

# Inanna Ashwinder and the Cauldron Boat Festival Fireworks

by SNeed

Getting dragged to a stupid riverside festival might not be as bad as Inanna  
Ashwinder expects...

## Finding Fireworks

Chapter 1 of 1

Getting dragged to a stupid riverside festival might not be as bad as Inanna Ashwinder expects...

Inanna Ashwinder *hated* almost everything about cauldron boat racing, so she wasn't exactly excited about attending the Dagworth-Granger Festival on the River Ash.

Unfortunately, Ina's sister, Venus (honestly! Her parents were seriously lacking in imagination), absolutely *adored* the Screechies (as she liked to call them), so hiding at home, waiting for fireworks wasn't going to be an option this year. No matter that she protested the local cheese that tended to dominate the food stall smelt like the wrong end of a Hippogriff. In fact, its unofficial name was "Hippogriff Butt" cheese!

"Is there a *right* end to a Hippogriff?" Venus wanted to know, and that settled everything. They left their cottage before the sun had even reached its zenith.

*Oh, wonderful*, Ina thought as they approached the Festival grounds. *I can smell that dreadful Hippogriff Butt cheese already. Can't they change the recipe, or use a different cheese for once? And oh, dear... I think I see one of those horrid bouncy castles, too. Better not let Venus and Bottomas get close to it this year, or we'll really be in trouble!*

Even as she had the thought, at the dreaded cheese stall, Ina saw none other than Bottomas Pitt, Venus' husband, coming towards them with a hunk of the smelly cheese itself. A tendril of vapor was escaping via a hole it had eaten through the bag. Ina's poor, beleaguered stomach rebelled.

"Urk...sorry...must go!" she muttered as she felt her stomach turn.

"Oh, no, you're not getting out of this *that* easily," Venus said, grabbing her arm. Once Ina had crossed her arms and stood there, pouting, Venus turned to lay a big smooch on her husband, who had just eaten a large chunk of the smelly cheese.

"Now I really *will* be sick," Ina mumbled to herself. She made a mental note not to let her sister talk too close to her face for the rest of the night.

Just as Ina started to calm her stomach, the assault on her ears began. *Gah! How can Venus stand this noise?!*

The Screechy Ghosts, or Screechies, had started to play. Their voices and instruments were all out of tune, and the result was a cacophony of noise that made Ina's ears

bleed.

"Crap! I knew I forgot something!" she shouted over the din, remembering the earplugs she'd left on the nightstand. But Bottomas, who was wolfing down the stinky cheese, and Venus were too busy listening to the horrendous music to hear her.

"Oh, stop whining, Ina! You would have fun if you'd just *relax!*"

"How can I relax with stinky cheese next to me and this *sawful* music making me deaf?" Ina screamed.

"No kidding," said a smooth male voice at her ear. She turned to look and got a flash of a roguish grin in response.

Before Ina could respond, Bottomas waved a hunk of Hippogriff Butt under her nose. "Want some?" he asked.

"Ugh! That's it, I can't stand it any more," Ina said, then shoved her way out of the crowd in the hopes of finding fresh air. At the last second, she turned back to Mr Roguish Grin and asked, "You coming or what?"

"Hell, yeah!" he said with another, bigger grin. "Name's Derwin Doolin. What's yours?"

Ina almost rolled her eyes. Figured he'd have a dorky name. "Call me Ina." She led him at a rapid pace down a path away from the river...and the *noise*. She couldn't wait to get away from the noise!

When she found a clearing amid some birch trees, she dropped unceremoniously to the ground. Moments later, Derwin joined her. "So, what are we doing out here? The party's that way." He pointed back the way they had come.

"That's not a party; it's a disaster."

He laughed, then waggled his eyebrows comically. "We could always have our own little party here..." A beam of moonlight filtered through the trees and caught his face. *Other than the grin, he's not much to look at, is he?* Ina realized. Still, she deserved *some* fun at this crappy festival, didn't she?

"All right," she said. "Take off your clothes." After a brief, stunned silence, he complied. Before she could think better of it, she reached for her own buttons.

"How d'you want to do this, then?" he asked, unabashedly naked. And already, erm, ready.

She hadn't expected *that*, but was willing to go with it. Tonight was a night for reckless behaviour, wasn't it?

"You're a bit ahead of me," she said, nodding at his protruding erection. "I'll need some help catching up."

Ten minutes later, with the strain of trying to delay blowing his chocolates all too clear on Derwin's face, Ina screamed, "For fuck's sake, doesn't the word 'clitoris' ring a bell?"

His features she could forgive, the goofy name was neither here nor there, but his complete lack of knowledge of female anatomy was the last straw. As she walked away, leaving him grunting into the grass by himself...lack of a partner didn't appear to deter him...her sister's screaming orgasm under the hulking, malodorous mass of her husband in a nearby bush added insult to injury.

"Bitch," she muttered.

"I hope you weren't referring to me."

Ina looked up and sighed. "Now, that's better."

Before her stood the epitome of eye candy. He was at least six foot two, well muscled, and devastatingly attractive, with dark hair curling at the nape of his neck. Tall, dark, and handsome didn't quite cut it. This man was oozing sex appeal, and with the intelligent spark in his eye and ready smile, Ina was ready for marriage, sex, and lots of babies. Not necessarily in that order.

She roused from her fantasy of multiple orgasms and picture-book cottages to the sound of him crooning.

*"I like the way your sparkling earrings lay,*

*Against your skin so brown*

Ina wondered if there was something wrong with his vision that he hadn't noted the nearly translucent skin that was the other side to the gift of her dark red hair. She'd have paid for "skin so brown" in Galleons if it meant not getting burnt any time she dared to venture out before sunset.

But those thoughts took only seconds, and Mr Too-Delicious-For-Words was still singing.

*And I wanna sleep with you*

*In the desert tonight*

Surely a bush on the banks of the Ash would be more comfortable than the desert?

*With a billion stars all around*

*Cause I got a peaceful easy feeling*

*And I know you won't let me down*

*Cause I'm already standing on the ground*

*And I found out a long time ago*

*What a woman can do to your soul*

*Ah, but she can't take you anyway*

*You don't already know how to go*

*And I got a peaceful, easy..."*

Reaching out and grabbing a handful of delectable butt, Ina squeezed. "Just get on with it!"

He broke off straight away, a wicked grin taking over his handsome features. Clearly, he wasn't even fazed by her autocratic attitude. *That's definitely more like it, she decided.*

"How may I serve my lady?" he asked. His voice had nothing on Derwin's, but his face and unswerving focus *other* more than made up for the lack. As much as she wanted to laugh, something told Ina this one was serious. His "I aim to please, and I always meet my goals" might've been arrogant, but she had absolutely no reason to believe it was inaccurate.

She had her wand out and at the ready before he could draw another breath. A silent incantation Banished his clothing...and then she wished she hadn't.

"Oh, my," she muttered. "Erm, what a *cute* erm... I mean, it's certainly *memorable* equipment..."

Oddly enough, this did nothing to take the wind out of his sails. "Dear lady," he said smoothly, "it isn't the size of the army that matters...it's the fury of its onslaught."

Fury indeed. The sensation of being instantly crushed under six feet two inches of living sex more than made up for any deficiencies in the genital department. As his clever fingers unerringly found her sweet spot...take note, Derwin bloody Doolin...she could only scream, "Oh, sweet baby Jesus, I like the way you moo-ove!"

"My... name... is... Vlad..." It was a feat of wonder he managed to speak at all with the vigour of his thrusts.

"Vlad?"

"Not... Jesus."

Not really caring what his name was...*Vlad... really?...Ina focussed on the delicious sensation his expert impaling was creating. Chuckling at the word-play her subconscious seemed to enjoy whilst she was otherwise engaged, Ina lifted her hips to meet his. He hit a particularly good spot just as his fingers twiddled in exactly the right way, and her Thank goodness he doesn't have a mustache* became an audible cry of pleasure. "Staaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaash!"

"Vlad," he corrected again, not losing his rhythm in the least.

The "fury of the onslaught" went on for ages, rendering this moment impervious to the sound-bite of a second screech, hot on the bat's wings of the first. The only music she could hear was the key of "Eeeeeee!", swallowed by the dull roar of long-ignored fireworks popping in the background. *Eat your heart out, Derwin!*Ina wailed inwardly, wincing at the random references to historical lore her oversexed mind spouted under Mr Muscles's heavy thrusting.

"*Vlad... is... coming... to... you!*"

Ina cringed a bit at his use of the third-person...*I get it! Your name is Vlad!*..but then Vlad flexed his pelvis into hers, family jewels nestled securely against her sweet spot. The grimace he sported forced her to squint at his eyeteeth, shuddering with more than spent pleasure when they seemed to elongate during the peak of his climax.

Ina shook her head, feeling completely overwhelmed by his sensual assault.*Fury of the onslaught, indeed!*Then Vlad gasped for air, falling heavily on top of her; she enjoyed the weight of him for the duration.

As their breathing gradually returned to normal, Ina suddenly realized something. "Oh, no! We missed the fireworks!"

Vlad gave her an odd look. "We did? In that case, I clearly did something wrong...Would you care to let me have another shot at it?"

Ina grinned happily as she agreed. *Maybe this festival wasn't such a bad idea, after all!*

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**Authors' Notes:** The original Inanna was, like Venus, a goddess of love. Unlike Venus, Inanna was a virgin. The Library of Halexandria said of her:

*Inanna was eternally youthful, dynamic, fierce, sensuous, the harlot-virgin, never settled nor domesticated, magnetic, yet independent.*

... [www.halexandria.org/dward384.htm](http://www.halexandria.org/dward384.htm)

Poor thing.

The lyrics from the Eagles' *Peaceful Easy Feeling* are used without intending any copyright infringement.

This week, SNeED are: *Pennfana, sunny33, karelia, Aphrodite319, linlawless, owlbait, TeaOli, LadyDagger, and Meladara\**. If you were one of the anons who helped us write and are not on this list, please let us know and we will amend the list.

\*Meladara has also made art to go with this story, which you can find [here](#).

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### ***The Morning After...***

Burrowing more deeply under the stiff blanket, Ina snuggled closer to the warm body next to hers.

Blanket? Warm *body*?!

Her eyes flew open to meet patches of blue sky showing through a broken ceiling of green leaves and brown branches. A quick glance round...without moving her head for fear of waking whatever she lay on...seemed to show she was at the centre of a hollow bush. The blanket looked as if it had been inexpertly Transfigured from blades of grass. *No wonder it scratches!*Her clothes lay in a crumpled heap alongside Whatever-His-Name-Was's.

"Good morning, Inanna Fair."

"Oh." She nervously licked her lips. "Hello. It's, erm, Ashwinder."

He laughed, and she was reminded of how the night before, nothing had seemed to shake his confidence.

"Of course," he said. "And I am Vlad."

The rest came back to her then: the failed festival, the stinky cheese... her reckless behaviour.

"Oh. So... fancy some breakfast?"

He gave her a rakish grin. "That depends on what's on the menu."

"Well, I'm pretty sure Venus and Bottomas have some black pudding..."

"Eurgh! I can't stand the stuff. Why would anyone want to eat blood?!?!?!"

"Well, er, I....."

"Don't tell me you let the name run away with your imagination?"

Vlad winked, making her stomach flutter in ways that had got her into this mess in the first place. She blushed.

"No worries," he told her. "It happens all the time."

He helped her to her feet before taking his own. While he stretched his long, long body, she took the time to admire the view. This time, "cute" wasn't the first word to come to mind. Of course he caught her staring. And grinned. She checked his teeth just to be sure.

"Those rumours about my great-great-great-great-grandfather were patently false, you know?" There was a wicked gleam in his eye as he spoke. Ina liked that. She liked it a lot.

"Oh?" She quickly clambered into her clothes. "You'll have to tell me all about it over breakfast. My treat."

"All right. Is there any chance that we could get some Hippogriff Butt?"