

Morgana's Gift – Part 16

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Interruption Six – Walk All Over You

By the time his third Midas Day rolled around, Kevin was getting more annoyed with the whole thing than he'd expected to be. The idea of literally every woman on the planet lusting after him was amusing in concept, but in execution, it meant the whole day was completely shot, and he hated the anticipation of not knowing exactly when on the day it was going to start or what it would entail. There had been a bit of an escalation between the first and the second days, but he'd had at least a little bit of warning in that the compulsions that gotten him onto the Universal lot had been easily recognizable from the start, and it had given him time to get his game face on, to put himself in the right mind set to deal with the chaos scheduled for him.

So, when he woke up on the morning of the third Midas Day out to sea, he was more than a little confused.

He and Miriam woke up around the same time, the two of them somehow out on a speedboat, several miles off the coast, although thankfully they could still clearly see which direction land was. Then it occurred to Kevin that there were no guarantees that land was what he *thought* it was. He had no idea where they were or how they'd got there. If he was lucky, it was still California he saw off in the distance, but he didn't have anything to prove that. It could've been Greece, Australia, Russia for all he knew, which wasn't a whole lot. In fact, he had to admit to himself that right now he knew very little for certain other than it was early morning and that they were on a boat.

Somewhere.

"We're on a boat," Miriam said, clearly reaching the same conclusions he'd just been going over in his own mind. "And we're in our pajamas."

"Better than being naked," he told her.

"Mmmm," she agreed. "It's still damn cool out here."

"I can poke around and see if there are blankets or a change of clothes stashed anywhere."

"Take a good hard look at the motherfucking boat, Kevin," she sighed, exasperation in her tone. "It's a speedboat, not a luxury yacht or even a houseboat. How the hell did we get here?"

"You know what I'm going to say."

"Don't you dare say magic," she grumbled.

"If you already know, then why bother asking?" Kevin glanced around and grew a little nervous. "Is Strazo nearby?"

She seemed to panic for a moment, glancing around before she felt Strazo settle on her shoulder again, and his camouflage dropped as he nuzzled in against Miriam's neck. "Oh, thank God, he's here. He says he's been flying overhead for the last hour, but he doesn't know how we got here either. He says we're about 15 miles off the coast of San Diego, so we're not quite in international waters, but we definitely moved magically at some point while we were sleeping. At least we're not in some other hemisphere, for fuck's sake."

"Mmm," he said to her. "It's Midas Day. None of the usual slow build up this time, it seems. Just fall asleep the night before and wake up out to sea on a boat with no idea how we got here. I'm hoping you know how to drive a boat?"

"They aren't entirely that complicated, Kevin."

"It's still more complicated than driving a car, at least as far as I know." Kevin then frowned a little, as if something she'd said earlier had just dawned on him. "Wait, Strazo *talks* to you?"

"Well, it's more like we can think *at* one another," she said, as she started up the engine on the boat, bringing the motor to a sputtering tempo. "It's not exact words, but it's communication on some level, and we just sort of seem to understand what the other one is thinking. So that may not be *exactly* what he was thinking, but it's close enough." She spun the wheel to aim the front of the boat towards

the shore and then started to crank up the engine. “I’ve got us doing about thirty right now, so we should be on shore within about half an hour. That should give you a little bit of time to prep and plan how you want to do this.”

Kevin sighed and began stretching out, wanting to get good and limber for when he was going to inevitably have to start running, although he didn’t have shoes on, which gave him cause for great concern. “I wish I could figure out what the hell I need to do to get out of this mess, but whatever Merlin seems to think I should have figured out, it hasn’t been at all obvious.” He shook his head. “And no matter what he thinks, I’m *not* fucking a mermaid out here. Half woman, half fish is still a bad percentage for my liking.”

“Well, what did he tell you before?”

“That the thing I had to do to get Midas Day to stop, it was a thing I’ve never before done in my lifetime, something I’d definitely remember.”

“Are there other rules to Midas Day that you remember?”

Kevin rubbed the bridge of his nose, considering for a long moment. “Merlin promised I won’t be harmed during it. That the ridiculous lure effect wouldn’t affect women too young or too old. And that the longer it went into each day, the stronger the lure would become and the more... aggressive the women would get.”

“That’s not a whole lot to go on.”

“I get that, but that’s what I’ve got.”

The speedboat continued to move towards the coast, as the sun slowly climbed higher into the sky, and Kevin felt like pressure was building up inside of him, a sense of nervousness about what he was going to find as soon as they hit the beach.

Neither of them had much experience around San Diego, and so they weren’t entirely sure what to expect, but even as they got closer, Kevin could see there were a couple of boats starting to approach them, including one that said Coast Guard on the side of it.

The boats weren’t what bothered him, though. He was more bothered by the fact that he saw paragliders circling overhead like vultures. And he was *most* bothered by the fact that Strazo seemed to be impatiently shifting back and forth across the top of Miriam’s shoulder.

“What’s he nervous about, Miriam?” Kevin asked her.

“He says there’s... supernatural things afoot nearby,” she said. “Nothing dangerous or threatening, but he still says it’s... unusual stuff.”

“Like... like what?”

“He’s not sure, so neither am I,” Miriam said. “He just thinks it ‘smells of magic.’ I figured you’d like to know that.”

“It may just be him smelling Merlin nearby.”

“No no, Strazo knows *exactly* what Merlin smells like, and sure, he’s around. So is Morgana, as is that himbo that was hanging out with her last time we saw her, but they’re far enough away that they aren’t what Strazo is being bothered by. He’s not even sure what it is he’s smelling, other than it makes him feel uneasy.”

Without much warning, a humanoid form jumped from the ocean and hopped up and onto the boat. It was a rather bulky looking man with dark, chocolatey skin, dressed in tight pants and no shirt, his muscles massively flexed as he glanced around the boat. He looked a little like a combination of Idris Elba and The Rock, and the amount of sheer strength the man had to possess was terrifying.

Miriam had eased off the boat’s acceleration as she turned to look at the man, who obviously wasn’t entirely human. There were gills flexing on his neck, although it seemed like he also had lungs, because he wasn’t struggling to breathe out of the water. His midnight hair was in tiny, crimped curls against his skull, and his eyes were an uncomfortable shade of yellow that peered straight at Kevin, who’d backed up towards the edge of the boat.

The man from the ocean made a series of unintelligible noises in Miriam’s direction before

turning his gaze over to Kevin. He made a second series of odd gurgling sounds then seemed to realize Kevin wasn't understanding him. He banged his fist against his chest, coughed a bit, and then tried again, but this time the sounds that escaped his lips were English, even if the accent was thick and difficult to understand, although it was no accent Kevin had ever heard before. "Why are the females of the sea pursuing you with such conviction, human?"

Kevin chuckled a little bit. A few months ago, this might've thrown him for a giant loop, but in the interim between then and now, he'd had more than a few brushes with the magical and the supernatural, so a merman wasn't even worthy of a second-tier shock. "I've had a bit of a run in with a couple of magicians, who have decided to give me a couple of gifts, things completely outside of my control," he told the fishman. "It's a game one of them likes to play with my life once a month, making me so appealing to any women in my general vicinity that they lose all self-control and eventually one of them fucks me and then the day ends until it starts all over again a month later."

"What's the object of the game, human?" the man asked him. "How do you win and stop the day from happening any further?"

"I don't know," Kevin replied. "He won't tell me, but he's going to keep futzing with my life on a monthly basis until I figure it out."

"You are not fornicating with a female of my kingdom, human," the merman said to him. "So, I will provide escort until you reach shore, and thus I can ensure my subjects' safety."

"Your subjects? Are you the lord of all the oceans?"

The man bristled in amusement. Kevin suspected the seafolk didn't deal with outsiders all that often, so his complete lack of knowledge of their customs probably entertained him. "No, simply of the aquatic kingdom of Bistrania, one of the smaller sea kingdoms, but one you happen to be over, and which happens to be mine, so it's my subjects you're drawing right now with your lure." He moved over towards Kevin, and his amber shaded eyes slowly combed across his body, as if he could see things that neither of them could. The man lifted a massive hand to grab Kevin by the chin, tilting his head a little forcibly, although not in a cruel way. "Yes. Yes, I see now this magic that's been draped over you. Old magic. None of this new technowizardry that the modern shamans use, a brand of sorcery and circuitry that reeks of experimentation. No, this is the kind of magic practiced by my ancestor's ancestors. The kind of magic that predates even your people walking on these nearby lands. It's an uncomfortable sort of spellcraft, a casual defiance of tradition that spits in the eye of those who might advise caution. It is a spell which unnerves my very core. Who has placed this enchantment upon you, human?"

"Two mages," Kevin said. "One after the other, with a bit of time inbetween. The base mechanic was done by Morgana La Fey, and the modification was done by the mage known as Merlin."

The sea king scowled, crossing his powerful arms over his chest. It was at this point that Kevin first noticed the merman had sharp fanged teeth at four points, almost like the mythical vampires did, although had to concede vampires were probably *also* real, given what he knew now. "The Merlin did this? He has caused much consternation to the kingdoms of the sea over the millennia."

"Yeah, well, he ain't always done so hot up here either," Kevin told him. "We really should probably turn the engine speed up, Miriam, otherwise the king's subjects are going to start to overtake the boat. Sorry, your kingship, didn't catch your name."

"King Vihantian of Bistrania," the giant man told him with what seemed like an unflappable amount of confidence. "And you are?"

"Kevin Bishop, of Los Angeles," Kevin said, not entirely sure how to indicate who he was beyond his city of origin. He'd not spent a lot of time with royalty. "This is my bodyguard, Miriam, and her companion, the dragon Strazo. We've both sort of had our lives heavily tampered with by Merlin, so we know how powerful his magics are, and learned to respect them a long time ago."

"No matter how strong the magician's lures are, they will not overcome my subjects' need to respect my dominance over their lives, Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles," the king boasted. "A king's

dominion is all.”

Normally Kevin would be entirely respectful of such claims, but he'd seen the effects of Midas Day firsthand twice now and knew exactly how ravenous women could get the longer he tried to avoid them, and the king's confidence only entertained him more than he knew what to do with, so he felt like he was almost obligated to give the man a little tease. “You willing to make a wager of some kind, your majesty?”

“What could you possibly offer me?” the king chuffed, although he seemed at least a little interested in Kevin's proposal. One thing Kevin was learning about mystical beings – they did so love novelty and newness in their lives, so if he could provide that, it would make them more amenable to any bumps that sprung up along the way.

“If you're right, and if we can slowly get from here to shore without any of your subjects boarding the boat, I'll write a song for you and do my best to make the name of King Vihantian something renowned around the world,” Kevin told him. “Don't worry, I'll keep it proggy and mystical so it'll sound like I'm just talking about a long-lost legend, or someone I made up, so humanity doesn't come looking for you. But if I'm right, what can you offer me?”

The king seemed to consider for a moment before nodding. “We have a magical artifact that might be of some use to you, especially if you're encountering more and more mystical influence in your life these days. Do you consider this a fair wager?”

Kevin extended his hand, which the king took and shook. “You're on. Miriam, set the ship for somewhere between five and ten miles per hour. That should be plenty of time.”

“You sound remarkably confident that I do not have my subjects in check,” the king grumbled, sounding almost a little annoyed by how unshakable Kevin seemed to be in his assertions. “Do you have such little faith in my ability to instill fear in them?”

“Not at all, your lordship,” Kevin chuckled. “I just know Merlin's magic will not be stopped by time nor tide. The man is a force of nature unto himself, unnerving just in his very presence, and his magical workings are terrifying in their power.”

“More powerful than a subject's faith to her king and kingdom?”

“Having seen what I've seen, your majesty, I'd said maybe even more powerful than the urges of self-preservation,” Kevin told him. “I wish I could tell you I was exaggerating my claims, but I assure you, I'm not.”

“Then we will soon see, will we not, Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles?”

Kevin wondered how long it was going to take, as even he wasn't sure of how fast Merlin's magics would affect other people, but he could see there were a handful of women pacing back and forth on the beach, although a few had even started swimming towards the boat. He could also hear boats approaching in the distance and saw there were even a couple of paragliders dropping from their gliders as close as they could to the boat. He wondered if they were going to get to the boat before Merlin's spell broke through the resistance of the seafolk that were swarming around the bottom of the boat like eager piranha.

He was starting to weigh the odds in his head when three forms leapt from the water and landed on the boat with heavy shaking. They were dark skinned, powerful looking merfolk women, beige flesh with small pink flaps at their necks, dressed in straps of some kind of aquatic leather, although they only covered around their hips, and even then didn't seem to fold down, functioning more as skirts than anything else. Their proud breasts were on full display, heavy sepia toned mounds of flesh with thick chocolate nipples atop of them, although Kevin's eyes were more drawn to their muscles. Each of the three women were quite strong, their physiques that of warriors accustomed to constant physical exertion daily. Kevin was certain any one of them could probably bench press him with just one hand, and that meant putting up any form of resistance would be useless.

He'd never felt more cornered in his entire life.

The king, on the other hand, looked personally offended. “My own royal guard has betrayed

me? Sophilia, Elendria, Maxillia, how dare you contradict my standing orders?" He pointed at them with a finger. "Back into the water with you!"

"We are sorry, my king, but we are compelled and there is no resisting the force that is being exerted upon us," the tallest of the three said. "We will endeavor to make our betrayal as swift and painless as we are able. Maxillia, help me hold our lord back while Elendria claims her prize."

The one that had spoken and the next tallest rushed over to grab the king's arms, moving to restrain him as the shortest of the three merfolk women, the one named Elendria, started approaching Kevin. "Listen, human," she said to him, her voice affected by an accent similar to the king's, "we can do this with or without you resisting. I would rather you simply lay down and enjoy it, but I can and will restrain you if necessary. I am Elendria of Bistrania, and I am offering you the chance to surrender willingly now. I will make no such offer a second time."

"I understand," Kevin said, grabbing the only towel he'd found on the boat, laying it down in what little available free space he could make. "I will offer you no resistance, Elendria of Bistrania, as long as you and your colleagues do no harm, not just to me and my protector, but to those attempting to siege the boat."

"Once we've begun, they'll know to back off," Elendria said, hiking up her leather skirt, revealing her pussy, dark curls of inky black hair in a trimmed but still generous patch atop it. "I will be the first seawoman to bear an amphibomorph in centuries." She licked her lips as she moved towards Kevin, and he worried that the scent of her was going to put him off a little, but there was something entrancing about her yellow eyes that made his resistance melt away immediately. She wasn't as large and intimidating as her two compatriots were, and somehow also a little more feminine. Her black, braided hair didn't have anywhere near as many adornments, and her skin bore less of the tribal tattoo work that the others had. "Get those pants off, landwalker, lest I rip them off in my eagerness. I am not usually so forward, but it seems I am hardly myself on this day."

Kevin nodded and pushed his loose-fitting pajama bottoms down to his ankles, pausing a little as he heard three gasps, looking up to find shocked faces. The confidence that had been all over Elendria's face had been replaced with a sense of shock and almost intimidation, an expression Kevin saw mirrored on the two other merfolk women. "Ye gods, human, are you abnormally blessed in genetics, or are all landwalkers similarly equipped?"

He tilted his head in confusion, glanced down and then looked up with a laugh. "Are you asking me if I've got an oversized cock? I mean, it's not small, but I certainly wouldn't say it's anything outside of the norm. Why, are merfolk men not as large?"

The king glanced over and shook his head, even from his restrained position. "Perhaps half as you, Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles, and that is those of us who are well-equipped for our kind. Perhaps we have taken on differences for our aquatic needs over the years."

"If you feel uncomfortable, sister..." Sophilia said.

"No!" Elendria said, raising a hand to signal back at the others. "No, I will make this work. All passion comes with pain, as our great poet Yarny once wrote. But I will ask that you lay down, landwalker, and allow me to control my own tempo."

"Of course, Lady Elendria," Kevin said, moving to get down on his back atop the boat's deck. The merfolk woman didn't wait, and moved to straddle him almost immediately, rubbing the length of his cock against her slit, and Kevin could immediately see why she was concerned. Her snatch seemed smaller than a human's would be, and he worried that he might not fit inside of her, although the merfolk woman seemed determined. "You don't have to—" He couldn't finish the sentence because she had aligned the tip of his cock with her cunt and then pushed herself down onto him, letting out a loud shout of pained pleasure, at which point the sounds of people attempting to scale the boat stopped, and Kevin could vaguely hear people swimming away from the ship, although it was more than a little difficult to focus.

He was extremely thankful Elendria was as slick as she was because it felt like he'd just slipped

his cock through a bottleneck, the very entrance of her pussy immensely tight, but with much more space once he'd gotten inside of her, the rest of her body stretching to accommodate his shaft. He could feel the ring of her entrance around the base of his cock trying desperately trying to relax and expand to handle his girth, but it seemed like it was all being complicated by the fact that Elendria was in the throes of an orgasm the likes of which he'd never seen before, every inch of her body shaking like she was being held to live wires.

Moments later, when the tremors stopped, she slapped both of her hands on his chest, and turned her gaze down at him with an almost demented grin upon her face as she began to laugh, unhinged and almost unrestrained. "Fuck you, mortal man, and your magic fucking cock," she spat at him through an eager, toothy grin, exposed fangs like the king had making him just a bit more nervous. "That was fucking amazing. But you have work left to accomplish. You have a garden untended, seed unplanted, and the sea will have its due."

"It's almost a shame we don't have your cellphone to take pictures with, Kevin," Miriam teased, having brought the boat to a full stop, now just watching to make sure he was okay and not being harmed. She seemed mostly confident that Merlin was good for his word that Kevin wouldn't be in danger but wanted to keep tabs on him anyway.

"Do you like being apart of the ocean, landwalker?" Elendria teased him. "Does it excite you to know that you are the first mortal in centuries to bed a merfolk? That you are fucking uncharted territory?" She undulated her hips in a serpentine roll, making his cock sway and bend, sliding partly out before pushing back on. It was more comfortable for both of them to keep the thrusts short and shallow, to leave as much of his cock buried inside of her they could, because the opening to her cunt was still much tighter than he was physically accustomed to. "What about me? Do you think me beautiful, by your land standards?"

There was no doubting that she was, by anyone's standards, a remarkably beautiful woman, with high cheekbones and a symmetrical face that was both entrancing and somehow also borderline confrontational. Kevin didn't wish to offend, so he simply nodded.

"Then fill me, human," she purred. "Place your seed in my garden and give me that which is mine, that which I have laid claim to, as the eldest daughter of Nolgana, mother of all royal guard of Bistrania. Make me a fucking legend, you monster dicked human. Cum within me. Cum!"

The sensations were all too intense, and the pressure around all of his cock was almost unbearable, so when he felt his scrotum clench, it came as no surprise to him. He started to spurt his thick, ropy spunk inside of her, and felt her womb almost milk and suckle it deeper into her body, as if refusing to let even a drop of it flow back, nestling it inside of her form, protecting it, ensuring it would find purchase in her eggs.

His cock began to immediately soften, but so snug was her seal that it wasn't until she exhaled a deep moan of satisfaction and relaxed her body a bit that he could finally start to feel his shaft beginning to retract and slide out of her, although her body was mostly pinning his down, keeping him trapped in place, smothered beneath her slightly cool flesh.

Despite the fact that she was a merfolk, the other differences between his species and hers felt mostly minimal. Sure, he had noticed that her flesh was a bit less pliant and soft than humans, almost as if it were intentionally denser, to retain heat better, he suspected, because while her body temperature on the outside felt several degrees below his own, when he'd been inside of her, her pussy temperature had felt several degrees *higher* than his body temp. He'd noticed the webbing between her fingers and toes but felt it would be impolite to mention them.

After a minute or two, Elendria seemed to find her composure once more, pressing her hands on either side of him to lift her slumped body off of his, pausing only to offer what felt like an almost nervous kiss, a stark contrast to the ravenously sexual creature she'd been moments earlier. "Thank you for this gift, Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles. Know that I will bear you strong children and that they will carry your lineage proudly through the empires of the sea for centuries to come, although I fear you

shall never meet them. What is your profession?"

"I'm a musician, a bard I guess you might say."

She nodded, almost ritualistically. "Then the first of our offspring shall be trained as a songsmith and a poet, as is our custom. But now we must bid you farewell, Bearer of Light. I doubt we will ever see each other again but know this has been the highest honor for me and my sisters." She kissed him one more time and then moved to stand up, although her stance was more than a little shaky, as if the experience had left her unsteady out of the water. She nodded to her two sisters, who released the king's arms, and then the three of them jumped back into the Pacific Ocean, disappearing into its depths, leaving the king behind, an amused look upon his face.

"The Merlin is a right son of a bitch," he stated before offering a little shrug. "I have lost. How can I send a package to you, Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles, in order to pay off my portion of the wager? If I leave a bundle marked 'For Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles' upon these beaches, will it make its way to you?"

"I can have someone wander up and down the beach on a given day."

"In three days' time, then, Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles, I will leave a package for you upon these beaches with your name upon it just before dawn, wrapped in a bundle of thick leather. Do not have your messenger open it – it will be for your eyes only." The king looked at Kevin for a moment, shook his head and smiled. "I do not envy your burden, stranger, but you seem quite capable of acquitting yourself well of it. Good luck, Kevin Bishop of Los Angeles. I would hope that we may meet again under better circumstances."

With that, King Vihantian of Bistrania jumped back into the sea, and the waters were calm again, the beaches normal, everyone acting like nothing had happened, as Miriam turned her eyes forward again and started bring the boat's speed up.

Kevin pulled his pants back on, rubbing the back of his neck, everything that had just happened to him slowly sinking in. He couldn't help but laugh at how ridiculous it all felt.

"You know, boss, I have to tell you one thing," Miriam said, as the boat started to pull up towards a pier.

"What's that?"

"Believe me when I say, *you fucked a mermaid.*"