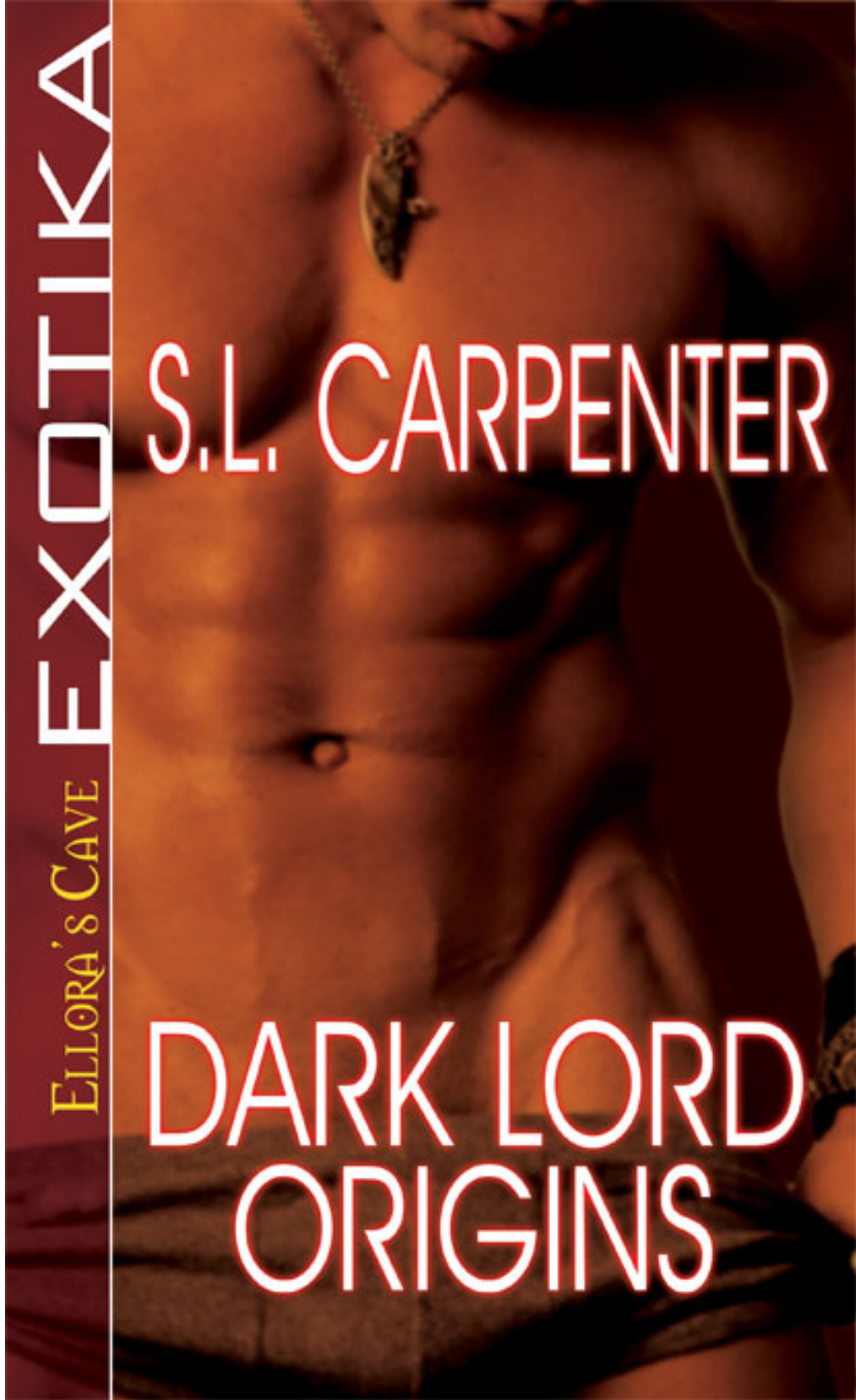


ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

S.L. CARPENTER

DARK LORD
ORIGINS



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Dark Lord Origins

ISBN # 9781419909474

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Edited by Mary Moran.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: February 2007

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DARK LORD ORIGINS

S.L. Carpenter

Dedication

This story has been with me for years.

My friends have asked me to tell this story.

One woman encouraged me to tell it *my way*.

Thank you, Partner.

Chapter One

Claudia

You can't hide, Claudia. I will always find you.

Claudia ignored the dark whisper at the back of her mind and laughed as she sat with her friends at the nightclub. It was bouncing and vividly alive. The place had its own heartbeat, filling everyone with its pulse. But his words still echoed in her mind.

In her own way, Claudia had become alive lately. Her personality had been awoken by an experience she kept secret. Her girlfriends noticed a newfound zest for life and now wanted to be around her instead of shunning her as a solitary soul with nothing to offer.

But that had all changed the night she met *him*.

"I need another drink. Be right back." Claudia walked toward the central bar and ordered an apple martini. She looked across the surface and saw an attractive man looking her way. Her façade of shyness peeled away and the flirtatious inner slut took over. With a wink she caught the man's attention. She also noticed him gaining the bartender's attention and motioning that he was buying her the drink.

The man picked up his glass and held it high as if to toast her. She responded and smiled.

Claudia was on fire.

She turned to take a sip of her drink and not seem too anxious. Her eyes scanned the club and froze on a reddened, glowing stare.

"Oh fuck." She spun around, becoming stiff and suddenly terrified. Her mind raced as someone pried inside her subconscious.

He was there.

Sitting in the corner. His gaze cut through the smoky air, glaring straight through to her soul.

She felt the instant wetness between her legs. This man made her lose control with a simple look. Claudia had her share of worthless relationships. Men would come and go, usually coming before her.

She brought her hand to her face. With her eyes closed, she began to shake and a cocoon of warmth enveloped her. He was invading her mind again. Claudia was helpless as his voice began to talk to her.

She heard him as if he were standing right beside her. *I told you that after you let me in, your soul belongs to me.*

"Don't... I said no." Her eyes closed tighter but the voice continued to beckon her to his needs. Carnal needs. Sexual urges with boundless pleasure.

Her long straight hair waved slightly as she bent her head downward, facing the source of this dark craving. A tumbling wave caressed her spine. Quickly followed by a chill of coldness making her moan. She grabbed the bar and gasped, feeling a hot clamp on her wet pussy. Like the strong hand of a man grabbing her cunt, it made her shudder and fear wove into her heart.

"Stop doing this." She was still answering the voice in her head. "No, no, no. I can't again. Not here, not now," she answered him, not knowing she was speaking aloud.

Clutching the long, thick wooden edge of the bar, Claudia felt her cheeks flush as her body burned with arousal. She begged him, "I can't do this. Stop, *stop*." Her eyes glazed with passion and her breath quickened.

"You gave it to me. I just..." Crossing her legs, she leaned over, bending at the waist.

Losing her grip on reality, she turned toward the man at the table, long strands of her hair falling down the lines of her face. She saw him sitting alone. An aura of heat surrounded him.

His table was small, holding half a bottle of rum and a shot glass. Beautiful women walked by and sighed, captured by his masculine vibrations. But his eyes were fixed on Claudia. She knew why but didn't care. Inside she was salivating at the thought of him, her cunt drooling and eager to feel him again.

He sat motionless. But that glare. The wicked, tantalizing, powerful stare cut to the bone and made her blood boil with a lustful heat. He understood and fulfilled her every need.

The mystery of him was what had attracted her before. That and the first time she saw the flicker of light on that large, golden medallion he had hanging around his neck. He wasn't wearing it now because she had taken the medallion and hidden it so he would belong to only her.

"Get your fucking fingers out of me. Oh fuck, oh, oh *fuck*."

The other customers at the bar glanced at her and laughed at how she seemed so out of it. Except for one guy – the one who bought her the drink.

"You okay? I'm Joe. I bought you the drink." He stared as she held one hand on the bar and the other pressed at her pelvis. "Shit, you seem pretty fuckin' hot."

"Get me out of here. He's going to take me again. I can't handle him tonight." Claudia was breathless and desperate.

Jackpot. Joe's face made his thoughts clear. He figured he had found a sure thing for the night. "Well, baby, my place is really close by. We can –"

"She's mine." The deep voice was just above a whisper and sent a wave of pleasure through Claudia.

"Hey, asshole, I got first dibs." As Joe turned, all he saw was shoulders and a neck like a tree. The long black hair hung loose and shadowed the face above it. Swallowing, Joe stepped back and the huge, dark man glared at him, his eyes revealing a strange flash of red.

"Well, uh...have fun..." In a flash Joe had left.

Claudia fell into the man's arms and bit at his shoulder. "Damn you, fucking *damn* you. How did you find me?" She was limp and weak and the man helped her walk away from the bar.

Stopping for a moment, the man pulled Claudia closer, bringing her mouth to his.

Claudia stifled back a moan when their lips met. His tongue pried her mouth open and the heat from his kiss melted her heart. She shivered as her pussy became engorged with wetness. He had her again.

"No, no, I'm so sore from last night—I can't." Claudia's words fell on deaf ears. She knew she had taken something from him and she would pay the price.

He led her by the arm toward the restrooms. She was a kept woman, following his demands. With an abrupt push, he swung the VIP-only restroom door open. A woman stood inside, obviously shocked at the sight of a massively muscular male specimen filling the doorway. Her eyes seemed to be dragging his image into her mind. Every inch of him. Every inch. The woman blinked in disbelief as she looked down at the outline of his cock in his leather pants.

He held firm on to Claudia with his right hand. He bent closer to the woman and brushed his nose against hers, letting his black hair flow against her face. Parting his lips, he kissed the space between her jaw and below her earlobe. The woman stood motionless.

With a shudder the woman closed her eyes, her face heating with a soft and surprising sensuality.

Claudia watched as he whispered something to her. His words weren't spoken aloud but she knew the woman would hear them.

He traced the back of the woman's ear with the tip of his tongue and pulled away.

The woman sighed and smiled. "Nobody enters." She licked her lips and looked back up into his eyes. The rush of pleasure flowing through her body was almost visible on her skin. She shivered and began to giggle.

With a tug, he pulled Claudia behind him through the door and let it swing shut.

* * * * *

Claudia's face pressed against the cold marble of the counter. It clouded with every whoosh of her breath.

Each jarring thrust into her hot, swollen cunt sent her closer to the eventual edge of her reality. She smiled and whimpered from the invasive nature of this primal claiming. There was no love here, just pure sex. Total domination and surrender to her needs. He grabbed her hips and began to grunt each time he plunged into her.

Her breasts crashed against the countertop of the sink. All she could do was hang on as her legs buckled, trying in vain to hold the weight of her body.

He reached over and turned the faucet on, splashing water onto Claudia's back and shirt. He pulled the wet fabric up and raked his fingers down her back to her waist. The water soothed the fire from his hands as they stretched and grazed her tender flesh.

"Turn around. I want to see your face when I fuck you." His words cut to her soul. There was nothing except the blunt honesty of his intentions. He pulled his cock out from her cunt, freeing her.

Claudia struggled to turn over. She sat on the cold, wet counter in the bathroom, her back against the mirror. "Why are you doing this to me again?"

Grabbing each of her wrists, he pulled his belt free of the tight leather pants that hung open. His large erect cock glistened with Claudia's juices. He began to wrap her hands together and with a hard pull, he bound her wrists tightly.

"You know why. You want me to. You always want me to. That's why you held me captive and a slave to your darkest, kinkiest wants." Again he spoke the truth.

Claudia gasped as he pulled her bound hands up high and tied the other end of the binding to the pipes above. Her body was now exposed, defenseless and wanton.

“You took the medallion from me. We had an agreement. I gave it to you until it was time for me to go. We talked about my leaving last night then you hid it from me. It belongs to me and I want it back.”

With Claudia’s arms stretched skyward, she realized her breasts were an invitation to his hands. He kneaded her full globes of flesh through her blouse. The nipples were erect and sensitive to the thumbs toying with them. “You knew who I was when you dreamed for me to come to you.”

Claudia opened her legs wider and struggled to move her torso to meet his. The memories of her fantasies only deepened her need to feel him.

With a low growl, he grasped at Claudia’s shirt and ripped it open. The buttons fell across the counter and she began to breathe quickly, terrified and excited.

He reached down and grabbed his cock, still swollen and slick. Teasing Claudia, he tapped the wide head against the wet folds of her pussy. He pressed the end to the pink opening of her cunt, letting it spread her inner lips apart.

Claudia groaned, wanting to feel it inside her again. She tried to move lower but couldn’t. Her bindings were stretched and making her arms hurt.

She looked up at his face. That dark, beautifully handsome face.

He stared at her body like an animal about to devour its prey.

“What? Just tell me. What the fuck are you planning to do to me?” She was becoming desperate.

Looking up at Claudia’s face through the dark strands of his hair, he said, “I told you. Since you took something sacred from me, I will take all of you as my captive. You will be mine.” He licked his lips with his long, thick tongue and gazed back down upon Claudia’s bare pussy.

“I could fuck you every night and never grow weary of you.”

Leaning forward, he kissed Claudia’s mouth. It was a surprising kiss, soft and gentle.

She kissed him back, accepting his tongue into her mouth. The sweet, hot taste of him was like a drug she had become addicted to. As his tongue entered her mouth, his cock began to enter her wet pussy.

This was nothing like what she'd expected from him. She couldn't hold him because she was bound but her entire body felt encased by his kiss. His hands pulled upward along her sides until he cupped her breasts in his palms. This was a sensual possession instead of the ferocious domination she had become accustomed to and expected. His huge cock kept sinking deeper and deeper into her. Each inch filling her to the point of explosion.

Her wrists ached from his weight leaning onto her. She wrapped her legs around his waist, letting him bury his cock farther until his pelvis hit her body.

A cold brush of air surrounded the two of them.

Pulling back, he stared at Claudia and she saw his eyes redden like the lava of a volcano. "I just want the medallion back. It's all I have left to remember who I am. It calls to me and I could just take it, but I want you to give it back willingly. You understood that our time together was purely physical. This is who I am."

The swirl of coldness encased both Claudia and the man. As he began to pull his cock from its depth inside her, Claudia felt her body convulsing in orgasmic waves. Over and over she came. Her body started to thrash and her head fell backward, hanging loosely. She was overwhelmed with the pleasure and overcome with her body's loss of energy.

"I just couldn't bear sharing you. You belong to me and made me see the woman I could be. I couldn't bear giving you away to another." She began to cry as emotions of sadness and pleasure swelled within her. "Nobody knows about you or the medallion. It's in my purse. Nobody knows...nobody except Alyson."

"I've never lied to you, Claudia. Are you telling me the truth?" His tone rang deep and rough.

Finally pulling his cock free from her pussy, the cold swirl built into a small tornado. Looking between them, she saw his cock thicken and throb as it withdrew. Each inch he pulled back, she fought him, fought with the walls of her cunt, gripping on to him, not wanting to let him go.

"Yes. I know you're here because I asked you to be with me." Her breathing was labored and she felt weak. "I hope you find her. I wish I were her..." Claudia struggled to hold on to her consciousness but finally she surrendered.

He looked at her as she hung motionless, a few twitches in the muscles of her legs hanging off the counter.

Stepping back, he reached to his hips and pulled his pants up, ignoring the glow of energy surrounding him. Then he reached up and released the belt from the pipes above Claudia.

He propped her up and tried to straighten her clothes out a bit. She was limp and lifeless, dangling from his arms like a smiling doll. It took a few moments for Claudia to slowly come back from the euphoric place she had been in.

A breeze stirred the air behind him. He turned to see the traces of a woman's hair through the slit of the door as it closed.

"Fuck." Someone had seen them. He picked Claudia up and held her close. For a brief moment he showed compassion. He would never hurt her—ever. Pausing, he gazed toward the door. "Someone is taking the medallion from your bag, Claudia."

Walking out, he saw the woman he'd told to guard them sitting outside in the small hallway, rubbing her head. He sat Claudia next to her and brushed his hand over her head.

"I'm sorry. Somebody hit me over the head with a purse or something. She took off that way." The woman pointed toward the bar and the table where Claudia's friends were sitting.

"Alyson, it had to be Alyson," Claudia mumbled.

“Who is she?” The question stirred Claudia and woke her even more.

“Alyson Mendez is a reporter and she’s got a knack with people. She’s the type who has to know everything. She’ll nudge and pester me for secrets. If there’s something she wants to know, she’ll find a way to get the information.” Claudia yawned.

He didn’t need to know much more. Claudia had something this Alyson didn’t. Obviously she wanted it.

“Find out why she took it. I’ll come back to you tomorrow.” He looked to see Claudia nodding in agreement.

He lifted the older woman’s head, staring into her eyes. “Help my friend get back to her table.” The dark man brushed the woman’s cheek, causing her to shudder and clench her legs together tightly. She giggled and kept her eyes locked with his. “Remember nothing of me.” His voice faded away as he disappeared into the darkness of the club.

Chapter Two

Alyson

In every cemetery, there is always a feeling of dampness and cold. In this particular one, a large figure stood motionless next to an old oak tree. He was in shadows but his presence could be felt by all who passed. Pain filled the air around him.

The cemetery caretaker waited beside the gate. It was time to do his final rounds before closing but he wanted to let this man pay his respects. The caretaker had seen him there before. He watched as the man placed what looked like a rose onto a grave.

He turned to grab his bag for the loose trash then glanced back to the place by the tree. The man had gone. Wandering toward the tree, slowly collecting bits of food wrappers and a few stray petals of flowers, he stopped for a moment where he had seen the man. The aching pain was still there, still residing so strongly that the caretaker felt it. He looked down to see the red rose laying on the small gravestone.

Here lies Kelly Hearth. Taken too soon, April 20, 1980 – August 9. There was no year of rest.

“Holy shit!” The caretaker noticed it was today’s date.

* * * * *

Alyson stood in the dimly lit lobby of the hotel, waiting for him to arrive. Her hands shook as she tried to take a calming puff on her cigarette. Nervousness and excitement filled her body. This was more than just a meeting with a sexual god. This was her chance to really take advantage of her journalistic talent. Another look at her watch and thirty more minutes of puffing and pacing went by.

He was a no-show. *Fucking bastard. I made sure Claudia told him six o'clock.* She stubbed her cigarette into the sand of the ashtray and blew out a plume of smoke, seriously pissed off.

A quick trip up the elevator and she was at her door, swiping the cardkey through the lock. *Thank goodness they have a bar in this suite.* With a solid thud, the door closed behind her.

"You're late."

Alyson dropped her purse and the black leather bag from her other arm. "Whaa— Who— th-the— How did you get in here?"

"Does it matter?" He stood from the chair beside the window and drew the drapes open, his back to Alyson.

She felt warmth rising in her body. He was a massive specimen of masculinity. *If he's candy, then fuck the diet, I'm gonna eat myself to death.* She dug deep for her usual control, calming herself as quickly as she could.

He turned and stepped into the light from the lamp. "Do you have it?" His deep voice rumbled through Alyson's body as he spoke. He looked stern and tense, his question blunt and without politeness.

Fear was her first reaction, since looking into the eyes of a man—or spirit—such as him was daunting. His eyes seared hers but she found the strength to reply. "Yes, and Claudia told you what I want in return?"

"I don't like being blackmailed. If I wanted, I could have come and taken you and what you hold. I suppose I'm curious—no woman has ever tried shit like this with me. Holding something as a ransom."

"Well, I need you...not like other women do...well, I mean I could use some of that too but—" She stammered over her words. "I just *have* to do this. Every woman will want to read it. You'll be famous."

It was probably true but Alyson hoped she would be the one becoming famous.

"I don't want the sort of fame you mortals seek. I am more adept at anonymity. I come to women who beckon me. I have nothing to gain from fame."

Alyson held up her hand, stopping him. "Wait, if we're going to do this, let's do it right. You go sit down in that chair. I'll get my tape recorder and stuff. I have a million things to ask you. The agreement was the medallion for an interview." She walked to the desk against the wall, rummaged through some things then sat down across from him.

"Yes, as I agreed. Just us, and I'll answer any question you ask honestly." He lowered his head. "I'm doing this against my better judgment. There's always been the risk that something like this could happen if the medallion fell into the wrong hands."

"So why are you doing it?"

He shrugged. "Perhaps it's a chance for me to reflect on things that have passed. My existence. Maybe answering your questions will answer a few of my own."

Alyson didn't want a tabloid headline piece of sensational nonsense about this man. She wanted the big salami, the whole enchilada, the grandiose winning lottery ticket. A book that would sell millions and take her higher than she'd ever envisioned. She'd be known as the woman to finally conquer the Dark Lord of Lust.

She sat down across from him, cleared her throat and started the recorder. "Who or what are you?" First question, direct and to the point.

"I am neither a *who* nor a *what*. I am a spirit brought to life by needs and wants. I am fundamentally a living fantasy."

"That's a little egotistical, isn't it?" She was quick to cut in and stop this self-proclaimed sex god from launching into a speech about satisfying all women.

"You asked who or what I was, so I told you."

"Okay." She paused. "Let me rephrase my question. What is your given name?"

With a deep sigh, he began. "Pilan, my name is Pilan. I have also been called Yayil, but that is a more powerful being than me."

"Where are you from?" Alyson took notes like a stenographer trying to keep up with an auctioneer.

"I am from an ancient Indian tribe now gone, almost completely wiped out." He adjusted himself in the chair, becoming more comfortable.

"What tribe? How did they get wiped out?" Alyson was hungry for information.

"Stop. Just stop." He looked cross, frustrated at her questions. "I won't sit here and play your fucking games, Mercedes."

She bit back a gasp. "Why did you call me that?"

"Because that is your name. Alyson is the name you took to fit in. Your mother gave you her name from her Spanish ancestors and you were more worried about how it sounded than your heritage, so you took your middle name instead."

Alyson was stupefied. "Are you reading my mind? What are you doing?"

"You want the truth from me. You want to know my story. Well, be honest with me and I will answer any questions *you* have. Just relax, listen and ask me what *you* really want to know, not what you fucking think everyone wants to know."

His demeanor had changed and there was a definite edge to him now. It got to Alyson. "All right, I'll ask what really intrigues me about you and then I'll listen. Please tell me about your origin."

"I am of Indian descent, as I told you. My people lived among great mountains and beautiful scenery. It was God's land and we respected and appreciated its beauty and grandeur.

"I was summoned by the tribal medicine woman. She was extremely powerful and had been in touch with the spirit world, harnessing all her powers to bring me to life. I lived as a guard to protect the women of the tribes. I am from the third world of people—part human, part animal. Through time, I had to be calmed because my animal side is that of a mountain lion and it was feared I might devour the tribe. The women of the tribes were the only beings who could calm my fierce nature.

"Our men were warriors and protected our land. Through internal wars and the landing of the white man, our numbers were devastated. So the men left to go fight the enemy for weeks or months at a time. I was left to protect the women and children left behind. For centuries I lived as a myth. When others crossed into our lands, I would spread terror within their tribe. Their fear of me is what protected us. I was forbidden to kill.

"The older I grew, the more powerful I became and other tribes didn't venture into our small territory. It was then that the true meaning of my existence was revealed. I was brought forth as a protector, but as a man, other needs were also rising to the forefront.

"I could invade the dreams and minds of humans. My strongest bonds and powers are with females. You can call it whatever you want. Cosmic, paranormal, whatever the fuck you want, but it's there.

"My hunger for women was insatiable and the incredible enlightenment they possess were now what I lived for. As our tribe dwindled away, I was freed to go wherever I wanted. I know it sounds a little cliché, but my reason for being is to fulfill my own needs as well as the needs of others. And this fulfillment is what empowers me." He leaned back in his chair, finished with his explanation.

"What about the medallion?" Alyson asked. She'd stopped writing a while ago, having set her pad down beside her, and was listening to him instead. He was mesmerizing. His hair still dangled before his face and his eyes were now a softly glowing blue, soothing as an ocean breeze. Alyson became swept into his story.

"It's forged from the gold in the mountains. The same gold the miners and the Spanish raped and pillaged our lands for. It is pure and forged by the women of the tribe. It's priceless and my sole possession from my past. That is why I need it. There is some mystic power within it but it is mainly something to remind me of my heritage. The symbols on it were the same symbols the women drew in the sand in front of their homes. This is how they summoned me."

With a sigh, he continued. "The women of our tribe were passionate. They were lost and had great needs after the devastation of their men. These women taught me more than any others during my time. For them, sex was a way to create and a source of incredible power. They shared their power with me."

Alyson crossed her legs, gently squeezing her thighs together. "How exactly did they summon you?"

Leaning forward in his chair, he reached his hand toward her. "I can't explain what happened or express things with mere words. Take my hand and I will show you."

At first she was hesitant. This was silly. How could he show her his memories? But still she brought her hand to his and grasped his fingertips.

He looked at her hand as he began to wrap his long fingers around it. With a deep breath, he looked up and caught her stare. "Look at me, Alyson, look into my eyes."

Alyson found herself drawn into the now-blackened darkness of his eyes. Surges of unfamiliar emotions pulsed through her.

"Close your eyes," he said softly. As she did, she began to feel as though she were slowly falling into oblivion.

He was taking her into his mind.

* * * * *

Cheera

It was a dark night, what there was of the moon lurked hidden behind thin layers of clouds that dappled the starry sky. A woman, clinging to only her woven blanket, scribbled symbols before her home. She was wet from cleansing her body after a year of mourning. The dirt that showed her anguish had been washed away. She was ready to begin living again.

A crackle scared her and she tossed the twig away, scrambling back into her home to wait.

Torn by her decision to summon him, Cheera had second thoughts. She knew what he was there for. He was sought as protection, not for temptation. Her soul cried for her mate but he was gone and the void he'd left needed to be filled.

Other women told her what symbols to use and what they meant. As time passed, she would hear the moans from their homes at night and know that he visited. She knew what was happening and it only added to her own desires.

Now it was her turn.

The fire raged bright in her home and the shadows flickered against the structure in a wicked dance. Cheera moaned as he sank into her body. The long lost feeling of closeness had returned.

He groaned into her ear. "Oh Cheera, you are so beautiful. Like a flower blooming." His voice was deep, fitting the rugged and massive size of his body. Her body was smooth, skin soft, and she flexed her pussy so tight he moaned in pleasure. The buffalo-skin rug below them softened the slow thrust into her over and over again.

Cheera wrapped her arms and legs tightly around his huge, muscular frame. She began to weep with emotions. All the feelings of loss welling within her. She missed this closeness so badly that her soul ached for it.

The blaze was cold compared to the fire between the two of them. "Oh Pilan, kiss me. Please kiss me."

Lowering his face to hers, their lips merged in a kiss of passion.

Cheera dug her fingers into his back, begging to pull him closer. She wanted to fill this void in her heart. He wasn't here to take her away from the pain in her soul. He was here to help her forget the missing part in her life. Each plunge into her cunt erased the memory of what she longed for. He fulfilled her needs.

The fire began to breathe in the tight confines of the dwelling. As he sucked in air, the fire dimmed then burned bright as he blew out. "Cheera, don't forget him. He was your mate. But I shall stay with you until you find another." His promise soothed her torn emotions of loss.

Her jaw shook as he sank to the hilt of his cock, pushing against her so deeply she could have sworn he went through her. Sweat beaded on her flesh, matched by the sweat across his forehead.

He dropped his head between her pert breasts and licked the perspiration from her skin, all the time remaining buried inside her constricting pussy. A growl echoed in the hut. He was pleased with her. His eyes seemed to glow strangely red as he smiled above her.

Cheera moaned and with each hard thrust, she felt her body rise above the ground to meet him. She moved her hands along the side of his face. Pleasure so pure seeped into her soul. The painful scars of the past were washing away and she shed the layer of remorse like a snake sheds skin. With a harsh shudder, she screamed in pleasure.

Her fingers pawed at his arms on either side of her. He was pounding into her with passions she forgot existed. Her eyelids felt heavy and she swelled inside, a volcano of emotional turmoil mixed with passion so profound it hurt her heart.

“Pilan, let me feel you, let me feel your seed,” Cheera almost begged to fulfill this need in her.

“After you, Cheera, merge with me, Cheera. It is all right to free your spirit with me. Be free, be free...”

Cheera arched her neck back and let herself be free. Over and over she let her body spasm and shake. Every nerve was tense, straining as he reared up, and the air rumbled with intensity. When Pilan erupted, Cheera could feel the hot bursts inside her pussy. His groans echoed in her head, reminding her of the sounds of pleasure a man made when satisfied.

Like a blanket, Pilan rested over her.

A cover of heat and flesh she had longed for so badly that she summoned him to give it to her. She was content, she was free—she could finally move on.

Pilan dissipated into the fires and Cheera drifted to sleep, sore yet relaxed all at once.

* * * * *

Alyson sat motionless in her chair. He released her hand and she swallowed, blinking a few times. A tear trickled down her cheek to her lip and she wiped it away with her shaking hand then turned to him. "My God, I was *there*. I felt what she felt. She was in such agony, such unbearable pain until it all washed away. And the sex...fuckin' A. Wow. So this is what you did every night?"

"No, just when they beckoned me." He sat at ease in the chair, the dim light reflecting against the leather pants. "But to be truly honest, it was sex in its purest form. And I longed for more."

Alyson grabbed her notepad from the side of her chair and jotted down a few notes and a thought crossed her mind. *I think I'd have kept him busy every night or at least every other night.*

"Whatever happened to Cheera? Did she ever find another mate? We women must know these things." And Alyson knew she needed to catch her breath.

"Cheera was captured during a raid and taken to a nearby town. She was sold as a nanny to a widowed, rich white man. Her love for children and the ease with which she learned the English language helped her. The white man soon realized the angel he had in his presence and they fell in love and married. She was truly happy."

Alyson breathed in heavily and her entire being became aroused. "Good Lord, what is that scent?" It was a mixture of chocolate and something more primal, like the scent of passion. She couldn't place it but it was familiar, and it was turning her *on* immensely.

"When I'm aroused I secrete something through my perspiration. It's a form of aphrodisiac. I think it may have something to do with my animal side."

"Mmm." She moaned under her breath. "Smells tasty. Find a way to bottle that and you'll be rich. Where were we? Oh yes..." Alyson shook her head to clear it and brought herself back to why she was there.

"If you're a spirit and not real, why did I see you with Claudia? How can I see you now?"

"I can be corporeal if I want to be. I can either invade someone during a dream state or be seen as a regular person. In crowds I blend in easier." He paused, as if he were thinking.

Alyson looked up from taking notes and watched as his body slowly began to vanish before her. The hair on the back of her neck rose and a tingle crept up her spine. Then he spoke and she could hear him as clearly as if he were in front of her.

"I prefer the dreams but talking to a woman like this has its advantages too."

Alyson felt hands resting on her shoulders from behind. A slow massage eased the tensions of the day away. "Oh fuck. You're good at this." Her nipples became erect as the signs of her own arousal showed through. There was a moistening of the flesh between her thighs, another symbol of readiness. She closed her eyes and became engrossed in the soothing motions of the massage.

Suddenly everything stopped and she opened her eyes to see him sitting across from her again. "Umm...whew, uh, do you prefer invading dreams or being human?"

He considered her question.

Alyson stared at his legs. Those tree-trunk legs with a branch between them that she found herself wanting more and more as each moment passed.

"I'd have to say real life. There is no greater feeling than two people's bodies meshing together in passion. But dreams have their own benefits. There are no boundaries in dreams. Even though I'm in someone's dream, I'm still fucking them. Nobody can hide inside a fantasy when they are part of it. And I've been in dreams that have me cross over to reality then back out of it. Those are the ones that are the most engrossing and powerful." He rested his hand between his legs, daring Alyson not to look.

She set her pad down again and asked, “Uh...what do you mean ‘cross over then back’?” She hoped he would show her again. A wicked smile spread across her mouth as he took her hand once more.

Chapter Three

Teri

Teri lay in the hot bath, the water surrounding her in a blanket of wet warmth. Her eyes were heavy, weighted by a long day of stress. Her hands brushed across her skin, washing away the aches. But one ache couldn't be washed away. This one needed to be brought to completion by her.

With a deep breath she completely submerged in the water. There was silence, there was peace, and Teri slowly began to relax. Her body rose from the water and she arched upward, catching a breath. The water sprayed from her lips while she wiped the droplets from her face.

She needed to release the inner passions suffocated by society. She hid in the tub, her escape from working in the fields and doing her daily chores around the house. Her palms slid down her skin and rested on her thighs. The large, freestanding tub was a vessel for her desire and the thin layer of bubbles shielded the vision below.

Teri closed her eyes and let her hand fall between her parted legs. The water kept her in a cocoon of silky warmth. While she gently stroked the flesh of her pussy, other things began to burn with heat. Something was *within* the water, a presence of sorts. Teri could sense it and kept her eyes closed, afraid that it might leave if she looked for it.

Her hand remained over her pussy, hiding it from the unknown. Something gently brushed at her hand, trying to move it away. There was something in the water with her. And she was terrified into stillness.

Still submerged in the tub, an instant surge of heat shot through her body. What felt like a man's tongue had stroked the outer lips of her pussy. Whatever it was had made

contact and Teri wanted more. Dear *God*, she wanted more. Her mind was frantic to find a reason.

She had to see. She had to know.

Surrendering to her urges, she leaned her head forward to open her eyes. Before she could, a wash of water cascaded down her face. The water was like a hand brushing her eyes shut and she heard a voice.

“I have wanted you for a long time, Teri. You are what I crave. Don’t think, Teri, just feel me. Feel me...feel...” The words echoed in her head then faded away to silence. But the sound remained etched in her mind.

Her head felt heavy and she lay back in the tub. The waves of heat from the mouth of this being encompassed her cunt and inched her over the edge of reality. The viperous tongue delved into her opening again and again. She moved her legs wider, wider, hanging one leg out of the tub, dripping water onto the wood floor.

Her body was tense and electrified, aroused by the licking she was receiving from the mysterious being. He went on and on, teasing and suckling her heated cunt. She didn’t want it to end.

The tub vibrated with a moan from the presence in the water. It was devouring all her sexual needs. Teri gasped for air — she was about to come. Her need for release was so very close now.

Suddenly everything stopped and Teri felt cold. *What happened? Why had it ended just as she began to climax?*

The tub rumbled and as Teri opened her eyes, the water splashed up her body and a male form appeared before her. It was translucent and steam rose from his skin. Before she could utter a word, Teri felt something entering her pussy. She couldn’t speak and her body became tight and rigid. He wasn’t just entering her pussy, he was entering her soul.

Teri began to shudder, everything becoming warped in this sexual cluster fuck of body, mind and soul. Hard, violent thrusts spread the opening of her cunt. The being

violated her but was bringing her such pleasure she was beside herself in ecstasy. She wanted it to go on and on and on. The water sloshed over the rim of the tub in waves as the being fucked her mercilessly.

Then it happened.

The water spewed from the tub, splashing onto the floor, and Teri cried out in pleasure as she came in a violent fury of passion. She couldn't catch her breath and struggled with her sanity. Her legs shuddered and the rest of her body slowly regained control.

She lay there for a minute in the tub and smiled. She knew she had a huge mess to clean up because half the water in the tub was gone.

Her mood quickly changed when she looked up to the mirror above the sink. The steam must have left a film on it. On it she saw the words "Until we meet again" written by an invisible hand.

Teri felt warm and wet between her legs once more and grinned. The fear of the unknown had frightened her, but the magnitude of pleasure she'd found had uncovered a deeper need.

She couldn't wait.

* * * * *

Alyson wobbled in her chair when he let go of her hand. Her body was wet from the dream and wet from her intense arousal. Every part of her being was turned on. Her nipples were so tight they hurt and her pussy juices had soaked through the underwear. "I need some ice water before we continue."

He stood and walked past her toward the kitchen. "I'll get it for you."

She fanned herself and tried to catch her breath. Her legs were spread apart and she pushed them together. Alyson wasn't sure if she should beg him to fuck her to oblivion or to keep doing the interview *then* beg him to fuck her into oblivion.

He walked back to the room and handed her the water. What she did know was that these dream or reality journeys he took her on were far better than a porno movie and a vibrator anytime.

"Why are you so interested in me, Alyson?"

Hmm. He wanted to turn the tables a bit, did he?

"Is it because you're alone?"

"I'm not alone. I've had several men in my life."

"Yes, you have, but your drive to succeed has pushed them away, hasn't it?"

"We're not here to talk about me. We're here to learn about you." She was a little defensive. Since she was pretty sure he knew her thoughts, she couldn't lie. Her sex life was nonexistent. Socially she was a mess and used her friends simply as people to hang out with. Her passions for life and love had been replaced with the desire to be the *best*. To win the nonexistent grand prize in her life.

"I apologize, I was just curious." He sat back down in front of her and stared into her eyes. "Everyone has a reason for what they do. Nothing is given to anyone anymore without a price. That is the sad part of our world."

After taking a drink of water, Alyson set her glass on the table and continued asking questions. "Did you ever go back? Do you go back to these women?" She tried to drag herself back into focus, to be professional and not act like a slut wanting to suck and fuck anything that looked like a cock in the room.

"These women you've showed me are young. Do you ever go to older women?"

"I have shown you how things started. My first memories were of younger women because I was younger also and in that time of history, older women were supposed to be more subdued, more proper. As times changed, the hunger and the needs have changed. Society has allowed women to change most of all. Their needs and desires are more up front and blunt. It isn't odd for a woman to go to a bar, pick up a guy, fuck him

then leave him waiting. They are in control now.” He let out a deep sigh, which seemed to calm him.

“Have you stayed with a certain woman for your own wants? Not because they call or summon you but because you feel something more than a sexual need for them?” She was becoming more curious as to what he received out of the encounters.

“Yes, there have been a few. My own personal preference is for a woman secure in herself, both sexually and emotionally. Things have changed in me over time and through experience, but I have desires and cravings like anyone else. The women I stay with must have a need I can fulfill. The woman doesn’t need to call me but if I come to them, they know why I am there.”

Alyson automatically saw herself as one of the women he spoke of. She reached her hand out to him. She wanted to feel more from him and found herself silently asking for it. She smiled as he took her hand in his. Shivers began to stream up her spine while he massaged her knuckles.

“Oh *fuck*. Here we go again.”

* * * * *

Lorie

Lorie fumbled at the door, keys jingling as she tried to tug them free from the lock. Drips of water fell to the marble entryway from her wet jacket. The dark night had unleashed a dousing rain upon the city just as she left her friend’s house. It subsided as she ran up the walkway, but the damage was done.

As usual, the house was empty and cold. Wide spaces filled with nothing but furniture and expensive decor. Riches made Lorie’s life comfortable but her loneliness was at times unbearable.

With a heavy sigh, Lorie tossed her keys onto the entry table. She stood by the table, rustling through the pile of junk mail and bills next to her keys. Her day had finally beaten her — she was exhausted.

The long staircase was her gateway to momentary peace. A large bathtub filled with oils, candles burning, scenting the room with the fragrances of vanilla and caramel. She could see it in her head as she walked past the bar and grabbed a bottle of brandy. She didn't need the glass because she wanted to relax, get drunk and sleep for three days.

The steps up to the second floor seemed longer than usual. The light fuzzy hair on the back of Lorie's neck bristled and sent a streak of uneasiness through her. The house was always so empty with her husband gone so often on business trips. He was away more than he was home. Lorie had married him for convenience instead of love. Still, the huge dark house had a strange creepiness to it tonight, no matter how many security alarms were in place.

Lorie reached the top of the stairs and looked down the dark hall to her bedroom. She didn't flick on the lights because she just wanted to crawl into the tub and then bed. The moonlight reflected dimly through the blinds across the wide bay window along the hallway wall. As she reached for the doorknob, she caught the shadow of someone sitting on the velvet chair in the corner of the open hall entrance to her bedroom.

"You have fun at work?"

Jumping backward Lorie was stunned. "Fuck...I *hate* it when you do that. Why can't you just call like everyone else?" Lorie's initial fear had her heart pounding and her adrenaline racing through her veins.

He stood and the moonlight from outside seemed to brighten. Either the clouds had thinned or his radiance had an effect on her eyes. "I have been waiting. You'd better get out of those wet clothes, you'll catch a cold."

Lorie swallowed. She knew what he wanted. She always knew what he was after. Each time it was more intense and more powerful. He took her. Used her. Then left her. It was always the same, but she never wanted it to stop.

"Not tonight. I'm too tired. You need to go." She fought her desires. She stared as his figure closed the distance between them. He was barefoot, wearing skintight black leather pants that were unfastened at the waist. Her eyes struggled to not look down at where the V of his zipper revealed a tuft of black hair. The white long-sleeved shirt was unbuttoned and caressed his skin with each step, like wings of an angel.

She squeezed her legs tightly together. Her initial reaction was to flop down and spread them wide until her ankles touched the ground. She stumbled as she moved, trying to turn away but catching her ankle in her stiletto heels. He glared at her with those black eyes and she found she couldn't free herself from his gaze. Flickers of red outlined the black centers. He was the vision of all the unfulfilled lust that fills a woman's heart. He was her evil need.

"You sure?" His lips didn't move but she heard his voice echo through her mind.

"Yes. Last time you left me tied to the bed and my husband found me." A slight smile cracked along her lips. She remembered that night and the pleasures she'd come to expect from nights with him.

He walked past her, the heat from his body almost consuming her. "You know, there was a time where you begged me to stay." He turned back to stare at her and lifted a finger to his mouth. He flicked his tongue across the tip of his index finger and growled.

Lorie groaned as the swollen tip of her clit felt the flicking quite clearly. He always had a thing for eating her pussy and the connection never faded. "Stop that." Her breath hissed through her teeth. "I won't let you take me again. I'll fight you this time." She dug into her purse and handed him the shiny gold medallion. "Here, take your medallion and get the fuck out!"

He held his large hand toward her and she dropped the golden medallion into his palm. Then she paused and pulled it back. Finally, she let go of it and stood back in a huff.

"Mmm. I like it when you get all hot and bothered." He had an evil smirk on his face.

Lorie stepped closer and swung her hand. The echo of the slap filled the empty house. "*Leave!*"

Red glowed across his cheek. His stare never dimmed, he smiled again and rubbed his cheek.

"Get the fuck out. I don't want to be used by you again. I'm happy. I have everything I need now and don't need you anymore." Lorie was terrified, aroused and angry. Her fears lay bare to him. She wanted him to stay but felt the need to resist.

"If you insist. I won't force you...unless you ask me to. But remember, if you make me leave like this, I'll never return." His large frame darkened the hallway as he headed toward the stairs.

She had won. Her resistance was stronger than her carnal desires for this man. His powers of seduction were no match for her will.

With a final glance, he dropped the medallion into his pants pocket and grabbed the rail of the stairs, staring into her eyes. His hand stroked the smooth wood of the banister. Lorie knew he wanted her but would do as she asked. He was leaving. As he stepped down the first step, her voice broke and she whispered one word.

"Wait."

Lorie's hands grasped and tugged at the bed sheets with desperation as she fought to keep a grip on her mind. The brutal mix of unearthly pleasure and mystical deviation sent her spinning into another world, tilting on the brink of reality.

"Oh God, you're incredible."

She was bent over, ass high in the air as he sunk the length of his cock into her over and over. Her cunt dripped from the soup of fluids mixed in the night of sex. She kept

her eyes closed and her mind open. Each time with him pushed boundaries she would never otherwise cross.

With a growl he pulled his cock free of her cunt and Lorie felt the slickness of it from her juices. She could hear the soft sound of him licking his lips, the swish of his hair as his head moved.

She felt his arms shift position and the brush of his hand against her as he grabbed the shaft of his cock. They both knew what he wanted. He firmly spread her ass cheeks apart.

Lorie gasped and her eyes clenched shut. Her back arched and her body tensed as his cock touched her sensitive ring of muscles.

Slowly, he sank deeper and deeper into her.

She had tried anal sex before but only with small toys and beads. The swollen head of his cock pried her insides wider than she ever experienced.

He stopped and stroked at her spine, pushing the tangled strands of her hair aside. "Damn, you're so tight. I've always wanted to fuck you like this." His words were coarse and harsh. His hand pressed down on her shoulder, keeping her bent over and enabling him to go deeper.

Tears trickled from behind Lorie's closed eyelids. They tumbled along her nose, falling to the pillow below her face. Her thoughts blurred and for a second or two she was scared she might pass out. A hard slap brought her around as his body slammed against hers. The pressure within her body was unbearable but a tingling of pain was nothing compared to the powerful jolts of excitement and pleasure shocking her pussy.

She reached her arm between her legs and felt the slippery ooze of their earlier sex. She began to violently rub on her engorged clit, needing the stimulation. Again and again he violated her. But she was a willing victim to his invasion of her body. Her nipples were raw and heated from the twisting and biting of their all-night fucking. His brute power overwhelmed her. He had an insatiable appetite for sex that matched her own.

She began to shudder and shake with the splitting open of her soul. His groans filled her head and she could feel his cock swell as he plunged in and out. Her screams filled the room as the final crest of the wave crashed through her. A spasm of heat washed her body. With a final hard thrust, she felt his balls slap against her ass and he erupted inside her.

She glimpsed a flash of his mind, swirling as the weakness she felt flowed through him too. The hot spurts began to subside as he glided smoothly in and out of her ass. With a few final breaths, he let his cock slide free from Lorie.

She turned her head and watched him as he looked down upon her body, still burning from the rough clasp of his hands along her spine and hips. He began to dissipate into the darkness.

Lorie slumped onto her white sheets, muscles sore. She sighed and blinked her eyes open, staring blankly around the room. Her pussy was filled with the fluids from arousal and saliva—he'd eaten her as if she were a juicy peach. Her ass was irritated from the vigorous fucking, which had ended this night of sins.

She turned back, trying to find her lover, only to glimpse essence vanishing into nothingness. The heat from their lust disappeared with him.

The room chilled as Lorie collapsed back onto her bed and fell asleep.

Chapter Four

Alyson

With a jolt Alyson came back from the fantasy.

She shifted on her chair, easing her ass, which was sore from the vision she'd just experienced. There wasn't much more she could take of these sexual journeys with him. Maybe fifteen or twenty more and she'd have to stop. *Well, maybe twenty-five.* The thought sent a grin across her face.

"So these women... They aren't part of your tribe or any part of your past. Why do you go to them?"

"Most of the time I don't go to them. They call to me. It is like the women of before. They have needs. They have desires. The feelings are the same and since I'm free, I can go to those who call to me for release."

"Release? You make them sound like prisoners."

"In a way they are. They make themselves prisoners of their existence. Look at Claudia—she's a vibrant, beautiful, sexy fucking woman. Before she was very subdued and hid behind an invisible wall. Now she's free. Everything she wants is there for her to take. Her appetite is almost limitless. All those pent-up passions are now loose."

"You mean you try to make them do things?" Alyson wanted to get deep into his intentions.

"My actions are dictated by them. Claudia longs for a man to overpower and take her. She's had her share of weaker men who couldn't satisfy the burning desires she desperately needs to let free in order to be whole. She knew when we met that I was there for one reason. She accepted that but then became too attached. That's why she didn't want to let me go. I could just leave but having *her* let go of me shows she is free."

"So you made her a slut."

"Alyson, sometimes you are fucking stupid." He shook his head in disgust. "Just because she is now in control of her sexuality doesn't lessen her morals. She can fuck anyone she wants to. Just like you can. But that barrier of self-doubt is gone."

"You make it sound like you mainly go after women with low self-esteem. Why is that?"

"That's not true either. Most are women with secrets they long to experience. Living out a fantasy about a strange man seducing and taking them. Others just want to feel closeness. I derive a lot of pleasure from a woman who finally lets go."

"I don't understand." She wrinkled her forehead.

He got up and stood close in front of Alyson. Leaning forward, he rested his hands on the arms of her chair. "We all have secrets, Alyson, all of us. Like your fantasy with those two young stock boys in receiving at the office. Troy and Jamal? How you picture yourself getting fucked by Jamal while sucking Troy's cock dry during a lunch break?"

Alyson's eyes fluttered. Her pussy became wet again from the reminder of the dream she had the other night. He had exactly detailed her fantasy as he spoke.

"You long for the forbidden sex you have never had. The thought of Jamal's thick, black cock prying your cunt open makes you cream in your skirt. If that weren't enough, you want to taste Troy's sweet seed as you make his balls tighten and explode into your mouth." He paused and Alyson closed her eyes, trying to conceal her panting breaths.

"You feel that it's dirty to want this so you hide these feelings deep inside your mind. But every now and then, they creep out and show themselves. That's where I come in."

"So what? A lot of women have desires for younger men. Black men, white men, whatever." She was getting uncomfortable and defensive as he took control. He stood before her, a wall of muscle and flesh. This was *her* interview and she should have had the leverage.

She looked back at her pad even though her eyes kept wanting to drift to his groin and the large outline along his inseam. "This so-called power. Do you read minds or tarot cards or what? How does it work?"

He raised his hand to Alyson's chin. As he tilted her head back, she felt herself sliding into submission under his ominous aura. She stared back into his eyes, wondering if they could peer into her soul. She knew she couldn't hide from him anymore.

"I checked you out, Alyson. Does the name *Sherri* ring a bell?" He stood silent, waiting for her reaction.

"Umm, no. Should it?"

He *couldn't* know about that. Nobody knew about Sherri. None of the girls knew. Her first sexual partner and she'd buried her memories along with the heartache when they parted.

He leaned down, his hot breath blowing against the soft skin of her neck. "You remember. That weekend during college break...the dorm room...the throw pillows. The way she ate your pussy until you screamed her name.

"Your last night together when she tied you to *the chair*. The sex chair you shared with the wood slats on the back. How she strapped on that black dildo and fucked you with it as she twisted your hard nipples, making them hurt. How you begged her to fuck you harder until your cunt was reddened and sore. I saw the whole thing, Alyson. You haven't had sex like that since."

He paused and Alyson knew she was blushing, the heat spreading across the skin on her chest.

"When Sherri used those beads in your ass and sucked on your clit as she pulled them out...bead by bead. Each one made you tremble and shudder as you ate her pussy in that sixty-nine position."

Her hand shook and she dropped her pad and pencil. "Stop it. You've made your point."

He put his lips beside her ear and seemed to breathe in her arousal. "My favorite part was when you had the double-ended dildo. She had half jammed it into her tight cunt and you had the other half in your ass. You were both so fucking horny, your butts smacked together as you plunged it in and out into each other like women on the edge, fucking to let an inner demon out. You had your fingers dripping wet from rubbing your clit in a fury of sexual lust. The need was tearing you apart. That final climax made you realize the peak of your sexuality. You came so hard you squirted juice from your cunt. Do you remember how that felt, Alyson? That pinnacle of release? The engulfing crash of everything within you? *That's* the freedom I push women to have."

Alyson sat in her chair trembling. He backed away and her body still burned with heat. She remembered those feelings again so clearly. Her pussy was juicy and ached for attention but she forced herself to stay calm.

"I need a pee break." Alyson got up, wobbly and unsure.

He shrugged as he backed away.

She walked toward the bathroom, glancing back to see he wasn't looking, and grabbed a pair of underwear from her open suitcase setting on the stand in the closet. She was in dire need of a break. All this sexual talk and mentally being fucked in every way possible was getting to her.

Pulling her soaked thong from between her legs only added to her sexual frustration. The last time she was this wet was after riding the water ride at an amusement park. In the bathroom she took a few handfuls of water and splashed her face.

Her thoughts wandered and the reasons for her doing all this became blurry. Was she really trying to expose this so-called sex god for her own benefit? Were all these exploits just a way to get his medallion back? What was it about him that had her so fully aroused her thoughts were concentrated on wanting to fuck this being so badly that her cunt begged for his cock to plunge into her over and over and over?

After drying her face and catching her breath, she decided to get the answers to all of these questions. Especially the last one.

After sitting back down, she started again. "Give me a second here..." She took a deep breath and picked her pad back up from where she'd dropped it. "You know, that isn't fair. You can read my memories and secrets but I don't know any of your secrets."

"I have no secrets. If you want to know something, ask."

"Have you ever been with anyone famous? Like a movie star or someone powerful?" Alyson wanted some really good gossip to complement her book and take her thoughts away from her own past.

"That would be indiscreet. But you did ask, so let me think. Does the name Pam Hartsfield mean anything to you?"

Alyson looked shocked. "No fucking way! You mean Pam Hartsfield, the CEO of Hartsfield Publishing Enterprises? Jesus. I've been submitting manuscripts and pitching stories to her for years."

"She was a very passionate woman. A woman who wasn't used to losing control of anything." He held his hand out and Alyson grabbed it, clenching on tightly.

* * * * *

Pam

Like most workaholics, Pam was putting in another marathon night at her desk. It was dark outside, just as it had been dark when she came to work.

She shook her head at the ineptitude of others. If she put as much emphasis on her love life as she did work, she would still be married. All three times. She liked men but none of them could keep up nor satisfy her darker desires and need for control. The men she'd had were all pussies. Thank God, for alimony and battery-operated boyfriends.

She was a very powerful woman. There were no holes in her business skills and the need for control drove her to succeed even more, to achieve more than ever. She worked out at the company gym on her lunch break and kept herself in premium shape. Had she wanted to, she could probably kick the shit out of any woman who stood in her way.

Of course she could bitch-slap most guys as well. She had a patented move to deter unwanted male advances. She would stand close to them, put her hands behind their necks and knee them in the groin. After they scrunched down in pain as their family jewels were shoved up into their kidneys, she would then knee them in the nose, breaking it and leaving them helpless.

Basically, she was a mean, vindictive bitch—but a powerful one. Which was just the way she liked it.

Pam looked outside her office window into the darkness. Flashes of light scattered across the clouds from a storm that would break soon. Lightning always scared her a little. When she was a child, a bolt had struck a tree outside her bedroom window. The branch it hit fell into her house and unfortunately right through the window of her bedroom. Childhood fears always seem to linger, haunting the adult mind.

She leaned back in her leather chair exhausted, watching the lights of the city at night. She needed a life. There was a loud crack and blinding light shook Pam into a terrified frenzy. The lights in her office flickered—then went out. The emergency lights kicked in and the dark red glow seeped in to her shadowed office.

She stood up, shaken, deciding to lock her desk and go home. From the corner of her eye she saw something move through the room. Her fear of the lightning was now overshadowed by the fear of something else.

“Who the fuck’s there?” she shouted loudly, but there was no answer. Scanning the room, she didn’t see anything.

My mind must be really messing with me now.

She sat down and laughed uneasily, thinking how silly she must look. As another flash of lightning shattered the darkness, Pam saw a man standing at her door. The deep rumbling of the thunder filled the silent void of the room as Pam felt her heart began to race in panic.

"Who are y-y-y-you? What do you w-w-want?" Pam's control over her fear and her steadiness became worthless as terror overwhelmed her. She felt stupidly weak and fragile then reached for the phone—but the stranger didn't move.

"The phones are dead." The deepness of his voice echoed through the darkened red glow of the room.

Pam's hands started to shake and she heard her own rapid heartbeat as her blood flowed rapidly through her veins. She was petrified and could only stare at him.

"You know who I am. You have always wanted me. You just never asked for me to come to you...until tonight." The stranger moved toward her with a glide. There was a catlike flow to his long, smooth strides. She sat motionless, watching him, frozen in place.

A bright flash filled the room with white light. Pam looked more closely at him for that instant and in the light she saw his black leather pants. They hugged his thick thighs and the top button was undone, daring her to look away.

Reaching behind his back, the dark man pulled out a long, gleaming knife. He twisted it in the air, showing her the reflections in its sharply honed blade. With a violent *thunk*, he drove the blade into the smoothly varnished top of her wooden desk. He released the handle and it stood straight like a lightning rod. He moved around the side of the desk, standing ominously close to her.

"Get the fuck out of here!" Pam yelled at him as he stood before her. She reached her arm back and swung it toward him.

A loud *slap* broke the silence as the dark man caught her fist in his massive palm. Pam swung with her other hand and again he caught it in his palm. Pam struggled to

free her hands. The man pulled her arms wider apart, forcing Pam closer to his large, muscular body.

"What do you want?" Pam asked, still writhing to free her arms.

"I want you. I want all of you. I want to take you to that place where you are before you come and let you bask in your ecstasy. I want to take you further than any man has taken you sexually. We will fuck until you beg me to stop then we will fuck again. I want to possess you."

As his words filled her eager ears, he leaned forward and pulled her to him. Their mouths met and with her arms now free, Pam tried to push him away but he was too strong and his hot mouth filled hers with his tongue. Pam's knees buckled and she felt faint.

She was giving in too easily. *I need to fight back.*

Reaching down, she grabbed at the stranger's crotch and found the long semihardened shaft outlined by the soft leather of his pants. Wetness filled Pam's pussy at the thought of this beautiful cock filling her aching cunt. Her other hand found the small of his back. Their lips were locked in a cavernous exploration of each other's mouths.

Releasing her, the man stepped back and stared into her eyes. The burn of his stare sent a wicked chill through Pam. All she could focus on was the black center of his eyes that gleamed through the long, thick black hair dangling around his face.

"Are you going to rape me?" Pam choked out the question in a semi-frightened state as a glimmer of light reflected from the knife stuck firmly in her desk.

"Never. Rape is not part of who I am. You want me to fuck you and tonight you will beg me to release you from your torment by fucking you again and again."

The dark man grabbed Pam's hips, pushing her against the desk. He picked her up, setting her backside on the smooth wooden surface. Her black skirt clung tightly to her spread thighs that were already anxious to part for him.

He reached over and yanked the knife from the desk, holding the long blade in front of Pam's eyes. Turning it downward in his massive hand, he jabbed it between her thighs and through the skirt.

She froze as the coolness of the blade brushed against her inner thigh. He slowly began to cut away at her skirt until it fell free from her legs. His muscles rippled and flexed as he sliced the sharp edge through the material.

"There, that's better," he mumbled as he gazed at the creamy skin on her toned legs.

The dark stranger now positioned himself between Pam's knees and her legs instinctively parted as his hot body moved closer. The heat inside Pam's pussy was reaching a scorching temperature from the fear and the unbearable arousal this man was causing within her. Her eyes were transfixed on the glistening edges of the knife as he wielded it like a sword.

"Stand up," he commanded, stepping back from Pam.

Her skirt was in shreds and he held a long strip of the fabric he had cut in his hand. "Turn around." Once more she followed his commands.

Driving the knife into her desk again, he made Pam jump with fear. What was he doing to her? Why the knife? Knives terrified her. He moved close behind her and the length of his now stiff cock rested against the crease of Pam's ass. Her pussy melted and the steady dampness trickled between her clenched bare thighs.

He covered her eyes with the strap of clothing he had cut, blindfolding her. Her fear of darkness and loss of control now had her in a panicked state.

"Don't cover my eyes, I want to see." It was a whimpered plea.

"No, you must not watch, you must *feel*. You must hear, sense, smell and taste."

Taste... The word echoed through her mind and bounced through her like a ping-pong ball. The total blackness shielded her eyes from seeing this dark man, this Dark Lord who now held her captive.

She sat as he positioned her, holding firmly onto the edge of her desk. With a burst of hot breath, she felt the man blow against her neck. He licked the tender flesh and again blew against her, sending a stream of excitement directly to her pussy. The darkness, the knife, the lack of control, all made her even more excited.

Pam's nipples strained for a touch. *Any* touch. The dark man stood before her and rested his hand on her now exposed thigh. She felt him rest the knife on her chest. The cold steel cooled her flaming skin.

She was scared yet unbearably tempted by this game he played.

He took the tip of the knife and plucked away the top button of her blouse. She heard it hit the top of her desk. Again he lowered the blade and plucked the next button loose with the sharp edge.

A deep sound rumbled through his throat as he cut another button away. She knew he could see her full breasts heaving with excitement within the confines of her lace bra. Her nipples were so hard she felt them poking against the fabric of the bra.

"Shit, you have a hot body. Your breasts are fucking perfect. I'd love to have those things wrapped around my cock."

The man took the edge of the knife and traced the silken fabric encasing her breasts. Pam threw her head back and moaned as he toyed with her. As her head fell back, the stranger leaned in and licked the slope of her neck. His wet tongue sizzled against the heat that burned inside. Pam felt vulnerable, taken advantage of and teased beyond reason. She wanted to fuck this man more than she could have imagined.

Her breasts swelled even more as the knife slowly stroked between Pam's breasts, cutting the tight underwire in the front. Pam gasped for air as her breasts popped free and her bra fell open. The stranger buried his face between her mounds of flesh. He suckled the taut nipples, biting them gently between his teeth, making Pam moan aloud. "Oh *God*, don't stop. Oh *yessss*."

Her blindfold may have blocked the sight of him, but she could feel his hot mouth as it voraciously kissed and sucked on her breasts. Her hands lifted to his head and she pulled at his hair, tangling it between her fingers.

His head began to drift downward and Pam felt herself falling back, like an angel falling on a cloud instead of her desktop. The blindfold was useless—her eyes were closed and her body numb except for the sensations of this creature’s mouth as he tugged at her underwear with his teeth.

Instinctively she raised her ass to let him pull it free. She knew her panties were soaked and his mouth sucked at the silken cloth, drinking the juice from her pussy. He didn’t pull at them but instead licked and kissed the thin fabric covering her wet cunt. The subtle tease drove Pam crazy.

The stranger bit her underwear, grabbing the sheer cloth and pulling it away from her pussy. The moist panties clung to her flesh. He leaned back—looking at her perhaps. “Damn, I can’t wait to eat this hot fucking pussy.”

He slid his finger under the tight elastic of the panties. Loosening them from her pussy made Pam lightheaded as her blood raced to her cunt, now engorged with excitement. The cold edge of his knife brushed along her inner thigh, causing her body to clench as he cut her panties away. She was now totally exposed and all Pam heard was a deep sound, like a growl of hunger. It vibrated through her body, making her shake and tremble.

Sticking the knife back into the desk with a loud and vibrating thud, the stranger grasped Pam’s inner thighs and pushed them wider apart. A moment passed—Pam floated in a state of doubt and disbelief.

This can’t be happening – this isn’t real.

Her mind was losing the battle to hold its grip on reality.

Feeling a jarring shot of pleasure, Pam arched her body and screamed as he dove into her pussy. His tongue slid deep and thick between her swollen, engorged labia. Light flashed in the room, bright enough for even Pam’s covered eyes to see. She wasn’t

sure if it was lightning or her nerve endings sending pulses of pleasure up her spine. A loud crackling followed by a deep rumbling sound echoed through the room as the storm broke.

His tongue kept swiping along the tissues of her clit. The sensations were so intense that Pam feared she'd lost her mind. Over and over, he licked and sucked her pussy. Her ass shook and swung, his hands grabbing hard on her cheeks, pulling her cunt to his eager mouth.

He let go of her flexing ass and pushed hard on Pam's thighs, spreading her wider and wider. His mouth fed on the feast of her passion and she felt her body crash into the waves of her first orgasm. She thrashed violently on the desk with him growling and sucking on her clit. He didn't stop until her legs began to shake from the strain. She came so hard but she loved every minute of it.

Pam lay gasping for air as he slowly backed off from eating her. She felt the pool of her own sexual juices and was too weak to move. She needed this release and he'd given it to her. Spent and weak, Pam heard the dark man rustling through her desk drawer.

"Hmm. I see you have a small collection of toys here in your lunchbox. This is interesting."

Pam reached up to pull the blindfold away from her eyes but he slapped her hand away, leaving a sting of pain throbbing on her skin. "I thought you were going to..."

She suddenly felt a long thick shaft forced inside her pussy. "Oh my God, yes. Mmm. That's it, mmm, fuck me, *fuck me, dammit.*" She fell back onto her desktop once more.

"I see you really like this. You like having something hard and long in your tight, wet little pussy, don't you?" He held the end of her ten-inch dildo that he slid deeply into Pam as she sprawled across her desk, writhing in pleasure.

She knew it wasn't his cock but refused to be denied. "I want to feel you fuck me, I want *you*, not this — *you* fuck me, for God's sake!"

Drawing the long shaft from her pussy, the dark man stepped back and grabbed Pam's hips, forcing her to roll over on her desk. With her legs barely touching the floor he pushed them apart with his feet, making her spread them wide. Her dark desire rose desperately as she pushed her ass up, inviting him to invade her body.

"You want to fuck, huh?"

"Oh yes, I want to fuck you." Her covered eyes stung with tears as she heard herself begging to have this man.

He unzipped his pants, a zing of metal teeth rasping in the silence. Warmth filled her pussy again as she felt his cock resting on the split of her ass. Pam tried to move upward to get that big cock closer to her pussy but he toyed with the opening of her anus, the tip of his cock brushing against it.

She quickly shook her head in a negative movement.

"You don't want that? Well, I guess we'll just have to improvise." There was an evil tone to his comment and Pam swallowed, not sure what was next.

The dark man pressed the slippery end of the dildo against her anus as the head of his cock split the opening of her pussy. Pam began to crack under the pressure and need. Her ass was spread apart, and as the dark man entered her wet cunt, he pushed the dildo into her ass in the same motion. Pam raked her nails across her desk as the incredible pressure and the pain had her splitting in two. Her acrylic nails shattered as she dug them into the hard wood.

He showed no mercy as he slid himself and the dildo into both orifices to their fullest. Pam felt him press against her cervix and the dildo brought a feeling of fullness she had never felt before.

She'd seen something like this in movies, but she had never known the feeling of double penetration before and her mind was shattering, torn by an inner storm of flashes from both pain and pleasure.

With a whimper, she accepted the merciless torment, the intense strain on her pussy filled with this dark stranger's thick cock. While he pushed in again, his muscular

stomach pushed the dildo into her ass. Her vaginal walls were stretched from within and the dildo filled her, causing a downward pressure, as if pinched between fingers. The wide head of his cock pressed against her G-spot and the tip of the dildo forced it against the head. The friction mounted to an unbearable level.

As the lightning outside crashed in the sky, Pam came again. Her pussy spasmed uncontrollably and she could feel the steady flow of her juices drenching his cock, easing its deep path.

There was no hesitation, no question that he would take Pam beyond any preconceived boundary she had. He wasn't about to stop until he finished. With hard, forceful thrusts, the dark man hammered himself within her to the base of his shaft. His balls rested against her thighs as he bit her shoulder. The blindfold loosened and slipped lower on her neck but she couldn't open her eyes. The strain of their passion was overwhelming her — she was feeling faint.

Pam's body flushed and she broke into a cold sweat as the dark man rammed into her over and over again. She couldn't feel anything except the rippling sweet pleasure and pain shooting through her body while he immersed himself within her pussy. His hands were hot and he pushed down on her hips, digging his strong fingers into her sweating flesh.

Pam's legs weakened and she felt herself falling again. She couldn't handle this intense violation. But she couldn't stop the animalistic pleasure racing through her veins.

She felt the dark man arch back with a loud groan, lifting her up. He was about to merge within her and she could feel the swelling of his cock. Grabbing her shoulders, he reared up and engulfed Pam's pussy with the blistering hot seed from his loins. His fingers dragged down her back, scratching her skin. Again and again, he spewed within her. The swollen lips of her pussy spasmed, milking his seed.

All the pressure had caused Pam to come again and her body was left shattered and weak.

She felt numb—almost lifeless. She couldn't keep herself conscious and when the dark man pulled the long, hard dildo from her anus, she let go and fainted away into oblivion.

A thunderous rumbling echoed through the air, rousing her. The lights flickered back on and she found herself sprawled in her chair.

"Oh my *God*, what the hell kind of a dream was that?"

Her desires were quenched and a feeling of recklessness filled her heart. How could she have dreamed something so dark, so naughty—just so *fucking hot*?

Standing, Pam noticed a shred of fabric falling to the floor from her lap. Leaning over, she picked up the black cloth. She also noticed the side of her skirt had been shredded. A sudden ache and burn shot pain through her and radiated from her ass.

Damn, that hurts.

Her mind raced, she reached behind her, noticing she had no underwear on and her skin was wet and warm. "No—it couldn't have...there's no..."

Even as the words left her mouth, she looked at her desk and saw deep holes punctured in the surface. Like those from a knife. Her pussy moistened and her fear returned. She moved her daily planner over and saw something etched across her desktop.

See you in your dreams.

Chapter Five

Alyson's hand shook loose from his. Her legs wobbled as she tried to keep them together and she felt the need to sit a little more sideways because her ass ached a bit. "Holy – fucking – shit. Damn, that was, oh my God...did you go back?"

"Of course I did. I told her I would."

"What happened? Tell me. This is incredible." Alyson was excited and a little too eager.

"I'm not telling you things to get others in trouble or to reveal their needs. Pam is a woman who needed release. She lives in a world where any kind of weakness is taken as just that – weakness. She has to be strong and in control of herself."

His mood shifted. He was obviously upset and a little angry for lowering his guard to show Alyson something she could use to hurt someone. "Give me your word that what I just showed you will never leave this room."

Alyson paused. She knew she would never forget what she'd seen and could always pull this card if needed, so why not? "I promise. Nothing more about Pam. You have my word." Her crossed fingers lay hidden beside her.

"I see your fingers crossed, Alyson. You can't lie. Your word is your bond. A person's word of truth is all they have that can't be taken away." He stopped. "Swear to me that what I've told you about these women is safe."

With a heavy breath she answered, "I swear."

"Thank you." He looked away for a moment and ran his fingers through his thick hair.

"There's something I'm missing here." Alyson frowned. "Before, you talked about how things were. Women summoned you, you took them and you left. No ties. Now

you talk about release and there seems to be more, something deeper, like emotions involved. What happened?"

He stood and walked to the window. There was silence as he stood again at the window, staring into the darkness. Alyson watched him closely. There was definitely something eating at him. She could sense his frustration, almost as if he needed to tell her something.

He turned from the window and looked at her. "I broke a sacred law. Now I see things differently."

"A sacred law? Like what? The Ten Commandments?"

"Something like that. Everybody has rules they abide by. We can't exist by fucking people over all the time. That would be chaos. So we set boundaries and laws. When these laws are broken, we pay the penalty. Just because I'm a spirit of sorts doesn't mean I don't have such laws to govern my actions. There are some things for which any type of being must be held accountable."

"So what did you do?"

"I broke the most sacred of all laws."

She thought for a moment. "Did you kill someone?"

He turned his head away and toward the darkness outside and Alyson knew she hit the right point. "Oh my God, you did kill someone, didn't you?"

"No." He shook his head. "But because of me two people died. Regardless of what happened, it's not for me to decide who lives or dies." He hung his head and walked back to his chair. Slowly, he looked back up to Alyson. "It wasn't my fault but I was there."

"What happened? You have to tell me." The excitement built in her.

He closed his eyes and reached his hand to Alyson's.

* * * * *

Sharnet

Sharnet stood quietly in the dim bedroom light. Nights like these always stirred her. Being alone, feeling insecure, wanting closeness. The emotions all welled up inside the body of a woman so passionate that the word “lust” couldn’t describe the way she felt about men and sex.

Sex to her was almost sacred. More like a gift between a man and woman. The ultimate sacrifice of body and soul. But something had been lacking in her life. The one thing that all couples need to survive...desire.

For all of Sharnet’s conquests, she still longed for that desire. To be wanted by a man. Having someone want her so badly that he cried to taste her.

The way her husband used to be.

Her life was one of sacrifice and status. She had married a powerful man and pushed him to succeed further than he thought he could. She gave up her dreams of children so they both could climb higher in society. But through it all, the one thing that dwindled in her life was the fire between them.

He spent more and more nights away. The business weeks turned into business weekends on the boat. The little time spent together became two strangers relearning each other. Their sex life was next to nothing, at least for Sharnet. He had a mistress and on the special nights he’d make an effort to be a man for her, they’d end up fighting and soon after a slap or night of abuse. Those nights never leave a woman. After the first slap from the back of a trusted man’s hand, more slaps and punches would follow. Her escape was friends and shopping.

She looked at her hand and saw the golden medallion her friend had given her to keep safe. It held secrets—stories told from woman to woman over time. Sharnet didn’t believe the myths but it was something to fantasize about.

Her chocolate-toned skin blended into the darkness behind her as she stood in her expensive peach-colored bedroom ensemble. The kind a woman buys when money isn’t a problem. The top closed with lace ties and beneath it was a thong made of the finest

silk. It felt as if she had nothing on, it was so comfortable. But the man who should appreciate it wasn't there tonight.

Her large bedroom was decadent and beautiful. She walked to the tall glass doors of her balcony and opened them, shuddering as the wind rushed in through the windows. The sheer robe blew like the curtains in a wave of fabric. Her round, firm breasts pushed outward, the nipples erect and aroused by the chill. Her underwear covered the fires inside her soul.

She closed her eyes and let the breeze sweep her away, clinging tightly to the medallion and pressing it to her chest. The whistle of air careened through the room. She was *free*.

"Damn, you are so...fucking...*sexy*!"

She smiled and turned toward the voice. "Carl, I haven't heard you say that to me in..." She stopped dead, seeing it wasn't her husband.

It was *him*.

Through the windswept white curtains she saw his shadowed frame. He was a large man. His black shirt fluttered around him, revealing the muscular etchings of his torso. He wore black pants that clung to him like an extra layer of skin. His black hair swayed, showing Sharnet only a glimpse of his face. He was dark, mysterious, and she knew he was a force to be reckoned with.

He walked closer and she froze, unable to move. With each step he took she wanted to scream but didn't. The so-called myth was *true*.

"You have a body built for fucking, Sharnet. Why are you wasting it?"

She was somewhat stunned by his abrupt words. She was a lady and demanded a little respect. "You don't need to talk like that."

The curtains floated like clouds around him as he crept closer to her. "Why not? You know why I'm here. You asked me to come to you. I'm not here for tea or chitchat. I'm here to fuck you. To fuck you like a woman needs to be taken."

Heat swept through her blood. He was right. She didn't want someone to talk to, she needed a man to take her. "It's getting cold in here." She pulled her top closed over her breasts.

"Not for long."

With a wave of his hand, the bedroom fireplace erupted in a burst of flames and the fire blazed. Sharnet's inner fire was just simmering.

"Don't cover yourself. A woman like you needs to be seen in all her glory to be appreciated. Bodies like yours are molded for a reason. Your body just happens to be molded to fuck right now."

Swallowing back a gasp, she opened her top. The firm nipples a signal of her arousal. The thin fabric fell down along her arms and dark skin to the floor.

Sharnet's knees buckled. His crass words were penetrating the shield she fought so hard to maintain. He was attacking her without anything but his words. They were only about six feet apart. Like a hunter stalking his prey, he circled back and forth in the room. She moved back to where the fireplace shone warmth and light.

He swung his hand toward the windows and the doors slammed shut, sending a gust of air through the room and making the fire erupt.

With a bump, she hit the brick wall of the fireplace. Where she stood, it was cold. The stones were the opposite of her skin, which burned with dark desire. This feeling encompassed all she missed. She wanted more.

He stepped closer.

Sharnet was stuck against a wall with nothing to keep him away but her will to refuse his advances. "This is wrong. You need to leave now. I made a mistake."

"No you didn't. You wanted this and it won't stop until you let me go." He closed the space between them.

She held her hand out and then opened it, letting his medallion dangle from her fingers. It hung from a hand that shook in fear. "Just take it. Find someone else."

He raised his massive hand under the golden medallion and then placed it into her palm. She watched him close her fingers around it then gasped as he pushed his body to hers.

She turned away from his hot breath and his tongue flicked against her cheek. "Tonight, you will burn hotter than the sun. The passions you conceal shall be freed upon me, and before I leave, you will scream my name as you come."

Sharnet was helpless against his advances. She tried turning away from his stare but he kept turning her face to his. She was hypnotized by him. His hands reached up to mold her breasts. He glanced down in appreciation of her body.

"Damn, I'm going to enjoy fucking you."

His words stirred her again. The thought alone made her pussy ache. "It's been a long time. Not sure if you can handle me."

With an evil grin he stepped back, looking at Sharnet against the brick wall. Her breasts felt full and she knew her nipples were tightly erect. The small covering of underwear was soaked through and she wouldn't be surprised if he could see the glisten of juices between her thighs. She was a woman on fire.

"Perhaps you're right." He glanced at the corner of the bedroom.

In it stood a full-length mirror that Sharnet spent hours in front of, preening and perfecting her looks. As he stepped to it, she noticed he created no reflection, only the flicker of firelight against the bedspread. She froze, panting, as he stepped into the mirror and vanished.

For a moment she thought it was over then from the back of the mirror he appeared. His skin tone was lighter and his hair blond now. Then he appeared *again* from the back of the mirror. This man was darker and more shadowy than the other.

"I figured if one of me couldn't handle you, maybe two could." The darker man was him as well, the other a lighter version.

Sharnet clenched her thighs tightly. Her darkest fantasy was becoming reality as she realized two massive men were in her bedroom. She didn't know what they were going to do, but she had a good idea she was going to get fucked.

They stepped closer and the firelight accentuated their nudity. She saw their large cocks hanging as they walked. Excitement filled her heart and heat filled her body.

Good Lord, what am I supposed to do? The thought flickered through her mind as the darker one stood in front of her and the blond behind her.

The darker one grabbed Sharnet's hanging arms and tugged her forward. His cock lay between them, throbbing and heated. "Every man has two sides. The softer side who usually rules his subdued life and the other side is the animal who lives within us. The beast who wants to devour and conquer his prey." With a jerk he pulled her to him. "Guess which side I am?"

Sharnet felt a tingle race up her spine as the other man pressed against her back. His cock rested between the cheeks of her hot ass as he kissed her neck and shoulder. "You are so beautiful. I want you, Sharnet, I want you so bad I can taste it." The words fueled her fire as he began to kiss down her shoulder and back.

She began to melt. The blond man seemed more gentle and soft. Except for the long stiff cock he brushed along the slope of her ass. Electric shocks raced up her body as his fingers pulled her thong, tugging it down her legs. It peeled away from her soaked pussy and fell to the floor.

The darker man scared her a little. He stared through her, his cock jutting out, pressing against her. She tried not to look directly into those dark eyes, letting the sensations flow through her. The hidden desires from her sexual cravings were evolving before her. A wave of heat swept her as the blond man knelt lower and kissed the small of her back. His soft lips brushed her flesh and her ass burned at his touch.

He slid his hand between her legs and moved it upward. *Oh fuck, oh fuck, if he touches my pussy, I'm going to scream.*

Sharnet wanted to move his hand away but the darker man grabbed her arms, keeping them from moving. He knew her thoughts. She turned to look at him and as the blond man's hand reached the hottest point between her shaking inner thighs, the dark man kissed her. His tongue forced between her lips, an exact copy of the blond man's finger as it forced its way between the lips of her slippery pussy.

The dark man pulled back, still locking his stare to hers. "You want to fuck?"

Fucking duh. The blond man's fingers continued their massaging assault on her pussy. A shudder crept through her.

The dark man let go of her arms and he raised his hands to hold her breasts, cupping them and gently squeezing their fullness. "Fucking beautiful tits, Sharnet." His thumbs flicked the hard tips. "I'm a sucker for a nice set of breasts. That and having a woman suck my cock. You want to suck my cock, Sharnet? I know I want you to. Those red, puffy lips wrapped around it. Feeling you suck every inch into your throat..."

Her knees went weak. Pictures flooded her mind of sucking this man and how much she wanted to do it. The blond man had her pussy so wet from kissing her ass and fingering her that she was about to die if he didn't stop. It was a slow, torturous tease.

"Can we go to the bed?" She needed to be somewhere soft in case she passed out.

"Okay. Go over there..." The dark man pointed to guide her where he wanted her.

She turned to move and the blond man released his finger from her and stood. She looked up at him and he placed his hand to her jaw, raising her head a bit. His lips were softer and there was a sensuous feel to him.

He kissed her, letting his tongue sweep along her lips. This was rock and roll and jazz. One man—fury and harshness, the other—a smooth groove. To Sharnet, this was heaven on earth as she climbed on the bed on all fours. The dark man motioned her to come to the edge on one side, the blond standing behind her.

The dark man grabbed his cock and stroked it a few times. It was hard and thick. Sharnet swallowed and moved closer. She reached her hand to grab the tip and the man swatted it away.

“Just your mouth and tongue.”

She pulled her hair to one side and kissed the swollen head. Her eyes looked up to his and met the fire burning in him. He licked his lips, as if liking what he saw. Sharnet let the head slip between her lips and slowly let it inch into her mouth. He moaned and smiled as she moved back and forth with her mouth, taking more each time. He had a big cock and she knew if she took it all, she would gag.

The void she felt inside her aching cunt was slowly being filled as the blond man entered her from behind. She could barely confine her guttural moan. Her mouth again filled with the thick cock of the darker man, tickling at her throat. With each thrust from behind, Sharnet thought she would swallow the hard cock in her mouth.

“Damn this woman has such a hot, tight pussy. You have got to fuck her too.” The blond man spoke through his soft moans.

Sharnet felt a tingle of excitement crawl along her spine. She had two men who were at her mercy. Her cunt became an inferno of heat as the blond man began to fuck her harder. Her body jerked hard as his body hammered against her ass. She’d moan as the other man’s cock hit the back of her throat. The bitterness of his seed seeped out as she pulled back.

The darker man pulled his cock free from her mouth and a drool of saliva hung from the swollen tip. “I want to fuck her now. It’s my turn.”

She was being used and didn’t care. All she could do was moan as the blond man ground his pelvis against her ass before pulling out of her pussy. Sharnet tightened her inner walls as much as she could to savor the feel of his thickness pulling free.

The blond man walked around the bed and lay before her with his head on the pillow and his glorious hard-on sticking straight up in all its shiny glory.

Sharnet looked at him then his cock and smiled.

"I know what you want." She lowered her mouth down to the head of his cock.

She paused for a moment then felt a pressure from behind her as the dark man pushed down on her shoulder and slid his thick cock into her pussy.

"Oh fuck." Sharnet closed her eyes and lay atop the blond man's legs. The dark man's cock was stretching her cunt wider and he delved more deeply into her than the blond man. Sharnet's mind went blurry as he grabbed her shoulder with one hand and dug his fingers into her hip with the other.

With a sudden jolt, he slapped his body against hers. The so-called taboos she had fixed in her mind were all crashing down. She was with two men and acting out the darker sins of the flesh.

Her mouth opened and she let the blond man's cock rub along the opening of her mouth, the wetness of the head a reminder of where he had just been. Her body jerked again from the darker man fucking her hard and deep. She licked at the head of the blond man's cock, tasting the mixture of juices from desire.

A cold chill swept through her soul. This was sinful. A degrading act of pure sexual fantasy. This wasn't who she was, but in the confines of her soul, she needed this so badly she almost cried in ecstasy for it to never stop.

With hard thrusts, the darker man began to hammer into Sharnet. "You were right. Damn this woman has a fucking incredible pussy. I could fuck this all night."

Sharnet pictured herself lying dead after being fucked to death. What a way to go. To be taken over and over by these two men for hours. If this were a nightmare, she welcomed more of them.

She looked to the blond man and his soft eyes. She reached out and grabbed his cock. It had softened a bit but as she stroked it in her fingers, it thickened to the touch. The slippery coating from her pussy made the flesh moist.

With the dark man hammering relentlessly into her pussy, she jerked in unison on the blond man's cock. She wanted to suck him off until he erupted and she could taste

the seed as it shot down the confines of her throat, but was afraid she might bite down. Her body began to shudder with pleasure as her orgasm approached.

“Damn, bitch, you’re gonna make me come. Can you feel it?” The dark man’s voice was gravelly and rough.

Sharnet sensed his straining and the feverish bursts of air as he gasped.

The blond man’s cock oozed anticipation from the tip as she continued to tug on him. He moaned and she felt his cock pulse like a heart as he shot his seed out. It flowed down her hand as she continued to jerk him off. She gazed into his eyes and saw his pleasure. It was peaceful.

She was quickly brought back to her own reality with a loud slap and stinging on her ass. The dark man took control of her again.

Her vision grew fuzzy from the tears welling in her eyes as she felt the pain of the dark man grabbing hard on her hips and raising her body up with his thunderous plunges into her dripping cunt. Her pussy was getting sore from his fucking and the throb of her clit rang through her being. She was getting what she desired and more.

Like a cat, she arched her body down, pressing her weight on her elbows and pushing her reddened ass back against the onslaught of this being plundering her forbidden treasure.

The dark man reached his hand down to her neck then dragged his fingertips along her exposed spine, sending fireworks of pleasure through her system.

With a gasp for air, she squeezed her eyes shut and came. She couldn’t breathe and every muscle tightened then began to flex. The release was a detonation of every nerve ending in her body. Her juices flowed down her thighs like a river as she freed the essence of her desires. Her body jittered and shook as she came.

“Fuck, baby, I can feel your cunt move when you come.” He breathed through gritted teeth and sucked in a deep breath.

With a groan she felt the volcanic spurts of the darker man erupting into her body. It burned as he continued to spew his seed over and over.

Motionless and weak, her mouth open and eyes shut, Sharnet's body was relaxing and everything around her dissipated into nothingness as she fell to the bed in a heap. The soft satin sheets comforted her and she felt herself drifting into a relaxing sleep as the men both vanished in the same way they had come to her.

Was this all an erotic dream?

With a brush of her hand along her inner thigh, she knew it wasn't a dream.

Her moment of ultimate peace was shattered by a loud slam of a door.

"Sharnet, where the fuck is my suitcase? I'm going away this weekend." A drunken man staggered into the bedroom.

"It's in the closet, Carl. The same place it always is. Where to this week, Atlantic City or Vegas?" She had a sarcastic tone to her voice. Her husband was a husband in name only and she hated how he used her.

Carl walked back into the bedroom from the closet, holding a weekend suitcase. "What does it matter?" He stared at Sharnet as she lay on the bed, slightly wrapped by the silken sheets. "What the fuck were you doing?"

She looked surprised and didn't know what Carl meant. "Uh, what are you talking about?"

"You know. You lying in the bed, half naked...wait a minute. Were you fucking somebody?"

"What?"

"You fucking whore. You were probably fucking some guy before I got home."

"You're drunk, Carl."

"Is he still here?" Carl started walking around the bedroom, pulling at the curtains and blankets on the side of the bed. "If he's here, I'll fucking kill him. No bitch wife of mine is going to cheat on me. You fucking whore. After all I gave you."

Sharnet had put up with degrading comments and horrific threats for so long that she finally had enough. "Fuck you, Carl. You go away almost every weekend and fuck your secretary of the month. All I do is stay home and deal with your shit."

Tears welled in Sharnet's eyes, her heart pounding from fear and the anger in her chest. "Maybe there is someone else. Someone who'll be here. Someone to be a man and not a spineless fucking bastard like you are. Leave, just go, that's what you are..."

The loud slap echoed through the room and Sharnet fell to the floor in a heap. Carl stood tall above her and pointed his finger.

"Nobody talks to me like that. Not even my wife. If you raise your voice to me again, I'll fucking kill you—bitch." The drinking, the anger and the truth from Sharnet enraged Carl to a dangerous point.

Weakly propping herself up on her arms, she wouldn't back down. Blood trickled from her nose and her lip burned.

Carl stepped up and pushed her elbow with his foot. Her arm collapsed and Sharnet fought to get up again. "When you get back. I'll be gone, Carl. I'll be..."

Carl knelt down and grabbed Sharnet by the shoulder, yanking her from the floor. She regained her balance and pushed Carl away from her.

"Just go, leave. You'll hear from my lawyer."

Carl's demeanor turned evil. He was now scorned by the woman whom he had basically thought he owned. "So that's how you want it, huh?"

He lunged at Sharnet, hitting her high in the chest with his forearm and they slammed into the bedroom wall. Sharnet's head banged against the wall, making her dizzy. She looked up and saw in Carl's eyes that he was going to beat her again. Maybe this time he'd finish the job and kill her. Terrified, she watched Carl reach back and saw his fist close—white knuckled, cocked back. She wouldn't hang her head. *Fuck him*, she thought to herself.

As Carl's fist started moving forward, Sharnet saw the shadows move behind him.

"Let go of my arm," Carl yelled.

Sharnet looked to see the dark man from her fantasy grabbing Carl's arm. Carl grimaced as the man's hand squeezed it, making his hand go limp and shake. He pulled Carl back then turned him around to look at him. His eyes glowed a deep red.

"Enough." His voice almost echoed in the room. "This ends *now*."

Carl staggered back, grabbing his arm as if some fierce pain shot through the muscle where the dark man had grabbed it. He swung his arm, hitting a solid wall of muscle.

The dark man didn't strike him back but stood between Carl and Sharnet.

"You'll never hurt her again." The man grabbed Carl by the shoulder and clamped down on it.

Carl winced from the splintering pain shooting through his shoulder. He squirmed away then turned and ran down the hallway outside the bedroom.

The man turned and walked toward Sharnet. "Are you all right? I couldn't let him beat you again. You don't deserve that, no woman does."

Sharnet swallowed and sat back on the end of the bed. Her lip was swollen and blood was still trickling from her nose. She looked up, her eyes widened and she gasped. "No – *Carl* –"

The shot rang through the room as the gun fired. The bullet passed through the dark man and hit Sharnet, knocking her from the bed. Her body sprawled onto the floor.

The dark man turned and a heat rose from his body as raging anger coursed through his blood. He quickly leapt toward Carl. More shots rang out as he fired at the dark man over and over but hit – nothing.

The dark man grabbed Carl by the throat and pulled him so their faces almost met. He glared into Carl's eyes. "It ends now."

With a sharp sound, the dark man closed his hand around Carl's neck as Carl struggled to get free. With a loud roar he threw him against the wall like a rag doll.

Carl gasped for air and fell against a large glass curio cabinet. His weight made it wobble and start to fall. He fell against the front as it toppled, his weight shattering and breaking the glass.

The dark man looked at Carl and saw shards of glass covered in blood poking up through him. His neck had been sliced open and a steady flow of blood pulsed from his still body.

He rushed over to Sharnet, only to find her lying in a pool of her own blood. The bullet meant for him had hit her in the chest. She held his hand as it rested against the ugly wound. Her heart slowly stopped beating while he watched her.

Lowering his head into his bloody hand, all the meaning of mortality was shown to him in a flash. For all the powers he possessed, he couldn't stop the events of this night from happening.

Another flash lit the room, this one followed by a rumble of thunder. A sudden chill filled the air. He stood, turning toward the windows.

There was a loud crash—a bolt of lightning shattered the windows and hit the dark man in the chest. He staggered back.

The room became colder still and as the flash of light blinded the room, he felt another bolt of lightning strike him, ripping his body away from Sharnet and Carl and their tragic deaths.

Chapter Six

When he let go of her hand, Alyson began to shake. Cold crept through her body. Her horror at what happened chilled her soul.

"I remember hearing about that night. That was almost five years ago. The police said it was an unsolved murder. They couldn't find anything to prove who had done it. Oh *Christ*, I can't believe this. It wasn't your *fault*. You did right by protecting her. You didn't mean for any of that to happen."

Alyson sensed his shame in revealing this side of his persona. A side that showed compassion instead of the lust that seemed to direct his actions.

"It's in the past. It can't be undone but I'm now more careful in what I do. Because of that night, my views will be forever different."

She paused, thinking for a moment. "Views on what?"

"That night, I was stripped of all my powers and the immortal shield that protected me. The elders had warned of the punishment for taking or causing death after I had left the confines of the tribe. I was ignorant and arrogant, disbelieving what they had said. You get a feeling of invincibility when you take for granted the gifts you have. The lightning ripped my powers from me and when I came back, I was dropped into the reality of life—broken, scarred and disoriented. I was shown the reality of life and the pain all mortals feel. My punishment was a year of mortality with no guidance or powers."

"So you were just like a normal person?"

"Well, yes. You people have many things that you don't appreciate. You are wrapped in this cocoon—the media telling you what to think, to eat, to wear. Life is full of choices. To gain a respect for what you have, you must lose it to understand the grander picture. Because of that night, I was taught a great lesson. I also was shown the

joy and pain of a pure love. I now have a greater appreciation for women and personal needs and my lifelong quest is in focus."

She adjusted herself in the chair. Pulling her knees to her chest, Alyson was now captive to him and his story, no longer trying to get something from him for herself. She didn't need to write anything else. These memories were being etched into her forever. "What quest are you talking about?"

"The quest for the other half of my soul."

"Your *soul*?"

"Through time, I spent a lot of my life seducing, using and giving women what I thought they wanted. I was a sexual presence and these women were answers to all my inner desires. I'd fulfill their needs and show them the freedom that their own sexuality could bring them. A woman freed from all the outside influences can give a man such pleasure. I have seen that much and more. Then I met someone who taught me this firsthand. She is the other half of my soul. I lost her and now my search is to find her within one of the women I meet. She's among the living, I just need to find her again."

"What happened? How did you lose her?" Alyson held her hand out to the dark man.

"I cannot take you there. This memory is mine. It's a part of my life that is sacred. Something I treasure and will not diminish by sharing it." His eyes grew weary and heavy. This was clearly a painful memory, still brimming at the surface.

"Maybe if you tell me about her? Maybe it can help you deal with it. What happened? Please show me..."

The dark man remained silent for a long time. Then he spoke.

"I have never shared this with another. I can't *show* you, but I will tell you what happened."

His voice echoed through her mind as Alyson saw his story come to life.

* * * * *

Kelly

My head throbbed with pain and my eyes were swollen so badly I could barely open them to see a shaft of light. Even when I did, it hurt to look at it.

"It's okay, shhh—just relax." The voice was soft and comforting.

The woman spoke softly. "I think you've been burned or something. You need to see a doctor."

"No. I don't need a doctor. I'll be fine." I paused a second and felt my chest ache as I spoke. "Who are you?"

"My name is Kelly. I found you in the alley behind my apartment. I heard what sounded like lightning strikes over and over." She cleaned around my eyes with a cold wet towel and continued. "When I went outside, the rain was pouring and I found you slumped against the wall. I managed to get you to your feet and guide you inside. Who are you? Can you tell me your name?"

"Pilan...my name is Pilan. Why are you helping me? You don't know me."

I opened my eyes like blinds to see an image before me. The woman had long black hair, pulled back in a ponytail. Her face was angelic. There was a calm surrounding her.

"Because I'm an idiot. Something about you compelled me. You were pretty much out of it and it looked like you were hurt really bad. I couldn't leave you out there to die."

"Hey, where are my clothes?"

"Well, I—uh—I needed to make sure you were dry. They're hanging over the tub. Everything else seems to be—um—unharmful. You are a lucky man. Very lucky." She paused. "You don't have to worry. I was almost a nurse and I've oiled and rubbed muscles for bodybuilders at a gym."

"Fuck, my head hurts. My medallion? Where's my medallion?" I tried to sit up but she pushed me back down.

“You didn’t have a medallion. In fact you don’t have any identification or a wallet or anything. I was afraid you were mugged. You need rest.” She pushed firmly against me.

Something had changed. I could feel the pain. Real pain. My skin was burnt and peeling from the bolts of lightning. My muscles ached, radiating through me. When I breathed in, sharp agony shot through my chest.

“You have at least three broken ribs,” she said, trying to keep me lying down. “And you’re burned here and there. What the hell happened?”

I could feel there were electrical burns on my back and abdomen from the lightning and I had a recurring headache from my fall from grace. “I don’t know,” I answered. “Look at me.”

She looked toward me and it was then I noticed a whitened film over her eyes. I wanted to see inside her thoughts, as I always did with women.

“What?” she asked inquisitively.

My powers were gone. I couldn’t see anything. The penalty for causing death was mortality. I was going to be forced to live as a mortal. There were no guidelines for what had happened. I had lost everything. There was nothing to tell me what to do to become the being I once was.

Her name was Kelly.

She nursed me back to health. Instead of what used to be instantaneous recovery from any injury, now I healed in the same time a normal person would. Yet she never asked me for anything in return, except my company.

I found out she was slowly going blind from diabetic retinopathy and worked in a small school near her home for blind children. Kelly was very self-sufficient and didn’t whine for help. I admired her strength.

What started out as a living hell soon took on a new meaning. I was living and helping someone—for real. I got a job at a warehouse a few blocks from the apartment

where we lived. They didn't ask for any identification because it was all under the table work. I loaded crates and boxes onto trucks and they paid me day by day.

I didn't understand the concept of money and its importance. I gave what I made to Kelly because I was basically renting a room from her and to be honest, I was indebted to her.

Each night I spent time listening to her and becoming closer and closer to someone who needed more than a simple fuck with no ties. Sex wasn't part of our friendship. We'd stay up late listening to music or watching television. Many nights we fell asleep curled up together on the couch. I really enjoyed the feel of her sleeping on me and the simple scent of her hair filled my breath. I'd stroke the long strands between my fingers and just let her sleep. A few times she started snoring and I didn't have the heart to wake her.

I'd carry her to her bed and lay her on top of the covers. My instinct was to crawl next to her and seduce her into submission. But I never took advantage of Kelly. Why should I?

It wasn't that I didn't want her in that way. She was an attractive young woman. Long silky hair, olive-toned skin and a nice, shapely body that begged for attention. A man with my appetites still had needs and they were still like no normal man.

I figured this was another test. I discovered masturbation and its appeal for someone not having sex. I must have soiled miles of toilet tissue in that time.

Becoming friends with a woman gave me a new perspective on relationships. It wasn't always the sex. Sex was important but not everything. She taught me that. In fact, Kelly taught me about everything. It tore me apart to not be able to tell her who and what I really was. The truth was, I became afraid this growing feeling within me would stop.

We went out to dinner every couple of weeks. Her vision was getting worse but she wouldn't let that bring her down. She'd tell me what she wanted and we always had a good time. Her disability never caused us to change the way we acted or what we did.

After a few months, I felt things start to change and our friendship was going to a new level. It was time to tell her the truth.

Late one night I sat beside her on the couch. As usual she propped her feet on my lap so that I could rub them for her—which always made me laugh. “Kelly, I need to tell you something.”

“All serious now, I see.” She smiled and looked in my direction.

“It’s about my past and who I am.” It was harder than I imagined it would be. I couldn’t tell her I was a spirit and had made love to over a thousand women. That my existence was forged from lust and passion. I had to try to be realistic but honest.

“I’m not who I appear. There are things in my past that you should know.”

She interrupted me. “Are you gay?”

“Uh, no way.”

“Are you married?” Her questions were direct.

“No, I’m not married.”

“Are you hiding out from the law?”

“No, I’m just...”

She sat up and took my face in her hands. “The past is behind us, Pilan. Whatever happened, happened. Right *now* is what’s important. All this could be gone tomorrow. Live for right now.”

She pulled my face to hers and brushed her cheek against mine. There was such warmth in Kelly. A true heart and a sincerity that’s rare amongst people.

Nothing needed to be said anymore because at that moment I understood. This was the basic essence of love. Boundless, unquestioned trust in another. My previous existence vanished. Everything that happened from that moment on was what was important.

We came home one night and Kelly stood next to me at the door as I unlocked it. We'd been to a party. It had been fun and everything seemed to be fine. But there was something wrong. I could tell by her quiet demeanor.

"Is everything okay, Kelly?"

"I guess." The subtle tone of her voice said otherwise.

"Tell me. What's wrong?"

"Do you find me attractive? You have never tried to, well...you know. Is it because I-I'm losing my sight?"

I was at a loss. I couldn't tell her the complete truth. I had led her to believe that I was just a man looking for a new life. "I'm afraid," I said. "Afraid that I will get too close to you. I don't want to hurt you."

"Hurt me? You won't hurt me, Pilan. How could you? You've given me something that has long been lost for me. You have given me hope."

"Hope?"

She reached her hands up and rested them on my shoulders. "Yes. Hope that there is more for me than a life spent alone. You can stay here as long as you like. All I ask is for you to be honest with me and accept the feelings I have for you. Can't you see that I love you?"

Love.

Something I'd never thought about. My entire lifespan was based on lust and sex. Love had never been a part of it. Or had it? These feelings I now had inside and how emotions dictated my actions—how I ached when I was away from Kelly. The way her simple smile brightened my day. Was this love?

I couldn't resist her anymore. My heart was pounding and I wanted her so fiercely that it scared me. I grabbed around her waist and pulled her to me. In a breathtaking kiss, I was overwhelmed at how powerful a single touch of the lips could be. I hadn't ever felt that way before nor have I since.

For the first time, I *made love* to a woman.

Everything took on a new meaning to me. It was like my first time. All my senses were awoken by the smallest details. The caress of a breast had a new appreciation. The smoothness of a woman's skin felt like a rose petal against my fingertips. The taste of a woman's pussy was more succulent than a ripened fruit.

I became an explorer with Kelly and she was my guide on the journey. She would moan and with each thrust, I merged with her spiritually. As she lay beneath me, I really saw how the act of sex releases emotional and physical tensions.

We made love all the time and it brought us closer than ever.

Days turned to weeks—weeks to months. My affections were now deeper, more real than anything I could ever have imagined. Each night she'd give me a kiss and whisper "I love you" into my ear. I had a hard time saying it back. Love wasn't something I understood, but my feelings grew stronger for her with each moment. And so did Kelly's.

The doctors had told her it was only a matter of time before she'd go blind. Nothing helped and she grew more dependent on me. I supported her and helped her however I could. I even tried cooking. But there are only so many ways to make macaroni and cheese.

I had found my soul mate. Everything finally made sense to me. What I learned in the time I spent with Kelly was an appreciation for the *now*. Live for each moment and cherish what you have.

Everything since that time has had more meaning. It changed my beliefs, it changed who I am and mainly made me appreciate life more. The pleasure I can give is only momentary. The expression of emotions and desires can be forever.

Women are more in tune with their emotions than men. They grasp and seek things differently. Not everything given is for gain. My love for women is boundless. This is probably the reason why I get such personal gratification in giving pleasure. Now, my life had meaning and for whatever reason, I felt whole. I was happy. I was fulfilled.

Kelly came to me one night as I sat looking into the fire raging in the fireplace. "It's late, I'm going to bed." She kissed my forehead and whispered, "I love you."

When she turned, I said the words she had longed to hear. "I love you too." There weren't any fireworks, nothing electric. It was simply my feelings in four words. "Did you hear me?" I asked.

She stopped and smiled. "I know." Quietly, she walked away.

Then the elders came for me.

It had been a year since the night I was stripped of my powers. I couldn't sleep, something was unsettling in the air. Kelly was lying peacefully asleep in the bed. It soothed the uneasiness in me.

But I still had to get up, so I went into our small living room. While I stood there, drinking milk from the carton, I felt a steady pulse of energy from outside.

I knew who it was.

With a crushing burst of sensation, I fell to my knees, dropping the carton. The voice filled my head in a deafening tone. "Pilan, it is time."

"I don't want to go back. Not now." I fought the inevitable.

"There is no choice. You have served your time as a mortal. Now there is a final test. You must leave someone you have cared for."

"I can't." My heart hurt. "I love her." I couldn't leave Kelly. She needed me. I needed her.

"It is the full moon. We have come for you, Pilan. Your time of penance has passed. Your new quest will begin."

"Quest? What quest?" As I spoke, they faded away. All I could hear was the pattering of rain on the roof and the splash of the drips as they fell to the street. Just like the night I came to Kelly.

He stopped, dropping her hand. "I can't go on, Alyson. The memories are too painful."

"I have to know what happened." She took the dark man's hand once more. "Show me what happened so I can understand."

The dark man looked at Alyson. His eyes were reddened and sad, moist with tears from memories of the past. This meant something to him that Alyson needed to know so she could understand him better. This was the pinnacle of his being.

Hanging his head, he nodded, took Alyson's hand and they both closed their eyes.

Rain, lightning, thunder, all caused a somber mood in the air. It was like the night he'd come to her. But this night was filled with sadness and broken hearts.

He couldn't know that Kelly had rolled over in bed and noticed he was gone. Or that the warm spot in her bed was suddenly empty and cold. Nor was he aware that she had called to him only to hear no reply. He didn't sense her panic as she threw on her nightgown and wandered into the living room, sensing the inevitable. He was gone.

He could only watch as the rain fell and Kelly called to him, following him out into the storm. She came outside into the night, trying to find him and get him back. He couldn't bear to say goodbye, couldn't stand facing the truth. So he slowly began to transform back to the spirit he was, disappearing into the darkness.

His heart broke as he saw Kelly scream and call out his name in vain. Her nightgown was soaked and clinging to her wet body – she was almost blind but still she looked for him. She reached out for what she thought was him, but whatever it was had turned into a shadow.

He longed to touch her but could not. Her hand passed through his as if he were a ghost. The year of discovery was now ending and he began to understand the pain of loss. The heartache of love.

This was his test. This was the penalty. He was forced to *feel* as a mortal man.

It was all making sense to him.

Kelly cried and the rain began to come down in torrents as she blindly searched for him. “*Pilan* –” she screamed. “Don’t leave me.” Tears streamed down her cheeks, mixing with the rain. He could only imagine the devastation of her loss—no explanations, nothing to tell her why he’d gone. Someone she truly loved had walked out of her now blinded life.

He felt his own tears welling in his eyes. Kelly was his first true love. The pain was agonizing, ripping him apart, dazing him and making him see a blinding light. The light became brighter and brighter. A loud blare of air horns followed.

“Nooooooooo!”

He screamed and lunged forward to pull Kelly away from the edge of the road where she’d staggered from her front door. The few seconds he flailed in desperation to grab her to safety seemed endless, replaying in slow motion through his mind. With all the powers he had possessed—everything that he’d taken for granted—nothing he did could save Kelly from what was happening.

“Don’t do this! Take me, you fucking bastards, not her!”

His scream echoed through the empty wet streets. A paralyzing ache shot through his chest. For one endless instant of time he looked at Kelly, seeing the film that covered her eyes disappear as she looked back at him.

Smiling through the rain streaming over her face, she spoke. “I’ll never leave you. Find me, my love, find...” Her voice, soft and soothing, faded in his ears.

A blaring horn and blast of wind ripped her from his sight.

He fell to his knees and wailed in sorrow as the one thing he’d ever held precious was taken from him. The air rumbled as his emotions erupted around him.

He turned to see Kelly’s body beneath the wheels of the truck that struck her. She never saw it coming. The rain flooded the streets as he knelt there sobbing. He looked

down on to his shaking hands and watched as the water fell through them. His powers were almost fully restored and he was disappearing into the night.

The voice of the elder spoke to him. "You have paid the price. You now understand the consequences of taking life."

"I'd give everything back. She didn't need to die, she was a pure soul. She never asked me for anything, she never hurt anyone." He faded away with each passing moment. "You fuckers took away the one person who didn't want anything but my heart. Just let me go. I can't stand to feel this pain for eternity."

"She is not dead. Her spirit lives within another." The voice was soothing.

His hair dripped the rain over his face. "What do you mean?"

"Her spirit lives on inside another woman. She knew. She told you as much before she died. You must find her again. Remember what you have learned, Pilan. Your gifts have changed. Now they include your compassion."

He knelt on the road. Something flashed on the wet ground beside him. It was his gold medallion. It had been returned, along with his powers. He was himself again, complete — except for the hole in his heart from the loss of Kelly.

Chapter Seven

Alyson

He released Alyson's hand and sat back in his chair.

"Oh Lord. My God, what did you do? Where did you go?"

"For a long time, I wandered around. I even went back to where my tribe was. Everything was gone, nothing left but the distant memories of greatness. I had nothing. My past and present were memories, nothing more. But it was a test. I grew as a person, as they say, with a better understanding for people.

"It was at this time that I started listening more, mainly to women. To listen to what their hearts and fantasies told them. To go back to where I had started and become who I really am. I realize now that I need to follow my heart. To be whatever a woman wants me to be. I still seduce and have sex with women, but I take more care in what I do. This way I can find Kelly again. She was a godsend and my quest is to find her within another woman."

"Have you been with a lot of women since Kelly left?"

He turned, staring at Alyson. "No, just a few. Then I was summoned by Claudia."

"How will you know? How will you know it's Kelly when you find her?"

"I'll know. She'll show herself when she is ready."

Alyson wiped away her tears. There was a tornado of emotions flowing through her. She didn't know if she wanted to fuck him or hug him. She had watched and been through so much in such a short time that there was a connection between them. She felt it. He had to feel it too. Why else did he agree to talk to her and share so much?

"Alyson, I have given you all you asked from me. You know my story, you know who I am. Now it's time for you to do as we agreed and give me my medallion." He stood, staring out the window.

"You're just going to leave?"

"Yes, that's what we agreed. I've told you more than I should have. I must leave now."

Her eyes surveyed the situation. His black leather pants hugged tightly against his large muscular legs. She swallowed and a flush of passion heated her body. She wanted one last little thing from him.

Well, she knew it was a rather *large* thing but still...

If she could have one personal sexual experience with him that she longed for after seeing all the women he had pleased, it would kill two birds with one stone. She'd have closure to her story and secondly she would finally get fucked properly because her batteries were low and the men she met couldn't find a clitoris with a map and magnifying glass.

Alyson stepped over to her bag and rummaged around. She pulled the thick necklace from it, letting the gold amulet dangle from the chain.

The dark man walked over to her. His eyes were fixed on his amulet, the last link to his past and future.

"I need this back." Some of the tension left his voice as he stared at it. "It's a gift and a calling card when I visit women. And now—now it helps me get some balance back into my existence."

Alyson lifted the heavy jewelry over her head and let it hang around her neck. She rubbed the bumpy texture of the metal, pressing it between her breasts. The heat began to climb within her. She looked up at the dark man then back to the medallion. She pressed it against her body again, letting the pulses of excitement climb through her soul.

The dark man stood in front of Alyson and she looked up his massive torso slowly, taking in his power. Desire swept through her body once more. Her pussy melted from her growing lust.

After witnessing the relentless and boundless sexual prowess this being possessed, she craved to have him for herself. She began to understand Claudia's desire to keep him and not share him. Every piece of her wanted him.

Alyson reached her hand out and rested it on his broad shoulder. The nerves on her fingertips began to tingle. An unexpected bonus. Her mind raced with thoughts of his cock causing the same electric tingles in her now-creaming cunt as they fucked. She put her other hand on his chest, feeling the slick hint of perspiration on his muscles.

He reached up and looked directly into Alyson's eyes. Her legs became weak as she almost came from a simple look from him.

This would be the culmination of her story.

He lowered his hand along the skin of her face, searing her flesh with his fire. His hand brushed against her breast, sending a jolt of pleasure to her spine. Her chest pushed up as her back arched, begging for more. She closed her eyes as he brought his other hand up her body. She was ready.

But a sudden coldness swept over her. She opened her eyes and watched as he pulled the medallion from around her neck. This long-awaited fantasy was going to remain unfulfilled for her.

"What's wrong? Why didn't you...you know...take me? Fuck me?"

He held the medallion in his massive palm, smiling. "Why should I?"

"Why the fuck *not*?"

"Alyson, that's not why I'm here. You didn't ask me here for that."

"Well I'm asking now!"

"No."

"What the fuck do you mean, no? I want you to fuck me."

The dark man reached for his jacket and moved toward the door.

Alyson ran in front of him to block his departure. She had unfulfilled needs and was hurting, plus she wasn't used to a man refusing her. Especially when it came to sex. "You can't leave. I'm not done. I mean the interview isn't done."

She hit her fist on his chest, almost in tears. "You show me all this and expect me not to let emotions in? I'm a mentally and sexually frustrated mess. Is it too much to ask for you to fulfill one thing for me? Just fuck me. That's all I..."

With a shove, the dark man pushed Alyson against the door. She felt the weight of his body pressing against her, almost smothering her with his brutal force.

His hot breath blew against her neck. "You don't need me, Alyson. That's not why I came here. You wanted the story. I gave you your story. It's not me that you need."

Alyson began to cry, longing for more. "I want to feel what those women felt. I want..."

"I can't give you what you want, Alyson. What you really desire is within you, I'm not the answer for you. I have seen your future. The man who can answer your needs will show himself soon. Follow your heart."

"How will I know who he is?"

"By his mark."

"A mark? Like a tattoo? *What?*"

"You'll know."

As Alyson wrapped her arms around the dark man, he disintegrated into the night air and vanished. He was gone. She put her face in her hands and wept. She was so strong, so brazen, yet this being had broken down all her walls, exposing her for what she really was. She was *vulnerable*.

Alyson walked to where the video recorder had silently listened to their conversation and picked it up. She set it on the table next to the tape recorder that continued to record. With a click she turned it off and began to rewind the tape.

Pushing the view button on the camera, she gazed at the small screen. Strangely, all it showed was the room and Alyson, sitting in the chair talking to nobody. Blinking her eyes a few times, she looked again—same thing.

Nobody had ever been filmed in the room with her.

She pressed the play button on the cassette recorder. Maybe there was some glitch with the video and she'd gotten the audio record of what had happened. The only sounds she heard were the mumblings of her own voice followed by gaps of silence.

Stepping back against the wall, Alyson slid down to the floor and began to cry. Everything she'd seen and heard was gone. She had no evidence or any record of what had happened. She wondered if she'd given back the only physical evidence she'd ever have when she passed over the medallion.

His words still haunted her. Everything he said was clear in her mind. It was now up to her what would happen next.

* * * * *

His tongue licked the beads of sweat between her swollen breasts. His mouth constantly tortured her nipples, sucking and pulling at them between his lips.

Alyson threw her head back and felt his long thick cock bury farther within her. Her fingers tugged at his thick black hair as he squeezed hard on her ass. This night of passion had been going on for hours and she was finally getting what she needed.

Alyson was getting fucked. Many times.

She put her arms against his shoulders, moving him away. With a smile, she pushed him down onto his back. Her fingers raked against the tense muscles on his chest. In a rhythmic motion she ground her pussy against his cock and savored what was coming...*she was coming.*

She raised her body and reached between them. His rock-hard cock strained upward as she placed it at her slick opening. With a guttural moan, she lowered her hot

cunt down onto his cock. It nestled tightly within her, stretching her pussy to the perfect size.

Alyson put one hand on his chest and the other against her breast where her nipples were still on fire from his sucking. She twisted the tight erect buds, sending the exhilaration and intense excitement directly to her pussy. The onslaught of her arousal peaked and she crashed back to reality.

"Oh *fuuuuuccckkkk*. Oh my God, oh my, *ohhhh...*"

Visions flashed through her mind. The freedom from sexual inhibitions she had experienced with the dark man were all adding to this moment. He had branded her soul with so many emotions of pleasure and lust, she would relive them in her mind forever. Everything was growing – the pressure – the arousal – the need.

Her cunt began to spasm and she vigorously jerked her pelvis back and forth, making his cock rub against her clit. Her hand flinched against his chest and she dug her fingers into the muscular flesh. Her pussy seeped the juices of her sex, making a slippery mess between them that eased her continued fucking of this man. She felt his heart pounding and his deep groans echoed through her head as they both merged in a thunderous release of tension.

"Oh fuck, Alyson, I'm coming, oh shit, *yesssss...*" He arched his neck and she looked down to see the veins pulse as he shot his seed onto her over and over. She wanted the spurts of his desire spraying her insides but safe sex is safe sex.

"Mmm, you're a great fuck." Alyson slowly eased off him. "Here's a towel. You'd better clean up since you made a mess and I ain't sleeping in the wet spot."

Moments later, they lay on the bed. He looked at Alyson and slowly massaged her back as she sprawled next to him. "Why me?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Why me?" he asked again. "I meet you at work and suddenly we're, well, we're like *this*. Everyone said you were some kind of ice princess."

"Oh really? What else did they say about me?" She smiled lazily.

He laughed. "Well, the guys at the magazine said that if you uncross and cross your legs, the furnace kicks on. That — or you were a lesbian."

"What do you think?"

"Oh *fuck* no. You're hotter than the sun. But I'm curious why you suddenly became interested in me."

Alyson turned over then smacked his hand away when he tried to play with her nipples. "A friend told me I would meet someone. Someone who could be special."

"How'd you assume it was me?"

"I had a hint. I figured it was you after you introduced yourself and told me your name."

"What? You thought it was me because my name is Mark?"

"Yep."

"What else did this psychic friend tell you?"

"Not a lot. I haven't heard from him in a while. I know he's looking for someone. I just hope he finds her."

Epilogue

Drizzle filled the air as the dark man stood once more in front of the grave.

He brushed aside the dead leaves from the metal plaque, placed his red rose across it and stood. Rain was a double-edged curse for him.

It never failed to bring the memory of one heartbreaking night, but it also brought the reminder of a fresh start.

Turning to walk away, he knew his future course was unsure. Where would he go? Who would he meet? They were questions for which he had no answers and he walked aimlessly down the narrow walkways of the cemetery. After leaving the sacred grounds, he continued his slow progress through the rain that now fell steadily.

He was jarred out of his mindless wandering when he bumped into someone coming out of a diner.

A petite woman looked up at him, her eyes black and mysterious. "I'm sorry, I wasn't..." The mist clung to her jet-black hair as it flowed down her spine.

He stared back at her. "It's all right. I wasn't watching where I was going either."

The woman glanced down at his chest and saw the shimmer of his gold medallion. "Wow, that's gorgeous. May I see it?"

The dark man paused then pulled it over his head, placing it in the woman's hand and watching her face as she touched the piece.

The woman couldn't take her eyes from the jewelry as it sat in her palm. He knew she'd feel warmth creeping through her body when she closed her hand around it and wasn't surprised to see her jaw shudder as the power of the medallion radiated through her.

He took her hand and unfolded her fingers.

She looked back up to him, blinking, lost in what had just happened. Her gaze drifted down his body, noting the black clothing clinging to his muscles and lingering on the outline of his cock.

With a heavy breath, the woman licked her lips and spoke. "I have heard of you. I know who you are."

A wicked smile crossed his mouth as he replied.

"And I know who you are – Maya."

About the Author

S.L. Carpenter is a born and raised California man. He does both writing and cover art for novels as outlets for his overactive libido and twisted mind. His inspiration is his wife, who keeps him well trained. Writing is his true joy. It gives him freedom and expression for both his sensual and humorous sides.

S.L. welcomes comments from readers. You can find his website and email address on his author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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