

THE CRAFT OF THE WISE:
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DEE CARNEY

WORDSMITH
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The Craft of the Wise: Wordsmith

By Dee Carney

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The Craft of the Wise: Wordsmith

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Books written as Dee Carney

Soldier

Upon A Falling Star

Far To Go (February 2009)

The Craft of the Wise: Book of Shadows (February 2009)

How to Tame a Cougar (May 2009)

The Craft of the Wise 2: Divination (May 2009)

The Craft of the Wise 3: Rule of Three (July 2009)

Books written as Morgan Sierra

Career Opportunities

Four Percent

The Fallen (January 2009)

Dark Forest Nights (January 2009)

The Craft of the Wise: Wordsmith

Some combination of fatigue and wariness swept through Regine as she peered through the dusty slats. As expected, more shadows fell across the copse of trees and shrubbery outside of the cabin. Within moments, the fatigue gave way to sadness. In a few short hours, she would be forced to battle for her life.

This would be the third night in a row they raged. So far, the demons had not been able to break through her defenses, but they had come close. Regine suspected she would face her mortality soon. Way too soon.

There was movement a little too close to the house, so she said a word. A demon lurking behind a bush went from being there one moment to not being there the next. She peered left and said another word. This word resembled the English for *fire*, with a slight variation. With a smirk she watched another poorly camouflaged demon burst into flame.

Regine huffed as the fire extinguished without much prompting. Her mouth twisted into a grimace. She needed the cover of darkness for the words to be more potent. Just a few more hours now.

Samathean appeared in the reflection next to her. Behind the safety of the glass, together they watched her stalkers wait for the right time. For darkness to come when they too would be stronger.

She risked a glance at the oddly handsome demon inside of her home but said nothing to him. He was not like the others she fought. He always had her back. He once told Regine she never had to fear him. And she didn't. Despite their warring kindred, they were as close as friends could be.

Today they argued though. The vehement words they shared weighed down on her. He wanted something she tried not to give much thought to. If she were remotely honest with herself, she could admit to wanting the same thing he did. One glimpse at Samathean verified poorly disguised yearnings. The skin like smooth porcelain over finely formed features made her heart thump a little faster. The low timber of his speech made her knees weak. The slightest touch from his cool flesh caused her thighs to tighten in response.

To give in though, to do what her body ached for, what would be the consequence? A witch and a demon. *Goddess...*

The unfinished thought made her shudder.

As if he read her mind, he caressed a tendril of hair trailing down her neck. The touch sent another shiver down her spine. She suppressed the urge to clasp his hand, to guide his touch. Her resolve slipped away as each moment passed.

"Don't Sam," she warned. Even as she spoke, Regine curled towards the heat of his body.

The demon removed his hand, but leaned in close. The energy between their bodies intensified. A sleek appendage wrapped around her naked thigh. Without thought to what she did, Regine's stance widened. Encouraged, he stroked her softly. Skin on skin contact made her shiver again.

"Enough time has passed Wordsmith," he said. "Speak the words."

Regine released the blinds, refusing to turn around. She gulped down another shudder and tried to steel her voice. "I'm tired demon. I need time to recuperate. Let - just leave me alone, will you, please?"

Warm hands settled on her shoulders. When they began to knead away knots of penned up tension, she almost purred. Hushed words sang into her ear as he massaged. "I will make you stronger. I will prepare you. Only speak the words."

She shrugged her shoulders halfheartedly. He resumed massaging again, but Regine did not shirk away. "At what cost?"

"Symbiosis. I will take what you give me and in return, you may take what you wish."

Her nipples hardened as his hands snaked down her shoulders to reach the tops of her breasts. Something else slid across her thighs to slip under the material of her shorts. Her mind whirled. If his hands were on her chest...

She shook her head. *So fucking tired.*

Cool lips pressed against the base of her neck. A sigh escaped before Regine could call it back. She just wanted to close her eyes. Just for a minute. God help her, she wanted his hands to keep massaging. To take away the physical ache dogging her since she began this nightmare. She wanted him to touch her. To take her mind away from this terror.

"Symbiosis," she mumbled.

He echoed the word as fingers stroked across the hardened peaks of her breasts. She glanced down long enough to see the length of his tail twist under her shorts again. The explosion of sensation as it sneaked past her panties and touched the moisture underneath caused her to gasp. So used to being with him, she'd forgotten the limb that identified his demon nature. She could not ignore it now. He used it like a seductive weapon on her body.

“We can’t wait any longer. You’ll know when to say them,” he said. There was no exhalation of breath as he spoke. Regine pushed away the intruding thought. “Speak the words when the time is right.”

She nodded, her throat too tight to formulate any sound. He removed his hands long enough to guide hers. Without protest, she let him place her hands against the glass of the window. Palms splayed against the smooth expanse, Regine submitted to Sam’s manipulation.

Graceful fingers unbuttoned her shorts while she closed her eyes. Her heart thudded louder when the material slid past her hips and down her legs. She felt him crouch down as her clothing dropped further down. That accomplished, a wet tongue and sharp fangs dragged up her thighs. They trailed across the soft globe of her cheeks leaving sparks in their wake.

Regine cried out as he explored with fingers, tongue and tail. By the time he pushed her shoulders forward, her legs trembled. Puffs of condensation pooled in several spots on the window pane. Her fists clenched and unclenched in the moisture, leaving haphazard loops and whirls on the glass.

Although she felt Sam position himself, his first thrust into her depths took Regine by surprise. The whispered warnings in her mind melted away. They were too late now.

She gasped as he sank inside of her. He pulled away and a whimper sounded. Regine shifted her hips, sought his hardness and impaled herself on him once again.

The guttural noise that demons called laughter filled the room. She ignored it and worked against him. His tail stroked where he entered her, causing Regine to almost sob in pleasure. She could feel a sheen of perspiration peppering her face and

neck. For a brief second she considered removing her shirt but the beginnings of a comforting heat rippled through her body.

Regine threw her head back as the heat cascaded from her center. A low sound rumbled from her throat, spurring the demon to push harder and faster. His fingers dug into the flesh of her shoulders. The pain of it incited pleasure to match where he thrust into her.

“The words! Speak the words, witch!” he hissed.

Her body felt as if encased in half fire and half ice. Dizzy with the need for release, she had almost forgotten. From the depths of her belly a wave of passion cascaded outward. As the wave sliced through her, extending through her limbs and over the crest of her head, Regine called out. For him – for her – she cried out the words that bound them.

The words cut into a scream as she felt the first pulse of the demon’s seed hit her womb. Unbidden tears rolled down her cheeks, burning the path that signified her pleasure-pain. The bittersweet combination sent another orgasmic wave over her and she doubled over. The demon pushed himself deeper, grunting with each pulse as he spilled into her.

In one simultaneous rush of sensation, she felt rather than saw the presence of the demons outside vanish one by one as if they were snuffed out like candle flames. Their cries of torment almost drowned out her own sobs of pleasure. A surge of power extinguished miserable demon lives. It ricocheted through her and Sam until the flood trickled to a stop.

“So mote it be.” The words that concluded every spell were hushed between her pants for air.

“So mote it be,” he said.

Sam pulled away from her a few minutes later and Regine dropped to her knees. She did not look back at him. Her cheeks flamed, her throat parched. Through hitching breaths, she recalled the details of their act. Tightness clutched at her chest when she reviewed the words she’d instinctively called.

The demon had known what would happen. She hadn’t known *exactly*, but that had been no excuse. And now, it was done.

Eyes unfocused, she saw nothing. Her mind a whirl, she did not focus on his movements. Regine stood, pulling her clothing on as she did. The tears no longer fell. A few snuffles dried up the remaining moisture of her face.

Through blurry eyes, she peered through the slats of the window again. Darkness covered the forest. There was enough light to see movement of her remaining enemies outside. They did not approach, but milled about as if without purpose.

“What happens now?” she asked. Her breath once again formed puffs of condensation on the window.

“Those who managed to survive will wait for the next one. You no longer interest them. You are protected.”

Regine turned to watch Sam. Musk emanated from him; her moisture clung to him. The sight and aroma sent a twinge through her body. It betrayed her by tingling in anticipation of their next consummation.

Heavy lids fluttered closed. She forced them open again. “What just happened?”

Gleaming teeth which included a wicked pair of fangs, shone through his pulled back lips. “You are a Wordsmith. You know what that means.”

"I can make things happen with my words," she said. Regine wrapped her arms around herself. The room felt so cold.

"You can start a fire with the right words. You can throw objects with the right words. You can bind a witch and a demon with the right words."

"And by binding the witch and the demon..."

"You are protected. Forever," he finished.

Her voice dropped to just above a whisper. "But a demon..."

"I'm not like them Regine. You of all people know that. If we hadn't done this, they would have killed you sooner or later. I have been by your side for so long. I - I couldn't stand this life without you."

She raised her eyes sharply towards him at this declaration. Once again she saw the demon, her life mate now, for the beautiful creature he was. From the day she'd accidentally conjured him, she tried to deny the attraction. Always meaning to - but for some reason or another never getting around to - banishing him, she justified his existence by telling herself that he might one day come in handy as an ally.

Movement outside caught her attention. With deft fingers she pulled open the slats again. Activity had all but diminished. The battles of the past few nights seemed almost forgotten. Only a handful of demons could be seen.

She stood safe now in her home. For the first time in a long time.

Regine turned back once again, gazed into soulful red eyes and sighed. She didn't know any other witch who'd dared to mate with a demon. All of the excuses for not destroying him crept into her mind, toying with her memories. She liked Sam.

Always had. But to love? Could she love one who should have been her enemy? One so opposite her kind?

He inched forward until hard pectorals pressed into her back. She closed her eyes against another onslaught of feelings for him, most of them carnal. He rubbed over her arms, trailing his fingers seductively over tired muscles.

“I will try to make you happy every day, witch. And you will love me in time,” he said.

She nodded. In time she might. If not, if he betrayed her to his kind – if he used her to gain entrance to witchdom – if he harmed her in any physical or mental way... If any of these things, then the words, the words she needed would lie in wait. Wait for the day they would be released from the lips of the Wordsmith.

The End...for now

Author Bio

Dee Carney began writing short stories in middle school, but did not attempt completion of a novel until almost ten years later, which despite good intentions was never finished. Almost ten additional years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again, and her love for storytelling was rekindled.

Dee lives at home in Georgia with her husband, two dogs, and a cat. When not writing, Dee is usually curled up on the couch with a good book.

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