

The Heart of the Magician

A Pia Palladino Erotic Lesbian Gypsy Adventure

Lady Ristretto

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Dedication

For the Lord of Ristretto, my love.

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Pia yawned, throwing her head back and exposing her tanned throat. Her dozens of necklaces tinkled. She then tripped on a tiny mound of gravel and swore sharply. She wasn't the most graceful, coordinated person. Pulling her shawl tighter, Pia told the Bearded Lady, her closest friend, to slow down and take her arm.

"I'm going to fall over dead asleep in the street," Pia complained. She had done a total of 24 readings that day, and though the money was good, she was mentally exhausted.

"We're almost there, darling." The Bearded Lady waited until Pia could catch up and then wound her a firmly through hers. "You want to see the new magician, don't you? People say he's got real magic. That he can pass through rope and cabinets."

Pia groaned. "Oh hell, Teenie, you sound like a rube! You know he's a conjurer just like the rest of us! There's no such thing as magic."

"You're such a grouch today."

"It's been too long since I had a good bounce in the sack." Pia hadn't gotten laid in a couple weeks which, for her, was an excruciating eternity. Especially when so many women who had their palms read had swelling breasts held tightly in corsets and low cut blouses. None of them understood her subtle sexual signals so, out of spite, their fortunes were not the brightest.

There was no way she could satiate herself with Teenie, the Bearded Lady. Teenie thought Pia the more gorgeous, interesting woman she'd ever met, but Teenie was in passionate, overwhelming love with her husband, The Strong Man. Who happened to be back at their carnival site playing poker with the freaks and trapeze artists.

Teenie had heard that the carnival manager had hired a magician. They didn't have one at present. Pia could do basic magic, but thought it beneath her. Anyone could pull a coin from behind someone's ear, but she was doing complex readings that required intelligence and an understanding of psychology. She had actual psychology books that she found in a bookshop in New York that she had read and

reread. She didn't understand all of it, but there were parts that did help her. Pia thought herself a magician of the mind.

In order to blend in and not cause herself attention, Teenie dressed as a man. She didn't want to dress in women's clothes because people would gather about her and start asking questions and giving her money and, frankly, she was tired of working and wanted to be ignored. Besides, it was rude to go into another carnival and "set up shop" so to speak.

Teenie had the most ridiculously carrot orange red hair, and her beard was long and even redder. She was called The Infernal Bearded Lady with the Inferno of Hair. She had a hell/devil schtick that worked very well with the crowds. Occasionally, Christians would throw rotten eggs at her, but they would always be escorted from the premises and divested of their purses, jewelry and wallets.

Pia always wanted to be one of the people who would escort unruly Christians from the place. She would mutter curses at them and give them the evil eye, and after they would run away screaming, Pia would fall to the ground laughing hysterically.

The new magician was called The King of Hearts: "His reign is of this world and all others. The Universe bows before his mystical fortitude. There is no woman's heart he cannot make disappear".

Pia read the poster and tilted her head to one side. "Kind of convoluted, don't you think? It doesn't make sense, too. Is he killing women by making hearts disappear?"

"Stop not liking him before you met him. He can't help having a cock."

The King was performing in the largest tent. It was filled to capacity. Pia and Teenie managed to make their way to the edge of the stage. The King was in the middle of being chained from head to toe.

Beside him was a narrow cabinet with locks all along its door. As he was being chained, the King was describing the strength of the chains, the reality of the locks, the impossibility of what he was going to attempt to do.

Teenie said, "He's good. Tells the audience how impossible it is and then easily breaks it all apart and everyone thinks he's fucking Jesus."

"He's not a he," Pia said. Her lips pressed together as she smiled.

“Oh, step off, Pia. Not everyone you meet is a lezzie,” Teenie whispered.

“No, but this one sure as hell is. And she’s incredible.”

“So now you give a fuck,” Teenie said.

“Yeah, I’m a dirty sex pervert.”

The King was tall and thin and had been wearing a pin striped suit. The jacket and bright red tie had been removed so he could be chained. His black hair was short, cut exactly as a man’s would be. It was true: this was a woman. But only someone like Pia, who was actively looking for women in disguise, would have recognized the King as a woman.

Once all the chains were set, an audience member was asked to come up on stage and examine all the locks to make sure everything was secure. Pia climbed over a few children and pushed two star-struck women out of the way in order to climb on stage.

Pia took her time, crouching at the King’s feet and pulling at the chains, and shaking the locks. When she finally got to the chains crisscrossed across his chest, Pia let her hands brush over his nipples. Her hands gripped the chains across his hips and jerked him forward a few times, as if he was fucking her standing up. Pia almost whimpered as she did so, instantly throbbing between her legs and feeling wetness make her thighs slick. Pia stared deep in his eyes as she did as she jerked his chains, and the King smiled back. A message had been sent, received, and answered.

Pia assured everyone with the passionate flourish of a performer that everything was secure and hopped off stage. The King was locked in the cabinet. He told the audience he would free himself within sixty seconds.

His female assistant (of whom Pia was already ridiculously jealous), held a stopwatch and gave a countdown.

“Fifty...forty-nine...forty-eight...forty-seven...”

The cabinet began to shake. The sounds of chains rustling and wood splintering became extremely

loud. The assistant had to yell above the noise, but never stopped her counting. The crowd became agitated and excited. Finally, at ten seconds, the cabinet burst apart, wood scattering across the floor. The King was gone.

Then the audience heard from the opposite side of the stage, loudly and with flourish, “Five, four, three, two, one!”

Everyone swung to look. The assistant was gone and the King, back in his suit, his hair unruffled, stood holding the stopwatch. He made a grand, sweeping bow and the audience erupted in applause.

As they left the tent, Teenie couldn’t figure out how the King was doing the countdown the entire time. “I swore the girl was doing it! But he was in the cabinet!”

“Do you want me to tell you how he did it?” Pia teased.

“No, and if you ever tell me one thing about it, I’ll slap you silly.”

Pia laughed and jumped on Teenie’s back and “Woooo!”’d loudly into the night. “He’s so delicious!!!”

Teenie laughed and said, “Get off me, you crazy pervert!”

“Didn’t you think he was the most gorgeous thing you’ve ever seen?”

“I don’t think he was a woman, that’s for sure. That’s a real man, if I’ve ever laid my eyes on one.”

Pia laughed at her. “I’ll prove it to you. I’ll bestow upon him my seductive womanly wiles, and get in his pants and find out what he’s got.”

Teenie said, “And what if it is a man? You going to follow through on it or blue ball the bastard?”

“I’m so sure I’m right I promise I’ll follow through!”

There was a speakeasy in town that Teenie and Pia knew about from previous visits with the carnival. The bouncers knew them on sight and Pia gave them hugs and pulled coins from behind their ears. They were delighted and gave her a kiss on the cheek and let them in.

The place was dark and smoky, and a band was playing a jazz piece that got in Pia's blood. She danced her way to a free table and took off her shawl. She was wearing a shirt that was skin tight, bespeckled with rhinestones, and ended just below her breasts. She wore a matching skirt slung low on her belly, exposing the red jewel in her navel. Pia untied the scarves from around her head and her wild hair seemed to explode outward. Her hair had several braids and ribbons wound through it, as well as charms and bells. She couldn't stop moving and dancing, and begged Teenie to come out to the dancefloor with her.

Teenie wasn't a dancer. Their waitress came by and immediately sat at the table and hugged Teenie. The waitress at once started in with all the drama in her life and Teenie was an attentive, enthusiastic listener.

"I want gin!" Pia called as she headed to the dancefloor.

She was quite oblivious to what others were doing as she danced the charleston. It was hotter out there than at the table, and Pia could feel sweat bead along her hairline. As she got winded, she started paying attention to other people. Most specifically women. There would usually be at least one woman who would be as interested in Pia as Pia was in her. Sometimes the woman would be with a man and then any encounter they would have would be confined to the bathroom.

This time, there was no one that caught Pia's eye. She began to feel disappointed until something happened that made her feel so much worse.

A man became interested in her. He was sitting at a table on the edge of the dancefloor. He wasn't terribly good looking, but he was wearing an expensive suit and it gave him confidence. Once their eyes accidentally met, he took it as encouragement and Pia groaned and started moving away through the dancers. Pia knew she couldn't lose him, but she could make her way back to Teenie. Once there, she would fawn all over Teenie as if they were Romeo and Juliet and her unwanted admirer would leave in disgust over "the Sapphists".

Pia looked back over her shoulder and discovered he was not far away. This pursuit created a hunt for him. He was growing more and more excited at the prospect of capturing her. Pia was nearly off the dancefloor when someone grabbed her from behind and spun her into open arms.

“Why you running, sweetheart?” the man asked. He smelled of alcohol and probably had been drinking for quite a while.

“My boyfriend is expecting me.” Pia tried to pull away. He held her tighter.

“Come on, honey, I know a girl like you doesn’t have a boyfriend.”

“A girl like me?” Pia was instantly angry.

“The kind of girl that has the need to get up and dance all alone. You weren’t just dancing. You were showing off what you got, and, sweetheart, you’ve got a lot and I appreciate you showing it off. Or are you working girl? Do I have to pay? Needing to pay puts me in an awful foul mood.”

Pia was about to knee him in the balls when he was suddenly punched in the jaw. His assailant then grabbed him by his expensive suit and hit him in the stomach. He fell over onto the floor gasping and squirming.

“Oh, goddamn!” Pia breathed and turned to whomever had done that.

It was The King. “What’s the matter with you?” He was angry. “You can’t carry on like that. Dancing by yourself and putting yourself on display.”

The guy in the suit got to his feet and looked ready to fight. Pia turned to him and kicked him in the balls as hard as she could. He dropped. The bouncers suddenly appeared and dragged the poor moaning man off.

“I’ve got every right to have fun and not have to depend on a man to escort me on the dancefloor as if I was some precious flower.”

“No, you don’t, not with you being so damn pretty. Come on,” The King said, grabbing her arm.

Pia yanked on her arm, but he held her firmly. “Let go of me! Come on where?”

“Somewhere you can’t get into trouble anymore.”

Pia flared. "I can do anything I want, anywhere I want, with anyone I want." They passed Teena at her table, still talking with the waitress, and now also a bouncer, who was crying. Teena and the Waitress looked as if they were trying to reassure him that everything would be all right "Teena, isn't that right?! I'm a free woman! Teena, tell him!"

Teena didn't hear her.

The King took her outside, around the side of the building. The King pushed Pia against the wall and seemed to struggle against the impulse not to press his body against her.

Pia said, "I want to go back inside." She didn't sound convincing.

The King pulled out a flask and took a long pull. He offered it to Pia and she took a long one as well.

"Don't you want to know how I did the trick?" he asked smiling, his hand pressed against the wall above her head.

She laughed. "I know how you did it."

"You cannot know how I did it. No one knows how I did it."

Pia told him how he did it. It made her extremely wet. Her heart was pounding in her throat as she spoke, and her nipples became so hard the material of her shirt tickled them.

The King took a step back. He paused and took another drink. Then he smiled. "You're from the carnival. Palm reader? Tarot cards? *Medium*. You'd have to be a medium to know how I did it."

Pia nodded and took another drink. "I don't do the medium stuff much because I don't have the help. And it's a lot of work, too. All the advanced research is what takes so much time---"

His mouth was suddenly pressed on hers, hard, and she started trembling as she tasted the gin on his tongue. The King's hands were up her shirt, caressing one of her breasts as his other hand was pulling at her skirts. Pia had a fleeting thought that this might actually be a man and she might actually be about to fuck him. But she knew deep down this had to be a woman. Pia just knew because she didn't feel repulsed. There was so much about The King that was exciting and delicious and just like her.

Then his hand was on her pussy and it was soaking. His fingers stroked the outer lips, teasing her and Pia started begging. Then his finger was on that tight little demanding nub of flesh and Pia yelled. The King laughed and shushed her and then pushed two fingers deep inside her. He stroked her slowly, expertly, and as deep as he could reach. She begged him to go faster.

“No,” he said, between kisses. “I love saying No to you.”

Pia began squeezing her pussy, as tightly as she could. It was something she had learned years ago when she was very young. She squeezed him again and again and now it was his turn to moan. “Oh, fuck, baby,” The King said, pushing her hair away from her face and kissing her throat.

Pia felt this was the time. She had to know for sure. She couldn’t come without knowing. Pia worked his trouser buttons quickly and reached down between his legs.

Pia laughed and screamed, “Yes!” At that point, The King started thrusting harder, faster, and playing with her clit. He pressed his hand over her mouth as she grunted and screamed and made guttural noises like an animal in heat. White light exploded against her eyelids and she saw things, people, symbols, complex events that took only a second to occur. When she finally came down, she crumpled to The King’s feet. She panted and pressed her face against his thigh. He kept asking if she was okay and gave her more to drink.

When she finally had just enough strength, Pia pulled down his trousers. She pulled one of his legs out so she could make him spread as far as possible.

And Pia pressed her mouth against The King’s pussy. It was wet and her thick hot liquid poured over Pia’s face. She took her clit between her teeth and sucked it as hard as she could and The King grunted. Pia could tell The King was struggling not to scream. Pia inserted one of her fingers and reached deep, rounding the curve and touching the most sensitive area. The King bucked against Pia’s mouth. Pia could take it. She stroked this tender spot and flicked her tongue over The King’s clit and it didn’t take long. The King did yell as she came, and Pia drank all the juices that shot over her chin and cheeks.

The King pulled her to her feet and kissed her so hard Pia’s jaw hurt. Their teeth scratched and bruised their lips. They couldn’t get enough.

Their hands fastened on each other's pussy. The King leaned back against the wall, Pia leaning against him, and they stroked each other's clit together. Their fingers made mirroring movements. They kissed and sucked at each other's lips and whimpered as if they were in the most terrible agony.

"Come with me," Pia said into The King's mouth.

"I will, baby," The King responded and instantly both came together.

Pia saw images which seemed to present their entire future together. And despite what she saw, Pia had never felt happier and more satisfied.

Pia said, "Your heart is mine now."

And The King was hers. For now.