

THE SEXUAL
SCIENCE OF
WITCHERY
ZINNIA HOPE

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The Sexual Science of Witchery
by
Zinnia Hope

Tom followed his wife into VisionPast's lobby and paused, glancing around the waiting area. Garnet discussed their reservation with the receptionist, their voices hushed and polite. He spotted the young co-worker he'd fucked earlier that day in the supply room. Great. She'd overheard him talking to their boss about Garnet's reservation tonight and had obviously made one as well in hopes of seeing him outside of the workplace. His co-worker flashed him a bright smile, uncrossing and re-crossing her long, shapely legs. Slowly, she bent over, adjusting the ankle strap of her shoe, her cleavage deepening as she did so.

He nodded his head toward Garnet and mouthed the word *wife*.

The young woman smirked.

Garnet turned, and slipping her arm through Tom's, they walked over to a seat and sat down together. Every few minutes, the shapely co-worker would look over at him, smile coyly and bat her luminescent-lined eyes.

Tom's groin tightened; he shifted into a more comfortable position.

"Getting bored?" Garnet gently traced the bruise-like birthmark showing through his closely shorn hair.

"Mmm," he murmured, remembering how he'd bent Carol something-or-other over a crate of obsolete computer parts, his cock sinking deeply into her pussy. *She has the roundest ass.*

"We shouldn't have to wait much longer," Garnet said.

His attention diverted, Tom clenched his teeth, wishing he could get the money refunded that Garnet had wasted on their VisionPast session. Every time he thought about their argument from the night before, heat flashed into his cheeks.

"I'm not paying a wannabe magician three hundred recreation credits for a fake vision of the past," he said, anger filling him. *"That amount is enough to cover a weekend vacation beneath the waves at New Atlantis!"*

Sitting at her makeup vanity, Garnet had offered him a tolerant smile in the mirror. She focused on the neon eyeliner she was applying and said, *"The sessions are paid for in advance, dear. The money's already spent. Besides, I've asked you for months to take me to New Atlantis. You weren't interested, so instead, I want to try a VisionPast session and have some fun."*

His hostility mounting, Tom had added, *"This isn't a trip! You wasted money on a bunch of lame hocus-pocus!"*

"You can be such a wet blanket," Garnet said. *"Everyone has been restricted to work or home all week because of the lousy air quality."* She put down the eyeliner and scanned the vanity for her matching lipstick. *"It's just a little something to break up the monotony around here."*

Again, Tom glanced over at the luscious lady sitting across from them in the waiting area. He wondered why he'd married Garnet. She spent money like breathing air, and sex with her wasn't that great either. He looked over at his wife. She was attractive enough, but she just didn't arouse him anymore.

Across from him, the young beauty placed her feet together, knees drifting apart. Tom caught a glimpse of her—his cock! Stunned, he gulped, his heart rate accelerating, embarrassment washing over his entire body. Carol something-or-other was male *and* female?

The Trans Genders population was growing, and she—he?—was the second one in three months who had duped him. The trouble was that he liked fucking too much. In fact, he was always so focused on penetrating the woman that he never paused long enough to be sure she *was* a woman.

“Your VisionPast chamber is ready,” the receptionist called, interrupting his moment of shock. Looking at the Trans Gender, she added, “Miss, you will share the chamber with this couple. Follow me, please.”

Miss, my ass. Tom cupped Garnet’s elbow. With his co-worker trailing along behind them, they followed the woman out of the waiting room and down a long, white hall. The receptionist finally stopped at one of the numerous doors lining the corridor and ushered them into a chamber, its walls, floor and ceiling done in vivid crimson. Off to one side, an adolescent girl waited, her expression neutral. A tall, elegant woman stood in the middle of the room. She wore only a white silk robe that fell to her feet, creating a striking image against a blood-red backdrop. The garment hung open, showing her naked, willowy form and large pert breasts.

Tom gaped at her. *What an incredible woman!* He studied the crescents of her creamy breasts and her long midnight hair, wishing he could bury his fingers in that thick, silky mane while he thrust deep and hard between her legs. His gaze met her startling blue one, and she offered him a knowing smile. Breath quickening, he wondered if could get her off to the side to schedule a little rendezvous. *With my luck, she’s another damn Trans Gender!*

“Hello,” she said, her voice soft and yet powerful. “I am your VisionPast sorceress.”

“What do you have for us?” Garnet asked.

Turning to an ornate chest, the witch motioned for them to join her. She lifted the lid and scooped up a handful of gold coins before allowing them to cascade through her fingers.

“These are ancient,” the sorceress said. “Choose one, and perhaps you will find a piece of an ancestor’s past.” Shrugging, she added, “Perhaps you may discover someone else’s.”

Tom didn’t believe in sorcery, but he still experienced a bud of curiosity. “Where do the coins come from?”

“It doesn’t matter. Just know that they are very old.” The sorceress smiled and indicated that everyone should select a coin. “You should be more concerned with what vision you receive, so choose wisely.”

Tom watched Garnet pick a coin before choosing his own. The Trans Gender beauty selected one which gleamed brightly in the dim light.

“My apprentice will instruct you on what to do,” the witch said as she strolled away, her robe billowing behind her like a white banner. “I have guests to attend to, but I shall return shortly.”

The adolescent girl showed them how to stand on circular depressions in the center of the room. Each circle glowed as they stepped into them. A single clear cylinder about three feet high jutted from the perimeter of each ring

“Place your coins on the head of each cylinder,” the young girl spoke quietly, motioning for each of them to comply, “and the tale of whoever has handled the coins in the past will be revealed to you.” She bobbed her fair head and backed away, her red skirts swishing around her ankles. “Enjoy your journey into the past.”

“How long will our session last?” Tom asked sarcastically, receiving a disgruntled glare from his wife.

“It depends on who handled your coin and the strength of the aura they left upon it,” the girl answered. She walked to the back of the room where shadows seemed to frequent regardless of the chamber’s mysterious illumination. “You may begin any time,” she called out.

Garnet and Tom’s co-worker expectantly placed their gold pieces on the cylinders. A white illumination shimmered around the edges of each circle, and light shot upwards to the ceiling, creating glistening tubes.

“Ah, what the hell. The credits are already spent, so I might as well get my cheap thrill,” Tom muttered and set his coin on the cylinder’s head. Within seconds, he stood in a dark, dusty tomb.

An eerie glow lit the sepulcher. The dust of centuries covered heavy, ornate tapestries on the walls. Along the perimeters of the room, golden ornaments, shields and coins littered the floor. Jewels overflowed from gold and silver goblets, and an ivory statue of a king stood in each corner of the hewn tomb. The skeleton of a war-horse lay next to a carved jade coffin.

A man resembling the statues sat on top of the sepulcher. Tom blinked. He could see through the man’s body. An illusion perhaps? Could the guy see him too? Tom waved his arms over his head, but the king gave no indication that he saw him. Snorting in disgust, he figured it was an illusion created by the VisionPast team, but he couldn’t see beyond the tomb into the red chamber. Reaching out, he tried disrupting the glimmering tube of light. Nothing happened.

Grinding outside the sealed entrance echoed in the tomb. Tom’s head snapped toward the noise. In a blur of white light, the king slipped inside the casket.

A soft blue luminescence filled the cracks around the seal, followed by a sucking noise. Hot air rushed inside. Dumbstruck, Tom gaped at the entrance. He could actually feel and smell the air, but why was it so hot and dry? Although he didn’t know how the VisionPast team created such realistic special effects, he had to admit that he was finally beginning to enjoy himself.

Footsteps crunched upon the sandy floor, and a big, stocky man walked into the tomb. “Wow, look at all this stuff, Clarese!” he said, excitement in his voice.

A woman emerged from the light filling the entrance, her gaze darting around the hewn grave.

“Take what you want, Jack,” she said. “No one even knows this sepulcher is here, so nothing will be missed.”

His mind disbelieving his eyes, Tom squeezed them shut and opened them again. The dark-haired man standing in the tomb entrance was a mirror image of himself. Mouth ajar, Tom turned his attention to the young woman. She stood tall and proud, clad in snug jeans, hiking boots and a red sweatshirt.

The sorceress!

Studying her, Tom liked how she moved, how her round little ass swayed from side to side. Victorious, he grinned. It was obvious that the scene before him was some sort of hallucination or hologram, although a very realistic one. Now he could get his three hundred recreation credits refunded. Still, what about the guy who looked just like him?

The woman strode across the chamber. “Come out, King Myrenezzer!” she called. “I know you’re hiding.”

Tom waved his arms around, but Jack and Clarese were unaware of him as well. A soft breeze drew his attention to the sarcophagus. Slowly, the king rose and stepped out of the priceless casket.

“Haven’t changed a bit, have you, Myrenezzer?” Clarese smiled, her gaze traveling down the length of the king’s ghostly form.

“Klareeze? How long have I been dead?” The king glanced briefly at the fellow behind her, who hurriedly stuffed gold coins into a canvas bag.

“I am called Clarese now, and roughly two thousand years.”

Reaching out to Clarese, Tom’s hand passed through her breast. His groin tightened, desire coursing through him as he studied the large swells beneath her sweatshirt. Long midnight hair brushed her flaring hips. He admired her high cheekbones, pouty mouth and almond-shaped deep blue eyes.

“My apologies for it taking me so long to come back,” Clarese said. “Reincarnation doesn’t always work like one plans it.”

Tom watched Myrenezzer gaze hungrily at Clarese. Shifting from one foot to the other, he wondered if it were possible to fuck a ghost. If he couldn’t try out Clarese’s lovely ass for himself, he’d certainly enjoy watching someone else do it.

A deep voice erupted from the king. “I hope Jalayla burns in Hell for what she did to us!”

“Oh?” Clarese quirked a fine, dark brow. “For what *she* did to *us*?”

“I forgive you for betraying me.”

“I never betrayed you,” Clarese said, irritation settling over her features.

“It’s all in the past now anyway,” Myrenezzer said, reaching for her, but his hand slipped through her shoulder. “I’m so happy to see you.”

Turning, she snatched up one of the huge goblets lying upon the floor. She walked behind Jack and cracked him across the back of his head. He fell into a pile of gold and rolled off, coming to rest on his back.

She dropped the cup and smiled. “Now, my king, you have a body.”

The king wasted no time possessing Jack’s muscular form. Opening his host’s eyes, King Myrenezzer stood, rubbing at the lump rising on Jack’s head.

Tom sat transfixed. *This might not be real*, he thought, *but it’s damn interesting to watch*.

Myrenezzer held his new arms out to Clarese. “Come here.”

Smiling, she stepped into his embrace. His lips descended upon hers, kissing her hungrily. Jack’s hands slid down her body and under the sweatshirt to caress her pale skin. As Tom watched, his cock grew uncomfortably hard, making him wish that he was the one in Jack’s body.

A soft moan escaped Clarese. The king swept her into his arms and placed her on the lid of his jade coffin. She quickly wiggled out of her clothes, tearing at Jack’s shirt and jeans. Tom gulped, his cock throbbing with arousal. The woman reminded him of a Greek goddess sculpted in white marble; she was all long limbs, ebony hair and smooth expanses of ivory skin.

Parting her creamy white thighs, Myrenezzer eagerly slid into her. Tom felt as if his own cock had slipped into her too. He sucked in a breath, his entire body stiffening. *What the hell?* A deliriously wonderful sensation slid through him, as if he were actually feeling Clarese’s tight inner muscles encasing him. If so, could he truly experience fucking Clarese through Jack? Tom shook his head. No, it was a ridiculous notion!

Closing his eyes, Tom wiggled his toes inside his shoes and pinched his leg. Pain flared in his thigh muscle, so he knew he was still in the glowing tube, but he could also feel Clarese—hot, wet and oh so tight!

A groan erupted from between Tom’s lips, and his eyes flew open in embarrassment. He found himself on top of Clarese, staring into her liquid blue eyes. *How could this be?* How could he be standing in the vision tube, and at the same time, find himself lying on top of this woman’s delectably naked body?

It couldn't be real! It had to be a hallucination caused by an odor-free gas that the VisionPast team was pumping into the room. Maybe the coins were coated in some sort of potent hallucinogen penetrating the handler's skin.

Tom sensed King Myrenezzer with him in Jack's body. Frightened, he struggled to leave Jack's form and return to the glowing column, but the wildly erotic sight of Clarese beneath him—they—nearly made the king and Tom lose their senses. The combination of Myrenezzer's desire, as well as his own, urged a familiar tingle at the base of Jack's spine. With each deep thrust, the tingle grew stronger.

Clarese's black hair spilled over the sides of the jade casket, her eyes afire with sexuality. She pressed Jack's head between her breasts and wrapped her long limbs around his body. Riding her, pumping rhythmically, Tom enjoyed the silky inner walls of Clarese's pussy. She met every thrust with eager hips. Tom licked and nibbled her ripe breasts, her dark nipples like flat, delectable dates.

She braced her feet on the coffin lid and bucked her hips wildly, her ass cheeks slapping against it. The aggressive sexual position nearly caused Tom and Myrenezzer to come before they were ready. Tom wanted to ride her until she was unable to walk properly, until he was sated with her juices—and he sensed the king thinking the same thoughts. Their excitement grew, and sexual cries erupted from Jack's mouth, sounding starved and slightly insane. The closer her orgasm approached, the throatier Clarese's noises became, urging Tom to thrust harder, Jack's cock throbbing painfully for release.

Finally, her hot juices washed over their host's cock. Clarese screamed, her nails digging into Jack's back, her hips gyrating, grinding. Tom struggled to hang on, but the sensation defeated him, and with Myrenezzer's pleased thoughts echoing in Tom's mind, they succumbed to the moment, surging into her wetness. Shouting, Tom buried Jack's face between her large, round breasts. The spurting cum and the clenching inner walls of her vagina drove Tom and Myrenezzer to thrust madly, spearing her body. Their last cries of climax bounced upon the stone walls, and gasping, they lay spent on top of her.

Clarese wiggled out from under Jack's body and hopped off the sarcophagus, her hair in disarray. She began slipping on her clothes.

Tom looked down at Jack's physique, but King Myrenezzer's words came from their host's mouth. "I think I shall keep this body. It's a fine physical form."

"No, I don't think so," Clarese answered as she tied her boots.

"You cannot deny your king's desires," he said. "I insist that I keep this fine form."

Clarese whirled with a short sword she'd pulled from the treasure pile and thrust it through Jack's gut.

A scream built in the back of Jack's throat, but whether it was Jack's, the king's, or his own, Tom wasn't sure. Myrenezzer clutched at Jack's belly. They watched the blood trickle around the blade and through their host's fingers. Panic seized Tom. *I don't want to die! I've got to return to VisionPast!* How could he return when he didn't even know how he'd entered Jack's body in the first place?

The strength fled the body and it flopped over on the vault's lid, hands clutching the sword's jeweled hilt. The king's terrified thoughts whispered through Tom's mind. Myrenezzer pulled the weapon out, and blood coursed out of their host.

"Why?" Myrenezzer gasped.

Although still terrified, Tom experienced the king's disappointment at Clarese's betrayal and over losing the new body. He felt sorry for the mysterious sovereign.

“Remember our son?” Clarese snarled. “You told me and Jalayla that he had died shortly after he was born, but it was a lie! Jalayla discovered your deceit!” She laughed and crossed her arms, obviously enjoying the sight of blood dripping off the coffin. “You knew the *only* reason I slept in your bed was because Jalayla was barren, and I wanted a child. I was your sorceress and your advisor, so I should have had a part in raising the boy! You were so jealous you never considered that you could be sent to Hell for your deceit and cruelty!”

Still within Jack’s body, Tom struggled to return to the glowing VisionPast tube. Whatever was about to go down, he didn’t to be a part of it.

“I just wanted you to love me.” Confusion tinged the king’s voice. “I don’t remember how I...”

“How you died?” Clarese asked. She stepped closer, a smug smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. “I poisoned your wine that night—and with the very same poison you used on the queen. As I checked to see if she was dead, she stabbed me, but I had the satisfaction of knowing you died shortly after Jalayla and me.” She leaned over and kissed the weakening king.

“Why—why would she kill you?” Myrenezzer asked, pain and weakness overcoming Jack’s body.

“Why?” Clarese laughed. “I was your sorceress, so you owned me. Jalayla knew I could never survive in that palace with you, that I couldn’t face a life of enduring your hands on my body and your cock inside me every night!” She leaned over Jack’s form, and Tom caught the aroma of recent sex. “It’s ironic, don’t you think? Although you sold our son into slavery, it is through him that I can have my revenge.” She sighed, the sound revealing her pity. “How did it feel to be so lonely for the past two thousand years?”

“But...but we just made love. I thought—” the king sucked in a breath, pain rippling through their host.

Clarese smiled, satisfaction lighting up her eyes. “A mere part of drawing you into your final doom.”

The fury that ripped through the tomb frightened Tom to the core. Looking down, he realized he was standing in the gleaming column again—thank God! Had his fear startled him back into his own body? He watched Myrenezzer, his pity for him growing. The king tried to move, but he gasped, an expression of pain crossing Jack’s face.

“Don’t do this, Clarese!” Myrenezzer said. “I love you! You can restore this body, and we can be together.”

She shook her dark head. “No, I don’t believe so.” Moving away, Clarese opened a bag sitting on the floor and withdrew a cut-glass bottle. “That child was all I had, but you took him away from me—you took everyone I loved away from me.” Cradling the purple-hued flask against her breasts, she regarded him with a curious glint in her sapphire eyes. “I have your Hell in this bottle, Myrenezzer; it’s your punishment for all the misery you caused. After spending time with who is in this flask, you will long for Hell.”

She set the decanter on the floor. Straightening, Clarese muttered odd, clipped words and stooped, grabbing up a handful of sand. She pitched it over the container. Slowly, she pulled the cork from the bottle. A white mist oozed out of it and twirled around her body.

“When you’re done tormenting him,” Clarese said, “go back to sleep until the gods allow your return.” The fog slipped away from her and drifted to the ceiling. Clarese gestured toward Jack’s bleeding body. “Come, Jack, I’ll release you outside. I hate this desert country,” she grumbled, stepping through the sandy opening. “I’m going back to the hotel for a hot bath and a nice glass of wine.”

A shimmering light seeped out of Jack's dying body. King Myrenezzer cried out as they separated, the young man's absent soul speeding along the body's final demise. A hazy cloud drifted toward Clarese and funneled into the bottle.

She corked the flask and gathered her belongings. Collecting the canvas bag and a small trunk of coins, she turned and left without a backward glance. She summoned her magic, and with a rushing wind, set the stone in place, sealing the entrance forever more.

"No, Klareeze! Please...!" King Myrenezzer shouted for her mercy.

Startled by the king's sudden, anguished cry, Tom fought to calm his nerves and banish the horror that had filled him. His legs shook so hard he feared falling out of the shimmering VisionPast tube and into the tomb to be lost forever.

Darkness filled the chamber, and silence reigned.

Tom shuddered, briefly squeezing his eyes shut. He willed his nerves to settle and chastised himself for getting so wrapped up in the scene before him. *But I felt Clarese's body writhing beneath me, and I heard the king's thoughts, felt his emotions...* No, it had to be a hallucination, a highly entertaining episode somehow created by the VisionPast team and a two-bit, albeit gorgeous, magician.

Myrenezzer left the corpse, his ghostly form pacing the tomb. Furious, he vented his frustrations, sending various items flying about the room. Chalices, small statues, weapons and jewels bounced off the walls and the lid of his sarcophagus.

"Greetings, my king. It has been a very long time."

Tom scanned the dim tomb and noticed a semi-solid figure standing where Clarese had performed her witchery.

The king halted. His back stiffened and he spun around, a mask of horror on his semi-transparent face. "Jalayla!" he said.

The scene ended abruptly, and Tom stared at the bright tube encircling him. *Was it possible that Jack was his ancestor? What about reincarnation?* It made screwy sense, and yet, it still seemed impossible. He laughed, dismissing the idea. Tom glanced down at his iridescent jeans and noticed cum had seeped through the fibers. Whether or not the fucking had actually occurred, the sex—Clarese—had felt real.

The illuminated tube slowly dissipated. Tom stepped out of the circular impression, and placing his folded hands over his crotch, waited for Garnet to finish her VisionPast session.

The sorceress walked into the chamber, her voluptuous breasts swaying seductively through her open robe. Studying her, there was no doubt in Tom's mind that she was indeed Clarese. She looked slightly older and somehow wiser, more experienced. Experienced in what, Tom wasn't sure, but a skewer of unease wriggled through his core.

The witch circled him, her gaze moving up and down his body.

"That's an interesting birthmark you have above your nape," she said, smiling wickedly, her teeth perfect, white. "It looks like you took a blow to the head." Her smile grew wider, and chuckling softly, she ambled over to the others who had begun to step out of their vision tubes.

Tom rubbed the back of his buzzed head, a weird combination of disbelief, fear and humility rippling through him. Until someone questioned him about the odd birthmark, he never thought about it. A picture of Clarese clubbing Jack with the heavy goblet flashed through his mind. He gulped, nausea gripping him.

Garnet walked towards him, but the sorceress intercepted her.

"Did you enjoy your vision?" she asked Garnet.

An enthusiastic smile lit up Garnet's face. "It was wonderful!"

“I’m so glad you enjoyed your session.”

“You know,” Garnet said, “you look so familiar.”

“Perhaps we’ve passed one another on the street or sat next to one another at an opera.”

Tom frowned, wishing Garnet would quit chatting so they could leave.

The sorceress leaned in close and whispered something into his wife’s ear. A startled expression crossed Garnet’s face, followed by a hesitant smile and a brief nod. The witch strode away, her snowy robe billowing around her, the attendant hurrying along in her wake.

“I saw a queen who looked just like me,” Garnet said as she slipped her arm through Tom’s.

A queen? He gaped at his wife. She did favor Jalayla—the crimson chamber swayed sickeningly, and he sagged against Garnet.

In the waiting room, Tom’s co-worker stood at the secretary’s desk making another VisionPast reservation. She batted her eyes at him and smiled.

Not on your Trans Gender ass, Tom thought deliberately avoiding her gaze. My cock gets me in enough trouble without anymore help from you. He drew Garnet close as they strode through the reception room.

“Are you feeling ill, honey?” Garnet asked, surprise flitting over her regal features.

“You might say that,” he answered.

The Science of Magick

by

Zinnia Hope

Air sucked at Garnet’s body. She materialized in the lobby’s arrival chamber and paused long enough to smooth her chestnut curls. The security guard posted at the building’s main entrance smiled and winked at her. Nodding to him, Garnet waved her hand in front of the exit sensor, knowing his gaze was trained on her ass. If she wasn’t so damn faithful to her louse of a husband, she’d let the guard do more than just admire her backside.

Why she didn’t just give in to the temptation was beyond her. She knew Tom was a womanizer. She’d even heard of him screwing the occasional Trans Gender. He was always too busy scoring yet another piece of ass to check and see if there was a cock in front of the genetically grown pussy. Garnet thanked her lucky stars for the current wonder drugs; if they’d lived two hundred years ago, Tom would have killed them both with the latest fuck bug. She wondered why he ever married her. After their first year of marriage, he didn’t seem to find her attractive anymore. She knew she should leave him, but for some reason unbeknownst to her, she had stayed with him for the past seven years. She’d spent the last six of those years pining for him to touch her, to caress her. Hell, she’d even settle for a wham-bam-thank-you-ma’am or a quick peck on the mouth. Tears stung her eyes, and she shoved her miserable thoughts to the back of her mind—and into the darkest closet of her heart.

Nervousness danced in her belly. *Why had* the sorceress asked to see her tonight?

She walked out onto the rubber sidewalk. The traffic hummed above the pavement and at various airborne travel lanes high above her. At the corner, Garnet stepped inside a Teleport, and the door silently materialized behind her. She paused and looked through the glass, scanning the people moving along the sidewalk. Uneasiness stirred in her gut, and although she wasn’t

comfortable about meeting the sorceress, something still drew her to the woman. She quickly touched the frequency tiles for the VisionPast complex located nine blocks away.

Air sucked at her body again, tingling permeated her core, and within seconds, she found herself looking through the glass of the Teleport on the corner of Winster and Seventy-Seventh. Exiting the booth, Garnet strode three doors down and entered the VisionPast building.

The same receptionist sat at the desk who had been working the day before. Upon noticing Garnet, the woman rose and motioned for her to follow. They traversed halfway down the long, white corridor. The secretary stopped and opened a door to a sapphire blue room. The walls, ceiling and floor gleamed with the rich color, and for a moment, Garnet was almost convinced she was deep below the ocean's surface. In the center of the room, a chaise covered in indigo velvet sat in a large circular indentation. Strange illumination added to the chamber's deep ocean effect.

"The sorceress will be with you shortly," the receptionist said and gestured toward the chaise. She turned and left the room, shutting the door behind her.

"Please sit," a young feminine voice said.

Garnet gasped and stumbled back, her high heels screeching on the polished floor. She hadn't noticed the adolescent enter the chamber. Her legs shaking under her, Garnet sat down on the lounge, the velvet fuzzy against her hands. She crossed her legs, the dim light catching the neon colors on the tips of her clear stilettos, and watched as the attendant placed a gold coin on the tip of a thin post. Light shot from the floor to the ceiling, encircling the chaise and nearly blinding Garnet.

A grand banquet hall stretched before her. In one corner, musicians played lutes, pipes, harps and lyres, their sweet melody drifting over the room like dandelion fluff. Rich tapestries of warriors in battle hung upon the stone walls. Reeds, straw, pillows and naked bodies littered the floor. Twosomes, threesomes, and many in writhing, groping masses uttered sounds of pleasure and climax. Garnet realized her mouth hung open and shut it firmly. Why would the sorceress want her to see a palace orgy?

On a pile of embroidered pillows, two well-built men caressed one another. She couldn't help but admire their tight asses and muscular bodies. A man with a dark beard and hair acted as the dominate one over the other with long, raven-black locks. *Why are the good-looking ones always gay?* The bearded one rolled his partner over, revealing the other man's face. A startled cry slipped from Garnet's lips, and her hand flew over her mouth.

Tom!

The larger, more aggressive fellow rubbed the back and buttocks of her husband's look-alike. Gently, he parted his butt cheeks, pressing the tip of his eager cock against his asshole.

Embarrassed, fiery heat flashed throughout Garnet's body. Heart pounding, she glanced away. It was just a hallucination, wasn't it? *It has to be*, she thought. *I had a blast seeing the vision where I was a queen, but it was just for fun and not real. That guy can't be Tom...*

Wherever she looked, heterosexual and same sex couples were interlocked by their mouths or genitals, and in many cases, engaged in oral sex. Curiosity drew Garnet's gaze back to the two men fucking nearby. Tom's clone kneeled, his ass in the air as the dominate one thrust in and out of him in slow, languid movements. Both wore expressions of intense pleasure, they're mouths forming Os, hands clenching cushions or hips.

Someone sat on the chaise next to Garnet, startling her.

"Do not fear," the sorceress said.

Once again, a feeling of familiarity assailed Garnet, and she asked, “Are you really here with me?”

“Yes.” A delighted look settled in the witch’s eyes.

“How?”

“Through the science of magick.”

“Why do you want me to see this orgy?” She glanced over at her husband’s doppelganger and his partner. The dominate lover grunted abruptly, his ass muscles tightening. He threw his head back, groaning to the rafters, his eyes squeezed tight in euphoria. Turning away, Garnet cupped one hand around the side of her face in an attempt to block the sight of them. “The submissive man looks just like my husband.”

The sorceress pointed, and Garnet finally noticed the queen sitting at the fore of the public frenzy, the same queen from her previous VisionPast session and who looked just like her. A king reclined next to her, a goblet in one hand, his other fondling one of the attendants. The queen leaned over and whispered to him. He nodded, and she left the dais with her servants, minus the one her husband used for his amusement.

“What do you think the odds are that a gay palace minion and a Babylonian queen would end up married in a later life?” the sorceress asked.

“That can’t be my husband,” Garnet said, her reluctant gaze returning to the gay couple.

“That man,” the witch pointed, “is your husband now, and you were and are Queen Jalayla of Babel.”

Once his partner had finished climaxing and withdrew from his body, Tom’s look-alike rose and wandered the feasting hall. As he passed the chaise, Garnet caught a whiff of male sweat and sex. *I—I can actually smell him!* She glanced around, inhaling deeply, and realized that she could also smell the aroma of baked sweets, roasted meats, and even detect the odor of lamp oil.

The Tom of the past wandered from one pile of cushions to another. He knelt next to a man with hair so black it shone blue in the lamplight. The look-alike Tom said something to him, and his new conquest smiled, making room for him on the cushions. They caressed one another and sipped from the same cup of wine, the purple liquid spilling down their chins and trickling over their chests. The look-alike captured his new lover’s lips, his mouth sampling him, one hand seeking the erection he had inspired in his partner.

His earlier lover looked on, fury in his eyes. His mouth flattened into a thin line of envy and distaste. Grabbing his robes, the former partner stormed from the banquet hall.

“Even now, thousands of years later, he is unfaithful, yes?” the sorceress asked.

An ill sensation surged through Garnet. “Yes,” she answered unable to take her gaze off of her husband’s mirror image. “Why are you doing this to me?” Nausea gripped her. She knew Tom was unfaithful without having someone rub her nose in it.

The sorceress sighed heavily and drew her long, slender legs up under her. Her pristine white robe fell open, revealing her ample breasts. She pushed locks of dark, shining hair over one shoulder and smiled.

“Let’s just say I have a score to settle,” the witch replied. “My name is Clarese. I’m also known as Klareeze of Babel, Clarezen of Egypt, Klarreezanza of Maya...”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I also scried and cast spells for Mussolini. I even offered my magick to select politicians during The Great Awakening.” She studied Garnet for a moment, a Cheshire cat grin on her luscious, iridescent-painted mouth. “My power is such that I am repeatedly reborn, receiving my

name in some form or another, and fully recalling my past lives. In each time period, I have been a magical advisor, or a witch of my own devices. This time period,” she waved her hand towards the feasting chamber, “is when it all started. In thirty years, the Tower of Babel will begin its ascent into Heaven.”

Garnet gaped at her.

Nodding, Clarese continued. “You are beginning to understand.”

“But what about showing me this scene?”

“King Myrenezzer stole two very precious things from me. I want us to join forces so that we can both have our revenge.”

“*Our* revenge?” Garnet frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Come with me. I will show you.”

“Won’t we disrupt the VisionPast if we step out of it?”

“There’s no need to step out of it. Within the circle, the possibilities are endless,” Clarese replied. She stood and walked through the living carpet of undulating bodies.

With unease permeating her every fiber, Garnet rose and picked her way amongst the people screwing. Clarese’s snowy robe billowed around her and fluttered over naked bodies as she walked through the orgy. She paused and waited for Garnet at a large, heavy door. Together, they pushed through it into a cold corridor. On bare feet, Clarese padded through a series of stone halls.

Garnet hurried to keep up, her heels echoing loudly in the quiet. How was it possible to move along them? *This—this can’t be possible. There’s no way I’m following the sorceress through a Babylonian palace. This has to be some sort of elaborate VisionPast trick.*

The sorceress led the way into a large bedchamber. In an elaborate bed, beneath a brightly woven blanket, a couple twisted and rolled together like a pair of mating snakes. A woman’s sighs of pleasure grew louder and more pronounced with each passing second. Looking askance at the witch, Garnet noted the look of fondness upon her lovely face, her full-lipped mouth quirked in a half smile. The delighted cries mounted, and Garnet realized that the woman had reached her orgasm. Discomfort slipped over her, making her wish that she could go home to Tom and their tastefully decorated apartment. She’d cook him a meal fit for a king and forget about his indiscretions. Later, they’d sip cognac—well, she’d sip while Tom gulped it. He’d get drunk and pass out; she’d snort a MovieFlake, crawl into bed, and let the flake transport her into the latest movie release.

The woman’s voice drifted across the bedchamber. “Let me please you now. I want to make you feel wonderful too.”

A body moved beneath the cover, shifting upwards so that Garnet realized that the couple had been engaged in oral sex. The woman’s dark head emerged. She rolled to the side, revealing her face and the identity of her lover. The blood drained from Garnet’s cheeks. She gaped, her mouth falling open.

Finally, she managed to whisper, “It’s not possible.”

“Yes,” the sorceress took her hand, drawing her closer to the bed, “it is possible. We were lovers.”

“No!”

“Look at them, at us.” The witch gestured at the women caressing and kissing one another. “Look hard. Don’t you remember?”

“I..”

As faint memories stirred deep within Garnet's brain, she realized why the sorceress seemed so familiar to her. She recalled chocolate drop eyes smiling at her, running hand-in-hand late at night through the garden palms, sharing sugared fruit and wine by the bathing pool, stolen kisses in dark palace corners when the king was traveling abroad...

"You're doomed to a failed marriage, Jalayla," the sorceress said. "Tom will never love you and he will always disappoint you, neglect you."

"And our revenge?" Garnet asked.

"Watch the vision unfold," the witch reached up and tucked one of Garnet's curls behind her ear, "and remember our love and the king's treachery."

The door burst open. King Myrenezzer stormed across the chamber, his robes swaying around his sandals. He yanked the cover back, revealing the witch's and Jalayla's intertwined nude bodies, their dismayed cries mingling with his shouts of outrage. He yanked the pregnant witch from the bed and ordered her to her own bedchamber.

"You were pregnant?" Garnet asked.

"Yes, by the king." The sorceress's lower lip trembled. "Jalayla was barren, and I wanted a child. I was to give birth upon the queen's loins, making the baby hers...ours, and the baby would have the king's name, ascending the throne when it was time. But there was a problem. Myrenezzer was jealous of the love between Jalayla and me."

The Babylonian sorceress rushed by them, her gown clutched in her arms. Sobbing, she fled from the chamber, her curses echoing down the hall. Standing over the queen, Myrenezzer struck her so hard she toppled from the bed and lay in a heap upon the stone floor. A pained grimace crossed Claresse's face.

Sorrow filled Garnet's heart. She had to know more. "What happened to the baby?"

"As planned, I gave birth to a boy. Jalayla and I were so happy...but shortly after the birth, we were told the infant had stopped breathing and died." The witch paused, her voice strained. "Four years later, four years of the king keeping us apart, the queen overheard two servants discussing our child. The king had had a wet nurse care for the boy, and when he was old enough, he sold him to a trader!"

The hate in her voice rolled over Garnet like a dark storm cloud. "And what became of them—of us?"

"We tried to be together whenever we could, but when the king caught us in one of our secret hideaways, he poisoned the queen. In a fit of grief, I killed him with the very same poison." The sorceress closed her eyes and drew a deep breath. "As Myrenezzer died, I rushed to Jalayla's side. She stabbed me with her ornamental dagger, and I fell into her arms, my blood bathing both of us." Her voice cracked. "If we couldn't be together in life, we'd be together in death. Regardless, my love knew what my future would be like without her. Now, I have finally found you. Do you not remember?"

"Why didn't you use your power to resurrect me instead of waiting so long?"

"I'm very powerful," she smiled at Garnet and traced the curve of her jaw, "and although the gods have allowed me to be re-born throughout the ages, they forced me to wait until the proper time that we could be together again. The gods are sometimes fickle, however, who am I to question their rules? But they have hinted that we will be a formidable force—at the *appropriate* time."

Her touch inspired more memories, and as Garnet's past life rushed in upon her, she sagged, her mind reeling. The witch caught her, and in a bright flash, the VisionPast session

ended. Slowly, Clarese lowered Garnet onto the chaise. She brushed the hair out of her eyes and placed a delicate kiss upon her mouth.

“Are you all right?” the sorceress asked.

Although her head pounded, Garnet nodded. “I’m a bit woozy, but fine.”

“What’s the meaning of this?”

Startled, Garnet twisted on the seat to find Tom standing in the doorway. The young attendant hovered nervously behind him.

“I’m sorry, mistress, but he wouldn’t stay out,” the young girl cried.

Clarese motioned towards the girl, who spun on her heel and left.

“Tom, what are you doing here?” Garnet asked. Did he care enough for her that he had suspected her of having an affair?

“I...I don’t know,” he said. “I just felt drawn here for some reason.” He scowled at her and raked his hand across his buzzed hair. “What’s going on?”

The sorceress took Garnet’s hand. “Leave him. He’s gives you nothing but loneliness and heartache.”

“Oh, hell no! You ream my ass for a couple Trans Genders, and now you’re telling me you’re switching sides?” Tom’s mouth hung open, his eyes growing round with shock.

Garnet straightened and faced her husband. “Do you love me, Tom?”

“Aw, Garnet, do we have to do this now?”

“Do you love me?”

“Let’s go home. You can fix me a nice supper, and later, we’ll talk about this while we have some cognac.” He glanced towards the doorway. “I’d rather not discuss this in front of...in front of *her*.”

Standing, Clarese looked down at Garnet. “It’s your choice.”

“You can’t be serious about *her*.” Although his face looked pale, bright color graced his cheeks. “If you do, you’ll be a—”

“A what?” Garnet snapped. “At least I’m not fucking *anything* and *everything* with a slit!”

“If you divorce me,” Tom shouted. “I’ll make sure you’re a laughing stock and you’ll not get a cent out of me.”

“I don’t need your money,” Garnet said quietly. “I have money you know nothing about. It pays to have royalty in the family tree.”

Tom stomped to the door. He yanked it open, but stopped and looked over his shoulder. “You’ll regret this!” he said and slammed the door.

Garnet slipped her hand into Clarese’s, their fingers threading tightly together.

“I won’t regret it,” Garnet whispered, smiling. “Through the science of magick, my life has only just begun.”

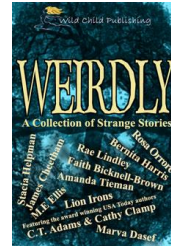
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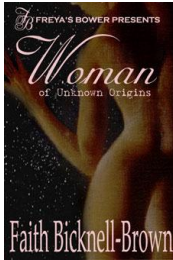
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