

# The Power of the Tarot

By harrylime

Published on Lush Stories on 15 Jul 2012

All Harry Lime stories are copyrighted under application made August 15, 2011 #441275 copyright @ directlegal.com All requests to download or reprint these stories will be granted after contacting the author at this site or at kattawatta33@hotmail.com. All Harry Lime stories will soon be available on Amazon.com as kindle E-books Volume I is released. Vol II will be released October 2011 and Vol III will be released December 2011. Additional copyright information will be posted on the Amazon. com site.

*She stood over him and innocently spread her legs wide so he could see the curve of her ass.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/the-power-of-the-tarot.aspx>

## THE POWER OF THE TAROT

It was just another ordinary reading.

The spread was nothing fancy, no gimmicks and no earth-shattering revelations to impart to a gullible mark.

Isabella was sitting on top of her King-sized bed totally naked. She was not a nudist or even a naughty girl. Isabella just liked to do her readings over the phone with the skin of her body completely free of any restriction. Sometimes she would play with her pussy or fondle her nipples when she was talking to a client but she never mentioned any of that over the phone.

When she first arrived in Las Vegas almost a year ago, she had various choices of employment. Most of them related to exploitation of her natural beauty. Isabella was a tall girl with very long shapely legs. They were the legs of a dancer or a model. Her breasts were natural and large enough to cause stares even when they were modestly covered in public. Her ex-boyfriend Tony used to spank her a lot not because he wanted to hurt her but because as he told her,

“Bella, baby, your ass is so beautiful it needs to be paid attention to. But I got to warm it up before I give it to you back there.”

It was not that he stuck it up her ass a lot but he did love to make her take it doggy style whenever possible. Isabella was OK with that because it kept her ass curves in good shape with all the

exercise.

The beautiful young girl in her mid-twenties regretted the fact that she had to shit-can Tony before going out to Vegas. There was really no choice because a triple reading of the “special” deck told her in no uncertain terms they were “finished”. It was a real shame because she had gotten accustomed to his huge cock sliding up between her legs at night.

Her only real job choices were: (1) Showgirl, a job that paid real good but meant she had to give it out free to the special friends of the boss whenever she was told to do so. (2) Escort girl, which was a job that Isabella would like to forget because it caused her nothing but grief on the East Coast. (3) Model, they called it being a model, but it really meant stripping down and doing mostly oral and anal in front of a video cam. She didn't mind the job requirements; it was just hard work with a lot of retakes and endless sessions of getting guy's cocks to stiffen up for the camera. (4) The last job was working at home answering the phone for a Psychic Hotline. It fit her flexible schedule and meant she could look after her black cat who went everywhere with her. Isabella already had her “spread charts” and 3 good decks of cards. Her original deck was the “Voodoo” deck given to her by her grandmother. Her Nana told her that her grandmother had passed it on to her, so it was pretty old.

She got to keep half of the money from the phone sessions and at 2.00 a minute it added up fast with a few calls of a longer duration. Of course, the first 3 minutes were free and there were a number of freaks who made it policy to talk for only 3 minutes and hang up abruptly. Isabella got real good at stopping that from happening because she could read the needs of her clients pretty good in less than 3 minutes and almost always was able to furnish a “hook” that kept them on the line for up to an hour.

Scotty, her black cat, jumped up on the bed and just sat there looking at her with interest as she talked to a client.

“I thought you told me you were married?”

“Oh, you WERE married. What happened to your husband?”

“Divorced! That is just what I saw in the cards. It explains everything. Let me spread back 3 cards for the past and 3 cards for the future.”

“Agatha, I can't hurry this. This is like fate. You can't hurry fate just like you can't hurry love.”

“OMG, it is the traveler again. You must be going on a trip?”

“A cruise! That sounds fantastic. Let me see if you will meet someone to fill the romance box.”

“I see him. He is tall and has beautiful hands. His hands have had tons of experience in finding all those special places. What is your special favorite place to be touched, Agatha?”

“Nipples, that is so strange, Agatha, I love being touched there too. It makes me feel so good down below, if you know what I mean?”

“No, I can’t see his face, but I can tell you he is very potent and his virility card shows he got that macho force that means you would have to give it all up to him when you bend over.”

“I can’t tell his age exactly but he is a mature man and not a boy.”

“You’re 38, you say? Well, that is still pretty young, Agatha. You can still have a child but the clock is ticking. You got to get busy, girl!”

“I got my romance deck, now, Agatha. Let me see what you should do to get his attention. “

“Do you swim?”

“Good! Put on the swim suit and get out to that pool every day. Don’t worry about a few extra pounds. Mature men love a woman with some meat on her. Do you have one with a little flair skirt to it? Just make sure whenever you bend over you keep those knees locked and always wear your heels everywhere you go. They really make your ass stick out nice and they put a real nice curve in your calves.”

“Yes, Agatha, you can call me next week. Just ask for Isabella. The operator will connect you or mark your number down for me to call you back as soon as I am available. Any time after midnight is just fine. Good hunting, Agatha.”

After that call was finished, Isabella put her line on hold for a 10 minute break. She ran into the bathroom and tinkled so hard it was just like “Niagara Falls”.

That was a good call. It was 85 minutes on the clock. That was 85 bucks to her and it was only 2AM. She had already accumulated 225 for the evening. It was going to be a good night. Her Friday night paycheck would be fat indeed.

Isabella hopped up on the high bed and shoved her favorite teddy bear under her hips. She turned the channel to the X-rated channel and started to grind her pussy mound slowly on the soft face of the brown teddy bear. The girl on the tube was taking a very long cock deep into her mouth in a way that seemed almost impossible. Isabella knew from experience a girl could take almost any length down as long as she practiced a lot and knew how to keep from gagging.

Her naked body was starting to sweat even though the air conditioning was on high. She tensed her gluts and pushed the teddy bear down into the bed. Having done this a lot of times, Isabella started to talk to teddy bear in a very familiar voice.

“Get that tongue working, Mr. Teddy! Lick little Isabella real nice. You are one fine pussy licker. Are you going to take care of my ass too, Mr. Teddy? We may not have enough time. Have to save that

for later.”

Isabella was starting to pant. She was a little bit out of breath and she humped the little teddy bear doll faster and faster keeping in time with the girl sucking and swallowing as fast as she could on the screen right in front of her face.

The girl on the screen got a nice load right in her face right at the same time that Isabella felt her orgasm make her go rigid on top of her favorite teddy bear. Poor teddy received lots of sprinkles from Isabella’s seeping pussy. It was only a minute later that the 10 minute timer went off to signal she was back on line and the phone commenced to ring with a demanding loudness. That was just fine with Isabella because it meant money coming in.

“Hello, Psychic Hotline. I will be your guide this evening. My name is Isabella. Tell me a little about yourself and what questions you want to be answered.”

She shut the operation down at 6AM and stretched out naked with Scotty resting at her feet. Isabella didn’t think that she snored but Scotty would tell a different tale if he could talk.

At about 9AM there was a loud knock at the screen door. Isabella kept the screen door locked as an added deterrent against a home invasion. Not much of a deterrent but it would slow a bad guy down just a little bit and give her time to chamber a round in her Saturday night “Special”.

She was already opening the front door when she realized she didn’t have a stitch of clothing on her. Isabella hoped the faint outline of a standing male waiting for a response didn’t see her in her birthday suit. She pulled up her short shorts without any underwear and hooked her bathing suit top on just because it was lying on the back of the sofa.

She opened the door to one of the most handsome men she had ever seen.

“Are you Isabella Lovey?”

“Yes, is there a problem?”

The tall man smiled and showed his clean white teeth in a walnut brown sun-tanned face.

“No, ma’am, your boss at media communications asked me to stop by to check your phone-line connection and to help you set up your computer to link up to the website.”

Isabella remembered her boss Jack had warned her the previous afternoon that some guy would be by at 9AM the next morning. She felt stupid for forgetting but it had been a long night and she didn’t have any coffee yet.

“Come on in. The modem and stuff is all in my bedroom. I am going to the kitchen and make some coffee. Do you want any?”

“No, ma’am can’t take the caffeine. It makes me all jittery.”

She got busy and also took time to brush her hair and pull it back in a ponytail so it didn’t look so disorganized. She washed under her armpits with the soap in the kitchen because everything else was in the master bathroom. She hoped the guy didn’t guess what she was doing with her teddy bear which she had left sitting damp with her pussy juice in the middle of the bed.

When she strolled back into the bedroom with her coffee cup steaming in her hand, Isabella saw the man on his back on the floor with his shirt removed as he worked with the wiring at the base of the wall. His tight cowboy jeans were pouched at the groin with a bulge that spelled major male package inside.

Isabella got instantly aroused and her nipples betrayed her by pushing out from their comfortable hiding place in her soft round breasts. With no underwear to speak of, she knew her juices were starting to leak right onto her short shorts. She hoped no visible wet spot was apparent.

She stood innocently over the prone workman and spread her legs wide so he could see the curve of her ass cheeks from the front.

His hat was on the table and she could see it had 2 black feathers in the band. Her senses told her that they were crow feathers and that she would be defenseless against this male’s sexual power.

It turned out that Jimmy Twofeathers was more Indian than cowboy and he came from a long line of medicine men. He came up from off the floor and pushed Isabella back onto the bed with a gentle movement.

She fell fully stretched and open beneath him.

Her short shorts and top disappeared as if by magic. She had no idea what happened to them. No words were spoken. They looked into each other’s eyes and no words were needed. Her glance fell to his groin and she sucked in her breath real hard. He made her ex-boyfriend Tony seem like a junior varsity dick. There was no need for lubrication. Jimmy’s pre-cum and her already dripping snatch was all the lubrication they needed.

Isabella was real tight at first. Jimmy seemed surprised. She hadn’t had sex for over six months and her pussy was almost like a cherry girl. It didn’t make any difference. Jimmy grabbed her legs and pulled her up onto his cock as he drove his hard shaft deep into her vagina. She whimpered like a lovesick schoolgirl. This wasn’t like her at all.

She wanted his cock so bad she could taste it.

When Jimmy wrapped his arms around her and started humping in earnest, she held on to him for dear life. She didn’t want to be thrown off of this beautiful ride. In fact, she wanted this ride to last

forever.

Her third orgasm was the best of all.

Right after that, Jimmy Twofeathers threw his head back and howled like a desert wolf. Isabella was so exhausted from her orgasms that all she could muster was a series of weak whimpers as he spurted deep inside her.

Isabella decided she had found the perfect replacement for Tony.