

# HARBINGER OF DARKNESS

A DEVIANT EBOOK BY  
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**\*THIS EBOOK IS A CONTINUATION OF A  
2D COMIC SERIES OF THE SAME TITLE.\***

## **CHAPTER ONE**

“I don’t know what you’re complaining about, Morgana. You always bitched because you had to be her sitter. Now you have been *relieved* of that duty.”

“Don’t patronize me, mother. I know what’s really going on here. I’ve displeased Him somehow. I don’t know what else I could have possibly done. Ophelia seems intent on spiting me.”

Morgana paced the small room as she awaits her meeting with the Dark Lord. She knew being fearful was a waste of her energy, but she couldn’t help it. She knew damn well that tonight would not end well for her. Apparently, her recent “pact” with Ophelia had been frowned upon by her Master. How was she to know that her allowance of their dark magic would displease Him so? She felt a stab of annoyance when she glanced at Lilith, her bitch-whore of a mother, and saw the smug little smirk on her face. Oh, what she wouldn’t give to wipe that look off of her face. If only she weren’t the Master’s personal fuck toy.

Morgana cast her eyes downward and resumed her frantic pacing. How much longer was she going to have to wait? She’d barely thought the question in her head when she heard a noise behind her. The hair on the back of her

neck stood up and body was overtaken by chills. It was time. He stood in the doorway, shrouded in darkness. He beckoned Morgana forward with a flick of his wrist. She was meant to follow.

He turned and disappeared from view. Morgana hesitated for a moment before she scurried after Him. She was hoping to at least have Lilith nearby during their conversation but apparently He had other plans. Her heart sank as she realized where they were headed. No, tonight was not going to be good at all.

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Ophelia knew he was behind her. She could sense him, but she could also *hear* him. It was as if he was making no attempt to stalk her quietly. Pompous ass. She almost started to think she missed Morgana...almost.

“Do you plan on huffing down my neck all night, Seire?”

“Possibly. Whatever it takes. I intend to take my duties seriously. I know what Morgana is probably going through right now, and I have no desire to be in her shoes.”

Ophelia threw her hands up in the air with disgust. Honestly, this was all getting out of hand.

“I TRULY do not understand why in the world I need to be watched 24/7 like I’m some sort of dangerous animal. I haven’t done anything to warrant this kind of shit!”

“I believe that you are looking at this wrong. You are powerful – more so than most people I’ve dealt with – and

this means that you can be *useful*. But only as He sees fit. You don't just get to go to the living world and use your magic as it pleases you. That's not how it works."

"Bullshit...that's what it is." Ophelia stomped off, hoping Seire would leave her alone for five damn minutes. She didn't want to hear any more drivel from him or from anyone. She was fucking sick of it. Mommy dearest had made it abundantly clear how royally fucked she was.

Why was it so wrong to just want to get out of this place for a little while? She hadn't asked for any of this. She wasn't *technically* a bad person; after all, she couldn't help who her parents were. Did that make her automatically evil?

Ophelia swept into her room, if that's what one could actually call it, and slammed the door shut. She knew Seire would be stationed outside, waiting for her to make a break for it. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction. Not tonight, anyway.

According to Lilith, Morgana would be taking the brunt of the blame for the little experiment that both of them had participated in. She just wanted to feel normal for a little while. She never in a million years would have expected things to sour so quickly. It wasn't anything she could have imagined. In fact, she might have done better to actually listen to Morgana. She'd been right. The humans took her gift and grossly misused it.

A fucking waste, that's what it was. As promised, Morgana had allowed her to return in a month's time to check on her so-called friends. Ophelia was fully prepared

to rub her success in Morgana's face. Yet, it was not meant to be. The assholes had changed dramatically in such a short time.

Ophelia knew she'd never make that mistake again. But that didn't change the fact that she wanted to be up there. Surely not ALL of them were completely worthless. Even so, it was still better than being here. As she plotted her next escape, her mind wandered. She couldn't help but think of Morgana. Sure, she was a giant pain in the ass, but Ophelia knew damn well that there was going to be suffering involved – she just didn't know how much.

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“Master, please! I beg you for mercy!”

Morgana's screams echoed around the spacious room, but her pleading did no good. She did everything she was told and stayed below the radar. She'd only been trying to teach Ophelia a lesson. She never dreamed it would come to this.

“SILENCE! I've heard enough of your petulant whining.” He stalked around the room, but Morgana didn't dare cast her eyes upon him.

She knew what was coming...punishment like no other. It usually came in one of three forms that He enjoyed doling out – eternal suffering which was worse than what most already faced down here, eternal servitude, which usually entailed being His bitch and doing whatever task

he deemed relevant until you were no longer useful, and finally, debasement of a sexual nature.

Morgana knew what Lilith was often used for and she fervently hoped that He would not decide upon that path of punishment for her.

He circled her once more, this time more slowly. She still stared at the floor. Her knees were aching and she wanted to flee but knew it would be pointless. Finally, he reached a decision.

“As punishment for your crimes, you will join Lilith in her daily services to myself and my army. I should warn you that I am being lenient as a favor to Lilith. If you should displease me or anyone that I send to you, I will find something far worse to torment you with.”

He grabbed her arm roughly and dragged her to her feet. She tried to keep the emotions off of her face as he pulled her from the room. Sexual play toy – that was her future. If she ever saw Ophelia again, she would kill her.

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Seire paced outside of the female’s room, seething. He could not believe that he had been reduced to this – nothing more than a petty caregiver. The Dark Lord had long been displeased with Seire’s services due to his nature. It wasn’t his fault that his talents weren’t deemed “devious” enough to please Him.

Seire was a thief, and a damn good one. His knack for robbery and thievery was skillfully honed over a vast

period of time. Perhaps his indifference to pain, suffering, and death was the reason for his disfavor to his Master. There were others in league with Seire who would take great pleasure in torturing innocents and then slitting their throats, all for mere sport. Those *men*, to use the term loosely, always seemed to be in approval of their leader.

Mostly, Seire was allowed to carry on with his business as long as he performed his required tasks accordingly. But his last mission had not gone as planned and he was being reprimanded for his failure.

Now, he was stuck on this detail – watching a particularly cunning girl and keeping her from making her way out of this realm as she so often liked to do. It didn't make any sense to him. His talents were being wasted on this stupidity. Perhaps that was his true punishment – never being allowed to use his skills again.

It could have been worse...far worse. In fact, he'd known many that had failed and had never been seen again. He listened to make sure the girl was still inside her room. The last thing he wanted to do was admit failure again to his Master. He was quite certain there would be no leniency for a second time.

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Ophelia would have to be smart about her escape this time. She knew Seire's powers and knew why He had chosen this particular guard for her. It was extremely difficult for most to cross between realms. Seire was

exceedingly capable of crossing back and forth, doing so with no real effort. It had taken her years to figure it out and she still had not mastered it yet.

She had to admit, Seire was still better than Morgana. As siblings, they fought constantly, especially since Morgana never quite seemed to receive the recognition she felt she deserved for her services. Ophelia, however, seemed to get away with a lot more without ever being truly reprimanded.

Lilith had let it slip once that He had seen something in Ophelia that pleased Him and that He had great plans for her someday. Ophelia didn't care – she hoped that one day, she'd be able to cross over and figure out how to shroud herself for good. It had been a long, grueling road she'd tread, learning to use her powers, but she was getting better and better. She was a natural.

Ophelia heard Seire stirring outside of the door and she forced herself to ignore him. She needed to concentrate. She had to find a way to get past him. As she thought about Seire, she realized she was spending too much time thinking about his looks. He was what most would call beautiful, to say the least. In fact, she was certain that's how he'd perfected his skills as a thief over the centuries. He was tall, with dark hair and a chiseled face. And if the information she'd uncovered about him was correct, he was also able to manipulate the minds of humans. He could make them see what he wanted to see, himself included. It was no wonder He found Seire useful.



As far as Ophelia could tell, Seire wasn't exactly malevolent, which did not work in his favor. Lilith had been quick to advise her of Seire's failure and subsequent punishment, which happened to be her security detail. She shook her head, trying to chase thoughts of Seire away. He was a manipulator, and even though he might not be grotesquely evil, he was still no good for her. She was about as pure as they came down here.

Though, if she managed to sneak past Seire and return to the human world, her purity would be tested. She had plans for the three humans that had wronged her and she wasn't sure her intended actions would go unnoticed this time. She was going to make them pay for their lack of gratitude. Who knows – maybe Mother was right and He knew what was deep inside of her. She could almost feel it clawing to get out.

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The Dark Lord smiled as he settled into his throne. He knew Ophelia would make Him proud and become one of His greatest soldiers. She was already coming into her power beautifully and she had barely tapped into it. She had yet to be truly jaded by the humans, but once she was, she would understand why they were merely bugs that needed to be squashed.

Seire, despite being angry at his demotion, would do a good job of keeping her safe. He never intended for the girl to be forbidden from returning to the human world,

but He wanted to make sure she was capable of using her powers wisely. Seire was the perfect person to help her reach her full potential.

He already had great plans for the girl. It wouldn't be long now. Once she had a taste of the wickedness that was hiding inside of her, she'd never turn back. He'd made sure her little pet project with the humans had gone wrong to hurry things along. Yes, it wouldn't be long now. And just in time to set things in motion that He'd been planning for quite some time. Ophelia would be his greatest weapon and fiercest ally...all she had to do now was accept her fate.

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Ophelia had done it. She was back in the human realm and it had taken virtually no effort. Her powers were growing. It scared her at times but she also felt exhilarated at the possibilities before her. She knew it wouldn't be long before Seire realized she had disappeared and he would be after her far more quickly than Morgana had ever managed.

She had dressed in her usual attire – black leather skirt that was too short to be appropriate, black shirt that was artfully shredded in places to show the right amount of skin for her liking, and knee-high boots with killer heels. She had her dark hair pulled back into a girly ponytail with tendrils of hair hanging down and framing her face. She looked hot...she knew it and wasn't afraid to admit it.

She looked at her surroundings and realized she had appeared not far from the wretched human's house – Maggie. It had only been a few days since Morgana had coaxed her to return to see what had become of the human girls. Ophelia hadn't cared for what she'd witnessed.

Dana had gotten her heart's desire and had awoken to find herself with larger than normal breasts. Maggie had sought to be thin and she'd also been gifted with her desire. Ophelia thought that, upon her return, the two would be ecstatic in their new lives and happy to see their friend.

She couldn't have been more wrong. These two that she'd attempted to befriend had changed and, despite her attempts at friendship, they would have nothing to do with her.

It would seem that in the short amount of time that Ophelia had returned to her own realm, Maggie and Dana had become rather popular amongst their peers. It was pathetic how no one seemed to question their "magical" transformations. Humans really were pathetic.

When Ophelia first made contact, she soon realized that she was being ostracized by both of the girls. They apparently had done exactly as Morgana had predicted. They had taken her gift and twisted it, allowing it to change them into hateful, spiteful, arrogant assholes – the exact kind of "people" that Ophelia was running from. If she'd wanted to associate with those types, she would have stayed put.

Apparently, Ophelia was too much of a freak to be seen hanging out with the new popular girls, so they had cast her aside without a second thought. Dejected, she had returned with Morgana and had almost vowed to never return. However, once she realized that Morgana was paying a heavy price for what had transpired, she made another decision. Ophelia would not stand for such injustice. It had been her actions that had caused this mess and her sibling was paying for it. The two insolent girls that had received her charity were oblivious to the price it had cost.

However, they were going to understand exactly what had been given to them and they WOULD pay for it. Morgana would not suffer alone. Ophelia smiled as she walked towards Maggie's house, a plan unfurling in her mind. She felt the beast slaving inside of her, and she was almost ready to let it out.

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"I don't know what to tell you. I've said it over and over again. How many more times are you going to make me say it?" Maggie's voice was shrill as she seethed with anger. Caleb just would NOT leave her alone. Fuck...show a guy your tits ONE time and he was fucking obsessed.

"C'mon, Maggie...I thought, y'know...I though me and you..." Caleb kicked at the ground with his shoe, not looking her in the eye.

“You thought we were what, Caleb? Together? No fucking way. I took pity on you, that’s all. I have a boyfriend now.” Maggie tossed her hair over her shoulder and sighed. “What happened in detention that day was a mistake, and something that will NEVER happen again.”

“Yeah, yeah...I get it. I just don’t understand what happened to you Maggie. You used to be so nice. And now...fuck...just forget it.” Caleb turned and stormed off towards his car parked at the curb.

Maggie almost felt a twinge of guilt as she watched him go. Not long ago, she’d had a crush on Caleb. But that was *before*. Now, she had guys falling all over her. Her money had never really bought her any attention, but now that she was loaded AND hot...she couldn’t keep the guys off of her.

Maggie watched Caleb drive off. She had the creeping sensation that she was being watched, but a quick scan of the neighborhood and she realized she was being silly. There was no one around. At least, that’s what she told herself. She tried to make herself walk at a normal pace back into the house, but she found herself rushing.

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Ophelia watched with disgust as Maggie shot Caleb down in a cruel manner. Just a few weeks ago she would have likely given an arm and a leg to get his attention and now she was giving him the cold shoulder.

Fucking cunt. She was going to pay, but first, for some unknown reason, Ophelia felt herself having pity for Caleb. She looked back at Maggie's house and made a quick decision. Instead of walking up the sidewalk to the front door, she took off after Caleb. She focused her mind on him and suddenly found herself on a new street.

She recognized Caleb's car as it drove down the street, heading straight for her. She ducked behind a tree as he passed. She watched as he whipped his car into a driveway on the opposite side of the road. He got out of the car, slamming the door a little harder than necessary, and stalked into the house. Ophelia was pretty certain that Caleb was home alone. She debated for a moment and decided to just knock on his door.

She walked across the street and tapped on the door. She heard Caleb scrounging around inside, his footsteps getting louder as he ran to get the door.

Ophelia noted his surprise as Caleb pulled the door open.

"Oh, hey. Um, wasn't expecting you. I thought you moved or something." Caleb was having trouble looking her in the eye.

Ophelia's rage bubbled just below the surface. She wanted to know if he was having trouble looking at her because he was nervous or because he thought she was a freak. She intended to find out.

"Hey, Caleb. Yeah, I, um, moved. It was something that came up pretty quick. But I was back in town visiting Dana and Maggie and I thought I'd stop by to see you, too. You

three were really the only ones I got to know while I was here.”

Caleb finally looked up at her when she mentioned Dana and Maggie. She caught the flash of irritation in his eyes.

“Yeah, that’s cool. I’m not really hanging with Maggie or Dana, though. They are kind of different than they were before. I guess they are too good for me now. Not that that’s surprising.”

Ophelia felt something for poor Caleb. She knew what it was like to be shunned and treated like an outcast by others. And to be treated that way by others that had been just like him, well, that was some rough shit.

Ophelia didn’t think before she acted. One minute she was having a conversation and the next thing she knew, her mouth was on Caleb’s. She understood his reticence with her, but he quickly got over whatever he was thinking. He responded to her with real force, dragging her inside the house and slamming the door shut behind them.

He pushed her up against the wall and ravaged her mouth with his tongue. Ophelia felt stirrings deep inside. She’d always kept this side of herself in check to avoid repercussions that were bound to happen if she were to give into her more carnal side.

She pushed Caleb away for a moment as she panted and tried to catch her breath. He mistook her actions for rejection. She wanted to remedy that immediately. She grabbed the front of his t-shirt with her fist and pulled him

towards her until he was an inch from her mouth, but she didn't kiss him.

"Show me your bedroom," she whispered.

Caleb wasted no time. He grabbed her hand and practically dragged her up the stairs. Once inside his room, he shut and locked his door. He stared at Ophelia with disbelief clear in his eyes. She sauntered towards him and hooked her finger into the waistband of his jeans. She jerked him closer and slammed him into her. She leaned her face close to his so she could whisper in his ear.

"If you could have one thing, Caleb, what would it be?" Ophelia asked.

"A big dick," he answered without hesitation.

"Why is that?" she asked.

"So I could stop being such a loser and some fucking girls would have something to do with me."

"I'm a girl, and I'm trying to have something to do with you," Ophelia reminded him with a coy smile.

"Yeah, well, I'm not sure you're real. I'll probably wake up any minute now." Caleb seemed afraid to touch her.

Ophelia recited a quick incantation in her head and felt the warmth spreading through her body until it reached her fingers. If Caleb hadn't been so bewildered, he might have noticed the slight glow emanating from her hands.

Ophelia reached down and grasped Caleb's crotch, eager to see if her dark magic had worked. He shuddered at her touch, but not in a way that would have pissed her off.



She shoved him backwards, almost knocking him down. He backed up towards his bed until his legs hit the edge of his mattress. She dropped to her knees in front of him and quickly undid his fly. She yanked his jeans off and stared at the considerable bulge that awaited her inside his underwear.

She eased his underwear down until they fell to his ankles. Caleb quickly stepped out of pants and yanked his t-shirt over his head, throwing it on the floor. Ophelia smiled up at him and it was then that he noticed his cock, which was already mostly hard.

“What the fuck?” Caleb yelled as he stumbled backwards. He tripped and fell backwards onto his bed. He stared at his dick, wide-eyed and disbelieving. She had done some pretty good work. Caleb’s dick was massive now. It had to be at least ten inches long and she had tripled its original girth. His dick head was swollen and hard. She couldn’t wait to feel that inside of her.

Ophelia shimmied out of her skirt and yanked her own shirt off so that she was only wearing panties and a bra. Caleb hadn’t even glanced at her. It was almost cute.

She clambered on top of him and took his huge dick in her hands. There...she finally had his attention. He gulped as he looked up at her.

“I knew this was a dream,” he murmured. “Fuck it...might as well see where it goes,” he said with resolve.

Ophelia smiled down at him as she pulled her panties to the side, revealing her damp slit. She grabbed Caleb’s hand and guided him to her crotch. His mouth was

hanging open in utter astonishment. She slipped his fingers inside her warm flesh, easing him in and out of her. He groaned.

“Holy fuck!” Caleb exclaimed, his eyes rolling back in his head.

Ophelia released his hand and Caleb continued his exploration of her wet pussy. After a few moments of finger fucking, Ophelia was ready to ride his massive cock. She pushed his hand to the side and climbed atop his dick, straddling him. She watched his face as she eased herself onto him, enjoying his expression. It looked like he was going to pass out.

She took his entire length inside of her and stopped moving. She reached behind her and unhooked her bra, letting it fall down her arms. She flung it off of the side of the bed. Caleb looked up in amazement at her bulging, firm breasts. He tentatively reached up with one hand but hesitated just inches from them. Ophelia slammed his hand onto her tits and squeezed, letting him know that she wanted him to touch her.

While Caleb clumsily grabbed at her boobs, she tightened herself around his shaft. She felt him shudder beneath her. She raised herself up fractionally and eased herself back down. Caleb groaned again.

Ophelia allowed all of her frustrations and irritations of the last few weeks to seep out of her as she fucked Caleb. She had to admit that he was pretty good. After a few minutes of riding him, Ophelia climbed off and turned around, getting on all fours. Caleb needed no further

invitation. He sidled up behind her and rammed his cock into her waiting flesh.

Ophelia let out a grunt of pure pleasure. Caleb slammed into her over and over again, not bothering to be cautious with her. She was grateful for that. She wanted a punishment fuck right now.

Caleb reached around with one hand and grasped her bouncing tit, pulling on the nipple with his thumb and forefinger. Ophelia moaned again. She enjoyed the feel of his balls slapping against her as he pounded her from behind. His enormous dick filled her completely and stroked every inch of her pussy. It was fantastic.

Ophelia could tell that Caleb was getting close. In fact, she was honestly surprised he'd made it this long without shooting his load. She decided to give him one more treat. She slid away from him and quickly turned around. Before he could react, she had taken his cock in her hands and shoved it into her mouth. It was quite a feat, considering how big his dick was now.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck! What the fuck is going on?" Caleb groaned as his eyes slid closed.

Ophelia took him even deeper into her mouth. He tasted phenomenal. She couldn't wait for his hot, salty liquid to squirt down her throat. She sucked harder, tightening her mouth around him.

Caleb grabbed her hair and forced her down even farther. He bucked his hips as he fucked her mouth. Ophelia sped up, sucking faster and faster. She cupped his

balls in one hand and squeezed. They were surprisingly heavy.

Caleb started grunting and groaning again, and Ophelia felt him begin to tense. She sucked even harder as his whole body went rigid. She tasted the delicious liquid as it poured out of him. It filled her mouth and exploded on her tastebuds. She swallowed again and again until all of the cum was milked out of him. When he was done, he sagged back onto the bed. Ophelia straightened up and wiped her mouth. Caleb had proved to be a very pleasant pastime.

Caleb threw his arm over his eyes as he panted, trying desperately to catch his breath. It was a good thing he wasn't paying attention, because it was at that moment that Ophelia realized she wasn't alone in the room with Caleb. Seire had come for her and he'd wasted no time finding her. The question was, how long had he been there?

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*Disgusting, that's what this was.* Seire had finally realized that Ophelia had somehow given him the slip and snuck out. He had a little trouble finding her, but it didn't take him too long. But what in the world was she doing with that guy? He was nothing special, even for a human.

Seire watched in amused repulsion as Ophelia fucked the puny little human. He was also surprised to note that he felt a stirring as he watched Ophelia's naked body slither and glide over Caleb's.

He chased that thought out of his head. He knew who this girl was, and he had no intention of complicating things with her. She was obviously special to their Master so Seire would take great care to keep things professional.

He waited for her to finish up with the boy and once she had, he made himself known. He didn't want to take too much time in securing her and getting her back where she belonged. He was absolutely certain they were being monitored by the Dark One.

Ophelia looked horrified at first when she realized Seire was watching, but then a different emotion played across her face. He couldn't quite place it, but he felt that stirring again. He jerked a finger towards her and then pointed at the door. She got the message. The boy was still wheezing on the bed with his eyes covered, as if this whole thing wasn't real. Maybe it would be a good thing for the boy if he stuck with that scenario.

Ophelia lazily climbed off the bed and Seire watched as her eyes glowed and her lips formed silent words. She was using more dark magic. He wasn't sure if he should try to stop her, but he decided against it. Master never told him to prevent her from using her magic – only to keep her where she belonged.

Seire noticed a change in the air almost immediately. He no longer heard the boy's labored breaths. *Impressive*, he thought. She was more powerful than he had originally given her credit for. She'd just suspended time. That took great skill and some hidden talents. He was even more weary of her now.

“Took you long enough,” she snapped as she began to gather her clothes.

Seire didn’t bother to avert his eyes. He watched as she slowly dressed herself, and he noted that she didn’t seem to mind that he was watching. Although, seeing her naked was sort of redundant at this point – he had just watched her fucking some guy, after all.

“Yes, well, you were pretty deceptive. I didn’t realize you were gone for quite some time. And then I couldn’t locate you immediately. I’m guessing you found some particular spell that keeps you cloaked?”

“Haha! I’ll never tell you my secrets...I’m not THAT stupid. Besides, I didn’t want to make it *too* hard for your first time. I wouldn’t have wanted you to give up on me,” she said with a snort.

It was annoying how she talked to him. It was as if she was the one in charge. It also annoyed him to think that that might not be too far from the truth, either. He’d had centuries of practice and time devoted to perfecting his skills, and she was a youngling that was already showing great potential. He was afraid she was going to quickly surpass him. He shuddered to think what might happen to him if he ceased to be useful.

“Don’t worry about that. I’m not going anywhere.” He scooped her shirt off of the floor and flung it at her. Seire was ready to get back to his own realm.

Ophelia winked and then sauntered past him, disappearing through the door. Suddenly, time snapped back and the boy sat up on the bed. Seire heard a quiet

laugh from the hallway, and he knew Ophelia had done it on purpose. Caleb was staring at him with fear and confusion plain on his face.

“What the fuck?” he screeched, realizing he was naked and shuffling out of bed to grab his pants. “Who the fuck are you and why are you in my room?”

He saw a flash of light coming from the doorway and Caleb blinked. He suddenly looked muddled. Ophelia stuck her head in the room, smiling at Seire.

“Well, come on then...let’s get out of here before Caleb comes back to reality. He’s not going to remember any of this.” She wiggled her fingers at Caleb and Seire watched with horror as the boy’s penis began to shrink back to normal size. Caleb still seemed oblivious to what was going on around him.

“What did you do that for?” Seire asked as he followed Ophelia out of the room.

“I’ve seen what my magic does to the humans. Caleb is a decent guy, and I don’t want to turn him into a monster like those other two bitches. He will get by just fine on his own without any help from me.”

Ophelia was out the front door quickly with Seire right on her heels. He reached his hand out and put it on her shoulder, ready to take them both back to their own world, but she grabbed his hand, startling him.

“Wait. I need to do something first. I kind of got sidetracked with Caleb. One quick stop, I promise.” Ophelia looked at Seire expectantly.

Did she really believe that he was just going to allow her to continue traipsing around when she wasn't even supposed to be here? Maybe he was being too lenient.

"I don't think so. We're going back...now. You aren't supposed to even be here, and the longer we stay, the worse it will be for the both of us."

"You mean, the worse it will be for you, right? I don't ever seem to get into any trouble for my bad behavior." Ophelia was smarter than she acted.

"Yes, fine. It will be worse for me. And in turn, I will make it worse for you," he threatened.

"Oh, yeah? And how exactly do you think you are going to do that?" she taunted.

"Don't worry about it. As long as you do as you're told, you won't have to find out."

"Oh, I'm not worried about it. I know all about you and you are about as tame as a kitten. I'm not particularly scared of you. I know the only reason He assigned you to me is because of your ability to cross between worlds. Lilith is my mother, for fuck's sake. I've been threatened with way worse things."

Ophelia turned around and walked a few steps. Seire was seriously pissed. How dare she talk to him like that? Maybe he wasn't the most sinister, dark demon around, but he wasn't a *good* guy, either. That little bitch. He was going to show her who was in charge. He reached out to grab her hair, planning on dragging her back, but she disappeared before he could touch her. Fucking hell.



\* \* \* \* \*

Ophelia appeared outside of Maggie's house once again, knowing Seire would be along shortly. She quickly said a spell that would keep her hidden for a little while, but she knew it wouldn't last forever.

She waited for a moment before walking up to the house. She really hoped that Maggie would have a better attitude this time. Somehow, Ophelia still had residual feelings of friendship towards Maggie and Dana, even though they'd treated her like a leper just mere days ago. She knew better, though.

Ophelia rolled her shoulders back and forth as if she were preparing to do some heavy lifting. She walked up and rang the doorbell, waiting for Maggie's heavy steps to reach the front door. She still walked as if she were overweight. Something akin to butterflies erupted in Ophelia's stomach. She had no idea why she was so nervous. Maybe she was hoping to be proved wrong and she could go back home without feeling so betrayed.

The front door slammed open and Ophelia immediately knew her hopes were futile. The sneer that appeared on Maggie's face said it all.

"What are *you* doing here?" she scoffed.

Ophelia sized the girl up. The anger bubbling inside of her chased the butterflies away. She could feel her dark powers pulsing just below the surface, demanding to be set free.

“Oh, I just wanted to see how you were doing,” Ophelia lied with a fake smile plastered on her face.

“Yeah, right. Look, I don’t know what it is with you freaks, but I’m getting sick of it. First Caleb and now you again. I don’t know how to say this any more clearly – leave...me...alone. I don’t want anything to do with you. I’m popular now and I’ll be damned if I’m going to be associated with the freaks of nature anymore.”

Ophelia watched as Maggie adjusted her bra and smoothed by her styled hair. She noted the designer clothes that Maggie was wearing. She had to admit, the bitch looked good. It was some of her better work. Maggie was wearing a tight pink lace-up halter top and even tighter bright white shorts that showed every inch of leg. She’d even had mani-pedis done in a vivid pink to match her shirt. Ophelia knew exactly why Maggie was so popular. Her parents were loaded and now with Ophelia’s help, she looked phenomenal. She was probably the hottest bitch at school...except for maybe Dana.

And yet, Maggie seemed oblivious to it all. How did she think she got like that? When Ophelia had first cast her dark spells on Maggie and Dana, she’d had to flee with Morgana. And when she returned a month later, both of the girls had been so awful that Ophelia never got the chance to explain what she’d done for them.

She knew she wasn’t supposed to talk about her dark powers, but, at the time, she thought she could trust them. She thought they were here friends. She thought wrong. And now, here stood her work right in front of her,

and instead of thanks and gratitude, this fucking cunt was treating her like shit. Well, Ophelia had something for that.

Maggie looked as if she wanted to slam the door right in Ophelia's face, but before she could move, Ophelia darted into the house, the door slamming shut behind her even though no one had touched it.

"What the fuck?" Maggie yelled, startled. "Get the fuck out of my house!"

"Gladly," Ophelia replied with an ominous smile. "But first, I want to let you in on a little secret."

Ophelia's hand twitched and Maggie was suddenly lifted an inch off of the floor. Ophelia's powers were pulsating now, and she enjoyed the rush. Maggie flew backwards and landed on her ass. She scabbled around on the floor, trying to get up and run, but Ophelia's hand twitched again and Maggie was pinned down. It was nice to be able to control someone without even touching them. Ophelia hadn't used this skill much before...it had always been too hard, but now it seemed like second nature.

Ophelia walked around the foyer, looking up at the photos that adorned the wall, seeming to be disinterested in the girl lying on the floor fighting an invisible force that held her there.

"What are you—" Maggie started, but Ophelia's hand flicked towards her again, and this time Maggie's mouth snapped shut. She was tired of hearing the girl talk.

“Enough. I want you to listen now.” Ophelia took her time, not wanting to rush things. She looked at the photos of little Maggie as she progressively aged along the wall.

“You know, you used to be so nice. What happened to you?” Ophelia asked. “You and Dana, you accepted me as a friend, even though you didn’t know me. I was an outside, like both of you. I really thought for a minute that you humans weren’t as bad as my sister said.

“I understood your pain, your need to fit in, your aggravation at being different. I knew what it felt like. So when I used my powers to give you what you most desired, I thought you would be grateful. Instead, I got cast aside like an old toy. I came back today to give you one more chance at redemption. But, you squandered it with your vanity and your self-obsession.”

Ophelia reached the last photo on the wall, the most recent photo of Maggie, when she was overweight but still nice.

Maggie was still struggling on the floor, small noises trying to escape her clamped mouth. Ophelia turned her attention to the girl, crouching down beside her. She watched as Maggie’s eyes went wide with fear. That was good. She needed to be afraid.

“I was a little disappointed in you, Maggie. I saw how you treated Caleb today. He didn’t deserve that. Especially since you were all over him just a few weeks ago. Why does a new body cause you to change your entire personality? I would have never used my powers on you if I had known just how appalling you were inside. You could

have had Caleb. But you got greedy, and I know the kinds of guys you are hanging with. Don't be fooled – they are only using you because you've got money and, for the moment, a body that they can pillage. Caleb would have been the real deal, and he would have made you happy.

“Enough with all that,” Ophelia said, straightening up. She knew Seire would be here any second, and he would be pissed.

“Maggie, I'm going to teach you a lesson. Maybe next time you'll be a little more appreciative when someone does something for you. And maybe you'll figure out how to not be such a worthless person.”

Ophelia twisted her hands in midair and Maggie shot up off of the ground. She was suspended in front of Ophelia, still unable to speak.

“I think the greatest gift I could give you now would be to take away what I already gave you.” Ophelia's mouth murmured the nearly silent words as she cast another spell on Maggie. She watched as the girl's figure started to morph and change before her eyes.

Seconds later, Maggie's clothes started to rip apart at the seams as her body got too big to be contained. Her belly split her tiny shirt and it fell away in shreds. Her breasts spilled out of her tight bra and her shorts exploded as her ass and thighs bulged beneath the fabric.

Apparently, Maggie hadn't bothered to wear any panties. Ophelia stared at the girl in front of her. She was completely naked now. Her massive breasts sagged without the support of a bra, her gigantic belly protruded

and was still jiggling like Jell-O, and her thighs pushed together even though her feet were spread apart.

The horrified look on Maggie's face was almost comical. Ophelia flicked her wrist and Maggie's mouth popped open, allowing her to speak again. Ophelia waited for the sobbing and the begging and the groveling that was coming, maybe even an apology or two. Instead, Maggie surprised her once again.

“YOU FUCKING BITCH! WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME? I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T FIX ME RIGHT THIS FUCKING INSTANT!”

Ophelia stood there, stunned. Maggie was still suspended in the air, naked and back to her original body. She didn't seem surprised at Ophelia's powers or even respectful of her. She was cussing her out. That pissed her off.

“What kind of fucking freak are you?” Maggie barked at her before Ophelia could react.

“Me? I'm the freak? I think you've got that backwards,” Ophelia snapped.

“Yeah, you're the freak! Now fucking give me back my body and maybe I won't get my football boyfriend to beat your ass!”

Threats...really? Was she REALLY that stupid? Did she not understand what was happening here? Or was she just so used to getting her way and having people bail her out because of her money that she really didn't comprehend who had the upper hand in this situation?

It didn't really matter. She was going to teach her respect, the hard way.

"You know, you amaze me, Maggie...you really do. I just can't wrap my mind around someone like you, you ungrateful cunt. So I'm going to make sure you REALLY learn your lesson today."

Ophelia clenched her hands together, balling them into fists. Maggie dropped unceremoniously to the floor with a loud THUD. She groaned and flattened out on her back, legs splayed open with her snatch visible to the whole world, if anyone would even want to look at it. They probably wouldn't once Ophelia was done with it.

Ophelia muttered words under her breath and watched with glee as Maggie's body began to slowly grow and expand. She figured the best way to teach the bitch a lesson would be to humiliate her worse than she already had...by giving her a body that even Caleb wouldn't touch.

Maggie's breasts became engorged and flopped to the sides under her outstretched arms. Next, her belly swelled and stretched as more fat accumulated under the surface. Her ass began to spread out wider and wider and her thighs plumped up.

"Oh fuck! What's happening? What are you doing? Stop it!" Maggie began to scream.

Ophelia imagined it was probably quite painful. She could see Maggie's taut skin glistening as it was stretched to the max. Maggie honestly looked like a sow ready to give birth. A fitting description, really...Maggie was indeed a little piggy.

“I can stop, Maggie. I *want* to stop. And I will stop...it’s all up to you, though.”

All Ophelia wanted was for Maggie to show a little compassion. She didn’t figure she would have to torture the girl much longer to cause her to repent.

“What do you mean? What the fuck do you want from me?” Maggie yelled.

“Show me that you deserve to live, you miserable excuse of a human. Show me that somewhere deep inside, you have a modicum of decency!”

Maggie once again surprised Ophelia. She’d just told the bitch how she could get her to stop. Instead of relenting and trying to appease Ophelia, she laughed. It had a slight maniacal edge to it.

“Really? Are you fucking serious? You have GOT to be joking! What is this? A fuckin’ after school special? Sure, sure...I’ve seen the error of my ways. Now I’m going to repent and my heart will grow bigger and I’ll adopt a bunch of fuckin’ puppies and serve soup to blind nuns. You are more goddamn stupid than I thought!” Maggie laughed again even though she had to be in pain. Her body was still slowly expanding. It looked like someone had attached a hose to her and was filling her up like a water balloon. She almost had no discernable shape now...

Ophelia was disgusted. Obviously there was no hope for this miserable cunt. She was evil to the core. Maybe she should take her home to meet the family...she’d fit right in.



“Fine. I understand. You are just a worthless bitch. I’m tired of wasting my time on you.” Ophelia was beyond disgusted. It was sad, but she was actually ready to go home. She was appalled at Maggie’s behavior and attitude and she was ready to get away from her.

Ophelia dropped her hands and Maggie stopped swelling. She couldn’t decide if she should leave her like she was or put her back in her old body. Before she could come to a decision, she felt Seire’s presence.

He was outside the house. She could feel the rage emanating off of him. She was just about done, though. All she had to do was figure out what shape to leave Maggie in, cast a spell to make her forget about what happened, and then put this shitty day behind her.

Ophelia had decided to put Maggie back in her old body. She watched as the girl began to shrink and the grotesquely bloated body slowly disappeared. Leave it to Maggie, though, to not keep her mouth shut. She just couldn’t leave well enough alone.

“Yeah, you better fuckin’ fix it. You are in SUCH deep shit, bitch. You wait until my Daddy gets home. I’m going to have his lawyers so far up your ass you’ll be shitting \$5,000 suits.” Maggie glared at Ophelia.

Ophelia scoffed. She looked around, half expecting Lilith to be standing in the corner. It would make more sense that this was a prank. But it wasn’t. Maggie was just that crazy.

Ophelia felt the tiny, almost indiscernible snap inside of her. Something had broken. Or maybe something had

snapped into place. She wasn't sure which. Calm took the place of her rage at this pathetic creature before her.

She was Ophelia, daughter of Lilith and the Dark Prince. She was powerful and cunning. She was meant for far greater things than petty human bullshit. And she didn't have to take any crap from this mouthy fucking bitch. Maggie was dirt on her shoes, an insignificant speck of putrid flesh that didn't deserve Ophelia's time and attention.

Seire burst through the front door, but Ophelia wasn't in the mood for a lecture. She flung her hand up Seire flew backwards out the door. The door slammed shut. She only needed a minute to finish up.

She turned her attention back to Maggie. She cleared her mind and concentrated on the spell that popped into her head. She could feel her power seeping out of every pore on her body.

Maggie began to scream, but Ophelia barely heard her. She was too ecstatic at what was happening, what she was *causing* to happen. She saw Maggie's body swell as it began to balloon again. She watched the overstretched skin begin to thin and finally rip under the strain of the fat under the surface. Maggie's body was unrecognizable – no one could have determined which body part was which at first glance.

The screams turned frantic as Maggie's body began to burst at the seams. It was similar to sausage being overstuffed in a casing. At some point, the casing couldn't hold any more. Ophelia watched with excitement and mild

detachment. The screams finally ceased. She wasn't sure if Maggie had passed out or what. Her body kept expanding until it finally shuddered and literally popped. Chunks of Maggie littered the foyer and spattered the walls. Ophelia flicked a piece off of her arm. Gross.

"Guess the bitch should have shown me a little respect," Ophelia whispered with delight. She felt no sympathy, no guilt at what had just happened. Other feelings were there, though. Exhilaration filled her up. She bounced to the door, ready to face Seire now. She turned around and blew a kiss to the quivering pile of flesh that was one Maggie Jones.

"Let's see how many boys come knocking now, Maggie!" Ophelia said with a laugh. She quietly shut the door behind her and bounced down the walkway.

Seire was standing next to a tree in the front yard. He didn't look pleased. His arms were crossed across his chest and his mouth was mashed into a thin line.

"Why so glum?" Ophelia asked pleasantly as she joined him.

"Are you KIDDING me? Was that necessary? Do you have ANY idea what kind of shit storm you've just unleashed?" Seire was mad, but he couldn't put a damper on Ophelia's mood. She was flying. It felt so good to unleash her dark magic.

"Come on. We have to go before you really fuck things up." Seire grabbed her arm and before she knew it, they had left the human world.

Seire marched her to her room and flung her inside. He was being overly rough with her. She kind of liked it.

“You...I don’t even know what to do with you. That was unnecessary!” Seire slammed Ophelia’s door shut and loomed over her as she sat on the corner of her bed.

“So says you...I think it was absolutely necessary. She was a waste of space anyway. I did that world a favor, really.” Ophelia fiddled with her dark hair and stared up at Seire. He was kind of hot when he was mad...even if he was centuries older than her.

“I’m going to teach you a lesson, girl. You don’t want to cross me. You might think I’m lax and a pushover because I’m not sadistic like most of the people here, but you aren’t going to run me. I’m in charge, got it?”

“Yes, sir. You’re in charge,” Ophelia repeated sarcastically.

“That’s it. Get on your knees,” Seire ordered.

Ophelia paused, looking confused. What was this?

“Get...on...your...knees. I won’t say it again.”

Ophelia shrugged her shoulders and did as she was told. She figured it might be best to humor him. She was powerful, but he had centuries of practice under his belt and he could probably do things she couldn’t even fathom yet. She’d never seen him so pissed.

Ophelia dropped to the floor on her knees and stared up at him. What was he going to do? Spank her? That thought was kind of hot, she had to admit.

She watched as Seire unzipped his pants. That was the last thing she expected. He pushed his pants down so that

they fell to his ankles. His massive cock sprung free and stared her in the eye. For a demon, he sure was well-hung.

“Now, suck it,” he commanded.

“I’m sorry, what?” Ophelia asked, stunned.

“You heard me. Suck...my...dick. You will please me as I see fit, do you understand? I’m in charge and I’m allowed to do WHATEVER I want with you. So you are now my personal slave and I will use your body any way that I want at any time that I want. And if you don’t comply, I will show you how *tame* I am. And trust me, you won’t like it.”

Ophelia looked into Seire’s eyes and she could tell that he wasn’t joking. Maybe he had more backbone than she thought. She leaned forward and wrapped her hands around his substantial shaft.

She bowed her head and took him into her mouth, enjoying the feel of him. He grabbed her hair roughly and forced her to go down on him even farther.

Ophelia had to admit...this was turning out to be a pretty good day after all.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Yes, just as I expected. I was correct to place my trust in Seire. He has caused her to be more cunning with her powers. She is doing well, Lilith. You should be proud.”

“I am, Master. She will serve you well once she has reached her full potential.” Lilith kept her head bowed. The Dark Prince rarely shifted His shape in front of her anymore, and despite the familiarity with Him and the

intimate relationship they had, He still frightened her when He was in his original form.

“Yes, yes, indeed. You may go now, my dear Lilith.”

“Go, Master? I thought that you wanted...well, um, my apologies. Of course. I will leave you to your thoughts,” Lilith stuttered as she backed out of the room. She was surprised that He was releasing her.

Normally when He summoned her to speak to her in person, it always ended with Him using her in some fashion. It was odd that He was sending her away without having His way with her.

“And Lilith, dear?”

“Yes, Master?”

“Send me Morgana.”

He turned away from Lilith and walked back to His throne. So, He was intending to use Morgana for His personal sex slave now, was He? That bothered Lilith more than it should have. Why Morgana? And why not her? That was the more important question.

She left without another word, but she was silently fuming. She stalked off to fetch Morgana. She was already thinking of ways to get rid of her. It should have pained her to be thinking of ways to kill her own daughter, but it didn't.

All Lilith could think of was that there was no way that little bitch would be ousting her and taking her place in the order of things. She had been around far too long and put up with WAY too much to just go handing it over to someone newer and shinier. When Ophelia was ready and

the Dark Prince put her to use in His grand plans, Lilith would be there to witness it, and not as a bystander. Yes, she would have to find a way to keep her place...no matter what the cost.

**More to cum...**

*This book is published in serial format.  
Subsequent chapters have been added in order.*