



WINTER WIND

By
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New Concepts Publishing
Lake Park, GA 31636
www.newconceptspublishing.com

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Chapter One

Kai McDonough loved the snow. He found solitude in walking through freshly fallen drifts and wonderment in watching the flakes drifting silently to earth, catching one on his tongue. When it snowed, all sound was muted and the air was crisp and clear and pristine. The cold didn't bother him. He reveled in it. His heart soared at the sight of branches laden with white crystals that turned the tree into a fairyland wonder. It was in the winter that he felt the most alive.

Picking his way carefully along the ridge, he glanced down at the immaculate beauty that spread out below him. The warm-brown tint of his sunglasses gave sharp detail and depth as the polarized poly lens killed the glare. He needed that, for as far as the eye could see the ground was covered in a lush, fluffy blanket of snow. The sky overhead was a vibrant, vivid blue and the air carried on it an ozone scent that was sharp to the nostrils. Tall pines, spruce and aspen, were draped with a mantle of snowy white and the lake about a hundred yards east of his property was frozen solid, Canadian geese skating playfully across its mirrored surface.

Muffled in a thick Spanish merino shearling parka with a substantial wool scarf wrapped around his neck, dark hair protected beneath a black watch cap nestled within the ample hood of the parka, his hands encased in cashmere lined lambskin gloves and his feet protected by fur-lined mukluk boots, he was toasty warm as he climbed the gentle slopes that formed the northern boundary of his Black Hills ranch.

He rolled his shoulders, for he had not adequately adjusted the load he was carrying in his backpack. The shoulder straps and hip belt were pinching and for the amount of money he'd paid for the hauler, he was not a happy camper--no pun intended. Inside the main compartment he carried a sleeping bag, spare clothes, food, and various other items that would allow him to spend a night or two in one of the caves to which he was trekking. One of the items was a personal cooking system that weighed a bit more than he would have liked. It added to the discomfort he was experiencing at that moment but just knowing he had an Isobutane canister to prepare his meals had seemed worth it when he bought it.

As he stood there with the cold wind blowing over his chilled face, he could imagine himself to be a hardy pioneer seeing this terrain for the first time. He fancied no human foot had ever stepped upon this virgin ledge and mentally he was claiming it for his own. Had it not been for the communications gear in his backpack--the personal locator beacon with an internal GPS receiver, the Smartphone with its graphics-driven video games, and the laptop computer with two fully charged spare batteries--he might have been able to believe he truly was conquering the wilderness.

Continuing on up the slope, he spied white tail deer scampering down in the meadow amidst a dozen or so wild turkeys. A lone raccoon waddled from beneath a pine to disappear over a small rise. Since he wasn't a hunter and didn't allow poachers on his property, the animals seemed to know he was no threat to him. For the most part, they ignored him. Deer came right up to his back porch, enjoyed the salt block he provided, and there were always turkey tracks and bobcat prints around his woodshed out back. One set of tracks he was fairly sure belonged to a black bear and that was one of the reasons he carried a stun gun as well as a large knife in his gear when he went hiking.

Getting a bit of a headache, hearing his stomach rumbling, he was relieved to spy the cave entrance that he wanted to investigate. It was a few hundred yards farther up the slope and examining the untouched snow on the path between him and the cave, he hoped he wouldn't be

running into a hibernating ursine with a taste for horror writers.

"Especially not ones with a severe case of writer's block," he mumbled to himself.

That was partially why he had decided to pull out his backpack, load it up, and strike out for a bit of solitude away from the almost daily phone calls from his agent who was beginning to hound him unmercifully for the next book in his Demon Sired series. That and the not-so-friendly breakup with his girlfriend of five years who had--with a viciousness that stunned him--given him an ultimatum of either fishing or cutting bait where their relationship was concerned, had piled depression on nerves already raw with frustration over not being able to concentrate enough to put word to screen.

So he had struck out that morning for the wilds of the slopes beyond his elaborate log cabin and the solitude he was in such desperate need to find.

Once at the entrance to the cave, he shrugged off the backpack and laid it in the snow, bending down to retrieve the flashlight. Flicking it on, he ducked under the low overhang and ventured inside.

As he knew it would be, the cave was pitch black with only the small shallow arc of daylight flooding into its entrance. As he played the flashlight beam over the walls, Kai realized the chamber was much larger than he would have guessed and that the walls were smooth and not craggy as he would have expected. Frowning, he went over to the nearest surface and ran his gloved hand over it. The face was as slick as a pane of glass and just as reflective as a mirror.

"Weird," he pronounced, moving around the circular room. It almost felt as though the chamber had been bored out with some huge drill turning at super high speed in a one hundred and eighty degree arc. There was a long tunnel off the main chamber that seemed to go on forever, the beam from the flashlight disappearing into inky darkness.

Underfoot, the ground was covered with sandstone clay and silt and chip breakdown consisting of irregular limestone fragments. But walking back toward the tunnel, Kai realized the ground appeared almost to have been raked, for it was much smoother than any cave floor he'd ever seen.

"Really weird," he said with emphasis.

Yet there were no footprints in the soil areas. The sediment under foot did not look as though it had been disturbed for a very long time and Kai breathed a little easier, hoping the cave was not home to something with jagged teeth and a voracious appetite.

In the distance he could hear the plink-plink-plink of water dripping and echoing back through the tunnel. The skirl of bats reverberated back to him also, which seemed odd, as well. Going back for his backpack, he decided there had to be a fair-sized grotto somewhere off the tunnel and he would cautiously seek it out. Holding the flashlight between his knees, hating to strap the backpack on again for his left shoulder felt raw from the rubbing of the strap, he sighed and swung it up, settled it a bit more comfortably on his back this time. When he had it the way he wanted it, he reached down for the flashlight and headed for the tunnel.

Attentive ears pricked at the muffled sound of approach. Keen eyes peered unblinkingly into the darkness. Sensitive nostrils flared at the intoxicating scent hovering just beneath the surface.

"One comes!"

The silent energy thought flew from one eager mind to another until all were aware and they began to gather.

A sniff of the air. A turn of an inquisitive head. Scrutiny.

“Male.” That one word flowed like warm honey--sweet and achingly tasteful—among them.

The tunnel seemed to go on forever and with every step he took, Kai became even more intrigued. Above him and to both sides the tunnel was as slick and smooth as the cavern had been and as straight as an arrow. He couldn't shake the feeling that something massive and sharp had cut a swath through the hill. The walls were too uniform in their smoothness, the ground under foot too free of obstruction to believe nature had carved such perfection.

Stopping again to adjust the backpack, he thought he heard furtive movement ahead and stilled, cocking his ear toward the sound but after several moments of intense listening, all he detected was the steady dripping of water. Around him, the flashlight beam sent arcs of illumination on the polished rock and reflected them back at him in a dizzying array of colors.

Continuing on, he realized the air around him was getting warmer. He knew the median temperature range within the cave systems of the Black Hills was 53° but it seemed much warmer than that. The air touching his face was almost humid.

When he'd checked the weather before leaving that morning, it had been 37° in Hot Springs with snow on the way to add to the four inches already on the ground. He shot his arm out to check the time and was surprised to see he'd been gone from his home for nearly two hours.

“How can that be?” he asked aloud and began walking a bit faster.

“Vigorous!” It was perceived with glee.

“Healthy!” Satisfaction came.

“Alone ...” The word hung suspended then drifted away on a long sigh.

The energy thoughts wafted on the swirling eddies of the heated air. As one, they moved--touching mind to mind and limb to limb, gathering power.

He felt the slight shifting beneath his feet and looked down, pointing the beam of the flashlight at the cave floor. When the shifting came again, he took a cautious step back.

“What the hell ... ?”

Those were the last words out of his mouth before the ground opened up and he dropped like a rock through the floor, the loose chip breakdown closing over the opening almost as quickly as it had occurred. A ripple shifted back along the tunnel floor and when it stopped, there was no evidence that Kai McDonough had ever trailed the path.

Chapter Two

Opening his eyes, Kai found himself staring at an intricate arrangement of boxwork veins. The thin blades of calcite projecting from the ceiling formed a honeycomb pattern that was being illuminated by the beam from the flashlight clutched tightly in his hand. Since boxwork was largely confined to the lower levels of caves, he wondered just how far down he'd fallen.

Having landed on his backpack, his fall had been somewhat cushioned but the slightest movement of his limbs brought it home forcefully to him that he had taken a long fall that must have taken him into unconsciousness. Wincing as he lifted his left arm to take a look at his watch, he realized he'd been out of it for over an hour.

"Not good," he proclaimed. Gingerly sitting up, he tested each leg to make sure nothing was broken. Other than a few sore spots, everything seemed to be in working order.

He heard movement behind him and snapped his head around, the flashlight beam pointed in that direction. It flickered toward the spot from which he thought the sound had come but there was nothing there. A sweep of the walls, the ceiling, and the floor told him he was alone in a small cavern with a long fissure in one wall that he hoped led out of the cavern.

Kai frowned and pointed the flashlight up at the boxwork. "How the hell did I get here?" he asked. There was no crack in the ceiling, no gaping hole from which he had plummeted.

Another close circuit of the beam along the ceiling of the cavern revealed no opening whatsoever through which he could have fallen. He shone the beam on the fissure. It seemed barely wide enough for him to pass through. Could he have been disoriented after his fall and have crawled into this small chamber? That didn't seem logical to him. Just looking at the opening, he realized he would have had to have moved through it sideways.

"This is bizarre," he muttered.

Pushing himself to his feet with a grunt, he found the top of his head almost touched the ceiling of the chamber. The intersecting mineral blades plucked at the wool fabric of his watch cap so he bent over a bit to keep from having the material snagged. Going over to the fissure, he aimed the light through the crack and realized there was very warm air coming through the split in the rock. The sound of water was very loud so he moved into the opening.

"Handsome!" Energy bristled in that single thought.

"Ours."

Flowing back into the deeper shadows above him as the male squeezed through the fissure, his watchers moved spectrally along with him--beyond his human ability to detect. Every step he took was monitored and every breath he took was heard. The beat of his heart, the pumping of his blood, the ooze of his sweat beneath the heavy constriction of his clothing was carefully noted.

"Good."

"Prime."

The fissure seemed to go on forever and Kai knew there was no way he could have found his way through here in a semi-conscious state. He had to have missed seeing the hole through which he fallen for there was no other explanation of how he'd come to be in that boxwork chamber. With the sound of water now a constant roaring in his ears, it was obvious to him there was an underground waterfall just ahead of him and the darkness being illuminated by the

flashlight did not seem quite as ebon. Lowering the beam, he thought he detected a milky green glow not too far away and thumbed off the flashlight.

"Yes," he said on a long breath. There was light in the distance and so he left the flashlight off to conserve the battery. Moving forward in his sideways stance, shuffling his booted feet on the crust beneath his feet, he kept his sights on the pale glow ahead of him.

As the light grew brighter, Kai began to feel as though he was being watched. At first it was just a slight impression of heaviness between his shoulder blades that made him uneasy, nervous. Pressed into the fissure as he was, he couldn't crane his head back to look up at what was above him but the sensation seem to come from that direction. It was as though he could feel the weight of eyes--hungry eyes--following his every move and yet he heard nothing. There were no furtive sounds of scraping talons or the scuttling of some strange insect keeping pace with him as he moved but still the uncomfortable feeling persisted. It sent a cold wriggle of anxiety down his spine and made the hairs on his arms stir. He couldn't wait to be free of the imprisonment of the walls that felt as though they were closing in on him. By the time he had cleared the fissure and found himself in a small antechamber, there were goosebumps covering his arms. He shot out of the fissure, spun around, and fumbled the flashlight on--nearly dropping it in his haste--spraying its powerful beam along the top of the fissure.

"Goddamn it!" he spat, his breath coming in heaves. He could feel his heart racing as though he'd ran all-out at top speed. Sweat dripped into his eyes and the hand holding the flashlight was shaking.

But there was nothing there for him to see. Nothing lurked along the ceiling of the tunnel save for pebbly outcroppings.

Running the back of his free arm over his forehead he let out a long, shuddering breath and bent over to clear the sudden wooziness from his head. With his racing heart and adrenaline level pumping through him like mad, all he wanted to do was sit down to gather his wits about him.

High overhead an opening in the ceiling allowed in a thin shaft of dim light that lit up the small cavern into which he'd come. The domelike hole would be impossible to reach in a free-climb and at any rate he doubted there would be a passage from the opening to the surface even if he was able to scale the dripstone walls surrounding the chamber. But beyond the chamber in which he stood, was an archway flooded with brighter light.

Attempting to leave his misgivings and unease behind, he hurried to the archway and was shocked to find a wide grotto spread out before him in a huge cavern with a pool of crystal clear water rippling beneath the cascade of a high waterfall. Thin, flat layers of calcite had formed at the edges of the pool to extend into the water like lily pads and rare cave pearls--small deposits of calcite lodged around small grains of sand or minute rock fragments--glistened on the bottom of the pool. Stalactites adorned the chamber and stalagmite ridges with horizontal crests acted as a dam to hold the water in its basin. Huge, soaring columns had formed where the stalactites and stalagmites met. The most beautiful sight in the cavern, though, were the helictites--needle-form constructs made from calcite and aragonite--clustered together to form free-form bushes as large as six feet tall. The bushes grew from the floor of the cave and were ranged all around the chamber, their twisted, turning crystal branches a marvel to behold.

"Beautiful," Kai whispered.

He moved to the edge of the pool and hunkered down, stripping off a glove to run his hand through the water. It was warm and felt soft between his fingers. Looking longingly at the waterfall as it tumbled into the far side of the pool, he ached to take off his clothes and wade out

into what looked to be waist high waves further out in the basin.

But as enamored as he was with the lushness of the pool, the humidity that urged him to take off his backpack and heavy parka, he could see no way out of the chamber. A shaft high up in the ceiling allowed in a bright column of light that sparkled in the pool's water, but there was no way he could climb the vertical walls. As far as he could tell, he had reached a dead end.

Something flitted just beyond the periphery of his vision and he jerked around, searching for whatever had caught his attention but there was nothing there. He had heard nothing, felt nothing, just caught a fleeting movement like that of a retinal flash—that natural ophthalmologic occurrence when tiny bits of vitreous gel tug on the sensitive tissue of the retina.

“Get a fucking grip, McDonough,” he snarled under his breath.

“He is quick!”

“Be careful!”

Shadows converged amongst the helictite branches and settled like phantom butterflies with wings slowly fanning the warm air. Eager eyes gazed at the male and followed his movements as he shrugged off the cumbersome thing strapped to his back. Avid tongues circled greedy lips as he unzipped his parka and laid it aside.

“Broad shoulders.”

“Narrow waist.”

Nearly invisible talons gripped the crystal stems of the helictite bush as the male pulled the heavy sweater from his upper body and tossed it aside. Clad now in his bulky jeans and only a thin long sleeve pullover, the rippling muscles of his pectorals and biceps came into full view.

“All male,” was the pronouncement spoken in unison.

Kai sat down on a fallen boulder and began unlacing his heavy boots. The air wafting around him was so warm, it made him sleepy but the vestige from his headache and the continuing rumble of his belly reminded him he had not eaten since rising earlier that morning. Another glance at his wristwatch confirmed it was well past noon. After removing his boots and unzipping his jeans, he peeled the denim down his legs, rolled the snow socks from his feet then slid off the wool thermal underwear until he wore nothing but the pullover and his boxers. He felt the uncomfortable sensation of being watched again.

“Is anybody there?” he called out, reaching for his jeans.

“We are.”

He felt a shiver go down his spine as he dragged his jeans back on, hastily zipping them and thumbing the button into place at his waist.

“You have to stop this, McDonough,” he warned himself and tried to put the growing nervousness from his mind. Opening his backpack, he started removing items he needed to make a lunch of grilled cheese sandwiches and hot soup.

He eyed the personal locator beacon and hesitated. Perhaps he should engage the signal and use the cell phone to call for help. For a long moment he just stared at the items then shrugged the thought away. Until he'd used up all his own abilities to get himself out of his present predicament, he didn't want to call in the cavalry. The people of Hot Springs already thought him strange. He certainly didn't want them laughing at him behind his back by having to rescue him.

Once he'd eaten, he was in a much better frame of mind. His anxiety had started to decrease and the warmth of the air surrounding him, the beauty of the cavern grotto filling his senses, combined to lull him as he half-reclined on the ground cloth he'd spread out for the twin-size inflatable mattress he had yet to unroll. He glanced at the high-volume bellows pump he'd brought to blow up the mattress but just didn't have the energy.

He yawned.

"Sleep, pretty boy."

"Then you'll be ours."

With his stomach full and the warmth cocooning him, he stretched full out on the ground cloth under which he'd smoothed away anything that might poke into the fabric. The ground he'd chosen as his camp site was level and filled with a soft, silt-like sand that hadn't raise a lot of dust when he's unfolded the ground cloth. With his parka rolled up as a pillow, he lay on his back with an arm thrown over his eyes. It was still daylight and bright in the cavern. Between the lulling effect of the tumbling waters, the warmth, and a full belly, he did what any other red-blooded male would do. He went to sleep.

They flittered down from the helictite bush and converged on the silvery material upon which the male lay. As one, their bodies grew from middling little things to tall and statuesque. Limbs elongated into slender arms and long shapely legs and tufts of feathers became silken tresses cascading down smooth backs. The only thing that remained alien were the sparks in the eyes of the creatures who stood around. The glints gleaming with intent locked onto the male and held.

"Ours," the combined voices cooed.

Chapter Three

Kai thought himself to be dreaming. He half-opened his eyes as the button at the waist of his jeans came undone. No one was touching him and when the zipper slid slowly downward, he lifted his arm to take a look but there was no one there. Almost as though a gentle hand had been laid to his head, he lay down again and closed his eyes, but he moved his arm to his side.

Perhaps he returned to sleep for a moment for he felt as though phantom hands were tugging at his socks, easing his jeans down his hips. Not that he cared. He was sapped of his energy and just lay there staring up at the cave's ceiling and experiencing the wash of warm air over the lower portion of his bare torso. Dreamily, he sat up as though a specter had pulled him by the shoulders and obediently he raised his arms, allowing the long sleeve shirt to be slipped from his chest. Once more he lay down, squirming indolently on the ground cloth as ghostly fingers raked through his hair to remove the wool watch cap.

Sighing, obeying some distant command he sensed rather than heard he shifted his legs apart as far as was comfortable for him and swung his arms upward and outward so he lay spread-eagle there on the cave floor, his palms up.

With his eyes closed, he could feel the soft wisp of touch that moved over his flesh--fingernails trailing over the ridges of his abs, fanning down over his thighs, trekking across the cusp of his balls and onto the flaccid column of his cock.

"Umm," he said.

"You like that?"

He opened his eyes, searching for the one who had queried him, but there was no one there. He smiled, wondering at his imagination working overtime. His body was boneless, unable to move, his limbs so heavy he could no longer make them obey. He simply lay there at the mercy of the strange sensations that were swirling over his flesh and awakening the interest in his groin.

"Nice."

Warm fingers wrapped around him and tugged ever so gently and he drew in a long breath, releasing it along with all the tension the world had handed him of late. His entire being had concentrated in the span of the nine inches that lay between his legs. Everything was centered there where pleasure and peace began. He envisioned a soft, sensual, heated mouth enveloping him and he groaned deep in his throat.

Fingernails grazed the palms of both his hands like slow-moving spiders. Sweet little tickles eased between his fingers and over his wrists, up the undersides of his forearms and along his biceps before trailing over his shoulders and onto his chest muscles. His nipples tightened with the phantom touch and he shivered at a delicious little tug, a gentle little pinch. His smile widened as his nipples were given a mild twist, a bit harder tweak, and then nails dragged gently down his sides, delved into the dip of his belly button and into the hair curled at the apex of his thighs. And all the while, those beguiling lips drew upon his shaft and a precocious tongue probed at the slit.

It had been a long time since he'd known the pleasures of a woman's hands on his body and he gave himself up to this dream, this sweet enjoyment that had taken him over. With the warm air wafting over him and gentle hands plying his willing flesh, he was lost in the delight and more than willing to remain there for the rest of his life.

"Give yourself to us and we will give you pleasure beyond knowing!"

"I'm all yours, baby," he mumbled in his dream-like state. His eyes snapped open at the

sound of his voice, and he discovered it was no dream that had taken hold of him, no disembodied hands plying his flesh. His eyes widened.

The exquisite creature whose hands trailed down his left arm had hair the color of ripe pomegranates. Her irises were a strange rose color, her pupils a vivid crimson color that startled him, but her face was so lovely it made his heart ache just looking at her. With porcelain skin and long, reddish gold eyelashes, and a cupid-bow, cherry red mouth, she made his cock harden even more.

"I am Rúibín," she whispered to me. "She is my sister, Gaing."

Kai whipped his head to the right where a luscious beauty knelt stroking his right shoulder. Her waist length hair was midnight black with beguiling streaks of deep burgundy running through its thick waves. With jet black eyes fringed with black lashes, she, too, had crimson pupils.

"She who wields your staff is our eldest sister Aimitis. Beside her is Ómra and--"

Lifting his head, he was stunned to see a third woman whose beauty outrivalled the other two kneeling at his feet. The woman whose hand gripped his cock had hair the color of polished steel. Although her pupils were crimson like her sisters, the irises were a pale shade of lavender.

"Ómra is at your right foot and Saifir at your left," Aimitis informed him.

Ómra's hair was a pale blonde shade and it curled sweetly around her shapely hips. Like her sisters, her pupils were crimson but her irises were the rich shade of amber--a striking combination that made her gorgeous face all the more alluring.

With eyes the color of sapphire, Saifir's long tresses were a deep, rich brown, but she, too, had pupils of crimson hue. Of them all, she was the most spectacular and so beautiful his mouth watered to taste the scarlet plumpness of her full lips.

"We are here to pleasure you," Saifir declared.

Their hands were on each of his limbs and Aimitis still had a firm grip on his rod. He became aware of the sweet scent of honeysuckle drifting on the warm air.

"What are you?" he asked in a strained voice for he was as hard as he could ever remember being and he was staring dumbfounded at the white portion of Aimitis' eyes as it undulated with vivid black threadlike whips that coiled and twisted.

"We are the *Seoid*," Saifir replied and her gentle smile set his loins to burning with need. "And we are yours as you are ours."

He tried to get up, suddenly unnerved by his nudity but their hands held him down—firmly but not with discomfort. Fear shot through his veins along with the heavy desire that had him as rigid as iron.

"I don't know what you are," he said and he could hear the frantic beat of his heart against his ribcage.

"We came from far away," Ómra explained. "We have been here for eons."

"Since time began on your world and the first of the crystals formed," Rúibín added. "There are more of us but they have their own Ceardaí."

"Their own ...? he questioned.

"Creator," Saifir supplied.

"Smaragaid, Griancholoch, Íolite, and Coiréal are deeper in the cave system," Aimitis reported. "They are always given the artists."

"Just as Ópal, Turcaid, Péarla, and Diamant are given the musicians."

"We are given the most important of all," Saifir said. "We are given the seanchaí, the storytellers."

“That is why there are five of us with you,” Aimitis put in. “Seanchaí are very important to all worlds and as such deserve only the best.”

“And we are the best,” Ómra told him.

“But ...,” he began but they shushed him.

“Enjoy us, seanchaí,” Aimitis said. “Just enjoy us.” She bent over his cock once more.

He was unable to do anything but squirm under the attention of their soft, white hands. The woman suckling him was an expert at her craft and she was bringing forth such strong, burning delight to his shaft that he had to tuck his bottom lip between his teeth to keep from groaning aloud.

Despite the pleasure they were giving him, he had questions--so many questions--that had engaged his writer’s mind. Though they appeared human, with their strange eyes, he understood they were something else entirely. Beings that could bring him to this wondrous place and keep him there with such gentle ease not only intrigued him, they fired his imagination.

“I want to know ...,” he started to ask, thinking of the fall he’d taken into this wonderland.

“All will be answered, dearling,” Ómra told him. “First comes the pleasure and then the answers.”

It was Rúibín who bent over him and claimed his lips, nibbling on them until he opened his mouth beneath her persuasive assault. As she pressed her sweet little tongue inside, he could not prevent the moan that escaped him.

“He likes her taste,” Saifír said with a laugh.

“How would he know?” Gaing inquired. “He has yet to experience it.”

Kai’s head spun as the women giggled at that remark. Rúibín’s lips tasted of cherries, her sweet breath upon his cheek hinted at honey. Her mouth moved upon his in such a way that it seemed entirely sexual--a parody of the thrust of a man’s hot cock into a woman’s moist heat. Her tongue swirled inside his mouth, tickled his soft pallet, dragged along his teeth, and dueled with his own. All the while, she caressed his cheeks between her soft hands, holding his head steady for her sultry assault. Her hair prickled his naked chest as she leaned over him, the tendrils seeming to have a life of their own as they tickled his flesh.

The heat was building inside his body and with Aimitis’ sultry mouth drawing upon his throbbing flesh he was finding it difficult to lie still. His hips were writhing against the ground cover, arching up to meet the pull that was bringing him closer and closer to a climax. With the fingernails of the other women teasing his legs and Gaing massaging his right arm, he lifted his free arm and crooked it around Rúibín’s neck, increasing his participation in the seduction. He held her mouth to his and took the force of the kiss and made it his own.

“He is commanding, is he not?” he heard one of the women ask.

A fleeting thought of returning to the life he knew went through his mind, but he pushed it aside. His body was dictating at the moment and his mind was going along for the ride. For once, he wasn’t trying to guess the motives of the women pleasuring him, but he knew that would come sooner or later. Nothing ever came to him easily or for free. A price--and maybe more than he could afford--would have to be paid.

“Come for us, Kai,” one of them whispered and another took up the chant and then another. As lips suckled and kissed him, those words drifted through his mind to turn his blood to molten lava and his body into one long, throbbing ache. “Come for us, Kai.”

He felt the itch beginning in his upper groin and it began spiraling rapidly downward, gathering heat as it moved. He was pumping his hips slowly--rotating them in his desire to quell

the burgeoning intensity rippling down his cock. Aimitis' mouth was doing things to his shaft that should have been illegal and he was willingly giving himself up to it. As her tongue fluttered over the slit, he let go and she drew him deep down her throat, pulsing her sweet mouth along him as she swallowed.

Rúibín's tongue swirled through his mouth as the last drops of essence shot from him and he collapsed, his arm sliding from her neck as he lay panting, dragging heated breaths into his lungs.

"Good," Gaing proclaimed as she ran her hand over his chest, spreading her slender fingers through the thick mat of hair nestled there.

"Very good," Rúibín echoed. Her hands were roaming over his belly as Aimitis licked the last of his juices from his cock.

"Now sleep," Ómra said as she massaged his thigh. "Sleep and rest."

His eyes felt so heavy and he could not keep them open. Struggle though he did, they seemed to have a mind of their own and slipped shut. Almost immediately, he felt himself drifting on a warm, fleecy cloud with soft, silent darkness closing gently around him like a cocoon.

Chapter Four

The *Seoid* converged deep in the very depths of the cave--in a place no human had ever entered nor ever would. Before a flickering fire, they lounged on plush velvet chaises and discussed their day and the three men they had lured to their lair.

"He is a very quiet man," Coiréal said of their artist. "Very shy and terribly afraid of us."

"Afraid of his own shadow," Smaragaid scoffed. "He is pleasant to look upon and built fairly well but he is nothing to write home about."

The women giggled.

"Ours is a brash, rude young man though hung like a stallion," Diamant remarked of their musician. "He struggled against us until we were obliged to place a thrall upon him. Now, he is fairly cooperative but his language leaves a lot to be desired. He prefers to be the aggressor and accuses us of raping him." She looked to Aimitis. "What of your writer?"

"Very handsome and he did not fight us. I believe he will accept his fate once it is explained to him." Aimitis smiled. "Writers always do."

"Writers are the easiest of the creators," Íolite observed. "You are lucky, Aimitis."

"What does he write when his creative juices are not blocked?" Turcaid inquired.

"Horror novels," Ómra supplied with a shake of her head. "But we should be able to provide him with much inspiration from the lore of our home world."

"As we should be able to supply our musician new strains of melody, though the discordant ways he will use it will no doubt make our ears bleed," Diamant said. She turned to Coiréal. "And will you be of help, do you think, to your sculptor?"

Coiréal shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Though we frighten him, he seems quite taken with our looks and covertly studies us when he thinks we're not looking. I believe we will be able to provide inspiration to him for a new series of sculptures that will take this world by storm." She blushed. "At least I hope we will."

"Sometimes I think the Muses ask too much of us," Gaing said with a sigh.

"Aye, but none of Them could handle the creators we handle," Griancholoch reminded them. "Now if the musician wrote opera or your writer wrote epic poetry then Euterpe and Calliope would be here like a shot."

"And wouldn't know what to do with a man's cock if it was shoved down Their throats!" Péarla said with a booming laugh and the other women joined in.

"How do you think They inspired the men of Their day?" Turcaid inquired.

"I'll be willing to bet it wasn't with sex," Aimitis replied. She leaned back on her red velvet chaise and held her hand out to the crackling fire. "Our writer took to the seduction like a fish to water."

"It has been a long time since he has dipped his wick into a warm sheath," Rúibín remarked. "He was overdue for relief."

"And I am sure you ladies provided him more than he could have ever imagined," Íolite drawled.

"I can not wait to feel his strong, hard shaft inside me," Saifír injected.

"I want his lips on my sex," Gaing said. "Something tells me he will be very good at pleasuring a woman."

"Well, what he doesn't know, you will need to teach him," Ópal stated. "One day a human woman will thank you for it."

"Our artist prefers men," Smaragaid told them. "We will have to instruct him differently

than most.”

“Ah, now I see why you frighten him so,” Diamant said. “Perhaps you should have gone to him in alternate form.”

“We considered it and may do so yet,” Grianchloch said. “It has been awhile since we used our incubi personas.”

“Have your rugged incubi rescue him from you dastardly women after the inspirations for the sculptures are firmly set in his mind,” Aimitis suggested. “Then give him the sweet pleasure he will need to go back to his workplace and create.”

“Thank you for your idea, Aimitis,” Coiréal said with a nod. “Your help is always gratefully accepted.”

The *Seoid* were quiet as they stared into the mesmerizing flames of the campfire. Each was lost in her own thoughts of the pleasures she wished to give and receive from her creator. Though there was no need for them to sleep, each woman closed her eyes and let her essence drift upon the crackling energy surrounding them all, giving herself over to the renewal of her psychic gifts.

“I think a little play would help our writer get over his hurdle,” Aimitis said and her four sisters opened their eyes. “Perhaps a little vampire play?”

“I believe that would be very entertaining,” Ómra agreed with a nod.

“Then let’s erase what has gone before and start anew,” Rúibín said.

* * * *

Kai woke to find himself sprawled on the cave floor. His flashlight was pointed upward and he was staring at the jagged hole through which he’d fallen. The opening was far above him and he doubted he’d be able to make the climb. Carefully moving his arms and legs, he was amazed he hadn’t broken his back in the fall, but he had landed on the cushion of his backpack and was more in a seated position because of it than lying flat.

“You’re lucky you didn’t break your pelvis,” he mumbled as he sat completely up, pushing the hood of his parka back and sweeping off the watch cap. His hair was wet beneath the heavy wool and plastered tightly to his head. Arming away the sweat, he stuck the flashlight between his legs and shrugged off the backpack, allowing it to fall behind him.

Taking the flashlight from between his knees, he pushed himself to his feet to survey the hole into which he’d fallen. It was roughly ten feet or so in area with craggy walls with limestone blades that looked sharp to the touch. Scaling such a surface would be iffy at best and painful should he scrape his body against the sharp edges. Sweeping the beam of the flashlight over the walls, he found one section that looked as though it might be a break in the solidity of the expanse and walked over to it. Sure enough, it was a small opening set back from the main part of the wall and down its length he could see a glimmer of light at the far end.

But he knew there was no way he could take his backpack with him through the constriction of the opening. It was too bulky. Going back to it, he retrieved the beacon locator, his cell phone, and a bottle of water and went back to the break in the wall. With some effort, he managed to squeeze himself into the opening and began heading toward the light.

“*Resourceful*,” Aimitis whispered to her sisters. They were all above him in their energy forms just skittering along the ceiling of the opening and watching his every move. “*Are you in place Gaing?*”

“Aye.”

The *Seoid* had drawn straws to see who would show herself to their writer first and Gaing had won. Now she waited in the shadows at the far end of the opening.

The closer he came to the end of the opening, the lighter it became. Having turned off the flashlight and stuffed it into one of the deep pockets of his parka along with the beacon locator, cell phone, and bottle of water, he carefully slid one foot slowly ahead of the other, testing the sturdiness of the floor beneath him this time. By the time he reached the end of the opening, he was sweating profusely--from unease as well as the humid air wafting in his face.

Coming out into a large cavern whose dark red walls were stark and rugged with strangely twisted stalactites and fierce looking stalagmites, he was surprised to see a wide stream winding its way along the far side. Its waters an ebon expanse of slow moving liquid, it looked forbidding and dangerous. The light illuminating the cavern came from a chimney that went straight up between two vast columns of stone. Climbing such an inhospitable chimney would be treacherous at best.

Sighing heavily, Kai examined every foot of space into which he'd walked but could see no way to get out of it. He knew he was trapped and the only way out was to use the beacon locator and the cell phone. With his hands on his hips, he let his chin fall to his chest. He could just imagine the chuckles this escapade would cause at the diner in Hot Springs.

"That writer person went and got himself caught in a big hole up in the mountains," he could hear a good old boy chortle. "Went exploring all on his lonesome."

"Stupid city slicker," someone would inject.

Shaking his head from side to side, he sighed again and reached for his phone. The light overhead was lowering and one glance at his watch told him it was mid-afternoon.

"It will not work here."

Kai nearly jumped out of his skin at the whispered words and dropped the cell phone. He spun around, his eyes wide, his heart thudding, but he saw no one there. He dragged breath into his lungs, swallowing the fear suddenly lodged in his throat. Taking out the flashlight, he sprayed its beam all about the cavern but there was no sign of the speaker.

"Where are you?" he asked, turning around in circles.

"Behind you."

He yelped, pivoting around to find himself staring into the shadowed face of the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. She was standing so close to him, he could feel the coldness shimmering from her. Her midnight hair fell about her naked body like a silken cape and when she smiled, pearly white front teeth were bracketed by long, needle sharp fangs that glistened behind her crimson lips. But it was the sanguine red spark in her eyes that made him gasp.

Fear unlike anything he'd ever known reached up to grab his heart and twist. His testicles drew up and he shuddered. He backed away, putting a hand out to ward her off.

"I have been waiting for you, Kai," she told him in a sultry voice that made his cock throb.

Shaking his head, he took another step back, growing more and more frightened as she took a step toward him.

"Don't," he said and kept edging his way toward the opening through which he'd come into this hellish cavern.

She smiled, her ruby red lips glistening. "I want you."

"No," he said, shaking his head. He put a hand behind him to feel for the wall.

"I will have you," she whispered.

Fear was replaced with stark terror as images of some of the scenes he'd created in his Demon Sired series sprang up to taunt him. He had never created a vampiress but the one stalking him now sent images stabbing through his mind that--were they to be written down--would surely entice even the most jaded horror fan. He felt his cock stir.

Risking a glance behind him, he realized the opening to which he'd been moving was no longer there. He sucked in his breath and arched the flashlight beam along the wall, trying to keep the creature slowly closing in on him in his sights, yet desperately searching for the opening. It just wasn't there.

"There is no escaping me, Kai," she said and her pink tongue came out to sweep across her fangs.

He stumbled and found himself falling, the wall behind him sweeping back as though pulled by invisible strings so he would not collide with it. The unreality of the moment, the strangeness of it, made his heart thud heavily in his chest as he crashed to the ground, skidding amid the dust on the floor.

One moment she was standing over him and the next she was laying stretched out above him, her long hair cascading down as her naked body hovered over him like a cloud. He stared up at her with disbelief as she levitated there. He was unable to move, unable to speak, unable to look away from the gloating smile that creased her lovely white face.

With one tilt of her head, his clothing disappeared and he lay there with his shaft as rigid and full and hard as a piece of steel. His legs moved apart, his arms spread, and he stared in horror as the entity above him drew her knees up to her chest and rotated so she was sitting in mid-air. Very slowly, she began descending toward him, her thighs opening as her sex aligned with his and she sank down upon him, his shaft going easily into her sheath.

Kai whimpered and closed his eyes, the only part of him he could consciously move.

"Mine," she said as his cock settled to the very core of her.

Arching her hips then settling against his groin once again, she began to ride him—slowly and methodically at first but as his passion and lust grew along with hers, her pace increased. Bending forward, she ran her long red fingernails over his chest and tweaked his nipples, slashed her tongue across them then nibbled lightly.

Another groan issued from Kai.

"All mine," the vampiress said huskily and leaning farther forward, opened her mouth and sank her fangs into his neck.

With her lower body riding him hard and tight, sliding up and down his shaft relentlessly and gripping him in undulating waves, her fangs clamped into his flesh, Kai felt an orgasm spurt from him that almost made him lose consciousness with the intensity and vibrant pleasure of it. The sensation seemed to go on and on as his cock pulsated and throbbed and burned with lust. One last squirt came from him and he became as loose-jointed and malleable as a piece of overcooked spaghetti. All he could do was groan with the intense delight rocketing through his body.

"Sleep, now, pretty boy," his seducer whispered and lapped her tongue over the twin punctures in his throat.

Falling once more into a deep slumber from which only the *Seoid* could arouse him, Kai McDonough floated away with a fleeting smile on his handsome face.

Chapter Five

Awakening several hours later as the sun started to sink and the light from the chimney began to fade, Kai set up woozily with a hand to his forehead. He stared down at the jeans and sweater that covered him, the tennis shoes from his backpack that now encased his feet.

"How?" he began only to push himself up until his back was to the wall.

Full memory came to him and he remembered the creature that had attacked him, had raped him, and he pulled his knees up into the perimeter of his arms. Though the light was starting to go, he could still see the cavern around him clearly and he thought himself to be totally alone. There was no gorgeous woman lurking, no glowing red eyes peering back at him from the deeper shadows on the rocky room.

"Holy shit," he whispered and his teeth clicked together.

Somehow or other--he thought with growing panic--he had stumbled into something he feared he would never be able to get himself out of. Not once had he ever imagined the lurid tales he spun on his keyboard and that flashed in pixels across his computer screen could bear any semblance to reality and yet here he was and when he put a shaky hand to his neck, he felt the puncture wounds and winced at the soreness of his flesh. The wounds were real and the situation, bizarre though it was, had to be real, as well. It was no sexual wet dream he'd had. He had lived through it.

"Lived through it," he repeated, his forehead crinkled. Had he? Or had she turned him, he wondered as he sat trembling?

More scenes from his own vivid imagination trickled across his mind. He had created the Demon Sired beings that populated his bestselling novels, not once giving a passing thought that they might be based on truth. After all, there were no such things as vampires.

Fingering the wounds on his neck, he knew that was a fallacy he had to correct.

If he lived that long.

Scrambling to his feet at that brutal thought, he looked around for his backpack, somehow knowing it would be within his reach. Sure enough, it was over by the silently rolling black stream. He hurried over, bent down to scoop it up and took it back to the place where he'd been sitting. Just being able to wrap his arms around his backpack seemed to calm him although the sight of his cell phone--crushed into so much plastic and vinyl dust--made him whimper. He knew before he even looked in the pockets of his parka that the locator beacon would not be there and it wasn't.

"You are going to die here, McDonough," he said and tears moistened his eyes.

"No, you're not."

Kai didn't flinch as he lifted his head and turned it toward the sound of this new voice. The sight which greeted him made his cock leap in his jeans.

She had blond hair that swept the ground in thick waves. Her amber eyes with the bright red pupils and the swirling, twisting black lines in the whites stood out in a face that was even more beautiful than that of the woman who had ravished him so thoroughly.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Ómra," she said and came toward him, her bare feet making no sound, her lush naked body as alluring as a siren's call, beckoning him to touch, to conquer.

"Are you one of them?"

She smiled to show him her fangs and he groaned. She lifted her arm and waved her hand and his clothing was gone. Just like that.

He squeezed his eyes shut. "Are you going to rape me, too?"

"Rape is such a hateful word," she said, coming to squat down beside him. He could smell the sweet musk wafting from between her legs and his cock grew instantly hard. "Gaing didn't rape you, dearling. She merely initiated you."

"Gaing?" he repeated.

"My sister," she replied and smiled. "One of my sisters. You will get to know each of us in turn."

"And have you nibble my neck?" he asked, his handsome face stony. "Drink my blood? Make me into a creature of the night like you?"

A silver laugh tinkled from the lovely woman's throat and she gave him a look much as a mother would a wayward child. "Kai," she said. "We are not creatures of the night. We are creatures of the cave. Sunlight does not harm us."

He became aware of a glow within the cavern that did not come from the chimney overhead for the light had completely vanished there. The glow was a soft lime color that seemed to emanate from the rocks in a phosphorescent radiance. He was amazed that he could see her and the surroundings so clearly.

"You've turned me," he said, his voice filled with despair.

"It takes more than a little nip to turn you, Kai," she said with a laugh and before he could make away from her, she took his hand and brought it to her lush breast. "Feel the warmth of my body? Do you still believe me one of the Undead?"

Her flesh was soft and warm and so firm beneath his palm that it made his hand itch to caress her. He wanted nothing more than to massage that abundant globe and suck the nipple into his mouth.

"Taste me," she said and leaned forward until her breast was at his lip.

Without a single protest he bent his head to that offered bud and drew it between his teeth, running the tip of his tongue over it. Her flesh tasted of honey, and he closed his eyes as he drew on that delicious little nub.

Ómra threaded her fingers through his hair as he suckled her then bent her head and sank her teeth into the other side of his neck.

Kai flinched but found he could not move away. She had impaled him and was drawing his blood gently until he became lightheaded from the taking. When she'd had her fill, she pushed him down and slid her body onto his, using him in the same way her sister had, but with a gentleness that calmed him. He found himself drifting on a heated cloud of pure lust. When he came inside her, the rush was just as powerful and just as intense as when he'd spilled himself into her sister Gaing. He shuddered with delight as the last spasm shook him.

"You women are draining me," he complained but the thought didn't alarm him as much as he knew it should have.

"Close your eyes," she said, reaching up to draw the pads of her fingers over his face. "Rest and refill that glorious cock."

Once more he drifted off to some special place the women had prepared for him and he slept until he felt insistent lips drawing upon his cock.

Lifting his head, he looked down to see a spectacular woman with silver hair suckling his flesh. She was staring at him with lavender eyes that were all-knowing, all-seeing. Her beauty was so stunning he felt the beauty of it to his very soul. The sweet pucker of her red lips as they slid down his staff was so mesmerizing he felt as though he were a firefly caught in amber.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

She pulled her lips from his throbbing flesh. "Amitis," she replied. Sliding her shapely body over his, she turned, pulling him over her and opening her thighs wide to accommodate his lower body. "Take me, Kai."

He was as hard as the stone around him and when he nudged her legs farther apart, he slipped into her velvety warmth like a hot blade through butter. As soon as he was seated deep within her, her legs came up to wrap around his waist and her beautiful breasts pushed against his chest. She clamped her arms around him as well and held him to her.

"You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he said, looking down into her lavender eyes with the pinpoint red pupils.

Her smile was beguiling and totally female. "I am happy I please you." She writhed beneath him. "I would like your shaft buried to the hilt within me."

Kai put a hand to his throbbing cock and slid it wetly along her warm sex. "Are you going to take my blood when I do?"

Aimitis arched her hips, eager for his penetration. "Aye."

"I don't want to be one of you," he said. The head of his swollen member was paused at the opening of her channel

"You will not be," she said. "Within our saliva is a very potent aphrodisiac. Drinking your blood is just as powerful to us as our venom is to you. It is a reciprocal thing, seanchaí, not something to cause concern for you."

"Venom," he repeated. "Venom is defined as a toxin secreted by some animals, snakes and various insects. Toxin is a poisonous substance. On my world, the words venom and toxin don't equate with aphrodisiac, which is a drug to stimulate sexual desire."

The *Seoid* nodded. "Did you not have strong sexual desires when my sisters Gaing and Ómra came to you?"

"Yes, but ..."

"And you are still alive and thriving, are you not?"

His eyes narrowed. "For now, but who's to say I won't succumb to your venom and either die or turn into a blood-sucking cave creature?"

"Because I tell you that you won't," she said, putting a hand to his cheek and caressing him. "Because I tell you our venom is not toxic and that it is to heighten your pleasure, not detract from it."

Kai knew he was at the mercy of this woman and her sisters. He was trapped in the caves with no obvious way out. They were giving him one hell of an experience, weren't hurting him that he could tell, and he felt fine. Being honest with himself, he had to admit he felt better than fine. He felt strong and relaxed.

"Are you going to keep me here?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "You will return to your home."

"As what?" he countered. "One of you?"

She laughed and pushed her hand up his forehead to stroke his hair back. "Sweet man," she said. "You could never be one of us. The *Seoid* are female and we are not of either your race or your galaxy for that matter. We can not turn you into one of us even if that were our desire. We are here to gift you with words, with images, with ideas that will expand your mind. We are not here to harm but to help."

He frowned. "Help me how?"

"To get over the blockage that has kept you from spinning your tales," she said gently. "To give you incentive to create. To allow you to experience entirely new ideas from which you

can draw your marvelous tales.” She trailed her fingers down his neck. “We are your Muses.”

His cock hardened even more at her words and he pressed a bit deeper into her. “You are telling the truth?” he asked, searching her eyes.

“I am telling you the truth,” she whispered and lifted her head.

Kai closed his eyes as she dragged her tongue over the pulsing vein running down his neck. He barely reacted when her fangs pierced it. His reaction was to push his cock into her, for at the moment he felt her suckling his blood, a wild surge of lust shot through him.

The ride was hard and wet and as deep as he could thrust. His hips rocked hers, his cock slamming savagely into her sheath. Her fingernails were digging into his back; his were digging into the plumpness of her firm ass, his bare toes digging furrows in the dirt as he drove into her. When he climaxed, it was to the same supersensitive sensation that shot through him like liquid fire until every pore in his body seemed alive with desire. Shooting into her welcoming channel, he pushed hard one last time then lay still as the last pulses from his shaft rippled away inside her.

“That makes three of you,” he said, collapsing so his cheek lay against her breast. “There’s one more, right?”

“No,” she said as she stroked his damp hair. “You are thinking of the traditional Muses. We are not Them.”

“How many more are there of you, then?”

“Two,” she answered as she smoothed his hair, ran her palm down his back and along his lean flanks. “Rúibín and Saifír.”

“Are they as lovely as you?”

“Lovelier,” she told him. “And younger.”

He yawned. “Okay.” And with her silent command he once again plunged into a restful, rejuvenating sleep that would last him the rest of the night.

Around him the *Seoid* kept silent vigil, watching over him as he lay on his side with his head on his outstretched arm, one leg crooked to hide the temptation of his shaft from their eager view.

“So very handsome,” Rúibín said with a sigh.

“For him, I would almost give up immortality,” Saifír said. She smiled. “Almost.”

“Spin him a tale, ladies. Weave your webs as he sleeps so we can gift him with the stories when he wakes,” Aimitis encouraged them. “Make them intense and give them the rich color of blood for that is how he writes.” Her lovely nose crinkled. “And include steamy sex so he will enjoy writing the story and have fond memories of us.”

“Are you going to allow him to come visit us again?” Rúibín questioned.

“No, but we could go visit him,” Aimitis replied. “Under the cover of night.” She looked around her. “This is something that has not come up until now.”

“We have had none who are as handsome and virile as this one,” Gaing reminded her.

“Well, then are there those of you who would wish to revisit with Kai McDonough?” The other four women immediately raised their hands and Aimitis nodded. “As would I. So it is settled. We will remain with our seanchaí for as long as he desires us.”

Chapter Six

When next Kai woke, bright sunlight was floating on streams from the chimney high above him. He lay on his air mattress and knew he'd not been the one who had inflated it. Though he was naked, he was not cold, for there was a lightweight blanket covering him from the waist down. He stretched, yawned, and sat up, looking around for the next woman who would come to seduce him.

She was sitting on a boulder beside the sluggishly moving black stream. Her long hair fell almost to the floor and was a deep, rich brown but he couldn't tell the color of her eyes, for she was sitting partially in shadow.

"I am Saifir," she told him and he knew her eyes would be a deep, vibrant shade of blue.

Getting gracefully to her feet, she came toward him without a stitch of clothing to hide her magnificent body. His attention was caught and held by her large breasts that were tipped with dusky plump nipples. The sweet triangle at the base of her belly was spiked with what appeared to be glitter.

Kai felt his groin tighten as she knelt down on the air mattress with her long legs slightly parted.

"Would you like to take me from behind?" she asked, her beautiful eyes crawling over his bare chest.

He swallowed. "I've never done that before," he said.

She reached out to lay a hand over the bulge that had suddenly appeared beneath the light blanket. "Then perhaps it is time you experienced the sensation." She caressed him. "Don't you think?"

Groaning as her slender fingers manipulated his turgid flesh, he wanted to throw himself on her and ravish her. Her hips were wide and shapely and her thighs looked very strong. Like her sisters, she had not a spare ounce of fat on her seductive body and her scent--of warmed honey--filled his nostrils to make his cock throb with need.

She tossed aside the blanket then turned so she could present him with her smooth flanks, the soft temptation of her plump ass. Shifting her thighs farther apart, she looked back over her shoulder at him. "Take me, my seanchaí."

Kai was not a small man and he had always been proud of the fact his cock was long and thick. He hesitated thrusting into her for fear he might hurt her. "Saifir, I don't think ..."

"Nay, Seanchaí, don't think," she countered. "Do." She wriggled her luscious butt at him.

Unable to resist that alluring enticement, he got to his knees and positioned himself behind her. "Are you sure?" he asked. "I'm not average size."

She pressed back, the cleft of her ass luring him. "I'm not an average woman, either," she replied.

Biting his bottom lip, Kai took his cock in his hand and pressed it to her opening. He was breathing heavily, for this was something he wasn't even sure he wanted to try. He had always been a fastidious man and ...

"I will clean you when we are finished," she said as though she'd read his mind. "I brought soap and water."

His cock was burning with the need to push into her. It wanted to know her in that way and before he could gainsay the cautionary fellow within him, he eased into her orifice and sucked in a breath. She was so tight, so silky along his length that he felt himself grow even

harder inside her.

“Good,” she said on a long drawl. “Now slide in and out, my seanchaí.”

He couldn’t have kept from doing so even under threat of having his balls smashed with a hammer. Before he knew what he was about, he was ramming into her with quick little jerks then long, velvety glides that set his blood to humming. Though she had not sunk her fangs into his neck he must still have some of her sisters’ venom bubbling through his veins for he was on fire with a lust that totally controlled him.

It wasn’t until he felt the hands on his shoulders, the soft fall of hair on his back that he realized the fifth sister had arrived. He drew in a breath, knowing full well she was about to bite him. When the piercing came, he felt the need in his cock double, and he began frantically thrusting inside Saifir’s tight little hole. The Seoid behind him had her fingers on his nipples and was squeezing them, pulling at them, twisting them, pinching them until he burst like a dam and cried out with the force of his climax, his hot juices spraying into Saifir like a jet stream.

Hanging his head as the last spurt drained from him, he rested his forehead on Saifir’s curved back. He was dragging in short, shallow breaths and his heart was pounding in his chest.

“You women are going to give me a heart attack,” he said, feeling his shrinking shaft pull free of the *Seoid’s* lush body.

The woman behind him was smoothing her hands over his shoulders, massaging his neck muscles and when she slipped a hand to his forehead and pulled him back, she held him braced against her bare body.

“We are merely pleasuring you, Seanchaí,” she said. “We will allow not harm to come to you.”

Saifir moved away from him and back to the boulder upon which she’d been sitting. She returned with a basin of water and soft fleecy rag. Hunkering down in front of him, she took his shrunken shaft in her soft hands and bathed it gently.

“Such a glorious weapon you wield, Seanchaí,” she said as she worked.

“I can not wait to have it inside me,” the woman behind him stated. Her hands roved over his shoulders and down his chest, her fingers threading through the wiry hairs that grew there.

“My sister’s name is Rúibín,” Saifir told him.

“What are you really?” he asked, reveling in the warm hands on his chest and the gentle hands on his cock.

“We are Seoid,” Rúibín replied.

“But what does that mean?” he asked. His writer’s mind was coming alive with a thousand questions to which he needed answers.

“It is an ancient word which means jewel.”

“Aimitis means amethyst, Ómra means amber, Rúibín is ruby, Gaing is jet, and my name means sapphire.”

“Jewels,” he repeated. “That you truly are.”

Saifir got to her feet and took the basin of water away. She returned to her seat on the boulder and sat down, her chin cupped in her palm.

He knew when he turned he would find another beautiful woman behind him and he was not disappointed. Her hair was a color that fascinated him for it reminded him vividly of ripe pomegranates. Looking into her deep rose colored eyes with the fiery red pupils, he shivered.

“Do I disgust you?” she asked, her lovely face crinkling.

“No,” he breathed, reaching out to cup her cheek. “You are more than lovely. You are

perfection.”

The Seoid smiled. “Then you will not mind taking my body?”

He trailed his fingers down her neck until he could mold his palm on her beautiful breast. “I would be honored to pleasure you, Rúibín,” he said.

He moved over her, wanting to taste the sweetness of her flesh. He drew her nipple into his mouth and suckled her like a new born, closing his eyes to the taste. He flicked his tongue over that straining pap and then gave the other nipple just as much attention. He put a hand to each breast and drew them together so he could lap his tongue along the deep cleavage then alternate lapping each turgid peak. He lightly worried those sweet nipples with his teeth until she was writhing beneath him, her hips arching up in silent entreaty for the hard as rock shaft that dragged along her soft belly.

He did homage to her navel, sweeping the tip of his tongue inside, around it, and over it before he moved down to place gentle kisses on her sleek, hairless mound. He knelt between her legs and eased back the folds of her cunt to lick his way along those sweet petals. He slid back the hood of her clitoris and swirled his tongue over the swollen nub. He tasted her. He probed her with his tongue and he slowly and tenderly slid his hands beneath her thighs, her ass, to lift her closer to his questing mouth. He drew on her honeyed juices and lapped at her sex until she was moaning, her hands buried in the folds of his blanket, her head whipping back and forth as he devoured her.

When he became aware of the other four women standing around him he would never know but their presence seemed to spur him on as he continued his feast on Rúibín’s willing body. They lent a delicious sinfulness to the mix that turned him on as nothing ever had before. His cock was burning with a need to sink into each and every one of their cunts, to plunder and ravish, to ravage and loot their tempting treasures.

He pushed Rúibín’s thighs up to her chest and stabbed his tongue into her silken slit. He lapped at the puckered hole of her ass and delved a ways inside.

“Kai!” he heard her call out and the one word was a pleading he could not ignore.

He slipped two fingers into her moist channel and then a third. He rotated as he pushed into her and his lips settled around her clit. She came in a rush of honey that he caught upon his tongue.

“In me!” she breathed, undulating her hips. “I want you in me!”

He obliged her with a long, hard thrust that made her cry out with the force of it. She clamped her legs around his hips and locked her heels, one silken round heel digging into the cleft of his ass as she held him.

The women had moved closer to him and he felt their hands on his shoulders, his back, his rump, and legs. They were stroking him and one was bending close to his face. The moment her fangs drove into his neck, he increased the speed and depth of his thrusts into Rúibín’s sultry body. He slammed into her. He pummeled her and he felt her fingernails digging into his shoulders, drawing blood that one of her sisters lapped away with a hot, little tongue.

She came again—hard and long with tight little squeezes that reverberated along his rod. He felt her wetness, her juices flooding her, making her slick.

He drove hard into her, striving for the release that was building in his groin. His shaft was throbbing, on fire with a pulsating need that nearly drove him mad. He was as randy as a teenage boy and just as eager to reach that intense nirvana. With their hands all over him he was panting with the effort to come.

A soft, cool hand cupped his balls and lightly kneaded him. Two other hands reached

under his chest to tweak his nipples.

“Damn!” he shouted, grinding his teeth as still another of the sisters touched him—this time to slip an oiled finger into his anus. She pressed hard.

With his head thrown back, he came like the proverbial race horse with a punishing thrust that stilled and held tight against Rúibín’s womb as wave after delicious wave of pleasure trilled through him and his cock leapt and leapt and leapt, his juices spurted and spurted and spurted.

He flexed inside her one last time then his shaking arms gave out and he fell on her, breathing hard, gasping for breath, sweat glistening on his brow. He barely felt them turning him over, felt hands cleaning his shaft then covering him once again with the blanket.

“Sleep, pretty one,” he heard Aimitis say. “When you awake, we will truly rock your world.”

He smiled as the dark ripples of dreamland’s lithesome waters enclosed him in a safe, warm cocoon. As he slept, old fairy tales and the folklore of their home world drifted through his mind like silk from a dandelion’s clock. The soft fine filaments settled into the fertile soil of his writer’s consciousness and took root—morphing into images more in tune with his particular genius and rearranging themselves into words that would one day flow from his fingertips onto the pixels of a computer screen and then into the print of a bestselling novel.

* * * *

It was the most incredible thing he’d ever known.

Ómra sat on his cock and rocked as Saifír knelt above him, her velvet moist sex straddling his face. Ruibin lay to one side of him and Aimitis to the other, their hands swirling complicated little patterns on his heated flesh. Gaing was massaging his feet and her hands were so warm and so gentle yet plied him with deep rubs that had turned all but his cock boneless.

“Come for me, Seanchaí,” Ómra commanded. “Come for your woman.”

And he did only to have her remove herself from his shaft and Gaing replace her there. Already he was as stiff as petrified wood.

“I don’t understand this. How can I get hard so quickly?” he asked, breathing in the warm scent of Saifír’s slick cunt.

“All things are possible with the *Seoid*,” Aimitis told him. “You are dreaming, my love.”

Then he hoped to the gods he never woke up because the things these women were doing to him and with him had to be illegal somewhere and if it wasn’t, it should be. He had never felt so satiated and yet so fulfilled in his entire life.

For the remainder of the day and long into the night they took turns riding him and presenting their luscious bodies for him to use in any way he wished. He tasted each of them and compared the tang of their honeyed juices. They writhed together on the air mattress. He took them standing up against the stone wall. He took them bent over the rock by the ebony stream, their long hair hanging like streamers by their lovely faces. Leading him through a passageway he hadn’t known was there, they took him in the crystal waters of a warm pool and beneath the cascading stream of the waterfall. He fucked them on land and in the water, in every orifice they possessed and all the while, he had the stamina of a man half his thirty-four years. His cock never seemed to wilt nor did it ever seem to tire. He was a walking, talking sex machine that did its job admirably.

When the last of the sun’s rays disappeared from the opening high in the cavern, they let him flop down on the air mattress on his belly. He was drained. He was spent. He had run a course full-out and was exhausted. His arms flung out, his legs spread, his hair tousled and

hanging in his eyes, one of the *Seoid* straddled his back and sat on his rump, leaning forward to begin a slow and steady deep tissue massage of his aching, fatigued back muscles. Another ran her fingers through his hair to gently massage his scalp, two more sat by his legs to knead his feet, paying particular attention to his soles. With their delightful, knowing hands moving in tandem, he fell asleep.

“He’s a tired little warrior, isn’t he?” Gaing whispered.

“Poor baby,” Saifir said with a sigh. “We’ve worn him out.”

“So now we take care of our gallant lover,” Ómra stated.

Epilogue

The sun was setting as Kai McDonough sat beside the sweeping mullioned windows that overlooked the pristine meadows upon which snow was gently falling. For miles the ground was covered with a deep blanket of the fluffy crystals and the trees were coated in mantles of white. Everything was completely quiet in his home except for the clicking as his fingers flew over the infrared keyboard linked to his computer.

He was beginning a tale and so eager to put word to screen he could hardly contain himself. It was a chore simply to sit still. The title of the piece was yet to be decided but the series would be an extension of his beloved Demon Sired saga and, unknown to him at that moment, would one day win him glowing reviews, long-sought awards, and a hefty seven figure advance for the motion picture rights.

Images and words, thoughts and introspection appeared letter by letter on the screen as he created. He barely glanced at the keyboard as he typed. There was no need. He knew every key by touch. His mind was moving faster than his fingers could type and there would be many typos and mistakes he would need to correct but the ideas, the creation would be there.

“Stately and tall with midnight hair that fell in shimmering waves to her shapely ankles, her body was as pale as freshly drawn milk, like fine porcelain cast without imperfections, revealing nothing that might detract for the elegance of her being. Like warm honey her scent came to me on a cloud of intoxicating vapors that wrapped me up within it and held me tight, unable to break free. Her beauty drew me like a magnet, but it was her alien eyes the color of deep rose quartz with crimson pupils that held me spellbound ...”

Memories of the lush bodies into which he’d thrust himself rose up to give him the details of the character he was fashioning. Drawing from Rúibín’s alien eyes and Gaing’s ebony tresses but giving that silken hair the length of Saifir’s, he began creating a composite female that could be any man’s wet dream. He gave her the exquisite beauty of Aimitis and the sultry allure of Ómra, combining the best of each to style the perfect woman.

“Where she touched me, my flesh tingled and my cock hardened to steel. I burned for wanting her. I ached to possess her. I trembled at the need that flashed through me like molten lava ...”

His hands paused on the keyboard and he turned his eyes to the snowy landscape beyond the window. The light was fading rapidly and the falling snow was almost mesmerizing, drawing him, calling to him to come outside and let it flutter to his tongue, to coat his hair and eyelashes, to caress his fevered body. It took an effort to pull himself away from the thrall of the crystals, the taunting jewels, and return his attention to the book.

“Her lips were like ripe cherries and when she smiled, the reveal of her needle sharp fangs took away my breath and I stepped back, putting distance between us, but with the caress of her cool hand on my cheek, I stilled, unable to move.

“She moved closer, her warm breath on my neck sending shivers up and down my spine. Her tongue flicked against the steady beat of my carotid artery and I trembled ...”

Once more his eyes drifted to the window and his fingers stilled on the keyboard. The sky was a deep gray, almost black, and he could no longer see the falling snow. He didn’t need to. He knew it was there, waiting for him. He cocked his head to one side, for the wind now was sighing outside the pane, skirling along the eaves and it was a low, mournful sound that made him ache, made his cock leap.

They were coming. He could feel them. He could sense them and he sat back in his chair, his hands falling to his lap. He closed his eyes and listened to the wind.

He felt her warm breath against his neck ...

The End