



LEGENDS OF THE LOW LANDS:
LORD OF THE MARSH

By

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Snippet from the Naarderland Gazette:

(From our special reporter)

"For the second time this year a young woman disappeared in the desolate nature reserve 'Naarderland Marsh.'

Authorities fear the girl has tragically lost her way in the treacherous swampland, and drowned.

Superstitious local farmers whisper the so called Lord of the Marsh has claimed his next victim."

* * * *

"Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. The 10.30 train to Amsterdam will have a ten-minute delay."

Hugging herself with both arms, Myra Parker shivered. Her thin summer jacket was no match for the howling wind blowing over the open railway platform. Carrying ice cold rain and tiny hailstones, the wind smelled of stinking garbage and exhaust.

Myra gazed at the inviting lights of a waiting room below a huge black station clock at the other end of the platform, then nodded. She'd better wait inside.

She rushed to the flaked wooden door and hurried in.

The waiting room seemed even colder than the platform, but at least it was dry inside. The spot gave shelter to a mass of damp people, and an awkward blanket of stale smoke covered the ceiling.

Myra coughed as her eyes roamed over the room, stopping at the

magazine stand that seemed lost in a deserted corner. Maybe they sold hot coffee over there?

Searching her pocket for small change she wrestled herself through the mass of chattering people and reached the stand.

"I'd like a black coffee please," she said to the well-built hottie behind the counter.

He gave her a dazzling smile and winked. "Bad weather, right?"

She nodded. "Will it be better tomorrow?"

"Nope. They should cover Holland with a huge umbrella." Grinning, he gave her a tiny plastic cup filled with a deliciously smelling brown fluid. "Where are you from?"

"Miami, Florida."

"Ah, the Sunshine State. I've been there once. Gorgeous weather."

Smiling in reply, she tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. He was attractive in a mysterious way.

Mysterious? What made her think that kind of nonsense? He was handsome. Period.

"Do you like reading?" he asked, groping about in a pile of magazines, his hand coming forward with a little green booklet.

She hesitated. "I don't think...."

"It's a gift. Because I love Florida so much."

When he pushed the booklet into her hand, a weird prickling flashed down her spine, ending in the warm spot of intimacy between her legs. It was as if.... As if something unknown wanted her. Something horny....

Oh gibberish!

She studied the title.

Lord of the Marsh, the cover said in curly scarlet characters.

"Hope you like legends." His dark male voice seemed to come from very far away.

Swallowing down the sudden feeling of uneasiness, she smiled at him. "I do, thank you. Very kind of you."

He pointed at a huge scarlet leather chair in a corner near the space heater. "Sit down, little lady. Read the book, and enjoy your coffee."

His nails were well-trimmed and clean, his fingers seemed strong, and when her gaze skimmed over his half unbuttoned polo shirt she noticed a vague veil of curly brown hair covering the suntanned skin of his muscled sexy chest.

Myra licked her lips in confusion. He was extremely handsome, this Dutchman with his curly brown hair and special amber eyes.

Unexpectedly, the loudspeaker above her head cracked: "*Ladies and gentlemen, the delayed Intercity train to Amsterdam will depart from platform 2-B.*"

"Gotta go," she said, turning her eyes to him, furtively clearing her throat, "Thanks for the coffee and the booklet."

His piercing gaze penetrated deeply into her eyes, and a strange sensation of lust flashed through Myra's belly.

Out of the blue she longed for his touch, she craved his strong hands on her butt, his warm breath on her skin, his hot kisses on her....

"Don't take the train," he whispered. "Not this one."

"But I gotta go," she protested.

"No, you gotta *come*, right?"

She stared straight into his sparkling amber eyes. Little waves of passion rippled through her nether parts, and a lecherous emptiness made her pussy cramp.

She wanted a cock. A warm, sultry hot cock. His cock.

No, she didn't. Of course not. He was a stranger. She wasn't the kind of the girl that made love to strangers.

It might even be dangerous.

Excitingly dangerous....

"Come with me," he whispered in a luring manner.

She stepped back. "I don't even know your name," she panted.

"Does it matter?"

She stared at him. Did it matter? What a weird question. Yes, it did. Sort of.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the delayed Intercity train to Amsterdam is ready for departure on platform 2-B."

She took a deep, steadying breath. "I gotta go. Really."

But she didn't move. She stood in front of him, gasping for breath, as if she were glued to the spot.

"Is someone waiting for you in Amsterdam?" he inquired.

"Jane is. She's my chat friend. It'll be the first time we meet. She'll be worried if I'm late."

Outside, on the platform a shrill whistle was blown.

"Dutch trains never ride on time. Your friend won't know any better," he said in a comforting tone.

Rattling wheels hammered on a steel railroad track.

Kedeng, kedeng, kedeng....

The train was leaving the station. She'd missed it.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked.

She stared at him as if she saw him for the very first time in her life.

He didn't look dangerous at all. On contrary, he was the most gorgeous hunk, she'd ever seen.

"No, I'm not afraid. It's just ... you're a stranger to me."

He winked, stretching out his hand to her. A warm, strong pure masculine hand. She swallowed with difficulty.

"My name's Gerard." His eyes penetrated hers once more. "*Strong with the spear*, it means."

It sounded like a promise. A promise of everlasting passionate love.

Blood rushed through her body, flushing her cheeks, making her nether folds swell. She wanted him.

"I'm Myra," she replied, her voice hoarse.

"Myra." He tasted her name with his tongue, licking his lips, savoring the word, as if he were enjoying every syllable. "A beautiful name for a beautiful woman."

"Flatterer."

His laughter filled the air. "Come with me, my beautiful Myra."

Her reluctance decreased. He was nice and trustworthy. Besides, what harm could happen to her in such a crowded place?

She followed him into the stand, through a green-painted door into a cozy room.

It was small and pleasantly heated, a huge king-size bed filling almost the entire space. The scarlet sheets were clean and neat, and soft exuberantly colored cushions lay everywhere. A vague scent of lavender hung in the air.

Was this his special place for lovemaking? How many women had joined him here?

“Does it matter?” he asked, as if he’d read her thoughts.

She gazed at him. “Guess not.”

He smiled. A dazzling smile filled with a passionate promise that made her belly tickle in anticipation. This was so exciting!

Yet, was it dangerous?

In a near distance, the cracking loudspeaker announced the next delay. She could also hear the sounds of ticking high heels on the platform and the chattering voices of passers-by. They seemed close and far away at the same time.

Her shoulders relaxed. This was a safe place to be. With so many people around nothing *bad* could happen to her.

“Will you strip for me?” he asked.

She shook her head. “No, you’ll strip for me first.”

“Sure.”

He unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it over his head, slowly exposing his suntanned naked chest.

She gasped. He was perfect. This was just great!

“What’s next?” she teased him.

“Lots of pleasure,” he promised, his hand reaching for his trousers, unclosing his zipper, moving his blue jeans down over his well-shaped

narrow hips.

With his foot he kicked away his pants, daring her with his challenging glance. His tight scarlet briefs showed a promising bulge.

Myra licked her soft red lips. "Take them off," she whispered.

"You take them off for me," he returned, stepping near enough for her to touch him.

"Okay."

When she reached out for his waistband he grabbed her wrist and pulled her close to him.

He smelled great. An exciting blend of aftershave and pure manhood. Heaving a lustful sigh she pressed her body against his, relaxing in his arms.

His warm fingers touched her face, turning it toward his.

"Let me kiss you, my sweetheart."

He softly pressed his mouth on her yearning lips, licking them with his hot tongue, inviting them to part.

As she did what he wanted he slipped his tongue into her mouth, searching for hers, making exciting little circles around it, when they met.

She answered his kiss with passion; her cheeks flushed; her heart pounded with excitement.

He laid his hands on hers. "Take my briefs off," he panted.

She let him guide her and only seconds later he was completely naked.

She stepped back and gasping she admired his proud, hard erection. He was perfect.

"You have a gorgeous prick, Gerard," she panted. "I want it. I want it

now.”

He grinned in reply. “Not yet, my sweetie,” he teased her. “Let’s have some other fun first.”

His lips inviting her to another kiss, he pressed her close. “May I take your clothes off?” he asked.

She hesitated. It was dusk in the room, but not dark enough. She had a huge scar on her leg. The rotten reminder of a car crash almost a year ago. The darned accident had ruined her life, her future, and her blooming career as a celebrated model.

If she undressed now he’d see it.

“Nobody’s perfect,” he said. It was as if he *knew*.

Knew all about her scattered dreams, her desperate tears, and her current lousy job as a waitress in a shabby diner.

“You are. You’re perfect,” she returned with a mournful sigh. “You’re the most gorgeous guy I’ve ever met.”

She shouldn’t have come with him. She knew pretty well that lovemaking and nakedness combined as dustpan and brush. One didn’t work without the other.

She couldn’t make love without removing her trousers, without exposing her ruined leg.

She shrugged. “I’d better go. I’m sorry, Gerard. I don’t know what came over me.”

Through her dark lashes she gazed at him. What would he do now?

“My sweet little Myra,” he said with a reassuring smile. “You know very well what came into you. It’s lust.”

He turned to open a cupboard, took out some candles and set them alight. He flicked off the light switch and a tender darkness flushed over the room.

In the soft shine of the flickering candles she stared at him.

“You don’t mind then?” she whispered. “You don’t mind my ... imperfection?”

“Kiss me Myra. Please, kiss me.”

Nestling herself into his arms, her mouth covered the short distance between them. She nibbled on his lower lip, sucking it into her mouth, savoring him, little waves of lust spreading through her entire being.

She longed for him. She craved his warm hands around her. She wanted to feel his mouth in her hair, his hot lips on her skin.

“You’re special,” he panted, his hands moving tenderly over her body. “You’re sweet and very special. You make me so hot.”

He was close now. She could feel his warm breath on her cheek. And in the soft light of the candles she could vaguely see his face. Smiling at her, caressing her with his gaze.

He was warm and strong. She could feel the muscles of his arms, the masculine power of his chest. She could also feel his yearning hard prick pressing to her trousers.

Was the rough cloth hurting the soft sultry head?

She looked around the room. It was dark enough. She’d have the nerve now.

“Undress me,” she begged him. “I want you to touch my skin.”

His tongue playing a hot game of love inside her mouth, he helped her

taking off her thin summer jacket, and her shirt. His mouth moved down, reaching her bra.

“May I?” he asked.

She nodded, unable to say a word.

His hands undid the fastening. Caressing her shoulders he stripped down the straps, and removed the molded cups, until she was all naked on top.

His lips covered her breasts one by one with hot kisses, licking her nipples, caressing them two at the time, softly sucking on her warm yearning knobs.

A flash of lightning rushed through Myra’s body, ending in the burning wet spot between her legs.

“Take my trousers off,” she asked him, her voice hoarse with lust.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I am.” He wouldn’t laugh at her, she reassured herself. She was safe with him.

His experienced fingers unclosed her zipper and, pulling her to his body, he stripped down her pants.

The warm air in the room skimmed over her scar. Shivering, she bit on her nail. She was so naked now, so vulnerable. What if she’d been mistaken?

But Gerard didn’t even glance at her leg. His lips covering hers again, his hand moved to her panties and his fingers slipped inside.

He played with the curly hair down at her belly, and moved further down until he reached the swollen little pea on top of her sultry folds.

An irresistible feeling of lust overwhelmed her, sweeping away her fears. "Take my panties off," she begged him.

He sank on his knees in front of her, stripping her panties down in the move, his warm breath skimming over her scar.

She winced. That ugly rotten scar!

Then she felt his lips on her devastated skin. Warm, tender, comforting, loving....

A gigantic mixture of happiness and lust overwhelmed her.

He kissed her scar. She could trust him with her life.

"You're so beautiful, Myra," he whispered. "I've never met a woman like you. Come, lie down."

Her heartbeat increasing in anticipation, she made herself comfortable on the soft mattress.

"Open your legs," he asked her, and without thinking she did as he wanted.

He knelt down between her legs, petting her folds with his fingers, heading for her aching clit.

When he found the sultry little pea, he took it between his thumb and forefinger, and moving his fingers up and down, he began pleasuring it as if it were a little penis. Her clit erected and grew under his touch.

Myra didn't know what was happening to her. No man had ever treated her in this exciting manner.

"Oh my goodness, Gerard," she panted. Sliding her fingers into her mouth, she softly nibbled on them. It was her way of controlling her emotions.

When she almost exploded for lust, Gerard moved his mouth to her folds, his tongue taking over command, licking her burning clit.

“Gerard,” she moaned. “I want something inside of me. Something hard and big and sultry.”

As in reply, his skilled fingers opened her and while his tongue continued petting her, he slowly thrust three fingers inside.

It was not quite what she’d expected, but the feeling was so great she didn’t protest.

She moaned again, and inhaled all the air she could get.

His fingers gently moved up and down inside her, as his tongue continued stimulating her.

It was just ... too much to endure.

An enormous, almost unbearable feeling of lust spread through Myra’s entire body, hot waves of incredible pleasure slamming through her folds. Loudly crying out, she lost all control, reaching the most fabulous orgasm she’d ever experienced.

* * * *

Seconds later Myra found herself on a crowded windy platform, ice cold rain splashing into her glowing face.

“Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please,” the speaker cracked above her head, *“the 11.30 train to Amsterdam will have a six-minute delay.”*

Huh? What was she doing here, on this dreary platform? She was making love to Gerard! She could still feel his fingers palpating her burning pussy.

Startled, she looked around, her swirling gaze stopping on the huge

clock at the end of the platform. It was 11.35 A.M.

Almost a complete hour had passed since she'd looked at it for the first time.

But ... Her heart missed a beat. Where was the waiting room?

There had definitely been a waiting room at the end of this platform, right?

She walked to the end of the platform, but all she found was the clock, towering over a flaked wooden bench.

She made a face. There was only one explanation for this. She didn't know how she got here, but she was on the wrong platform, no doubt about that.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the speaker cracked in a near distance, "the delayed Intercity train to Amsterdam will depart from platform 2-B."

With rattling wheels and shrieking brakes a train rolled into the station.

Again Myra looked around, her restless gaze skimming a signboard.

"Platform 2-B," it said in unyielding black characters.

Impossible!

Or....

Of course! The waiting room must be on the other end.

She rushed over the platform, but halfway she slackened her speed. There was only a stair case at the other end.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," she said to a young woman, who was about to board the train. "Where's the waiting room please?"

"Upstairs. Next to the Mall Entrance."

“But that’s impossible. There was a waiting room here, on this platform!”

The woman shook her head. “No, you’re wrong. There has never been such a place down here. Sorry.”

"The delayed Intercity train to Amsterdam will depart from platform 2-B," cracked the speaker. Almost simultaneously a shrieking whistling cut through the air.

The woman jumped on the train, and Myra followed her.

She found a seat next to the window, and in confusion she sank down on a red leather-like seat.

What on earth had happened to her? Had she been day dreaming perhaps? But a windy, cold platform was hardly a place for woolgathering, right? Besides, she’d have been chilled to the bone if she’d really been outside for so long.

But she was warm, her skin still prickling from Gerard’s touch, her pussy hot and longing for more.

It couldn’t have been a dream, sure as hell!

The compartment door opened and the conductor’s voice toned, “Good morning everyone, may I see your tickets please?”

As she groped her knapsack for her wallet, her fingers suddenly prickled in a strange lustful manner as she touched something hard.

Her mouth fell open in surprise as she took out a little green booklet. *Lord of the Marsh*, the cover said in curly scarlet characters.

Gerard’s booklet.

It hadn’t been a dream. But how on earth....

“Your ticket, please?” the conductor repeated.

With trembling fingers she handed him her ticket.

“Thank you, have a nice day,” the conductor said joyfully, heading for the next compartment.

Mumbling something inaudible in reply, Myra turned her gaze back to the booklet.

Lord of the Marsh.

“*Open me. Read me,*” a familiar deep male voice echoed inside her head.

“Gerard?” she said aloud. “Is that you?”

The passenger on the seat in front of her coughed, giving her a strange look.

Embarrassed, she pressed her lips together, and fixed her gaze on the booklet again.

Read me....

She took a deep breath, and opened it.

Another horny sensation flashed down her spine as she examined the title page.

Legends of the Low Lands. Part one.

Her eyes glanced over the other titles on the lefthand side of the page.
Lady in Green, A Giant’s Pit, Ice Maiden, The Flying Dutchman, Devilish Bells....

Read me!

“Okay,” she whispered, turning the pages until she reached the first chapter.

Somewhere back in the Dark Ages, hundreds of years ago, when evil highwaymen and mean pickpockets roamed over the Low Countries, the noble Count Gerard lived in a castle near the Marsh of Naarderland together with his beautiful wife Myra.

With narrowed pupils Myra gazed out of the window. But she didn't see the green meadows with the black and white cows, nor the cute windmills silhouetted against the grey skyline.

Pressing her fingers to her lips, Myrna turned her confused gaze back to the booklet.

Gerard? This Count was called Gerard? And his wife's name was ... Myra?

Myra and Gerard?

What a strange coincidence.

Swallowing with difficulty, she read on.

Myra and Gerard were a happy couple. They loved each other very much. There was only one dark cloud overshadowing their bliss: they didn't have an heir to the County of Naarderland.

And no matter how many times they made love, Myra didn't get pregnant.

One day, the Holy Roman Emperor summoned Gerard to follow him in war.

Countess Myra cried hot tears when she heard the bad news, and

Gerard was very reluctant to leave his beautiful wife.

But the ruthless Emperor had no mercy for the noble count, threatening to hang Myra if Gerard didn't fulfill his feudal duties.

The night before Gerard's departure, man and wife were in bed together, making love. And the count penetrated his wife many times giving her all the pleasures she needed so badly. When his time had come, the count shot his hot sperm into Myra, crying out, "Earth, give me a son!"

After that they lay in each other's arms, crying and watching the moon.

And Gerard said to his wife, "Nothing can separate us, my love. Let's look at the bright moon every night, and we'll be together in thoughts for ever."

At the break of dawn, Gerard kissed his wife goodbye, mounted his horse and left the castle to perform his hated duties.

Myra stood on the pinnacle of the highest castle tower, following her husband with tearful eyes, until he was only a dot against the blue sky.

As time passed, Myra's belly swelled and nine months after the Count's departure she gave birth to a son, naming him Rudolf.

But the merciless Emperor forbade Gerard to go home, and see his offspring.

The only thing both lovers could do was watch the moon every night and be together in thoughts.

Two years later the war was over at last, and spurring his horse to the utmost speed, Gerald hurried home.

He approached Naarderland Castle, desperately longing to embrace

his wife, but there was no sign of Myra waiting for him on the Castle tower.

When he entered his home, his mother welcomed him, telling him that Myra was recovering from an illness.

“She’s exhausted, my son. You’d better let her sleep, and meet her in the morning.”

“And where’s my son, Rudolf?” Gerard asked.

“He’s asleep, too,” answered the mother.

Gerard found this an almost unbearable thing, but he loved his wife. So he bowed to his mother’s wishes and decided to wait. After all, he told himself, he’d been longing for his family for three years, and he could manage one more night.

Next day, however, his mother informed him Myra was visiting a dear girlfriend who was in labor. Gerard immediately wanted to ride after her, but his mother snapped that a delivery was a women’s matter, and a man had no business there.

On the third day, his mother told him, Myra had gone out to the market to buy supplies for a Welcoming Feast.

Gerard lost his temper, and grabbing his mother’s throat, he cried in anger, “Where’s my wife? Where’s my son?”

His mother burst into tears and Gerard let go of her.

“Two months ago, Myra went for a stroll with your son,” his mother wept, “And she never returned. We think the Marsh....”

“No!” Gerard cried out in utter loss of hope. “Don’t tell me the Marsh has swallowed them!”

But sobbing loudly, his mother nodded. “They drowned, and the Bog

will never return their bodies.”

“Marsh!” Gerard shouted, driven to despair, “Open Marsh! Swallow me and my castle. Reunite me with my beloved wife and son!”

And the Marsh took pity on him, splitting open, swallowing the noble Count with his Castle and all those in it.

However, on the bottom of the Morass, Count Gerard didn’t find his wife, or his child. For in reality, poor Myra and little Rudolf were ambushed and killed by murderous highwaymen, and their bodies rested below a hoary oak tree next to the church, miles from the Marsh.

Gerard regretted his thoughtless outburst deeply, but the Wetlands never give back what they have swallowed. Ever since that fatal day Count Gerard’s stuck there, constantly haunting the Marsh in a desperate search for his missing wife.

And the farmers and inhabitants of Naarderland warn the innocent passers-by. For on misty summer days or cold winter nights his shadow can be seen, rambling through the marshy grounds, carrying a flickering torch, singing irresistible songs of mournful despair. And young women who hear the tunes and follow the Ignis Fatuus, are lured into the Marsh and never come back.

A shrieking shiver went through the train, and with loudly creaking brakes the vehicle came to a halt almost from one moment to the other.

The sudden stop caused a terrible shock. Suitcases tumbled down from the luggage racks, magazines and newspapers fluttered around, and unsuspecting travelers were catapulted through the compartment.

In the midst of chaos, Myra found herself sitting on the lap of the passenger in front of her.

“I’m so sorry,” she mumbled in dismay, but the man didn’t answer.

Good grief. He must be unconscious!

Trembling all over, Myra stumbled to her feet, and tapped on his cheek. “Hey mister, are you okay? Wake up.”

The man moaned softly. “What happened?” he muttered. His face was pale and his eyes were filled with nervous confusion.

“We suddenly stopped,” Myra answered. “Don’t know why. Are you okay?”

The man rubbed his eyes. “Yeah, I think so. I’m just a bit dizzy.”

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the loudspeaker cracked, the voice sounded nervously and shocked. “Due to circumstances beyond our power this train will stop here. Buses are about to pick you up within the hour. Please be seated, until further notice.”

“Maybe there’s something on the rails,” a girl sitting on her left hand side, said. “We’re in the midst of the *Naarderland* Marsh. The most incredible things happen here.”

An ice cold shiver crept up Myra’s spine. *Naarderland*? Was this Count Gerard’s country? The grounds where he still....

Oh crap, she had nothing to do with a haunting ghost!

The conductor rushed into the compartment. “Don’t panic, folks. There’s nothing wrong with us here,” he shouted, fear almost hearable flowing from his words. “It’s the train before us, the 10.30.”

“What’s wrong with the 10.30?” a bearded man cried out, “My

daughter's in that one."

The conductor hesitated. "It ... It crashed. There are hundreds of...." He obviously realized he was causing panic and shut his mouth in an upset hurry.

"But my daughter...." the bearded man shouted in frustration. With trembling hands he got hold of his cell phone and dialed a number.

Myra leaned back. The 10.30 train crashed? But that was the one she'd planned taking!

Somewhere under the bench in front of her the familiar sound of her cell phone toned. "Excuse me," Myra said. Kneeling down, she grabbed under the seat, found her fallen rucksack, and answered the phone. "Myra! Is that you?" her friend Jane brayed into her ear. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, Jane, I'm fine. Don't worry."

"Oh, Myra! You must be in such a terrible mess. So many people are hurt! Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes, honestly. I missed that train."

"You missed it? Oh Myra, that's almost incredible!"

Taking a deep steadying breath, Myra swallowed. She hadn't actually 'missed' that train. Gerard had stopped her....

For a second it was as if she could hear him whispering into her ear.

"Don't take the train, Myra ... Not this one."

Gerard?

Was he a real man?

The image of a gorgeous erected dick crossed her flustered mind, and she giggled nervously. She didn't know if he had been *real*, but he was a

genuine man, no doubt about that.

“Myra? Are you still in Utrecht?” Jane interrupted her whirling thoughts.

“No, I’m on the next train. The 11.30. But we’re stuck somewhere in the middle of....”

Myra looked out the window. High above a gloomy eerie landscape, dark clouds drifted through a threatening sky, and a howling wind whistled around the train. Tall grasses, yellow sweet flags and reeds curved in its vigorous strength. Ducks quacked and a spotted brown toad pranced over a clump of muddy grass. Far away thunder rumbled in the air.

Naarderland....

“Nowhere,” she finished her sentence.

“Nowhere? You’re not telling me you’re in the Marsh, are you?”

“Think I am, yes.”

“Then, stay on the train. No doubt, they’ll send buses to pick you up. Don’t get out before they arrive, do you hear me?”

Myra gazed at the smashing rain making little puddles on the window. “I won’t. Don’t worry. But Jane, if I did step out, what would happen?”

“Those Marsh Lands are dangerous. Treacherous wet grounds that suck you down, before you realize it.”

“Is it that bad over here?”

“Yes, believe me Myra. Only a month ago a young girl disappeared in those lands. She never came back.”

Myra nodded slowly. “I’ve read a story about some Lord of the Marsh, luring people into death.”

“That’s superstitious nonsense.” Jane gave a sigh. “But the disappearances are real. So, let the bus take you back to Utrecht and I’ll meet you there. I’ll come to your hotel by car, okay?”

“Okay, will do.”

As Myra put away her cell phone something ticked on the window next to her.

Looking aside, she felt all blood drain from her face. This couldn’t be true. Her eyes seemed to be playing tricks on her. That couldn’t possibly be Gerard, standing outside the train, right?

She turned her head to the passenger in front of her, and tapping on his sleeve, she announced, “There’s a man outside. I think he wants to get in.”

His eyes narrowed, her fellow-passenger bent over to the window. “You saw a man?”

Myra pointed at Gerard. “Yes, over there.”

Shrugging, the passenger raised an eyebrow. “I don’t see anyone.”

“But he’s there. A few yards away only.”

“Sorry Miss. Don’t see anything.” He gestured to another passenger sitting on a side bench. “The lady says there’s a man outside. But I don’t see a sign of him.”

“She’s nuts,” a girl commented, using her finger to tap on her forehead. “There’s no one out there. Just the rain.”

“*Come, my sweet little Myra. Come to me,*” Gerard’s luring voice echoed inside Myra’s head.

“But he’s talking to me,” she whispered in confusion.

“Must be the shock,” the passenger in front of her said in a soothing tone. “I’ll call the conductor and get you a drink.”

“Come to me, Myra. You owe me. I’ve saved your precious life.”

As if bewitched, Myra stood. Gerard was right. She owed him. Besides, she wanted to be with him. She longed for his tender kisses, his skilled fingers, and his gorgeous hard cock....

Ignoring the warning outcries of her fellow-passengers Myra walked to the narrow entrance portal of the train, pressed the yellow button to open the sliding doors and jumped off, straight into Gerard’s strong protective arms.

“I’m so happy you’ve returned, Myra,” Gerard whispered into her ear. “Come. Let’s make love.”

He lifted her into his warm arms and carried her away, deeper and deeper into the desolate Marsh until they reached the high oak wooden entrance door of a huge stone castle.

A castle? In the midst of nowhere?

“Naarder Burg,” Gerard explained, carrying her over the muddy threshold, “You’re home at last, my love.”

“Are you Count Gerard?” Myra asked. “Lord of the Marsh?”

“Of course. Who else?”

“I’m not your Myra, Milord. I’m just Myra Parker. From Florida.”

“You have the scar, my countess,” he said.

“That’s because of a car crash. Cars didn’t exist in your time.”

“Trees did. You fell down a birch tree when you were six years old. And hurt your leg on the sharp point of a cloven branch.”

She shook her head. "That's not true. I never...."

Unexpectedly, a weird image flashed through her brain. For a moment it was as if she really recalled falling down a tree and hurting her leg.

"Enough words spilled," he said. "The maid has put a clean sheet on our bed."

Our bed.

But it wasn't *their* bed. Or was it?

Gerard touched her mouth with his lips and little waves of lust rippled through her nether parts, ending in her pussy. Her pussy felt so empty, it craved a hard cock.

Gerard was right. The time for talking was over. It was now time for lust and love. And it didn't matter what was in store for her after that.

"Que sera, sera," she muttered. "What ever will be, will be."

He lifted her into his strong arms again and rushed up a narrow spiral staircase.

The stairs ended in a huge hall with a very low stone ceiling. It vaguely smelled for blooming purple lavender.

Gerard crossed it and at the other end he opened an oak wooden door.

The scent of blooming lavender increased as Myra entered the bedroom. It looked like an exact copy of the room in the station, but it was a lot larger.

The window was ajar, giving her a wonderful view on exuberantly blooming purple fields of lavender.

"I've never known Lavender was a Marsh flower," she commented.

"It isn't. But since it's your favorite, our gardener plants them every

year. They drown in wintertime though.”

“A sad thing,” she whispered.

“That’s the rule of the Marsh, nothing can be done.”

She sighed. “Are you a ghost, Gerard?”

“Does it matter?”

She licked her lips. “You always say that when you don’t wanna answer a question, right?”

He grinned. “And?” he asked, a naughty light glimmering in his wonderful eyes. “Does it matter?”

She laughed with him. “Guess not, but....”

“You’re a bit tense, my love. Lie down on the bed, let me make you relax.”

She lay down on the scarlet sheet, resting her head on a soft pillow.

“That’s better, hey?” he asked, his hand touching the upper button of her shirt. “May I?”

“Of course.”

He slowly undressed her until she was completely naked.

The sun shone through the open window, warming her naked skin with glittering beams. The light also fell on her scar, exposing the ugly redness of the overgrown proud flesh at the inside of her leg. It looked as if a bloody monster snake crawled over her, and she shivered in embarrassment.

“That darned scar is right down hideous! I hate it!” she hissed in frustration.

“You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met,” he replied, kissing her scar.

“You only say that because you pity me.”

“No, I find you beautiful. Why don’t you believe me, Myra?”

“That....” She pointed at her leg, her voice hoarse with restrained emotion. “That *beast* has nothing to do with beauty.”

“Beauty can’t exist without ugliness. And there’s no happiness without sorrow. Your *beast*, my sweetheart, makes the rest of you even more attractive.”

“You can’t be serious, Gerard.”

“I’ve never been more serious in my entire life. Imagine white pearls on a white dress. You can’t see their glory. They can only stand out against black.”

Happiness filled Myra. He meant it. He really didn’t care about her scar. He must love her, just her, with all her faults and shortcomings. She was at home here. At home with him.

“Now, close your eyes, my sweetheart, and relax.”

She did as he asked, stretching herself out on the bed, belly down, relaxing her muscles.

He climbed over her, as if he mounted a horse, he didn’t put his weight on her though.

He grabbed a little bottle with deliciously scented Lavender oil from the wooden bedside table, and carefully dripped the moisture over her back and shoulders.

Then she felt his warm hands on her body, tenderly rubbing the oil into her skin. Softly tapping and stroking, he kneaded her tense muscles, inch by inch caressing her, petting her, until he reached her tight buttocks.

He took her buns into both hands, stroking and fondling them, making her moan in lust.

She heard him grin as he went on to her legs, giving them the same careful and exciting treatment.

At last he rubbed oil over her scar, and Myra couldn't stand the pleasures any longer. She turned on her back, moaning, looking at his sweet face.

"I love you. You make me feel great," she whispered.

Smiling, he caressed her breast, rubbing her nipples between his fingers, changing them into hard, yearning knobs. Moving over her belly he continued on his journey down.

She could hardly wait until he'd touch her burning pussy, but ignoring her sultry folds he moved on to her legs, and then grabbed her foot. Holding it with both hands, he used the tips of his fingers to massage her with soft kneading motions.

As he stroked her sole a lustful flash streaked through her entire body, ending between her sultry aching nether folds.

He bent over and nibbling on her big toe, he blew his warm breath over her foot.

She screamed for lust and restrained desire.

"Finger me, finger my pussy," she gasped, fully out of breath, spreading her legs for him.

He used his hand to palpate her, making little circles over her hankering folds, skimming her hot hard clit.

"Where's your dick, Gerard? I wanna touch you. too."

“Great idea. Thought you’d never mention it,” he said with a grin.

With impatient moves he quickly stripped off his clothes, then slowly revealed his hard, erected penis.

She stretched out her hand to touch him. He looked so great. So hard, so big. Sexy little drops of fluid dripped from the scarlet head.

Myra felt her nether parts swell even more.

“Kiss me,” Gerard panted, and lowering himself over her, he touched her lips with the side of his warm cock.

He smelled like heaven. Pure masculinity mixed with lavender.

Grabbing his shaft into both hands, she covered his hard desire with loving kisses, and then she licked over the vulnerable head.

He shivered, and moaning loudly, he lowered himself on his side, next to her, his warm mouth kissing her pussy.

Licking her softly, he whispered, “Please nibble my prick, while I caress you with my tongue.”

Myra pressed the head of his cock to her lips, softly sucking it, nibbling it, savoring it with her tongue as if she were eating the most delicious ice cream.

It was intimate and exciting to pleasure him while he did the same to her.

“Suck me, suck it hard.” Gerard breathed hard, his horny dick shivering for lust.

She sucked him in deeply, moving his shaft in and out of her mouth, always taking care that she didn’t hurt him with her teeth.

His lips found her clit and he did exactly the same to her, sucking on

the soft little pea, slipping it in and out.

It was great, and almost too much to endure.

Without a warning he thrust three fingers inside her pussy, at the same time pushing his dick deeper into her mouth.

She wanted to cry out, but she knew she'd spoil his joy if she did.

Moving his dick softly up and down her mouth, his fingers caressed the inside of her pussy in the same rhythm.

All of a sudden, he sucked on her clit, hard, demanding, almost forcing her to come.

There was nothing she could do to stop the flow of lust that overwhelmed her. Moaning loudly, she sucked on his dick in the same passionate way, and then she felt him come.

As his hot salty-sweet fluids sprinkled over her tongue, the mixed sensation of the gorgeous taste and the exciting moves of his fingers and tongue broke Myra's last defense.

She swallowed his cum as her body arched, and intense waves of lust made her explode for passion.

Shivering, she lay in his arms. Exhausted, satisfied.

She wanted to stay here. Be with him forever. She loved him.

She enjoyed this wonderful knowledge for some time. Then flashes of real life began nagging her brain.

Jane.

Good grief, she'd forgotten all about Jane. Jane had warned her not to go into the Marsh. Jane was waiting for her in Utrecht.

From one moment to the other she sat straight. "Gerard, I need to

know something. I'm with you here in the Marsh, but does that mean I will be reported missing in the outside world?"

"If someone notices your absence, yes."

A nasty cramp settled inside her stomach, and softly groaning she put her hand on her tummy.

"My friend Jane will miss me. And she'll tell my mom I disappeared. Mom will be devastated. I'm her only child and since Daddy passed away...." Tears welled from her eyes.

Mom had been so unhappy when she learned about Myra's intentions to visit Europe on her own. "This gives me the creeps, Myra. Don't go! You're all I've left in this world."

Gerard curled his arm protectively around Myra's shoulders. "Don't cry, I want you to be happy, my love."

"I want to be happy too. That's why I came to Europe all alone. I wanted...." Her words ended in a sob.

He kissed her cheek, encouraging her to talk on. "What did you want?"

"I'm very unhappy being a waitress. It was my childhood dream to become a model. And then I lost everything I had. My job, the man I loved." She groaned in frustration. "My whole life's a mess ever since that rotten crash."

"You came to Europe to set things straight?"

"Yes, I needed to find out what to do with the rest of my life."

"And now you've met me," he said, caressing her hair. "Your quest for a new future ends here."

She pressed her fingers to her cheek, caressing herself, rubbing her burning eyes. “Gerard, I’m confused. We’ve just met, but it feels like I’ve known you for ever. I crave to be with you.”

“That settles things then,” he concluded, kissing her.

She moaned softly. “I can’t be happy, Gerard. Not with my poor mom thinking I’m dead and gone.”

He nodded slowly. “I love you, Myra. I would hate to miss you again, but...” He pressed his lips together, his eyes filled with ... with what?

Love, sorrow, pain?

It was all there, in that one single glance.

“I love you,” he repeated. “I want you to be happy. Go tell your mom, she can live with us.”

* * * *

The room suddenly swirled around, like the horses in a running merry-go-round, and before she knew what was happening, Myra found herself sitting on a wet clump of grass in the middle of an ice cold puddle.

Nervous lights flashed around her and excited voices called out, “There she is! She’s still alive. Where’s the doctor? Call the doctor!”

Helpful hands lifted her out of the water and escorted by a mass of fanatically chattering people Myra was led to an ambulance.

Before she could do anything about it, she was bound up on a stretcher, like a stuffed turkey on Thanksgiving’s Day, while a man in a white coat shone a sharp light into her eyes.

“This is scary,” a girl said somewhere outside the ambulance. “We’ve all seen her sitting in that pool, but she ain’t wet. I figure....”

Myra couldn't hear the rest as the ambulance doors closed and the vehicle sped away, its siren producing the most terrible penetrating warning sounds.

"Do you have a headache?" the medic asked.

"No, I feel fine."

"Cold?"

"No, I'm just fine."

"What happened to you?"

I just had the most wonderful orgasm ever.

"Nothing happened," she said aloud, noticing her statement sounded irritated. "I'm a free woman. I can go for a stroll whenever I want, right?"

"Of course, you can."

"Will you please untie me? I'm not your prisoner, or am I?"

"The safety belts are for security reasons only," the corpsman explained. "And if you feel good enough to sit..." He untied the belts around her, and pressed a button. The upper part of the stretcher rose, creating a kind of seat.

He then grabbed under his seat, and gave her a well-known little green booklet. "This is yours, I believe?"

Gerard's book! As she took the little hardcover the now familiar tingle of lust shot through her body.

Gerard ... she loved him.

Good grief. Was she in love with a ghost?

'I love you, Myra. I want you to be happy,' his voice vibrated inside her head.

“Thanks, Mister,” she said opening the book, leafing through it until she found the last page of the story.

‘And young women who hear the tunes and follow the Ignis Fatuus, are lured into the Marsh and never come back.’

With narrowed eyes Myra reread the sentence, and then tapped the medic on his white sleeve. “Are you familiar with this story?”

“Of course. Most Dutch know all about the legend.”

“Is it true? I mean, does this Marsh Lord exist?”

The medic suppressed a grin. “Is that why you left the train? To search for a fairy tale creature?”

She shrugged. “Um ... Well I...”

“The whole tale is utter nonsense. But those marshlands are dangerous. If you go in too far, the boggy grounds will simply suck you down, and if you don’t get help in time, you’ll drown. No matter what you try to get out, it’s no use.” He swallowed and added. “You’d better not go in there again.”

The siren stopped its noisy activities, and in the sudden silence the medic announced: “We’re almost there. They’ll give you a medical check-up and after that you’ll probably be allowed to go home.”

Rounding a corner the ambulance left the highway, took a crossroad and drove directly into an enormous hospital hall.

The doors opened and before Myra could protest she was lifted from the stretcher and put into a wheelchair.

“I’m Nurse Annie,” a kind female voice toned behind her back.

“You’re okay now, aren’t you Ma’am?”

Myra tried to turn around to see who was talking, but the wheelchair seat was too narrow to allow it.

“I’m fine,” she said to the orange blanket on her lap. “I wanna go home.”

“That’s for the doctor to decide,” Nurse Annie announced in a determined way. She paused, then put a black and blue rucksack on Myra’s lap. “This is yours, right?”

“Yes, it is. Thank you. But Nurse, I really wanna go back to my hotel. My friend is waiting there.”

The wheelchair turned into a long corridor covered with white tiles. “Which hotel?”

“That’s too difficult for me to pronounce in Dutch. But in English it’s called Emperor Charles.”

“Emperor ... Oh, *Keizer Karel* you mean. But there’s no hotel with such a name here.”

“Here?” Myra asked suspiciously.

“Amsterdam, Miss. This is the Amsterdam Medical Center.”

Myra winced as if someone had really fetched her a blow. “Oh shit, my hotel is in Utrecht.”

And so was her friend Jane.

“If you’re allowed to go home, you can take a taxi back there.”

“A taxi?”

“Yes, the trains don’t ride. Due to the crash.”

The wheelchair crossed another corner and they entered a waiting room. Nurse Annie drove the chair to a high desk and literally parked Myra

in front of it.

Poor Myra didn't see a thing except for the wall of the desk which was covered by black fingerprints. Myra could also admire a crumpled drawing of a pink shark, obviously made by a grateful child. *'For Doctor Meyer, thank you for curing me.'*

"I've gotten a next crash victim for you," Nurse Annie said somewhere above her head. "Not physically injured, probably a concussion. She was strolling about the *Naarderland* Marsh."

"And she survived?" an astonished voice inquired. "In this bad weather?" Myra suspected the voice belonged to the receptionist, but she couldn't see anything.

"Yeah, lucky girl," Nurse Annie answered, and bending over the desk, she went on, "I'll leave her to you then. Bye."

She tapped Myra on her shoulder as a sort of goodbye and rushed off.

"I'll be right with you, Ma'am," the receptionist announced somewhere from the right, and then she rushed off, too.

Myra bit on her lip. The nurses were obviously very busy with all those patients. But there was nothing wrong with her.

She'd better try to get out of this place and find Gerard.

She longed for him. For his kisses, his tender embrace, his warm breath in her hair.

She stretched out her legs until her feet touched the wall and pushed. For a short moment she was afraid she was going to sit there in all eternity, but next the wheelchair surrendered to the pressure and rolling backwards it gave Myra the space she needed so much.

Using the counter as a support, she pulled herself up, until she stood, her heart beating fast.

With wobbly, but determined steps Myra headed for the door.

“Where are you going, Miss?” asked a woman next to Myra. “You’re not allowed to leave before the physical exam.”

Myra started. Good grief! Was she caught in action after two steps only?

Gazing aside she sighed in relief. The woman had a huge blood-spotted bandage around her head, and her skin was as pale as the dressing material. She was only a fellow patient.

“Do they have any coffee here?” Myra inquired, pretending a drink was her only goal.

The woman gestured to a corner next to the sliding doors. “Over there. It’ll cost you one Euro though.” She made a sour face and muttered, “All cheaters here. Asking one Euro for a lousy cup of coffee.”

“Thank you so much,” Myra replied with a beaming smile, heading for the doors once more.

As she walked on, a huge feeling of happiness, mixed up with resolution, spread through Myra. She’d made up her mind. At last she knew what to do with the rest of her life. She was going back to Gerard. They belonged together. She loved him. Mom would understand. Mom must understand. It was only normal for a daughter to leave her parental home and live with her husband.

Her husband? She was mixing up things. Gerard wasn’t her husband. Or was he?

An unexpected shiver crept up Myra's spine, and for a moment she saw herself wandering around in a beautiful mediaeval dress. She licked her dry lips. That couldn't be a real memory, right?

Still pondering, Myra spent one Euro on coffee to get herself an alibi for being so close to the way out, and sipping from her plastic mug, she kept an eye on the exit.

When the doors slid open to let a hospital bed pass, Myra slipped out, rushed to nearest restroom, threw her empty coffee mug into a dustbin, and touched up her make-up.

After that she checked her clothes. There wasn't a single dirty blot on her jeans, nor on her summer jacket.

Strange ... after all she'd been sitting in a wet muddy puddle. Ah well, what did it matter? She looked like a harmless visitor, and the best thing to do was walk out, and take care she didn't bump into Nurse Annie.

She left the restroom, and followed the little signboards with *exit* on them.

Outside, she picked her phone from her rucksack and dialed her friend Jane's cell phone number.

"Myra, are you okay?" Jane called out. "I'm waiting here for hours!"

"I'm sorry. I can't help it. They've dragged me to a hospital."

"You're injured!" Jane shouted. A panicking worry dripped from her cries.

"No, no, I'm fine. But you'd better go home, Jane."

"Okay, I'll get home right away. Where are you now? I'll pick you up, and you can spend the night with me."

“That’s sweet of you, but....” Myra’s face turned red and she was happy Jane couldn’t see her. “I’ve got to stay here over night. For observation reasons.”

“Okay, I’ll come over for a visit. Which hospital did they take you?”

“Amsterdam. But Jane, you can’t visit me here. I’m so tired. All I wanna do now is sleep.”

“You poor soul. I’ll check on you tomorrow then. Okay?”

“That fine. Thanks. Bye Jane.”

“Good night, Myra. Get well soon.”

Heaving a big sigh, Myra switched off her phone. She’d lied to her friend. Why? Was she under some kind of spell? Was Gerard really a marsh ghost, who only wanted her to die?

No, he couldn’t be. He was too real.

She was going back to the Marsh to join him. Or should she return to Utrecht and search for him on the station?

It would be less ... *wet*.

No, she was wrong, it would be less *dangerous*.

Dangerous? What nonsense. She shook her head about her own clumsiness. Sweet Gerard wasn’t dangerous at all. She loved him. She’d take a taxi to Utrecht and ask the driver to use the Dike Road through the Marsh. But first she was going to give Mom a call, tell her she’d met an amazing guy and ask her to come over.

* * * *

Half an hour later Myra walked to the parking lot and found herself a

taxi. She stepped inside and said, “Can you bring me to Utrecht and take the Dike Road through the *Naarderland* Marsh? My Traveling Guide says crossing this Nature Reserve is an amazing experience.”

The taxi driver had a quite different opinion about the Marshlands. “It’s more like a garbage dump over there, Miss. Treacherous grounds if you don’t know the way. We’d better take the highway. Will be a lot faster too.”

“I want to see the marshlands,” Myra said decisively.

“As you wish, Ma’am.” The driver opened the back door and helped Myra get in. He then slid behind the steering wheel and drove off.

On their way they encountered a lot of ambulances with flashing blue lights and noisy sirens.

“Terrible thing, that train crash,” the chauffeur muttered.

“Yes, terrible.”

“Bad weather today,” the driver continued talking, and that was the beginning of a boring lecture on the Dutch climate in general and thunderstorms in particular.

Myra didn’t want to be impolite, so she nodded from time to time, muttering a ‘yes’ or a ‘no’ when it seemed appropriate to answer something. But she didn’t listen to the palaver, occupied as she was in her own thoughts.

Down there in the hospital she’d known so sure what to do, but now she wasn’t certain anymore.

Gerard was a hunk. No doubt about that. And he was a hell of a lover. But who was he?

He couldn’t really be the *Lord of the Marsh*, right?

She remembered his soft kisses on her skin. Ghosts weren't able to kiss a mortal woman. They were made of air.

She picked her booklet from her rucksack and the familiar lecherous feeling of lust prickled through her veins.

Absentmindedly, she leafed through the pages, searching for an explanation, for something unnoticed. Then she found it. There was a picture on the last page of the booklet. A painted portrait of a man and his wife, dressed up in mediaeval clothing, standing in front of a huge castle.

The man had Gerard's face.

Myra stared at the woman next to him, and for a moment it was as if she were looking into a mirror. It was her own face! Countess Myra of Naarderland was her double.

She smiled. Why didn't she feel any surprise? Did she instinctively know Countess Myra was a distant relative? Or was this a matter of reincarnation?

Had she lived before? Here, in these cold, misty lands?

"It's raining," the taxi driver announced from the front seat. "We'd better return to the main road, Ma'am. Don't want to be sucked up by these monstrous grounds."

Myra looked out of the car window. They were in the midst of lonely marshlands. *Naarderland*.

"I think you've got a good point there, Mister. Let me just take a picture while you turn the car around."

The chauffeur heaved a relieved sigh and stopped the taxi at the side of the narrow dike.

Myra got out and her gaze wandered over the cheerless and deserted landscape. Rain poured down on muddy clumps of grass, splashing on the brown furry spikes of tousled reed borders, knocking down the long flat leaves of drowning rosa cattails. Water dripped from the broken stems of yellow flags, like tears flowing over a widow's cheek.

Below a row of weeping willows at the roadside lonely poppies struggled to stay upright on sludgy green stones.

A huge feeling of desolation flashed through Myra and, biting on her lip, she tried to prevent herself from crying out loudly.

All hope was lost. How could anyone live in these abandoned grounds? She'd never see him again. She'd better get back into the car and return to her hotel in Utrecht. Or phone Jane that she felt so much better and was coming to stay with her overnight after all.

As she turned, her eyes caught a glimmer of light and then she saw the huge mediaeval stone castle. Its four solid towers silhouetted against an ink black sky. A torch was lit high on the belfry and in its eerie flickering she discovered the man she loved. Gerard. He was waving at her, inviting her to be with him.

"Let's go, Miss," the driver called from the car window.

Myra didn't hear him. Gerard was waiting for her!

She rushed down the slippery bank of the dike and ran into the marsh.

"Miss, what are you doing? You're crazy. Come back here!" the driver screamed in panic.

"I'll be fine," Myra shouted in return. "Can't you see the light on the tower?"

“That’s marsh gas! Come back!”

“You’ll find my wallet in my rucksack. Get what I owe you,” Myra shouted, and without any hesitation she headed for the light.

“Come back, you fool. You’ll drown!”

But Myra didn’t listen. Jumping over stinging nettles, decayed birch trunks and an indignantly squeaking moorhen, she rushed through fields with stabbing thistles, stinking remains of dead game and slimy green puddles, until she reached the castle entrance.

The hospitable doors opened widely and the missing countess of *Naarderland* rushed inside.

Gerard welcomed her in the hall. “Myra! There you are. I love you so much!” he shouted for joy.

She jumped into his warm protective arms. “Gerard, I love you, too. I wanna be with you for ever.”

“And for ever it’ll be,” he replied, a happy grin on his handsome face.

He lifted her into his arms and hurried up the stairs to the bedroom.

Myra deeply inhaled the delicious scents of the purple lavender and for a moment she wondered why she hadn’t seen the blooming fields when she stood on the dike.

But Gerard pressed his mouth lovingly on hers and his passionate kiss made her forget everything around her.

Only Gerard was important now. Gerard and the wonderful feeling of happiness he gave her.

“I want to be yours,” she whispered. “I want to be all yours.”

She undressed quickly and lay down on the scarlet bed sheets,

exposing her nakedness and her scar without the slightest concern.

She felt so great with him. He was everything she wanted from life.

He knelt between her legs, spreading them further apart, his cock hard and wet, obviously knowing what she needed so badly.

Bending over her, he kissed her mouth, the tip of his dick brushing her outer lips.

Myra arched, raising her hips to meet his desire, and slowly, very slowly and completely controlled, he slid his hot slippery hard dick into her.

He was almost too big to handle and for a moment she felt like a virgin again when a sweet pain ebbed through her folds. Then he was inside her, and she pressed both hands on his buttocks to press him even deeper.

“Can you move a bit? Carefully in and out?” she asked.

He nodded, kissing her nose. “I was afraid I might hurt you. He’s rather big.”

“I love big,” she confessed with a happy sigh. “You fill up my emptiness, you give me pleasures I’ve never experienced in my life.”

He smiled as he pushed his yearning cock deeper into her. Deeper and deeper, moving in and out, making her groan for mercy.

Pounding into her, his skilled fingers found her swollen clit and very carefully he rubbed the soft longing pea.

Clenching the side of the bed, Myra tried not to scream, but the intense pleasure of his rhythmic moves was too much for her.

“I gotta come,” she cried out, as a huge feeling of passion and pleasure flowed over her, “Oh Gerard, you make me come ... come....”

Her screams faded out, and she fell back on her pillow. Exhausted.

Satisfied. Happy.

He kissed her cheeks, his hard dick penetrating her deeper than ever.

“Make me come too,” he panted, his face distorted in lustful excitement, “Give me a son.”

She smiled at him, flowing over with joy, “I’d love to have your baby, Gerard.”

Tightening her inner muscles, she sucked in his dick, pressed on his hips, helping him to take her as deep and hard as he could.

An unearthly groan escaped from his lips, his cock rippled and contracted, and then he shot hot spouts of sperm deep into her aching pussy.

His contractions ebbed away and his muscles relaxed. He fell over her, taking her into his strong arms, holding her, kissing her, caressing her skin, moaning for satisfied lust.

Snuggling herself closer to him, an enormous feeling of happiness flowed over Myra. “I love you so much,” she whispered. “I wanna be with you for ever.”

“For ever, my love,” he promised, kissing her all over.

* * * *

Snippet from the Naarderland Gazette:

(From our special reporter):

"Two months after the tragic disappearance of the young American tourist Myra P. in the infamous Naarderland Marsh, her mother Mrs. Nathalie P. is reported missing also.

Mrs. P. was last seen by a taxi driver who detected her wandering about the Marsh, searching for her lost daughter, neglecting his warning

outcries. Superstitious local farmers whisper the so called Lord of the Marsh has claimed his next victim."