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Cruel Pleasures

An erotic short by

JUDE MASON

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Rose bent and lit the tall red, tapered candle and then moved to the next. The pentagram, with its five points and five candles, was almost ready. Satan, her Master, waited.

The coven was ready. Six strong and all of the faith, stripped naked beneath the rough, black woolen robes. She wore the same, but hers was blood-red instead of black.

The forest around them was quiet, even the crickets and tiny creatures of the night were silent. It was as if the world held its breath.

“Gather, women of the Master,” Rose called and stood at the point of the pentagram. The women took up their places, each an arms-length from her sister around the star. After a few moments of shuffling, all was silent again.

“Tonight, we celebrate the fertility of our men.” She held up her phallus-tipped staff and pointed it towards each of the women. “Our small hamlet has prospered and grown in the last year. We owe Him thanks.”

“We owe Him thanks,” chanted the women as they raised their arms. The sleeves of their robes fell to each woman’s shoulders, revealing naked arms.

“We owe Him thanks!” Rose cried even louder and raised her arms, the staff held high overhead.

As one, the women reached down and unfastened the sashes that held their robes closed around them. “We owe Him thanks.” Their voices grew louder and the women began to sway, as if to some music that only they heard.

“We owe Him ourselves!” Rose dropped her hands and unfastened her robe, then let it slide to the ground at her feet. The cold night air made her shiver and her nipples puckered into tight hard knots before she’d even stepped free of her robe. Goosebumps followed, trailing over her fully round breasts and shoulders, then down her arms. Ignoring the slight discomfort was easy, as she thought of what was to come.

“We owe Him ourselves,” the group echoed and an instant later, the coven stood naked.

CRUEL PLEASURES

They danced then, around and around the pentagram. Rose passed the staff to her sister on the left and watched as she kissed and caressed the phallus-shaped prick. Made of wood, and harder than any man could possibly be, the root had been anointed with the nectar of a hundred women over the years and shone as if it was waxed.

The women danced their joy. They danced for the children that had been, or would be born to them. Each woman had a turn to caress and anoint the phallus with both her lips and the sacred junction of her sex. Each cried out and shuddered with bliss as she thanked their Lord Satan. As the dance went on, some of the women fell into a trance beyond reason or thought.

Suddenly, from behind her in the underbrush, Rose heard branches breaking. Instantly, she stopped her dance. The woman closest to her also must have heard and stood looking into the forest.

Rose nodded to her. Then she began to dance again, moving away from the one who'd stopped with her, gyrating, showing her joy at being a woman.

Her heart raced. Someone was watching. Tales of Witch Finders and torture crossed her mind. She shuddered and swore it wouldn't happen to her.

The other woman turned and faced the girl next to her and smiled. Reaching out, they touched breasts and kissed, drawing the intruders' attention. When Rose thought the time was right, she bent, picked up the sash that had held her robe together, then faded into the underbrush.

Branches dragged across her skin. Her naked feet, used to the harsh ground, skimmed across the leaves towards the sounds she'd heard. Silent as a wild thing, she approached then crouched, gaping at her discovery.

Young Tom Hawkins crouched among the ferns. He wore a nightshirt, much as the women had, but he'd hiked his up around his waist. The dark-haired man was tall and lean from years of hard work, with a short beard like most of the village men. His gaze was fixed on the women in the clearing. His hand was fixed on himself. As Rose watched, he hiked up his shirt a little more, baring even more of himself to her. His erection was impressive, as was his ass.

She waited for a few moments, until she was sure he was thoroughly excited and on the verge of spewing his seed. His muscles tensed and his hand moved at lightening speed.

“Ahem!” Rose said, very loud, very clear, and stepped into his tiny corner of the wood.

Tom leaped to his feet, but in the process forgot to let go of either his cock or the hem of his nightshirt. So, instead of rescuing a scrap of dignity, he wound up exposing himself even further. His eyes bulged. He opened and closed his mouth several times, but nothing came out.

Rose glanced over at the rest of the women and nodded for them to come and help. Once they saw Tom, they cheered. “Drag him into the clearing. Let’s have a look at our peeping Tom.”

The man was strong, but he was no match for the robust women he’d been watching. In a matter of moments, he was standing in the middle of the clearing. Rose followed, and laughed at his useless struggles as the women touched and prodded him while he tried to protect himself.

“Strip!” Rose commanded. “Or we’ll do it for you.” Even naked, her voice demanded respect. There was no embarrassment or shame in her, or the others, as they stood proudly bare.

“I’ll have you all burned for your wicked ways—your devil worship.” Tom tried to sound firm and in control. When the women laughed and pointed at the enormous erection still holding up the front of his gown, his face crumbled, his shoulders sagged.

“Strip. Last chance,” Rose repeated and nodded towards one of her coven sisters. The woman raced for her belongings and returned a moment later with a knife. She held it out to Rose, who made sure the man saw it.

He gripped the hem of his nightshirt and slowly raised it, as if hoping some rescuer would come to his aid. When his gown covered his face, Rose reached down and took hold of him. His cock throbbed and she squeezed.

“Hey!” he cried and tried to drag the nightshirt off. “Let go!” Two of the other women grabbed hold of it and his raised arms. He fought, twisting and turning. Then he tried to step backwards away from her, but all to no avail. She had him.

CRUEL PLEASURES

“You’d better stop struggling, or you’ll hurt yourself.”

“Bitch!” he cursed, then yelped when she dropped her hand to his balls. Taking a firm hold, she slowly tightened her grip.

“You have a dirty mouth, boy!”

He went up on his toes, as if somehow that would make the pain stop.

“Stop!” he cried as her grip tightened even more. “Please, no more!”

“Cherry, Gertrude, get switches for everyone.”

“Oh, yes!” The two women cried and scurried away.

“Constance, rope.”

“Got it,” a large woman replied. A moment later, she returned with a bundle of hemp rope.

“Now then, Mr. Hawkins,” Rose said and gave his testicles a vicious twist. “You seemed to think everything was just dandy when you were spying on us. But, when you were found out, you were suddenly going to turn us in as witches and called me nasty names.”

She nodded at Constance and indicated the nightshirt that held the man captive. The woman was tall enough, so she had no trouble wrapping one end of the rope around his wrists and the bundled garment then tying it. Then, after taking aim, she tossed the other end over a branch above.

“Hey!” Tom cried, obviously unsure of what was happening. When Constance pulled on the rope, his arms stretched above him. “Let me go. You’ll never get away with this!”

“I think we already have.” Rose released his testicles, but only to take hold of his waning erection. Constance handed her a short piece of rope, just as Cherry and Gertrude returned with a handful of branches each. While she wound the rope around the base of Tom’s cock and around his balls, Cherry handed each of the women a willow switch.

“You need a lesson, young Tom Hawkins.” Rose said as she tightened the rope around his genitals. “Peeking at us was bad enough, but to threaten us and call us names...well, that’s just not acceptable.” She stroked his prick and felt him shudder.

“Please don’t.” His muffled plea brought a cruel smile to her lips.

“You’ve disrupted our evening’s worship and abused our sensibilities,” she said as she continued to play with his manhood. “I think you owe us a little entertainment. Don’t you, ladies?”

Cries of “Yes!” came from the small group, and again Rose felt him shudder. His erection pulsed and grew even harder as she stroked him.

“The ladies will switch you, and I will continue to stroke you. They’ll stop when you’ve filled my palm with your seed. Clear?”

At first he didn’t respond, but when Constance laid her willow switch across his ass, he yelped then cried, “Yes!”

“Good,” Rose said and began in earnest to stimulate him. Kneeling in front of him, she looked carefully at his manhood. He was clean and smelled of the woods. The shaft was as big around as the handle of a hoe and she wondered how he’d feel. Balls the size of walnuts thrust towards her, held by the rope she’d fixed there. Crinkly brown hair tickled her hand as she pumped her fist up and down his shaft. A tiny drop of nectar oozed from the tip.

Just as she thought she might taste it, a switch struck. His hips jerked forward. Behind her, Rose heard the women walking, circling both herself and Tom. Each took a turn switching his ass as they moved around. Each time one of the coven struck, he jerked forward, pushing his cock towards her. The pearl of nectar enlarged then trickled over the mushroom-shaped head, and then dribbled down the shaft. She used it to lubricate her fingers and continued teasing him.

He groaned. He tried twisting away from the stinging blows of the switches. After several minutes he gasped as the switch struck—and again, when Rose took the tip of his manhood into her mouth.

He tasted of sweat and salt, and of the forest. She inhaled and felt herself grow wet with desire for him.

Swack!

His hips thrust forward and she took him deep. Another *swack* and he shuddered as the tip of his manhood touched the back of her mouth. She suckled and ran her teeth over his shaft.

Swack!

CRUEL PLEASURES

He trembled and squirmed in her grasp.

She knew he was close when he grunted and every muscle in his body seemed to tense. With the next swipe of the switch, his manhood swelled even more. She pulled her mouth away and held a palm under his wildly throbbing staff.

Swack!

He howled and erupted into her hand. Once, twice, thrice his cock spewed its white essence into her hand.

She released him, leaving him to gasp and moan while she joined her sisters to share the essence he'd given her. Each woman dipped a finger into her palm then tasted the creamy morsel. What remained in her palm, Rose rubbed into her breasts.

Done, she walked back to him and around to see how well striped his ass was. He'd be sore, she thought, and smiled.

When the coven had dressed and packed up their satchels for the return home, Rose reached up and released the slipknot that held him. Leaning close, she whispered, "Tell and I'll make sure they test you. Your ass now bears the sign of the devil."

All that week, Rose waited for Tom Hawkins to say something to the WitchFinder. Nothing happened. No word or cry of alarm, or threat came. It was as she expected. Of Tom, she saw nothing. He'd be hiding, licking his wounds.

When it was time to return to their clearing, she again waited for the dead of night and snuck away. She was first, which had become the norm. The others soon joined her. They prepared their pentagram and stripped. Joined in their circle, began their chant, when in the underbrush, Rose heard a movement.

Slinking away, she came across a dark-haired man knelt among the ferns. He was naked and his hands were bound behind him. He wore a hood over his head. It was Tom Hawkins.

Rose laughed cruelly and said, "I knew you'd be back."

About the Author

Jude Mason's imagination frequently leads her astray, and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least not get caught. For those of you who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations.

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