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Novel Visions

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by

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NOVEL VISIONS

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NOVEL VISIONS

The books were lined up like glossy sentinels in the window of the bookstore, their covers bearing the shadow of a figure—a man’s figure—silhouetted against a blood red background. Emblazoned across the bottom in bold red letters was the title: *The Hart Files*. If one were to run their fingers over it, they would discover raised letters embossed on the glossy covers. Between each hardcover copy was a framed picture. Jonathon Cayle grimaced from his vantage point in the taxi as it waited at the red light; that particular picture was not his best.

He turned his attention back to the road and the rain, which had been falling for nearly two days it seemed. It rained before he had left his apartment in Atlanta, and it was raining in New Orleans. With a dejected sigh, he slumped back down into the vinyl-covered backseat of the taxicab. He had really hoped to make this particular trip an enjoyable one. Jessica had promised him she would take him on the Haunted New Orleans tours. As his publisher and childhood friend, she knew that he would love them more than anything else he would see. As the rain beat down on the world outside, Jonathon wondered if they would even get the chance to step foot out of the damned hotel.

“You in town to do a book signing this week, Mr. Cayle?” the driver said over his shoulder.

Jonathon sighed, “Yeah, they’ve got me booked in three different places over the next two weeks.”

“Wow, sounds like you’re going to be busy.” The driver laughed. “Hey, could ya sign my copy of *The Hart Files*?”

“Sure, no problem. Don’t let me forget and I’ll do it when we get to the hotel,” Jonathon said, trying to seem as interested as he could. The driver nodded as the light changed to green once more.

Jonathon watched the city pass by; not really paying much attention to the overall details. He was still irked about Nadeen’s refusal to come with him on this trip. Her elitist attitude was wearing thin, and he wondered now

why he had not listened to Jessica when she had warned him about her old roommate. It was neither here nor there, really; he was in New Orleans now and was determined to enjoy himself, rain or not. Up ahead on the right, the Homewood Suites, run by the Hilton chain, loomed into view. Jonathon looked through the hotel brochure Jessica had sent him.

“Jesus, Jess, plan on keeping me for a while?” he muttered as he admired the amenities list.

“You say somethin’, Mr. Cayle?”

“No, just talking to myself,” Jonathon said as he refolded the leaflet and stuck it back into the inside pocket of his leather coat.

“There it is,” the driver announced. “Homewood Suites.” He pulled up to the curb and switched on his hazards. Then he handed his book back to Jonathon to sign while he got the author’s luggage from the trunk.

Jonathon set the newly autographed book in the front seat and got out. The rain was not as cold as he had expected, but he took his luggage, tipped the driver, and went into the hotel as quickly as possible. Cold or no, he did not enjoy being drenched to the bone.

The lobby of the hotel was impressive, but a brilliant smile by the front desk caught Jonathon’s eye quicker than the lacquered floor.

“Jess,” he said with a broad smile.

A woman clad in navy blue business slacks and a stark white blouse crossed the floor to him with her arms wide open.

“Jonathon,” she said, kissing him on the cheek. “How are you, hun? How was the flight?”

“It was okay, but I’m sick of the rain.”

“Raining in Atlanta, too, I assume?” she asked as she waved over a bellhop. She turned back to the sopping wet author and grimaced. “You look like hell, Jon.”

“Thanks for the observation,” he laughed. “It’s been a long week. I’m ready for this time away.”

Jess arched an eyebrow. “Nadeen?”

A stray, wet strand of chestnut hair slipped from his ponytail and Jonathon brushed it away from his face, giving his publisher a sheepish grin.

Jess sighed. “You’re a damn masochist, Jon.” Then with a grin, she added, “or completely pussy-whipped.”

Jonathon scowled at her as the bellhop walked up.

“Room 213,” Jess told the young man.

“How’s Josh?” he asked as they followed the bellhop up to the room.

“Oh, he’s excited as hell, as usual, but you can see for yourself. He’s up in your room.”

Jonathon laughed as they stepped into the elevator. A few moments later, they were standing in front of Jonathon's room. He slid the credit card-style key into the lock and with a click, the door opened. A mass of golden fur and a roguish tongue attacked him in seconds.

"Josh, boy!" He knelt to scratch the golden retriever behind the ears.

"I told you," Jess said as she tipped the bellhop and shut the door, "he's missed you."

"I missed him, too." Jonathon nosed the dog's muzzle.

"Listen, I've got a few errands to run then I'll be done for the day. You want me to come get you around, say, six for dinner?"

"Sure," Jonathon said as he stood. "That'll give me time to grab a quick shower and settle in."

"Great, I'll see you then. Come on, Josh," she commanded, patting her thigh. The dog wiggled over to her and she hooked on his leash.

Once Jess was gone, Jonathon turned to survey his new home for the next two weeks. It was certainly a nice suite, right down to a full kitchen. He flipped the switch on in the bathroom to reveal a pristine hot tub.

"Damn," he said.

He turned the light off and went into the bedroom. The whole suite was essentially a mini-apartment, which was quite fine by him. He fully planned to enjoy his stay, and if things went really well, he just might stay longer than two weeks.

He sat down on the bed, kicked his boots off, and draped his coat over the end of the bed to let it dry out. The stability of a regular mattress was a welcomed relief; he was sick to death of Nadeen's obsession with waterbeds. He switched on the television to the news then began to undress. He only watched the news halfheartedly, feeling a bit out of the loop with the local bits, but he left it on as he went into the bathroom to fill the tub. He had an hour before Jess would be back and a nice soak in hot water would do him some good.

As he sank down into the steaming water, he felt calmness sweep over him. Now this was heaven. No Nadeen, no ringing phones, no socialite visitors—just himself, a hot tub, and the decadence of New Orleans right outside his window. With the soothing effects of the water, he was finally able to think about his next book.

He was in town to do the signings for *The Hart Files*, but he knew the plotline demanded another book. Rather, the main character demanded another book. Kain Hart. Now there was a man to be reckoned with, and what better place to do a book signing for a vampire novel than New Orleans? Jonathon smiled and closed his eyes. *If only Kain Hart were real.*

He chuckled quietly. If Nadeen knew he lusted after men, she would have a fucking heart attack. Jess knew, however, and she was constantly trying to set him up with some cute male acquaintance.

Jonathon groaned at the thought of finally touching a man again. The last time he had was nearly a year ago, long before he started dating Nadeen. Within two weeks of the beginning of their relationship, she had made it clear she was not fond of gays and lesbians. Jonathon's heart collapsed in on itself that day, but he stayed with her; only the gods knew why.

As the steam wafted up around him and the tub, Jonathon felt himself drift off to sleep several times. If he had more time, he would give in. Every time he did, he was treated to a delicious dream of Kain Hart, the darkly sensual vampire from his latest novel. *Oh, if only he were real.* With a Kain Hart to keep him company, Jonathon would never return to Atlanta or Nadeen. He could not help but grin at the thought of the socialite bitch's reaction should that happen. So lost was he in his daydream of Kain, he did not hear the knock on his suite door until the person was nearly banging on it.

"Coming," Jonathon called, muttering curses as he wrapped a terrycloth towel around his waist. He ran to the door and threw it open, wincing at the cold air from the hallway.

"Do you always answer your door like this, Jon?" Jess asked with a sly grin.

"Hush," he muttered, standing to the side to let her in. He shut the door behind her. "Sorry," he laughed. "I'll be right back."

A few moments later, Jonathon returned to the living room, having traded his jeans and T-shirt for a white dress shirt and khakis. Slung over his right shoulder was a leather coat and he had left his hair loose to dry.

"You ready?" he asked as he slid his wallet into his pants pocket.

Jess turned off the television and stood, smoothing the wrinkles from her blouse and slacks. Jonathon followed her out of the room and to the elevator. As they all stepped in, another man joined them. Jonathon was busy refastening his watch and did not see the man's face until they reached the lobby floor. When he looked up, his heart leapt into his throat. As the tall, slender man stepped out of the elevator in front of them, he gave Jonathon a quick glance. A pair of perfectly formed lips curled into a grin and Jonathon swore the man winked at him before walking off.

"Jon?" Jess said as she stepped out of the elevator. She followed his gaze to the man walking away from them then she turned to Jonathon and gave him a sly grin.

"My God," Jonathon said as he stepped out of the elevator, "he looks

just like Kain.”

Jess looked back at the man, who was stepping out into the balmy night air of New Orleans. “Jon, Kain is a character in a book.”

“Yeah, I know,” the author admitted. “Let’s go.” He followed Jess out of the hotel, still unable to get the tall stranger out of his mind. Jess did not understand, as no one but Jonathon really knew what Kain Hart looked like. The tall stranger in the elevator was the spitting image of the man in Jonathon’s mind...and fantasies. He shook his head to free it of the image. Vampires—immortal vampires—were not real. Yet the man from the elevator had been real enough. Hell, even Jess had seen him.

“Now, tell me,” Jess said as they sat in the booth of the quiet, Italian restaurant. “What’s your next project?”

Jonathon pushed his plate away, too full to finish his lasagna, and sighed. “Probably a sequel to *The Hart Files*,” he said, gauging his publisher’s reaction.

Jess grinned. “I was hoping you’d say that. I’ve become quite fond of Kain myself, as has most of the country. So, is he going to find true love this time around?”

“I don’t know,” Jonathon said, pondering the idea. “But he will have many of his usual trysts. I’m not sure what the overall plotline is going to be, though.”

“Hmm,” Jess mused as she took a sip of her wine, “good question. You certainly don’t want to do another murder mystery like *The Hart Files*, but you need something which will grab the horror fans’ attentions.”

Jonathon nodded, his mind wandering off again to the man he had seen earlier. It was enough of a resemblance to give him chills, which he successfully hid from his friend. The man’s strong jaw, his utterly kissable lips, his dark blue eyes, even his silky black hair—it was all Kain.

“Jon?”

Jonathon shook his head, bringing his mind back to the present. “Sorry, just daydreaming.”

Jess gave him a knowing look and Jonathon grinned.

“You really need to find yourself a good man,” she said, shaking her head. “I don’t believe for a minute that you’re bisexual.”

Jonathon opened his mouth to defend himself, but quickly shut it when Jess narrowed her gaze at him. She knew him too well to believe a word of it.

“Yeah, I know,” he said finally. “But finding a single man who wants something more than a casual fuck-buddy isn’t easy.”

Jess nodded. “Tell me about it.”

Jonathon laughed. The woman would probably die single thanks to her pickiness. Hell, she was worse than he was.

“Look, hun,” Jonathon said, “I really need sleep; jetlag is killing me.”

Jess nodded and waved the waiter over to pay the bill despite Jonathon’s vehement protests.

“I told you,” she said, “this one is on me. You can get the next one.”

Jonathon scowled in frustration and slipped his wallet back into his pants. Jess grinned.

“You sure you don’t want to go get a drink?” Jess asked as she pulled up outside the hotel.

Jonathon smiled and got out of her car. “Nah, not tonight, but maybe tomorrow?”

“Sure,” Jess smiled, “we can do that.”

“Night, hun,” Jonathon bade her. Then he shut the car door and watched her pull away.

He turned to go back into the hotel and nearly ran headfirst into someone. He looked up to mutter an apology, but his words caught suddenly in his throat as a deep azure gaze held him spellbound.

“I-I’m sorry,” Jonathon stammered, stumbling over his words like a schoolboy on his first date. The man smiled. An act that nearly had Jonathon on his knees.

“That’s quite all right,” the man said. His voice was silky and rich, like a sweet, aged wine, and the mere sound of it sent Jonathon’s heart racing.

“You’re Jonathon Cayle, are you not?”

Jonathon could only nod.

“Ah, I had hoped you might be. I’m quite a fan, Mr. Cayle.”

“Please,” Jonathon whispered, cursing silently to himself for his lack of composure. “Call me Jon.”

“Mm,” the man said, his lips creasing into a heartbreaking smile. “How about Jonathon?”

The writer nodded in silence.

“Tell me, Jonathon, have you ever experienced New Orleans at night?”

“No,” Jonathon answered, still too dumbstruck to say much else.

“Wonderful. Then might I have the honor of showing you around?”

The sensible thing would have been to get the guy's number and wait until daylight, but sensible was the last thing on Jonathon's mind as the man stood only three inches from him. He looked up and smiled, unable to resist the invitation.

"That would be great," he said, not completely believing he was heading off into the night with a total stranger, no matter how gorgeous the man was.

The man stepped out into the light of the streetlamp and Jonathon nearly fainted. He was Kain Hart in the flesh—completely and utterly sensual in every little way Jonathon had made Kain out to be. The man's black jeans hugged every delicious curve of his body causing serious problems for Jonathon. The hardness of his chest was readily visible beneath the thin white T-shirt, and Jonathon let his gaze travel discreetly down the man's chest to the ripples of his abs. Silky hair cascaded over his shoulders in ebony waves, and it took all of Jonathon's will to resist running his fingers through it. His eyes, however, were what held the author truly spellbound—deep pools of dark azure. He extended his arm, beckoning Jonathon to cross the street with him. His fingers were long and looked delectable enough to suck on. Jonathon shook his head quickly, trying desperately to rid himself of the thoughts that refused to leave him alone.

He walked beside the man as they passed by various old houses tucked behind ancient, wrought iron gates, various shops of one sort or another, and finally the famous cemeteries of New Orleans.

"No trip to New Orleans is complete without a visit to Lafayette Cemetery," the man said as he opened the gate for Jonathon.

Jonathon stepped through the gate and began to wonder how brilliant of an idea this was. He did not even know this man's name and now he was alone with him...in a cemetery...in the damned dark. He turned to tell the man he should really go back to the hotel and get some sleep, but the man was leaning against a tomb with an odd grin on his face and his arms crossed over his chest—strong arms that Jonathon wanted more than anything to touch.

The man unfolded his arms and crooked his finger, beckoning Jonathon to come to him. Jonathon's heart skipped a beat...several beats...and his breath caught in his throat.

"I-I really need to get back to the hotel," he stammered, but the man only smiled. Jonathon felt his resistance melt away, despite the protests welling up in his brain.

"Come," the man commanded softly. Jonathon took a step forward then stopped.

"I'm not sure if this is a good idea," he said, suddenly taking note of how

far the gate was from where he stood. He could make it if he ran fast enough. He started to turn when the man spoke.

“Jonathon, you wanted me; now I’m here.”

Jonathon froze.

“Who are you?” he asked, not totally sure he really wanted to know.

The man smiled. “I would think you should know, considering you created me.”

Jonathon turned slowly and met the deep blue gaze he had only fantasized about seeing. “Kain.”

The man nodded slowly.

“But how?” he asked. His mind swam with the possibility of his vampire really coming to life.

Kain pushed off from the tomb and walked over to him. He stood so close Jonathon could feel his breath as it came in slow, steady exhales. He watched the man’s chest rise and fall, watched his t-shirt ripple with every movement. His own breath quickened at the reality of Kain Hart, his vampire, his fantasy.

“Don’t ask questions just now,” Kain whispered.

Jonathon ached to touch him, but fear stayed his hands. Kain moved closer until their chests brushed against each other.

“Don’t fear me, Jonathon,” he said as he slid his hands up the author’s arms, over his biceps, and across his shoulders. His hands were strong, and Jonathon drew in a quick breath as Kain glided his hands up over his neck to cup his face. Jonathon closed his eyes, afraid to move or speak, lest the spell break. Despite the inherent danger of the situation, he wanted this more than anything.

“Open your mouth for me, Jonathon,” Kain whispered on the author’s lips.

Jonathon could not have resisted if he had wanted to. The moment his lips parted, Kain covered them with his own. Kain caught Jonathon in his arms as the writer’s legs gave way. His tongue was like a slow-dancing flame, rolling over Jonathon’s in a rhythm meant solely to seduce...and seduce him it did. Jonathon wrapped his arms around Kain’s neck and pulled him closer, deepening a kiss that could hardly deepen. Kain’s tongue slid across Jonathon’s slowly, the heat of it drugging and intense. His body was hard, his arms strong, his chest firm. Jonathon broke the kiss and Kain’s hold on him relaxed, allowing the author to take in the entirety of his creation.

“My God,” Jonathon whispered in awe. “You’re everything I ever imagined you to be.” Kain smiled. “But,” Jonathon said, looking up at the

man's face, noting the curve of his jaw, the fullness of his lips, "are you the vampire I created? Or something else?"

Kain smiled again and pulled the writer back into the strength of his embrace. He brushed his lips over Jonathon's cheek, then to his ear. "You tell me," he whispered.

He moved his lips down to Jonathon's neck, nipping lightly as he went. With a low, guttural groan, he opened his mouth on the writer's neck and bit down, sinking sharp teeth into tender flesh. Jonathon gripped his head, unsure if he wanted to push the man away or pull him closer. When Kain raised his head once more, a tiny trickle of blood escaped from the corner of his mouth.

"I didn't take enough to kill you," he explained. "And I don't plan on doing so."

"What do you want then?" Jonathon asked him, his head still reeling, and his neck pulsing painfully.

Kain ground his hips forward, pressing his pelvis into Jonathon's. "What do you think I want?" He watched as the author's gaze drifted down his body, then back up to his face.

"Shouldn't we go back to the hotel?"

Kain grinned. "No. I want you here. I want you now." He covered Jonathon's mouth with his again, but this time the kiss was fierce and far from gentle. Jonathon's heart pounded furiously in his chest as Kain's insistent tongue darted down his throat, making his intentions very clear.

Without a word, Kain backed Jonathon up, pressing his body into another tomb. The cold stone shocked Jonathon through his shirt, and as Kain drew his arms above his head to hold him in place, the rain started again. Jonathon shivered as the clouds opened above, dumping a torrent of cold, stinging rain down on them. Kain gripped Jonathon's wrists with one hand and undid his khakis with the other. Before Jonathon knew what was happening, his pants and underwear were down around his ankles.

Kain lowered his lips to Jonathon's chest and kissed him softly, teasing first one nipple, then the other with his tongue, swirling it around each one until Jonathon was whimpering in frustration. Then, with a slow, agonizing movement, he traced his fingertips down the rippled plane of Jonathon's stomach, following the sparse patch of hair as it trailed straight down. Jonathon could not breathe, could not move, and Kain raised his head to hold the author in a tense gaze as he wrapped his hand around Jonathon's painfully hard cock. He squeezed gently and Jonathon thrust his hips forward, desperate for more than a simple tease.

"Jesus," Jonathon whispered, unable to break the stare Kain held him in.

“Fuck me already.”

Kain grinned and began to stroke Jonathon in a languid rhythm. The effect it had on Jonathon was maddening. He thrust into Kain’s hand again, whimpering in desperation.

“What do you want, Jonathon?” Kain asked without breaking the gaze.

“I want you inside me,” Jonathon panted breathlessly. “As deep inside me as you can possibly go. Hard, fast, slow, gentle—it doesn’t matter; I just want you.”

Kain released the writer’s cock then unbuttoned his own jeans, pushing them to the ground. As he stepped out of them, Jonathon did the same. Kain then lifted Jonathon up without any effort.

“Put your legs around me,” he said. Jonathon did, and without warning, Kain thrust into him, burying himself to the hilt in the writer’s ass.

“Oh my God!” Jonathon half-breathed, half-screamed as Kain impaled him. The rain poured down over the both of them, soaking them and slicking their bodies. Kain pressed Jonathon into the cold stone tomb and thrust his hips up. A shudder stole up Jonathon’s spine as Kain’s cock grazed his prostate. He wrapped his arms tighter around the vampire’s neck, and Kain pulled out to the head. He waited for a few seconds until Jonathon was near writhing in his arms, then he plunged back in, taking the writer’s breath away.

“Oh God, Kain,” Jonathon panted. “Please don’t stop.”

“I don’t fucking intend to,” Kain growled as he pulled out again. He rammed back inside, causing Jonathon’s body to jerk in response. Jonathon began to tense from the inside out, and with a low groan, Kain picked up the speed.

Jonathon’s body was on fire from Kain’s ravaging, and his cock throbbed painfully between their bodies. His insides were twisting into knots with Kain’s every thrust, his prostate screaming as the tension built within him. Kain’s body was so slick, so hard, against his own. He pulled him closer, wanting him as close as possible. The vampire was tireless as he plunged in and out of Jonathon’s ass, his rhythm maddening. With the tension in his body reaching a critical point, Jonathon felt sure his heart would stop, and when a particularly deep thrust from Kain threatened to send him over the edge, Jonathon felt sure his heart did stop for a brief moment. His body tensed and with an exhale that could have easily been a scream, he clamped down on Kain’s cock. He shuddered in the vampire’s arms violently as wave after blissful wave washed through him, drowning out the cold of the rain as it cascaded down the tomb and their bodies.

Tears mingled with rain on Jonathon’s face, but Kain did not stop. He

ground himself deeper and Jonathon knew his orgasm was growing closer with every passing second. Jonathon slid his right hand between their bodies and began to stroke his own cock, desperate for release. Kain gripped him tighter and turned, laying him down on the ground surrounding the tomb. Jonathon jerked his hand furiously up and down his own cock, and when Kain pushed his legs up and gripped his calves, Jonathon knew neither one of them would last much longer.

“Fuck me,” he begged the vampire, his breath coming in ragged, almost painful bursts. The bite mark on his neck stung as the rain fell on it, but he did not care, could not care as Kain’s thrusts increased in intensity.

With an iron grip on the writer’s legs, Kain slammed into him, his entire body shuddering with every furious stroke in. He watched intently as Jonathon’s strokes on his cock sped up. With a final stroke, Jonathon’s back arched and he came, covering his chest with his cum. Kain slammed deep inside him and growled through gritted teeth as he erupted in the writer’s body.

Jonathon panted beneath him, and Kain soon joined him. He lay down to cover Jonathon’s body with his own, shielding him from the chilling rain. Jonathon grabbed Kain’s head and pulled it down, slipping his tongue inside the vampire’s mouth in a deep, soulful kiss. Kain moaned and cupped Jonathon’s face in his hands.

“Don’t leave me,” Jonathon pleaded quietly, breaking the kiss to gaze into Kain’s eyes.

Kain smiled. “I don’t intend to.”

About the Author

Kay Derwydd

Kay Derwydd is an author of erotic gay fiction. She has several stories published in the online magazine, *Forbidden Fruit*, and currently has several works awaiting publication through Chippewa Publishing, including her first novel, *The Legacy*.

Kay lives in Delaware, USA, with two of her three children and her partner Alana. When she isn't writing, she's busy researching. Some of her favorite topics of research include Welsh history, language, and culture; medieval history; Knights Templar; Christian mysteries; Celtic history; and medieval arms, armor, and warfare.

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http://www.geocities.com/purple_triangle_prose

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