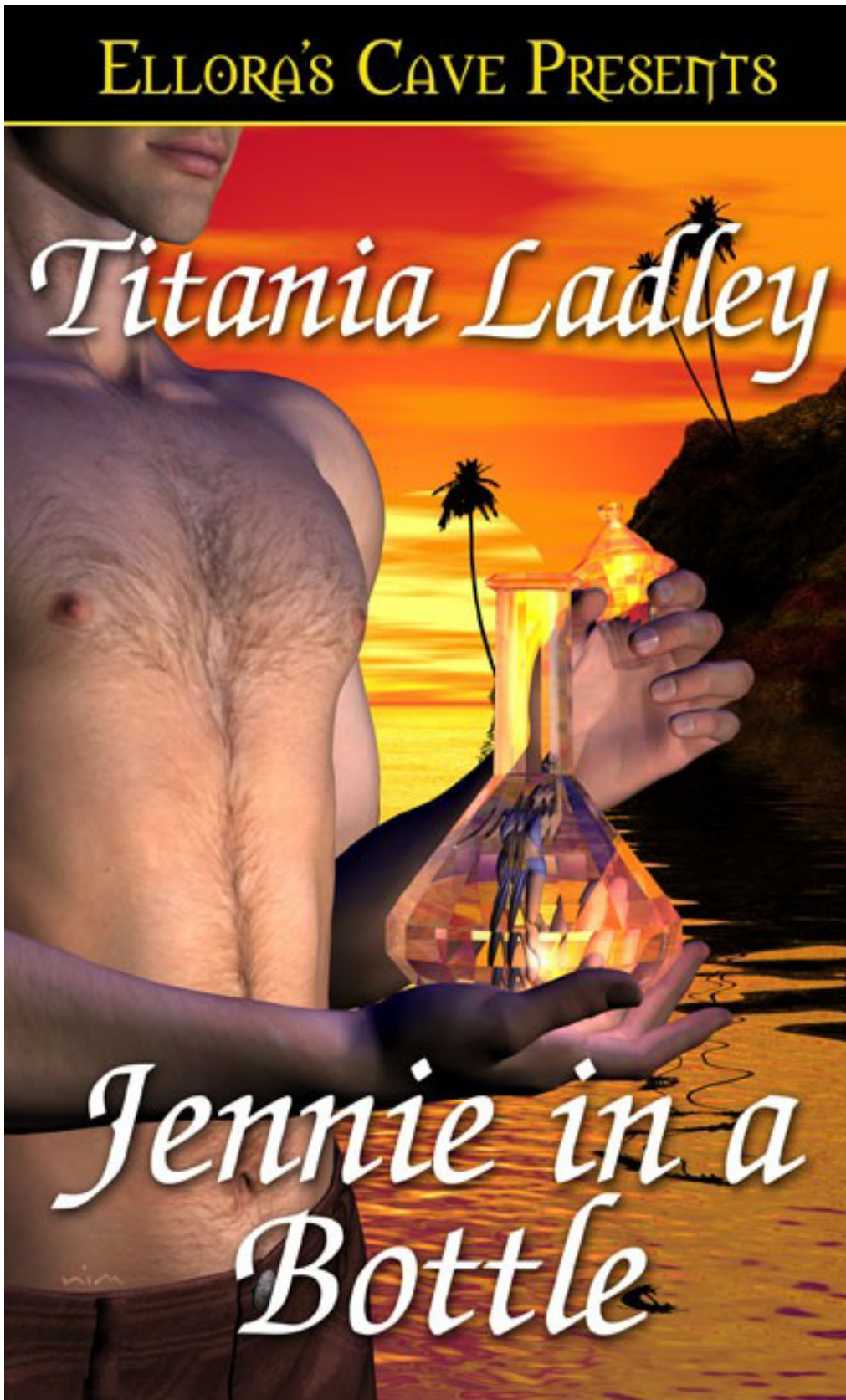


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Titania Ladley

*Jennie in a
Bottle*



JENNIE IN A BOTTLE

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JENNIE IN A BOTTLE

Titania Ladley

Chapter 1

Present day

Hedonist Resort, Carnal Island

Gulf of Mexico off the Florida coast

The bottle was calling to him.

Resort owner Luke Slayton popped one lid open and stared across the sand. An ancient-looking, filigreed bottle washed onto the beach nearby. He sat upright, shook the sleepiness from his head and fixed his gaze on the object. It rolled along the sand with a pleasant tinkle and settled at the edge of the surf.

Spellbinding, mesmerizing...sexual. It brought all things naughty and elusive to mind.

He rose and plucked it up. It tingled in his hands, pulsed with energy...and he'd be damned if it wasn't giving him an instant hard-on! It was alive, he mused as the cool ocean waters lapped about his ankles. It glowed and flashed, as if it would explode any moment if he kept stroking the deep purple glass. Vaguely, he could smell the salty air, feel the heat of the sun on his bare shoulders. But the bottle seemed to have the power to override all his senses—except his libido. And his dormant sex drive appeared to be cooperating wholeheartedly. The bottle caressed it like a well-seasoned whore.

He chuckled to himself. Groggy from the much needed nap on the beach, he'd heard the distant feminine voice calling to him. Now here it was, an odd inanimate object—not a warm, pliant woman as he'd hoped—that seemed to have the power to give him this instant erection.

His breathing pattern increased. The cut-off jeans he wore grew tight as he sprinted toward his towel spread upon the sand.

The stopper was perched upon the urn in the manner of a shrine, and multicolored jewels glittered in the Florida sun. Luke examined his catch and noted a small window-like hole. He peered inside, one-eyed, and a movement caught his eye. Possibly a little minnow or guppy, he mused. He could have sworn he saw *something* flit across his line of vision. With a dismissive slant of his head, he shook the jug and listened as the weight of the object smacked against the inner walls of the bottle. Shrugging impatiently, he clutched the stopper in his fist and yanked until the suction resulted in a resounding *pop*.

The wind whipped up violently around him. He dragged in a breath. His vision blurred and he stumbled into the force of the air current. Instantly, he was assaulted by the scent of hibiscus and honey. Or did he *taste* honey?

He held up a protective hand and blinked. There was something...something there before him in the blinding sunlight.

Suddenly, he staggered against the weight in his arms.

"What the hell...?" Luke muttered. The vase was gone, and in its place was...a mermaid?

He blinked again. Holy hell, but it was a *woman*! He slanted a quick look of confusion up and down the beach, but his eyes were helplessly drawn back to the small bundle in his arms. A very curvy, delectable, gorgeous woman, he concluded as his gaze swept over the long black hair and heart-shaped golden-toned face. Wet soot lashes fanned high cheekbones in alluring spikes. His gaze drifted down over a small feminine nose to the rose-hued lips. He watched, fascinated, as they pursed in unison with the dazed slant of her dark brows. As she stirred and made funny little sighing noises, he passed his gaze down over her upthrust breasts, only inches from his face.

"Son of a bitch," he groaned. Could his pants get any tighter? She wore some sort of pale blue toga-style dress. It was snug and wet and emphasized every curve of her ample breasts. And hell if he couldn't see the dark roundness of her areolas, and the hardness of them as they constricted against the silky fabric.

He dropped to his knees on the beach towel, the woman still unconscious in his arms. Sure that she wasn't able to witness his perusal of her, he continued to study her magnificent body. With each caress of his eyes, he etched every curve and plane in his brain. Her waist narrowed into a tiny circumference and was bound by an elaborate golden belt. Helpless to resist, he smoothed his palm over the cool metal cinch, down across the gentle rise of her pelvic bone. Her hips swelled enticingly under the fabric, and at the vee of her thighs, he could see a dark thatch of curls against the pale cloth. The "dress" she wore was short, about mid-thigh. His eyes slid sensuously down from the juncture, to the lean, tanned thighs, which, in turn, tapered into perfectly formed, well-toned calves. Tenderly, so as not to awaken her, he skimmed his hand down the soft flesh of one leg to the slim foot. His breath quickened at the sight of her bare feet. Her toes were slender and feminine, her skin flawless and smooth.

And he was losing his mind.

He shook the dizziness from his head. This was no mermaid, for sure. This was nothing more than a blown-up wet dream, he concluded. Yes. That was it. He hadn't truly awakened from his nap. Obviously, he was in the midst of a very vivid sexual dream.

He glanced up the beach again and blinked several times. His tropical resort was still there. He could see two couples frolicking on the beach, one pair sunbathed nude, the other strolled hand-in-hand near the surf. The thatching on the roof of the building ruffled in the breeze, the very breeze that caressed his bare skin at that precise moment. He saw a sea gull fly overhead, and heard it *caw* just as plain as reality. The sun warmed his skin, the scent of the sea wafted up on the light winds, he could taste the sharp flavor of salt in his mouth.

He smacked his lips together and rolled his tongue around in his mouth.

And he could taste *her*.

Luke grinned giddily. No, he didn't think it was just any dream. It was a dream come true, straight from the pages of *Penthouse*!

A goddess of a woman had washed up on shore and somehow—he'd figure that part out later—she'd ended up magically in his arms.

He fidgeted and shifted from one bare knee to the other. Now what should he do? Glancing down, he watched, mesmerized, as her breasts rose and fell with her breathing. She was warm and soft. And, God, he wanted to fuck her! The thought came upon him so suddenly, his loins throbbed with need against her hip. Unable to resist, he rubbed her ass firmly against his cock, and groaned in response.

Amazed, he realized that he could come just doing this, just watching her and grinding her hip over his sex.

"Oh..." she moaned. Her head moved from side to side, abrasive against his hardened nipples. A slow roll of fire washed over him, and he muttered a protest as his balls drew up tightly in his wet shorts.

"Hello? Miss?"

He scrutinized her, tantalized as the thick lashes fluttered. And it was as if the ocean had suddenly whipped up a tsunami and thrown its wrath upon him with an unstoppable force. Her eyes were like nuggets of gold, flecked with a darker brown, and they glittered in the overhead light of the sun. They were a pirate's treasure of pure wealth, globes of sensual, fuck-me power within the perfection of her face. He swallowed a dry lump in his throat. Around him, the lull of the ocean tide crashed and receded in a singsong rhythm, seducing him further with its background music.

Her eyes crossed momentarily as she asked breathily, "Papa?"

He chuckled. "No, beautiful. I'm certainly not your papa—thank God." He mumbled that last under his breath.

"Am I out of the bot —" Her eyes darted about, as if she searched for something.

"Damn, but you have a sexy voice," he muttered. It was akin to dribbling maple syrup over his dick, all sweet and thick and husky.

As if all hell had broken loose, she scrambled out of his arms and rolled across the sand. She came up crouched, a jungle warrior prepared to fight. Her eyes darted frantically from the sky, to the island behind her, to where Luke remained kneeling and cemented to the towel. But the rebel was unsteady on her feet, and Luke rose and reached for her arm to support her.

She slapped his hand away and he caught the flare of something—fear?—in her eyes. "Where am I?" she demanded. Her gaze speared him with anxious darts of fire. "And who, sir, are you?"

He crossed his arms over his chest and raised a brow at her catchy accent. Something about it was vaguely disconcerting. And God, but he couldn't help taking one more sweeping glance of her dark beauty and knockout body, every curve, contour and color visible through the damp filmy fabric.

Isis. She reminded him of all the many likenesses he'd seen of the ancient Egyptian goddess of fertility. Which certainly made him want to spill his fertile seed into her.

"You're on Carnal Island off the Florida coast, and I'm Luke Slayton, the owner of both the island and the resort." He lifted a hand to indicate the complex up shore tucked back into a group of coconut palms.

Her confused gaze followed the general direction of his raised hand. She cupped her palms over her now pale cheeks. "Florida? You mean, Earth?" Spinning, her eyes drank in her surroundings. Her face lit up, the storm clouds of its beauty lifted to reveal sunshiny paradise.

He threw his head back and guffawed. Was the woman for real? She wanted to know if she was on *Earth*?

"Yes, you're on the planet Earth. Next stop is Mars." He scanned her scalp. There had to be blonde roots in there somewhere, he thought.

Her eyes danced mischievously. "Then I'm no longer confined to the bottle?"

"The bottle?"

She didn't bother offering him an explanation. Instead, she shrieked and spun around in a circle, her arms thrown wide and her eyes sparkling. Energy seemed to swirl around her in a vortex of light. Suddenly she wobbled and collapsed to her knees.

"Are you okay?" He knelt and placed a hand on her shoulder, a mistake he realized too late. The simple touch sent a sharp stab of desire to his loins. Her skin was moist and as smooth as fine satin beneath his touch. He wondered if the rest of her skin under that odd costume would render him just as transfixed, just as hard.

"Please, sir." She struggled to her feet, her face alight with glee, voice hopeful. "Tell me it is so. I'm truly out of the bottle?"

He stood once again and studied her warily. She couldn't be serious. Out of the bottle? "I'm...I'm sorry. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't," she pointed out. She spared him a glance as she stumbled up the beach. "But I'd be glad to reply to your inquiry. I'm Jensina Sebastian of the realm of Xanthus," she threw over her shoulder. "My genie acquaintances call me Jennie."

Realm? Xanthus? Genie? He shot a suspicious glance into the forest. Was someone playing a bizarre prank on him?

He shrugged, got steadily to his feet and caught up to her, falling in step beside her. She seemed to rapidly be gaining her strength back. Luke scratched his chin and grinned wolfishly at her. "Jennie in a bottle, huh?"

As ridiculous as it seemed, it appeared, repeat *appeared*, that she'd materialized from within that bottle he'd found. But it *was* ridiculous. He hadn't actually seen her emerge from it. She'd just popped onto the scene at almost the same moment he'd opened the peculiar bottle – and grown his third leg.

She suddenly halted and turned to face him. Her midnight hair hung in swirly ropes over her shoulders and back. Captivated, he admitted she did resemble a true genie. But she wasn't, of course.

"Did you find the bottle?" Her husky voice rose with alarm.

He cleared his throat and resisted the urge to readjust his shorts. "Yes, I did."

Her amber eyes danced with distress. "Where, sir, is it?" Protectiveness welled up inside him, and strangely, he longed to take her in his arms, to comfort and cuddle her. But instead, he swept the beach with his own gaze. "I guess it washed back out to sea. I removed the cork then I must have dropped the bottle in the water. Next thing I knew—" he snapped his fingers "—there you were. And *how*," he said on a whistle.

She stepped nearer, so near, her provocative fragrance engulfed him. God, how he ached to plunge himself between those perfect gams of hers!

"I profess my eternal gratitude for your part in my rescue. Your every wish is now my command." Dizzy, he forced himself to keep his stare locked on hers. "But, if you should locate the bottle again, please...Mr. Slayton, was it?" At his nod, she went on. "Destroy it." A vague sense of alarm took root in his chest when her eyes smoldered with fear again. She pivoted on her bare heel and glided up the beach toward his resort. Rounded hips swayed enticingly beneath damp blue fabric. With that undeniable curve to her ass, he could make out the deep crack between the cheeks.

Luke groaned. Wish? He had one wish all right. He wished for his cock to be right between those gorgeous cheeks. He readjusted his crotch and followed the "genie" as she sashayed up his beach.

* * * * *

Over four centuries she'd been locked up, floating hither and yon in the damn ocean. And all because she hadn't been able to achieve even *one* of the thirteen required orgasms. To do so would fulfill her destiny and promote her from lowly genie to the Goddess of Carnality. She'd mated with many alpha-gods and gorgeous male genies, but none had been able to bring her to fulfillment. After four hundred-plus years of pondering it, she'd finally determined it had been an extreme case of stage fright.

I mean, come on, Jennie thought with a silent snort. Goddess of Carnality? There was a lot of sexual pressure attached to that prestigious title, and she had always loathed the thought of not being worthy of the position. The couplings hadn't really been unpleasant, just not quite up to the mark. There had been something just over the horizon that she couldn't quite see, couldn't quite grasp.

"Is there something I can...help you with?" the man asked, falling into step beside her once again.

She cast a sidelong glance at her rescuer, her new master. Hmm... He could possibly fit the requirements, she surmised. Her gaze took in the bronzed complexion,

the textured physique, the strong profile. Gods' toes, but the man was handsome in a rugged, Earthly sort of way. She'd loved the solidity of his bare chest against her cheek upon waking. There'd been a strange tingling sensation deep inside her womb that had nearly kept her in his lap. The thought of it now brought a rush of wetness to her apex...and it wasn't the ocean water soaking her inner thighs, *that* she was certain of.

A sudden thought occurred to her. Could this be the solution to her four-hundred-year dilemma? She halted her steps and turned to him. They briefly collided and she caught the pleasant, faint aroma of man. "Help? Yes...maybe. Well, you see, I *could* use your assistance. As it were, I must fornicate and produce thirteen orgasms."

He blinked. "What?" He shifted his stance. The movement brought him closer and flushed his warm aura across her breasts. Her nipples tightened in delighted response. She watched, fascinated, as his pupils dilated in the aqua pools of his gorgeous eyes. His full lips were pursed, his golden brows slanted with hopeful confusion. Yes, he was quite the Adonis, just what she needed...especially with that huge hardened tool straining against his garment.

"Will you mate with me?" The solution to her predicament stood before her, his manhood ready, willing and quite able, and suddenly, she wasn't about to take no for an answer. "And make me orgasm?"

He cleared his throat, and charmed, she scrutinized him as he thrust a hand through his gold-tipped, sandy hair. "Excuse me?" He raked her with a gaze, and she could have sworn a pair of hands stroked her flesh. An involuntary quiver coursed through her, and she was pleased to realize that it was a shudder of desire! Never before had a man, god or spirit brought forth such a reaction from her.

She raised a hand and set it upon his naked chest. Hard and smooth beneath her palm, it so enticed her that she added the other palm and began caressing the flesh of his breasts. The nipples sprang to hard pebbles against the pads of her fingers. He sucked in a breath, his teeth clamped, his eyelids limpid.

Gazing deep into his eyes, she replied, "Will you fuck me, Mr. Slayton? Thirteen times? Please?"

"Fuck – ? Thirt – ?"

Jennie sighed audibly. She didn't have time for this indecision. She was going to get this obligation over with and return to Xanthus as soon as possible. And besides, there was a sudden longing to press her mouth to his stunned one. Rising up on tiptoe, she touched her lips to his. Warm and wet, they grazed over hers, igniting tiny sparks of awareness in her belly. He growled, and with it, she heard the sound of saw palmetto and king palms swishing in the breeze, while the orange ball of the sun lowered itself closer to the horizon. She drew in a breath and the manly scent of him swirled in her nostrils. His unique, sweet flavor had her hungering for more, all of her senses seeming to sharpen at his nearness.

Her garment was fast drying, and she adored the sensation of the hot sun soaking through the damp fabric. It had been so long, so very long since she'd experienced all

these simple pleasures. Demitri, her father, and head of The Xanthus Order, had purposely reduced her genieatic powers during her bottle confinement. All this time, she had been deprived of being able to conjure up the vivid sensations that now bombarded her. She inhaled again, closed her eyes, and was pleased at what further aromas her nostrils detected. Hibiscus hung in the salty air, and an intriguing Earthling was about to comply with her wishes to mate.

He deepened the kiss with a sudden force. Her core combusted with exciting zaps as his long tongue plunged between her lips. He swept the cave of her mouth dueling with her own tongue in a slow, sensual dance. At his sharp, excited inhalation, something in her gut churned warm and gooey with a force that took her own breath away. An arm snaked around her and yanked her up against his hardened *phallus*. The huge bulge in his bizarre clothing was much larger than it had been when she'd felt it against her hip upon awakening. It now abraded erotically against her womanly lips and brought her clit to a hardened state of arousal.

The knowledge that she alone had caused this loss of control and obvious desire sent fire rushing through her veins. He pressed her *nymphae* against him, grinding in rhythm, his huge hands finding the bare flesh of her buttocks beneath her toga where he cupped and pinched her cheeks almost painfully. Her hands shot up to tangle in his thick hair. She was hungry, she realized. Four hundred years was a long time for one's libido to be in limbo. Though it had always been a vague annoyance in the past, it now seemed to spring into a full-grown yearning that she was suddenly desperate to quench.

And now, she was going to go for orgasm number one.

She broke free of him and shoved him to the sand. The foamy surf crashed over his legs and washed back out to sea.

"Take off your garment," she ordered. Hastily, she unfastened her belt and shrugged out of her toga. "And hurry. I can feel the desire. I must mate before it eludes me."

Chapter 2

Luke stared up at the complete and utter perfection before him. Was he dreaming, or not, for Christ's sake? Yes, he had to be, but no dream before now had ever conjured up such flawlessness. Her damp mane of hair surrounded her shoulders and hung over her full breasts as a provocative curtain of silk. Brown, hard nipples peaked out from the satiny strands. Her skin was a luminescent tan, her eyes fiery pools of desire. His gaze followed the curve of her bosom down to the narrow torso, over the mild flare of her hips. A neatly trimmed thatch of black hair sat perched above her pretty pink lips like a moist shiny seashell upon his beach. Long, lean legs were planted shoulder-width apart, and he immediately thought of a siren of the sea, a nymph, a mermaid shedding her fins as the tropical breeze tossed her hair upon its windsurf.

Where had this odd yet perfect woman come from?

As he drank of her beauty, the thought boggled his mind into a state of mild shock. Had she been on some sort of cruise ship that had sunk, and then she'd miraculously survived and washed upon the shore of his island? He thought of the bottle and tried to remember how it had happened that he'd been holding it one minute, only to find that it had vanished and been replaced by this goddess. Or, could she have possibly fled by boat from the deportation authorities, and, fool that he was, he'd not even noticed her until she'd somehow washed up into his arms? She certainly had an unusual accent, and with that rich black hair and tinted skin, she could very well be a Cuban or some sort of illegal alien.

God, he didn't care to think about anything else but the fact that she was hot! And she wanted him to fuck her? Thirteen times? He was stunned. Luke could feel his shorts tightening painfully against his erection. The exotic flavor of her kiss still teased his taste buds. He was no fool. Of course he'd fuck her! But before he could obey her demand and shed his breeches, she touched the tips of her forefingers to her nipples and pressed as if they were buttons. Her head fell back and she chanted something in a strange tongue he'd never heard before.

The sea appeared to halt its rush toward shore. Palm fronds ceased their dance in the wind. Sea gulls were held suspended over a school of groupers. The usual sounds of his hedonistic island were replaced by a pleasant tinkling noise.

"Be gone with thy barrier, by the Xanthus God," she recited now in English. She removed one hand and circled it over his body, her eyes now blazing twin bonfires. "Posthaste, at once, reveal thy rod!"

"What the...?" And his pants were gone. Vanished. Indeed, his rod was revealed.

He had no time to ponder how he could have blacked out long enough to divulge of his shorts—and it was, after all, a dream, right?—but she was suddenly on top of his naked body, stealthy as a panther.

“Teach me.” She rubbed her moist pussy lips frantically up and down his cock. Blood rushed to his crotch and he went painfully rock-hard. “Teach me how to have an orgasm. Quick. Before the sensations flee.”

How could he refuse such blatant, sensual commands? He looked up into her eyes. They were hungry with need, eager for learning. He knew then and there that he couldn’t deny this awesome creature anything.

Even as he guided her pussy to his cock, he asked, “So, you want a wham-bam-thank-you-ma’am?” His breath caught as her creamy juices gushed out and coated his shaft.

She groaned and nodded vigorously. He nearly lost control when he aligned the tip of his penis with her cavern. “Yes!” she panted, her head thrown back as she straddled him. “Call it what you may, but make haste!”

He obliged. Gripping her hips, he slammed her hard onto his shaft. “Like that?” Aggression and power assailed him. But he realized too late it was a form of self-torture. The satin of her walls surrounded him lovingly, cruelly, gloving him warm and tight. “Is that how you want it, babe?”

She cried out and planted her hands on his chest. “Yes! Yes! Don’t stop!”

He felt giddy with a surge of desire. His balls tightened and the pressure built hot and relentless as she squeezed her muscles around him. Was he already going to come? The thought had him panicking. This had only been a problem as a teen. But now, here, he needed to control himself. He needed to make her come first. So he did the only thing he knew to do. He grasped for the ragged edges of control and lifted her violently from him.

“What...?” Her eyes fluttered open, round spheres of melted gold. “Why ever did you do that?” His cock protested with sharp spasms of depravity. Somewhere deep inside him, he managed to retrieve a shred of restraint. He reached up and pressed his palms to her cheeks. Gently, he drew her down and kissed her. Her lips were soft and pliant against his, completely eager and thirsty. “Because, gorgeous, if you want to orgasm, I have to stay hard. I was about to come already—God help me. If I orgasm first, I go soft before you’re ready, and then you don’t come.”

She blinked. Understanding dawned in her expression. “Oh.” She looked down at his thick rod, and he moaned when she licked her lips hungrily. “Well, then. Let’s resume our mating—but be forewarned. I *must* orgasm.”

* * * * *

Jennie could feel the wetness pouring out of her. She'd never been lubricated like this before. It felt nasty and delicious. Luke still lay on his back on the sand, and she straddled him just below his *phallus*. It was a huge pole of flesh with a pinkish oval head. Just the sight of it jutting from its nest of dark blonde curls sent waves of heat to her womb. It was just as tanned as the rest of his body, and she conjured up a mental image of him basking naked in the sun. Her pussy throbbed as she thought about how its veined fullness had been buried deep inside her only one minute ago. She wanted it there again. She wanted—or rather, *needed*—that elusive orgasm, not just to fulfill the requirements, but because her body finally demanded release, finally *desired* to couple.

She licked her lips. And she was certain this Earthman would be able to deliver.

His hand moved sensuously up one of her thighs. Pinpricks of heat ignited over her flesh.

"Ah..." She couldn't stifle the little response. His hand went between her legs and two fingers, long and hot, stroked her wet lips. A growl escaped her, and she was delighted when her reaction elicited the very same response from him. It was power, she suddenly realized. Feminine wiles that needed no magic interference from her. She could entice him simply by reacting positively to his sexual ministrations.

The thought sent a violent rush of desire through her. Another finger found the center of her, and she nearly rose in a cloud of her own magic dust at his expert touch. He seemed to instinctually know where she was most sensitive. It was a hot-cold sensation that made her ache almost painfully. He flicked the callused pad of a second finger over her bud and gradually increased the pressure until she thought she would explode.

Before she could acclimate herself to the two expert fingers, another plunged inside her. Her muscles trembled and clamped around the thick invasion. "Luke..." Looking down into his eyes, she saw her own longing mirrored there, and it further inflamed her. He joined another finger with the others and pumped in and out of her. With each thrust, a honeyed stickiness oozed out, and the scent of her own sex mingled with the salty sea air.

"Are you ready?" His breath came with ragged wisps of air. The strain in his voice touched somewhere deep inside her heart. A fine sheen of sweat glistened over his chest. "Can you feel it nearing?"

"Oh, yes," she nodded, and squirmed away from his hand. She aligned her *nymphae* over his organ, just as he had shown her earlier. The head pressed into her swollen lips, smooth to slick, hard to soft. "I'm ready for release."

This time, he guided his cock ever so slowly into her. He pushed his way in and nearly brought her to Xanthus and back as it invaded her with a most delicious fullness. Her hole stretched open and slowly closed around his steely rod. The tip of him dragged over tender, moist, inner flesh, sending bursts of power through her system. She made mewling sounds as the pressure built. Knees planted on either side of him,

she placed her hands on the sand next to each of his ears, and looked deep into those turquoise eyes. Cool ocean water lapped over them, then receded.

"Please give me number one, Luke Slayton," she whispered.

With a groan of satisfaction, he gripped her hips and silently instructed her, lifting her up and down on his shaft. She picked up the rhythm, and shards of pleasure washed through her with each penetration, each thrust of his *phallus* into her cunt. She was above him nearly on all fours now, and a feral need seized her.

"Deeper. I have to have it deeper. Oh, please, deeper..." It came out on a whimper. The fingers of ecstasy reached for her.

She stiffened when a faint hint of...something teased deep inside her pussy. Helplessly, her hands slapped the wall of his chest. His flesh was smooth and soft against her palms, like satin over steel. There was the sharp aroma of man and the wild tropics emitting from him. The warmth of his breath on her cheek sent a shiver down her spine. She watched as his eyes flared with each violent propulsion of their bodies against one another, his lids heavy with hunger.

Luke drove his rod into her and bucked with an animalistic urgency. She sat up higher and bounced on him, the slight change in position giving her precisely what she'd desired. With each slam downward, his pubic bone abraded her clit, and the tip of his manhood teased an untouched magical area deep inside her. His hands came up and cupped her bouncing breasts, and he pinched each hard nipple, sending a renewed rush of her stickiness flooding about his cock.

It was utter bliss! Nowhere near what she'd experienced before with the Xanthian beings. Waves of heat engulfed her. An overwhelming need to possess him assailed her. She caressed his arms, from the thick shoulders to the backs of his own hands where he continued to knead her breasts. Her mouth covered his hungrily while her core clamped around the steel of him, stroking, fucking. And she finally combusted.

"Oh, Gods!" she cried, tearing her lips from his. "Oh, Gods! Yes, yes, *yes!*" Her muscles spasmed around his thickness. Explosion after explosion of pure euphoria washed through her from the depths of her *nymphae* to the tips of her toes. Even as an unbelievable swell of ecstasy flowed through her every cell, she was in tune to the fact that he was experiencing precisely the same sensation.

His body stiffened. His groan carried across the still of the island. He clutched her hips tightly and lifted his rear off the sand, holding them both suspended there as he shuddered and spilled his hot seed into her. A pleasant, sticky wetness trickled around the base of his penis onto her inner thighs just as the pleasure ebbed.

After a long moment of gasps and sighs, she pressed her nipples, and with a flick of one wrist, she returned the island to its former state of activity.

Task seen to, she collapsed upon his chest. "Twelve more to go," she panted.

And somehow, she didn't think it was going to be very long before she could return to the genie realm of Xanthus to become the Goddess of Carnality.

Finally, after four claustrophobic centuries in that damn bottle!

Chapter 3

"Jensina." The voice of her father, Demitri, echoed in her head. "Your whereabouts are now known, but you seem to have finally begun your mission. Thus, you've been granted a temporary respite from your prison. You now have three days in which to fulfill your obligation, lest you be banished back to your bottle. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, for celestial sake," she said out loud. "I hear and I *will* obey, though three days is a bit farfetched, don't you think? And the bottle, by and by, is no longer my forte," she added for the record.

"Oh, you don't drink?" Luke asked slicing a look down at her. She lay upon his chest with her cheek planted by one of his nipples. He gently petted the long strands of her hair, and every now and then, he cupped her buttocks and pressed a kiss to her forehead. It sent shivers down her backside, and already she was eager to begin number two.

"It is not I who has determined the stipulations, and you well know that, Jensina."

"Yes, yes, it's the Gods," Jennie groaned to him. "I do well know."

"The Gods?" Luke stiffened and sent her an ice-blue stare of confusion. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Oh, she did so despise having duo-realm conversations. "Skat, Papa!"

Without waiting for a reply from Demitri, she addressed Luke's comment. "Do not concern yourself with the matter. And, no," Jennie returned as she rose and located her sarong. "I mean, yes, I'll gladly partake of your ambrosia. But I don't desire to return to the bottle. With the help of your seemingly talented penis, I shall never go back to that vile existence again," she vowed with a grin.

His brows dipped. "Oh. Well." He drew in a deep breath and released it. "I think I get it," he said with a sarcasm-laced voice. Without further concern, he leaped naked to his feet and stalked the sandy area, obviously in search of something.

"Looking for your trouser garment?" she asked.

He nodded. In response, she crossed her hands over her chest and recited the original spell backwards. His pants returned to their place upon his narrow hips.

"What...?" Luke startled and glanced down at his shorts.

"Do not trouble yourself over my magic. But do concern yourself immensely with providing my twelve remaining climaxes."

After a long silence, Luke guffawed as if she'd told the joke of the century. "Well, in that case," he said as he held out a hand to her. "Come with me and be officially christened to Carnal Island."

* * * * *

He led her to a rugged, seven-sided roundish building surrounded by a boardwalk. Flanking its sides were dozens of purple-bloomed jacaranda trees and various species of palms. The oleander, and sea oats, and the lovely bougainvillea beyond, were sprinkled with brightly colored parrots and macaws, and their songs echoed throughout the thick foliage. In the air, there was the tangy scent of salt blended pleasantly with hibiscus. A balmy breeze rustled the saw palmetto and sent wildlife scurrying.

The paradise enchanted her, and Jennie felt instantly drawn into the drama of it.

"What is this?" she asked him as he led her to the stairs.

"It's the *Heptagon*. Carnal Island's seven-room fantasy haven." He ascended the steps and crossed the wide outer veranda to a door marked "The Swing". He grasped the doorknob and turned to her. His eyes were ablaze with blue flames of anticipation. "If you want to have twelve more orgasms...for whatever reason," he said under his breath, "this is the place for you."

Hope sprung in her chest. This structure would somehow be her means back to Xanthus! "Truly?"

"Truly." Lifting her hand, he sucked on one fingertip. A flood of heat melted through her every cell. He turned the knob and pulled her beyond the open door into a darkened, wedge-shaped room. But for the fisherman's net lying across the center of the hardwood floor, and the lone dim light that shone on it from the beam of the ceiling, it was an empty, windowless space.

Her heart sank. It was little more than a dark abandoned room, hardly meant to induce passion, she thought with disappointment.

"How, sir, can this supply me with number two?"

Luke chuckled and led her to the netting. He stood her in the center and reached for her belt. "First of all," he said huskily, nipping at her neck, "I'm not 'sir' to you. And second of all," he went on and slipped the fabric of her toga from her shoulders, "this all must come off."

She shrugged the rest of the way out of her garment, a lingering tingle still alive where his mouth had just abandoned her neck. Cool air caressed her skin, but the heat from his gaze soon warmed and sprung her nipples to life. A vague ache tugged at her womb. There was a renewed rush of wetness between her legs as he planted his hands on her bare shoulders. With a firm downward push, he forced her to sit upon the netting at his feet. Looking up, she could no longer see his face. The handsomeness of it was obscured in darkness by the placement of the spotlight behind his head. Excitement and a fraction of alarm swirled in her gut.

"Spread your legs wide open, as a gymnast does while doing the splits," he ordered.

Though she hadn't the faintest idea what a gymnast was, she comprehended his request and widened her legs. The rough rope abraded her ass and the lips of her pussy, and a smoldering fire suddenly ignited deep within the folds.

He stepped toward the wall behind her. "Where are you going? Please, please don't leave me." She needed him near to achieve success. Was he going to abandon her and leave her to face eternity in the bottle?

A squeak sounded above her. Her eyes snapped upward. Just as she saw the pulley system, the netting shot up, sandwiching her between its walls. Her naked breasts were outlined by the hammock, one nipple rubbing painfully against the rough rope.

"Luke, what...?" With her legs spread-eagled and pinioned open in the trap, she felt the Earthly sensation of gravity as the pulley squealed overhead. Lifted off the floor, she was suspended in the mesh rope with her hands to her sides, her fingers clutching at the cording. Without her hands free to access her sensitive *mamelons*, she realized too late she would be unable to use her supernatural powers for defensive purposes.

"Okay, Mr. Slayton..." Her body swayed under the lighting. Fear clutched at her throat. She couldn't see him, couldn't see anything beyond the faint light that the bulb cast. "I hardly see what this —"

Her words were cut off by a buzzing sound behind her. And then her soul nearly shot straight back to Xanthus when he lightly touched her anus with a vibrating device. Pleasure slammed into her like an ambrosia drug. Holy mother of Mezentius, but her insides suddenly melted to wax! Her core became all warm and gooey and mushy inside. The wax ignited into a sudden blazing fire and burst through her, bringing to mind an Earthly volcanic eruption. Her legs twitched, yet she could not move them, could not so much as tighten her butt muscles.

"Do you like that, Jennie?" he asked huskily in her right ear. He was directly behind her. The heat from his chest singed her neck, shoulders, spine, rear.

"Like it?" she retorted breathlessly. "Of course I...oh...ah—" He inserted the small tip of it just barely into her ass. She stiffened in response to the sudden invasion. Never before had she heard of including that orifice in the mating process. But she could do nothing about it. The thin, ribbed object was pushed slowly into her, inch by vibrating inch. A warm hand came under the bundle of her body and found the petals of her abyss through the crisscross of the rope.

"Good, huh?" He located her nub with another pulsating mechanism. She gasped at the sudden over-stimulation, the mind-blowing sensation of both her ass and her clit simultaneously roused beyond toleration. It sent a violent snap of lust through her, rendering her breathless. And number two was just within her reach.

"Yes, oh, yes," she whimpered. Her body shuddered with the oncoming rush of the orgasm.

As if he knew she was near, and desired to torture her with denial, he abruptly withdrew the mechanisms and tossed them across the wooden floor. Disappointment assailed her, coupled with the faint remaining waves of the lost orgasm.

"Luke? Why did you stop? I...I must have number two."

He chuckled deeply, almost evilly in her ear. "Patience, my genie. Patience."

Her body took on the sensation of weightlessness as he swung her backwards. She looked down through the mesh net and got a fleeting glimpse of a very stiff cock. From behind her, he aligned her suspended form over his *phallus*, and excitement coursed through her. Jennie imagined its lengthy bulk buried inside her and the heat rose once again. A dribble of her own juices dripped onto the tip of his penis, and she heard him groan in response. He pulled her further, and she saw the naked, powerful stance of his muscled legs as he poised himself below her from behind. The moistened tip of him located her swollen cave and he swung her backward until his shaft completely impaled her.

"Oh, Mezentius!" she cried, even as he grunted. Blissful lust combusted deep inside her, and spark after spark of aching fire engulfed her. "Oh my Gods!" She was helpless to reach for him, pinioned in his spider's trap as she was. And the thought of being so very helpless, so at his mercy, nearly brought her to the door of number two.

Luke paused, and she watched as his arms, one at a time, shot through the squares of the netting at her sides. With his large tool still inside her, he speared her and held the weight of her body back and up. His hands were now apparently free to roam. He rooted around until both her breasts were freed, until they jutted out through the rope openings. Gods, she wanted those large, hot hands all over her!

But he continued the sweet torture and attached clips of some sort to her already taut nipples. Cool, sharp pain coupled with tingly heat beset her.

"Ow!" she protested. "No. That's not—" He gripped her sides and swung her backward so that he completely skewered her...but he didn't stop there. Chains were fastened to the clips, which, in turn, were secured to something behind her. With each pendulum-like swing of her entombed body, forward, backward, the small nipple shackles jolted and tugged on her areolas. Pinched and pulled, her breasts exploded with sensations bordering between pain and desire. It was an erotic combination, beginning with discomfort and immersing her in stupefying lust. Zaps of euphoria shocked her system time after time, from her ultra sensitive nipples to her aching, cock-filled core.

"You like it this way, don't you, Jennie?" His breath came in ragged gusts near her ear and sent ripples of pleasure through her. "You like being all tied up and at my mercy." At his mercy, she most definitely was. His thick, long sex felt much larger than it had the first time, and she marveled that it could fit inside her tiny body.

"Yes...I...please. Now," she sobbed. "Number two, please. I can feel it approaching."

Suddenly, there was another pulsating gadget pressed against her nub. Jolts of power scalded its engorged girth. One of his arms punched through the netting to clamp about her waist, while the other was held below where the device emitted waves of pleasure from her pussy. With his arm snug about her, he repositioned his feet and

rocked her with short little thrusts. At the same time, he violently rubbed the vibrating instrument against her clit.

"I'm almost there!" She could smell the manly scent of him, could feel the perspiration building up between them. The coarse rope was the only thing that kept her body from slipping out of his grip. He moved her in a frenzy, and before her, she could see nothing but the crisscross of rope and the vague lighting that pooled over them. She longed for her arms to be released, to be turned so that she could throw her arms around his neck. The craving to hold onto him as the climax hit her became lost in the passion and the pain. She combusted in the flames of number two as it completely engulfed her, and she rejoiced as she clamped involuntarily around him. In turn, her spasms, tight and jerky around his cock, elicited a very vocal cry from him.

Gradually, she floated back to Earth. Except for their ragged breathing, the room was deathly silent. Granted, as a genie, she didn't require oxygen, but it sure did do her lungs good to drag the musty air of the room into them.

Before she could collapse in her cocoon, he slipped his thickness from her and lowered her to the ground below the protective squeaks of the pulley system. Limp with satisfaction, she inhaled and caught the scent of pineapple.

And she suddenly became aware of another, entirely different need to be slaked.

Chanting up a spell once again, she stimulated her nipples, waved one hand, and disappeared from *The Swing* room.

* * * * *

Luke buckled to the floor and gasped for every breath. He desperately needed an ambulance. If he didn't get help quick, he'd surely die.

Die of infatuation, he thought with a wry grin.

She'd been reciting some poem again, but he'd been too tired to open his eyes and see what it was about. It wasn't long before she went utterly still. One arm thrown over his brow, he peeped out from under his forearm. And he scrambled to his feet, spun in a circle and searched frantically for his dream girl.

"Jennie? Jennie, where the hell are you?"

He let out a low whistle. This was definitely the weirdest—and wildest—dream he'd ever had. A knockout "genie" with strange powers who'd demanded that he service her with thirteen orgasms. Amazing!

Obviously, she was no longer in the room with him. How she'd gotten out without the Florida sunshine pouring in through the open door, he didn't know, but he was going after her. Naked, he strode across the room and flung the door open.

Jesus! It was none other than Eve herself. He saw her across the small clearing in front of the *Heptagon*. She stood below a coconut palm tree, stark nude and held a

broken coconut. Voraciously, as if she hadn't eaten in centuries, she cupped the fruit and dipped her face into the pulpy white center, tearing the meat away as a rabid dog might.

It couldn't be, he groaned to himself. He was getting hard *again*?

Amazed, he strode over the deck, down the stairs and across the forest floor. He stopped right in front of her and folded his arms over his chest.

"Hungry?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Mm-hm," she nodded vigorously. Never once did she raise her head to look at him. He could smell the scent of coconut and watched, tantalized, as the white, milky liquid in the shell dribbled down over her naked breasts. An altogether different form of hunger clutched at his belly when he watched one lone drop fall from the tip of a soft, dark-pink nipple.

Finally, she held out the half coconut to him. "Would you like a bite, master?"

More and more, he felt much like Adam must have felt, enticed beyond what any man should endure. "Eve's" long, dark hair streamed wildly about her shoulders and back. Her skin glistened in the intermittent flashes of sunbeams that speared through the trees overhead. Alight with an insatiable hunger, her eyes beckoned to him, tempted him with her newfound fruit.

"A bite of you, perhaps." He licked his lips as the stream of milk thickened in the warm humid air.

She slanted a look at his growing member and giggled with delight. "I do so appreciate your accommodating me with the offer of your penis. I'm anxious for number three, but I've discovered one thing about fucking."

He arched a brow and stifled an urge to reach out and yank her into his arms. "And what would that be?"

"Sex makes me hungry," she replied matter-of-factly. And with that, she tilted her head back and drank deeply of the milk. It sluiced over her lips and splashed down along her nipples. She gulped greedily.

"I'd have to agree with you there." He lifted one finger and traced a line of milk from her ribs, up and over one nipple. It sprang to life, and he nearly lost his balls right then and there when she groaned. Her eyes went limpid, and the coconut milk dribbled sensuously over her bottom lip. Slowly, he stuck his sticky finger in her mouth and she suckled the ambrosia from its tip. In that one carnal instant, all the blood that had happily coursed around through his brain, drained straight to his dick.

He had her in his arms in a flash. The coconut went zinging across the forest, and Luke claimed her sweet mouth, now as hungry for the milk as she had been. She tasted of coconut liqueur, and he was thirsty for her cocktail juices. His tongue swept into her tiny mouth, and he groaned when she returned the favor with enthusiasm. Hiking her up so that she straddled him while he stood, he stumbled to the trunk of the nearest tree. Her legs vised around his hips, her arms a permanent clamp about his neck.

Leaning her against the tree trunk, his hands were now free, and they moved to explore the soft roundness of her ass.

"I want to taste you," he breathed against her mouth.

Her eyebrows scrunched together. "Taste me?"

"Yes, please, just trust me."

"Do I still get number three?" Her eyes were alight with sudden alarm. Pride swelled in his chest at the knowledge that she looked to him to help her attain her carnal goal.

He chuckled. "Oh yes, and maybe even number four."

"Truly?" She shrieked her excitement.

"Truly."

"Then you may simply just eat me alive, if that is the case," she grinned impishly. Her eyes, twin gold coins, sparkled with a wealth of treasure.

"Damn!" He gritted his teeth and glanced above them.

"Is there a problem, master?"

His heart did a double flip at her attentive tone. Her eagerness to please sent it into a rapid rhythm. "I need a good tree where you can grip some limbs above you and hold yourself up."

The sweet melody of her tinkling laughter filled his ears. "No need to fret," she said simply. But it wasn't until she closed her eyes and pressed her "buttons" again, that he realized she had plans of her own. Wind whipped about them torrentially. Jennie glowed in a pale yellow light. She closed her eyes and, with one finger to one nipple, and the other arm flailing about, she went into chant mode again.

"Powers that be of thy Genie realm," she hummed and inhaled sharply. Her voice slipped smoothly from an unknown language, back into English. "Granteth the wish of thy hedonist—*him!*" With that last word, he was sucked into the warmth of her sudden glow-zone. She slowly floated upward so that she levitated far enough above him, that her vee was now level with his face. He watched, mesmerized, as she reclined back against the tree trunk and spread her legs wide for him.

"Come." Her voice echoed in his head as she motioned him between her legs.

Son of a bitch, he thought. This was the most wonderful dream he'd ever had in his entire dull life! Her skin was alight with sparkling little firefly-like lights, and he felt certain he was already cocooned in her warm core. He looked up and over her flat abdomen to the swollen globes of her breasts, tipped seductively with the strawberries of her pert nipples. Her smile was one of genuine acceptance and glee.

"Kiss my mons as you had wished for only moments ago," she beckoned.

And wow, what a mons, he ascertained as he studied its pink perfection. It glistened with her eager juices. Like a petunia, its petals begged to be stroked, plucked and accounted for. He reached out and slid a finger along the damp slit. She moaned, her eyelids fluttered shut and she reached up and clung to the tree behind her head. He

found the entrance to her cavern and inserted his finger, pumping her. Slick, hot tightness surrounded his finger. With each firm penetration, her woman-scent floated up to tease his nostrils with its aromatic essence. She bucked and moaned, and his penis throbbed with a sudden animal need.

Luke removed the finger and sucked her sap from it, slowly fucking his own mouth with her nectar. "Mmm, you taste of tropical juices and sweet coconut." His own words brought a sudden idea to mind. He searched for the other half of the shell, and found it only inches from his foot. Lifting the coconut above her pussy, he dribbled the white fluid over her folds. His mouth watered as sticky milk oozed into every little curve and crevice.

"Ah...that feels so good, so nasty." She writhed above him, suspended in the web of their combined passions.

He bent and lapped up the cream in one long stroke from her vagina to her clit. It was as if he licked a warm silk Popsicle, and he was determined to get to the center. Sweet flavor burst in his mouth as his tongue laved the damp slit.

"Oh, sweet Modan!" she wailed, and thrashed against his tongue. "More, master, more!"

Jesus, he didn't think he could wait long enough to eat her out before plunging himself into her sweet pulp! But obediently, he raised the coconut and drizzled her entire pussy, from pubic bone to just before her anus. Eyeing the creamy mess, he tossed the shell over his shoulder and dove in.

He hooked his arms around her thighs so that she wrapped her legs around his head. Luke inhaled the sweet, musky scent of her, and thought that he'd never be able to look at another coconut again without getting a hard-on. He speared his tongue inside her hole, and drank of her own broth mixed with the milky substance. In and out he tongue-fucked her, sluicing upward to do a swirling dance over her clit. She stiffened against his mouth. The damp satin of her flesh trembled against his tongue.

"Oh, Luke!" she cried softly. "Number three is coming!"

And she let go of the tree, gripped his head and forced his face into her moist stickiness. In the small space left to move, he ravished her greedily, and suckled her nub in between his teeth. Tight spasms lashed lovingly at his mouth. He released the flesh and flicked his tongue mercilessly over the hard knot, ramming three fingers into her pussy.

She screamed her release. Luke thought he'd never heard such a poignant, lovely sound in his entire life. Her sugary, accented voice echoed an angelic song throughout the jungle. As if the supernatural powers that somehow had suspended her beautifully before him could read his mind, she fell like dead weight onto his protruding shaft. Involuntarily, his dick ached and twitched against her deep passage.

He came without further ado...and he heard her cry out number four.

Chapter 4

He took her out to dinner at his own island restaurant, The Catch.

"I knew you'd be hungry after...all that," he told her. He pulled open the dining room door and motioned her to enter ahead of him. Jennie surveyed him as she passed, noting with a flutter in her chest the deep navy suit and crisp white dress shirt. His tie was interesting, even arousing with its elegant display of a man and woman twisted in a sensual mating position. She thought that, except for the explicit tie, he looked as if he should be behind a desk. Oh, that didn't mean he wasn't attractive. Quite the contrary. And though she preferred him naked, there was something rather sexy about the garment. Layers to be peeled away, she thought. As long as she took the lengthy route and chose not to use her powers to instantly rid him of them.

Yes, she would try undressing him conventionally next time around. At the thought, her thighs quivered, her core ached, and she could barely walk through the second set of thick oak doors and up to the hostess' podium. Now that she'd had one through four, and was relatively sure the remainder would come in time, she was ready to take it at a more leisurely pace – within reason, of course. Day one was now coming to a close. Two more days in which to squeeze nine more orgasms out of him wasn't too far out of reach, but she wasn't taking any chances.

"Thank you, Master Luke. I must say I've never been so famished in my entire existence. I could feast on a complete farm of animals and vegetation at the moment."

"Yes." He bent to press a kiss to her forehead. "The coconut wasn't quite filling enough for you, was it, my genie?"

"No." She cast him a wicked smile, delighted that he'd called her by her title. "But it was for *you*."

He chuckled warmly, and her stomach did a sudden flip and flutter at the twinkle of mischief in his eyes. Visions of his face buried between her legs, his tongue and mouth devouring her, flooded her memory – which, in turn, flooded her panties with a warm stickiness. She shuffled and wiggled atop her red stiletto heels as they waited for the hostess to carefully choose their menus and seating assignment. At Luke's insistence that she be clad in modern clothing, she had conjured up garments within today's fashions, and had donned them with a poke of her nipples and a short little spell. Why women of today wore the tiny T-backed undergarment, she didn't know. There was hardly a single thread to the whole piece of satin fabric to begin with, and the narrow string that rode between the cheeks of her rear was a testament to that fact. She nearly moaned when the wetness bypassed the undergarment, and her own juices dribbled down the insides of her thighs. So why wear the panties in the first place, she

wondered. It felt much better to have her feminine folds free of constraints and open to the breeze.

They followed the pretty hostess to a table against the wide window that looked out upon the moon-glazed surf. Jennie looked up at the fat yellow astral body as its beams glistened upon the turbulent waters. Xanthus would always be her native realm, she decided with fond memories of her childhood, but Earth did have its own distinct beauty that was difficult to discount.

"Holly will be your server," the hostess informed them. She set the menus upon the stark-white tablecloth. "May I get you and your guest something to drink in the meantime, Mr. Slayton?"

Jennie's attention was drawn to the tone in the woman's voice. It contained an undisguised timbre of respect and desire. The room was filled with her expensive perfume, but Luke appeared bored, unaffected. The female was dressed in a very low-cut, formfitting, short black dress, one that any male Earthling would have taken instant note of. Her breasts were shoved up to her throat, her blonde hair coiffed seductively atop her head, and her face was a work of painted art.

"Yes, Caitlan." He slid a chair out and waited gallantly for Jennie to sit. She conformed as he continued. "A bottle of our finest champagne, please," he replied distractedly.

He barely shot the girl a glance as he took his seat to her left, and Jennie noted the flash of disappointment in the woman's unusual gray eyes. Caitlan nodded, backed quietly away and went to do her master's bidding.

"The girl is in love with you." Jennie scanned the menu of numbered entrees, Salmon Almondine Over Fried Rice, Swordfish and Loaded Baked Potato, Blackened Chicken Caesar Salad topped with House Dressing, Secret White Sauce Fettuccine and Homemade Garlic Cheese Sticks, Steak Au Poivre Flambeed with Cognac.

"That's ridiculous. She's a lesbian."

"A lesbian?"

He leaned back as a bus boy rolled a cart up to the table. The champagne bottle was buried in a sterling silver bucket of ice. Luke held up a halting hand as the attendant reached for the bottle. "Thank you, Arnaldo. But I'll get it myself."

Arnaldo nodded and placed two long-stemmed wineglasses upon the table. "Yes, sir." He was a handsome man in his impeccable server's tuxedo. With shortly cropped dark hair and warm brown eyes, he had the power to turn a lady's head or two.

But Jennie was more concerned with the woman at the moment.

Luke uncorked the bottle and tipped the bubbly gold liquid into each of their glasses. He took a long sip and opened his menu. He should already know it by heart, she thought. It was his restaurant, after all, yet he studied it with feigned interest.

"What is a lesbian?" Jennie was determined to return to the subject of the lovely young woman who, by all accounts to her, was hopelessly infatuated with her master.

Slowly, his eyes rose to hers and widened in disbelief. "You're kidding me. You don't know what a lesbian is?"

"Would I ask if I knew?"

He chuckled and shook his head, as if he would go along with the joke he perceived her to be telling. "A lesbian is a woman who makes love to a woman, and who is not attracted to men."

Jennie gasped. She must have missed that term somewhere in her Earth studies. Images of what she'd done with Luke flooded her mind. She tried to imagine doing the same with a woman, and though the thought did not repulse her, neither did it stimulate her sex organ. It did, however, intrigue her. "But—but..." she stumbled on her own words. "But a woman does not have a *phallus*. How can it be enjoyable if there is no rod spearing the...the..."

"Pussy?" he offered. Luke clearly enjoyed himself now, if the wide, goofy grin were any indication.

"Yes."

As he settled himself in, she caught a whiff of his scent. It was an Earthy, mildly provocative aroma, and Jennie decided it must be his fragrance exclusively, for no other being had been able to arouse her so effortlessly with her olfactory nerves. *When I return to Xanthus, I'll never forget the way he smells.* She stared blankly at the menu. A sadness washed over her. Was she going daft, or did she suddenly dread the thought of leaving this man when the time came?

"There are ways..." he said, and looked cryptically at her over the rim of his glass.

Jennie lifted her own stemware and took a long drought of the bubbly fluid. She was famished! She longed to order her food and gorge after all that mating they'd done. But the cool, crisp liquid gave her a temporary sated feeling in her belly, so she reached for the bottle and refilled her glass. And her mind now hungered with the current topic of conversation. "And those ways would be...?"

He glanced around and leaned in closer, as if to keep others from overhearing his words to her. She looked directly into the dancing blue orbs of his eyes, and watched as his pupils constricted to tiny pinpoints. "Do you remember how I stuck the vibrator in you, and how I feasted between your legs?"

She swallowed a lump in her throat and nodded.

"A woman can do the same to another woman. She has ways of substituting..."

Images of their lovemaking filled her mind. She thought of him between her legs, lapping up her fruit juice, and suddenly, his handsome face transformed into the beautiful Caitlan. She could vividly imagine the blonde head, the pretty face, the slate-colored eyes looking up at her as she swirled her tongue around her feminine folds. With slow deliberation, her clit perked up and began a gradual and steady throb. Her respirations increased in tempo. She felt her eyes widen with the realization that she wanted to spend one of her orgasms on a woman. Why not? An orgasm was an orgasm.

Neither Demitri, nor his Xanthian Order, nor the commanding Gods had stipulated that the climaxes must come from the same person—or a man, for that matter.

Excitement coursed through her. The damask-upholstered chair beneath her bottom became soaked with her nectar.

She laughed out loud.

Luke arched one brow. His turquoise eyes sparkled with curiosity in the light of the candle upon their table. "Something funny?"

"Yes." She waved a hand in the air and took a long swallow of her champagne. "I want to be a lesbian." She set her glass upon the table finality.

"You want to be a lesbian?"

She scooted her chair closer and gripped his arm. It was hard beneath her palm, as hard as his shaft had been, as hard as her nub was at this very moment. She nodded vigorously. "I want number five to be from a woman."

* * * * *

Luke looked deep into the twinkling amber eyes. He'd had his share of kinky sex, and what she requested was tame in comparison. Somehow, with her naïve enthusiasm, it sent a violent surge through him. Once again, his trousers tightened as his dick sprang to life. Would he always have to be naked around this strange woman in order for his cock to be comfortable, or would he just have to buy larger pants?

"Let me get this straight," he replied, almost sourly. "You want to have sex with a woman? For number five?" *And only one minute ago, you didn't even know what a lesbian was?*

The smile she presented him nearly took his breath from his chest. She had perfect white teeth, straight and brilliant. In the bloodred, low-cut number she wore, she was an absolute centerfold. He didn't know where she'd come up with the clothing she wore, but he didn't care. All he cared about, he suddenly realized, was having her by his side constantly—until the dream was over, of course.

She nodded eagerly. Her midnight hair was piled high atop her head with seductive ringlets spilling onto her cocoa-cream shoulders. It was enough to make him long to grip the thickness of it and drag her cherry-red lips down to his erect rod.

"Oh, yes, master. It would be a most pleasant, varied experience. Already I am wet with thinking of gorgeous Caitlan between my legs."

Luke braced himself. Her almost innocent response brought an instant picture of it to mind. Jennie all tanned and brunette with her lovely gams spread wide, and Caitlan, the little blonde beauty, buried there between Jennie's legs. *Jesus*, he groaned. And without further delay, he did what he had to do. He unzipped his trousers and released

the beast beneath the cover of his suit coat. There was no way he could get through one more second of dinner with this woman while his cock crowded his balls.

"And would you like to do the same to her, my eager little pupil?"

She drew in a sharp breath. "I can do that?" Her eyes widened, and he immediately likened them to the amber champagne they drank, a crisp, refined, priceless rarity.

"Yes." Christ, but she was sexy! He reached out and trailed a finger down her smooth arm. "And you can do it to me too."

Her wide-eyed gaze danced from his left eye, to his right, and back. "Kiss you there? On your *phallus*?"

Phallus? Somehow, though the term was an odd one he'd never heard before, it sounded highly erotic coming from her pursed lips. "Yes, on my...*phallus*."

She giggled and tipped her head back to take in a long swallow of the liquor. "The thought of it is most pleasing to me." She swiped the back of her hand across her lips. "May I do it all? Be a lesbian, *and* kiss Caitlan's love core, *and* kiss your *phallus*?"

He choked on his drink and snapped up his napkin to blot the stain from his starched shirt. "Yes." It was all he could get out, what with all the choking he was doing.

"And it will all serve to bring me number five, number six and—?"

"I will see what I can do," he said as he shifted in his seat. Damn, but he suddenly hated that she insisted on numbering everything, as if she were his tedious, precise accountant. "Now, what would you like to order?"

She tossed aside the menu just as their waitress, Holly, approached with her pen and pad. "Everything," Jennie answered happily.

"Everything?" Luke repeated, stunned. "Did you say everything?"

She shot him a sharp, rather stunned look of her own. "But of course. I'm going to be absolutely, painfully ravenous. I must stock my spirit up with nourishment. I have *nine* more orgasms to go, for lunar's sake!"

* * * * *

He led her up the *Heptagon* stairs, over the boardwalk and around to the door marked "The Hot Tub." After all that sex, he'd discovered that he had been quite famished himself. He was now so full, he wondered if he'd be able to perform, but Jennie was another story. She'd completely gorged on her meal. She had, indeed, ordered a sample of almost everything, every course, every dessert on the menu. He'd never seen a woman eat so much in his entire life! How her little body held all that food was beyond his comprehension. He slanted her slim, lithe figure an assessing look. Give her a few weeks, he thought regretfully. That one meal, no matter how fast her

metabolism was, would be sitting on those narrow hips and svelte thighs with stubborn permanence. It was inevitable.

He sighed. Well, he'd had his share of plump women, too. But truly, he loved all women, fat, slim, curvy, tall, short, blonde, brunette, black, white, yellow. It didn't really matter to him. A woman was a woman. Quite frankly, his motto had always been that every woman of every size and color needed loving too, and he was extremely adept at providing it. But—his gaze slid over the ample breasts, down slowly across the tight little curves—he would miss this particular body as it was.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked as he reached for the knob.

"To the threshold of number five." He pushed the door open and walked into another wedge-shaped room.

* * * * *

She sniffed at the strong yet pleasant odor of chlorine as she stepped into the room behind Luke. The triangular space was dark, except for the pale bluish warbling glow brought on by the underwater light bulb. The hot tub was enormous, with room enough to accommodate two-dozen people comfortably. A wide set of cedar stairs rose to a deck stocked with lounge chairs and cabinets of large fluffy towels. Steam curled in sensual clouds from the surface of the bubbling water, and the warmth of the water reached out to her in a cozy embrace.

"We're going to swim?" She trailed behind him to the steps.

He ascended to the deck and moved to the cabinet. Opening a locker, he removed his suit coat and hung it by a hook inside the long metal closet. "Mmm, yes. A long hot bath after that meal is going to be perfect for us."

He unbuttoned his shirt and Jennie felt a quickening in her central core. A portion of his bronzed chest was exposed, right down to the sparse smattering of gold curls that led to his *phallus*. "But what about number five?" She crossed the wooden slats carefully on her stiletto heels and stood directly before him. "And being a lesbian?"

He shrugged out of the shirt and tossed it into the locker, revealing a torso chiseled finer than the marbled statues in the gardens of her father's great castle. Jennie's hands clenched the fabric of her garment in an effort to restrain herself, for she longed to have her fill of him once again. But for that single moment in a realm's time, she devoured him with her eyes. His hands moved to the belt buckle at his trousers. Jennie's breath clogged in her throat with a desperate anticipation. Her chest rose and fell frantically. And that spot between her legs became engulfed with damp warmth.

"Number five will come in its own sweet time." He bent to divest himself of his slacks. "And being a...well, a lesbian...is going to take time. Time to coordinate things with another woman."

She filled her gaze with the bulge in his undergarments, but his words elicited an immediate upward snap of her eyes until they snared his own. "But...but I don't have sweet time, master. I must mate nine more times. Within the next two days."

Luke only laughed mockingly as he slipped off his dress shoes and socks. Next came the boxers. He peeled them down, and Jennie gasped as his half-erect manhood sprang free. Already, she could feel her *nymphae* preparing its entry as warmth and wetness flooded her panties. Easing himself into the misty water, he closed his eyes and sighed as his body settled on an underwater seat. His head fell back against the rim of the tub, and he allowed his arms to float in the water that surrounded him.

"Master?" His state of consciousness concerned her. There wasn't time for him to sleep.

He merely smiled, and for the first time since number one, Jennie truly panicked. Wasn't he going to continue to supply her with the required orgasms? Was he giving up on her? No. She wouldn't allow it! With a silent chant and a snap of her fingers, she rendered herself naked. Slowly, she set her foot down on the top underwater step and lowered herself into the tub beside him.

The heat enveloped her. She sighed as her body went limp. There was naught but the sound of the bubbling water, and the scent of the pool's chemicals. Her face flushed and perspiration beaded her brow. Every muscle, every nerve, was drained of strength and tension she hadn't realized was there. Despite the threat of the ticking clock, she succumbed to the lull of the room, closed her eyes and leaned into the cradle of the underwater seating.

Just a few moments to relax, she thought with a long release of a pent-up breath.

Luke's hand searched for hers under the water. He found it resting upon her lap and twined his fingers snugly with hers.

Contentment eased into her bones as her eyelids fluttered shut. And she slept soundlessly for the first time in decades.

* * * * *

"Jennie! Oh, God, *Jennie!*" Luke screamed. His voice echoed off the wood beams overhead.

He'd opened his eyes from the short catnap to find her floating facedown in the pool. *God, he'd let her drown!*

"Jennie!" He sloshed through the water to the opposite side of the pool. He couldn't get there fast enough. It was as if he struggled to reach her in one of those horrible nightmares where one's destination moved further and further from reach with each step forward.

Finally! He was almost there. As he pushed through the pool, water splashed and splattered about. Her lifeless body bobbed upon the bubbling surface. *What should I do now?* His hand reached out to at last touch one of her feet. With a determined grip, he clamped onto an ankle and pulled her torpedo-like into his arms.

She was still warm. The thought brought a gleam of hope into his heart. He didn't know CPR, but, by God, he'd do his best to mimic what he'd seen on all those *Baywatch* reruns! He carried her in his arms as he looked down at her perfect nude body, and hurriedly pushed his way to the edge of the pool. She was absolute perfection. Strands of wet hair lay in wisps across her cheeks and shoulders. The flawless skin, he noted as he gently laid her upon the deck, was not pale as one would expect of a drowning victim. It was bronzed and glistened with beads of moisture. The breasts were full, the nipples erect, but her chest did not rise and fall.

She wasn't breathing!

Still in the pool with Jennie stretched out before him like a goddess on a temple's platform, Luke thrust a hand through his hair. He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to remember what the first step was. Tip the head back, pinch the nose, blow into the mouth...

"Luke?"

His eyes popped open. He startled and stumbled backward into the pool. "What the...?"

Her voice had a ghostlike resonance. She turned her head toward him, and her eyes glowed as if the flames of two large candles burned in them. A slim hand came out, suspended as she waited for him to take it.

"Come to me..." The globes of her breasts rose as she stretched out her arm to him.

"But—but I thought you were dead. I was going to...to try and revive you." He pushed his way through the water and took her hand. It curled around his with an unbelievable strength. Bolts of lightning streaked through him, short-circuiting the apprehension he'd felt. The stress melted into a horniness the likes of which he'd never felt before.

"Again," she said in a near-whisper, drawing him to her side, "I'm indebted to you, my master. Though I required no restoration of life, your intentions have endeared you further into my heart, thus, your every wish is my instant decree."

"But—" He raked his free hand through the damp locks of his hair. "You weren't drowning?"

The corners of her mouth tipped upward slowly. Her eyes sparkled with humor. "No, Luke, I was but napping. Though I'm very aware you believe yourself to be in a dream, you truly are not. I am a real genie, and, as such, do not require oxygen as you and your mortal counterparts do."

Not a dream? Well, the damn jury was still out on that particular point. Obviously, a genie in a dream could easily be telling him he wasn't in a dream, so her declaration was no proof.

He shrugged. "What the hell?" His head tipped from side to side. "A dream? Reality? What's the goddamn difference? All I know," he added, slicing a hungry look at the well-trimmed landing strip between her thighs, "is that you're every man's dream, and I'm hungry for you again."

"And I'm eager for number five." Her hand released his and she found his already hard cock under the surface of the water. He sucked in a breath. Amazing, he thought. Fucking amazing that within a matter of less than a day, he was in heat again, for the— what— fourth time?

But this wasn't the time to tally up his accomplishments, for she stroked his steely appendage with the skill of a practiced whore.

"I want to taste you..."

"Oh..." he groaned. His eyes clamped shut and he threw his head back. It wasn't possible. He couldn't already be set to blow. "Honey," he panted as her hand worked the come loose, "you can eat me alive if you want. Here," he struggled to oblige. "Let me get out of the water and you can suck me like a lollypop."

She rose into a kneeling position on the edge of the pool and pressed her free hand upon his chest. It branded him with wild flames of desire, further fueling his ardor. Geez, how much torture could he take in one day?

"No, master. Stay. I will pleasure you where you stand. Remember? I require no oxygen." And with that, she leaned over the edge and dove under the water. Her legs remained upon the deck and her perfectly rounded ass was profiled for his visual pleasure.

"Holy shit!" His voice boomed as she took him into the warmth of her mouth. A swift curl of lust engulfed him, coiling right down to his toes. Never before had he received a blow job under water. Never before had he been loved this way. Her head bobbed, her tongue swirled around the sensitive head of his cock, and she cupped and massaged his balls as if she were a well-seasoned masseuse. No amount of water could extinguish the inferno. With each flick of her tongue, every hot stroke, the temperature rose deep inside his sex. The pressure built in his sac, the blaze scorching higher and higher into his belly.

Finally, he could accept the dream for what it was. A fricking fantasy!

Chapter 5

Luke's mouth watered. He licked his lips and glanced at her ass. He had to have her 69. There was no other way to perfect this awesome dream he was in. Without jarring her from him, he slid an arm under her hips and lifted her so that her sex was perched before him. Immediately, her tantalizing perfume engulfed him. Her thighs went over his shoulders, and he floated into deeper waters. A yearning to have her this way clawed at his self-control. He suddenly craved the heat of the water to surround him and the expert fire of her mouth on him while he feasted on her.

Tightening his arms around her waist, he flicked his tongue over the satiny button. Instantly, as if he'd pressed a real button, she bobbed on him faster, squirming her ass so that she forced her pussy against his face. He was no genie, so he definitely required oxygen, but he'd die as an extremely elated man if this were the way he had to go! Drawing in a reserve of air, he dove in. The scent of her intensified and rose up to mingle with the steam of the tub. He relaxed his tongue and let it fall out to its full length. Wildly, he moved his head in quick jerks and circles so that he could taste every drop of her sweet cream, feel every silky fold.

A fierce burst of bubbles rose from her mouth. He thought he could hear her moan and call out his name. The more she pumped him, the faster he ate her, gorging on the rich flavor of her unique sex balm. His knees bent and bounced them together in perfect rhythm. She opened her mouth wider and he felt his dick slide deep into her throat. The border of blessed insanity reached out to him as the moist flesh of her throat hugged his cock. Never before had a woman been able to swallow the full length of him. The sensation pushed him over an edge that he'd never seen before. He seized that edge with a steely hold. His tongue darted into her cavern as the tide within him rose to dizzying heights.

Unable to hold them up any longer, his legs trembled almost painfully, and he gave in to the need to let go. He fell back in the water with her still clamped to him, and, together, they floated in bliss. Her throat vibrated in electric-dildo fashion. She squirmed against his mouth and danced her way to number five. Ecstasy taunted him just out of reach. The water rendered him dizzy with passion as it whirled in a cyclone and left him a central pocket of air. Still under water, Jennie spun with him in a vortex of bliss. The orgasm slammed into him at the precise moment she achieved number five. But it didn't come and go within a minute, as most orgasms did. It went on and on. He released what felt like gallons of semen into her throat, and she spasmed against his mouth, shooting her own syrup into him as no other woman before her had done.

Finally, after minute upon minute of mind-blowing bliss, the whirlpool settled and he felt her slowly release him. Cool wetness engulfed his swollen, exhausted cock.

Though the water of the pool was scorching hot, her mouth and throat had been as hot as the center of a molten volcano.

She circled him underwater, surfaced and dragged her body up against him. The light that had glowed in her eyes before she'd gone under water was now diminished to a satisfied luminosity, sated as a panther after a kill.

"Mmm, that was delicious," she purred, clinging to him. "But it was merely an appetizer. May we dine again?"

He blinked, drawing her away from him. There was an odd urge to get a better look at those plump, swollen lips from which she'd just serviced him. "You want to eat *again*?"

Jennie untangled her body from his and swam to the edge of the pool. "Of course." She boosted herself from the water and presented him with the perfection of her backside. "And then we must move on to number six."

He groaned. His body had not one drop of come left in it.

Strike that, he thought as she bent over and he caught a glimpse of the engorged lips between her legs. Her breasts were full and swayed as she retrieved the red dress she'd worn to dinner. Yes, definitely strike that, for the love of God, because he felt his manhood rear its head once again.

Goddamn it, had he taken a Viagra before that nap on the beach?

* * * * *

Jennie inhaled the freshness of the early dawn air where it wafted in through an overhead open skylight. She frowned, sliced a look at Luke and crossed her arms. Would he ever awaken? He was sprawled next to her on the huge mattress. It lay directly on the floor against a fully mirrored wall in the triangular room. She bit her bottom lip, glanced at his reflection and studied him for the hundredth time in the last few hours. Would he be able to fulfill her destiny's demands in time?

She inhaled deeply and forced the apprehension from her mind. He simply took her breath away. Fully sated and boyish-looking, his golden lashes fanned against his strong-boned cheeks. Unruly strands of shoulder-length sandy hair fell over his neck as he lay on his stomach, a pillow bunched under his head. His corded arms were folded beneath it and she itched to be there within the circle of his arms as the pillow was. The bronze of his naked back tapered into the narrow constriction of his trousers. Her eyes moved over the rise of his buttocks, the toned mass of his thighs, down to the bare feet.

She sighed dreamy-like, as a smitten schoolgirl might. They'd arrived here in this room hours ago. Dawn was on the horizon. Her apex was completely soaked due to visually feasting on him following his collapse of exhaustion. He was truly a god in his own right. She worshipped him as she had no other. Number six was just on the horizon...if she could just get him to awaken and begin anew.

"Luke." She reached out a hand and shook him. "Luke, wake up, love." He drew in several short spurts of air, as if she'd startled him. His bloodshot eyes fluttered open and stared unseeing across the room. Then he turned his face away from her and settled back into slumber with a groan.

He'd brought her here to this room at the *Heptagon* called *The Mirror* directly after he'd allowed her to raid the pantry at The Catch late last night. By the time they'd returned to the restaurant, it had been long closed down, but Luke had merely withdrawn his keys from his trousers and allowed them entry. While he'd looked on in awe, she'd feasted on cold chicken, potato salad and scrumptious cheesecake.

Now they were here and she still had eight more climaxes to go. And there were only two more days in which to accomplish her feat, or else be banished back to the bottle.

"Luke!" She shook him again, fear her sudden motivator. "You must arise!"

He mumbled a protest and curled on his side with his back to her. She came to her knees. "Luke. I command you to awaken!"

There was only the sound of his even, contented breathing. The glow of the rising sun sent orange beams of radiance slanting through the skylight overhead. Well, it was time to resort to her geneatic powers. The clock was ticking, and Demitri would not spare her one minute over the allotted three days to finally fulfill her destiny.

Already naked in preparation for number six, she pinched her nipples and glorified in the rush of lust that flooded her system. She stood and closed her eyes. Her head fell back so that her midnight hair covered her buttocks. Inhaling sharply, she hummed and recited a revival spell. Yellow mist and glittery sparkles enveloped her. Her body levitated over Luke's unconscious form as she pinched and pressed her *tetons*.

"Powers that be of the Xanthus empire, I call to you, pray to you, command of you this!" She moved through the air and repeatedly circled Luke's body. The sun peered higher over the horizon and just then, cast a warm glow over her. A harmony of harps tinkled softly around her.

She halted her movement and lifted her arms toward the sun where it peeped in through the sky-window. "Impart in him, Luke Slayton, my master of sex, much needed gusto, spirit and bliss!" She crooned in tune with the harp's melody. Sweat beaded and glistened upon her naked flesh. Her eyes lifted to the ball of fire, and they took on flames of their own.

Her body suddenly jolted as if a bolt of lightning had struck her. "As the coming Goddess of Carnality, I command of you, Luke Slayton..."

* * * * *

Luke heard the harps from a distance. A heavenly warmth radiated upon his skin. He felt revived and full of energy. Wow! What a nap, he thought.

"Rise and be nimble with vigor and vim. You do this with purpose, no longer a whim!"

He slowly opened his eyes. She stood—no, *floated*—above him, and he knew at that moment he'd just awakened from a nap within the ongoing dream. The fantasy continued. It must be never-ending, he concluded with amazement.

"Good morning, foxy," he mumbled, stretching.

She looked down at him and slowly lowered her arms. Her face bloomed into the most gorgeous smile he'd ever seen. His balls tightened, and he knew then, too, he'd awakened with one of the most insistent erections he'd ever had. Reaching down, he stroked himself through his trousers as his gaze moved over her. He could see directly up into her mons. It glistened with a white cream—and he immediately stripped off his pants.

What, by God, he thought with boyish anticipation, had that joint he'd smoked, had in it, for Christ's sake?

"I wish..." He settled back onto the pillow and looked up at the luscious pink-tipped globes. "I could sleep and dream like this all the time."

She floated down and straddled him as an Amazon would. "Your every wish is my command. I do so desire for you to partake of every indulgence known to mortal man—including sleep. But, master, the fact is, I must achieve up to, and including, number thirteen. I have two more days in which to complete my mission. Or else..."

He chuckled against his will. It was as if he'd gone to the dentist and remained in a fog of laughing gas. Sobering, he replied, "Or else what?"

Her gaze locked on his. She stared whimsically at him for a long moment. Was that a tear he saw forming in the corner of one eye? "Or else I will be banished back to the bottle...for eternity."

Oh, so they were back to the curvy bottle, huh? And all he cared to discuss were the curves that were poised above him in dominatrix fashion. "Well, well..." he replied soothingly. He reached for her hand and drew her down to him. Her body was warm and smelled of all the decadent desserts she'd gorged on. "I certainly wouldn't want you to return to that nasty bottle just yet."

Her eyes narrowed. "Just yet?"

He stared back at her. Of course, he didn't want her to return to...wherever she'd come from. That is, not until he'd had his fill of her, whether that was after thirteen mind-blowing eruptions or thirteen thousand. He'd make that determination when the time came—and when this unbelievable dream was finally at an end.

"Never," he answered obediently. And her eyes responded with a pleasing sparkle of power.

"Can we, then, move on to number six?" Immediately, he thought of a child begging for a toy at the mall, innocent, yet greedy. The combination in womanly form gave him a charge, and he became fully aware of the fact that they were in *The Mirror*.

"You betcha, baby," he said, and drew her down for a kiss. She stretched out over him, her pussy riveting to his dick like a magnet. He broke the kiss. "But wait."

She huffed impatiently. "I do not have time to wait."

He chuckled, stood and pulled her to a standing position. Gently, Luke turned her so that she faced the mirror on the wall above the mattress. His arms went around her and he drew her backside against his naked torso. With carnal intent, he ground his rod into her rear. He inhaled her perfumed scent as he imagined his cock sliding in and out of her tight ass.

"Look at yourself," he said huskily in her ear. "Just look at how gorgeous you are." And his hands were all over her in one hurried movement. He could have come just by the sounds he instantly elicited from her rosy little mouth. But, instead, he drew out the torture, not just for her, but for himself, as well.

* * * * *

Jennie had never watched herself being made love to before, not even by the many genies she'd mated unsuccessfully with on Xanthus. The concept was so very arousing that her legs buckled. She planted her hands on the mirror and looked into her own eyes. They gleamed with lust, the lids heavy with passion. Her lips were pursed, and she watched herself suck in a breath each time Luke pinched a nipple, fucked her ear with his tongue or rammed his finger into her slit. A heavy, insistent ache settled in her womb. Her labia swelled with the thought of Luke inside her again, and her vee became saturated with syrupy wetness. He pushed her roughly against the mirror and plastered her against the smooth, cold surface. Her *mamelons* were pressed against the glass, as was her abdomen and mons.

An animal urge slammed into her and she tried to stave off the too quick surge of lust, to focus on her surroundings. Sunlight poured through the window on foggy shafts of radiance. Through the opening above, she could hear the morning melody of the many tropical birds as they began their day. A breeze wafted in, stirring the dust motes that danced upon the sunbeams. The room held the unmistakable scent of cassia, and she imagined that a cassia tree must tower overhead behind the *Heptagon*.

"You're a naughty woman," he growled, and she cried out when he suddenly smacked her across the ass. The animal was released from its cage. Fire zinged from her buttocks to her aching nub. The instant shock of it startled her, but it was only a matter of milliseconds, and she already craved it again.

She panted, loving the abrupt role she played. "Yes. I'm wanton, shameless—" He spanked her again, this time, on the other cheek of her ass. She flinched, screamed out in pain and her voice crumbled into a moan of hunger. Her core throbbed with a scorching wave of desire. "A licentious tease."

"A tease," he agreed gruffly, his rod finding the space between her legs.

"Mm, yes, I am as fate dictates. But, please, Luke..." Her words came out in breathless gasps of anticipation. "Please don't punish me." She said it to taunt, to provoke him into doing just what she'd asked him not to.

But it was no punishment when he forcibly ripped into her from behind. It was the proverbial and universal heaven! Stars of raw obsession exploded in her brain.

"Oh, *oh!*" She fought to keep her eyes open as she clawed at the mirror. Her lower body automatically curved backward toward him, and away from the mirror. With her hands planted there for support, she could now look down and watch the reflection of his *phallus* as it moved violently in and out between her swollen, damp sex-lips.

"Ah, you're so hot!" he groaned from between clenched teeth and slapped her again across the ass. The sharp sting melted into lustful desire centered at her core. He reached for the thickness of her hair where it streamed over one shoulder and wound it around his hand. With a firm tug, he drew her closer and nipped at the nape of her neck. Tremors of need flooded her system. Her genie's body flexed and adhered to his every demand. Her pussy flooded with a renewed stickiness. In the same manner as a comet whipping through eternal space, fire traveled asteroid quick through her bloodstream. The combination of being impaled with his thick cock, and the hot and painful sensation of the spanking and hair-pulling, caused her inner walls to clamp down involuntarily on his sheath. She strained her eyes and gazed upon his mirror image, craving the visual stimulation of him. His upper body shimmered with sweat in the beams of sunlight, and every muscle tensed in passion as he held her hips and guided her to him in a rhythmic frenzy. His eyes were but slits of turbulent aqua seas, his face taut with lust.

With each thrust, her blood surged intense and bestial. Fever raged in her system centered on the sticky, hot core of her as he took her from behind with wild abandon. The hard thickness of him filled her to the depths of her womb, but he couldn't get deep enough, fast enough, hard enough for her cravings to be sated.

Luke paused and an involuntary twitch moved through his *phallus* to the crux of her sex. She shuddered and focused on him as the flames of climax flickered within reach. He was nearing his own release and the thought of it all but brought her to number six.

"Again," she begged. "Please, master, please."

Their eyes locked. In the rising heat of the room, her breath steamed over the mirror. He shook his head and suppressed a triumphant grin. "You truly *are* insatiable." And she watched in hungry anticipation as he raised his large hand and spanked her lightly across the ass time after time after time. Genie blood abandoned her head and rushed to her pussy, she knew that by the dizzy gust of stars that formed before her eyes. And she knew it by the oncoming orgasm.

She cried out, drowned in euphoria. The thrashing ceased only when his own release overtook him so intensely, he had to grip her hips and hold on for dear Mezentius.

Together, they screamed out their animal lust, but nothing could have prepared her for the sudden affection he bestowed upon her. At the height of climax, he bent over her and slid his arms around her. Cupping her breasts, he tenderly kissed the back of one shoulder. He whispered in her ear just as the bliss gently lowered them down out of its heavenly cocoon. "Ah, if only you weren't a dream."

* * * * *

After many silent moments where he lay with her on the mattress and petted her as if she were his beloved cat, he beckoned her to *The Voyeur* next door.

"It's just like *The Mirror*," she exclaimed as they entered the room. She paused and her eyes took in the glass wall to her left. "Except there's no mirror."

Luke guided her to where an identical mattress laid on the floor against the wall. "No, you're mistaken," he said cryptically.

"I am?"

He nodded and turned her toward the glass wall. She gasped. "Oh, my galaxies!" She saw that the wall was a window of sorts, and it glimpsed voyeur-like into the very room where they had just made love against the looking glass. Just then, the door in *The Mirror* opened. She watched, transfixed, as a man and woman entered and made their way to the glass to stand opposite them.

"The mirror," Luke said, drawing her back against him as they gazed at the couple, "is right in front of you. The *one-way* mirror, that is."

"You mean...?"

"Yes, I mean." His hand moved lower over her hip, just as the man's on the other side of the wall did to his woman. Luke caressed her curves, and she experienced a delicious sensation of warmth and contentment. "When we were in there, they, or someone else, could possibly have been in here...watching us, watching *you* as you screamed your passion."

"No..." She breathed it out and stepped closer to the glass, stunned.

The concept of it was not only mind-boggling, but it sent her heart into a frenzy. Her respirations increased. Though she didn't require the oxygen, she frantically drew it into her lungs. *They had possibly been watching her!* But, despite the heat that flooded her cheeks, something about this odd twist of events made her instantly and fully horny, especially knowing now that this attractive couple might *know* they're being watched, since they may have come from *The Voyeur* themselves.

"Yes," Luke protested gently. He was behind her again. She could feel the heat of his naked body suffusing into her own nude one, and she could smell—no, could sense—delicious sex all around her. After all, it was Carnal Island, and this was part of Luke's hedonist resort.

Her head spun with all the possibilities, all the potential for orgasms. Why hadn't Demitri simply sent her here from the start? *Four hundred years!* She'd wasted four centuries in a damn bottle, and all the while, she'd been floating around off the coast of this hedonistic playground! Granted, she did not know how long the resort had been here, but still, it rankled her to no end that relief had always been within reach. Anger and resentment at her own father slammed into her. But, with the controlled dignity of a mature genie, she set it aside, for the couple began to make out as if in heat.

"See how she touches herself?" His hands moved up and down her arms as they both gazed at the two lovers. The couple was spread out on the mattress, the man, all dark and handsome and built brick-wall solid, lounged on his side next to his woman. He watched her, caressed her breasts, and every now and then, his green gaze would rise to lock with Jennie's, as if he knew precisely where she stood watching them. The red-haired woman lay on the mattress nearly at Jennie's feet. She arched her back, one lone finger moving up and down through her slit. Her eyes fluttered open, black orbs of sin, and she searched the mirror for a voyeur. The finger found the swollen knot hidden between the folds, and her hand moved in a vibrating dance.

"See? She pleasures herself." Luke's hand slid around and cupped one of her breasts. Jennie cried out as he pinched the nipple, pulling on it at the precise moment the man explored his woman's chest. "You can do the same."

"I can? You mean...I can produce my own orgasms?"

He chuckled, and she caught a glimpse of him over her shoulder. Luke shook his head as if she'd endeared him with her naïveté. "Yes, you can," he assured her. He took her hand and dragged it down to her labia. With his index finger, he directed her fingertip to her clitoris. A zing of power surged through her when he moved her finger over her hardness in much the same manner as the woman caressed her own *nymphae*. He removed his hand, leaving hers behind to explore.

"Don't stop," he instructed when she paused at his withdrawal. "Watch her. She will teach you."

Hesitantly, she dropped to her knees so that the woman lay before her. She could see the rising manhood of her partner, the thick cock jutting out from a nest of dark curls as he seemed content to merely watch his mate. The woman's ripe, voluptuous body fascinated Jennie. The breasts were as large as coconuts, making her hungry once again. With round hips and an abdomen flat but not tight, she imagined the female would be soft to the touch. There was a fiery patch of hair at her apex, and Jennie watched in lustful admiration as she bucked and raised her hips against her own ministrations.

Jennie mimicked the woman, and soon, her finger played over her own clit, as it had her beloved harp centuries ago. She composed her own song, her own passion. The tempo increased mercilessly, and the dampness between her legs gushed out onto her finger. Her knot hardened against her fingertip with each flicker and inflamed the delicious quickening deep in her womb. The woman suddenly rose up on her knees before Jennie, the mirror the only thing separating them. Jennie placed her free hand on

the glass as the pressure built in her loins. Like a mime, the woman set her hand on the glass as well, as if to hold hands with Jennie. Bodies almost touching, they each neared the pinnacle of self-satisfaction.

She leaned in toward Jennie and pressed her lips to the glass. God, how Jennie wanted to touch the woman, and she could swear she could smell the seductive perfume of her. She thought of the lesbian notion and knew at that very moment she would most likely enjoy making love to another woman. Jennie leaned closer, and their eyes met. They simultaneously strummed their clitoral instruments. Steam seemed to rise around them as the pressure built. Hesitantly, Jennie pressed her lips to the glass at the exact spot where the female's lips remained. She could see the dark eyes even as they "kissed". Jennie's finger moved in a tumultuous manner over her engorged nub, as did the woman's. Hard and swollen beneath her fingertip, it sent swell after swell of need through her sex-canal, building with the promise of ecstasy.

And the fire of number seven scorched her in a symphony of bliss. She saw that the woman was engulfed by the very same sensation. They both fell against the glass, yearning to be closer. Each pair of eyes widened and narrowed at the exact same moment. Jennie watched as the female's mouth made an O, and she knew her own did the same as wave after treacherous wave of white-hot, icy heat overwhelmed her. She moaned and rubbed her twitching pussy, drawing out the last of the pleasure. With one last stroke, she collapsed to the mattress and waited for the blessed, carnal dizziness to subside.

There was a long pause as she stared up at the beamed ceiling. Her breathing gradually slowed. Jennie barely noticed as the man in the other room yanked the woman into his arms and drove himself into her with a fierce abandon.

"Oh. My. God," came Luke's voice from behind her.

She startled and turned to see that Luke was still here. In her self-indulgent behavior, she'd forgotten he was even in the room with her. But there was no discounting him now. *He had been watching her pleasure herself!* The thought both pleased her, and renewed her ardor. She moved her limpid gaze over him. On his knees in the center of the mattress, his eyes were wide, and she saw that he trembled helplessly.

"Luke? Are you all right?" She crawled over to him. His penis was only half-hard, but of more concern was his pasty complexion. She touched his lightly whiskered cheek and looked into his eyes. "Luke? What is it?"

"You—you..." He swallowed audibly and pressed his palms to his temples.

"I what?" Gods, was he okay? Was there something medically wrong with him? Or was he upset with her for not including him in that sexual interlude? "Luke, I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

He shook his head frantically, leapt to his feet and backed away from her. She stood and moved cautiously nearer to him. He moved further out of reach, and for the first time in her entire existence—with the exception of her exile—she felt the sharp stab of

rejection. And she knew this meant that there would be no number eight...and consequently, no Goddess of Carnality for herself.

Oh, Gods. Was that the bottle she heard calling to her?

Chapter 6

"For stars' sake, Luke, what in galactic hell is wrong with you?"

The sharpness in her voice jolted him from the shock he now drowned in. "You...you're really a genie," he said, not as a question, but as a statement.

She sighed, as if his words were a relief to her. "But, isn't that what I've been telling you all along?" Jennie stepped closer so that she backed him against the door. Her eyes implored him to remain calm, to see the logic in things. A hand came up, and she planted it on his chest. It sizzled there, but he ignored it. He had to get to the bottom of things before he went any further with her.

Before he lost his bleeping mind!

"And this isn't a dream, is it?" But he already knew the answer. As if his mind had screamed "Eureka!" during her perfect lesbian seduction, he'd felt, even *heard*, the light bulb flicker off and on in his head. All the mumbo-jumbo chanting, the levitations, even her sudden appearance in his arms on the beach, had been—holy hell!—for *real*. He'd studied the amazing display between the two, watched as Jennie's eyes had glowed and she'd appeared to hold his female guest entranced, despite the fact that he knew the woman could not see Jennie through the mirror. She had interacted with a *real* guest he knew to be for real, because he'd checked the woman and her partner into their suite only yesterday morning. And, come to think of it, it had been only yesterday when Jennie hadn't even known what a lesbian was! But somehow, they'd been in tune with one another, as if they knew each other intimately. And, in doing so, he'd been tuned in to the facts. It was all like a slap in the face, a cold bucket of water over his head, a jarring, head-rolling shake. Nothing could have brought him to the mind-blowing heights of reality more than watching that exhibition of every man's wildest dream.

In addition, and most importantly, he personally knew the couple's dire situation. Jennie had just performed a miracle without knowing it. That particular situation, a lost cause, had possibly just been fixed by his Jennie.

But somehow, not being a part of that dream, that miracle, being ignored and completely shoved out of the picture, had also served to jolt him back to reality. And, he sniffed silently to himself, to render him mighty uncomfortable with the claws of jealousy.

It wasn't a hallucination. He'd been awake all along!

With slow deliberation, she shook her head. Her other hand joined the first, and she moved them in circles over his chest. His traitorous, somehow marathon dick, began to stand at attention.

"How? How is this possible?" He was frightened, he suddenly realized. Frightened and annoyingly turned on by the whole prospect.

"Master." She released a breathy sigh. Her eyes twinkled softly, as fine as topaz stones. She raised one hand and cupped his jaw lovingly. He thought he could feel her tremble, and wondered suddenly if this quest for orgasms was truly a source of distress for her. "Your world...is different," she continued. "In Xanthus, the godly realm where I was born into existence...many, many years ago...magic and miracles are the norm. Earth is, in truth, archaic in comparison to the many kingdoms, planets and dimensions that exist across the galaxies."

She *was* shaking. He set his hand atop hers to still it. A protectiveness welled up in him, despite the confusion and antipathy he felt. Unable to resist, he brought her hand to his lips and kissed the soft palm. "It's okay, Jennie. If this bothers you to explain..."

"No." At the touch of his mouth to her hand, she closed her eyes in what he assumed was rapture. "No, it's all right. I must brief you. I know that now. Before, it was imperative that I complete my mission. That, and that alone, was my sole focus. But now..." She turned her back on him and he heard her voice crack. "I never thought to take into account another being's feelings. You must think me a beast of the worst kind."

"No, Jennie, no." Her hair streamed over her back and shoulders, and he thought of the feathers of a raven...the flight of a raven. An unexpected awareness melded into his heart. She would leave him. Suddenly, he knew that too. Ferocity surged in him. He gathered her close and swayed with her as she leaned against him, his now soft penis nestled against the satiny cloud of hair cascading down her back.

"Luke." She choked it out even as she relaxed against him, her arms threaded over his. "Let me explain all about—"

"You're going to leave me, aren't you?" He closed his eyes against the word he knew would come. Luke wasn't ready for her to go. He didn't understand the reasons or the implications of it, but he knew he wasn't done with her yet.

"Yes," she whispered.

"When?"

"After number thirteen."

"The magic number," he said sarcastically. He whirled her around to face him and gripped her upper arms. "Go ahead. Let me have the rest of it."

"Well...you see..." Her brow furrowed with worry. She glanced sharply away.

He lightly pinched her chin and lifted her face so that her eyes met his. They were tawny pools of emotion. Which ones exactly, he couldn't define. "Just tell me, babe."

Her bottom lip quivered, but she bravely met his stare. "I've been using you for the climaxes so that I can be promoted from genie to the Goddess of Carnality. Your Earth is in danger of extinction. It has been my fate since birth, by the Xanthus Order and its Higher Deity, to promote reproduction by way of sexual encouragement and—"

He tuned her out. He'd heard only one phrase in her entire speech. Using him? For a goddamned promotion? No woman had ever used *him* before. *He* did the tossing, *he* did the discarding. It had never been in the reverse.

"You're kidding me," he said dully and abruptly released her.

She blinked, glanced down at her arms and back up at him. Her eyes gleamed, though by her genie hocus-pocus or emotion, he didn't know. "No, I'm not kidding," she echoed. She crossed her arms under her pert tits. "Just as I wasn't kidding when I first informed you I was a genie. And just as I wasn't kidding when I told you I needed to have thirteen orgasms, then promptly sought number one...and all the rest."

He looked at her for a long moment. Her own anger was mirrored back at him. What, goddamn it, did *she* have to be angry about? He was the one who suddenly felt like a well-used, underpaid whore!

Luke paused and studied her again. Hidden behind the anger, he detected fear. He wondered...what did she have to fear? And the answer plowed over him as certain and firm as a steamroller. She was afraid he wouldn't service her to the completion of her main objective.

She feared being banished back to the bottle.

"And, would you mind reiterating...? What happens if you don't complete your task?"

Raw panic burned in her eyes. "The bottle. I already told you, I go back to the bottle forever."

Yes, she had told him, but that was during the denial phase, when he'd attributed everything to being in a dream.

"Claustrophobic?"

She shook her head frantically and burst into tears. "Yes," she wailed. "It has been utter terror for the past four hundred years! Imprisoned in a one-room bottle, unable to get out. Until...until you rescued me, master," she added on a whisper.

Despite the resentment that ate away at him, he longed to take her in his arms. He ached to give her a totally sexless round of comfort, but, given all the bizarre circumstances, and the fact that she'd be gone soon anyway, he refrained. So, it was time to get down to business and then get back to reality.

Luke rolled his shoulders and shook his head. He needed to relax. Yes, he accepted that this was reality, but he didn't have to allow his emotions to come into play, did he? True, he hated to see her go, but he'd gotten by this long without her. By golly, he could get by the rest of his miserable life without her, as well—couldn't he?

Of course he could! Why, he had his pick of women. A constant flow of them inhabited his hedonist island seeking a respite void of inhibitions. He was already in paradise.

So why then did the thought of number thirteen fill him with such dread?

Well, there were no definitive answers. He just knew he had to help her, in spite of the inevitable outcome. Because it would be such a waste to put Jennie back in that prison.

Jennie in a bottle. *She'd really sprung from that glass container he'd found!* But this true goddess-to-be didn't deserve to be incarcerated, in spite of her apparent selfishness.

Which left him only one choice.

With a relieved sigh, he finally replied, "Well, in that case, Xanthus would probably vote for *The Bull* to be the next *Heptagon* room for their goddess to explore."

* * * * *

"Jensina," came her father's deep voice. Telepathically, he reached out to her.

They were just stepping out of *The Voyeur* onto the boardwalk. She glanced at Luke. He made no indication he heard the voice, and, of course, she knew he didn't.

"*You have successfully surpassed the halfway point. My heart swells for you.*"

"Thank you, Father," she replied mentally.

"*It is now apparent you are on the correct path. The Order and I will now entrust you, and leave you to the remaining six climaxes without monitoring you. You must, however, send your results to us after your next orgasm. If it is satisfactory, you will not hear from us again. But, if you have deceived us in any way by faking your release – and we will know the truth – then you will be disqualified. Am I clear?*"

Faking? She nearly doubled over with laughter. Didn't he know it was virtually impossible to fake an orgasm with Luke Slayton as one's tutor?

"Yes, Father," she threw back. "*Clear as crystal.*"

"*Then we shall eagerly await your next report. If we should deem further reports necessary, you will hear from me directly. Otherwise, carry on until the thirteenth is achieved.*"

"*I'm very aware that you will keep me abreast of my approved progress.*"

There was a long pause, and she was almost certain he'd disconnected contact.

But he hadn't, of course. "*Remember, Jensina. The clock ticks, even as we speak.*"

She nodded and silently replied, "*Yes. No one is more aware of that than I.*"

They made their way around the boardwalk until a door marked "The Bull" came into view. He didn't pause, didn't stop to allow any acclimation, but drew her directly into the room and closed the door behind them.

It was an odd room, dimly lit with various neon-colored lights. She was immediately assaulted by the scents of leather and oils. There was a horse's saddle in the center of the room set up on a pedestal of sorts. On the floor surrounding it was a thick cushion. Beyond that she noted a square partition, a lone-standing wall of black leather. Shackles hung in each of its corners. Directly before it was a small table laden

with whips, masks, clips like the ones he'd attached to her nipples in *The Swing*, and various other toys and plastic gadgets.

"Like it?" Luke asked, crossing to the saddle.

"Yes – well, it's rather...different." Jennie moved to the table and lifted a rope of shiny balls to inspect.

"Carnal Island has never claimed to be conventional," he returned. "It's all about letting down your inhibitions, discovering the new and...different. Are you ready?" he asked, raising a golden brow.

She looked down and took in the luscious sight of his already thickening sex. An aching, heavy heat combusted between her legs. "Yes, master. I am ready and eager."

"Come here," he ordered.

Jennie set the string of balls down on the table and glided across the room. She stopped next to the saddle and noted that it wasn't of the traditional sort. The perfect depiction of a penis lay inside a compartment on its top at precisely the point where a woman's *nymphae* would be positioned in riding. Unable to resist, she lifted the flesh-textured rod from its bed. Fiery suspense gripped her and her heart thumped excitedly. She observed that it was hinged and attached to the saddle. Obviously, it was there if one desired to use it, but able to be folded down and tucked out of the way if one didn't.

"Climb aboard," Luke said, and she heard the anticipatory desire in his voice.

"Yes, master." She inserted her foot in the stirrup and positioned herself over the saddle. The fake *phallus* lay below her, unused.

Luke's hand moved up her leg. Pinpricks of desire shot through her. She looked down to see that she dribbled her honey onto the cock. "Do you want to fuck it?" He raced a hand up her torso to knead one breast, and the other dove between her legs and found her love knot.

She moaned and closed her eyes at the flood of passion that enveloped her. He pinched her nipple and drew its tight tip into his mouth. Magical currents of desire shot through her breast and settled slow and warm in her apex. His finger alternated flickering over her clit with spreading her moisture over the dildo. He bit down on her nipple, and she cried out with the painful pleasure of it.

"Answer me, Jennie. Do you want to fuck it?" His voice was almost angry and coated with a thick layer of lust. She glanced down and saw that his penis was now fully erect.

"Yes," she groaned. "Yes!"

"Stand up in the stirrups." His voice was edged with barely restrained passion.

She obeyed, and he raised the rubber dick from its bed so that it stood up at a ninety-degree angle from the saddle.

"Now, lower yourself down on it." He held it in his hand and stabilized its position as his other hand settled steady and low at her spine. Pulsations of anticipation washed

through her at the sight of his large hand gripping a rod meant for her sole pleasure. Luke guided her firmly so that the tool aligned with her damp folds. He let go and the pressure of his palm on her shoulder was followed by utter bliss. He slammed her down on the cock with an unstoppable force. The weight of her body cradled it inside her detonating a fire deep in her passage.

"Oh!" she screamed and her eyelids fluttered shut. A ravenous hunger enveloped her. She clamped her legs around the saddle and tightened her ass and pussy muscles, gloving the toy completely. Instinctively, she pressed her feet into the stirrups and rose and fell so that she stroked the tool. A sweet, hot pressure built in her womb. "Oh, gods, I'm going to come!"

"No!" Luke roared, a desperate tone to his voice. Immediately, the fire was doused.

She opened her eyes and saw that he stroked his own cock. "But...but I was about to achieve number eight."

He chuckled and ceased his own masturbation. "Jennie, don't you see? It's obvious that you don't need me to attain your goal. You could have pleased yourself thirteen times in that bottle and saved you and me a lot of time and grief. But I want to savor you while you *are* here."

Yes, after *The Voyeur* experience, the thought had occurred to her that she could have easily bypassed four centuries of torture. And now that she'd experienced many of the delights of sex, she was none too aware that her father had probably known, as well, but had chosen not to inform her. Why? She didn't know, but she did know one thing for sure. She'd find out as soon as she returned to Xanthus.

But, she thought wickedly, who wanted it solo anyway, when Luke was available?

"I don't desire lonely satisfaction. I want pleasure with *you*," she said defiantly and raised her chin a notch. "But, if you know this, then why do you stay?"

He sauntered over to a panel of buttons and levers. She saw the restraint there in the turquoise of his eyes when he looked up at her. Luke wanted her, and he wanted to watch her get fucked, as well, for his own gratification. But he did not, she suddenly realized, want to be left out. The thought brought joy to her heart and a desperate rush of need to her loins.

"Because..." he said huskily, and flipped a switch. The cock inside her vibrated very subtly, so lightly that she wondered if she imagined it. A small protrusion she hadn't seen before stuck up from the underside of the contraption. It was curved directly over her engorged crux, and, at the press of a button on his panel, it pulsated erotically against her clitoris. "You turn me on. And I can't seem to get enough of you. I want to be there when you come. Need to be with you."

He slid a lever upward on the board and the saddle moved in a trotting motion. There was a humming noise, and with each jolt, the mock *phallus* rammed deeper into her. The small clit stimulator slid and abraded over her nub. Electrifying jolts of pleasure streaked through her as liquid fire oozed from her and coated the cock. Her aroused scent filled her lungs and mixed pleasantly with the aroma of leather. She was

joggled and shook time and again, and she imagined what it would be like to be riding a horse and getting screwed at the same time. It was utter bliss. She could already feel the climax returning. But how could she delay it for Luke's sake?

"Luke..." She panted and clamped her lower lip between her teeth.

"Feel good, my genie in a bottle?" And with that, she heard a click and the saddle started to buck gently enough that it jostled but did not unseat her. She reached for the leather strap, faux reins to hold onto as she rode her "horse". Horny need gripped her and she moved in violent rhythm with the machine, milking her juices, soaking the saddle. Her breasts bounced uncontrollably, and with each jerk, the nipples were jolted, sending a renewed ripple of ecstasy to her core. A thrill of rapture shuddered inside her with each jerk of the ride, each whirl of vibration deep within her vagina.

"Luke, please..." Helplessly, she lifted a hand to cup her own breast, to roll the taut nipple between her fingers. Slivers of heat traveled from her breast to her clit. "I...I'm going to come. Can I? Please? Can I—"

It was too late. She'd tried to wait for his permission, but she was insatiable, a shameless, wanton, greedy slut. She threw her head back, one hand squeezed one breast excruciatingly, the other gripped the reins. Her nails dug into her palm, drawing blood. Spark after spark of white-hot electricity struck her from her soaked pussy to her very toenails. Her body twitched involuntarily. She gasped, groaned and moaned her release, pinching her nipple violently.

The vibrating stopped. Her last sound was to whimper Luke's name before she slumped forward over the horn of the saddle. The tears came like the burst of a dam.

"Luke...Luke."

She felt his presence at her side at the same moment she caught the scent of his arousal. He dragged her from the saddle, carefully lifted her from the protuberance and cradled her in his arms. The whole universe faded from her soul. Luke. It was only Luke that suddenly filled her heart.

"Shh, shh," he soothed and set her down on her feet to gather her to him. "Don't cry, sweetheart. Please, don't cry."

He smelled of man, sex and Earth. His chest was solid against her wet cheek. She tightened her arms around his waist, and sighed when he pressed her closer. She could hear the erratic beat of his heart, could sense that something had changed between them. Whether it was good or bad, she didn't know, but there was a marked alteration in the air around them.

"Why are you crying?" he asked softly, and kissed the top of her head.

She leaned back in the circle of his arms so that she could see his handsome face. Worry marred his brow. "I can't stop the unquenchable, sexual appetite that now rushes through my veins. You have taught me the delights of lovemaking, yet I..."

He tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. "Yet you what?"

"Thirteen," she said it almost angrily. "Thirteen has turned out to be a truly unlucky number."

"How so?" Warmth blazed in his eyes. He traced her bottom lip with his thumb, combed his fingers lovingly through her tresses.

"I—I want to keep having orgasms. It is such a blissful feeling!" she declared. "But...but if I allow the countdown to continue, I will rob myself of time with you. Because...because, when number thirteen arrives..."

"What?" he coaxed. He kneaded her spine with his hands so that the hair on her scalp stood on end.

"When it arrives, I leave. There is no choice in the matter. Oh, Luke," she said breathlessly. "I don't want to leave you!" And she threw herself against his chest and sobbed uncontrollably.

* * * * *

It was all he needed to hear. He sighed his relief. Somehow, it soothed his heart, allowed him to release his anger and resentment. He no longer felt like a used piece of meat. All he wanted was for her to achieve her destiny, to never be closed up in that bottle again.

"Jennie, Jennie..." He leaned away from her and looked down as she tipped her face up to him. His heart tumbled, flipped, nearly exploded in his chest. She was beautiful, ethereal, and, yes, a true goddess-to-be. Pride, peacock-smug, swelled in his chest. She'd chosen him to be the man to assist her up those steps, to set her upon that thirteenth rung of honor, her Xanthian pedestal. *Him* out of all the men on Earth!

"Jennie," he said again. He smoothed a tear from her cheek with the pad of his thumb. "You mustn't feel guilty. It is your fate, your destiny. And I am honored to assist you in your promotion."

"But—" She hiccupped and threw herself back into his arms. Against his chest, her voice muffled, she replied, "But I will miss you. If we were to draw it out..."

"Can we?"

"No," she said so softly, he was unsure if she'd truly spoken at all.

"No? Why is that, Jen?"

"Because," she whimpered, and he felt the tears flow and dribble over his nipple. "I've been granted only three days in which to conclude my mission. No matter how many I've completed by then, if I haven't reached number thirteen, I'm doomed."

Suddenly, he recalled how she'd seemed to be talking to herself after that first encounter on the beach. He could remember her saying something, as if she spoke to a being that only she could see or hear. Something about three days being a bit farfetched, and that she *would* obey.

Three days. He did a quick calculation in his head. It now approached the end of day two. Dread, and an unfamiliar sort of sadness, clutched at his gut. But it was overridden by a determination to see her through this.

"By the end of tomorrow, Jennie," he vowed, holding her tightly against him, "you will reach your goal if I have to gorge on your pussy constantly until the clock strikes thirteen."

* * * * *

Jennie collapsed at his feet. She bowed her head and planted her hands on the floor in worship. "Thank you, master. I thank you from the depths of my soul."

"Get up, Jennie," he said softly.

She slowly raised her eyes and gazed up at him. He remained naked, and she thought she'd never seen a more powerful-looking god. Her breath caught in her chest, her pulse thumped rapidly. "Have I displeased you, Luke?"

He smiled, but there was something altogether different, almost strange, in his eyes. "No, Jennie. You have brought me incredible pleasures." He squatted down and reached for her hand. "Get up and come with me, gorgeous. We will return here soon, as number eight awaits—but first we need to get you something to eat. I'm sure you're famished yet again after all that lesbian and cowboy action."

Yes. It was true. She was ravenous!

She eagerly took his hand and stood. They exited *The Bull*.

The early afternoon sky had clouded over and wind whipped about them. She could smell the rain in the torrential air. He led her outside and through the halophytes of the mangrove, the pine flatwoods and the dense understory of gumbo-limbo, crab wood, pigeon plum and soldierwood. She was familiar with all the lush vegetation he escorted her through, and an uproar of awe and excitement gripped her, for, on Xanthus, it was what she had enthusiastically studied about Earth prior to her coming of age. Oh, she could just live here forever! It was a godly woodland of paradise. As if to verify her thoughts, a colorful cluster of cockatoos and parakeets took flight into the strings of Spanish moss that formed a permeable roof overhead.

The small little chalet came into view dwarfed by the towering cypress, oaks and palms. But the adorable little cottage certainly rivaled the bottle in size and charm. Its steep-pitched roof and stone chimney were the largest qualities about it. It was square and fashioned of cedar wood, and a charming wooden terrace jutted out from its side. It had few windows and only one timber door that she could see, but in the intermittent flash of lightning, it seemed to glow with a welcoming aura.

"It's beautiful!" she gasped.

"No, *you're* beautiful." He squeezed her hand and pulled her along behind him. The sandy forest floor warmed her bare feet as they moved toward the cabin. They trotted to the door as the rain started to pelt upon their naked bodies. Ascending the few stairs, Luke flung the door open and drew her inside.

It was a one-room abode of rugged décor. The tangy scent of cedar filled the air. Jennie's eyes traveled from the large stone hearth on the rear wall, to the wide terrace door off the area that appeared to be for the preparation of foods. She studied the worn and comfortable-looking furniture, and found that there was no comparison to the Xanthian palace furnishings she was accustomed to. This home spoke of solace and ease of living, and she experienced an immediate sense of safety and coziness. Could she hide here for eternity from Demitri and the gods, and forsake the three-day order?

She blew out a resigned sigh. If only...

"It's...it's just perfect," she breathed, and collapsed into a comfy hunter green chair. She squealed when it rocked precariously under her and a partition shot out under her feet and calves. The posterior back support collapsed to a horizontal position with a resonant *clunk*. She looked up into Luke's stunned expression from her sprawled-out position in the chair.

"It *is* perfect." His hungry eyes devoured her nude form.

She smiled endearingly and winked at him. "Why, thank you, master. But I really must eat before you indulge further in my perfection." She wiggled her way out of the chair.

Luke wandered into the kitchen area and rooted through the refrigerator and cabinets.

"Do you live here?" She crossed the room toward the narrow, steep set of stairs.

"I have quarters in the main resort, but I do use this on occasion to get away." She came to the stairs and ascended them slowly, her hand exploring the rough wooden rail.

Upstairs was a bedchamber placed in the loft of the cottage, she discovered. Now that she was up here, she could see that a spindled balcony overlooked the room below. The bed was rather large for the small room, and it was made neatly with old-fashioned bedding. One simple oak dresser was tucked under the slant of the ceiling. There was a narrow dormer window opposite the rail, where rain pelted the glass and flashes of lightning streamed in. She heard the angry rumble of the oncoming thunder as rain fell faster, and droplets cozily spattered the tin roof. Jennie looked longingly at the bed, ready to climb into the fluff of it and hide for a century.

"It's yours if you want it," he said from behind her.

She spun on her bare feet, unaware that he'd followed her upstairs. He was across the small space, yet she could smell the salty, masculine scent of him over the aroma of something—bacon?—cooking in the kitchen below. "Mine?" she replied softly.

"Yes, the cabin. If you'd like to use it as your home for the next day or so..." He shrugged, as if it did not matter one way or the other to him.

"Will you...will you stay here with me?"

He lifted a shoulder. "I'll have to go check in with my manager, but, yes, as long as all is well at the resort."

She stared pensively at the fluffy bed. "Can we mate there, there within your bed?"

At her words, something...something primal snapped in him, she saw it in his eyes.

He moved closer as a panther would, all stealthy and shrewd with each move of his long limbs. The balcony rail pressed into her buttocks as he stepped nearer. His eyes were trained on her, committed to some unknown motive. An odd amalgamation of alarm and anticipation seized her. She wanted it, she admitted, whatever his intent. Already, eagerness warmed her core, soaked her inner thighs. She yearned for that sensation again of his warmth, his protectiveness, his cock filling her to the very depth of her womb. She longed to reach that same ecstatic pinnacle that had flooded her soul in *The Mirror*, and *The Hot Tub* before that.

But each orgasm pushed her further from him, closer to Xanthus.

He approached her and lifted a hand to her cheek. "Yes, Jensina. We can make love there. How about number thirteen? Save the best for last?" He said it with a tenderness that took her breath away as both his hands cupped her cheeks. His lips were on hers, and they merged as one. Stars, but his mouth was like a love potion with all the correct ingredients inside! And his hands, oh Melintra, those hands! They were all over her backside, pressing her closer to the hardness of him. Of their own accord, her arms came up to wrap about his neck. She combed her fingers through his thick hair and thought of the soft mane of Flagusis, her winged stallion. His tongue injected her with a delicious flavor that had her hungering for more. She opened her mouth to him and finally, sensuously, inserted her tongue into his mouth. He groaned—or was that her own muffled moans?—and pressed her hand against the back of his head to drink of him deeper.

"Jennie..." he whispered against her mouth. "Jennie...I...I..."

"Luke..." She breathed it out, and a sweet confusion encompassed her.

What was happening to her? An unfamiliar emotion so very strong that she hadn't the faintest idea how to label it, welled up in her spirit. She arched against his hand which now explored and pinched at her nipple. His other hand raced up her thigh and found her engorged lips. One finger did a spiral around her swollen knot, and she gasped into his mouth when he sank that finger into her moist folds.

A slow dizziness washed over her. She heard the ticking of a clock. It echoed in her head seeming to mark her three-day calendar as more than half over, warning her ominously. In defiance, and yes, obediently, she thought of her eight accomplished orgasms and tossed a mental image of them directly to Xanthus, as she'd been ordered to do.

Suddenly, even as she continued to kiss Luke, her soul was suffused with a fiery surge of power. She broke the seal on their lips and screamed out as the painful ecstasy

branded her soul mercilessly. It was not an orgasm, but a gift of supremacy, a foreshadowing of her coming destiny.

Gems of strength sparked in her system. Her hand came up of its own volition, and circled above Luke's head in a movement she'd never used before.

And they were suddenly suspended over the railing, spinning in the vault of the ceiling. There was a sparkling tornado of scarlet dust that held them cocooned, and a fierceness rose in her, a vigor that nearly frightened her with its unstoppable determination. Slowly, they rose through the ceiling, up into the early evening storm. Wonderment enveloped her, for she had never been able to levitate at this height before—especially while supporting another soul in addition to her own.

"What—?" Luke tore his lips from hers and glanced about, dazed. "Jennie," he warned with an unmistakable trace of fear, "get me down from here, *now!*"

"It's the web of carnality," she explained, her voice soft. It echoed across the island, out above the turbulent ocean. Where her knowledge originated from, she did not know, but she suspected it was due to graduating through eight of the thirteen orgasms. Or was it related to Luke? Why it happened now, rather than before, was beyond her understanding, as well. She did know, though, that she was now part goddess. It was suddenly as if she'd known it all along. By the giving nature of this man's warmth and expert knowledge of coupling, she was nearing her fate. Graduation loomed near.

And she now felt wise and mature, as if she'd cast aside her youth and exchanged it for adulthood. As if she'd just sacrificed her virginity.

With all those elements of awareness now firm in her soul, she went on to satisfy his curiosity, for his eyes danced with a sort of frightened wonderment. Rain poured over their naked bodies. "A web from which you, nor any other being, cannot escape—unless I bequeath it. It is my fate, my destiny," she added simply.

Lightning flashed around them. Luke ducked, and it narrowly missed striking him. He removed his hands from her and gasped when a deafening rumble of thunder rolled over him. "Let me down!" he demanded. His eyes were now alight with pure dark terror, even though she saw the evidence of his fully erect desire. "Damn it, Jen, I said let—me—*down!*"

And with one swipe of her hand, she did just that.

He fell from her trap and tumbled through space, down to the floor of the cabin. She zoomed down and hovered over him. Glowing balls of multicolored lights twirled around her. She knew now a hunger to rival that of the Xanthian gods and goddesses. Carnal knowledge poured into her. She had the gift of clear sight and supremacy.

She was the goddess undergraduate. And she would achieve her goal, that she was now certain of.

She willed away the cloud that enveloped her. Instantly, she no longer floated but stood beside his sprawled, wet form. Jennie clapped her hands together and grinned. "Fabulous! Now, what's for dinner? I'm doubly famished!"

"Yeah," he said snidely, glaring up at her. "I bet you are." He sniffed indignantly, peeled himself off the floor and shot her a disgusted look. "Well, I smell bacon frying—as if you and your genie rigmarole couldn't tell that already, *or* conjure it up by your own damn self. And since food is your libido's apparent fuel, let's eat so we can resume your little mission." The words slid out as honeyed as poison from his throat. She shivered at the sweet omen of it, despite his sarcasm. Visions of each of their lovemaking sessions moved through her mind like motion movies on the Xanthian Big Screen.

"Yes," she agreed. "Let's go eat so we can go have more sex."

Or rather, she thought, let's eat so we can delay sex and my return to Xanthus.

* * * * *

They returned to *The Bull*. Luke stood in front of the shackled wall. "Come here," he ordered.

She obeyed, fire already smoldering in her loins.

He raised his arms. "Hook me up."

"Hook you up?"

"Yes, my goddess," he said blandly. "If you want number nine, then hook me up."

She'd assumed it to be a minor setback when, at first, she hadn't comprehended his intent, but she now fully understood the carnal ramifications of his orders. Her education was becoming more intense, more vital to her coming role. Her instincts were being sharpened, honed to perfection.

Jennie expertly clamped his wrists in the sheepskin-padded shackles, as if she had done it countless times before. Glancing at the table of various tools, she chose a thin leather crop. She tapped one of his ankles with it, silently demanding that he spread his legs.

His gaze smoldered already. "You're an excellent pupil," he said with a trace of sarcasm.

"Why, thank you, master. And you have been an outstanding teacher. Now," she said in a sharp tone, binding his ankles one at a time. "Don't say another word unless you're given permission."

She watched as his balls drew up in protest and his eyes took on the rabid glow of a wolf. He nodded his reluctant assent.

Jennie rapped her palm with the crop and drew its loose ends through her cupped hand. She perused him from the sun-kissed, shoulder-length hair, down to the powerful thighs and calves. Her gaze rose to the half-hard penis and a deluge of juice seeped out and soaked her labia. Extending the whip, she swirled its shredded straps around the helmet-shaped head. Sensitive, it jerked and, immediately, she drew a hiss from him.

"Feel good?" She tapped the underside of his *phallus* with the leather.

"Yes," he replied through clenched teeth.

She cracked him gently, yet firmly, across the underside of his balls. He flinched and pulled against his restraints. Her pussy throbbed with each bold move she made, each play of aggression, each defiant reaction from him.

"Did I give you permission to talk?"

"Jesus, Jen, this isn't Simon Says," he growled.

"Shut up!"

His eyes narrowed, yet she noted that his organ bloomed.

"Now, *I* will teach *you* a little bit about self-control and sex coupling." She plucked up a cock ring. Threading it over the tip of him, she applied a dab of lubricant and ever so slowly slid it up and down the length of him. His lubed rod gleamed in the dim light like a polished sword. "Feel good?" she taunted.

He shot her a loathing look, but he did not speak. His breath moved in and out of his lungs in quick spurts. The expanse of his chest rose and fell as he clenched his fists. Thick biceps flexed as he struggled to remain in control. Her hands itched to explore every corded muscle yet she suddenly enjoyed the self-torture of denial. She longed to climb on board, to take him deep into her wetness. But she discovered, with each passing moment, that the control and restraint she wielded served to increase her own arousal.

"Permission to answer, granted."

He nodded. "Yes..." He closed his eyes when she flipped on the vibrator switch. "Oh, God. Yes, it feels sinful. And if you continue, I'll come in a few short seconds," he warned.

She abruptly turned off the contraption and removed the ring from him. Instinctually, she knew where the lever was as she moved to the edge of the wall. It shifted out of its notch when she slid it forward. The wall pivoted on an axis and fell with a groan and a squeak. He now lay on the platform at her waist, tied down as if he were her disobedient slave.

Spread-eagled as he was, he looked good enough to eat. Choosing several toys from the assortment, she climbed up on the altar and crawled toward him, the stealthy lioness stalking her prey.

Chapter 7

Luke's breath was knocked from him as the platform fell into a horizontal position. Even he hadn't known that it had this capability. But then again, she'd probably conjured it up with some witchy spell or something. Never before had he been shackled. He'd always done the torturing, always been the dominant one.

But not now. Not since *she'd* come into his life. Everything was different. Everything, even sex, seemed new and exciting, wide open for new possibilities.

And it irked him, somehow.

He watched her through hooded lids, a determined, practiced, almost evil look upon her exquisite face as she chose her next tools and climbed upon the lowered platform. Yes. All the differences irked him because she'd be gone by the end of tomorrow, and she'd be using all the tricks of the trade that he'd taught her, on someone else.

Many others, no doubt.

He shoved that thought to a dark corner of his mind when she crawled over him, surreptitious and catlike. Her eyes sparkled and her mouth, cherry-red, curved into a smug grin. Naked curves and shadowed planes of her body glistened and glowed with her genie's magic. The unmistakable scent of her, a mixture of delicious sex and sweet hibiscus, moved over his body and caressed his steely manhood. His mouth watered, and already he craved to taste her pussy, was starved to feast on her.

He sucked in a breath and fought the urge to speak her name when she slid seductively up his body. Teasingly, she dragged her taut nipples over his abdomen, abrading them over his own nipples. Lust curled slow and lazy from his chest to his stone-hard dick. Her hair fanned in a glorious midnight cloud around her shoulders and back, and he longed to grip it, yank her head back, and drive himself into her with all the power and passion he could muster.

She planted her knees on either side of his waist. "You will not speak and—" she paused to place a black silk mask over his eyes "—you will not see." His head was lifted to slide on the elastic strap. Darkness engulfed him. With his limbs secured and his sight taken away, he didn't know whether to be frightened or thrilled.

So this is what all those other women had felt when he'd done this to them. A sort of helpless power, an exhilarating, complete surrender of one's body. A cruel anticipation ensued. He was at her mercy. And he felt his cock turn from rubber to steel.

"You have a beautiful, sturdy body," she purred, and something cold and wet dribbled over his crotch. He moaned in response when her tongue made a slow, deliberate swipe from his tight balls to the tip of his sex. Again, the liquid was poured

over him, and again, she tortured him with her tongue. The scent of pineapple reached his nostrils. Where she had gotten pineapple juice, he could only speculate, but his senses suddenly shifted into overload.

Her mouth took him in with a purposeful intent, and he struggled against his restraints. He tried desperately to raise his hips, but to no avail. Blood roared in his ears and a whoosh of fire combusted where her mouth sucked him expertly. "Son of a —"

She ripped her mouth from him with a *pop*, and he felt the instant sting of the whip across his dick. He hissed and gasped, fought to remain mute.

"Quiet!" she barked.

Where the crop had made contact with him, the sensation was heightened. It hadn't been a blood-drawing smack, but a pleasure-and-pain spanking that, after the final sting and shock, served to further arouse him. He felt her shift and his wish was realized. The musky-sweet scent of her cunt engulfed him as she aligned it over his face. Her breasts moved against his abdomen and she drew him into her mouth again. A heavy ache of desire filled his groin. As starved as a captive prisoner, he raised his head to meet her pussy, and defiantly, she moved her love-lips over his mouth slowly, torturously. She'd never tasted so delicious before, and he longed to rip his arms from the clamps and wrap them around her hips. Everything was sharper, her wild scent, the satiny feel of her folds against his tongue, the cool air that swirled over their bodies, the unique flavor of her. From somewhere afar, he heard a whir. And she moved a vibrating device down the side of his hip, around to his buttocks.

He flinched suspiciously, but just as quickly, the noise came to a halt, leaving the far-off sounds of voices and moans in the other *Heptagon* rooms as the only audible stimulation. He hadn't the faintest idea what the tiny vibrating device had been, but he assumed she'd decided not to use it. Roughly, she withdrew her mouth from him, then her pussy from his face. Cool air caressed his wet dick.

"You're hard enough now, Luke, that I'm going to fuck you," she said, her voice laced with a mixture of lust and power. "And you're going to watch without a word, do you understand?"

He nodded eagerly. She ripped the blindfold from him and tossed it aside. The dim light of the room assaulted him, and he blinked, waiting for his pupils to adjust. She straddled him, but this time, with her back to him. She positioned herself over his hips and guided his hardness to her. He fought against the involuntary flutter of his eyelids when she slowly pushed her wetness around his granite-hard cock, gloving him completely. Wet flames licked at him, spread to his gut and threatened to incinerate his very soul.

Luke smiled and closed his eyes triumphantly — a small measure of retained control against a powerful genie — when she let out a rapturous moan. He breathed in and out raggedly as her hot nectar bathed him. Vaguely, he heard the whir again. It went on, then off just as quickly, as if she tested it. His lids popped open. Lifting the contraption for him to see, she held it up as if it was on display, and he felt an instant knife of dread

in his gut. He'd never seen that particular object in *The Bull* before. It was two butt plugs attached by long, thin electrical cords to *one* remote control device.

Obviously, only one person would control what two would experience. And that one person wouldn't be him.

She eyed him wickedly and dribbled a wad of lubricant on the plug before lowering it between his outstretched legs.

"Jennie, *no!*" His eyes flared wide. "Don't you dare stick that—" In retaliation for his disobedience, the plug was shoved between his cheeks, just short of his asshole. He squirmed, crazed, and yanked ferociously against his restraints. The cold tool filled the space between his ass cheeks and a slow rise of dread mixed with an odd coil of lust gripped him.

She shot him a smoldering look over her satiny shoulder, her thick mane of hair streaming over her back, down to her rear in a curtain of seduction. "That was your punishment, because you're not to talk. Got it?" she asked tersely.

He opened his mouth in protest.

"No, no, no," she warned, and pushed it further in toward its target. He tightened his gluts against the invasion, shot her a hateful glare and clamped his mouth shut. The device warmed surrounded as it was by his buttocks, and reluctant heat moved into the depths of his anus.

She halted the insertion. "Just calm down, love. I promise not to displease you."

He forced himself to relax. Staring up at the wooden beams, he willed himself anywhere but here. Fear alone made him cower, for he'd never been in this utterly submissive position before. Luke was entirely at her mercy, yet his cock throbbed traitorously with anticipation at her next move, and his ass seemed to have a mind of its own.

Had he truly put himself in this position voluntarily?

"There now." She twisted around and patted his cheek. "That's better."

A muscle ticked at his jaw. *Then let's get it over with.*

She lifted her hips up and down on him and stroked him back to life. A tingling sensation shimmered over his dick and moved deep into his crotch. Faster and faster she danced upon him. Sweat beaded his brow and dribbled down into his already damp hair. Strung out as tightly as he was, he couldn't even raise his hips to meet her. He was forced to lie there and be raped, be loved as he'd never been loved before. Already, he could feel the tension building. He let out an audible groan, and her response was to lift herself from him.

"Not yet, Luke," she scolded. "You're not to come yet."

He looked down and watched, amazed, as she levitated above him, her back still in full view. She unfolded her legs, and as she rose higher, she stretched them out before her in a vee, aligned over his in a perfect layer. He could barely see the edge of the sticky white cream of her desire spread over her swollen pussy. And he could see her

tight asshole, fuckable and ready for a cock. He nearly exploded just thinking about spreading her cheeks and entering her there.

As if his thoughts had somehow traveled to her telepathically, she raised the remote control box with one hand and lifted one of the plugs with the other. Her head was turned, looking over her shoulder so that he could watch her expression. Like the most erotic dream imaginable, bit-by-bit she inserted the plug into her ass and screamed out her pleasure. Her eyes narrowed, her mouth formed a sexy, involuntary O, and she twitched, restraining herself from number nine.

"Ah, Jennie," he whispered. "Please let me talk."

She bent forward, and, without warning, he felt the other plug sink into his ass.

"No!" he protested, squirming. The fullness in his anus was unbearable yet his cock tingled traitorously.

Her reprimanding response was to fling her hand out so that she no longer levitated over him, but slammed herself down on his rod instead. Shards of sexual pleasure contradicted with anal discomfort deep in his gut. He and Jennie cried out simultaneously. Luke gradually felt the uncomfortable sensation of the plug move into a vague, pleasant tingling deep in his loins to a spot that had never been touched before.

She held up her free hand, then the hand that gripped the remote. Her back was to him, and, with her legs out before her in a vee, she moved her hand up and down, which sent her body in controlled piston-action upon his cock. He groaned with bliss. It was the oddest, most erotic feeling in the world. He was being fucked, unable to move an inch, and the only part of her body that touched him was the inner folds of her cave. Vibrator-like, the quick, jerky movements nearly brought him to a pinnacle he'd never before seen.

She sensed his coming release, apparently, because she lifted herself off him, panted and moaned. Obviously, the dominatrix was losing control, he thought smugly.

But she didn't allow him to throb and gain blue balls for long. With a violent fling of her hand downward, she impaled him almost painfully.

"Luke..." Her sweet whimper filled him with need. She was close. He could feel her elixir pour onto him, could smell her scent as it gushed out of her.

"Release me, Jennie. Please..." he begged, longing to hold her close.

But her punishment was to raise the remote and finally flip the switch. The vibrations nearly brought him off the table. He looked at her ass and watched as the hole twitched around the device that was buried inside her, and he knew that his own was responding in much the same way. Mind-blowing bliss slammed into him. With each downward slam, he could feel the pulsations of her own butt plug as it traveled from her ass, through her inner walls, to her pussy where his cock was buried. And he could feel the throbbing of his cock simultaneously with the shuddering of his own ass as the small plug vibrated mercilessly inside him.

"Jennie..." He growled it out. "Please tell me you're about to reach number nine, because—" He stiffened and, at the same moment, heard her scream as a tigress might, violently in the wilds of nature. "Oh...my...God!" Twitching over and over, his body jerked against the shackles.

She screamed and groaned so loudly, he was sure it carried across the ocean to the coast of Florida. "Yes, oh, fuck! Yes!"

It was the longest-lasting orgasm he'd had so far. It went on and on until he thought he could take it no more. Just when he was about to beg her to release him, to pull the plug, she switched off the device and collapsed upon his chest.

Blackness engulfed him and he welcomed it with open — shackled — arms.

* * * * *

Jennie was in awe. The pie-shaped room was a masterpiece of design. Three marble stairs led to a raised, massive, king-sized bed adorned in dark satins. Its enormous canopy was draped with billowy sheers and flowers of every species. She could smell the aroma of rose and lilac, oleander and cassia. Greenery ornamented the canopy frame and various furnishings set nearby. Led up the stairs to the bed, she could now see the many throw pillows scattered invitingly upon the gold satin sheets. Her gaze took in the entire shape of the bed. It was full-moon round, and it slowly revolved atop the marble pedestal.

She glanced at Luke. She'd purposely put him to slumber in *The Bull* following number nine. She needed him rested and strong. He'd slept solidly for hours, and she banished all those tender thoughts that had gone through her mind as she'd watched him sleep. Her heart ached. She dreaded the moment number thirteen commenced. How would she go on through eternity without him? Yet, how could she resist his expert lovemaking? He was like a drug that she could not refuse.

But he was a mortal she could not have.

With a sigh, she bravely tucked all the dread away. She was with him now. That was what mattered. And he had brought her here, to *The Threesome*, the most elegant, beautiful room she'd ever seen.

"Like it?" he asked from the opposite side of the bed.

"Yes, it's perfect."

"Do you know what kind of room it is?"

"It's *The Threesome*."

He smiled fondly. "Yes, which means there will be a fantasy fulfilled that includes three people...or more. That's why the bed is so enormous."

The door opened at that precise moment. She scrutinized the very couple they'd watched in *The Mirror*, as the two walked in and stepped up on the raised bed area to stand next to her.

"Jennie," Luke said, and she could already see that his manhood filled with heat. "This is Gerrick and Leah. It's their fantasy to be with another couple."

"Ah." Jennie nodded, and the possibilities already swirled through her mind. "So it's to be *The Foursome*, rather than *The Threesome*."

Gerrick chuckled, his voice deep and resonating. "It's to be whatever you want." One of his large hands went up to caress her neck, strong and practiced.

A delicious tingling of goose bumps spread over her body. He was almost as large a man as Luke, and built solid and lean. She looked up into eyes as green as the Xanthus gardens. Already naked, he stood proud, his soft *phallus* springing from a base of dark curls. There was a sparse spread of hair across his chest, but for the most part, it was smooth and sculpted. His skin was the tone of honey, his hair shortly cropped but thick. He was an extremely handsome man, Jennie admitted to herself, yet she did not feel the immediate attraction she had with Luke. As he continued to massage her neck, she sighed, and knew that, more than anything, she would just love to be pampered by him without sex.

"May I have a massage?"

Leah grinned and exposed a row of perfect white teeth. "We'd love to indulge you. As it so happens, we're licensed masseuses, and own our own business back home."

Jennie remembered the interlude she'd had with Leah through the glass, and her clit immediately tingled in response. Her copper-red hair was styled in long layers, and it fell in soft waves over her shoulders. With skin flawless and creamy, Jennie thought of sensual satin and silk. Her eyes were almond-shaped and rich, her lips full and pink...like her *nymphae* had been. Standing proud and naked, her curvy body was beautiful, and Jennie longed to touch the melon-sized breasts, to take the nipples into her mouth and suck them dry while Gerrick massaged her back.

Jennie glanced at Luke. He nodded his encouragement, yet his jaw was clamped, as if he fought some unknown emotion. He stood on the opposite side of the bed with his cock in his hand. Slowly, almost hesitantly, he stroked it as he watched the three of them converse. And already he appeared to be almost fully hard.

"It sounds wonderful!" Jennie climbed into the middle of the large bed. She settled down and lay on her stomach, and stuffed a silky bronze pillow under her head. The bed shifted as Leah and Gerrick crawled to her. Two pairs of hands expertly stroked and kneaded her flesh. Lazy heat took flight and swirled through her bloodstream.

"That's it. Just relax," Gerrick whispered in her ear, and he kissed her bare shoulder tenderly. A pleasant tingle ignited there where his lips caressed her. "We have the experience to bring you to heights you've never experienced before."

"Yes," Leah agreed. "Just enjoy." Her hand moved down Jennie's back and squeezed her buttocks. Tense muscles protested but gradually eased and gave in to the

firm ministrations. Leah shifted to her side and kissed her softly on the mouth. She was wet and warm and tasted of mint. Her tongue shot out and traced Jennie's lips, and she thought she would suddenly die of hunger. The kiss was different than a man's, yet the same, tender, sweet, passion-filled. A slow roll of lust surged to her nipples, and they strained against the slick fabric of the bedding.

As if that wasn't enough stimulation, a sudden whirring noise startled her, accompanied by a vibration of the round bed against her front side. Luke had reached over and engaged a switch upon the bedside table. Her whole body was pitched into a sudden yet slow aching warmth. Since arriving at Carnal Island, she'd had vibrators placed in one spot or another on her body, but not yet had she had a full-body vibrator working mercilessly on her libido. Instinctively, she pressed her crotch and her nipples harder into the bed and reached for bliss.

Leah crawled around to her head. Looking down the length of Jennie's body, she firmly and gently rubbed her scalp. It tingled in response and the blessed cradle of drowsiness embraced her. Every cell weighted down, heavy and languid. With her gaze on Luke as he fondled himself at the bedside, her eyes fluttered helplessly shut.

From the opposite end of her body, Gerrick started with her toes. Taking one at a time, he worked four hundred years of tension from her body. He raised one foot, and she felt the fluttery sensation of a kiss on two of her toes, even as Leah's hand moved to her neck, working her magic. She sucked in a breath when he took the toes in his mouth and flickered his tongue over them. A warm flood of desire soaked her from foot to cunt. His tongue was moist and hot against the top of her foot. She could feel the sharp abrading of his teeth over her instep, and suddenly, she craved to have him inside her, longed to have Luke watch as she spread her legs for another man. Slowly, she ground her hips into the vibrating bed, and the broth of her lust gushed out onto the sheets.

There was a groan from Luke when Leah removed the pillow from under Jennie's head. Jolted from bliss, her eyes flew open, and she realized that Leah was offering one of her thighs as a pillow.

"Oh, yes... There you go, Jennie." Luke's strained voice stroked her libido. He urged her on, encouraged carnal education. Her pussy gushed with warm juices. "Get closer to her pussy."

As Gerrick abandoned the toe-sucking and moved his hands in expert, deliberate circles up her calves, Jennie rested her head on Leah's leg. There was the faint scent of expensive perfume mixed with woman. Her mouth watered. She longed to taste of the woman, as Luke had tasted of her. Leah bent over her back and worked the stiffness from her shoulders and the small of her back. Torn, Jennie didn't know whether to dive into the woman's *nymphae* or give in to the drowsiness that warmed her body.

Gerrick went next to her thighs. His enormous hands kneaded and stimulated every nerve and muscle. She imagined that it was Luke bringing her to the gates of relaxed bliss. He progressed to her butt cheeks and chopped them with the outer edges of his hands, as if he tenderized meat. Gripping and squeezing, he pulled and pinched, making every hair on her head stand on end.

By now, Jennie was in a carnal mixture of pure lust and relaxation. She longed to be filled from behind, even as she craved to push her tongue into the wet folds of Leah's pussy. Moving lower, her tongue found the swollen lips. She swiped them, one at a time, and delighted in the little noises she could so easily elicit from the woman. The musky scent of arousal filled her nostrils. Jennie could feel the honey drip from her own sex, and she nearly cried out when a group of fingers slammed into her hole. She responded by inserting two fingers into Leah. Locating the hard knot with the tip of her tongue, she growled when Leah whimpered her satisfaction. Her first taste of pussy was sweet and creamy, and the soft folds were the texture of damp satin against Jennie's tongue. As Gerrick pumped her harder, Jennie removed her fingers and pushed her tongue into Leah's passage. Warm, moist ripples of soft flesh teased her tongue. Leah fell back on the bed and her knees came up in abandon. She moaned and drew in ragged breaths, bucking against Jennie's face.

"Oh, Jennie!" she cried softly. Her hands moved down to resume the massage on Jennie's scalp, but she also firmly held her head there, silently begging her to continue.

And like a practiced lesbian, Jennie seemed to know just what to do to please the woman. Carnal instinct poured into her soul. With a sudden ravenous appetite, she sluiced her tongue from hole to clit and sank three fingers into her damp cavern. Tight, slick heat hugged her fingers, clamping with desperate need. Her free hand skimmed up and over the soft abdomen and closed over one full breast. Leah cried out, gasping as Jennie pinched the pebble-hard nipple.

There was a shift, a movement from somewhere, but Jennie didn't care to investigate. She went on, flickering her tongue over Leah's love bud and kneading her heavy breast. Buried in the sweet scents and flavors of her, she fucked her frantically with her fingers. Behind her, the massage gradually faded away. A powerful body was at once positioned there, and the tip of a penis probed at her wetness stretching her labia. She stiffened, suddenly not wanting Gerrick to impale her. The man she truly longed to have inside her, merely watched. Only minutes ago, she'd desired to have Gerrick, but when the time had finally come, she realized she wanted only one man.

"Luke..."

"Ah, my hot, sexy genie. My true goddess." Joy filled her heart. It was Luke who entered her from behind. His thick cock suddenly plowed into her. She screamed as an aching explosion just short of orgasm, slammed into her.

"God, Jennie," Luke said raggedly in her ear. It was then she was sure it was he who fucked her. "You *are* the Goddess of Carnality. I have never in my entire, promiscuous life seen anything so sexy..."

She inhaled, and the manly scent of Luke mixed with Leah's feminine aroma filled her nostrils. She was truly in Xanthian heaven!

"Oh, Luke," she whispered, and turned her head around to find his ear. "I'm so glad it's you buried inside me."

"I know, love. Me too," he said huskily, and he gripped her hair and guided her face back to Leah's crotch.

Gerrick now lay above and to Leah's right, and his cock was buried in her hungry mouth. The sight of their voracious love acts caused Jennie's pussy to clamp tighter around Luke, washing him with more slick lubrication. With Gerrick being orally pleased by Leah, Jennie dove into her task, her ass in the air meeting each of Luke's thrusts, her head down low and feasting. Already ravenous for food, she gladly partook of the substitute. The salty yet sweet flavor fed her hunger, filled her mouth.

The bed trembled below them all, adding embers to the bonfire. Luke drove into her, ferocious and needy. One hand went to play havoc on her clitoris while the other pinched and cupped one nipple. The fire built and rose. Glowing ashes fluttered upward, and the four lovers tossed more kindling onto the flames. Gerrick pumped his hips as Leah deep-throated him; she sucked him off, massaging his tight sac. Her hips rocked in unison with Jennie's flickering tongue, and, by the same token, Jennie rocked in time with Luke as he plunged in and out of her. The room seemed to spin around her. Lust and carnal awareness soaked into her soul. And a rush of tenderness for her master and teacher overwhelmed her with pride.

Suddenly, silence filled the room.

First, Luke cried out, throwing his head back like a wolf in the dark of the night. "Jennie! Oh, Jennie..." His lusty melody filled Jennie's ears and warmed her heart.

Next, Leah twitched and sent out a muffled cry, holding Jennie firmly to her pussy until she milked every wave of ecstasy from her tongue. "Gerrick," Leah murmured around the thickness of his cock. "Come, honey, come!"

On Leah's horny heels, Gerrick obeyed and took his turn. He spilled his hot seed into Leah's eager, moaning mouth, and he groaned a lengthy song of satisfaction.

Lastly, for she had struggled so very hard to prolong number ten, Jennie's soul exploded into a million fiery ashes as she whimpered against Leah's softness. Luke's massive shaft filled her to the top of her womb. Her muscles contracted around him and the crescendo of the orgasm rippled over her. For long moments of silence, he hugged her against his hard chest.

Finally, spent and hungry, she urged him to withdraw. Turning, she threw her arms around him. He gathered her close and fluttered kisses over her face, her neck, her shoulders. Contentment and a glow of something...something warm and tender permeated her spirit.

"Thank you." She pressed her cheek to his smooth chest and closed her eyes, listening to the steady, rapid beat of his heart. "Thank you for releasing me from that bottle."

He bent and lifted her into his arms. "No. Thank you for releasing me from *my* bottle." Luke rounded the bed and laid her at the head. He climbed up next to her and tucked her body close to his. Euphoria and complete trust in him settled in. She was safe from her father, safe from the bottle, safe from all of the universe.

It took her a very long time before she allowed herself to float back down to Earth, for she knew what it meant. There were only three more left before she departed from Carnal Island. Three more before she had to leave the man who'd somehow claimed her heart in a matter of two day's time.

Chapter 8

The bed no longer vibrated, but they were all still together upon its huge pedestal mattress. Jennie was curled spoon-fashion against Luke as was Leah to Gerrick. The two women faced one another while the men napped in lazy contentment. There was a skylight in the ceiling, just as there had been in *The Mirror*, and Jennie could see that the storm had passed and the late-night stars twinkled in the navy sky. A tropical, sweet scent wafted in through the screen, and she inhaled it, feeling utterly content.

But she could hear the mocking tick of the clock and sadness poured over her like a cold winter's rain.

"I saw you in *The Mirror*," Leah whispered, and she reached a hand out to cup Jennie's cheek.

"Saw me?" she echoed softly. Automatically, she placed her hand over Leah's.

"Yes, when you were in *The Mirror* and we were in *The Voyeur*, we saw you levitate, glow, do magic, or whatever. It was awesome, unbelievable. And later, when we connected through the glass, you and I, I could see you through the mirror somehow. Your eyes were glowing, and they held me spellbound. I've been horny ever since."

It wasn't exactly necessary to always hide her craft from others, but generally, she tried not to flaunt it. She hadn't known, or thought to put pi and pi together when she'd struggled to awaken Luke in *The Mirror*, that someone could have been watching. At that point, she hadn't realized it was a one-way mirror.

"Well, I'm delighted to entertain you," she said with a soft giggle. "So glad to be of service."

"Who...where?" Leah traced Jennie's lips with her thumb, and Jennie kissed the tip of it. "How is it possible?"

"Well, Leah, there are many other realms, worlds, planets and dimensions out there. I am from but one. Some are primitive and needy, as your Earth is, and others, even more so. Then there are those that are magical, and others yet, that are far more advanced technologically. I am a genie from a magical realm called Xanthus, a sister-realm to Earth. I am in training to be the Goddess of Carnality, to assist your Earthly counterparts in the ways of sexual coupling."

"It all seems so...I don't know, bizarre."

Jennie smiled warmly. "That is only because your world is all you know. I've had the advantage of learning or even experiencing many worlds and realms."

"Well," Leah whispered, a twinkle in her dark eyes. "If it is true, I think you've earned your title."

"Oh? Why do you think so?"

"Because," Leah whispered, careful not to awaken the men. Tears glistened in her eyes. "Gerrick and I were on the verge of divorce before we came here."

"Divorce? Why?" Jennie had studied about Earth's practice of divorce and found it odd. On Xanthus, beings were not bound loosely by a verbal oath and a piece of paper. The commitment was finalized before the gods even came into existence, pre-written in *The Book of Xanthus*.

"I have been frigid ever since we married. It's been five long years. We tried everything. Carnal Island was our last resort before we filed for an amicable, yet reluctant, divorce."

"You mean...?"

Leah's smile lit up the room. "Yes. You saved our marriage. You gave me my first orgasm. It was like you broke the dam and I suddenly knew the way. Ever since seeing you in *The Mirror*, then making love with you through the glass, Gerrick and I have made love over and over. And I've had multiple orgasms since then." The last sentence she said with a choked cry.

Jennie's heart swelled. She reached out for Leah and their four hands intertwined in two tight fists of friendship. Tears formed in her own eyes.

Finally.

Finally, she saw the importance of her destiny. And finally, she was fully prepared and anxious for number thirteen to come and go.

That is, she thought as Luke's warmth blanketed her backside, except for the loss of one thing.

* * * * *

Gerrick and Leah had long since gone. Luke had left her alone for a short time in *The Threesome* to check in at the resort, returning to her an hour later in jeans and a T-shirt. He smelled of soap and shaving cream, his face as smooth as satin. Her breath had caught in her chest when he'd disrobed and collapsed in her arms after kissing her tenderly. He now lay exhausted in a state of slumber.

The early morning sun of day three now streamed in through the skylight and cast a bronze shimmer over the satin bedding. Jennie stirred Luke, and he smiled without opening his eyes.

"You're amazing, goddess," he said huskily. "And I'm honored to be in your presence."

Jennie had napped off and on through the remainder of the night, but spent many long awakenings just staring at him. She etched every plane and angle of his face into her memory.

"I thank you, master. But, now can we—"

"Go eat breakfast?"

Her eyes narrowed playfully. "Are you implying I'm insatiable?"

He made a play of choking on his words. "Insatiable isn't the word, babe."

She pressed closer and twined one arm around his neck. The other went lower, and, with her hand, she found his morning erection and stroked it. "I'm making up for four hundred years of celibacy," she replied, nipping his earlobe between her teeth.

Luke shivered in welcome response, but his hand, which had been traveling downward, halted when his cell phone rang.

"Damn!" he said through clenched teeth, and leaned over the edge of the bed to locate his jeans. He found the phone in the rear pocket and studied the caller-ID number. "It's the front desk. I have to answer it." He punched a button and barked, "Slayton, here. What's up?"

She could hear the drone of a female voice while Luke sat up abruptly. "I'm on my way." Without saying goodbye, he pressed the disconnect button and turned toward her. "I gotta go, doll. Trouble at the office. Come on." He reached for her hand and drew her from the bed. "I'll see you to the cabin, show you where the food is."

"But...but, Luke..." she said quickly. He was already dragging her from the room out into the warmth of the sun. "What about my final...three?"

He halted his steps so abruptly she slammed into his back. Turning, he threaded his hands through her hair and held her head in place as he stared down at her. "Don't you dare masturbate while I'm gone."

His eyes were the color of the sea that crashed behind him, beyond the group of palm trees. They were just as turbulent, just as breathtaking as the ocean. She looked into their depths and replied, "But if you don't return in time..."

His hands tightened on her scalp. He drew her close and kissed her with a forceful passion. "I'll be back in time. I promise." Reaching for her hand, he led her through the thick underbrush to the cottage. He kissed her one last time, and, as he turned to walk away, he threw over his shoulder,

"Please, Jennie. Wait for me..."

She watched him disappear through the dense foliage and her heart contracted at the sudden sense of loss. Already, loneliness far greater than being in the bottle seeped into every immortal cell of her body. With a lump in her throat, she turned and entered the cabin. Her nerves taut with worry, she went directly to the refrigerator and prepared herself for the final three steps toward graduation. She ate him out of house and home.

* * * * *

The orange ball of the sun dropped lower toward the horizon. For hours, Jennie had been suspended high enough over the cottage, that she could view the entire island. She paced through the air and plopped down on a lavender cloud. From here, she could see the resort clearly, but Luke was nowhere to be found.

Tick...tock...tick...tock... She pressed her palms to her ears and spat, "Shut up! Would you please just shut the damn clock up?"

It stopped instantly, and she heard the blessed sounds of the birds in flight, the surf as it crashed and ebbed, guests as they frolicked near the large pool. From the vicinity of The Catch, she could smell the aroma of a roasting pig along with the scent of beer and pineapple. To add a bit of mystique to number eleven, she had chosen a multicolored two-piece garment that shimmered in the sun. The bikini top was snug and displayed her breasts perfectly. The bottom portion equated to an Earth woman's mini skirt, only it was thin and wispy, leaving little to the imagination. Her hair was pulled atop her head in a tight ponytail and secured with a thick matching headress. She'd painted her face as the Earth women did and had spritzed herself with a decadent perfume. Her feet were bare – no more of those painful six-inch heels for her!

The mere ritual of sex coupling preparation had made her wet. Anticipation coursed heavy through her veins, as potent as wine. She was fully fueled and sated with food, but now she needed to feed that animal instinct.

And if he didn't show up soon, she *would* produce her own orgasm by masturbation.

She rolled over and stared up at the clear, azure sky. No, she couldn't do that. It would be like betraying him, like cheating herself out of every minute she had left with him. She groaned and threw an arm over her brow. Gods' toes, would he *ever* return?

She was just contemplating popping in at the resort to spy on him, when she heard his deep voice echo through the woods below her. "Jennie! Jennie! Where in the hell are you?" She smiled. There was a trace of panic in his voice, and it made all the waiting worthwhile.

"Well, it's about time, master!" she said breathily as she zoomed down to hover over him.

He sliced a look up at her. "Come down from there."

She crossed her arms over her chest. "Not until you tell me what was so very important, that it had to take you all morning to tend to."

He'd dressed in a bright button-up shirt with leis and palm trees depicted on it, jean shorts and sandals on his feet. His eyes were vivid against the bronzed complexion, and the balmy breeze blew a lock of his shoulder-length sandy hair across his cheek. She watched, mesmerized, as he shoved an impatient hand across the top of his head to tame the unruly strand. And she thought that he'd never looked more handsome, never appeared more relaxed and happy.

"If I do that," he replied mildly, folding his arms over his chest, "I'll spoil the surprise."

"Surprise?" Her voice rose with excitement. "For me?"

"Well..." He narrowed his eyes as if to ponder the concept. "For all my guests, but, yes, for you in particular."

"Oh, Luke!" she screeched, and zipped down to clamp her legs around his waist. "I love surprises!"

He ran his hands slowly over her arms where they rested on his shoulders. Along with that tender touch, the smoldering look in his eyes sent an instant throb to her crotch. "You mean to tell me, that as a genie who can conjure up anything in the damn universe she desires, you still like surprises?"

"Oh, yes," she assured him, nodding vigorously. "There are times when my spells go awry. Those are the best kinds of surprises ever...well, most of the time."

He roared with laughter and gathered her tightly against him. "God, Jennie. I'm going to miss you."

They gazed silently at one another for a long moment. A knot of dread formed in her gut, heavy and painful.

"And I will miss you doubly so, master." She laid her head on his shoulder and willed away the tears.

* * * * *

It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise. There were a hundred or so people gathered on the beach at the base of the resort. They giggled and danced to the beat of bongo drums and ukulele music. Many women were garbed in coconut-shell bras and grass skirts as they took hula lessons from a voluptuous and very wiggly dark-haired, caramel-skinned woman. Men looked on with hooded expressions as they sipped beer. Many wore leis around their necks while they sampled macadamia nuts and conversed with one another.

The scent of pork had gotten stronger as Luke led her to the beach, and she now knew why. A fire blazed down inside a deep pit, and a pig roasted over it, spinning in slow rotisserie fashion. Various tables were displayed, decorated with grass skirting. One was laden with various food items, popcorn shrimp and grilled swordfish, pâté and crackers. Another held a huge tray loaded with strawberries, wedged apples, grapes, melon, ringed pineapple slices, coconut meat and cream cheese fruit dip. It was enough hors d'oeuvres to feed all of Xanthus, and the wine, champagne, beer and bar drinks flowed in abundance.

"Hungry?" Luke asked her with a wolfish grin.

"Always." Eager to feed her appetite, she plucked up a strawberry and swiped it through the dip. Popping it into her mouth, she closed her eyes in bliss. "Mmm, you do have the very best food in all of the universe."

"Why, thank you, goddess. Now, to wash all that scrumptious food down, how about some wine? Or champagne?" He strolled over to the tiki bar set up below an angled coconut palm.

She licked her fingers and nodded as she followed. "Champagne, please."

He filled an empty coconut cup with the bubbly liquid, and pressed it in her hand.

"I thought luaus were only thrown during late-night hours," she said pointedly, recalling her Earth-studies well. She eyed him over the rim of her cup.

Luke nodded and twisted the top off his beer bottle. He took a long swallow before agreeing. "This is usually true, but...tonight might be too late."

She stared at him for a long moment. Her heart swelled at the implication of his words. "You had an afternoon luau just for me?"

He took another long guzzle of his beer. "Yes. It's why I got called away this morning. I wasn't sure if all the food and supplies would arrive in time. But when Duncan, my assistant manager, had the front desk call me to inform me that the shipment had just arrived by boat, I had to go. I was needed to verify the inventory. It takes a lot longer to set up a luau than you'd think. Which is why I was late. I'm sorry, Jen."

She didn't think her heart could take anymore. It was the single most thoughtful thing anyone or any soul had ever done for her. Her champagne glass was set down on the table with a resounding *clunk*. She was in his arms in a second. "Thank you, Luke. Thank you."

* * * * *

Aw, hell. He hadn't meant to make her cry. Luke lifted her off the sand so that her breasts were right in his face. He spun her around and looked up into her shimmering eyes.

"You're very welcome," he said with a raspy tone.

Supple and warm, Jennie slid down his body and her mouth found his. She tasted of strawberries and cream, and he inhaled her seductive scent. Her tongue dipped into his mouth and swiped eagerly at his own. Against his arms, he could feel the softness of the skimpy fabric she wore. He lifted a hand and gripped her long ponytail, tilting her head back so that he could taste of her neck and the tops of her tits where they spilled from her garment. She panted, grinding her hips against his rock-hard cock. He bent over her and released one of her glorious, full breasts from the V-neck of the bra-top. Licking a trail down and around the nipple, he suddenly sucked it into his mouth and dueled frantically with the pebble. As it abraded over the surface of his tongue, a fire combusted through his system.

"Luke..." she panted. "We can't do it...here. With all these people." She clung to him, yet pushed him reluctantly away.

"And why not?" He exposed the other globe and dove for a quick swipe of the already taut nub. "Take a look down in the water."

She turned her head slowly and her eyes found the naked couple—Gerrick and Leah—mating like wild animals in the shallow surf. His hand stroked between her legs, and Jennie groaned out a mixture of relief and desire.

"And look over there." He indicated the sand volleyball court at the very moment he slid his finger through her slit. A man stood still holding the volleyball, as if they'd halted a game to take care of business. A woman bent over him, bobbing up and down on his tool. Another man entered her from behind.

Jennie sucked in a breath and a mischievous smile bloomed on her face. "Ah, I forgot. This is Carnal Island, the one and only *hedonistic* resort. Anything goes, huh?"

"Well, we allow anything anywhere, except in the restaurant. Health codes, you know. The state doesn't think food and sex mix. But, my little Jennie, you and I both know that isn't true."

"But there is food out here, too..."

"And I am a rich man. See the woman over there trying to learn the hula? She's the blond with the—um, humongous breasts?"

Jennie nodded. Her mouth curved in a perceptive smirk.

"That's the health inspector...who's a few grand richer and finally ready for a good time. Now, this morning was a different story. She was being rather obstinate. But now...now she's living out one of her own fantasies."

They both watched as the woman shimmied in time to the bongo beat and bumped pussies with the hula teacher. Their coconut bras came off in a snap, and instantly, their bare breasts were pressed together and the two women were locked in a passionate kiss. The crowd cheered them on.

"Sex in public is very tantalizing," Luke said cryptically. He reached down and clamped his hands over her ass cheeks. They were smooth and soft, yet firm. She didn't have any underwear on, which made his plans easier to set into motion.

"Oh, Luke, I think I know what you mean." Her eyes were limpid pools of amber. She breathed fast and heavy as he ground her into his rod. "Already, I am soaked. I can't wait to have your *phallus* inside me, pounding me, making me come in front of all these people."

God, he had to have her *now*! He reached for her hand. "In that case, come with me."

* * * * *

Rubbery and weak, her legs trembled as she walked. She was so horny, she thought she'd come with each step she took across the sand, every time her lips slid back and forth over one another as she walked. Luke drew her to a platform raised upon four bamboo legs. It was set up between two palms just beyond the main gathering area and about chest-high. Jennie watched with anticipation as the crowd slowly assembled around them.

Luke pulled himself up on the platform and reached down to assist her up.

"Undress me, Jennie, as I will you," he said as they stood facing one another. "Together, we'll seduce the crowd. A very fitting thing for the Goddess of Carnality to do, don't you think?"

She nodded eagerly, her sex-lips swelling with each word he spoke.

He went on. "And when we're done, you can feast on the food to your heart's content." His voice was deep and hypnotic. An ocean breeze blew inland and caressed her skin. She could still smell the aroma of the various food items, but more so than that, she could sense Luke's aroma, all man and power. She detected a trace of something there in the depths of his hot gaze, something indefinable.

He reached behind her and unhooked her bikini top. Slowly, deliberately, he drew it from her, exposing her chest. She felt them bounce free, and with the cheers and whistles of the crowd came a flood of broth between her legs. Their eyes caressed her curves, just as Luke's did. His hand came out and gently lifted one breast. Ducking his head, he took in first one nipple, then the other, and finally drew her *mamelons* together as one. Jennie thought that she would die from heat exhaustion when he drew both pebble-hard nipples into his mouth at the same time. His tongue swirled and flitted over the tender flesh. His teeth nipped and pulled.

"Take it off! Take it all off!" someone from the gathering yelled.

Jennie pulled away from him and reached for the top button of his Hawaiian shirt. She unfastened it and moved to the next. Gradually, she had every button released. Worshipful, she skimmed her hands over his smooth, muscular build and pushed the shirt from his shoulders.

"Suck his nipples like he did yours!" another voice echoed.

And she smiled across the crowd, delighted with the suggestion. She wrapped one arm around his waist and locked stares with him. Never taking her eyes from his, she moved in, set her palm on his chest and swiped her tongue over one nipple. He threw his head back with a feral growl, and she sucked it in between her lips. Just as he had done to her, she nipped it between her teeth. Within seconds, he gripped her head, held her mouth to the nipple and forced it over to the other as she greedily suckled him. Hungry, Jennie yearned to taste every inch of him, to pleasure him with her mouth.

"Get her stark naked!" a male voice shouted.

"And him, too!" a female replied in response.

Obedying their audience, Luke slid his hands into the band of her short skirt. She unfastened his shorts. Together, they slowly knelt, bringing each other's garments

down with them. A balmy breeze blew against her sex-lips and carried the sweet scent of her on the wind.

Luke drew in a long breath. "Mmm, you smell delicious."

"And you, I'm sure, will taste delicious," she purred, looking down at his rigid cock. A fire burst in her loins. Her mouth watered.

"Suck him!" came a voice, and the crowd cheered their approval.

But she already had it in her mouth. Luke hissed and could only collapse back onto his haunches, naked as a Hawaiian tribal leader being sacrificed before his people, his land. She pumped her mouth up and down on his thickness, deep-throating him with vigor. Her tongue flickered over the ridge, down and around the veined surface. Jennie cupped and massaged his balls, tight with the anticipation of the coming orgasm. He moaned, and she felt his body go stiff with restraint.

Thirsty for him, she tasted his pre-come, laving up the saltiness of it. Luke gently disengaged her when someone shouted, "Don't come yet! Do her first! Eat her beautiful pussy dry!"

He laid her back on the matting and spread her legs. She watched, spellbound, as his eyes devoured her, and he licked his lips hungrily in anticipation. Then he dove in. On a gasp, she rode the wave. His tongue, velvety and long, drew out the tide of her juice. Warm and soaking-wet, it coated his mouth and jaw. Her clit hardened instantly against his flickering tongue and she longed for his cock to fill her as never before.

The crowd roared their consent. Hundreds of eyes moved their gazes over her flesh, and she rejoiced in it, welcomed the voyeur fire along with those flames that Luke fanned. His tongue swiped her lips moving upward to her clitoris. She arched her back and moaned aloud. Her hands instantly gripped his head and her inner arms pushed her breasts upward for all to see.

One of his fingers dipped into her cream. He pulled it out and swirled the stickiness around her anus. A sweet, aching sensation sent an almost painful throbbing to her womb. With his tongue still on her clit, wreaking heavenly havoc on her senses, he slowly sank the finger into to her ass. Stars of lust shattered behind her closed lids. An animalistic urge rushed through her as her asshole clamped around him. And as if that weren't enough, he buried another finger in her pussy.

"Oh! Luke...I..." She wriggled away from him, breathless. It was a relentless flame. She could feel the edges of number eleven singeing her core already. And, oh, how she wanted it...but she didn't just yet. "Luke, darling, please," she panted. "I want to save them...for later when we're alone. Just one, just one for here, for today."

He seemed to immediately comprehend what she had tried to relay to him. In a split second, his fingers were ripped from her, and he had himself buried to the hilt inside her. He grunted, and the crowd oohed and aahed. A long hush followed. Save for the sizzle of roasting meat and the rush of the surf on the beach below, everyone stood silent and captivated.

Still inside her, he lifted her so that he could turn and sit on the edge of the platform. He dangled his legs over the edge while Jennie sat astride him, her back to the audience.

"They're watching your beautiful ass, and your pussy as it swallows me," he said raggedly in her ear. His hands gripped her hips like a vise and he lifted her up and down on his shaft.

Jennie threw her head back and felt the erotic swish of her hair against her waist. "And they're watching your thick cock sink inside my wetness, and your sac strain for release."

She ground herself down on him, unable to quench her thirst, to put out the scalding fire.

"Jennie...I...I..." Luke choked out the words. He immersed his face in the crook of her neck. But passion got in the way. Not another word was uttered. He clutched her in a desperate grip, and she answered by moving in time with him. Seagulls cawed overhead, drowned out only by the crash of the tide upon the beach. The scent of salt and obsession were in the air. Jennie found his mouth, and she explored it wondrously, tasting a mixture of beer and pineapple. She opened her eyes slowly and saw that his were already on her, even as he kissed her. Their gazes met and held as their hips moved together.

The bonfire rose higher. His hard, sculpted chest pressed against her breasts feeding the inferno. Jennie abandoned herself to him, and clamped her ankles together behind his back. She allowed him the freedom to do with her as he chose, right there before the whole universe to see. Flames crackled, souls connected. Her pussy gloved and massaged him as the orgasm reached for her. And number eleven incinerated them in smoke-filled ecstasy. They moaned in unison but it was Jennie who broke the seal. She screamed her release, only to be subdued by the return of Luke's mouth to hers as he groaned and spilled his hot juice inside her.

Several long moments passed as Luke and Jennie kissed gently, petted one another, whispered words of endearment. The crowd had been forgotten. Suddenly, Luke arched a golden brow. "Well, gorgeous, I'd say you're one step closer to being the Goddess of Carnality, but..."

Jennie looked at him quizzically. His thickness remained buried inside her as she straddled him on the platform. "But what?"

"But, by the looks of things, I'd say you're already there."

She turned and followed his gaze as his eyes scanned the group behind her. And there, across the sand, was an all-out orgy. Not one person was left standing. In groups of fours, fives, even single people standing off alone and masturbating, Jennie delighted in her accomplishment. She'd never seen such delicious, hedonistic activities in all her centuries of life!

Chapter 9

The luau went on for hours, with dirty dancing and indulgent eating, nude swimming and sex games. They spent the good part of an hour enjoying the company of Gerrick and Leah. It seemed they now acquainted themselves with the people after already learning their bodies. The reconciled couple glowed with happiness, and they again thanked Jennie for her magical intervention in their broken lives.

But as the russet ball of the sun sank lower to the horizon, Jennie and Luke slipped away and left the social whirl behind. They strolled hand in hand up the beach, making a gradual turn inward toward the cottage. Far off across the Gulf of Mexico, lightning flashed.

A storm moved in.

The three-quarter crescent moon showed its face above the turbulent clouds, even as the sun set. To the east, toward the mainland, the azure of the sky faded to navy, and stars filled the backdrop like a mass of scattered diamonds tossed in space. The tide moved in, and the waves were hurled against the white sand, reaching, ebbing, crashing, retreating. The balmy breeze grew cool, and Jennie huddled in closer to Luke's massive warmth. The scent of him mixed with the salty air...ah, she would always remember it.

He squeezed her hand. "Don't," he said softly.

"Don't? Don't what?" They climbed the few stairs and entered the cabin, dim with the dusk of night.

He stopped in the front living room and lifted a finger to the one tear that had escaped. "Don't cry. Don't be sad. Let's take the last two orgasms and savor them, savor us...forever."

She hadn't realized she'd been crying. Defiantly, Jennie raised her chin in a show of strength. "No sadness," she replied, and wrapped her arms around him. Looking up into his handsome face, she forced a smile. "Forever."

He nodded his approval, but not before she saw the trace of distress in his own eyes. It seemed he was just as despondent as she was about parting! The thought, though glum in origin, filled her with glee. She stepped from his embrace and held out a hand. "Come with me, my charming god. Come make eternal memories with me."

He took her hand and she led him up the narrow steps to the bed in the loft. When they reached the bedside, he released her hand, and she heard him open a drawer and pilfer through it. There was a whoosh, and suddenly, the loft was alight with the flame of a single candle. The pale yellow glow flickered upon the steep-pitched ceiling. It

moved in ethereal waves as the winds of the oncoming storm suddenly rushed in through the open window and sent the single flame into a wild dance.

He crossed to her, his gaze never leaving her. His hands moved to her hips and he slid them around to meet at the small of her back. Gently, he drew her to him. Through his shorts, she could feel that his sex was soft and warm against her abdomen, and she knew then that this was going to be an entirely different sort of union. It would be born of compassion and soul-searching. No hedonistic sex, but warmth and understanding, a tender farewell.

His mouth came down on hers in a sweet, aching assault. The taste of him, sweet and exotic, fed her hunger. She skimmed her palms up his torso and wrapped her arms around his neck. Against the inner flesh of her arms, she could feel the pulse at the base of his neck beating erratically in unison with her own. There was no desperate, carnal mating of tongues, but soft whispers of lips against lips, tongue tips fluttering warmly over one another.

Luke inhaled deeply, as if he dreaded his next move. But she knew the angst was more a wish to draw out their remaining time, yet assist her in fulfilling her destiny within the allotted timeframe. Almost warily, he drew back the comforter and sat on the bed. He wrapped his arms around her hips and pressed his cheek into her abdomen. She heard him sigh, and, for a long moment, he remained there just holding her to him. Threading her fingers through his thick hair, she ducked her head to plant a kiss on his brow. He looked up at her, and by the light of the candle, she thought she saw one lone tear. His irises were almost a slate gray, and she thought she'd never seen more beautiful eyes in her entire existence.

He pulled her down with him to the bed. "Jennie in a bottle," he whispered, and she stretched out beside him. "Do you know how very happy I am that I found you?"

"Oh, Luke..." She kissed his cheek tenderly. Her hand moved over his warm chest in a stroke of worship. "You have brought me much happiness too...you've given me another chance at a worthwhile eternity."

"My tutoring," he said almost wryly. Raking one hand through her long tresses, he caressed each inch of her face with his warm gaze. Goosebumps prickled from her scalp to her ankles. She watched as the light of the flame cast cryptic shadows across the strong planes of his features, and she wanted nothing more than to just stare at his handsome face for all of eternity. "Was it satisfactory?"

"Oh!" she replied emphatically. "I could not have found a more gifted, knowledgeable, amorous teacher if I had searched every galaxy and every dimension in the universe."

He smiled with relief, the white row of his teeth glowing stark-white in the candlelight. "I'm honored you chose me as your...instructor. And I couldn't have found a more beautiful, sexy, eager student if I were to live as long as any immortal being."

Tenderly, he lifted her hand and planted a warm kiss in the palm. Tingly shivers coursed through her system, igniting her libido once more. "Do you know what I wish?" he asked huskily.

"What do you wish, master?"

"I wish, above all else, for you to be eternally happy, whatever it takes."

She sighed. "Oh, Luke..."

"No," he insisted. Their hands threaded together, and the soft glow of orange light danced upon their skin. "I mean it. Do you realize that the most selfish, indulgent bastard on this whole earth is who found you and released you from your prison?"

She scoffed playfully. "No!"

"Yes." Luke rolled over and came above her. He wriggled in between her legs, lifted her little skirt and pressed his half-hard, clothed manhood into her vee. A tender coil of desire unraveled in her apex. "But you've taught me how to be giving, how to put someone else's needs above my own."

She caressed his stubble-roughened cheeks and brought his mouth to hers. "Thank you." She kissed him softly, pulled him from her and stared into his eyes. She could hear the mocking tick of the clock. "But...we mustn't forget. Time. I have no way of knowing the exact hour..."

"I know, love. I know. Numbers twelve and thirteen, coming right up." And he immediately captured her mouth in a desperate kiss.

* * * * *

At his request—and to save precious time—she'd chanted a spell and snapped her fingers, and had rendered them instantly naked. Luke studied every inch of her body, explored every curve, every valley, memorized her each and every cell. Her skin glowed like a fine gold peach, smooth and soft, but delectably juicy inside. He filled his hands with the swell of her breasts, and feasted on her fruit. Eager yet disinclined to assist in her dismissal, he took her nipples in his mouth with a renewed hunger. Their velvet softness instantly tightened against his tongue.

She moaned and arched her back, and he thought there could be no goddess in all of eternity more beautiful than his Jennie, with her midnight hair spilled across the white pillows and her startling sherry eyes full of wanton passion. His dick was fully hard now. He longed to plunge himself inside her dampness, but she needed two more releases—he couldn't risk being unable to perform for that last, ultimate orgasm she needed. Ah, but just the satiny feel of her skin, the musky-sweet scent of her, the lilt of her lightly accented voice, was enough to push him over the edge. But he decided to take his chances. If he should lose it and come before number thirteen was complete, he'd gladly bury his face in her muff and devour her whole. It would, thereby, achieve his mission, and hers in the process.

Decision made, he grasped his cock, lined it up with her slit and clamped his eyes shut. His heart thudded painfully against his ribs. He prayed for restraint. Her sticky elixir already poured onto the head of his dick, hot and welcoming.

"We've never made love in the missionary style before, have we, Jennie?" He opened his eyes to capture her limpid gaze.

She shook her head frantically and spread her legs further, eager and wet. "No," she whispered. "No, we haven't."

He beat the head of his rod against her clit, and she screamed her satisfaction. Little gasping noises erupted from her lips. Sharp flames of need erupted in his manhood with each tap against the hard nub. "Everything's been unconventional and kinky, wouldn't you say?"

"Mm, yes," she agreed. He clamped his jaw when she nipped his neck with her teeth and wiggled so that the tip of him was closer yet. She groaned, gratified as the head of his rod—just the head—pushed into her. "I want it any way I can get it with you, Luke."

"Missionary, it's like a sweet position of love. Can you deal with that?" And he slipped it in another inch.

"Oh, yes, Luke!" She bucked her hips upward so that he fully penetrated her. He drowned in the pool of her wetness, each ripple of flesh inside her swathed tightly around him. Her ankles hooked at his back. He sucked in a breath and fought against the bittersweet onslaught of ecstasy. "I can endure every sweet inch," she panted.

She'd missed his intent, but by now, he was lost to the sensations of her moist walls wrapped around him, stroking him, milking him of his manly juice. Closing his eyes tight, he willed himself to think of anything but her as he pumped himself inside her. Her arms moved under his arms to hook her hands over his shoulders. She gained leverage with each thrust. It seemed she'd found her G-spot, and he could feel the little ridge up inside her as she tipped her hips. Impatient, she rubbed the head of his penis over that most sensitive, inner feminine area. Her breath came in short bursts, her breasts abraded erotically over his chest.

His shaft became engulfed with her tight heat as she propelled herself faster and harder against it. The tension was unbearable, the temptation the worst he'd ever suffered. There was a rumble from somewhere afar, and a gust blew in through the window. The candle danced and flickered, then was snuffed out. Rain spattered on the roof. Lightning flashed, illuminating the room, and he caught a glimpse of the curling smoke from the candle, could smell its hazy scent.

Hold on, Luke. Don't come yet. Think of something else, of the candle, the smoke. Think of the sorry state of the economy or the stock market. Think of anything else but her...

And he heard the sudden whoosh of her breath as number twelve slammed into her. She tightened her thighs around him and clung to his chest, sobbing. Her body

twitched for a long moment, and he held himself deeply inside her as her climax waned.

She went limp.

"Number twelve?" he asked softly in her ear. He kissed the lobe, drew it in between his teeth.

"Yes." It was a tiny voice, one full of a mixture of dread and triumph.

Luke moved out and in, out and back in. He hissed, for he was on the edge of bliss—he was about to lose his frickin' mind. "I'm close. So close, babe. But I don't want to..."

"Oh..." she uttered on an inward gasp. Already, it seemed she needed it again.

She began to move her hips, enticing him. Luke could feel every smooth fold, every slick inch of her passage as it gloved him. He looked down at the lids of her eyes, closed now in a passionate, desperate expression. Just then, lightning streaked outside the window, thunder rumbled treacherously. The winds picked up, tossing the curtains in an angry dance.

Jennie opened her eyes—and fear clutched at his gut.

"It's okay, Luke," she said before he had time to decipher just what he'd seen. Her voice echoed, soft, mesmerizing. "It's normal. It's part of the transition, the final graduation from genie to goddess. Please..." she begged, turning his face back to her when he attempted to glance away. "Please do not be frightened or repulsed."

Frightened wasn't the word for it. He was spellbound, shocked.

The irises of her eyes had changed shape, and the color was no longer that pale gold brown. Star-shaped and scarlet, they glowed neon in the dusk of the room, casting a deep pink glow so strong, he longed to hold up his hands to shade his eyes. There were now single narrow streaks of pale blond hair outlining her face, lending her a more mature, regal look. And he could feel the inner walls of her pussy changing, tightening, getting warmer, hotter...

"Jennie..."

"Luke, you mustn't stop! Keep fucking me...*please!* Thirteen nears. It is time, it is my destiny," she begged frantically.

He stared at her for eons. Her lovely face blurred in his line of vision. Unsteadiness washed through him as if he would pass out any minute.

Sensing the end was near, he finally roared, "No, Jennie, please don't go!" And a warm sensation bathed him. He experienced a renewed sense of power and desire that he could not fight. It slammed into him, coursing violently through his veins. The wind smelled of rain, the air sizzled with electricity.

Jennie moved her hips viciously against him, the seductress greedy for her final release. A streak of lightning shot through the ceiling, and it zapped her, twitching with its might as it held determinedly to Jennie's chest. He ignored the jolt it sent through him, and trudged on.

"I'm almost there, Luke," she called out to him over the rush of the wind and static.

"Yes, baby, I know." He lifted her hips and pulled his knees up so that he was half-kneeling, half-laying over her contorted form.

He knew she'd be gone within seconds, but the lust was too potent to resist. In one quick jerk, he sat upon the bed with his calves folded under him. Jennie was still impaled by him. He jerked her upper body up so that he could clutch her tightly to his chest. She was still attached to the bolt of lightning, still afire with energy.

With his biceps straining, he bounced her upon his shaft, over and over and over, fucking her like a crazed man.

"Forever?" he asked on a groan, looking into her crimson eyes.

"Forever!" Her voice reverberated out across the island.

And with one final slam of her core upon his cock, Jennie screamed out the blissful release of number thirteen, even as he blew his semen into her depths.

Ripped from his arms, the bold of energy jerked her upward. He looked up as the beams of the ceiling opened wide then swallowed her mystic form with a powerful force. The jagged wound in the ceiling healed with a whoosh, leaving nothing but raw, unblemished beams and the darkness of the night.

The storm outside ended abruptly. He was left with the sound of the distant surf crashing against the beach where, not three days ago, he'd found a seductive bottle that had changed him forever.

Chapter 10

"It is time to marry, Jensina." Demitri Sebastian's large, beefy frame filled the chamber ominously. His long silver hair, plaited in a ponytail down his back, swung as he paced. Eyes of a deep hazel with crow's feet at the outer corners gleamed within his sharp and leathery face. Jennie scanned his body, clad in a floor-length, black toga garment. It flowed flawlessly, disturbed only by his intricate, gold, customary belt, a medal of honor for his position as head of The Xanthus Order. Second only to The Higher Deities and their appointed spirits, he was every bit the feared god. And Jennie knew that odd mixture of wrath and dignity with familiar antipathy.

"Marry? What do you mean, marry?" She rushed forward, crossing the marble floor to where he stood near the Cabinet of Bottles. It was the very cabinet he had removed her bottle from before banishing her to it, and she loathed being near the reminder of that fateful day so long ago.

There was also antipathy for the Cabinet of Bottles, for it had been long rumored that, when Jensina had been but a babe, her father had been forced by The Deities to banish her mother to a bottle. For what, she knew not. She had never known her mother, and it had always bred resentment in her soul that she had been deprived of a mother's love.

She forced herself back to the present and looked into her father's eyes, seeing something ominous there. Jennie quickly spun on her heel and paced below the wide arch that looked out onto the veranda. Beyond the patio were her father's gardens, a maze of every species of trees, shrubs, flowers and plants that existed in the universe, as well as some experimental cross-gene varieties that Jennie had been developing before her exile. Inhaling the scent of hibiscus, her mind was immediately transported back to the island, to Luke.

She shook the memory from her mind and forced an image of herself, the Goddess of Carnality, to take its place.

Her hair was piled atop her head in a regal crown. The new silver-blond streaks remained loose and framed her face. Long strands fell from the headdress she wore and cascaded down her bare back. Though her eyes had returned to their usual golden state, she knew that with each future orgasm they would temporarily transform into the glowing rubies that had so frightened Luke. She wore a jeweled headband across her forehead and an intricate medallion about her neck—her own medals of honor immediately presented to her upon return to Xanthus. The long-flowing, backless silk gown she wore was an iridescent soft green, and it shimmered rainbow flecks of color with each graceful step she took.

"There was never mention of marriage," she protested. She ceased her pacing and stared out over the gardens to the purple and green streaks of the Xanthus sky.

"No," Demitri agreed. "We didn't get that far before your expulsion."

She spun on her bare heel and crossed her arms under her breasts. All she could see were Demitri's stubborn eyes. "Then I will marry Luke."

Demitri smiled weakly, as if these past four hundred years had been more trying on him than on his own imprisoned daughter. "It cannot be so, Jensina."

"You said I must marry —"

"An *immortal* being," he interjected.

Her universe crashed about her. Being mortal, Luke would never be able to be a part of her life that she had known. But still, she could not accept the reality of it. Marriage was marriage, wasn't it? But now, after all this, she would be forced to marry one of the very souls that could never bring her to orgasm?

"No." She uttered it, a painful croak from her dry throat.

"Yes. It is by order of The Deities."

"But why?" she demanded to know. Jennie clamped her hand on his massive bicep before he could turn from her.

He shook his head, impatient with her stubbornness. "You must fulfill your obligations to The Almighty Deity. Angels of our realm cannot unite in marriage with Earthlings—it is that simple. A Xanthian marriage with a mortal is banned. It is not designed as a forever, infinite union. Why? You surely will ask, though it is but obvious. Because, in a Xanthian-Earthling merger, offspring would not be conducive to Godly fulfillment of an attempt at maintaining control in the universe. The Earthling half of the pair would eventually die off. There would be no souls to carry on our important destinies."

"I will appeal," she warned. "I refuse to marry someone who can't even so much as make me wet! For celestial sake, Father, I'm the Goddess of Carnality. How can I be such when my own mate cannot even please me?"

His hand came up to tip her chin higher. Hot orbs of power and relentless discipline bored into her. "You will learn to allow yourself the pleasure. As you did on Earth," he added.

Before she could protest further, there was a knock at the great double doors of his chamber.

"Enter!" Demitri barked.

The intruder opened the door and crossed the threshold. She knew him well. Zultan carried himself in the very same manner she remembered, puffed up and full of himself. His long nose was forever held a notch higher than the usual *neltors*, or Xanthian gods-to-be. His hair was longer even than hers, and as pale as her own new streaks. She would admit that he was handsome with his bronze skin, emerald eyes and powerful build, but he had not been able to so much as raise a pant out of her.

"Hello, Jensina, our most prized Goddess," he said in his usual groveling, deep voice. He stepped within mere feet of her and planted one hand over his abdomen, the other across his back. Then he bowed to her. "You have been missed immensely these many centuries," he added, straightening. She didn't fail to notice the lust in his eyes. And it sickened her!

"Zultan," she replied demurely, bobbing her head politely.

"There has been a challenge, a contest of sorts, since your arrival two days past," Demitri explained. His eyes were alight with hope as he viewed the exchange between the two.

"A contest?" Her gaze bounced between Zultan and her father. "To what end?"

"For you," her father said simply. She noted the way he braced himself, aligning his posture in defense.

"Me?"

Demitri nodded in a most ominous manner.

"I won the contest. We—you and I—are to be married," Zultan blurted out, his voice proud and none too harsh. He, too, straightened, but he added a sniff of smugness to the stance.

"I will not—"

"*Jensina Sebastian!*" Demitri bellowed. His deep voice carried out onto the veranda and beyond the gardens. She heard the songs of the birds cease immediately into a deafening silence.

"You do not have to treat me as if I am a child!" She hissed it out at him.

Zultan cleared his throat and stepped away from the dueling pair. Jennie ignored him, for she would not allow him to be a factor in this in any way.

"Father," she said between clenched teeth. "I am Goddess. I have earned my title and my rank. There was a day when you could throw your weight around and toss me in a bottle for *four* flaming centuries, but no more! Do you hear me? *No more!*"

There wasn't time for Demitri to reply. The marble trembled below their feet. Vases toppled from side tables, and the candelabra above jingled and swayed. She watched in horror as the cabinet tipped precariously. Her father and Zultan scrambled to its now open doors and plucked up bottle after bottle in the nick of time before they crashed to the floor. She heard a rumble and smelled an intoxicating odor that she had never encountered before.

"Jensina Nicolette Sebastian! You will heed your father's orders, for your father is merely the messenger. All of The Deity order you to marry Zultan Phillippe Tobias. And that is final!"

Jennie collapsed to her knees, the chilly marble floor icing her skin to the very bone. She pressed her forehead to the hard flooring, her hands placed flat beside her face. Never in her entire existence had The Head Deity spoken to her. It was said that, if one were unfortunate enough for it to occur, there would be dire repercussions if obedience

was not immediately in order. Oh, as Goddess, she could now expect to be summoned to regular summits, as her father had attended for eons, but never was the communication to be in this manner – unless one were in major, defiant noncompliance.

She trembled in response, but when she spoke, her voice was cool, composed. “Yes, Your Honorable Deity. I heed your wise command...and I will obey.”

She heard Demitri sigh, followed by the same from Zultan.

“Rise and go prepare for your final destiny’s fulfillment.” The voice was feminine, husky, powerful. In addition, it held a trace of familiarity, but Jennie had no time to ponder the thought.

She scrambled to her feet and stood proud, her eyes fixed far off across the gardens. “Yes, Your Honorable Deity,” she said in a monotone.

“So be it!”

And the floor stilled below her feet.

Jennie fled the room.

* * * * *

Luke sighed and skipped another rock across the still waters of the lagoon. It hopped and jumped a dozen times before disappearing below the sparkling moonlit surface. He watched, almost entranced, as each place the rock had touched, a silver ring formed and rippled outward.

He reached into the cooler and drew out another Miller Lite, noting he already ran low. Twisting the top off the longneck bottle, he tossed the cap into one of his sneakers. They lay abandoned several feet away, well used but no longer needed. He took a long swallow of the brew, letting it slide slowly down his throat. Eyes narrowed, he studied the rippling water.

She was a lot like that rock, he thought with a frown. Disturbing, making waves, affecting lives – then disappearing before your very eyes. And he was like the shoe, clinging to the foot, doing it a proud service, getting walked all over, then getting the boot.

God, how he missed her! It had been three days now. Three long days of self-pity and denial. Three long nights of loneliness and a burning fire deep in his loins. She’d cast a spell on him, that was all there was to it. Everything he looked at, every damn thing he ate or heard or smelled, reminded him of her. She was everywhere on the island, yet, she was nowhere to be found.

Where had she gone? he wondered, not for the first time. He looked up at the stars in the sky. It was a balmy night, yet a soft breeze blew through the saw palmetto, out across the lagoon. There was an unmistakable floral aroma in the air, so thick, he

became heady with it. The moon was high, a silver curved slice that appeared to be hanging by a thread in the night sky.

Was her world up there? She had called it a dimension. Was it something that was surrounding him, but he was unable to see? The thought had him reaching out his hands for her, only to be greeted by the very same empty space that he'd been left with upon her exit of this world.

Something caught his eye about five feet out into the lagoon. His heart skipped a beat and fluttered in his chest. Slowly, he set his beer down and wedged it in the sand. Was it her bottle? Had she returned to him? He stumbled up and weaved his way across the shoreline, wading out until he'd almost located the object. His foot slipped. He tumbled into the water and landed on his ass, the water chest-high.

Too much beer, he thought with a grumble, dragging himself up. He trudged through the water, the item getting closer with each wobbly step he took. Giddy, he grinned, now feeling the intoxicating effects of hope and glee.

"J—Jennie?" he asked, his voice slurring. "Jennie, is zat you?"

He reached the object and nearly lost his ever-loving mind. *It was the bottle!* It bobbed atop the water's surface, and he thought he'd never seen a more beautiful sight in his life. The light of the moon glinted off its deep purple glass. The jeweled stopper sparkled and glowed. He snatched it up before the gently lapping lagoon water pulled it out to sea. Straightening, he held it up, as if he worshiped the filigreed urn.

He planted a wet, sloppy kiss against the cool glass. "Jennie! You're back!"

Luke ignored the fact that it didn't tingle in his hands, nor give him an instant hard-on as it had before. Instead, he gripped the jeweled top and pulled it free of the bottle's neck.

Pop!

He stood there and held out his arms, the stopper in one hand, the bottle in the other. A deafening silence followed. He waited for the weight of her hot little bod to fill his embrace. A light wind blew across the flesh of his empty arms.

"No!" he growled, and frantically shook the bottle. He raised it above his head and peered into its mouth. It was dark. Empty. There was no genie living within its glass walls.

Luke let out a heavy breath and reluctantly re-corked the bottle. With one last longing look at it, he wound his arm back and hurled the bottle out to sea.

* * * * *

Jennie watched from the Xanthian Big Screen. In the quiet of the tombed, cool room, she knelt on a red velvet chaise before the screen. Luke's image was there, and she

could see the pain in his handsome face, the misery. He'd imbibed too much on her behalf, and it made her heart swell with pride, ache with longing.

Oh, how she longed to be there with him on the island!

But soon, the guards would be coming for her, escorting her into the temple for her wedding to Zultan. Upon their union, he would become the God of Carnality, and together for eternity, their mission would be to promote sex coupling and procreation.

She looked down at her stark-white, short toga gown. It had been fashioned in such a manner, that her sexuality oozed from each and every thread. Her deep cleavage was bared for all Xanthians and The Deity to see. In as much, half of her buttocks was exposed—the gown was so short, it revealed the lower curves of her bare behind. It was cinched tightly around her waist, displaying her curvy figure for all to see. The only feature that was guarded was her mons. A narrow strip of cloth hung over her crotch. But if one were to be positioned at just the correct angle when she walked by, they could glimpse her neatly trimmed patch and soft, round lips as the fabric shifted with her gait.

It was the philosophy of her title. Tease. Seduce. Flaunt. And it was especially important to encourage the dispensing of inhibitions. She sighed. Well, she truly had no problem with its fashion. She adored showing off her body, now that she was the Goddess of Carnality. It was only fitting, for lust and passion were her intended results. She'd already watched the Soldiers of The Deity. They now guarded her father's castle until the blessed nuptials commenced. At her passing, their cocks had all risen beneath their uniformed loincloths.

But there was only one man she wished to seduce at the moment.

"Jennie..."

She jerked her gaze back to the screen. Luke stumbled through the water. He had just thrown her bottle out to sea. She heard his voice, and leaned closer to him.

"Jennie..." he whispered hoarsely. "Damn you!" And her breath caught when she saw that he sobbed uncontrollably.

"Jennie in a bottle." He lifted his head and roared to the sky. His hands went out, as if he would welcome the deadly strike of a bolt of lightning. "I love you!"

She gasped. One hand came up and clutched her mouth, while the other caressed his image on the screen. "Oh, Luke," she cried, pressing her cheek to him. "I love you, too!"

There was a sudden tilting of the room, a rumbling. But she didn't notice, for Luke staggered backward. His foot caught on something beneath the surface of the water. She watched in horror as he fell back and cracked his head on a rock jutting up from the shoreline.

"Luke!" The pain and torture in her voice carried through her father's castle. Both of her hands were planted on the screen. She was up on her knees and tears rained over her cheeks.

"Luke!" It was torn from the depths of her soul.

And she watched, terrified, as his body sunk below the water and bubbles floated to the surface.

"Luke?" she whispered. Dizziness assailed her. Her heart ceased beating.

She watched for a very long time. But he never resurfaced.

Chapter 11

Jennie lay in a crumpled heap on the chaise before the Big Screen. Her whole world had just disintegrated.

She thought of that day when the remainder of her destiny had been revealed. While she did not want to marry Zultan, she'd finally accepted her responsibility and agreed to the union. However, a small corner of her heart had remained hopeful. Someday, she'd thought on that fateful day The Deity had spoken, someday she'd see Luke again. She had admitted to herself at that moment that she loved him, but she'd never, until now, spoken the words aloud.

And speaking them had been to finally accept it—at almost the exact moment that he'd died!

She sobbed uncontrollably. The pain sliced into her soul with the precision of a Xanthian sword. She thought of the suffering, the loneliness of living an eternity without him alive somewhere in the universe—despite the fact that she would never have been able to be with him again—and she suddenly wished she were mortal.

"Jensina," her father said gently. He gathered her in his arms, petted her hair and rocked her as she wept out her anguish.

"Oh, Papa!" she moaned in agony, clutching his toga. "How can I go on without him? Forgive me, but I love Luke. *I love him!* My very soul is aching with the loss."

"Shh, shh, daughter." He soothed her, and Jennie could not remember a single time that he'd held her in his arms with such care and gentleness. "There is a way for you to have him."

Her head shot up. She stared up at him with tear-filled, pained eyes. "*What?*"

He shifted so that they faced the Big Screen and flicked one hand in the air. "Watch this, Jensina, and you will begin to see."

Her mouth fell open, for she hadn't an inkling that the Big Screen was capable of displaying past events. Before her on the screen, she watched as their last hour, her last moments with Luke, was replayed.

"*I wish, above all else, for you to be eternally happy, whatever it takes,*" Luke was saying to her, and her heart fluttered at the sight of him, at the look of adoring love in his eyes. He had been trying to tell her then, she suddenly realized, that he loved her. And she had been so wrapped up in completing number thirteen that she hadn't seen what was before her very eyes.

"Oh my Gods!" she gasped.

She turned back to her father. "Oh, Papa, why are you doing this to me?"

"Jensina, my dear daughter," he said gently. His hand caught hers in his large one. "It seems you've apparently had the power all along to stay with your Earth man."

"I have?" She gawked at him for several long seconds. Hope bloomed in her chest, bright yet hesitant. "But how?"

"Luke Slayton rescued you from the bottle," Demitri replied, a tender smile upon his face. She noted the lines of worry that had always been there, were now lessening, smoothing out with each word he spoke to her. "You indebted yourself to him by granting his every wish..."

She drew in a sharp breath of surprise and a gradual understanding swept over her. "You mean...?"

He nodded. "You never granted his wish for you to be happy. So, think, daughter. Think. What would it take to make you happy, above all else?"

"Why, for Luke to be alive and to live with me for eternity. But..."

"There are no buts." His firm voice was back, but there seemed to be love there, as well. "You are the Goddess of Carnality. Both of you have *verbally* professed your love for one another—a little-known factor that has always been in place to allow a mortal to be with an immortal for eternity. It has always been bequeathed in The Xanthus Order that you shall choose your mate, the God of Carnality—unless you refuse to, then one would be chosen for you, as in the case of Zultan. Now that you're bound by love, by your mutual declarations of love, there is no other way, Jensina. He must become the God, your eternal partner." He rose and stood above her. "You have the power, based especially on the wish your master asked of you—which you have not yet granted, mind you—to give yourself happiness. Luke is your happiness. Go to him. Exhume him. Make him immortal."

* * * * *

She urged Flagusis, her beloved, mighty winged stallion, to fly faster. Across the Earth's moon she flew with her steed, the raven-black wings flapping gracefully. They soared through space until she could see the island, a horseshoe-shaped mass of land set out alone on the moon-glistened sea. First, the familiar scent of salt filled her nostrils, then her beloved hibiscus.

She was home.

They circled the island until she found the lagoon. Beyond it's crescent bay, the water crashed in angry, frothy-white waves upon the beach. The tide had moved in, and she worried her lip that she would not find him.

She circled again, out across the resort. She caught a glimpse of Leah and Gerrick embracing on the balcony off The Catch. They couldn't see her, she knew, but she wondered if they were aware that their host was missing.

Seated upon Flagusis' strong back, she guided him back toward the cove.

There. She saw his lifeless body wash up on shore at that very moment.

"Down, Flagusis!" she ordered, and the beast swooped lower over Luke's prone form. Even in the dim moonlight, she could see the blood across the back of his skull. She winced, and prayed to The Deities that her spell would work.

"Rise!" And out from one lone fingertip came a yellow stream of light. When it sliced over Luke's body, she lifted her hand slowly. Gradually, his form rose up off the beach, and she guided it until he lay on his stomach before her upon Flagusis' back.

"Up, Flagusis! Circle the land," she shouted. The steed fluttered his wings and galloped upon thin air.

She clutched Luke to her. His body was cold and stiff. "Oh, Luke... Oh, Luke!" Jennie rolled him over so that she could see his face. It was pasty and lifeless. His lips were purple, his hair damp and slicked back, his eyes closed. She ran a hand over his thick chest. It did not rise and fall.

He was definitely dead.

Slowly, her hand slid around and she cupped the back of his head where a huge knot sat upon his skull. She inhaled sharply, closed her eyes, and chanted. Her hand glowed a bluish neon tint. Flagusis continued to soar over the island.

"Thy Deities of Xanthus, I do but call on you now." She groaned it out, her head falling back so that she resembled a she-wolf. "Heal this man's flesh, his bones, his brain—and I vow!" A sphere of warmth jolted down her arm, into her hand. She massaged the bludgeoned area of his skull with it. Jennie hummed and flung her free hand out to derive more Xanthian strength, until she felt the knot shrink and the sticky blood disappear.

She pressed the glowing hand over his chest. "I do vow my eternal allegiance, my carnal skill. But hear this, Honored Deities, his death must be rendered nil!" Her raised hand connected with a purple zap. Jennie's body contorted and twisted, yet she kept her hand upon Luke's chest. She took the brunt of the energy and channeled it where it was needed. Water spewed from his mouth. He coughed and groaned.

"Luke?" she asked breathlessly, even as the winds blew and the electric volt continued to streak into her.

He did not awaken. He coughed up more fluids. She waited until his last cough subsided.

And she watched, hopeful, as his chest started to rise and fall.

She had exhumed him, true. But that had been the easy part. Now, to convert him into an immortal being...

"Flagusis! Return to Xanthus!"

And he obeyed. The dark winged horse rose and galloped across the bowed moon, and the riders and their mystical horse disappeared into thin air.

* * * * *

With her magical strength, she carried him through the Great Palace. It was thought to be dishonorable to behold The Deities in one's sight, so Jennie cast her gaze downward as she entered the room of the Divine Assembly. She glided forward and placed Luke upon the altar at the base of the Council's grand platform. Kneeling, she spoke to them with her head bent. Her heart thudded like Flagusis' rapid gallop. She had never been in attendance with The Deities before.

And she was frightened beyond measure.

"Your Honorable Deities..."

"Jensina," came the same woman's voice that had spoken so sharply to her during her refusal to marry Zultan. Only the voice was gentle now, almost loving...and so familiar. "Raise your eyes."

"But I must not—"

"You are being given permission," the voice cut in.

With a deep, calming breath, she slowly lifted her eyes.

"Hello, Jensina."

She could only stare. It was not a gathering of the Devine Assembly, but one single being. Perched before her on a grand throne was a woman in Jennie's exact likeness. From the streaked hair to the sherry eyes to the voluptuous build, it was as if she gazed in a mirror.

"You may speak," the woman said, crossing her hands in her lap.

"I...but..." she stammered, and a brief dizziness washed through her.

The woman's laughter was a haunting rendition of her own. "Yes, dear sister, you must be terribly confused."

"Sister?"

"Yes." The woman nodded, the jeweled headdress she wore never shifting a millimeter. Her snug, long-flowing, royal blue gown made a faint swish sound as she lifted one hand to her deep cleavage. "I am your identical twin sister, Justina."

"But—but I don't understand!" Jennie said on a gasp.

Justina rose. Demetri, who had been discreetly hovering in the periphery, came forward and assisted Justina down off the throne. He escorted her to Jennie's side then returned to his place of guard.

Jennie gazed up at her mirror image. She pressed a protective hand over Luke's chest, unsure of the woman's intent. He breathed still, but would it remain that way?

"Do not be frightened," Justina said. "Your lover is safe. I will not harm him. And we will see that he continues to breathe, until..."

Jennie started to sigh her relief, but her sister's last word had her holding her breath. "Until?"

"Until he can be converted."

"To an immortal?"

"Yes." She extended a hand down to Jennie where she continued to kneel. "Now, rise."

Jennie took the proffered hand. It was soft and warm, and she felt an instant bonding. A sort of blissfulness slammed into her. Her body, her every cell seemed to explode, to suddenly become whole. There was something magical, something ethereal about her twin sister.

"Come." Justina pulled her along. Their hands remained locked.

"But—but Luke..." Jennie cast a longing gaze over her shoulder at him as they moved farther away from the platform. He lay upon the altar as if he rested peacefully.

"He will be fine. Trust me."

"I will look after him," Demitri assured her.

She hesitated for a long moment but eventually yielded.

They strolled hand in hand through the massive double doors, down a long corridor, and into the gardens. The sky above was a swirl of purple and green. The air was the perfect temperature, not too cool, not too warm. A mixed heady scent of the gardens' foliage wafted through the air. Jennie thought she'd never seen a more gorgeous Xanthian day.

"I know you are confused and in need of answers."

"Yes," Jennie replied softly. She looked at the image of herself and saw a regal quality that was not completely in her. "I am stunned beyond measure. Why have I not been told before now of a sister?"

They made their way through the hedgerow maze to a marble bench set before a tinkling waterfall. The water was pink, as it always had been on Xanthus, and it made her think of the vivid Florida sunsets. They sat together and gazed into the fuchsia pool.

"When we were born as two," Justina said, reaching for Jennie's hand, "it was a complete surprise to The Deities."

"Then, you're not part of The Deities?"

"Yes...and no," Justina replied, patting her hand. "Our mother's breeding was long awaited. The Deities anticipated her coming child with exuberance. It wasn't until our birth, when twins arrived, rather than a single daughter, that chaos ensued."

"Chaos? But, I would be overjoyed with twins!" Jennie gasped.

"Oh, they were happy—do not misinterpret my meaning." Justina tossed her thick mass of midnight curls over her bare shoulder. "It is just that it made for a major disruption of fate and The Deities' plans for the wee one's future—the single one they *thought* would be born."

She went on before Jennie could respond. "You see...the one single child was to sit upon The Deities' panel for eternity—as the Queen."

Jennie inhaled sharply. "As the *queen*?"

Justina nodded and the corners of her mouth tipped up. "Yes, as queen. The timing was precise, as bequeathed in *The Book of Xanthus*. Xanthus' cycle was at an end, and the only thing that would restore it, that would save it, was a blessed child born of the most highly esteemed spirit—our mother. She was to give birth at just the right millisecond, when all the planets are in alignment with all the realms of the universe. It is a never-ending phase of reinstatement that must always take place during this most rare celestial phenomenon, or the queendom cannot be sustained through our immortal generations. Only now, there were two offspring. So, you see why it presented such a problem for twins to be born? Which one should be Queen Xanthus? Which one is *supposed* to be the Queen by destiny's sake? And what should be done with the other?"

She suddenly saw the dilemma. It must have been utter pandemonium. "And you are the Queen?"

Her sister smiled dazzlingly, revealing a perfect row of teeth. "Well, let me state it this way. I hardly think a reigning queen would have been banished to the bottle."

Jennie released a relieved breath of laughter. Just knowing her sister—the Queen—had a sense of humor, was calming. "No, I am sure you are probably right," Jennie said with an identical smile. "But, how was my destiny as Goddess of Carnality determined?"

The Queen shifted on the bench so that she faced her sister. "As you know, Xanthus is the mother-realm of many worlds, Earth being one of our most interesting and needy planets in all of the many galaxies. Thus, out of duty and love, we call it our sister-realm. We use Earth as a playground and a place to retire. We plant our own there as guardian angels or to influence the outcome of Earth's own destiny. Many of our spirits, entities and gods are there living lives as Earthlings, yet their main mission is for the betterment of the planet. They become governors and police officers, doctors and teachers."

"I see where you're going with this, but—"

She lifted a finger. "Let me finish, Jensina."

Jennie lowered her gaze. "Forgive me, Queen."

"No, please, I am your sister first. Let us talk as close siblings would." Her eyes were powerful, beseeching.

"As you wish," Jennie conceded, gazing bravely into her sister's eyes.

"Earth is a *very* important factor in the scheme of eternity. They are wise in some ways, dense in others. But, their connection with Xanthus is a close one, for we created them in our image, and put them there as a sort of university for ourselves and others across the universe. Your role as Goddess of Carnality will be an important one. As you know, your main function will be to promote sexuality and procreation. Man is in danger of extinction—oh, not now, not anytime soon. But many, many centuries and generations down the line. You will begin your teachings now, though, so that the ripple effect will not be stopped or disrupted. And your lover's Carnal Island is a most logical place to start. Couples will reunite, strangers will mate, old friends will suddenly

see one another in a new light—and all this due to your most prized influence. Do you see? Without Earth, Xanthus would have no cause, no direction. It is our main source of purpose, our mortal counterparts, our family we reach out to. You, and you alone, will have within your power, the ability to change its future, to keep it on the correct path. In a sense, you will be the Queen of Earth, as I am Queen of Xanthus.”

Jennie saw her sister’s logic. Feeling more vital to Xanthus than ever before, she nodded proudly. She would be a Queen, as such, but she would be the lucky one who would be free to come and go between realms. “I think I do see,” she finally said.

“Truly?” Queen Xanthus asked with a hopeful smile.

She grinned proudly at her own habit of that one word being replayed in her sister’s voice. “Truly.”

“Oh, Justina? One more thing.”

“Yes?”

“If it were so important that I become the Goddess of Carnality, why was I banished for four centuries? Wouldn’t you say that time was being wasted, that Earth was in danger?”

Justina smiled, apparently pleased with her sister’s foresight. “Wouldn’t you say that it feels as if this Luke Slayton were your soul mate?”

“Yes...” She waited, listening to the tinkle of the water. Justina appeared to give her time to draw her own conclusions to her own questions.

“Destiny, sweet sister. You were destined to be together. It is why he bought the island and made it into a hedonistic playground, it is why you were not attracted to all the many hot Xanthian gods you bedded. It was written—or rather, encrypted as a hidden message even Father wasn’t aware of—in *The Book of Xanthus* that the twin who did not become the queen would be Earthling Luke Slayton’s partner in carnal promotion upon Earth.”

“But...he’s mortal. So he wasn’t even born four hundred years ago when I was exiled!”

“Precisely...” Justina purred like a gloating cat.

“So, you’re saying I was put in that bottle and tossed into the Gulf of Mexico to mark time until the right man—namely Luke Slayton—was brought into existence, and all the right elements were in place?”

“You are definitely a Sebastian.”

“Which explains why I was never horny until I met him, and why the thought never occurred to me to try to masturbate and bring about my own thirteen orgasms.”

Justina nodded profusely. “Oh, yes, sister!” she cried, flinging her arms around Jennie. “I am so relieved, and so very happy that it is finally out in the open!”

“Yes,” Jennie said softly, returning the embrace. “Me too. It has been a long four centuries.”

She sobered and leaned away from Justina. "So how *did* the decision get made concerning who would be Queen Xanthus, and who would not?"

"Our mother, Cleantha, then Queen Xanthus, was to choose."

It was the first time Jennie had heard her mother's name spoken in centuries. And it was the first time she'd heard her referred to as queen. "Queen? Our mother was queen of Xanthus?"

"Yes, and when she randomly chose me over you, she could not live with herself for depriving you of a queen's destiny. As a result of all the stress, guilt and self-doubt—all qualities that are forbidden for extended periods, and dangerous to the health of immortal beings—she came down with *mellocrea*."

Jennie wheezed in a ragged breath. "*Mellocrea*?" She gripped Justina's hand tightly. "Our mother contracted *mellocrea*?"

"Yes," Justina said, furrowing a dark brow. "She was very ill. And, as you well know, *mellocrea* is highly contagious, and is the only known disease that has the power to kill an immortal."

"So that is why she was banished to the bottle? And that is why we have been deprived of our mother all these eons."

"Yes." Justina took Jennie back into her arms and patted her back. "It has been trying for us all, especially Papa. We pray that someday, she will heal and be well enough to return to us. And, we pray as well, that she survives the disease. It has been well over four centuries. It has been since our birth."

Jennie pulled away from her sister. She looked deep into eyes that matched her own. "Why? Why was I not told?"

Justina held Jennie by the upper arms imploring her to understand. "It was thought that you would begin to feel guilty for being the indirect cause of putting our mother there, then *you* would contract *mellocrea*. Oh, Justina! Papa has needed to fret for you so over these many years. But, he stood proud and tough, and refused to acknowledge the stress and guilt, lest *he* develop the disease, too. And he perished the thought of burdening you with something that could bring about your own demise."

She suddenly saw her father in a new light. A noble spirit determined to do what was right for his entire family, even if it meant exiling his wife, the queen he so loved, and one of his twin daughters, to the bottle.

"So, my banishment to the bottle was not only for destiny's sake, but to protect me from a deadly disease."

"Yes, and to guide your course to Luke."

Jennie tilted her head in thought. "It *was* an eye-opening experience being released there with him on that gorgeous island." She flashed a depraved grin. "Even now, my sex floods with excitement when I think of him, of all the wicked things we did together."

"Ah, yes," the Queen replied smoothly. She rose and took Jennie's hand. Her regal brow was suddenly marred with worry and indecision. "Your island man. You seek immortality for him."

They made their way slowly back through the gardens.

Jennie's heart fluttered with instant fear. She knew somehow that Luke's death had not been written in *The Book of Xanthus*. And she prayed that premature death and bringing him back to life had not somehow altered destiny's plan that they be together.

"Well," the Queen said. "We will see if it is destiny's will, sister."

Chapter 12

It was not an elaborate, supernatural ceremony as Jennie thought it would be. In fact, it was nothing at all like what she'd expected.

Luke had to undergo a very risky transplant surgery.

It had been done a few times in history, she was told. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. Luke would require a new heart, she was informed, an entity's heart such as her own. Though it would continue to function as the usual blood-pumping organ, blood was not imperative to immortals. It was more a luxury, like choosing to eat. Food was not a requirement to eternal life—Jennie could have always done without all the food after sex—it was merely a pleasant reward.

Blood was irrelevant to the impenetrable, self-healing, entity heart. The organ itself was the spirit's source of power and longevity. It would pump energy and immortal permanence through the body that housed it. For Luke, it would provide him with all that he would need to become Jennie's mate, to become the God of Carnality.

The Queen herself performed the surgery. Demitri and Jennie were in attendance. She watched as Justina placed her hand upon Luke's chest and chanted a prayer she'd never heard before. He lay upon a raised platform, a sacrifice to the gods. His body jolted and rose, crashed back to the table, and surged upward toward the intricately carved ceiling. The tumult seemed to go on for hours, and yet, Luke remained unconscious.

Finally, Justina hummed and flung both arms upward. She closed her eyes and slowly lowered her arms. Luke's body floated back down to the platform. Jennie watched as Justina's hand reached through the wall of Luke's chest and ripped out his human heart. Blood shot out immediately, but Justina ceased it in mid-flight. She snapped her fingers and transformed the organ into a glowing green ball in her hand. It flickered in her palm and Jennie thought she could hear a rhythmic, steady drumbeat echo through the chamber. It was nearly the size of a coconut, but, without difficulty, she sliced her hand through his chest and reinserted it into the empty space left by his mortal heart.

One last swipe over his chest, and she turned to Jennie. "It is all I can do. The rest is up to you, sister."

Her own immortal heart skipped a beat. "To me?"

"Yes, you must go upon Flagusis," Demitri offered. "Return to Earth with your Luke, and prepare your own ceremony of eternal, abiding love."

"But, Papa," she protested, suddenly feeling very inept. "I do not know what to do!"

Justina stepped forward. Her gown was suddenly crisp and clean, not a drop of blood on its shimmering surface. "You will instinctively know what to do when the time comes, Jensina. Now, you must go, before it is too late."

She could already hear the whoosh of Flagusis' wings as he circled the palace. "I will miss you both," she said, and rushed to the door that swung open as she approached.

"May the immortal force and power of Xanthus be with you, Jensina," Queen Xanthus called after her.

"And, may your lover survive the dangerous transition from mortality to immortality," Demitri said ominously.

But she was already gone.

* * * * *

Flagusis traversed the shift from Xanthus to the Earth's galaxy with expert ease. Jennie could see Earth before her. Flagusis would not take long to get there. Despite his animal form, he was just as aware of the urgency as Jennie was. Luke lay slumped over the steed's back, still unconscious.

Still in critical condition.

"Hurry, Flag," she whispered. "Please, hurry."

The winged beast galloped his legs faster, and soon they broke the plane of the planet's atmosphere.

"To Carnal Island," she ordered, her heart racing with anticipation.

Flagusis obeyed, and, within minutes, they circled the landmass. By the light of the moon, it looked as if it were surrounded by glimmering waves of diamonds. Palms swayed in the breeze, wildlife scurried about in the moonlit night. She was enveloped by the distinct scent of sea and earth. And she could see that the resort was in full swing. Dozens of people cavorted naked about the swimming pool and played upon the darkened beach.

And once again, she experienced the warm sensation of coming home.

It was time. She suddenly knew what to do. Instinct kicked in. She stood on Flagusis' back before Luke's slouched form. Her hands rose in the air, and she hyper-extended them so that her wrists were exposed upward toward space. Thin beams of orange light pulsed from her wrists, slicing through space, traveling through planes to the holy center of Xanthus.

"To the Sacred Entities that be," she chanted. "I pledge my eternity to thee!" And she moved her arms inward so that, out in space, out at the exact coordinates of Xanthus, the beams crossed. "In return, I ask the gift of everlasting life..." She lowered

her arms so that the ray of light fell upon Luke's back. "For this hedonistic man, I vow to be his wife."

* * * * *

Luke groaned. *Shit!* He felt as if he'd downed a whole fifth of vodka. His head pounded, his body trembled, he could feel—no, *hear*—the beat of his heart. He was undergoing an odd sensation of lightheadedness, not an altogether unpleasant feeling, but he did feel *awfully* strange. Sort of out-of-body-like, and damned if he knew what he meant by that! A balmy breeze blew over his naked flesh, and he could smell the scent of—horses!

And her. Yes, he could smell the fragrance of Jennie!

Jennie... God, if only...

One eye popped open. He sucked in a breath. What the hell?

He could see his island below him. Whatever sort of hang glider or helicopter he was in seemed to be circling his island. There was a major all-out nude party going on outside The Catch. He could see his manager, Duncan, standing there on the deck with a martini in his hand, and a lewd expression on his face as he tried to pick up a foxy chick. Luke shook his head. Didn't he know fraternizing with the guests wasn't allowed? Unless you're the owner, of course.

Then he heard her sweet voice. It was a lilting, powerful song. It touched his heart, touched it *literally*. As if her voice had caressing hands of its own, it stroked him deep inside his chest, and made him instantly, wholeheartedly horny.

He lifted his gaze and saw...wings?

"Holy shit!" Luke raised his head to find that he sat atop a horse. That could fly. And that had wings.

A dream. He was in another damn dream.

And he could still hear her voice. But where was she?

His gaze rose and he saw a pair of orange beams in the sky above him. They crossed somewhere deep in space and moved down to slant over him.

"The Goddess of Carnality, am I," she sang behind him. "Tease them and taunt them and make them cry!"

Luke slowly pivoted so that he could look over his shoulder. His jaw dropped. Never in his entire life had he seen anything more arousing than this. She stood upon the black winged horse's back, proud, naked. The wind tossed her raven-black hair behind her in billowy waves. Her eyes were closed, her arms outstretched above her head, laser lights shot from her arms. She was deep in chant mode, obviously conjuring up another one of her spells.

She was back! The glee of it slammed into him like a train. He couldn't breathe, couldn't move, couldn't talk.

His gaze moved hungrily over her nude body. Her breasts were ripe and full, the nipples glowing with her magic. Moonlight sluiced across her skin casting a yellow radiance upon her, and he thought he'd never seen a more lovely body. Her abdomen was flat and tight, her hips flared enticingly, her legs lithe limbs of strength. And her pussy was alight with a moist glimmer.

"Make him my husband, my lover, my heart," she continued. "The God of Carnality, he must now start!"

Luke jolted at her words. He jerked when the shafts of light zapped him.

She threw her head back and screamed, "Luke Slayton, I love you!"

"Well, I love you too, Jennie, but hell," he drawled as he looked up at her. "Can we just get on with it? I'm as horny as a priest in a whorehouse."

"*Luke!*" she screeched, and she was in his arms. "You're alive!"

He gathered her to him and, somehow, he felt his torn heart heal. "Well, of course I'm alive. I'm talking, aren't I?"

She waved a hand in the air. "Oh, never mind. I'll explain later. But for now," she said cryptically, "we have work to do."

Flagusis snorted and tossed his head. He continued to circle the island and soar over the windy surf with the strength of his majestic powers. The firm flutter of his great wings was an encouraging chant to the reunited lovers.

Their mouths merged into a kiss of longing. Luke accepted her tongue even as he accepted her eternal love. They were as one now. Somehow, he knew it with his every breath, his every cell. There would be no tossing her aside when he was done with her, because he'd never be done with her! She would stand by his side forever as his goddess. And he vowed to always be her god.

With his thighs, he held tight to the animal's ribs. He shifted her so that she sat astride him. His hands explored the silk of her hair, the texture of her spine. He could feel the heat of her apex against his rod, and he broke the kiss to look down at the space between them. Her sex still glowed with a golden light, and with a gasp of surprise, he saw that his cock did too.

"You are my God, and I am your Goddess," she said, her hair fluttering in the wind.

And he understood, somehow, that she meant he was now immortal.

"Truly?"

She smiled fondly. "Truly."

"And we are to promote sex for all of eternity?" he asked with a wolfish grin.

"Forever and ever," she assured him. Her arms were around his neck, her legs wrapped about him. He looked deep into her eyes as the horse galloped upon the wind. He saw them begin to change, ever so faintly.

"I've missed you so much." He couldn't help but choke it out. "And I can't wait to see your eyes turn into red stars of passion." He pulled her dampness against his hard shaft, rubbing her across his steely flesh. "Make love to me, Jennie." he growled, claiming her mouth.

Their tongues dueled, even as their sex did. With his newfound strength, he lifted her up and slammed her down on his erect cock.

"Luke!" she groaned. "Oh, Luke..."

"We don't have to worry about how many orgasms you have, anymore?" he asked through clenched teeth.

"No..." she whispered, and he felt her body jolt with the onslaught of pleasure.

"Good," he panted, "because—I'm already coming!"

The red stars of her eyes singed him. She crashed her mouth into his. Her tongue dipped into his mouth and swiped its depth. Her breasts were pressed against his chest, the nipples like hard rocks against his own. She breathed hard and bounced on him in rhythm with the horse's gallop. The wind blew erotically against their bare skin. But, deep inside her, he could feel that scorching heat again, as he'd felt just before she'd left him that last night together. Fear clutched at his gut. He would not let her leave again! His arms clamped about her so tightly, that he thought he heard her spine crack. He held her down on his spasming cock with a strength he didn't know he had. Her inner walls stroked him, contracting with her orgasm, drawing his out in an endless, mind-blowing release. It seemed to go on and on and on, while showers and beams of light from somewhere in space enveloped them.

But she didn't get ripped from his arms. Relief flooded his soul. Never again would she leave him. She was his. She was his Jennie in a bottle.

Epilogue

"You know what?" Luke said, slanting a sly look at his wife.

Jennie glanced up from her desk in the office. If it took her an eternity, she was going to figure out how to do the bookkeeping – without resorting to magic.

But it seemed the only number she knew how to count to was the number thirteen.

She saw the glow in his pants and knew immediately what was up. "I don't know," she said, tongue in cheek, "but you're going to scare our guests away with that flaming monster in your britches."

He sauntered across the wood floor and perched himself on the corner of her desk – the corner that was closest to her knees. "I never took you in *The Candy Store*."

She snorted and returned her gaze to the endless columns and rows of numbers. Her eyes crossed at the jumbled mess. "Honey, I'm not hungry right now." She sliced a suspicious look up at him when he remained silent. "Besides, we don't have a candy store on the island. Do we?"

He held out a hand to her, and already, she could see that his eyes were starting to glaze over into red stars. It was all it took. She'd tried to play the mortal-with-too-much-work-to-do-to-stop-and-have-sex woman, but it was just no use. He turned her on night and day, and when that look was in his eyes, there was no refusing him – or her.

Jennie took his hand, and she closed her eyes briefly at the warmth and love that surged from his hand to hers. It was so intense at times that she didn't even think her magic could lessen it. Not that she wanted to, she thought as he guided her from the office, out into the grand lobby, and out the front door.

No, she never wanted it to lessen.

She wanted it for eternity.

They crossed the front balcony and descended the stairs. He took her down across the green-sodded yard to the white sand beach. The surf crashed at their feet, and Jennie giggled, running inland away from it. Luke grinned at her and yanked her back down to the water's edge. She bent and studied an enormous seashell. Fascinated, she held it to her ear, listening to the roar of its ocean. She handed it to Luke, he put it to his ear, rolled his eyes and tossed it into the water. It splashed, sending a school of jellyfish darting back out to deeper waters.

And suddenly, it was there – the bottle.

"Jennie," Luke said warily. "What should we do?"

She eyed it for a long moment. Wading into shallow waters, she bent and plucked it up before it could be carried back out to sea. Immediately, she knew it was her bottle. There was no chance it was another genie waiting patiently for that day of freedom.

"Well..." She studied the shape of the bottle, the long slender neck of it, and looked up at him with a sly grin. "We could always use it...as a sex toy."

Luke instantly let out a raucous fit of laughter. He nodded. "You have my vote on that, babe."

They went on to follow the curve of the shore and he escorted her into the forest. And she saw where he intended to take her.

"To the *Heptagon*? But we've already tried out every room in that whole building," she said, knowing it was irrelevant.

"Babe," he replied with a mock warning tone. "We're gonna try those rooms out a *lot* more than just once! But there is one of the seven rooms you haven't seen yet..."

He led her up the stairs and across the veranda. They reached a rear door that she hadn't realized existed. It read "The Candy Store."

Luke pushed open the door, and all at once, she was engulfed in the scent of sugar, fruit, chocolate and various desserts.

Her stomach growled. She moved her gaze over the sunken pool loaded with multicolored gelatin cubes, and tray upon tray laden with sweet, colorful suckers, candies, cakes, cookies and pies. "You certainly do know the way to my pussy," she purred and glided into the room. Her eyes danced about, for she didn't know which decadent sweet to gorge on first! She set the bottle on a nearby bench, forgotten. She would deal with it later, but for now, she moved toward the delicious pool.

"Oh, Luke!" She spun around to face him. And he was already naked.

"Yes, dear," he mocked, sauntering forward with that glowing tool of his.

Her own sex heated up and a stickiness seeped into her panties. He lifted a long, thin lollipop off a tray and stuck it in her mouth. It was loaded with sweetness, and she swirled her tongue around its bi-colored length tasting cherry and lemon. "Mmm..." She sighed her pleasure.

"Mmm, is right," he agreed. Jennie delighted in the glow of his eyes as he watched her deep-throat the lollypop.

He slowly pulled the sucker from her mouth, set it aside and reached for the buttons on her blouse.

"Aren't you going to practice your spells and get me naked with magic?" she asked huskily. Her hands already explored the firm cheeks of his ass.

"I prefer to undress you slowly." His fingers trembled in anticipation as they worked the buttons of her blouse. He slipped the silky garment from her shoulders, marveling at the smoothness of her skin. She wore a bra—something she did when she played office lady—but he had no difficulty removing it. Expertly, he unhooked it with one pinch of his fingers.

The cool, sweet air of the room permeated her skin. She was already hungry. Hungry for sweets, hungry for his kisses, hungry for him to be buried inside her. He undid the rear zipper of her skirt, and it fell to the floor at her feet with a *whoosh*.

When she started to step out of her black stiletto heels, he said, "Don't. I want you to keep them on when we make love."

He'd never asked her to do that before. The naughty thought of it fueled her libido, like pouring fuel on an already smoldering flame. Her sex throbbed and glowed. She had to have him.

"Come with me," he ordered. Luke took her hand and stepped into the pool of gelatin.

It was cool and wiggly against her bare skin. Luke stooped down until he was lounging back in the lake of Jell-O. She could see the glow of his penis through the clear gelatin, and she followed it like a beacon in the night. Jennie lowered herself to her knees and crawled through the jiggly mess. Her breasts pushed against the cold cubes, and her nipples sprang to life. She reached him, and he kissed her, tasting the lingering lollypop in her mouth.

"Turn around," he instructed, and he set her on his lap with her back to him. "Now, close your eyes."

She obeyed and a gush of wetness oozed from her pussy in anticipation of what he might do to her next. He filled his hands with the gelatin and reached around and smeared her *mamelons*. He cupped them roughly, and smashed the sweet dessert all over her. Every now and then, he popped an orange, green or red cube into her hungry mouth, feeding her, for he knew she already hungered for fuel. The sensation of the sticky, cool mess being spread across her warm skin, coupled with the sharpened sense of her taste buds, was sheer bliss.

"Get on your hands and knees before me," he said gruffly, a fight for restraint apparent in his voice.

She complied, and her ass was presented to him. He started by smearing the Jell-O over her ass cheeks, up through her swollen sex, and she moaned her satisfaction. Jennie glanced over her shoulder to see that he'd chosen a very long, very thick peppermint stick. He stuck out his tongue, licked its surface all the way around and sucked it into his mouth.

Suddenly, he whacked it across her ass. It stuck to her skin but he yanked it away and did it again. Fire shot from her rear to her toes and back again. Her glands released more fluid inside her passage, and she swiftly craved something—anything—inside her.

"Stick it inside me," she begged.

And he obeyed. The thick candy stick slid right in. He twisted and turned it as he shoved it in and out, the red and white stripes spinning and disappearing into her hole.

"Oh!" she groaned. Her hips pounded backward, her ass in the air as she took the candy fully into her abyss. The heat from her pussy melted the peppermint leaving behind a warm, sticky syrup.

Without warning, Luke ripped the candy from her. She felt a momentary stab of disappointment, but it was quickly replaced by the delight of his tongue. He tasted her

sugar, ate her alive. Carnal bliss burst deep in her core. His tongue sliced down, swirled over her clit, stabbed into her pussy. Mini-explosions erupted in her sex lips, her nub, her hole, wherever his tongue touched her. He made erotic little noises, as if he feasted on her, and it touched her heart, made her feel every bit the Goddess of Carnality. Luke moved away, and she glanced behind her to see him pick up a huge piece of chocolate silk cake with cocoa frosting. He smashed it on her back then smeared it all over her backside, down around her mons, around to her breasts.

Jennie knew what he would do. She was his dessert plate, and he wasn't leaving one crumb upon its surface. Now as an immortal god of the geneatic form, he too, had an insatiable appetite for food and sex. His tongue danced over her shoulder, down her spine. She shivered, and instantly craved his dick inside her.

"Stick it in, Luke," she pleaded. "Please, just stick your cock in me!"

But he was determined to draw out her torture. He licked her ass cheeks clean and spread them to swipe his tongue across her anus. She jerked at the sudden jolt of heat that assaulted her. An aching sweet pain oozed through her system, and she felt her pussy twitch in response. But he didn't stop there. He shoved his tongue into her ass, repeatedly poking her, eating the dessert from her hole. Untouched nerves jolted to life deep inside her. The lustful sensation flooded her from the tip of his flickering tongue across every cell in her body. She moaned over and over and he answered her silent plea. His hand moved around and found her nub. It was swollen almost painfully, and begged for release. He rubbed it in time with the tongue-fucking of her ass, and she thought she would die.

Jennie's teeth ground together, and an animalistic urge swept through her. She growled like a wild feline and slammed herself into his face time and time again. Then the orgasm washed through her. It was a crashing wave that spread from deep inside her ass, to her sticky cavern, right down to the last hair on her head. Her anus clamped and spasmed around his tongue. She screamed her release and collapsed stomach-down in the gelatin, her knees bent so that her ankles crossed and her heeled feet rested on her ass.

"Oh, no you don't," Luke snarled from behind her. He yanked her up so that she was on his lap again with her back to him. "It's my turn," he said in her ear, nipping at her neck.

She took a deep breath and rose up on her knees. Spotting a pie, she plucked it whole from the tray. Sticking her finger in to make an opening in the crust, she licked it and said, "Do you like apple?"

He settled back and nodded with a boyish grin.

She shuffled around to him and grasped his fully erect cock in one hand. With the other, she guided the pie toward him, her aim the hole she'd made in the top. The tip of him met with the sticky filling. He sighed and groaned in anticipation as she tilted the dessert and slid his *phallus* into the sweet gooey center. Gripping the pie plate, she moved it up and down on his shaft.

"Holy fuck!" he hissed. "It feels just like a pussy."

"A pussy?" She dumped the whole pie over his crotch.

"Your pussy," he corrected himself.

And she smiled her approval. She bent her head and proceeded to eat, lick, gorge and suck the whole pie from his marble-hard tool. Its satiny texture glided smooth over her tongue, every vein and bulge explored. He gritted his teeth in restraint, but apparently, he couldn't deal with the temptation any longer. She shivered as he lifted her and turned her once again so that her back was to him. He guided her gooey, gelatin-covered sex-lips to his dick. With delicious force, he pressed her down on his shaft in one long, endless, fluid motion.

She was filled with him, completely impaled. She rose up on her knees, her calves at the sides of his hips. With her feet, she could feel the flexing of his ass muscles as he pumped her up and down on him. She rooted through the gelatin and planted her hands on the pool's floor between his knees. She leaned forward, giving him, and her, an angle on sex that they'd never experienced before.

"Ah! That's it! Right there. I've found my G-spot!" She announced it with triumph and glee.

Pinpricks of desire shimmied up her spine. She wondered if he could see a full view of her ass and his own cock moving in and out of her pussy. Somehow, the thought further enflamed her, and she started to move her hips in quick, potent spurts. He groaned his satisfaction. She released little mewling noises, ready to roar at any moment.

He reached around to the front of her with the candy cane. The thick stick was back, but this time, he had it over her clit. He removed it again, and she heard him suck on it, moistening it for lubrication. Slowly, he found her button and rubbed the candy back and forth, up and down over her knot like a cock teasing, preparing for entry. The aroma of peppermint and sex filled her nostrils.

And she exploded once again. Huge bursts of ecstasy combusted her system into an inferno. Luke moaned, and she felt him stiffen and toss the candy aside. She looked down between their legs and saw that both of their sexes were glowing gold through the clear gelatin, melting it to a sticky, gooey mess. He groaned out one last heavenly wave of pleasure and collapsed in the creamy pool.

She fell back on his chest and stared up at the ceiling, his cock still inside her.

"Luke," she said, gasping for air.

"What, babe?" he was barely able to reply.

"I'm hungry."

The End

About the author:

Titania Ladley began her journey into reading romance at the tender age of 13. Soon, sweet romance just didn't cut it. She craved more detail, more sex, *way* more "creativity" between lovers. By her 20's, she discovered that people actually wrote what she needed to read—what she fantasized about. She then devoured the erotica genre. But, alas, restless as usual, she could no longer tolerate just *reading* about it. In her 30's, Titania couldn't suppress the need, the overwhelming drive to create her own fantasies. She had to write. So she did. Published in erotic romance novels and best-selling novellas, she just can't seem to tame her active imagination. So she writes some more...

Titania is a registered nurse, magazine freelance writer, book reviewer and has penned witty slogans. She resides in the Midwest with her very own hunky hero and three children. She enjoys reading erotic romances, walking, weightlifting, crocheting and baking fattening desserts.

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Also by Titania Ladley:

Jennie In a Bottle

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