

Jack-O-Lantern: Witch Hunting
Sierra Dafoe

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Chapter One

Impatiently, Zlon pulled Kima to him. His masterful hands closed on the lush, ripe melons she meekly offered to his view.

“Ah, yes,” he breathed. “Now that is more like it, Lady of Dumas.”

No. It wasn't. Why was it always the same? Strong, smart, spunky heroine -- right until she met some enormous asshole with an enormous dick. Then, after a few chapters of sparring, in which the heroine (in this case the tall, tempestuous Lady of Dumas) proved herself the equal of the warrior-king who'd abducted her, she invariably caved. Crumbled like a child's sandcastle under wave after wave of alpha-spunk.

Typical.

And Rianna hadn't reached for her vibrator once.

She chucked the book across the loft. It hit the far wall with a satisfying *thump* and fell to the floor, its pages as splayed as the heroine's thighs were about to be. Sighing, Rianna rolled onto her stomach, rested her sharp little chin on her folded arms, and stared at herself in the mirrors lining the wall across from the bed.

She was certainly no Kima Dumas with her willowy frame, her long, lithe legs, her flowing auburn hair. For one thing, she was short. For another, *she* would never be stupid enough to let her orgasms rule her. A little passionate rough-and-tumble, hell, even a bit of feeling overpowered might be nice once in a while -- but let's face it, even after all the mind-blowing sex and the tormented declarations of love, the assholes would still be assholes. Thanks, but no thanks.

Rianna smiled at her reflection, watching her dark eyes take on a certain mysterious smolder beneath her chopped ebony bangs. No, she was definitely no Kima Dumas. Small, cat-like features set in a broad, almost Slavic face. Her cheeks... She sucked them in experimentally, then let out an exasperated breath. Yup. Decidedly chubby. The nebulous restlessness she'd felt all day still plagued her. It was partly the season, she knew. Fall always made her feel jittery, impatient, her blood singing through her veins under the impetus of the changing seasons and the crisp, cool air. But there'd been something else, too, that afternoon. Something like the sensation of cool fingers trailing down the back of her neck. A sensation of being watched, *observed*...

Rianna shook her head. That was nonsense. She was just horny, that was all. Well, Lady Kima and asshole Zlon hadn't done anything to relieve it. Hell with them.

The unused vibrator tumbled to the floor as she rose and pulled on the jeans she'd so hopefully discarded.

Reaching for her leather jacket, Rianna gave her hair a quick tousle, stomped into her boots, and clomped down from the loft.

It was definitely time for a hunt.

* * *

A lazy half-moon floated above the waters of Portland Bay as she strode down Fore Street. It was a gorgeous night, cool and clear, with a sharp nip in the air. Under the amber glow of the streetlights, the trees blazed with autumnal colors. A seagull cried somewhere out over the moon-painted water, and Rianna lifted her head, breathing in the sharp salt tang of the air.

Halfway to the Underground, she stopped abruptly. *Shit*. She hadn't gone to the bank this morning. Drawing out her wallet, she glared at the four crumpled bills inside as if it were somehow their fault she'd forgotten. Damn. Well, she'd just have to replenish her resources.

There was a 7-Eleven three blocks over. She strode up toward Congress Street, pushed open the door of the convenience store, and went in. A sour-looking, sallow-faced old guy stood behind the register, watching a couple of giggling teenage girls trying on cheap plastic sunglasses as he waited on a pimply, punked-out kid in a

green mohawk and flannel shirt, buying scratch tickets.

No one she knew. Good enough.

She waited while Mohawk paid for his tickets, then slid in front of the counter, trailing her hand over the heavy glass covering the ticket display. "So which do ya want?" The geezer, looking intensely bored, reached for a one-dollar game with lobsters on it. "We got Lobster Pot, Lucky Strike, Tic Tac Dough..."

"That one." Rianna pointed, pulling out her crumpled bills. "Give me two, no, three of them."

The first one, she knew, was a winner -- twenty dollars, at a guess. She'd long ago stopped wondering *how* she knew. She just did. But she'd learned, over the years, to buy a few clunkers each time. Otherwise it looked bad. She scratched the two losers off first, while Mohawk, smelling faintly of hair-dye and clove cigarettes, bought five more. He glanced over as she scratched off the twenty-dollar one.

"Wow. Guess you got all the luck tonight."

She smiled at him blandly, handed the winning ticket back to the cashier. "Give me..." Again, she trailed her hand over the glass, tapped it twice. "Two of those, and four of the Lobster Pots."

Mohawk watched curiously as she scratched off her tickets. A five, a twenty, and a fifty. "Holy shit!"

She handed them back to the clerk who scowled as he gave her the winnings -- *and no wonder*, Rianna thought, *I probably just won half of what he makes in a week*. Shoving the bills into her pocket, she gave him a brilliant smile. "I better quit while I'm ahead, huh?"

Ignoring his glower, she headed for the door, only to find Mohawk already pulling it open for her. "How'd you do that?"

"I'm a witch." Absolutely deadpan. She pushed by him, but he followed her out onto the sidewalk like a persistent puppy.

"Yeah? Me, too!" Fumbling through the mass of chains and pendants around his scrawny neck, he held one up. "See?"

As *if*. Rianna rolled her eyes. "That's an ankh." He looked at her blankly. "You know, an ankh. Egyptian symbol of life?"

"No shit? Wow." He tilted his chin to gaze down at the cheesy amulet. "Chick that sold it to me told me it was like this Wiccan goddess symbol. Or something."

Oh, ye gods. "I don't think so. Have a good night." Turning on her heel, Rianna strode away. Maybe it was his threadbare shirt, giving out at the elbows, that made her call back, "And go buy the next three Lucky Strikes before someone else does."

She didn't bother looking back to see if he followed her advice.

* * *

She wasn't a Wiccan. She didn't actually know *what* she was. "Witch" seemed about right, though.

It was sort of a voice inside her -- no. It was more like there was this internal magnet, one she could turn on at will. And when she did, she *drew* things. Scratch tickets, jobs when she had to or when they interested her, which wasn't often. The seals in the harbor -- she liked watching them, swimming just off the docks in the quiet hour before dawn, their soft brown eyes gazing up at her, curious and unafraid.

And men. Most definitely men.

She could hear the music pounding long before she reached the club, the heavy bass seeming to vibrate through the pavement beneath her feet. Rianna smiled in anticipation, and trotted down the concrete steps to the Underground's entrance.

It was her favorite haunt -- a long, dark cave of a dance club, tucked in the basement of an old shipping warehouse down near the docks. The kind of place where you could see men dancing with men, women necking with women, grinning, fresh-faced boys from the University of Maine watching avidly and then, later, finding themselves on the dance floor, the center of a guy on guy on guy sandwich, with no recollection of how they'd gotten there and with a raging hard-on.

It was an *interesting* place, the kind of no-holds-barred club where even a for-lack-of-a-better-term witch could

slide under the radar, unnoticed except by those she *wanted* to notice her.

And they always did. Whatever it was, magnetism or magic or the power of positive thinking, they always noticed her. Rianna smiled again, pulled open the door, and went in.

Chapter Two

The music thudded around her as she paid the bouncer, pushed through the heavy velvet curtaining the foyer and made her way through the swirl of warm, sweaty bodies. A muscle-bound blond giant behind the bar sporting a leather vest and biker cap looked up, saw her, and automatically started mixing a Bombay and tonic.

“Heya, Hank,” she called. “Any live ones tonight?”

As he set her glass in front of her, he gave her a mock-sowl. “That one from back in August was in looking for you again last week.”

Rianna grimaced, hopping a bit to get onto the tall bar stool. Why didn’t they ever just go *away*? There was a certain irony in the situation she had to admit. For all her lack of height and rather more than ample curves, Rianna had long ago realized she could get any man she wanted.

The problem was, she’d never found one she wanted to *keep*.

Glancing at Hank’s cap, she asked, “Eighties flashback, there, or what?”

“Don’t mock the mixer, short stuff. You know, one of these days you’re gonna attract the wrong guy, Ree.” His level gaze was carefully neutral, but Rianna sensed a genuine concern behind the words.

“What? Stalker? Serial killer? Beggarman? Thief?”

“I’m serious.”

Rianna leaned over the bar counter, grinning unrepentantly, and whispered in Hank’s ear. “That’s why I never actually take them *home*.” Nor did she. Her waterfront loft was her castle, her sanctuary. Let a man in there? Rianna snorted. Not bloody likely. “I *am* careful, Hank. But why buy the whole pig when all you want’s a little sausage?”

At that, Hank threw his head back and laughed. Rianna smiled at him, sipped her drink, and turned to survey the room.

She’d developed rules, long ago. No married men. No guys with a date (except that once -- but the woman had been a busty, snotty, worship-my-perfect-ass bitch who totally deserved the comeuppance). There was no sense disrupting an actual relationship just so she could scratch an itch. And that’s all it had ever turned out to be. Until now.

He was standing near the dance floor, turned half away from her, his thumbs hooked in the pocket of his jeans. A cascade of sun-bleached, wavy hair fell over his shoulders. Broad shoulders. Nice, broad, *strong* shoulders.

Oh, yeah.

The light almost seemed to glow around him, even in the spangled shadows of the club. She could see the curve of his cheekbone, the small dimple in the rounded muscle of his shoulder, his hair falling thick and soft down his back like silk. He was wearing a Guns N’ Roses t-shirt with the sleeves cut off. Normally, the logo would have put her off, right there -- but not this time. Not with those arms. She studied the bulge of his triceps, the solid muscles of his forearms, feeling heat like a glow in the pit of her stomach. Her head swam, and Rianna realized her crotch was suddenly, unmistakably damp.

This wasn’t how it went. How it went was a guy caught her fancy, she smiled, and then they came to *her*.

Puzzled, grinning confusedly -- but they came. Bought her a drink. Asked her name. All she had to do was make eye contact, smile, and then sit there and wait, feeling that internal generator humming along...

Not this time.

Rianna stared, devouring him with her eyes as she slid off the barstool and circled behind him. It was almost as if she’d been trapped in a vacuum, pulled without volition into his orbit by a force as irresistible and intangible as gravity. Her glass, forgotten, hung in her hand as her gaze moved over his shoulders, his broad back, his utterly squeezable ass...

Dear sweet Jesus, Rianna thought, *if he's this pretty from the front, I am in big trouble*.

What the hell was happening here? Her pulse thudded in her ears, keeping time with the throbbing between her thighs. The lips of her cunt swelled, growing almost unbearably sensitive, sending a fresh jolt of lust through her each time she moved.

Then he turned around.

Rianna could feel herself gaping like a fish on dry land -- her eyes popped out like saucers, her mouth hanging open. God, how tall *was* he? Six-two, six-three? She stared at the ragged v cut into the front of his shirt, revealing a chest as tanned as his shoulders. Her head, if he drew her to him, would rest right *there*, right on the glorious swell of his pecs.

He was regarding her, a half-smile on his lips -- his full, finely shaped lips. "Hi," he said. And waited.

First, Rianna realized she was drooling. Next, that she hadn't replied. And *then*, after she'd swallowed twice and mustered a weak smile in response to his, she noticed his eyes were *exactly* the blue of an October sky -- and totally forgot about everything else.

His smile widened. Holding her gaze, he motioned with his head toward the exit, smiled invitingly, put his beer on the bar, and walked away.

Rooted to the spot, she stared blindly after him. What the hell *was* this? She'd seen -- and had -- men as good-looking as this one, more handsome even. But never had she felt like this -- like it was taking every ounce of control she had not to throw herself after him, rip his clothes off, and fuck him right there on the black painted floor. Looking down at the glass in her hands, Rianna realized her hands were shaking. What was *wrong* with her?

Suddenly the club seemed foreign, menacing. People leered at her, wet mouths gaping in demonic smiles from the swirling lights. On the dance floor, couples and trios writhed in time to the music, their faces flushed with arousal, their bodies intertwined. One woman turned her head to snake her tongue into the mouth of the man dancing behind her, grinding his erection against her ass as he fondled her breasts through her fishnet top. One dark pink nipple, taut and erect, poked out between the gaps.

Rianna shook her head, took a gulp of her drink -- the ice was melting rapidly -- and swallowed it with a shudder of aversion. It tasted oily, over-sweet, and she set the glass hurriedly on the bar before it could slide from her sweaty grasp. The sensation she'd had earlier -- fingers tickling the nape of her neck, distant eyes covertly watching -- was back, stronger than before. She looked around wildly, her gaze darting into dark corners, flicking over the gyrating dancers, scanning faces.

Nothing. There was nothing.

This evening was freaking her out.

She stared across the room to where *he* leaned against the wall near the exit, watching her with the lazy curiosity of a cat.

One of these days you're gonna attract the wrong guy.

But she hadn't. She *hadn't*.

She could feel his gaze tugging at her, as if there was a line of current strung between his eyes and her crotch. Her clit ached, and she had to fight an urge to rock her hips, press the swollen nub against the inseam of her jeans. Her nipples had contracted into hard, sensitized points, pressing painfully against the lace of her bra. Fire seemed to lick over her skin, making her shudder with desire. And he'd never even touched her!

Desperately, Rianna fought against the waves of lust pouring through her, trying to *think*. No way had he been around earlier, when she'd felt that curious, watchful gaze. And she didn't feel it now, either. As suddenly as it had come, the sensation was gone.

Her arousal, however, wasn't.

Who the hell *was* he? Well, damn it, she'd just go and find out.

She cut directly through the dancers, ignoring their glares. The man watched her approach, his eyes somehow different than they'd been a moment before. They weren't as intense, for one thing -- the blue of his irises seemed

clearer, less magnetic but more alert. His smile, too, had changed -- it was less cocky, less self-assured, but somehow all the more attractive for that. He seemed vaguely puzzled as he watched her stalk toward him and plant her hands on her hips. "Hi." It annoyed her that she had to tilt her head so far back to look up at him. "Hi." He gazed down at her, his expression bemused, as if he didn't know quite where he was or what he was doing here.

"So who are you, anyway?"

For a second, his eyes seemed to glaze, growing vacant, expressionless. It was almost like he'd disappeared, or something. Like she was suddenly talking to a mannequin. Creepy.

Was he on drugs?

But then the cerulean blaze came back, and his lips curved in a knowing smile. "Does it really matter?"

"What? Of *course* it --"

She broke off as he slid an arm about her waist, drawing her to him. Saliva flooded her mouth, and Rianna became aware of his thighs, full and firm, brushing against her crotch, his erection nudging the curve of her waist. Her breath hung suspended as he bent his head to hers, holding her pinned with his intense gaze, and pressed those soft, mobile lips against her own. Heat radiated from him, enveloping her, consuming...

Finally, he broke the kiss and murmured, his voice rich with amusement, "Does it matter *now*?"

"What?"

He grinned. "Never mind." Grabbing her hand, he turned for the exit, tugging her along behind him.

Chapter Three

They practically fell through the downstairs door of Rianna's building, locked together as they were in a hot, damp, deep kiss. His hands were all over her, cupping her ass as he rubbed the swell of his cock against her belly, sliding into her hair as he pulled her mouth more firmly against his, playing over the plump curves of her breasts. Rianna gasped as he reached under her shirt, his finger circling one nipple through the lace of her bra. The light tickling pressure and the scratch of the fabric sent shocks through her system, and her cunt, wet enough before, was suddenly soaked.

Rianna leaned back, letting the wall support her quivering frame as she slipped her hands into the back pockets of his jeans and grabbed his ass, tugging him against her as she ground her crotch against the taut muscles of his thigh. Then he was lifting her, his biceps bulging as he raised her up to his waist. Rianna dropped her head back against the wall, feeling his tongue flick at her neck as she wrapped her thighs around his hips. She groaned as the hard ridge of his cock pressed the swell of her clit. She could feel the heat of him, even through their jeans. And she still didn't even know his name.

Burying both hands in his thick, silky hair, she whispered hoarsely in his ear, "I'm gonna fuck your brains out." He turned his head a bit to look at her, that same arrogant smile playing about his lips. "Good," he whispered back. His eyes stared into hers. "Right here in the hall?"

"We can... we can get a room..." she panted. *Or sure, in the hall. What the hell. I don't care.*

He raised an eyebrow, then glanced up the stairs. "Or we could just go to your place. Since we're already here." Somewhere deep in her mind, an alarm chimed. It was awfully faint, though, under the roaring of her blood. She was dry-humping him in her foyer, for God's sake -- right next to Mrs. Tubberman's mailbox. It seemed a little silly to be playing coy now. "All right."

He lowered her to her feet, steadying her as she wobbled. Which showed a certain degree of gallantry, didn't it? Nevertheless, her knees were trembling as she led him up the stairs. Rianna couldn't decide if it was nervousness or merely carnal hunger.

She fumbled the keys into the latch, flicked on the light, and turned. He was standing in the doorway, grinning. Did that grin *ever* fade? "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"Why? Do you need to be?" she shot back. "You're not a vampire, are you?" The words had been joking, but suddenly Rianna wondered. If witches, or something very like them, existed -- and Rianna had intimate proof that they did -- what *else* might have more than a fairytale existence?

"A vampire?" He seemed surprised. "No." He strode into the apartment, closing the door behind him.

It was a single room, stretching the length of the building. Steps led up to a large loft that served as Rianna's bedroom. Underneath the loft was tucked a small, utilitarian kitchen -- she wasn't much on cooking. At the far end of the room, old multi-paned windows, their glass streaked with age, looked out over the dark waters of the bay. Moved by some impulse, Rianna walked to the windows and stood watching the moonlight shatter and reform on the shifting waves below. "So, what's your name?"

There was a pause. Curious, she glanced at his reflection in the window. In the warped glass, his face seemed to shift, wavering, as if the bones themselves were fluid, changeable. Rianna spun, and found him regarding her with a mild, puzzled gaze.

He looked like that before, she thought. *Earlier, when I asked him who he was.*

"Bo," he said. "My name's Bo." Even his voice was different. Still deep, but softer. Then his cheeks spasmed, and he threw his head back and laughed. Rianna stared. He dropped to her couch, which she'd set ten feet back from the windows, and chuckled. "I'm sorry. I was overcome by irony. C'mere." He indicated the cushion next to him.

Rianna hesitated. The alarm she'd ignored in the foyer was back now, and louder. Never, in the six years she'd lived here, had she let a man into her apartment. And this Bo had, with merely a gaze and a grope, made her forget all the zillion reasons why she *never* took a man home, never let them know where she lived. He stretched now, resting his long arms along the back of the couch, looking as at ease as a king on his throne. Something didn't jibe. His t-shirt caught her eye again, the ragged v cut into its front obviously done with a pair of scissors, carelessly wielded. It didn't fit him, somehow. Didn't fit the self-assurance of his manner, the worldly tone of his chuckle...

"You want a beer?" she asked suddenly, turning for the kitchen. As she walked past the couch he snaked out an arm, grabbed her wrist. With a gentle but inexorable tug, he tumbled her onto his lap.

"No," he replied. "And that's not what you want either."

Struggling, she flailed against him, flushing with rage. Her ire wasn't helped any by the fact that he was *right*, damn it. He held her arms outspread, her wrists trapped in his clutch -- which, unfortunately, meant that her exertions made her breasts rub against his chest. He grinned, clearly enjoying the sensation, and Rianna was acutely aware of his hard-on pressing into her hip. Scowling, she ceased her attempts -- they were useless, anyway. "Let me go."

"If you insist."

He released her arms, and she sprang from the couch. "Now get out, Bo -- or whoever you are." Stalking to the door, she threw it open. "Get out before I call the cops."

Rising, he turned to her, his eyes brighter than ever. *Like lasers*, she thought, *like those sci-fi tractor beams*... It felt like they bored into her, seeing straight into her soul.

"Is that really what you want?"

Mutely, gritting her teeth, she nodded. So what if she was horny! She'd been horny before, she'd survived it. So what if he turned her on more than any man she'd met...

His smile widened, and he walked to her, placing both hands flat on the open door, pinning her between his arms. She could smell the musky, masculine scent rising from him, the smooth, bronzed skin over the swell of his chest only inches from her face. His strong, muscled neck enticed her, made her want to sink her teeth into it, bury her hands in that lush golden hair as he rode her and rode her...

"Do you *really* want me to leave?"

Rianna leaned back against the door, panting for breath.

"Or do you want me to fuck you, Rianna?"

She couldn't pull her gaze away from his lips. Soft, full, a tanned dusky pink. "Say it again."

"You want me to fuck you."

Yes. Oh, dear God, yes. Whatever the risk, whatever else happened, she wanted that glorious body against her, *inside* her...

He smiled down at her, lowered his arms. Stepping back, he said, "Close the door, Rianna."

She did.

Chapter Four

There was a large overstuffed chair tucked into the niche under the steps. Her reading nook, she called it, though in truth she read everywhere -- the couch, her bed, the bathtub. He undid the snap of his jeans and sank into it.

“Now, come here.”

In a daze she floated toward him, knelt down at his gesture. Her hands shook as she unzipped his fly, and he raised his hips slightly to let her slide his jeans down. He moved her to one side as he kicked off his boots (battered suede hiking boots, she noticed, with that same sense of dislocation) and peeled off that ridiculous shirt. Naked, he sprawled in the chair, one lean, taut thigh on either side of her shoulders, and gazed down at her, his eyelids heavy with lust. His erection pulsed against his flat, tanned stomach.

“Oh, Rianna,” he whispered, his hand playing lazily over her short, thick black hair. “Take off your shirt.” She did, revealing her full, soft breasts, encased in a sturdy lace underwire bra. Like her hair, it was black. She reached back to unhook it, but he stopped her. “No. Leave it.”

He crooked a finger, beckoning her closer, and she rose up on her knees, holding herself still as he traced a finger along the edge of her bra, right where it bit slightly into the swell of her breasts. He followed it down into the warm cleft of her cleavage, then flicked his finger over the tip of her left breast. The lace heightened the sensation, scratching lightly, and she swallowed. He raised his other hand and rubbed the pads of his thumbs across both aching nipples. Moaning wordlessly, Rianna arched into his touch. “Oh, you like that, Adrianna.” She nodded, her eyes closing as he increased the pressure, tormenting the taut points till they poked out against the sheer fabric. Gasping, she dropped her head back as he caressed her breasts, squeezing them in his large, strong hands, then closing his thumbs and fingers around her nipples, tugging at them. “Please,” she whispered, and he pinched them harder, the lace chafing against them as he worked them between his fingers. She was so horny she wanted him to shove her down onto the carpet, rip her jeans off, and fuck her till she screamed, right then, right there -- yet the agony in her breasts felt so good she whimpered when he released her nipples. He gently bent her head toward him, till the head of his cock nudged against her lips, and --

What had he just called her?

Rianna opened her mouth, darting her tongue out and lapping the silken tip. It was his turn to groan as he leaned back into the chair, his hands resting lightly on her bowed head. “Oh, yeah.”

Oh, Adrianna. Not Katrianna, not Marianna.

Adrianna.

But she’d never told him her name.

What was going on here? Surreptitiously, Rianna tilted her head, glancing up at him even as she swirled her tongue around the shaft of his cock. *God*, he tasted good!

His eyes were closed, giving her the chance to study him. Strong broad cheekbones, a well-molded jaw line that was just shy of heavy. His nose was slightly snubbed, giving him an almost boyish appeal, and Rianna realized with a shock that he really *was* young. Twenty-five, maybe twenty-six. No *way* did this man have the experience to be able to manipulate her. But...

Rianna lowered her head, opening her mouth wide and wrapping her lips tight around his pulsing cock as she pondered. How could his appearance be so at odds with his demeanor?

Something didn’t add up here.

Slowly, with an ease born of practice, she slid her mouth up and down the length of his cock, lashing the swollen vein at its base with her tongue on each stroke. It was sheer physical delight to give this man a blowjob -- her cunt was so wet it was soaking the crotch of her jeans. And it gave her time to *think*...

The way he’d drawn her to him, so commandingly, so arrogantly. His raggedy-ass t-shirt, like something a guy

would still wear from high school. His worldly chuckle. That arrogant magnetism that both attracted and repelled her... and the shy, puzzled grin she'd seen twice now. Almost as if...

His breathing was growing faster now, deeper and more ragged. He was pinned beneath her working mouth, his shaft swelling even further under her ministrations. She could feel him holding himself rigidly still, every muscle in his body taut with desire.

Almost as if he was two different men.

Raising one hand to his balls, Rianna slipped her fingers around them, brushing lightly at the sensitive spot just behind, and felt him quiver at her touch. God, his balls were *huge*! They seemed ready to explode they were so distended with come.

Men?

He thrashed in the chair, and she could hear his head tossing back and forth against the upholstery. His fingers tightened in her hair. Still she kept up the same smooth, unhurried tempo, feeling his cock grow even thicker, forcing her jaw further open to accommodate it. The swollen ridge of his cockhead dragged lightly against her teeth, and he went rigid with lust, his cock pulsing in her mouth as it leaked pre-come freely.

You're not a vampire, are you?

A vampire? No.

The question had surprised him -- but not the way it *should* have. He hadn't laughed. Hadn't reacted to the ridiculousness of it. In fact, he'd replied with the same matter-of-factness she'd expect if she'd asked him if he were a Republican, or a weight-lifter.

So if he wasn't a vampire...

Rianna's eyes widened.

He was gasping now, so close to the edge he'd forgotten everything but the feel of her mouth on his cock, sucking him deep. As it had earlier, reflected in the window, his face seemed to *blur*, the lines seeming to become stronger, more saturnine. The boyish features and silken blond hair seemed like a mirage, a veil stretched thinly over something much darker...

Now.

Wrenching out of his grasp, Rianna jerked her head away. "Bo!" Paralyzed by the interruption of sensation, he froze on the very edge of orgasm. His eyes flew open, glazed, petrified. He stared down at her as if he had no idea who she was.

For a moment he looked very, very young.

Sitting back on her heels, Rianna watched as something else in his eyes -- something hard, proud, commanding -- slowly overpowered the terror that had shone, unmistakable as the beam of a lighthouse, from their depths.

She was going to have to be careful.

Curving her mouth in an impish smile, she gazed up, letting her eyes smolder with lust. "Now, before we go any further, why don't you tell me who you *really* are."

Slowly, he returned her smile, a chuckle rumbling deep in his -- or rather, Bo's -- chest. "You're a bright one, Adrianna." His tone was smug, indulgent. "I've been watching you, you know."

"And have you liked what you've seen?" She tossed her head playfully.

"Yes. And I plan to see more."

He gestured for her to remove her bra, but Rianna shook her head. "First tell me who you are. Your name's not Bo, is it?"

"It's Botis." Reaching out, he tugged idly at her bra strap, sliding it down over her shoulder and caressing her skin.

The name meant nothing to her, but it *sounded* right. "That's why you laughed. Because the names were so close."

He nodded, his attention all on the motion of his hand. Slowly, he slid one finger inside the cup of her bra, ran it over her erect nipple. Rianna closed her eyes, feeling a fresh surge of desire. Damn, but she wanted him!

No. She wanted *Bo*.

Then he clamped his hands around her breasts and drew her to him. “Do you know *what* I am, Adrianna? Have you figured that out, too?”

His grip was forceful, overwhelming. Lust rippled through her mind like heat waves. “I think so,” she murmured. “But why *him*?”

“Because, my beautiful Adrianna, this body is the distillation of all your desires, is it not?”

The silken touch of his hair brushed her cheek as he bent his head to her, the perfectly molded lips caressing her own. Beneath her hands, the muscles of his back were solid, intoxicating, encased in smooth bronzed skin that slid beneath her palms like satin. *Yes. Oh, yes.*

“No.”

Botis paused, a scowl crossing the boyish features of his assumed body, a flush of fury marring the handsome face. “No?”

Oh, she was going to have to be so very careful.

“No. I... I will not succumb to you, Demon!” Some small part of her mind wondered sarcastically which book she’d gotten *that* line from. But he reacted precisely as every trashy romance she’d ever read said he would -- he thrust her to the floor.

“No?” he repeated, his voice low and menacing, and almost unendurably sexy. “I think you will.” He held her down easily, ignoring her thrashing, and lowered his lips again to the curve of her neck. Slowly, he kissed his way down her body, trailing his teeth lightly along the line of her collarbone, licking at the sweet crevasse of her cleavage. He dallied over her breasts, tonguing them through her bra till her nipples burned with agonized delight. Her struggles became squirms as he kissed her soft belly, lapping at her navel in a hint of things to come. Releasing her, he sat up and looked down at her, his mouth curving into a smile at the sight of her, stretched motionless below him, her entire body quivering with anticipation as he tugged off her boots. He reached for the snap of her jeans, his deft fingers undoing them with one easy motion, then sliding inside to probe her sodden folds.

Rianna closed her eyes, shuddering beneath his touch as he stroked her swollen clit. The sensation was overwhelming, blotting every thought from her mind but the desire, the *need*, to have him inside her. Timorously, she reached for his rigid shaft, and he smiled again as she closed her hands around it, working the hot, velvety skin up and down its thick length.

“Now, Adrianna. Show me you want it.”

He gestured peremptorily. Obediently, she reached back, unsnapped her bra, letting her breasts tumble out like warm, ripe melons. His breath hissed through his teeth at the sight of them. “Yes. Now that is more like it, my Adrianna.”

His finger danced over her clit, and Rianna swallowed, feeling her orgasm build. Again, he gestured, and she slid her jeans off without disturbing the contact. The moment she did, Botis slid his hand downward, plunging his finger deep into her cunt. Rianna moaned, and reached again for his cock, wanting it in her hand, her mouth... His breathing grew shorter, heavier, and he slid his thumb up, tormenting her clit even as his fingers plumbed the depths of her cunt. Rianna could feel her juices dripping around it, flowing freely even as she fought against the pressure building inside her. His hand teased her mercilessly, his thumb flicking her clit, and Rianna arched her back, fighting for control.

“Please...” she gasped. “Oh, please...”

“Please what?”

She bit her lip, feeling her face flush with mortification. He was going to make her beg, damn him! Of course. Of *course* he was. At his saturnine grin she wondered how she’d ever thought otherwise.

His finger closed around her clit, pinching it, and her gasp became a shriek. The sensation was so intense! What else would he do to her, given the chance?

A hungry, heedless part of her wanted desperately to find out. “Fuck me,” she whispered.

“Again,” he commanded. “Louder, Adrianna. And squeeze your tits while you say it.”

Blushing, she raised her hands to her breasts, caressing their curves under his engrossed gaze. “Fuck me, Botis.” She writhed on the rug. Wantonly, she snaked one hand down between her legs, spread open her folds. She saw his eyes widen appreciatively as she fingered her cunt, sliding one finger between her plump, drenched lips. With her other she fondled her breasts, lazily pinching the nipples as she opened her mouth in a sultry pout. His own hand, she saw, had moved to his cock, gripping its thickness harder than she herself would have dared.

“I want you to fuck me. My demon, my lover. I want you to pound your shaft into me.” His strokes increased in pace, and Rianna matched it, shamelessly plunging her finger into her cunt. Transfixed, he watched as she writhed below him, her breath hissing beneath her teeth. “Yes, yes, my darling, take me now, fuck me *now*, Botis!”

Roaring, he seized her thighs, thrusting them up against her chest as he drove his cock into her, slamming home in one violent thrust. Rianna’s head snapped back, and she screamed in delight. He filled her so perfectly, stretching her cunt wide. She could feel his balls dragging against the cheeks of her ass, taut and leaden, and she grabbed his ass cheeks, digging her fingers into the firm muscle as she urged him to fuck her deeper, faster, *harder*...

His crotch ground against her mons, pushing her closer to the edge with each stroke. Her blood roared in her ears and every nerve in her body seemed to blaze with raw power as he drilled his cock into her. She could feel his muscles tensing under her hands, and sensed the bellow building inside his chest as he fucked her with a savagery she’d only dreamed of.

Rianna closed her eyes, concentrating inward, feeding the fire in her crotch to a different location. Her cunt throbbed with need, its heat spreading outward, spiraling out along her limbs even as she felt his lust crest, crashing through the body he’d possessed like a tsunami. He shot into her, wave after wave of come filling her cunt, and Rianna felt her whole body glowing with erotic power. Her cunt gripped him tight, holding him inside her and she screamed, her eyelids flying open. “*Bo!*”

The demon froze above her, his eyes wide in shock. In their depths Rianna saw another mind surface, a frightened, bewildered consciousness that peeked from beneath Botis’s control. Reaching for that furtive flash of personality, Rianna fixed her focus on it and let the energy she’d built up blaze through her body, igniting that magnet or dynamo or whatever it was inside her. As if throwing him a lifeline, she cast her call into him, tugging against the malignant clutch of the demon. The fair, handsome face above her contorted, its features seeming to war with each other as they struggled, she and the demon, for possession of the soul trapped in between.

“Turn him loose, demon!” Rianna spat, gasping with each mental tug. “This... one’s... *mine!*”

A sharp crack of thunder split the air, rattling the glass in her windows and booming over the city.

Botis was gone.

Dropping her head back, Rianna panted, for a moment barely aware of the body above her, simply reveling in the cool silence of the October night.

Then she looked up. Clear blue eyes, as soft as worn denim, gazed down at her, puzzled. “Who... but...”

Bo glanced down at his naked body, realized his cock was buried inside her. A look of disbelief spread over his face. He turned his attention back to Rianna, scrutinizing her features. “Wait. I know you. You’re that girl from the club. But... how did I get here?”

“Does it really matter?” she asked, and held her breath, waiting.

A slow, artless grin spread over his features. “No, not really.” He flexed his hips lightly, and Rianna felt the renewed swell of his erection inside her. Her body clamored suddenly for the orgasm she’d denied it.

“Then,” she said impishly, tilting her sharp little chin, “I suggest we try this again.” Reaching up, she slid her hand around his neck, pulled his face down to hers and kissed him, deep and slow. “Hello, Bo,” she whispered.

“Hi,” he whispered back, his breath warm on her earlobe. “Um, come here often?”

Rianna giggled. “Do you know, I think I will.”

The End

Sierra Dafoe

Sierra Dafoe imprinted early on the one, the real, the only Robin Hood (and we all know who that is!) and has been in love with the heroic adventure story ever since. She branched out from there into fantasy and science fiction and even a few forays into horror, but still has a deep-seated weakness for those cocky, handsome rebels. Rather unsurprisingly, Sierra lives in northern New Hampshire's White Mountains -- which is good, because nothing short of their beauty would likely ever drag her away from her keyboard! She'd love to hear your feedback. Visit her at her website, www.darkerdesires.com, for excerpts, contests, freebies, and more!