



# Dream Lord

The Tome of  
Unnatural Desires

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by  
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## Chapter One

It all started when Lana Thomas went to an old junk shop on a lazy summer evening. The smell of staleness was the first and foremost thing that assaulted her senses. The air was heavy with the lingering scents of old, unusable and discarded possessions. Yet something about the place called to her, pulling her into its sphere of disheveled mayhem and useless bits and pieces of others' castoffs. She felt herself drawn toward a particular area of old books in the back of the shop.

On shelves filled to overflowing were old books of every kind, from paperbacks that had seen better days, to hardcover books worn to threadbare boards and unreadable lettering.

Amongst the heaped stacks of unappealing and molding literature before her, one leather-bound book caught her eye. It was plain, without any markings to give it a name or reference to what was contained on the tattered pages. However, as her hand drew near the book upon its perched position on the dust-lined shelf, she swore it gave off the feeling of static electricity, causing her hand to tingle.

Pulling the old leather bound book from the stacks of so many other forgotten works, she blew a whispery billow of air across the front cover to lighten the film of dust that settled upon it from unwanted neglect. Oh, how she wanted it, but for the life of her, she couldn't really say what the reason was for her impulsive desire to hold it. Own it. Almost like a needful wantonness, a craving for this indescribable book that

hungered to the depths of some unknown meaning that her soul recognized, but she could not fathom.

Lana Thomas was now the proud owner of something dark, evil and sexually fulfilling beyond anything she could've ever imagined. She would not really own the book, it would own her...

\* \* \* \*

In a surreal realm of unrelenting dreamscapes, a wicked deep-throated chuckle pierced the dim atmosphere of a shrouded and foggy dimension.

Caleb, the Dream Lord, known as the spinner of dreams, just found his perfect counterpart. One that would match his depraved and dark cravings—someone he could use until he'd sated his hunger for flesh and blood. It was as if electrical impulses had been hardwired straight to his brain and her images came to him in blinding flashes, awakening his body to her presence. Long ago he had been cast into The Tome of Unnatural Desires by his jealous brother, Zeek. The bastard fucking coveted everything Caleb had. He was older than Zeek, so naturally when his father was ready to step down from his Throne of Dreams, Caleb was to be the next in line. Before that happened, Zeek somehow figured out a way to trap him in The Tome and take his place. He'd heard that Zeek had had his parents killed and there was nothing Caleb could do to stop that greedy, self-centered fuck. To his knowledge, there was no escaping the Tome, but at least he now had something other than Demonites and dreams to occupy himself with.

Since the creation of mankind, he fed off the sexual dreams and proclivities he wrought within the dream realm of both men and women in the mortal plane. Caleb derived sexual satisfaction from fucking both sexes, yet even they had become stale in the last hundred years, leaving a void within the matrix of his unnatural soul that yearned for completeness. And now, this luscious woman would be his to take and mold into the perfect play toy for his own wicked sexual pleasure.

An unholy curve reshaped his full lips, baring canines that could sever and maim or gently nip and lead his victims into a carnal tailspin of unbridled and unfettered sexual

delirium. Caleb could be a person's worst nightmare or their wildest dream come true. It was his powerfully-mastered touch, body and sharp canines that he uses to devastate and invoke the body and mind to press beyond its limits, taking more than humanly possible, opening his victims up to unexplainable or undeniably decadent experiences, whether in this realm or the one within dreams.

He was the ultimate creature of carnal deviance and he loved nothing better than being pleased. The hot, tight, ass of a man was just as tempting as a warm, wet, cunt of a woman. Or, for that matter, a pair of lips wrapped around his cock, taking him deep within his or her mouth, sucking him dry. It was all good to him, as long as sex and coming was involved.

With a low growl, coated in carnality, Caleb rejoiced in his change of fortune. "I will be waiting for you, my pet, in that place where the mind drifts and bleeds between reality and fantasy." Stroking down his smooth muscled chest, he wrapped his meaty hand around his hardened cock, a towering thick column of flesh and veins that reached past his navel to rest atop his rippled and sculptured stomach. He stroked his cock in self-indulgent pleasuring, with a steady pumping action of his fist, feeling every notch, dip and vein that ran along his large blood engorged sex.

"Your body will soon be my body to rule over and master." He growled.

With a groan of unadulterated gratification, he masturbated. His hips undulated and surged to the rhythm and pressure of his tightly fisted hand. Imagining her wet, tightly clenched pussy muscles ringed around his cock, squeezing and releasing its tightly held grip. She would ride him without shame, bucking and writhing, being speared by his sex. Or, maybe it would be her rosy puckered anus that took him deep, swallowing his cock into its heated depths.

He thought of himself pumping in and out of her volcanic sheath with his powerfully pistoning hips—he'd show her no mercy—no leniency. The sound of flesh upon sweat-drenched flesh, slapping against the other, would resonate throughout the eerie silence of his den of carnal dreamdom. On the borderline and just this side of pain, blending into the ultimate in beast-like pleasuring, his mind wandered and twisted its

way in his illicit imaginings. Driving her to a carnal madness that only he could relieve with his sordid proclivities. With each thrust and pull of his cock as he worked it in and out of her body, she would feel like she was being burned alive from the inside out with his abundant hedonistic passion.

Thoughts of sinking his teeth deep into her soft, feminine neck filtered through his mind. Partaking of her life force that would feed his hunger, quenching the fire that had raged in his soul since the beginning of his servitude to the Gods of the Night to rule the dream realm, leaving him without a true mate to call his own, swirled in his mind. He now had the one thing he desired above all else, the body and soul of the one that would complete him like nothing else in his immortal life had.

Even though his brother cursed him into the Tome, he still had the inherent power of creating and manipulating dreams and, with the help of the Gods of the Night; he could twist and tempt the dreams of mortals as he pleased.

Caleb was older than time itself and in his time he'd learned every wicked and depraved act that a human body could withstand without being ripped asunder. He knew exactly how to use and devastate a body with his unnaturally large cock. He'd honed his sexual skills like a master craftsman. The same cock that was now being stroked just the way he craved by his own hand, powering himself toward a mind numbing climax with the deep pumping motion of his tight fist.

A mighty roar poured from his parted lips as his sex released a gushing stream of shiny thick cream that overflowed onto his belly and hand from the tiny slit at the opening of his tightly shafted cock.

As he slowly rubbed the thick cream into his body, he thought about how the next time he came, it would be within the walls of one of the woman's orifices, warming and seeding her muscled interior, proclaiming her as his dark consort. Caleb fantasized to himself how he would mark her in both seed and the mixing of their blood, to proclaim her as his toy – his possession.

She would be powerless to resist him and his blatant sexual ferocity, which burned everyone and everything he touched. Once she'd had a taste of his kind of lovemaking,



she would never go back to the same old boring way other human men had used her body, bringing her only empty fulfillment, only a trace amount of carnal gratification by his standards of sexual proclivities.

Caleb relaxed back upon his red satin sheets that now held the aromatic scent of his recent sexual release.

He'd grown restless as of late. Growing bored with his dreamscape world of nightly fornicating and sexual depravities. Caleb had serviced the Gods well over thousands of years, not that he was complaining. He had the night realm to fulfill and sate any demonite's ungodly sexual appetite. But now, he hungered for something more, someone that he alone would have for all time, never to have to leave them when the darkness of night bled quietly away being overshadowed by the rays that broke with the dawn.

He crossed his feet at his ankles and swept his hands behind his head, clasping them to cradle the back of his head in the relaxing pose of a man comfortable in his sexual skin. He was ready to take on the woman that would soon be his, utterly and completely, fucking her as soon as his soon-to-be fallen angel went to sleep to bring her into his dark world of dreamt carnality. Taking her into his world, never having to give back what he alone would soon own—to ravish and dominate at will.

He couldn't wait to work his sexual magic on her unsuspecting body and mind. He planned on making her beg for mercy before he gave her any release from her fervent state of arousal. Having her scream his name over and over again and crying out for redemption and salvation that only his unholy passion could absolve.

"She is going to be the best lay yet." He leaned back into the satin pillows once again firmly stroking his hard cock while he pondered all the sexual possibilities he would have with her. "Just you wait my beauty; I will have you screaming for everything I am going to give you. You can bet on that!"

## **Chapter Two**

Reclining on her bed in the early morning hours just before the beams of daylight peeked out from over the horizon, flooding the world with shelter from the night, Lana found herself unable to sleep, restless and sexually needy.

The urge to open the old neglected leather bound book took on a life of its own. Her fingers itched to find out the contents it held. There was something special about the tattered old book. Her curiosity to see what lay within was getting the better of her.

Lana found that her hands were shaking as she went to open the book and turned to the first page. For some unexplainable reason she'd not opened it at the junk shop, wanting to come straight home after purchasing it from the unkempt old man behind the counter.

The book's binding creaked and moaned as she carefully lifted and pulled back the old leather cover, exposing the yellowed pages bound inside. The first page was engraved and titled in gold lettering with these words: The Tome of Unnatural Desires.

She felt an unsettling chill radiating from the page as she ran her fingertips over the raised lettering. Letting her fingertips test every bump and dip that formed the words spelled out amid the center of the page. Goosebumps lined her skin as an ominous breeze ghosted across it.

Turning to the next page her fingertips felt heat like the warmth of flesh. Upon this page a story was foretold in black masculine handwriting, when she tried to flip to the

next page, the rest of the pages were stuck together. Lana frowned. She had not noticed that before. Strange. Reading aloud, she let the words fill the silence of the room.

*How the Tome of Unnatural Desires was created:*

*High in the cloudy, surreal realm of Mount Olympus, the God of Trickery, Kaneir, was about to lose all he had gained through the pain and suffering of others. Using his power to create drama and thrill in the lives of mortals had been twisted by his own hand. It became hateful and hurtful trickery, causing untold chaos and even death in some instances.*

*The deceit was of his own making and he had little time left before the Gods came to vanquish him from his pier on high, making him a mere mortal to live out the rest of his short life powerless and impoverished in a place that had no name, but all Gods feared. A place that no one ever returned from and were never again heard from.*

*He begged for one last boon from his mother, Hylisa, the Goddess of Knowledge. "Oh Mother, I ask one last request of you, hear my plea."*

*"Why should I grant you anything, my son?" A female voice heralded down unto him as if spoken through a loudspeaker. "You have done nothing but bring shame and dishonor to my name, misusing your power for your own cruel device and entertainment."*

*Kaneir dropped down to his knees and lowered his forehead to the cold unforgiving marble floor, his long, golden blond hair spread out about his head in shining glory. His palms flat beside his head in a subservient pose to his great mother. "I will be damned for all times, I have the right as your son to have one lasting memento before I leave this realm."*

*"You have no rights, but I will be gracious and grant you one last request." Hylisa's powerful words licked at his skin and caused him to shudder in fear. There was no love lost between them. It was not like they had ever been close as a mother and son should have been. Theirs was a relationship filled with struggle over power and pride.*

*"May your journey into the next life be more fruitful than the one you lived here." Hylisa's words thinned until the last ones could barely be heard. A resounding 'thud' struck close to Kaneir's head. He snapped upright upon his knees quickly glancing down. There lay what looked like a worthless leather tome. Picking it up, he turned it over in his hands.*

*"What the hell is this old, shabby leather book good for?" His raised voice cut into the empty dim of his misty realm.*

Without realizing it, Lana turned the page as she neared the end of the last sentence. What is going on here? Tipping her head, she stared out in space in thought, before reading on. Moments ago she could have sworn the pages after were stuck together. How weird. It was as if the book controlled what she was able to read and see.

*"Open it up and see what last gift I have bestowed on you, my ungrateful son." His mother's words whispered in his mind, soft as silk, yet painfully sharp in contrast, as if stupidity was his middle name. "Leave your mark so that something of my son is still left to me."*

*He flipped to the first page and read the title of the book, "The Tome of Unnatural Desires." Kaneir's once handsome golden features, now twisted with hatred and malice, eyes that used to sparkle with vibrant life, were flat and hard like glass as the meaning of what he held in his hands became clear to him.*

*He now had the tool to leave his evil stain, his mark before parting this realm for good. Deep maniacal laughter broke from his lips. "I guess the last laugh will be mine. Thanks to my gracious mother." Because the Goddess Hylisa had created the gift, no one would ever suspect the truly criminal intent of the tome had come from him. Hylisa could be forgiven the slight because of her high place in Mount Olympus and her popularity amongst the other Gods.*

*Bringing the tome up to his chest, Kaneir chanted, giving over the last of his evil magic into the leather book. "The last of me I give to you, twist and bend until it becomes true. I make a place inside this tome to curse those unfortunate few. From this moment no one is safe and my evil now has its place in the Tome of Unnatural Desires." Without hesitation, he flung the book out into the misty realm of Mount Olympus, where it ended up could be anywhere.*

*As the last of Kaneir's magic seeped out of him, his golden beauty was again visible upon his face, there was no evilness or magic left to consume his features making him ugly. His eyes twinkled like prized goldstone, alive and glistening. The strong blond brows were no longer drawn together in anger but flowed in an arch over his large expressive eyes. Full lips were posed in a slight smile that was eased of tension, but beneath it all, he was still madly insane. His*

*unholy power may be gone, but his black heart was not. Kaneir was ready to face the tribunal of the Gods and he did have the last laugh...*

Once again, the page gave way to the one beneath, and this time she thought nothing of it. Lana's senses had become finely tuned from the moment she had opened this strange leather tome. She could almost feel the weight of the air around her, her flesh sensitive and tingly, giving herself over, letting it take her where it may.

The black silk teddy she wore to bed slid sensually over her skin, as if a lover's hand was caressing it. Her nipples puckered and peaked as the material slithered up and down over them with each breath she took. Her skin had become sensitive like live wires sparking to life over her entire body. The silk rubbed and slid along her form, heightening her arousal like never before.

She looked down at the open palm of her hand and the fingertips that had run over the letters on the new page. Using the very tip of the pad of her thumb, she ran it along her other fingertips from her little pinky back up to her index finger in a rolling motion. It sent tingled charges of sexual awareness up through her arm and straight to her pussy, causing dampness to gather and leak onto her panties.

It showed a picture of an unbelievably handsome man and underneath the picture it stated his name, "Caleb the Dream Lord". The picture depicted a sensuous, nude man with bronze skin and one hip cocked in an arrogant stance. He had blue-black hair that curled about his face, overflowing to hang down passed wide muscular shoulders and then further to the middle of his back. She could see a little of his inky hair peaking out between and underneath the one arm he had raised and placed behind his head, as if he was showing off the deep roped muscling that bound his pectoral and forearm. On any other man, hair like that would've looked feminine and girly, but on him it gave the impression of a carnal unruliness.

A perfect set of arched black brows framed a brilliant pair of yellow-green eyes that had a cat-like slant at the corners, giving him a devilish expression. His strong arrogant

features looked like Michael Angelo himself had sculpted them, chiseling out high cheekbones, a strong jaw line, and a thin straight nose.

It was the sensuous curve of his lips, however, that drew her eye. They had a slight sheen to them, as if he had just ran his wet tongue around his lips before the picture was drawn.

Lana's eyes moved past his gorgeous features to roam down the corded column of his neck, past the wall of muscles that lined and shaped his chest and stomach to a fine line of short black hairs that led her eyes downward toward his groin area, into a nest of curly black hair. Even though his cock was flaccid it hung long and thick amid large fleshed balls that proclaimed his manhood.

Bundles of long lean muscles formed and flowed down his thighs and into well-defined calves and beautifully shaped feet.

He looked like a God drawn to perfection, preserved upon the page for all to see and lust after.

No man ever looked as handsome and serene to Lana. But, for some reason, she knew better. Below the surface of his handsome façade, this man had a dark animalistic nature that he never denied, taking what he wanted, and accepting nothing less than complete and total submission to his will. Submitting to his every demand, becoming his willing servant to any and all of his desires. Though beautiful, his cruel streak was still visible to Lana.

A tingling chill slid down Lana's spine at the mere thought of having to face someone like this man pictured in the book.

She let her fingertip lightly caress the outline of his picture, as if to imprint his male perfection to memory, so she would carry his picture in her mind for all times. Lana could've sworn she heard a low-pitched growl. It floated through her senses, giving her that feeling she was being watched.

Lana shook the sensation off as an overactive mind and lack of sleep. She'd taken a much-needed vacation from her nightly job as a bartender. It was a demanding job and

the next two weeks she was going to do nothing but read and watch television for all she cared.

“Why is it that all the really great looking guys are always between the pages of some magazine or book?” She rubbed a hand across her weary eyes. “I’ll never meet someone like that. Even if I did, they’d be gay. My damn luck.”

*Who’d want a chunky, no longer twenty-something, bartender? It isn’t like I’m going to change or anything.*

Shaking her head, and with one last caressing look, she closed the book, placing it on the nightstand that was next to the bed and turned off the light. Snuggling down into the softness of her bedding, she drifted off to sleep and hoped she’d dream about something other than the regularity of her mundane life. A life that seemed to only encompass the darkness of late, leaving little in the way to lighten the doldrums. She was ready for something different and adventurous to lead her merrily out from the rut her life had become.

*Something has to give,* was her last thought before sleep overtook her.

## Chapter Three

The sensation of weightlessness was the first thing that traversed Lana's senses. It felt like she was lying upon a billowy cloud that supported and molded to every curve and dip of her body, yet she was standing because she could feel the hard cool surface beneath her feet. Looking down, she could only make out a mist that pooled and swirled around her calves and feet.

As she took a deep breath into her lungs, the scent of sex clung heavy in the air. Instead of repulsing her, it turned the blood in her veins to fire that raced throughout her body. Her pussy moistened and ached with empty despair.

She'd never had a dream where she could actually feel and smell before. *What is going on? Why does this feel more real than all the other dreams in the past?*

Darkness surrounded and cloaked her vision, making her feel slightly unbalanced and lost. Getting a sense of movement to her right, Lana slowly turned toward it. In small increments, she moved toward it. A source of light appeared dimly in its path. It beckoned to her, pulling her forward out of the shadows, where it led she didn't know.

An arched doorway came into focus up ahead. She kept moving forward until she stood directly beneath the archway.

As her eyes grew accustomed to the dimness of the room and its surreal-like surroundings, she could make out a man lying stretched out on his back upon a bed that was positioned in the center of the room, up on a dais. With numerous pillows that



supported him from behind, propping up his back and head as he lounged nonchalantly in an arrogant repose. The pillows were done in shaded arrays of reds that bled into the matching satiny sheen of the sheets, sheets that overflowed off the bed, to puddle onto the floor, staining it with their vibrancy.

Then it dawned on Lana why this man seemed familiar to her. He looked like the same man from the old leather bound book she'd purchased. But, how could that be? Wasn't that book just a fictional work about a make-believe character?

Her faced must have mirrored her confusion as the strange man addressed her.

"Why the confused look, Pet?" He rose up and swung his legs off and over the side of the bed to sit up. "Don't you recognize me? I have been waiting for you. I don't like to be kept waiting either."

A purely carnal expression settled over his face, turning up the corners of his lips, drawing them together into a sensuous pucker. His eyelids hooded in a predator's perusal. When he cocked his head slightly to one side and raised an eyebrow it made her squirm in place, shifting from one foot to the other. His blatant animalistic look gave her the impression that he wanted to devour her, savoring her one-inch at a time. His eyes scoured her from head to toe. He looked her over as one would when they acquired something new and had to familiarize themselves with it before they could play with it.

Lana felt like the proverbial mouse, cornered by the cat, and he was ready to pounce on her. She felt naked and unsure of herself standing before him as if she was a chattel and he was her master. What did he want of her? Why had her dream taken such a darkly sexual tone to it?

She had trouble keeping her eyes off his large erect cock that jutted up proud and long from the fleece of blue-black curls between his legs. Her mouth watered thinking about feasting on his large, full sex. She could just imagine running her wet and clever tongue down along the veins that ran lengthwise from the perfectly shaped mushroom head to the stout base, hearing his moans and growls of approval. Lana had never seen a cock of that size before.

“I am not sure...” She let out a deep breath, brushing back the tendrils that impeded her vision. “But I bet you’re going to tell me, right?”

Lana figured what the hell, she was dreaming and this jackass was royally pissing her off. His arrogant pose and insufferable attitude was more than she would take from any man, be it a dream or not.

A sensuous smile reshaped his lips, smoothing out some of the hard edges and angles of his face, giving him a soft, less menacing appearance to his overall features. Brilliant white teeth accented his beguiling smile. That decadent smile of his could melt the panties right off a woman. “I am the one who will giveth and taketh away, my luscious morsel.”

Caleb regarded her lush figure that curved and dipped in all the right places filling out the black teddy. The fullness of her breasts pushed up over the top of the teddy and threatened to spill out over the low cut bodice. One good, deep breath and she’d be exposed in all her glory for his eyes to feast on. He felt the tingling bite in his gums as his canines threatened to emerge. Caleb wasn’t ready to expose her to that just yet, but soon. Oh, yes. Soon. He’d sink both his teeth and cock deep within her, taking what he wanted. He’d not be denied when the time came.

Her arms and legs were defined with the smooth, sleek muscle that only women had. He loved to feel the pillowed flesh rising up and conforming to his, while underneath his hard muscled body, as his cock was sunk balls deep, cushioning and cradling his thrashing and twisting hips. Giving him padding to hold onto when he fucked her hard and fast in whatever and whichever position they had tangled into. Tearing up the bed as he unmercifully took her body over and over again, pushing her to the limit of her sexual endurance, giving her and him savage sexual satisfaction.

## **Chapter Four**

He stood up and pushed himself away from the edge of the bed, walking down from the dais. He prowled toward her, as a beast would stalk its prey before taking it down for the kill. However, in her case, he wasn't going to eat her alive, more like eat her out.

A twinkle of mischief materialized in his eyes at the thought of getting his mouth on her pussy, feeding on the cream that flowed from her muscled well. Caleb's cock had been hard ever since Lana picked up the book, and no amount of masturbation seemed to relieve the ache in his balls.

He reached down and fisted his cock, working his hand up and down, pumping it in rhythm with his stride, letting his hand ride up to stroke along the plumed head. Caleb watched her eyes widen as he played with himself right in front of her. He could tell it was exciting her and her breathing had become more labored and shallow, causing her enticing breasts to strain and her nipples to jut out against the silky fabric of the teddy.

A pink blush worked its way up her neck and up over her cheeks, giving a natural glow to her features. It'd been a long time since he'd seen a woman blush and it was quite attractive on Lana. He wondered what other fascinating things about her would intrigue him.

Caleb looked directly into her emerald green eyes, fringed on the top and bottom with thick dark lashes. His eyes lingered there and then moved onto her ripe, red lips. He could easily picture those lips wrapped tightly around his cock. Taking it deep into her mouth, while her cheeks hollowed and then expanded, taking him in strong regular pulls up and down his stiff prick, causing his balls to draw up tight against his body, with a powerful orgasm that would leave him panting and sated, at least for that moment. A wicked smile widened his face and his cock hardened and ached as his lusty imagination ran wild.

Fiery red hair veiled her head, cascading down to just past her shoulders in thick waves. It reminded him of a living flame that burned brightly all around her heart-shaped face, accenting and framing it.

Caleb used his power to mesmerize Lana; she'd be coherent and able to talk, yet unable to resist him, leaving her vulnerable to his every desire, his sexual slave. Her face took on a vacant, spacey look. Taking her by the hand, needing to feel her flesh intertwined with his, Caleb led her to his bed perched up high on the dais. A bed made to display his sexual decadences and depravities to their fullest. The bed's covering was reminiscent of the red fires of Hell, a flaming reminder of his unholy desires for flesh and blood, pussy or cock.

Turning her to face him, he bent close to her ear. "I am the one that can make all your carnal dreams come true." He growled out his next instruction. "Now be a good little girl and take off that fucking teddy. I am growing impatient."

Without so much as a blink, Lana obeyed. She slowly lowered one thin strap and then the other one until the teddy fell to rest atop her breasts. With sinuous cat-like moves, she wiggled the teddy down off over her ass, kicking it aside when it hit the floor.

Caleb pointed to the bed perched on high. "Get that ripe ass of yours on my bed." He watched as her ass sway to and fro as she made her way up onto the bed positioned in the center of his dream-den.

Caleb's eyes hooded and his features hardened into a sensual mask as he watched her crawl on top of his bed on all fours, exposing her glistening folds from behind. "Holy gods, I cannot wait to sink my cock deep into your wet sex," he growled low under his breath. He would not be able to contain himself much longer at the rate his desires fueled and burned.

Lana positioned herself on top of the bed and looked back over her left shoulder giving Caleb a sultry, lash dipped look. "Are you coming?"

He chuckled at her remark. "Eager are we? I'll be coming alright, but I have a little surprise for you first or maybe I should say *big* surprise?"

Sexual hunger oozed from every pore on Lana. "My pussy is on fire, I need to have you fuck me hard and deep." Dipping forward, she rubbed her torso against the coolness silkiness of the sheets, trying to quench the madness of her overheating body.

"Patience my little sex kitten, you'll love this surprise, take my word for it."

Her head fell forward and her long red hair mingled in with the red shades of the satin sheets as if they were one. A deep and frustrated groan escaped her throat and spilling forth from between her lips. "Huhh." Her lips were pursed and pouted and her eyelids narrowed showing her displeasure at having to wait.

Walking up the steps and taking his place behind her, he picked up the silk scarves that streamed across the bed. He motioned for Lana to change positions. He wanted her flat on her back, displaying her drenched pussy, fringed in red curls, to him. "I love a woman that is all tied up in knots, so to speak." He laughed at his own pun.

Taking both her hands, he wrapped one of the scarves around them, shackling both of her hands together, tying them over her head to a metal bar that was hidden beneath all the layers of silk sheets that overflowed the bed. With her hands stretched over her head, the feeling of being helpless slithered down her spine, causing her ass to squirm upon the bedding in excitement. Caleb used the remaining two silk scarves to secure both her legs in a spread eagle fashion. Opening up her salacious pussy to show the pink creaminess that glistened like drops of dew, coating the red curls that framed her folds.

She was a feast for his eyes, a temptress spread and open in an obscene manner—the way he liked all his prey.

Lana tested the strength of her silky bonds and they didn't give one bit. "Are you going to leave me like this?" Her tone sounding hesitant and slightly unsure.

He bent over her body to suckle on one of her distended nipples, worrying it with his teeth and tongue.

She meowed and her back bowed against his mouth, pushing her nipple into the moist warmth of his mouth. Her body had already begun to crave his; needing his body to satisfy the sexual fires that had started to burn deep within her feminine core.

"I need to work off some of my excess sexual energy on someone else, my impatient pet. Your turn will come." A knowing smile settled around his mouth, but not quite reaching his eyes.

Lana could sense a streak of cruelty that ran a mile wide through Caleb, but for some reason his sinful tawdriness turned her on more than it should have. And she was helpless even if it did matter.

Clapping his hands briskly, his minion, Rake, appeared before him.

"You called master?" A gorgeous and nude angelic-faced man appeared.

Caleb favored the blonde masculinity and beauty Rake exuded, along with the fact that he was almost depraved and evil as himself. He had the tightest ass he'd ever fucked.

Rake's body was leaner and smoother than Caleb's, bending more toward feminine than masculine. His blonde-white hair hung straight in sheets of spun silk down to his taut ass. Rake's skin was alabaster white and cool to the touch. Even his ice-blue eyes gave the impression of softness, but if one looked close enough they could see the fires of Hell burning brightly behind them. His demonic coolness gave Lana the shivers. What did Caleb plan for this pale and beautiful man?

\* \* \* \*

Together they complimented each other. One was dark and sexually dominant, while the other was light, with a deadly frostbitten appeal, but both were positively evil to the core. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure that one out.

As sweet and innocent as he may look on the surface, Rake was deadly and vicious. That was his biggest turn on for Caleb. Rake had been Caleb's sexual toy for hundreds of years. He never got tired of feeding his cock deep into Rake's tightly clenched asshole.

Caleb reached over and laid a possessive hand on top of Rake's head, then stroked down his silky tumble of pale hair, as if comforting a child. When his hand reached Rake's ass, he gave it a mean squeeze to remind Rake who was boss, causing Rake's cock to jerk and swell even larger from Caleb's painful admonishment.

Placing his finger under Rake's chin he looked directly into his frosty eyes. "I need for you to take off some of my sexual tension so I don't hurt the woman, got it?"

Rake winked at his master and then licked his lips in a very seductive manner exposing a pair of sharply wicked canines. "Tell me what you want Master and I will do it."

Caleb's hand slid back up to the top of Rake's head exerting pressure for him to get down on his knees. "Suck my cock. Get it nice and wet for me."

The entire time, Lana watched the two men's interactions with each other. Her arousal leaked down between her thighs and the crack of her ass, causing wetness to flow onto the satin sheets beneath her.

She could smell her own desire, a pungently erotic mingling with the air that circulated around her. She'd never seen two men together and it was making her horny as hell—hedonistic and raw emotions were ready to surface and fight for domination if they kept her waiting much longer. For now, all she could do was to lie there, while the men indulged in oral gratification.

As soon as Rake got down on his knees, he wrapped one fist tightly around the base Caleb's straining cock, while the other hand reached in between his master's legs to fondle his taut balls. Rolling them back and forth and then fingering the delicate area

between his sack and anus. This type of foreplay always elicited a carnal groan of passion from Caleb. Rake knew how to deep throat, lavishing his cock with his wily lips and wicked tongue.

Caleb's head fell back between his shoulder blades and he threaded his fingers into Rake's long hair to grab a fistful with each hand to guide Rake's mouth toward his aching and skintight cock.

"Now remember you little bastard, no fangs this time," Caleb warned Rake.

Rake smiled devilishly up at him, running his tongue along the side of his sharp canines just before he swallowed Caleb's cock all the way down to the base, burying his nose deep into the curly dark hairs of his master's groin. Rake hummed and growled his approval of the salty taste of Caleb's sex.

"Of all the unholy gods, that feels fucking delicious. You were born to suck cock."

Rake used the tip of his tongue to swirl around the large hood of Caleb's cock, lightly tickling around the sensitive nerve endings that dwelled there just below the surface of Caleb's tautly drawn skin. Rake's head and mouth worked in perfect harmony first using suction to draw Caleb's cock all the way to the back of his throat, then lightly letting his front teeth graze along his master's shaft. Then repeating the process over again and again, until Caleb's breathing became short harsh gulps of air.

Caleb gazed down watching Rake suck his cock in and out between rosy tinted lips. It always fascinated him how far Rake could shallow his cock down his throat. It was an erotic feast to Rake, and Caleb loved that. As his cock slid in and out of Rake's heated mouth it was all Caleb could do not to thrust his hips to the pull that was being applied to his stiff prick. He was getting close to losing his load and he wanted to save it for Rake's ass.

"Stop," he commanded Rake. He pulled his minion up by the hair and gave him a deep wet French kiss. Pulling away from Rake's lips he smiled at him with demented affection. Caleb could never truly love anyone or anything. He was too evil for emotions such as love to play a part in his dark life.



"I want to watch you eat that luscious pussy of hers, while I fuck that tight hole of yours I like so much." Caleb pulled Rake's head back and gave him a love bite on the side of his neck. He then lifted his head and scented the air, taking a deep breath. "Gods, I can smell her desire a mile away. I bet she tastes as good as she smells."

A shiver of excitement worked its way up Rake's backbone. He knew what he was in for. And he loved eating pussy as much as he loved sucking cock.

Still handling his minion by the hair, Caleb hauled him toward Lana and her drenched pussy. "Eat her until she begs for mercy and then I might give it to her."

Rake settled between Lana's wide-open legs drinking in the lush landscape of her crimson shadowed pussy that was dripping with arousal. Caleb positioned him with his ass draped obscenely over the edge of the bed, his legs straddled wide to open up the crack of his ass, exposing the delicate tissue of his ruby rosette to his master's gaze.

"Damn boy, you have a fine ass." He gave it a firm slap with his hand and smiled when Rake moaned.

Caleb watched as Rake spread Lana's pussy lips to expose her swollen clit, running the flat of his tongue from her puckered anus to the top of her cunt, growling as he did. Rake licked her as if she was a cream filled dessert. Lana slithered and bucked as Rake went to work devouring her pussy. Licking here, nipping there, and dancing his tongue around her clit, teasing her. He knew just how to keep her on the edge of an orgasm, never touching the heart of her need. Lana bucked in frustration, grinding her pussy against Rake's face, wanting him to tongue her pussy deeper, harder with his fiery tongue.

Caleb positioned himself directly behind Rake; slowly working the head of his cock passed the tight ring of muscle that formed the entrance of heat he knew so well. Rake's ass was an inferno, a burning intensity that drove him to ram his cock the rest of the way home, balls deep. Fuck he had a sweet hole!

Rake squealed like a stuck pig as Caleb gave him no mercy, using his ass for relief, finding his rhythmic beat in hard, quick thrusts. Rake started to moan and whimper as Caleb's cock stretched and pulled at his asshole with each mighty thrust and

withdrawal of his prick, bumping and grinding against Rake's spongy prostrate gland. Rake pushed back hard to get deeper penetration of Caleb's oversized rod. The burning sensation became more intense. Rake thrived off the pain derived from the backdoor games he and his master engaged in on a regular basis.

Caleb leaned forward scraping his teeth down his minion's back leaving lines of blood to mark him as his possession, while he pounded Rake's ass with hard driven thrusts.

Lana had tried to watch Caleb as he serviced Rake's ass, but her mind shutdown to the carnal actives before her as soon as Rake inserted two fingers inside of her clenched pussy. Rake's agile tongue worried her clit back and forth and then switched ploys to softly nibble her distended clit with his teeth. His attentive care to her pussy sent her over the line of ecstasy. She let out an ear-piercing scream as she splintered into showering pulses that rocked her body one after another, leaving her shuttering and quivering upon the bed.

Caleb and Rake too, followed her lead and they both found their release in a profusion of male growls and groans that could've woken the dead.

He pulled hard on Rake's hair, twisting his face away from Lana's spread legs and toward his mouth to give Rake a deep kiss. Caleb growled when he got a ripe taste of Lana's juices that coated Rake's mouth and tongue. He delved deeper into Rake's mouth to savor more of her essence they shared between their wresting tongues. Caleb gave him one more peck on the lips and then waved his hand, causing his minion to disappear along with any trace of their sordid coupling.

Caleb stood over Lana drinking in the beauty of the afterglow that radiated off her in waves as her quivering flesh started to settle after her intense orgasm.

Rake was an appetizer and Lana was now the main course.

"Are you going to untie me?" Lana raised her head off the bed to look him straight in the eyes. "I can hardly wait to get my hands on you."

"Not tonight my sweet." Caleb ran a possessive hand down her firm thigh. "I want you helpless beneath me."

Lana tried pulling free from the silk ties again, but she couldn't budge them even an inch if her life depended on it.

*"Damn you let me up!"* She yelled at him.

"I'll let you up when I'm damn good and ready. You need to learn your place, and that I am the master and you are whatever I want you to be." His narrowed gaze caused her to sink back onto the bed and stop fighting her bonds. She could tell he was good and pissed. And Caleb was nobody to fuck with.

"Now that is much better. Do what I say and I will reward you with the best fuck you've ever had, my pet." He bent down and nipped her stomach. Lana whimpered and twisted in her bonds as her arousal fired throughout her body again.

Caleb crawled over her body and down amid her spread legs. He teased and taunted her with the head of his cock, rubbing it between the folds of her sex, bumping up against her sensitive clit that Rake had just finished torturing with his talented tongue.

Lana's hips bucked and rolled as he teased her aching pussy. "Stop teasing me dammit." She ground out from between clenched teeth.

The teasing light left Caleb's eyes, something predatory and demonic took its place. His whole demeanor changed in the blink of an eye.

Before she had time to react, he slammed his cock home. Caleb was done pussyfooting around. He was going to go at her with everything he had. He would teach her how his body could reduce her to an animalistic state, making her growl and scratch her pleasure for him.

She was not prepared for the thickness of his oversized cock. It stretched her to the limit and at the same time, its length reached nerve endings that had never been stimulated before. Her scream of pained pleasure excited him.

Caleb leaned up on his elbows to look down between their bodies, wanting to see his cock pull out shiny with her cream, and then sink back into her tight muscled core. Her pussy felt like a suction cup that gripped and released at different intervals, giving and taking, sharing and receiving. Her cunt was pure heaven to him. And that would

be the closest he'd ever get to heaven by his way of thinking. He was a demonite and darkness was his only saving grace.

Lana's breathing had accelerated into shallow pants. Her head was thrashing from side to side and back bowed as Caleb picked up the pace and swiveled his hips and mashed down on her clit with each down stroke.

He could feel her inner muscles tightening and the tension rising with each tunneling thrust. As he felt her starting to come apart, he pulled his lips back up over his front teeth exposing his sharp canines that had exploded through his gums. Caleb leaned down and gave her neck a nice long lick, then bit down, breaking through the delicate skin between her neck and shoulder.

Lana screamed as a furious orgasm broke down the barriers of her mind, leaving little in the way of humanity she'd had left to her soul, shredding her body in multitudes of orgasmic waves.

As Caleb dined on the richness of her blood, he got a surprise of his own as Lana bit him back. His head snapped up and he let out a glass-shattering roar just before he dropped over the edge of his own darkness.

## Chapter Five

Lana woke up groggy and disoriented. Propping herself up on her elbows with her palms faced down on the mattress to hold up and leaning back for support, slowly waking up. She stayed in that position while she tried shaking off her drowsiness. Swiping the stray hair from around her face, she struggled to get her bearing.

Her body ached all over as if a Mack Truck had run over her more than once. Even her hair hurt.

*Wow! We must have really overdone the fantasy last night.*

Her pussy was swollen and sore and it was worth every ache and pain she'd have today. A purring sound resonated deep within her throat, as she thought back about what they did last night.

Her demented husband's sexual expertise could completely overwhelm every part of her body, playing it like a finely toned instrument. Always in tune with her body – her needs. Her pleasure was ultimately his pleasure. Her screams and whimpers were music to his demonite ears.

Caleb never left one square inch of her flesh untouched, using his wicked tongue that could twist her clitoris into knots, much like those that can tie a cherry stem into a knot using just their tongues, but only better; much, much better. His lush, full lips and powerful body and massive cock; he used them as if they were carnal weapons.

Caleb was the master that doled out more pleasure than she could've imagined possible. She was gladly his submissive in the bedroom, another damned soul for his sexual amusement.

Lana rolled over and admired the handsome man that dominated most all parts of her life. She drank in the vision of his smooth, broad chest. The satin sheet draped at his waist did little to hide the impressive outline of his cock.

Reaching her hand over, she brushed back a wayward lock of hair that always seemed to be falling onto his forehead and into his eyes; she smiled at her adventurous and wildly sexy bedmate. She'd never tire of having sex with this man, this demonite, nor would she even find him boring. Last night was one of her favorite fantasies to play out with him.

Lana was more in love with that nasty bastard today than she was yesterday. They were definitely a match made in Hell any way she looked at it. They were perfect for each other.

Her thoughts drifted back to the old leather bound book. It was what had brought them together over two years ago. To think that if she'd not gone into that old junk shop, she wouldn't have ever met Caleb and his dark brand of carnality.

She looked forward to their fantasies and depraved sexual play. It really spiced up their sex life like nothing else could. Lana especially loved the orgies when other demonites, minions and vampires joined in experimenting with anything and everything imaginable. Thank god Caleb was soulless and sharing came naturally to his demonite nature.

Slowly he opened up his eyes and cracked a wide wicked smile. "How is the best piece of ass I have ever had this morning?" He asked in a raspy morning voice.

Her laughter filled their room. "I am fucking sore you animal, how else would I been on a morning after you fucked me within an inch of my life?"

Reaching over he tweaked her pink-pebbled nipple. "That last inch would have been the best you ever had, even if you died and you know it." His low, sexy, chuckle made her pussy tingle, ache, and melt in need.

"You always say the sweetest things to me."

"Damn straight I do. I own you. You are mine to do with as I please." The look of love on his face didn't match his gruff tone. "Whenever I please."

"You sure are full of yourself...again."

"You are going to be full of me in a second, woman." He lunged at Lana, rolling her beneath his large frame. His hair fell around them like a dark shroud. A hard kiss sealed off any further replies. Her legs parted, allowing his hips to settle between her legs. Caleb lodged the head of his cock at her wet entrance, slowly stretching her cunt to take his wide width, then feed her his sex inch by inch with shallow thrusts, making slow, sensuous love to her.

"God damn woman, you're as tight as a virgin and so wet for me. The pleasure of being inside you is painfully pleasurable."

His cock felt like molten steel wrapped in silk buried inside her. Lana swore she could feel the beating of his heart along his thick, meaty shaft. As the friction between their working and straining bodies heightened, Lana could not hold back deep-seated moans of intense arousal. Her body arched against Caleb, taking his cock deeper, causing her to gasp. Together, their writhing bodies worked in harmony, pushing, rubbing and thrashing as one, until mutual climaxes sent them in a spiral of ecstasy.

Later, Lana took one last good look at his strong profile, she slipped quietly out of bed and walked toward the bathroom to take a shower and hoped she'd feel more human afterward. *Well, as human as a vampire could ever possibly be that is.* Lana snorted at her own frivolity.

Steam from the hot water pillowed and swirled in the air filling up the bathroom with heated bliss. She wiped down the fogged up mirror with a washcloth. Checking out her reflection in the bathroom mirror, she took a good look at her features. That old myth that vampire could not see his or her reflection, is just that—a myth, as are many other stupid human fears and folklores.

Lana's eyes glowed with sexual vibrancy and vitality. Her eyes also showed the deep and abiding love she had for Caleb, would always have for him.

Twisting up her hair onto the top of her head, she secured it so it wouldn't get wet. Just before she stepped into the nice hot steamy shower, she cracked a smile nice and wide. A wicked pair of canines appeared like brilliant white picks that protruded over the pink flesh tone of her bottom lip. She growled at her reflection in the mirror and screwed up her face, just for the hell of it. It always tickled her to see how fierce she looked when she made that face, yet she was all woman to Caleb, fangs and all.

She'd never forget the look on the big Dream Lord's face when he found out she was a vampire, a creature of the night. Even with that shocked demeanor overshadowing his face, he was still the most handsome and unholy creature she'd ever laid eyes on. She'd shielded her true form from him. It was a fucking hoot to fool him, served the damn cock of the walk, right.

Hell, he thought he was going to ravish a poor human woman, but what he got was a vampire, a sexual creature that could lick and bite him into carnal heaven, matching him in every depraved act known to man or creature. She would willingly, lovingly drive him over the edge time and time again, never giving him mercy. Two could play at that game.

Oh, yeah, she smiled to herself, she was definitely one lucky and very happy vampire indeed. It was one in a million that she'd ever have found a man-demonite that complimented and matched her sexual appetite so perfectly.

When Caleb asked her one night what she'd done with the book she told him it was in a safe place. But she'd lied; she didn't really have the book, she had thrown it out into the winds of the their dream realm, to be lost for all times between their realm and that of the human realm. Lana wasn't sure the world was ready for the demonic carnality the Tome of Unnatural Desires would unleash on the innocent world at large.



## **Epilogue**

A word of caution: Nothing is ever what it seems and some things just will not stay buried. Never underestimate the unholy desires poured into the pages of a book, for it was made in a dimension of an erotic realm to be read and savored if one dared.

Who next would possess the Tome of Unnatural Desires?

It is now packed away in a cardboard box filled with other books in storage. In a few weeks time, it will be set out along with the other odds and ends at a neighborhood yard sale. What unholy entity of sexual proclivities will be waiting to be unleashed upon its next unsuspecting owner?

Maybe the next one could be you.

## **The End**