

Alas, Mistletoe – A Depraved Quartet

by Amita

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Alas, not all incidents in life are uplifting or, to place a minimum on told-tales, even enlightening, but what can a hapless dabbler in prose do when she was but a mouse-in-a-hole watching events unfolding and trapping even the wary into the darker byways of life, which, in this case, began with the person all would least suspect to unleash chaos into a social event, but somewhere in her matronly heart was a wild streak that possibly could be understand as the result of excess idealism that believed the participants in any event would work toward the good and, hence, any nudge could but increase the amount of good in the world, and thus, our altruistic duchess-of-design did enhance random sections of the New Year's mistletoe with spells of such potency that they would give a less sanguine witch pause, and when the fated evening arrived with its guests, her youngest son, knowing his mum's proclivities, did tread cautiously through the house, but his caution was defeated when a blur of frizzy hair shrieked her delight at seeing him and, dashing across the room, propelled them both into a space he would rather have avoided, and the subtle effect of the vine began seeping into both their psyches to an extent that Mrs. Krum insisted that Ronald join her at a corner table in order to catch up on the local news even though he did not convey nearly as much information as her sighs and admiring glances while her knee pressed against him and her chair kept moving closer every time she returned from getting him another glass of wine or a special savory from the main table, and at the end of the meal, with her finger twining a lock of his hair, he could only agree when she suggested they both needed fresh air, and he could only comply when, on their way to the famous shed, her hand took his which shot a bolt through him that had him silenced, but the lady did not seem to mind since once the door closed, she backed into him and pulled his arms around her waist whereupon he held her so gently and nuzzled her neck so sweetly that she made a gentle, sweet sound and moved against him sinuously enough that he guided her to a mirror where she could watch his hands roam over her blouse and through her hair as her eyelids closed and her head tilted back until she was making open-mouthed, throaty moans and she was twisting with his fondling of her breasts, and it was at this point that he whispered, "Show me," but first, her hands reached behind her back and began unbuttoning his trouser, a fumbling affair that neither minded, and it was only after she was successful that they watched in the mirror as she slowly raised her skirt – an ordinary mirror not enhanced to amplify beauty or diminish embarrassing moments, but merely to accurately reflect the events that transpired before it – and is there not a magic in that to which any author might aspire – and it was in front of this mirror that the skirt rose above shapely calves to show her nice knees, but before she displayed any more to the mirror, she lifted the back of her skirt and pressed the garment containing enticing softness against her companion, and smiling at his reflection as he nestled in her groove, she returned to slowly revealing to the mirror more and more thigh and rejoicing at the small, involuntary jerks made by the boy when the first smooth expanse of white cotton appeared, and even then, she was thrilled to the core when a hoarse voice said, "Watch this," and a hand moved to the junction of her legs where two fingers caught her nub in a scissors grip, and as they began a rhythmic squeezing, the other hand lifted her skirt to her waist, and the mirror saw a full flair of mature hips and a girl wondering why they had not done this marvelous dance when they were still at school, but this lament did not last long as the demanding fingers had her aroused as never before, and she had never before seen herself writhe and was thinking that she shouldn't, but the commanding voice said, "Watch. Watch, sweetheart, as I do you," and she watched as she panted and squirmed, and for the first time, she saw her tight smile as an old boyfriend took her to forbidden heights, and she didn't care anymore as she saw her thighs quiver and her face contort just before the rapture hit and she flooded her knickers, and then there were only fragments of images from the various mirrors of Mrs. Krum pulling the giver-of-bliss to the ground, followed by flung lingerie and the bottoms of her feet and frizzy hair tossing from side to side and her legs wrapping around Ronald and the tossing hair arching back as the couple cried out together in the shed with no name.

Not all who made their way toward the mistletoe bedecked celebration had the welfare of the partiers at heart, for is it not the case that those who have suffered greatly at the hands of their fellows will seek to return the injury even when the oppressors have called a truce and have extended an offer of reconciliation, and thus it was that our reporter traveled with her own designs and with her automatic quill secreted under her dress next to her lingerie – and how often do these clever plans backfire on the schemer – but in a magnificent display of insincerity, our lady did greet those present, and it can be readily understood that her nefarious objectives made her vulnerable to one of even blacker heart whose small stature did belie the depths of his evil, and the elf offering her a friendly smile with a potent beverage did lure her under a section of the vine that his powers recognized as hexed whereupon he left the smitten lady to attend the other guest while occasionally flashing her a knowing smile that stirred her to her center and even stirred her quill whose feathery end wove a stirring tale across her bazumbas and whose nib knitted a fitting climax for her intimate core – for is it not at the intimate core of every reporter that she is but a writer in training who is destined to produce a stirring novel full of romance and passion that leaves the reader with one hand on her heart and the other in her knickers – but in this case, her quill, quick with more than quotes, did but cause her own knees to buckle, and the other guests did but watch as she slid down the wall to sit on the floor, and the other guests nodded their approval as a kindly elf helped the witch who had overindulged to her feet and led her to a back room to rest where the solicitous elf, to let the lady breathe, unbuttoned the top of her dress and removed an upper garment, revealing a feather tip still caressing a nipple, and, reaching under her dress, removed a damp garment that must be equally restricting thereby releasing the entire quill that quickly stood to duty –

And so, dear devotee of this column, brace yourself for a narrative that only an audacious gazetteer committed to commenting truthfully on the world around us would dare commit to print, for are not my fans entitled to see not only the heights but the depths of human behavior, but this dispatch relies on the sophistication of my dedicated audience who doubtless have the capacity to view a scene from an unusual, even alien, perspective which is necessary since the story is from the, understandably shortened, point view of an elf who is between milady's calves and inching her dress up, and I myself can barely remain coherent as his hands coast across knees, coaxing them to part and granting him a view to which he has a visible reaction that is randy enough that I would drop my quill if I were not one, but gripping my quill, er, my fortitude, I press on as relentlessly as the naughty elf who is tending the inner thighs as he works his way onward and upward to where the full roundness begins, and milady, instead of resisting as me, myself, and I would in similar circumstances, is making soft little noises and raising her knees and parting them even wider, and as her dress tumbles to the junction where lies the miscreant's goal, one must wonder what prompts this behavior, and the only possible answer is the undeserved mistreatment of one who sought only to bring enlightenment to the social order and whose virtual banishment from society has caused unfathomable emotional damage and has created a yearning need for attention in view of which no one with any humanity in her soul should find fault as tantalizing fingers tease a misunderstood witch into fiery need, and a sympathetic reader should feel only pity as the elf, at the doorway of desire, says, "I take Missy," and enters a lonely lady and plunges in and out with such vigor that only a strong quill could record the resulting obscene slurping and energetic heaves of the woman, and even given a strong constitution, the chronicler may not have stayed the course if the lady had not quickly reached her peak, but the mettle of your doughty correspondent was to be more fully tested as the elf raised the lady's legs and placed himself at the pink pucker of her bum, and at this, me, myself, and my quill did quiver and tingle nearly as much as the lady on the receiving end of an impertinent rod that, to our astonishment, appeared to be giving such pleasure in the midst of depravity that our collective thoughts were that the elf would soon drive the, enthusiastic lady, whose legs were shaking almost as much as yours quilly, into a premature celebration of the new year, and her convulsions would grip him so sweetly that he would quickly pump a year's worth of resolutions into her midnight hour, and you can quote me on that – but even a journalist's quill of much experience can be wrong, and it was the elf, driven out of his skull by abundant softness combined with muscular demands, that first reached his paroxysm, and his throbbing triggered her final crescendo which can be quickly quoted: "Bloody Newspapers! Filthy Rags! Mother Humping Public! Fuck Editors! Fuck Editors!"

When the moon arrives and the predator comes out, she glides easily into the merrymakers, hunting as she circles the crowd and stalks the one who would be her prey for the evening as the rest merely party while the self-chosen victim initiates the sharp encounter that will allow the superior one to take her to her surrender, and thus did Pansy Parkinson's eyes sweep over the attendees at Molly's gathering, ignoring most, but reserving the small smile until a fellow seeker did a quick second look at her sharp features, and when the signals were exchanged, Pansy nodded and waited patiently as Lavender Brown made her way through the group of well-wishers to Pansy's side where the two reminisced about school as Lavender moved close enough for Pansy to make the hidden move that slid her arm under the other girl's cloak and place her hand on the girl's waist whereupon Pansy remarked that Lavender was looking good this evening and the other girl replied in kind and it slipped out that neither could find a wizard for the evening that wasn't a lout, to which our huntress expressed surprise that someone so comely had not a pack after her and, while making this insinuation, let her eyes discreetly wander over the girl's figure, and this effort was rewarded by the other girl's nipples growing taut, which led her to suggest that the other girl, of course, had worn something slinky under that elegant and tasteful blouse since proper care was necessary for something as elegant and tasteful as the other girl's breasts and many wizards in the room would love to taste the elegance that was in the slinky garment although nothing would be as lovely as Lavender's face while receiving this lovely treatment, and as the girl's nostrils flared at these sentiments, Pansy's hand slid down, and even Pansy was temporarily silenced as her fingers gripped the inviting roundness and Lavender moved close enough that they were breathing the same air whereupon Pansy ran her fingers through Lavender's locks while mentioning the delights awaiting anyone who would dare insinuate herself between the girl's legs, but the demure Lavender was whispering how attractive Pansy was and how Pansy was more delicious than anything on the buffet table and how hot and crowded this room was, and as the other girl was babbling these sweet and foolish things, Pansy was thinking she would soon be holding Lavender's hands down and sliding up between her smooth thighs while watching the surprise in the other girl's eyes turn to lust and then to surrender, but before Pansy knew it, Lavender had her tongue down her throat and was pulling her into an empty room where Lavender pressed her against the wall and Pansy moaned as the first mental tendrils of Lavender's desire pushed past her defenses into a mind made vulnerable by the sureness that she, Pansy, was the predator who would ride her chosen lady to ecstasy, and these tendrils were strong enough that they carried Lavender's remembrances of Parvati, and when Lavender stepped back and looked into Pansy's eyes, the remembered images of what Miss Brown had done to Miss Patil and was going to do to Miss Parkinson struck to the her very essence, and Pansy whimpered as her upper garments were torn off and she slithered with desire that went wild when Lavender held her at a distance and made her watch as Lavender placed her wand between her own legs and it grew into the thing that had driven Miss Patil wild, and when the transformation was complete, Lavender whispered her wish and licked her lips as her witch of the evening raised her skirt to push a bit of lace to her knees where it fell to the floor where Lavender soon had Pansy, and this time, it was Pansy who experienced hands parting her knees and another girl wedging herself between willing thighs, and this time, it was Pansy who held her hands above her head as another witch mounted her and savored the surprise in her eyes, and it was Pansy who wrapped her legs around the other girl when the surprise turned to lust as a witch rode her and defeated all her efforts to resist until her eyes said, "Yes," and this time it was Pansy who smiled and wiggled and squealed.

His shadows followed him, not always keeping up, for what does it mean to be the shadow of a shadow, condemned to trail behind, occasionally left in the dark corners of rooms, eclipsed by the original shadow, never really born or extinguished, but compelled to follow the dark figure who was himself compelled to attend the observance of the end of one year, which he would gladly do, and celebrate the beginning of another, which he had no intention of doing, but attend he would and so attending what to him was a non-event, affirm his shadow nature, and if his shadows could sigh, they certainly would as he entered the area of planned gaiety and, even though his shadows were underfoot, they dodged the fellowship and good cheer almost as skillfully as the original, until their absence of substance met a bleaker nothingness that, of course, was cast by a character whose determination to persevere sucked the substance out of blackness, but whose resulting existence was perilous and might fall entirely into the vacuum once the motivation of her life, an orphaned grandson, no longer needed her, a possibility only a few guessed and none could see how to avert, but the grandson, seeking relief from the loud revelry, did seek out the quiet man who was nodding pleasantly at all well-wishers while maintaining a calm that was pleasing to the young wizard who said 'Hello,' and introducing himself and his Christmas gift of a story book did climb into the calm man's lap and open the book to this bastion of refuge who could do naught else except orally reveal the magic encrypted within the symbols that flowed across the pages, and so appealing was this demonstration of tranquility that our lady of determination did join them, and such was the delight of her grandson at this, that the lady herself began embellishing and commenting on the story, which necessitated her sitting close to the wizard, and as they both rose to the exchange, her arm did go across his shoulder in comradeship, a gesture that caused him to notice that, in addition to being of lively intellect, she was also a handsome lady, and as the story progressed, her comments evinced a kind spirit with a sense of humor whereupon he replied in kind and soon had her smiling and moving closer where she noticed and admired the lines of his face just as her leg came into contact with his, and she hoped he liked the feel and the warmth while hoping he couldn't feel all the warmth he was generating, but even if he could guess, she decided she would endure the embarrassment since she had no intention of moving away, and when the story was over, she asked him to carry her sleepy grandson to a bedroom, and deciding the youngster would sleep for a while, she took the wizard's hand to thank him for his kindness, but this contact sent such a shock through her that she moaned and moved into his embrace, and as she was telling herself that she should stop, she heard him whispering that she was a noble lady, a lady of character and beauty, and that he should beg her pardon for this unpardonable outburst, but it was true nevertheless and he would ask for forgiveness but not retract a single word, and she noted with amusement and satisfaction his surprise that she did not withdraw but offer her lips which he brushed delicately with his, and this teasing touch of their lips continued until his hands were brushing delicately over her and turning her on fire and loving the fire in his eyes so much that she was unbuttoning her blouse and unfastening her bra and reveling in his devouring her breasts until her ache caused her to unbutton his trousers and reach in to hold his growing member, and when it was free, she backed him

onto a chair and savored his admiration as she lifted her skirt to reveal her mature form, and upon all the indications that this pleased him, she was more than happy to let him watch as she removed the one impeding garment, and bracing herself for disappointment but hoping for some solace, she straddled him only to discover that all her restraint vanished as she impaled herself and found herself alternating between primitive noises and declaring him her sweetest until her total engulfment of him had her silent with its totality, but he was holding her gently and saying the nicest things, and this manifestation of his kindness caused her to begin the ancient ritual which was pleasing enough that she moved more energetically, and when she began to worry that he might find her too enthusiastic instead of properly demure, he showed appreciation, and this cracked enough barriers that she blossomed with delight and, in full bloom, rode him with a verve she once would have thought unseemly, and concerns about her grandson observing her wantonness flickered unheeded through her mind until the inexorable creep of passion took her, and when she gave herself to her wizard, it was good that the New Year's cheers of rest of the house drowned out her intimate welcome, whereupon she collapsed until rationality returned with the thought that he would spurn her even though it was all for him, but he expressed a wish to see her again, and when she asked how soon, he said anytime, and she suggested the rest of the night, and when he agreed, she walked her grandson and him to her home as all the shadows of his years and sorrows became real, and her shadow when she woke that night in his arms was no longer a hard vacuum of finality.

Prompt from kyria of Delphi: Molly has strung mistletoe (rare pairs only).