

Desires Fulfilled

Emily Sinclair

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Hanging up the phone, Carla got onto all fours and crawled across the living room – weaving between sex toys and equipment as she made her way closer to her best friend turned lover and soon-to-be Mistress. “As commanded, I explained to my uncle that we came here not only for the seclusion, but because we wanted to explore our sexuality and he said we could use his cabin for as long as we like.”

“Glad to hear it,” Felicity replied as she carefully turned the page of the unbelievably ancient tome she had spent the last two weeks pouring through. “It seems no matter how many pages I turn there are always the same remaining.”

“Speaking of which, when are you going to let me have a turn? I mean, we both went through that damn cave, did all those perverted things and you’ve been hogging the damn thing ever since we found it.” Raising to a kneeling position, she looked her best friend in the eye knowing what the answer would be before it ever left Felicity’s lips thanks to her newfound ability to hear what she was thinking. “I may be a slave, but I deserve the chance to learn the spells as well dammit!” she huffed.

“What are you talking about? I never...”

“You were thinking it. You think because I’m submissive, that I’ve agreed to let you own me as your property as soon as you learn about being dominant – something you haven’t even attempted since we left the cave I might add, you think I’m beneath the teachings of the book.”

“I have no idea...”

“As my best friend I’m asking you to choose your next words carefully, Felicity, or they might be the last you ever speak to me. I haven’t said anything until now, but I’ve been able to read your every thought since we left the cave. No, it’s not bullshit. Purple. Doggy position. Double anal fisting with drinking piss as a close second.” She said answering the three questions her best friend was thinking in the moment. Her favorite color, sexual position and fetishes respectively. And it doesn’t stop at the surface. For instance I know that you didn’t really lose your virginity to Brad Cooper and I am so, so sorry you had to endure that kind of abuse for so long.”

“And just how is it that you’re able to read my mind and I cannot get into yours even with magic? Also, if you ever tell anyone about my childhood I’ll transform you into a pig and sell you to a slaughterhouse.”

“I would never betray you like that, Felicity, so you can keep the threats to yourself. As for why I possess the ability and you don’t, I’ve given it some thought and the only thing I can think of is my willingness to serve as your sex slave.”

“That makes no sense at all.”

“It actually makes perfect sense. I mean, the duty of a slave is to fulfill her owner’s every desire and what better way to do that than being able to anticipate what you need before you need it? I have absolutely no way of verifying it, but I think whatever magic we encountered in that damn cave sensed this and gave me the abilities I would need to please you. But that’s beside the point. You’ve had two weeks with that book and now I want a turn to learn some of the spells. Or are you planning on keeping it to yourself?”

Felicity tried to keep the thought from forming, but it was too late and the look on her best friend’s face told her it had been read. “I’m sorry Carla, but the fact of the matter is you’re a slave and slaves don’t deserve to learn the magic.”

“I went through the same trials and deserve it every bit as much as you. Now hand it over or I’ll toss it in the fireplace and neither of us will have it.”

“It has weathered billions of years. It has seen the formation of galaxies and the collapse of stars. It has passed through universes and escaped from black holes. Do you really think a little fire is going to hurt it?” Tome in hand, Felicity got up and paced the living room – the bigger pieces of equipment moving to the sides of the room with but a wave of her hand. “Do you remember the Jaryth I said felt pity on the males of the species they placed on planets all over the universe?”

“That has nothing to do with you being a greedy bitch.”

“It has everything to do with it, Carla. Those women were like you. They were slaves one and all and they gave up all rights to their former culture to better acclimate themselves to the new. This book is Jaryth culture and thus not meant for your eyes.”

Carla was suddenly overcome with a rage she was powerless to quell. Staring into her best friend’s eyes, she honed the emotion to a razor’s edge and with a slight movement of the head, she watched as Felicity dropped the book as she screamed in horror.

“MY EYES! I...I can’t...I’m BLIND!”

“Yes, yes you are,” Carla seethed. “And you’ll remain blind while I spend the next two weeks catching up on some very heavy reading.”

“You don’t have magic! How did you make me go blind?”

“I thought about you not being able to read the book and it just happened. I guess I have the ability to keep you from abusing the power we both deserve.” Getting up, Carla walked over to her friend. “I don’t want to hear you bitching and complaining so sleep,” she said cupping Felicity’s cheek. Her friend fell to the floor like a feather and was out cold. Picking up the book, Carla went to the small bedroom, made herself comfortable on the bed and began to read – her brain translating the bizarre glyphs of the ancient language into recognizable words as quickly as her eyes passed over them.

Minutes turned to hours then days and Carla lost all sense of time as she practiced the decidedly perverse magic contained on each thick yellowed page – the skeptic and scientist in her confused at the ease with which she and her slumbering friend were able to break the known laws of physics while the budding sorceress reminded her that magic was nothing more than turning matter into energy, energy into matter and arranging things on an atomic level to turn one element into another without the need of a supernova.

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After three weeks of reading and mastering one spell after another, Carla looked into her friend’s mind and with a thought Felicity was stirring from her slumber. It took a few minutes for the nineteen year old’s vision to return and for the cobwebs to clear from her brain, and then she slowly sat up. “Thank you for returning my sight. How long was I out?”

“Three weeks.”

“THREE WEEKS! How in the hell did you keep me sleeping for three freaking weeks?”

“I guess you were just that tired. *Zel garenth duul margann*,” Carla spoke the words of a spell and the tome vanished in a puff of pale violet smoke.

“What did you do? Where is the book? I swear to god if you destroyed it I’ll...”

“You’ll what? Kill me as you’re currently thinking? Do you really care more for an old book than your best friend? Yeah, that’s what I thought and it deeply saddens me to hear you think that way. I sent the grimoire to a safe place and can bring it back when it’s needed. Go make us some dinner and we’ll talk.”

“You’re the slave, go make it yourself!” Felicity angrily growled. “And bring the book back right god damn now!”

“No. And I’m beginning to see what you really think of me and I don’t like it one bit.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? You’re the one that professed yourself a slave and said you would do anything and everything to please me.”

“True. But that doesn’t mean you get to treat me like garbage. Besides, you’re the one that said you didn’t want to train me until you’ve learned about the lifestyle. Now go make us dinner or I’ll never bring it back.”

“Fine, but when I get my hands on it you’ll never see it again.”

“Which is exactly why I sent it away. You say I am not deserving of the magic, but you...you’re the one that’s corrupting it just as the Jaryth of old. You are the reason the Grimoire of Veiled Secrets was banished from this universe, why our people were banished,” Carla said, her voice sad, ethereal as if someone else were speaking through her. “I cannot undo what has been done, but I can rein it in before it gets out of control. *Ulyem jafrok semprys!* With these words I bind you.” A sleek, rune-covered metal collar appeared around Felicity’s neck and when the ends touched they fused together so it was one continuous, unbroken band.

“What in the hell? Get this thing off of me right now Carla!”

“Once it is on there is no removing it until you have proven yourself worthy.”

“What the fuck does that mean? How do I prove myself worthy?”

“You’ll know when the collar comes off. Until then, every spell you use to harm another will rebound and effect you instead. And magic used for purely selfish reasons won’t just fail, they’ll cause you to lose something you hold dear. This, Felicity Daye, is the penalty for abusing that which we have freely given.” Carla went to her knees and then she looked up in confusion. “What happened? Why am I kneeling?” she asked, this time the voice was her own.

“What do you mean what happened? You used magic to put this collar around my damn neck and there’s no way for me to remove it!”

“I did not such thing.”

“Well, I didn’t put it on myself. Read my mind if you don’t believe me.”

“I don’t understand,” Carla said after several minutes of concentrating on her friend’s mind. “I don’t remember any of that. Whomever did it was right to do it though as you weren’t just abusing the power we have been given, but also our friendship. Since you didn’t try putting one on me, I’m guessing you didn’t get to that part of the Grimoire.”

“So you do know what it is?”

“Yes, but like I said, I don’t remember putting it on you. In fact, from what I read only the most powerful sorceresses were capable of using such magic and I’m not even in the same universe as them in terms of magical aptitude. There’s more, and you’re really not going to like this part, but as long as you’re wearing that collar you won’t be able to read the grimoire.”

“BULLSHIT!”

“No, it’s not bullshit and after dinner I’ll prove it. You may use whatever magic you already possess, but that’s it until the collar comes off. Now will you please go make us some dinner?”

Reaching up, Felicity tried to grab the collar to rip it off, but her fingernails just slipped off the thin edge. “I’m sorry I acted like a bitch and promise it won’t happen again. Will you take the collar please?”

“I appreciate the apology, but I have a feeling you don’t really mean it. As for the collar, the only way to remove it is by proving your worth.”

Humiliated and angry, Felicity fired off a spell that was supposed to turn her best friend into a lust-filled sex slave in the hopes of convincing her to remove the collar, but instead it turned at the last second, struck her square in the chest and sent her flying back against the wall next to a Saint Andrews. Doubled over, she gasped for air and then walked towards the kitchen. “I hope burgers are fine,” she said through clenched teeth.

As promised, Carla brought the grimoire of veiled secrets back from its hiding place. Placing it on the coffee table, she flipped it open and turned it so that her friend could read. Looking down, Felicity raised a brow and flipped through fifty or sixty pages in rapid succession – growing angrier and more frustrated by the second. “Okay, where’s the real fucking book?”

“That is the real book, Felicity. Like I said, as long as you’re wearing that collar you won’t be able to learn anything new.”

Slamming the ancient tome closed, Felicity picked it up and threw it into the fireplace and to her surprise it remained unsinged. “GOD DAMN IT! What in the hell did I do to deserve this sort of treatment?”

“Do I really need to explain?” Getting up, Carla walked over to the fireplace and used a pair of brass tongs to remove the book from the flames. “So, are we spending the rest of the summer here as planned or would you rather go home in the morning?”

“I’d rather go home right now.”

“Are we okay, Felicity?”

“I don’t know.”

“Really? Because your mind is loud and clear. You hate...no, despise me for what you’ve done to yourself. Jesus Christ!” Carla gasped and stumbled back as she saw a disturbing image of herself in Felicity’s mind. “You know the spell to teleport yourself home. Please go and don’t come back. Don’t...don’t ever talk to me again.”

“I’ll talk to you for as long as you’re in possession of the book and there’s nothing...” Carla shouted the words of a spell and Felicity found herself enveloped in a swirling vortex of rapidly coalescing black, red, blue and purple energy. When her friend was gone, Carla dropped to her knees and cried.