who joins my harem does so of their own free will, with open eyes, and only with the agreement of all the others. So, I guess what I’m saying is, don’t *you* go falling in love and trying to weasel your way in, Anna.”

She chuckled and smiled. “I think we can handle that,” she said. “So, Jeremiah. I’m a woman with wants and needs, hungry to sample your powerful cock. What would you like me to do?”

“I want you to go change,” I said. “Into something that tells me about you. Something sexy and timeless, like you.”

Her brow furrowed as she smiled. “Really?” she asked.

“Of course,” I chuckled. “If I’m going to fuck a woman from out of her own time, I want the full experience.”

"I'm just surprised you aren't bending me over immediately," Anna said. "You *are* a young man, after all. I'm sure you could be ready in a moment."

"That's the thing about having a harem, Anna," I said. "Quickies are easy, but adding in seduction makes it so much better."

Anna stood, letting go of my hands, and stepped away, glancing over her shoulder at me. She went to the racks of clothes and began running her fingers over the various garments, thinking about what to wear. There were dozens, maybe even a couple of hundred, outfits on those racks and I wondered how many of them were simple keepsakes, and how many had strong memories tied to them. She seemed to finally decide on one and stepped around behind a tall rack, disappearing from my view. I saw some movement from the rack itself as she withdrew an outfit, and then there was nothing but the soft sound of fabric being removed or put on.

When Anna stepped back around the rack and stalked towards me, my jaw dropped a little. She was wearing a fur-lined cloak decorated with strings of beads and small skulls, and she looked like she belonged on the set of a show about Vikings. I could only imagine how hot she would look if she got the hair and makeup done as well.

"Wow," I said.

"Sexy enough for you?" she asked with a saucy smile.

"Very," I said. The cloak hung open, showing she wasn't wearing anything underneath it. A bare strip of her skin, from neck to thighs, was visible. Her cleavage was slightly lessened since she wasn't wearing the dress to push her breasts together, but I was now getting a glimpse at the neatly trimmed wedge of black pubic hair on her mound.

"This cloak was made for the first time I sat on the throne of Novgorod, and I wore it for several ceremonies that people today would call pagan, or even evil," she said. "I wore the blood of a man once, sacrificed to the 'gods' even though I knew the power of the ceremony was being funnelled to Yaroslav and the gods our people believed in hadn't existed for many years. I've always thought of this cloak as being of a time when we were still closer to the wilds. Closer to how we were meant to live."

I stood with a grunt and went to her, taking her jaw with one hand and pulling her into a kiss. She met my lips hungrily, taking the front of my shirt in her hands as I slid my other hand inside the cloak, feeling the soft furs and the smooth warmth of her skin as I held her hip.

"Mmmf," Anna groaned into the kiss, pressing herself closer to me. She was fire under my touch, and my thoughts almost drifted to Annalise before I pulled them back to what was in front of me.

Our kiss ended and she sucked in a quick breath. "You're pretty good at that for a man who lost his virginity nought but a month ago," she said with a teasing smile.

I hadn't had anyone point it out to me before, but considering Fertility Seats ascended when they lost their virginity, I had to guess that *everyone* knew exactly when that had happened because of Adama's proclamation. Which was weird as hell.

"You're pretty good for a super-great grandma," I teased her back and slid both my hands towards her tits, cupping them under the cloak still. The fur of the garment was warm and tickled the backs of my hands, but the heft of her breasts and the feel of her nipples between my thumbs and forefingers were familiar and fantastic.

"Experience is everything," she smiled. Then she shrugged her shoulders and shifted her arms, and the cloak slithered off of her body to the floor. "Fuck me, Jeremiah. Treat me like a slut," she said.

I kissed her again, this time letting my hands roam, and she did the same. Her breasts were magnificent; not as large as Annalise or Lindsey's, so more sitting around the size of Lauren's. She had perfect little nipples that stood out about half an inch and dark areola capping her tits, and I pulled back from the kiss with her to pick her up by her waist and bring her chest in line with my lips so I could bury my face in her cleavage and find one of those nipples with my lips.

"Oh, fuck," she groaned, her hands going to my shoulders to stabilize herself and she wrapped her legs around my waist. "Mmm, you like those tits, Jeremiah?"

"Love 'em," I mumbled, sucking hard on one nipple and then swapping to the other.

"Fuck," she groaned again and raised one hand to run it through my hair once she felt confident in her balance.

I let her down slowly, and she met my eyes with a smile that made them sparkle. I could see her intelligence and wit in those eyes and had to remind myself I *wasn't* allowed to fall for her.

"Strip me," I ordered her.

She grinned and did just that, starting with my sweater and taking her time to kiss my muscled chest and even tease my nipples a little in fair play before going to her knees in front of me and working on my belt and slacks. I'd never been a 'slacks' guy before all of this - jeans had been my go-to. But now I had multiple pairs of slacks because the girls said I looked better in them, and I wasn't exactly going to argue that point.

Anna pulled off my shoes, and then lowered my slacks, leaving me in just my briefs. "You need nicer underwear," she said with a little smirk to me. "I'll contact a brand to find you something better than these."

“Are you trying to tell me Walmart-brand briefs aren’t sexy enough?” I asked with a slightly embarrassed smirk.

“Only in the last fifty years or so,” Anna said with a teasing grin. Then she hooked her fingers in the waistband and pulled them down, my cock rocking up towards her lightly. I wasn’t fully hard, maybe three-quarters. I could only imagine how I might have come in my shorts from what we’d been doing if this had been a month ago. Now, making out with a naked beauty didn’t get my heart racing uncontrollably - it was racing, sure, but I had control. “Mmm,” Anna hummed as she looked at my cock and licked her lips. “A very nice size.” She glanced up at me. “Shall I?”

“Please do,” I said with a smile.

Anna sucked the head of my cock between her lips, looking up at me as she did it. The suck was almost more of a kiss that lingered, and I groaned in my chest at the feeling.

“You like that, Jeremiah?” she asked with a coquettish smile.

“I do,” I said, running my fingers through her silky black hair.

She went back in again, sucking a little further up my shaft, and I stiffened quickly to full hardness. Anna went to work, licking and sucking and kissing. With hundreds of years of experience, part of me thought maybe she’d have some secret skills or techniques, but the blowjob was as good as any that I’d received from the girls in my harem. She didn’t hold back, wasn’t shy, and knew what she was doing. And, at the appropriate moment, she looked up at me with the corners of her mouth curved into a little smile and her eyebrows raised. I pulled her head deeper against me and she swallowed my cock into her throat for a moment.

“Fuuuck,” I exhaled heavily and kept her pinned with her nose to my pubic mound before letting her back off.

She coughed once and smirked at me. “You really do have a perfectly sized cock,” she said.

“I’ve got to ask, even just in the Council chamber, have you ever had to do something with Ndia’s Prime?”

She barked a laugh and shook her head. “No, thank the gods,” she said. “I don’t know *why* Ndia subjects herself to that. And I *have* seen it in the real world, and it’s really that big. Whenever he finishes with her I can only assume she uses magic to tighten herself again or else she must feel like a cavern to the next men to mount her.” She took a long lick of my cock and smiled again. “But like I said, yours is perfectly proportioned for pleasure.”

I reached down and offered her a hand up, which she took and stood. I kissed her again, my cock pressing between our stomachs as we stood close and embraced. Then I took charge and

spun her around, my cock now pressed to her back as she gasped with a smile and looked over her shoulder at me. "Treat you like a slut, right?" I asked.

"Mmm, yes, please," she murmured.

I gave her a slap on the ass. Her butt wasn't overly proportioned or perfect - if anything, Stacey, Lindsey and Angie all had 'nicer' asses than hers in terms of being bountiful and firm at the same time. And Lauren's, while a similar size, was more full all around whereas Anna's was plump at the bottom only. It made me think she didn't exercise much and was just naturally this way.

Still, the spank made her ass jiggle a little and she cooed into a hum. "From behind then?"

"Bend over, Anna," I said. She followed my direction and I slipped a hand down her front, over her soft stomach and through the wide wedge of her black bush to glide my fingers over her pussy. "How horny are you for this?" I asked.

"Mmm, quite," she admitted.

"How did you imagine me taking you the first time?"

"Bent over like this, but at my desk," she panted. She was wet, and I circled my fingers around her pussy as I spread it around and teased her.

"Forcefully?"

"Sometimes," she said. "Other times sweet, with Lauren bent over next to me."

"Are you disappointed she didn't stay for this?"

She glanced over her shoulder at me, a little flushed. "Maybe."

I scooped my hips a little to get my cock down into position, using my fingers to get myself into place. "We can fix that next time," I said.

"Uuuungh, yes please," she moaned as I slid inside of her. Anna was everything I would want in a pussy, but it was her moans that really did it for me. We fucked wordlessly, but her moans and grunts echoed through the office as we fucked each other. She was bent forward at first and reached back with one hand to hold my arm - one of the mirrors was positioned so that I could see us in it, and her tits looked fantastic as they bounced back and forth with each stroke.

I took her arm that was reached back and had her reach further, her torso turning until she was grabbing my opposite arm and reaching back across my torso to do it. This brought her chest almost perpendicular to mine as she looked up at me, and I lifted her leg to bring it up against

my shoulder. In this position she was braced on one foot and couldn't really fuck back at me, but she was spread wonderfully for deep thrusts and I had a great view of every part of her. Her ass, tight and bouncing with each thrust. Her tits, ready for me to fondle and pinch and grab. Her pussy, when I leaned back, ready to get my thumb teasing her clit.

I did all of that and more. She willingly contorted herself, leaning up towards me to kiss me as we fucked in the slightly acrobatic position, her breath mixing with mine.

"Alright," she gasped. "You're good at this too. For a recent virgin." She grinned at me.

"You're pretty flexible for a grandmother," I countered, and she laughed.

After a few movements, mainly getting her leg over my head and onto the next shoulder, I ended up supporting her with both hands on her ass as she had both legs up in the air over my shoulders, now completely off the ground. Her hands were hooked behind my neck, trying to stay upright.

"Ooh, fucking hell," she groaned softly in between her moans.

"Are we OK to fuck on the fur?" I asked, looking down at her cloak on the floor beneath us. It wouldn't be too much effort to get over to one of the couches, but I wanted to fuck her on the cloak on the floor for some reason. *Hell, throw in a crackling fireplace, too.*

"Yes," she grunted.

I slowly got down to one knee and then added the other without pulling her off of me, and she leaned back until her shoulders were on the fur. Anna immediately used that leverage along with her calves against my shoulders to fuck at me, pumping her hips upside down to ride my cock.

"God, damn," I groaned.

"You can fill me," she gasped. *Please fill me.*

I could feel myself getting close and knew that she was as well. She was holding out, wanting it to be simultaneous, or as near as she could get. I fucked at her as she worked her hips at me, the clapping of her ass against my hips filling the space.

*Wee-oo-wee-oo-wee-oo!*

"Fuck!" Anna grunted.

We pulled away, my cock aching for the last twenty seconds before we were going to finish, but the alarm going off in the building was ear-piercing in its tone.



“Fire alarm?” I asked.

“No,” she grunted, rolling to her knees and gesturing me off of the cloak. I moved and she scooped it from the floor, slipping it over her shoulders. “That’s the alarm that we’re under attack.”

I had to blink as I processed those words. In that moment, Anna fastened the cloak around her shoulders and started heading for the opaque glass doors of her office.

“You can stay here,” she said. “Whatever it is, I doubt it has anything to do with you. Not here.”

“Fuck that,” I said, finding my slacks and pulling them on, stuffing my hard cock into them and zipping them up. “Lauren is downstairs somewhere, and besides that, I’m not standing by while a friend of mine is in trouble.”

Anna turned, one hand on the door, and looked at me as I stalked to meet her there. “Friend?” she asked.

“We can’t fall in love,” I said. “So why wouldn’t I want to be friends with a wickedly smart, utterly sexy, impressively ambitious woman who is a thousand years older than I am?”

She flushed, her eyes trailing down my naked and sweaty chest for a moment. “Not a *thousand* years,” she said, and then opened the door and we strode out into the office.

“What’s happening?” Anna called loudly over the noise of the alarm and the office workers. She was speaking to her assistant, the stunning blonde who seemed to be directing traffic as people moved away from windows and the elevators, but others seemed to be taking up defensive positions.

*‘Are you alright, Laur?’* I asked my girlfriend telepathically.

*‘All good for now,’* Lauren sent back. *‘We locked ourselves in the interview room. Kirsi can manipulate minerals with her magic, so she’s welded the door shut.’*

“Intruders came in through the east parking stairwell,” Anna’s assistant called out, one finger pressed to her ear. She must have had some sort of a walkie-talkie receiver earbud and was getting reports from security. “They broke into the third floor and were threatening the legal offices there. Security caught up with them but they’ve crossed through the floor all the way to the west stairwell. Sounds like they used a breaching charge over there to break through the locks.”

“Warn Aatos that he is closest to them,” Anna said. “And get me an update from Phillippe.”

*‘What floor are you on?’* I asked Lauren.

*'Four,'* she said.

*'I'm coming to you,'* I said.

*'We're fine. Help people who need it,'* Lauren urged me.

"Anna-" I started, but was interrupted.

"Aatos says that he's repelling their attack on the fourth floor easily," the assistant called. "But he isn't sure how many there are, or if some have scattered up or down the stairwell. Phillipe is already in the legal office and covering."

"Anna," I said again, getting her attention. "What do you need?"

She hesitated, her lips pressing together, and I could tell she didn't want to ask for help. Maybe she didn't even feel that she needed to, but the longer this went on the more likely someone was going to get hurt. "Can you find out where they are, or how many?" she asked.

I closed my eyes and touched my pool of power. It was roiling still, disturbed by the sex we'd been having and I almost felt a frustration in there at being interrupted. "Do you have a map of the building?" I asked. "Like a fire plan or something?"

Anna and her assistant brought me over to the elevators and through what looked like a nook off to the side which actually led to an internal stairwell. A fire plan for the building was mounted to the wall there. I focused on the map and stretched out my consciousness, seeking minds that didn't belong. The nebulous nature of the spell drained everything I had just gained from Anna, plus a little more, but I didn't mind.

"Four here," I said, pointing at the western stairwell on the fourth floor. "Two down here." Second floor, inside the stairwell. "And one up... here," I said. My finger stabbed the sixth floor, just opposite the elevator banks.

Anna's assistant immediately began relaying my notes to the security team, while I left the stairwell by way of the door to the opposite side of the building. I hadn't really considered it earlier, but the elevator bank split the building in half lengthwise and the area in front of and including Anna's office only made up half of it. This other half, as I crossed over, looked like it was a long series of bullpen-like desks with offices rimming most of the outer walls. Almost a hundred people were milling about in a mild panic, being managed by a handful of superiors in a similar way as on the other side of the elevators. At the far end of the open office space about a dozen men and women were positioned near the western stairwell entrance. They were taking defensive positions like the others, and must have been part of the security team or otherwise trained to defend the people in the building.

The people at the far end didn't notice me, but a lot of the workers at *this* end definitely did. For a brief moment they all stood wide-eyed, shocked as they took in my half-naked body coming through the stairwell doors. Anna followed me, the cloak pulled around her nakedness, and we both must have looked like wild, possibly-crazy people. But, in a world of magic, 'wild and possibly crazy' might have been a bit of a selling point, and these people all recognized me. Some backed away, others bowed their heads, and still others looked like they wanted to rush behind me for safety. That or up to me to ask questions - I could see at least two reporters reaching for their audio recorders.

But I was still holding the spell, tracking the minds that *didn't belong*. The ones that felt they were out of place. The ones from the fourth floor had winked dark, either dead or unconscious and unable to have that feeling. The ones from the second-floor door were running down to the first floor.

One was up here, amid the crowd.

I walked forward, eyes scanning the faces of the people around me, and they shifted out of my way. Anna followed, a grimace on her face as she stood imperious and powerful despite only wearing that ancient cloak.

Around a cluster of desks, and through two knots of people, I narrowed the mind to a group of four. I stopped tracking the two from the first floor and focused more on the one here.

"You," I said, pointing at a young man who was standing behind the others.

He opened his eyes wide in surprise, then froze for a moment in fear.

"What's his name?" I asked anyone around me.

"Tucker," said someone with a Finnish accent. "He was hired three weeks ago from America."

Tucker probably should have tried to die with the lie. Instead, knowing he was caught, he bolted. Where he thought he was going to go, I wasn't sure, but as soon as he took off running six different mages acted. Tucker's shoes suddenly stuck to the floor, careening him forward. His clothing stiffened, making it so that he couldn't even brace himself for the fall. A nearby plant on someone's desk grew exponentially and lashed around one of his arms, and the watercooler ahead of him heaved and slid towards him rapidly, smacking into him. Less useful things also happened - his hair fell out all at once, leaving him without even an eyelash or eyebrow, and he turned bright, fluorescent orange.

He hit the floor hard and cried out in pain. Whoever had stiffened his clothes let him go and he slumped in defeat onto the floor... right before the water cooler tipped over on him, the bottle separated from the dispenser, and he got soaked through. His shoes were still stuck to the floor and he was in his socks.

Anna, for her part, stood over him and looked down at the man with a grimace. She snapped, pointing at a pair of black-clad security guards rushing to get through the crowd of office workers. "Take him downstairs," she said. The security guards hauled Tucker to his feet and carried him off towards the stairwell.

Anna turned to me, her face becoming less enraged and more stoic. "Jeremiah, I am so sorry for the disruption. And thank you for identifying a mole for me. If you could wait in my office, my personnel will handle this, and I have much to do."

"No apology necessary," I said. "And you're welcome." Then I turned to the crowd of people watching us and forced a lopsided smile. "Nice to meet you, folks. Quick thinking."

I got out of there before anyone decided to get weird about me being there because I was already feeling weird as *fuck*.

Heading back across to the other side of the floor, I found that things were slowly being put back to normal as Anna's assistant was assuring people that the threat had been handled. And then everyone spotted me and started clapping, which sort of just made me picture a question mark in my mind, like why were they clapping? I didn't risk anything, or really do all that much.

I was forced to kind of wave awkwardly as adults applauded me, and I slipped into Anna's office. After a quick telepathic check-in with Lauren, who was fine and going to finish her interview, I sat down on a couch and just shook my head.

"What the fuck?" I sighed.

About ten minutes later Anna's assistant came into the office. "Can I get you anything, Master?" she asked in Finnish. "A drink, or something to eat? Perhaps my ass?"

I had to close my eyes for a moment and take a breath before looking at her again. "What's your name?" I asked.

"Helka," she said with a smile.

"Helka, you are an absolutely stunning woman," I said. "But do you really want me to take your ass? I mean, really. And don't answer what you think I want to hear, or what you think Anna would want you to say. Just... if you had the personal preference of getting buttfucked by me or not, what would you choose?"

She flushed. The stunning, early-thirties woman who looked like she had probably been on the Finnish volleyball team with her height and the ass she had, and after that was a bikini or lingerie model based on her face and tits, flushed.

“I would prefer for you not to take my ass, Master,” she said.

“OK,” I said in a deep exhale, finally feeling like something had turned out normal.

“But I would very much enjoy a good fucking in my pussy.”

I nodded slowly. Alright, so not that normal.’

“Sure,” I said. “Come here, gorgeous.”

Anna returned about twenty minutes later. I had Helka pressed up against the glass looking out at the city, her big tits squished enticingly as I fucked her from behind. She’d come twice already, and I was working her towards another good one.

“Ah, good,” Anna said with a smile as she found us. “You’ve been keeping him company, Helka.”

“Ye-e-e-es, Mist-ress,” Helka moaned loudly as she started to come.

“Having fun, Jeremiah?” Anna asked, walking over to us and letting the cloak drop to the floor. Half an hour dealing with a crisis, and she hadn’t even put on clothes.

“Once Helka and I came to an understanding that I wanted only what she wanted, absolutely,” I grunted. “Isn’t that right?” I gave Helka a little smack on her ass and hugged her from behind, burying my cock deep into her.

“Mmm, yes, Jeremiah,” the tall woman hummed happily, her insides still squeezing and fluttering as she came down from her orgasm.

“Do you mind sharing, Helka?” Anna asked with a smirk.

“Not at all, Mistress,” the blonde groaned. I pulled out of her, and soon I had Anna and Helka on their knees side-by-side, sucking her juices off of me.

Lauren returned from her interview and found me pounding Anna in doggy as she ate my creampie out of Helka while we fucked on the fur of the cloak. One look had a smile plastered on Lauren’s face, and she was pulling off her sweater as she stalked towards us.

Later, Anna was leaning back against me and sitting in between my legs as we watched Lauren with Helka. The two blondes were up on Anna’s desk in a messy, slurping 69. I came in each of them, and after Anna had gotten cleaned up I sensed she needed a break, or maybe an end. Now I was holding her tenderly and she was leaning back comfortably.

“Want to talk about what happened?” I asked her.

She sighed and let her head fall back against my shoulder, and I kissed her cheek. "It was a probe," she said. "It's happened before. I'm embarrassed at how far they got into the building, especially with you here. And that they got a mole into my operation."

"Who were they?" I asked.

"Humanistas," Anna said. "An isolated cell, I think."

"I'm sorry, who?"

"Mm, right," Anna nodded. "I... forget how young you are to all of this. The Humanistas are normal people who discover that there is magic in the world and come to hate those of us who have it or are attached to it. It's impossible to wipe them out because there will always be more, and most of our people fly under the radar. My company being so public, bringing so many of us together, makes us a target."

"So there are witch hunters out there," I said, adding yet another tropey stereotype to my ever-growing list of 'things that are actually real.' I was fully expecting to find out that there were demons and exorcists next.

"Something like that," Anna sighed. "The most famous, and largest, uprising of them was the Spanish Inquisition. Uwe kept his thumb on them, and they rarely actually caught an Ascended. He harvested power from them until their fall. Now, though, things are getting more complicated. There's a new cell in every city across the world, it seems. Cameras and the internet have made it easier to see and spread the unknown and unexplained. Many of the other Seats are aware of the problem, but it hasn't affected them yet so no action, not that there really is one to take."

"Mmm," I hummed softly, thinking. "What did you do to them?"

"The assault crew were armed and recording us. Thankfully none of them were live-streaming. I think they intended to try and get proof of magic and possibly hack our systems to get digital records of my publications. They are dead; some by my security forces, and a few by their own hands when they felt trapped and overwhelmed. The mole is being interrogated by Phillippe, the Mentalist I keep on staff."

"And what does he do?" I asked.

Anna sighed and smiled softly at me, again reminded of how new I was to the world she'd been living in for centuries. "He is a memory mage. Reading, erasing and implanting. He can only do it while touching someone, and it's much easier when they are under the influence of mind-altering chemicals. He has already taken care of the legal firm on the third floor; none of them will remember the attack or what was said. The mole, he'll try and find out how he got through our hiring process, and what he knew and who he told. Then he'll wipe every trace of

the Ascended from the man's mind and will make sure to follow up at the man's residence. In two days or so, the mole will be released. The dead will be harder to deal with than the living."

"Have I mentioned how impressive you are?" I asked her quietly.

"Perhaps once," she smiled and turned to kiss me on the mouth. "Does the new knowledge concern you?"

"Yes," I sighed. "I don't know about the other Seats, but knowing that I'm 'in charge' of an area that covers millions of people and an unknown number of Ascended was enough already. Now I need to worry about normal people going John Wick on mages, too."

"Most of them aren't so skilled as that," Anne murmured, starting to kiss my jawline. "Most are homegrown conspiracy nuts."

"And the few?" I asked.

"Ex-military," she said. "Those are the dangerous ones. And the psychopathic ones, but we have our own psychopaths to worry about too."

"Your lips say you want to go again," I said, "But your words are a little distracting."

"Sorry," she laughed softly. "It's just been a while."

"Well that's just criminal," I said. "Do you and Helka... play?"

"First time," Anna said with a smile, turning in my arms to kiss me more fully. "Though now I'm starting to think it won't be the last. And the same with this."

"You think?" I asked with a grin.

"Once in a while, I might just call you for an 'interview,'" she said with a smile. "If that's OK with you?"

"Absolutely," I said, pulling her down into another kiss.

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"Oh my God, that's hot," Lindsey groaned as she worked two fingers in and out of her cunt.

"She's stunning," Lauren said. She'd been telling the others the story of our trip to Finland. We were all lounging on Angie's bed, the new 'go-to' hangout space for us when Angie was home since it was more private than our houses. One little silencing spell on the walls and door and we could talk freely. "And very good with her tongue."

“You luck bitch,” Angie chuckled. She was rubbing herself too, but just focusing on her clit.

“I still think it’s a dangerous game,” Stacey sighed. Unlike the other two, she wasn’t getting off on the story. “You don’t *know* what Yaroslav will think about it.”

“Anna was pretty certain he wouldn’t mind based on how they’ve lived in the past,” I said.

“Are you going to tell Annalise about her distant relationship?” Angie asked.

“Well, yeah,” I said. ‘I’m not sure it will mean anything to her though. But I have to since I told you guys. Just... let me do it, OK? Don’t put it in the group chat.”

The girls agreed, and the conversation shifted a bit. I was a little surprised that I wasn’t being jumped by at least one of them, but then the topic of conversation changed again.

“You need to go see Jordan tonight, baby,” Lindsey reminded me.

“I know,” I sighed. “She leaves early tomorrow.”

“No, she leaves tonight,” Lauren said.

“Wait, what?” I asked, sitting up. “Really?”

“Yeah,” Lauren said. “A super late flight. So you need to decide and pull the trigger on everything. Annalise sent in her OK. We’re all agreed, she can join.”

“I’m a little annoyed that I don’t get to fuck her any time soon,” Lindsey smirked.

“Aw, poor baby,” Lauren teased her. That earned Lauren a pillow to the face.

“So the answer is yes, right?” Angie asked, rolling out of the way of the two blondes starting to tickle each other and flail pillows.

“Of course it is,” Stacey said, dodging the other way and coming to sit next to me, pulling my arm around her. “Right?”

“It has to be,” I said. “I just need to figure out how to explain magic to her.”

“You have plenty of options,” Angie said. “Just do the nose-boop-orgasm thing. Or teleportal her.”

“He’s not worried about the mechanics of it,” Stacey said. “He’s worried if magic makes the answer a no.”



“It hasn’t yet for any of us,” Angie said. “And as the official harem sceptic, I think it’ll be fine.”

“Alright,” I said, kissing Stacey on the cheek and then Angie. “If I’m going to nut up and do this, I need to go.”

Lauren and Lindsey stopped play-fighting long enough to get kisses from me before I left. Instead of teleporting, I knew I needed to go to the mall before heading to Jordan’s place, so I went outside Angie’s apartment building and put my hand on the key in my pocket.

With a roar of engine and the shock of a hard tekno beat blasting from his windows, Victorious came screaming out of the air and landed in the icy parking lot with a slight bump. The music cut out and, in his many radio voices, the demon car said, “Hello, Jeremiah Grant. Who’s skull shall we crush today?”

I got into the driver’s seat and he shut his own door behind me. “No enemies on the horizon, Vic,” I said. “Today, we’re going to catch a redheaded filly and make her mine.”

“Does she have spirit and a form that raises your blood?” he asked.

“She does,” I said with a smile, thinking of the long bout of sex I’d had with Anna and Helka and how I was looking forward to seeing skinny, awkward Jordan again more than either of the two stacked women. “She really does.”