

The 13th Floor: Still Waters

Stephanie Burke

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Prologue

This is not a happy story.

This is not a sad story.

This is a story about a place that exists betwixt and between.

The thirteenth floor, the object of superstition and fear, has been the subject of much debate and speculation. Its mysteries are vast and ever changing, the power it holds immeasurable.

But only a select few ever enter its halls... and if they exit, their lives will be forever changed.

Chapter One

"How long have I been here?"

Leaning back in his bed, Johansen Blakeley sighed and looked around the same hotel room he had been looking around for... gods knew how long.

He remembered coming here, to this floor, and thinking there had been some kind of mistake. He remembered walking out of the elevator, his curiosity moving him. This floor wasn't even listed on the elevator buttons. He'd thought maybe it was one of those old superstitious things, that thirteen was an unlucky number so they'd left it off. But when he stepped off the damned elevator, the doors had slammed shut quicker than a maiden aunt's legs at an all-nude male review. He turned, but the elevator vanished as if it had never been there. But if it had never been there, how had he made it to this accursed floor?

He had stared down a long, seamless, never-ending hallway, looking at the doors that lined the walls like miniature soldiers. He had tried every one of those doors, even the ones from which weird sounds and lights emanated. Only one door would open for him -- the door to a room that seemed to have everything he needed.

The bed eased the aches and pains of his bad back, and the radio played all his favorite music, though there was no television. The bathroom was stocked with the toiletries he had at home -- expensive brands, not the usual hotel offerings. Even his favorite meals were delivered to him each morning, placed on a silver rolling dinner cart that contained absolutely no flatware he could use to injure himself or anyone stupid enough to confront him in his captivity.

He had all the comforts of home, clean linens and towels on command, and gourmet food delivered the moment he discovered he was hungry.

All he lacked was a way to get out.

There had been a woman early on in his stay -- a young thing who turned her nose up at anything she decided was not perfect enough for her. She'd been with him for a few agonizing days when he'd first arrived, her door connected to his somehow. But after dealing with her bullshit, he'd taught her a few things about humility.

Refusing to give in to her tantrums and her desire to have him wait on her hand and foot, he purposefully isolated himself from her, denying them both a bit of the live contact she seemed to crave. But he had refused to relent until she learned that the sun and the moon didn't rise and set on her ass. It took some doing, but after a time she'd come around and shown that she truly was a decent being.

Mommy and Daddums had created the perfect bitch image to disguise the fact that she had a genius level IQ and more common sense than would be healthy for her, should she let the world know. After discovering she was afraid she wouldn't be accepted if people knew she was smart, he spent some time talking to her.

And, more importantly, he listened.

After a time he began to respect her. Respect turned into desire and before he knew it, he was ensconced deep within her tight body, her research into tantric sex teaching him a thing or two during their nightly romps.

She grew in confidence as she discovered her self-worth. It was beautiful, and the most meaningful relationship he had ever had.

Then she was gone. He couldn't even remember her name. And now the only meaningful relationship he had was with his left hand. Even that left him with nothing but time to kill, and things were starting to get sedentary with Rosy Palm and her five sisters.

Now that he didn't have the woman around, he began to recall one of the reasons he'd gone on this trip in the first place.

He, Johansen Blakeley, was a coward.

The ironic thing was that he was just as vain and superficial as the Little Miss who had disappeared without a trace days before. Or was it weeks? He couldn't tell -- there were no windows in his luxurious cell. God, what he wouldn't do for just a

glimpse of sunshine, to feel the warm air on his face, to feel a breeze pressing against his body, fresh water between his toes.

But he, in all his vanity, had run away from his home and the responsibilities that awaited him there. Just because he was too good to deal with -- he shuddered to think of it -- humans.

When his portal had opened up at this human building, he'd thought his arcana had gone awry. But when he'd recast the spell, he'd discovered his magics wanted him there.

The staff, dressed in livery, had been more than helpful, telling him his reservation had been confirmed and all he required was awaiting his pleasure. So he had made his way toward the bank of glass elevators that rose and fell in the main lobby.

He was well versed in human politics -- after all, his ill-conceived fiancée was human, so his father had demanded that he learn. He spent his formative years learning about humans, studying their history, their bloody wars and conflicts. Early on, he had come to the conclusion that humans were nothing more than a barbaric waste of life's breath that would be better off wiped out of existence. But since several of his allies were dependent on the blight called humanity, he made no against them.

Eventually, he forgot all about his fiancée and where said fiancée had come from. He moved on with his life, never forgetting the treachery and horror that was humankind, but still learning and maturing in the way of his people.

It was a shock to him to wake on his natal day and realize he had reached the age of majority, that he would soon be married to his promised human fiancée. Thinking maybe his thoughts of humankind had been clouded by the shortsightedness of youth, he made several trips to the human world and what he saw horrified him even more.

There was war and famine, and murders most disgustingly foul. Father killed mother, brother murdered sister, and they all seemed to take delight in sharing and exploiting the misery of others. He had been appalled by the lack of compassion and the discounting of human life as more a commodity than a gift from their creator.

It saddened and sickened him.

After almost getting his head blown off while exploring a neighborhood where the poor regularly congregated to steal from the weak, he decided there was no way he would take one of these barbarians to his bed. So he did the only thing he could think of that would gain him some time to figure out how to get away from the human stigma. He fled.

And he'd wound up here, in this hotel room, wondering how much time had passed. Did his mother and father miss him? Did his people notice their prince had gone missing? Had his human fiancée brought the wrath that was humanity at its worst upon his people?

That calamity called humankind was a mystery and a puzzle he dared not explore. And yet, here he was, surrounded by human trappings, still pondering what to do.

"How many days have I been here?" he asked, running his hands through his long, blue-black hair.

"I don't know." A voice startled him, making him turn swiftly toward his open door. "But if you showed me the exit, I would be real obliged."

Chapter Two

"Who the fu --"

"Oh, looks like we got a live one here!" the strange female crowed as she stepped further into the room. "Now, sugar, can you show me the way out of this place? As charming as it is, I have people to do and things to see."

Johansen stared at the woman, his senses telling him that no matter what she appeared to be, she was no human being. She was exotic and rather pleasing to the eye. Her kinky bush of hair blossomed on top of her head in a furious red mass. It was held back from dropping into her eyes by a black leather band that emphasized the delicate oval of her face. Her red-brown eyes, almost the color of leaves changing in the fall, dominated her face, holding his attention with the emotions that clearly flowed through their depths.

Her nose was a broad spade that told of African descent as clearly as her wild hair and full red lips. Her long, graceful neck led to thin shoulders artfully draped in a long leather trench coat. She seemed to be long and lithe underneath the enveloping coat, with the look of a fashion model or someone who danced for a living. On her feet were a pair of low-heeled gladiator sandals that had to be strictly for fashion, as they were composed of small leather straps and would offer no warmth to her feet.

Right now, her hands were placed on her hips, her eyes scanning him intently.

"What are you?" Johansen winced at the rough sound of his own voice. Had it been that long since he'd spoken in tones louder than a mumble? He shook his head and cleared his throat to give it another try. "You're clearly not human."

"Not anymore, sugar." She laughed, her voice deep and melodious. "Not for a good long time."

"Then what are you?"

"Confused is what I am."

Johansen blinked once, and then again for good measure. Maybe she was crazy.

"And what's with all these doors?" she asked, dropping a rather large purse on the floor before walking deeper into his room. "This is the only door that would open."

"I... I don't know," Johansen finally settled on saying. She was asking many of the same questions he had asked himself, questions he still had no answers to.

"Well, tell me what you do know," she chortled amiably. She walked to the bed and settled beside him.

"Um... How did you get here?"

"Well, one day my father had an odd twinkle in his eye as he stared at my mother, who twinkled back. Clothes went flying, and Mother spread her legs..."

"I mean how did you get onto this floor?"

"Oh! Well, there was this elevator with these three really hunky guys. I was staring at their asses when they got on." Almost blushing, she stared down at her nails and then up at Johansen's face before she continued. "So naturally I had to follow. But when this floor opened up, um, they kind of shoved me out here and the elevator door closed. And damned if it didn't disappear!"

She looked up again, and Johansen grinned for the first time in magic knew how long.

"It, meaning the elevator and the men," she sighed. "And so here I am."

"Here you are stuck," Johansen informed her. "Once the elevator is gone, I don't think we can get on and off the floor."

"Ever?"

"I don't know about forever, but I'm not really sure how long I've been here."

"Alone?"

"Well, there was someone else, but... but she's gone now."

"And you are?" the woman asked.

"Confused as to who you are."

"You may call me Ash." She chuckled, propping herself up on her elbows to get a better look at him.

"Ash," he repeated slowly, savoring the name.

"And you are, beautiful?" she asked, one eyebrow arched as she took in the calm face and the big blue eyes.

"Johansen. You may call me Johansen."

"Johansen," Ash repeated, rolling the name across her tongue. "Johansen." Her eyes closed as if she were making love to the word.

Johansen swallowed hard, his eyes on her face, those eyes that even while closed had some unnamed effect on him. The lips that her pink tongue -- a long pink tongue -- ran slowly across, leaving a glistening trail of wetness...

"My, it has been a while, little Dryad." She chuckled, drawing his gaze to her now open eyes. "It's been a while, indeed."

"You... you're playing with me?" he asked, his head cocked to the side as he reevaluated his newly formed opinions of Ash.

"I have yet to begin playing with you, little Dryad," she mused, dropping her coat to expose the bits of nothing she called an outfit, her eyes narrowing as her pupils turned a bright red. "Not done playing by a long shot."

She was on him in a flash. Before he could even move or think to shove her away, her tongue was lapping at his neck and he felt his body going still.

"Prey is prey, little Dryad," Ash murmured as her teeth caressed the thick skin of his neck.

She could feel the heat from the blood there, just beneath the surface. Could smell the salty sweetness of his life fluid pulsing just beneath her mouth. Her fangs began to tingle and elongate as she nuzzled deeper into his neck, pulling in the heat and the living scent of him.

"Wh-why?" she heard him force through his still throat, the vibrations of his words sending tingles through her body.

"I'm a vampire, Johansen," she soothed, one hand running through his long blue-black hair, tugging some locks from underneath his body to toy with as she would. "It's what I do."

He shuddered as he closed his eyes and tried to draw in enough energy to move. A Dryad away from his lake was nearly powerless. How long had it been since he rejuvenated himself in his home waters?

"Stop struggling and we both can enjoy this. It's is not all that difficult."

"Don-don't want it," Johansen managed, his blue eyes starting to glow as he contemplated the once-human creature atop of him.

"It's not about what you want." Ash rolled her eyes as she stared at the creature below her. "It's not always about what you want, little spoiled Dryad."

"How..."

"How did I know who you are? Simple, little one. You smell of water and salt and all those delicious non-human things that magical folk smell of. Your eyes --" she released his hair to cup his chin and lift his head higher "-- those delightful blue orbs glow. Did you know that, little Dryad? They glow. That's because of the connection between vamps and Dryads."

A surprised look crossed his face. She sat back a little, straddling his body, her thighs around his chest, and stared deep into his eyes. "Oh, you don't know?" She chuckled. "Just what are those idiots teaching kids nowadays?"

She once again bent to lick his neck, holding him paralyzed somehow as she tilted her head to the side in obvious and deep contemplation. "Now, where shall I begin your education, little one?"

She shrugged her shoulders and her coat seemed to shimmer down her body, leaving her in the leather cat suit, her mahogany skin glowing against the dark material. "Your people are to blame for what is befalling you now, Johansen. Your people are the filth and the scum that I have come to despise more than my dependence on human blood. Your people made me what I am today, little one. And I think I'm due a little payback, don't you?"

Johansen shuddered, feeling the tight hard body above him, the coolness of her cheeks against his face as she hissed her words. A whimper escaped his throat and, he was almost ashamed to admit, a tingle rose in his groin. His cock needed no excuse to react to a beautiful creature; the fact that her fangs were at his throat became a non-issue.

The heat of her body, the feel of actual contact... it was almost too much. And the threat she represented... his blood tingled and his mind snapped into hunt mode.

Maybe she wasn't insane after all. Maybe there was something left for him to do here. Maybe this one would be around for a while. Admittedly, he was a spoiled, running, coward of a prince, but he never turned down a good piece of pussy. That she was humanoid in shape was all the better. But her talking -- he'd never thought he would be saying this after so long a drought of intelligent contact, but... "Will you please shut the fuck up?"

The words were still rusty, his voice rough with disuse, but it was enough to make the vampire pay attention. "Excuse me?" she hissed, her eyes glowing an eerie red, the color of aged brandy, as she lifted her head and stared at the Dryad beneath her in disbelief.

"I said shut the fuck up. It's a quaint human term for be quiet, as you are annoying me."

The vampire sat back on her heels, her wide-spread thighs encasing his upper body as she rested both hands on her hips. "Excuse me?"

"There is no excuse for you," he snapped back. He lifted his hands to sink them behind his head, arching up his hips and jostling her a bit. She placed both her hands on his chest to hold her balance, glaring, hard.

"You barge in here, looking sexy and lost, only to pounce on me and try to make me your lunch? Please tell me, former human, what game are you trying to play?"

"I am playing no game, Dryad. I am here... um..."

"You don't have any idea why you are here. Same as me," he sighed.

"You really didn't bring me here?"

"The three men on the elevator with their pretty asses? That was all me?"

"You do have a point." She shifted lower, making him hiss as her pelvis pressed against the thick, growing flesh beneath her.

"And you're sitting on it," he reminded her. He arched his hips again, a sly smirk crossing his lips. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I could," she purred, "drain you until it disappeared, but that would get me no answers."

"And it would severely impede my day. Or is it night?" he asked, eyeing the female that sat atop his body as if she owned it.

"Night, Einstein." She rolled her eyes, then tried to roll off the Dryad now that he wasn't any fun to play with.

Hard, blue-tinted hands on her thighs stopped her. "And where do you think you're going?"

"Getting the hell off of you and finding a way to get the hell out of here?" Her singsong voice seemed to be just the thing to agitate him further.

"What about making good on what your actions are promising me?"

"I promised you a bite and a suck..."

"Yeah, suck me," he purred, his tongue flicking out at her, its unusual forked length drawing her attention.

"Man, you are full of surprises," she answered, her interest piqued. "You kind of intrigue me."

"Good, cause I kind of want your body."

"And just like that, I'm supposed to give it to you?" Her eyebrows rose, as did her rate of breathing. Those magnificent breasts quivered behind all that leather.

"No. I expect I'll have to fight you for it, like every other good thing in my life."

"So now I'm good?"

"You had better be," he growled, arching his hips and tilting her off his body and onto the mattress beside him. He ignored her squeak of surprise and quickly reversed their positions. "You had better be *so* good, for what you were offering."

"A bite..."

"And a suck," he breathed, noting that her pupils were beginning to dilate in her growing need. The peaks of her breasts hardened beneath the constricting leather, and her heart had begun to pound.

"I only suck my friends," she purred, licking her own lips, exposing dainty fangs that were just a mite too sharp and shiny to be human.

"And your enemies?" he asked, leaning toward those glowing red eyes like a moth to a flame. "What do you do to your enemies?"

"I fuck them... over," she hissed.

Then, before he could react, she lurched up, those dainty fangs extending into something monstrous and evil as they latched onto the skin of his neck, piercing the flesh, releasing the rich blue blood that flowed through his veins.

"I don't know if I want to love you or hate you," she gasped. He allowed her to move him to his side, permitted her to take the dominant position, allowed his throat to be savaged.

"Either way --" His hand reached up to grip her shoulders, his nails sliding down the slick leather to latch onto her elbows as his erection sprang into full hardness. "-- it's a hell of a way to go."

Chapter Three

His taste was rich like blood, yet light like water and air.

Ash moaned, allowing the rich blue blood to run down into her mouth, coating her throat. She moaned at the flavor, the texture, at the way it sent heat coiling through her stomach and quenched her thirst like nothing else had ever been able to do.

He was addictive, this Dryad of hers.

She sucked hard at his neck, knowing she was leaving all sorts of hickies and bruises, and finding it impossible to care one whit. As for her prey, he was reacting beautifully to her bite, not that the little bastard could react any other way.

But the tendrils of heat that traveled through her body -- that was unexpected. She closed her eyes, concentrating on the high quality of his blue blood, and moaned in delight.

This one was a royal. Royal blood had the added bonus of sustaining her kind for weeks off of one feeding. And it looked like she would be here a while, if the little bastard was telling the truth. She stiffened a bit as she felt hands running through her hair, tugging off her leather band and massaging her scalp, urging her onward in her desperate meal.

It was that more than anything that caused her to pull back.

She absently lapped at the bleeding puncture marks, encouraging the Dryad's healing, and settled more comfortably on the hot bulge now pressing against her ass in a most teasing fashion. She knew her eyes had taken on a blue tint, the tint of the royal blood that now flowed in her veins, and it was with this new energy that she observed her prey.

"Why did you stop?" he panted, his eyes dilated in pleasure as his hands left the tangle of her hair to run down her back. "Things were just getting interesting, you cock-tease."

"It wasn't done to please you." She tried to sound petulant, but it came out more aggressive than anything. She shrugged her shoulders and continued. "It was done for my benefit. I was hungry, and you are too tempting to let go untasted."

"And all that shit about your condition being my fault...?"

"Well, it is. You have some fucked up people. Or should I say you are one fucked up fellow. Damn royals."

He arched one eyebrow as his hips took up a grinding motion against her ass. "Not fucked enough," he sighed sadly, his hands now resting on her ass, kneading the firm flesh there.

"And not as fucked as you want to be," she chuckled, grinding her ass back in retaliation, listening to his indrawn hiss of breath as his cock hardened even further.

"That will be settled later," he informed her archly, ignoring her rolling eyes as he continued to speak. "What do Dryads have to do with you being a vampire?"

"Well, it was one of you bastards who tricked me into this damn existence in the first place." She sniffed. "You people and your damn deals."

"You made the bargain." His hands left her ass to rub up and down her sides.

"True." She melted a bit, but decided to firm her resolve. One shouldn't play with one's food. It was not proper manners. "But then again, it was a life and death thing. I was rash in my decision making."

"In all my years --" His voice grew deeper as he stroked along the tantalizing length of leather over soft, cool skin. "-- I have never heard of a Dryad turning a human into a vampire."

"And you discount those legends of us not being able to cross running water?" she asked, before she decided enough was enough. She slapped his hands away, ignoring his disappointed groan, and rose to her feet.

"So they are true?" he asked, his eyes following the long lines of her body as she stretched and rubbed at her obviously full tummy before bending to pull off a boot.

"Crosses don't mean diddly." She dropped one boot and immediately started working the other off of her foot. "Garlic is a great seasoning if you like flavorful food and a low cholesterol count. Fire burns anyone, not just vampires, and sunlight only gives my skin a real pretty red-gold tan. You should see me in the summer."

"Then you are just a blood-sucking psycho who cock teases where she can?" He sat up and began working on the buttons of his shirt.

"No," she laughed, slapping him on the leg to get him to move over a bit. "I am an immortal blood-sucking nympho psycho who has a real serious taste for Dryads and apparently hotel rooms with no way out."

"Good to know your faults," he chuckled, removing his shirt and tossing it aside.

"Yeah." She smiled. "That Dryad blood thing is a real bitch."

"So." He watched her hands go to the back fasteners of her cat suit. "Why are we undressing?"

"I am undressing because feeding on you has made me horny. You are undressing because you are just a horny individual. If you can get it up after being attacked by a raging nympho blood-sucking vampire with issues, then you are probably kinky enough to satisfy my nympho needs."

"Oh." It was the only reply he could muster in the face of this beautiful black woman ripping off her clothing in preparation to screw him. "Yeah," he muttered as he watched the top portion of leather and thread halter slide down to show the most beautiful pair of firm ripe breasts he had ever seen. "Hooray for nymphos with issues."

Chapter Four

"Strip." Ash's eyes glowed red.

"After you," he snarled, crossing his arms, his gaze just as intense.

"Humph." She rolled her eyes. The leather pants of the suit were still tight against the rounded flesh of her ass. She turned her back to him, running her nails across her thighs.

"You like what you see?" she purred, slapping her ass and making the cheeks jiggle.

"I'd like it better if it were bare." Johansen's heart raced and his mouth watered. Ash might be crazy, but she had one hell of an ass.

She cackled and winked, then slipped her thumbs under the waist of the suit. Slowly, she began to ease it down. Johansen licked his lips, his hands going to his swollen cock, rubbing it through the layers of cotton that shielded him. Slowly the pants came down, exposing her bare ass one rounded inch at a time, until they rested below her thighs.

"I know you're going to love this, sugar." She spoke softly, her hands roaming over her exposed flesh.

Johansen almost swallowed his tongue when she bent over and ran two fingers over the rounded cheeks of her ass and across the curls that guarded her pussy. She was swollen and pink and wet as hell. Her juices ran freely to glaze her thighs as she rubbed her labia in small circles.

"You want to taste me?" she asked, staring at him from over her shoulder, her grin exposing the dainty tips of her fangs.

"You know you want me to." His voice was husky and deep, his fingers working the buttons that held his pants closed over his blood-engorged cock. He could feel

beads of slick pre-cum building up around the head, and he itched to pull back the foreskin to tease his arousal further.

Laughing low in her throat, Ash rose and bent at the knees this time, her eyes locked to his. She eased one leg free of the tight cat suit.

"I want you to eat me like this." Her breasts quivered with her breathing as she rose up and started toward him. "It makes it nasty when you fuck half-dressed."

"Nasty." He chuckled. "I think nasty is about my speed."

Arching his hips, he tugged his pants down to his knees, hissing as the hard cock slapped against the tight flesh of his stomach, sprinkling droplets of pre-cum like morning dew.

"All for me?" Ash shuddered, stepping closer to the bed and the erect Dryad who stared hungrily at her.

"As much as you can take," he agreed, patting his thighs and arching his hips.

But when Ash approached the bed, Johansen moved with preternatural speed. Ash found herself lying flat on her back, her legs spread and a horny Fey hanging over her.

"Now I am going to have a little taste..." He roughly spread her legs apart and buried his face in her wet folds of flesh. Moaning, he dug his fingers into her ass, grunting as she arched up into his touch.

His tongue dipped and darted, chasing the musky taste of her as her juices flowed. He slurped and sucked, his tongue flicking at her clit before dropping to her labia, nibbling and sucking at them.

"Oh, God, sugar!" Ash shrieked as she fought against his hold to thrust her hips at him, to get his face deeper into her pussy. "Eat me!"

Shaking his head from side to side, Johansen dropped low enough to manipulate her clit with his nose as his tongue darted into her opening, inhaling her scent and getting her pure essence on his tongue.

"You taste so good, Ash," he growled, feeling himself begin to unravel. One hand left her ass to drop down to his erection. "Fuckin' yeah." He fisted his cock in his

hand and whimpered at its swollen state. He knew that if he applied too much pressure, too much stimulation, he would blow against the sheets, and that would be an inconceivable waste. He began to thrust down into his grip with the same rhythm his tongue had taken up slipping in and out of Ash's cunt.

"More!" she screamed. "I need more! Give me more!"

Johansen obliged by freeing his other hand and sliding two fingers in beside his tongue, caressing her velvet walls from inside as he slurped and licked his way to ecstasy. Ash was screaming now, her thighs clamping around his head, her hips bucking up as he moved faster and faster.

"I'm going to come!" she screamed as her whole body tensed.

"You are a woman," he pulled off long enough to growl. "You can go more than once."

Then his fingers thrust deep, finding a sensitive nerve cluster that shot white lights and colored stars before her eyes.

"Johansen... Johansen... Johan... Your Majesty!" Ash shrieked, and Johansen felt the walls of her pussy tremble then clench down on his fingers and tongue.

Ash was coming on his face, and he loved every minute of it.

He had to release his own needy cock as he felt her release, her passion threatening to pull him over the edge, but there was only one place he wanted to come, and that was deep inside her. Pushing her thighs aside, he freed his head and began to lap and lick up her stomach. He teased her navel a bit before rising up enough to suck a plump nipple into his mouth. There he nursed like a child, worrying her nipple with his teeth and soothing the small pain with his tongue before sucking hard.

Ash moaned and writhed beneath him, making him press his hard dick against her inner thigh, reminding her of the bounty he was about to deliver.

"Yes," she panted, her breathing rapid and her heart pounding. "Yes, God, yes!"

Johansen pulled off of her nipple with a wet popping sound and immediately went for the lonely one, giving it the same treatment as he pinched and pulled at the one he'd abandoned.

"So fucking good," Ash whimpered, arching into his touch and burying her hands in his hair. "More! You have more for me!"

Detaching one of her hands from the tangle of his hair, he brought it palm first to her lips.

"Lick," he commanded.

Moaning, she complied, then he took her damp hand and wrapped it around his cock.

"Feel that?" He licked at her nipple before rising higher to bite and suck at her neck. "All of that is going into your pretty pussy."

"God, yeah," Ash crowed, arching her hips as her fist tightened around his thick length.

"Hungry for it?" he moaned, biting at her neck and sending her body shuddering in delight.

"A good feeding does this to me. Now it's your turn, Prince. Feed me."

"As you wish." He spread her thighs with his hips.

Dropping low, he hissed as she guided the blunt head of his cock to her wet entrance. One thrust of his hips sent his dick plunging into her humid depths.

"Ash." His eyes closed and he felt his swollen need engulfed in her wet heat. The silken walls of her pussy caressed him, teased him, dared him to give up his control and start pounding away at her like a madman.

But he had more control than that. He inhaled deeply and dropped his head next to hers, breathing in her scent as well as rubbing his face into her wild hair.

"Move," she whimpered. "Move, sugar. Give me what I want."

"Patience." He teetered on the verge of exploding. His balls tightened in their sac, his arcana going wild within him. The muscles in his stomach and back tightened and clenched. "Patience, Ash."

Before she could retort, he gathered his wits, breathed in deeply and slowly, and teasingly pulled back. A feign and then a quick lunge and he was buried to the hilt.

"Oh, fuck!" Ash screamed, her body slamming upwards and then down onto the mattress as fire seemed to shoot through her body. "Yes, sugar, yes!"

Then he was lost in the erotic heat of her depths, the scent of her, the feel of her wrapping herself tightly around him. He pulled back and thrust again, growing unrestrained in his motions as he felt the pleasure and the pressure build.

"Good, so good." He pulled back to slam his mouth onto hers, his forked tongue slipping between her lips, tantalizing her fangs.

The silken slide of walls against his dick...

Johansen tightened his grip on Ash's hips. She tangled her hands in his hair. Her breasts bounced below him, teasing him with their hard peaks as she swayed to a rhythm all her own.

"I thought it wouldn't fit. I thought it wouldn't... all... fit." She gasped, leaned closer to the heat of his chest, her nipples grazing the soft hair there. "Harder." She pulled at his hair like the strands were reins and she was galloping across some erotic plane. "Harder, Prince!"

And Johansen happily complied.

His hips slammed his dick deep into her, their animalistic rutting filling the room with the sounds of fleshy slaps and loud grunts. Johansen knew he was going to go -- no force on the earth could stop him. So he slid one hand between their heaving bodies to tease at her clit, to rub and torment, and drive her faster toward climax.

"I... I -- I..." Ash's voice grew louder, piercing as her body arched up and froze. Then her insides went mad, clenching and milking at his cock.

It was too much.

"Ash!" He slammed deeply into her as he felt shot after hot shot of his seed explode from his body. "Yes," he hissed, his eyes wide open, his breath rasping in his throat as his release filled him with light.

Then he collapsed on top of her damp body, feeling her remaining shudders as she rode her release to the max.

"Damn... good." Ash closed her eyes as tremors shook her body.

“Spectacular.” Johansen rolled off her, disengaging with a hiss as his sensitive flesh exited hers.

“It’s a human *thang*.” Ash chuckled. “It’s only one small part of us that makes us... unforgettable.”

Chapter Five

"Mmm," Johansen purred. "You are unforgettable... for a human."

"Ex-human, thanks to your people." Ash snuggled in closer to the warm male beside her.

"Okay, you said that before." Johansen sat up a bit, keeping his arms around Ash, but rising a bit above her, taking the dominant role. "Now will you explain your attacks?"

"Attacks? Sugar, you don't know anything about attacks." Ash sat up, ignoring the cooler air that caressed her sex-warmed skin. "You just try minding your own business and running from a slave overseer to run into one of you people. What does a poor slave have to offer a water demon? Hell, I had no idea what you people were! The only thing I knew was that I was on my way to freedom and some blue skinned creature was telling me he was going to kill me if I stepped foot in his waters! And he wanted me to offer payment for passage for myself and any to pass after me. So, like an idiot, I asked him what he wanted. And do you know what he said?"

"What?" Johansen settled back against the headboard and reached out to Ash. He noted the distress and anger in her wide eyes, how they flickered from red to brown with her emotions.

"He asked for my hand... for a set number of years."

"And you agreed?"

"What do you think? Of course I agreed!"

Ash settled back, glaring balefully at Johansen. "I mean, I had just spent five years as bed sport for the master and his two kids. Spending a few years married to a demon would be easy."

"So what happened?"

"Well, I stayed with that hell spawn for over one hundred years. I saw the times change, and the people change, and all kinds of war from underneath my watery prison. And when it came time for me to go, the fool didn't want to let me. So when I demanded to leave, he gave me a bit of a gift to take with me."

"His arcana..." Johansen breathed.

"You bet it, bub. I stood by his side while he warred with his own people, while I watched the Dryads dance in the misery and pain they caused each other. I stood silent while they tricked and killed humans on a whim. I guarded his back to ensure no one ever supplanted his place as master of his waterways. And his thanks was to fill me, a human, with his arcana."

"And that's a bad thing?" Johansen genuinely didn't have a clue.

"Human bodies aren't designed for arcana. His magic changed me, and the bastard knew it would. It altered my form so I could use the magic. But there are side effects for dumping spiteful magic into a human body, and that ass damn well knew it. His arcana needed to be replenished by a life force, preferably Dryad, or my body would shut down and die. He wanted me to stay with him, dependent on his whims. But that plan backfired. Because I am human, a human life-force would do."

"Blood?" he breathed, understanding showing in his eyes.

"Human blood, sugar. The thing that carries and perpetuates human life force. And I have to tell you figuring that one out was not fun." She shook her head as if knocking away unpleasant memories before she continued. "He thought I would be trapped with him and his treachery, but instead my human body built up an unhappy reaction to the thing he needs the most to survive, the thing that all Dryads can't live without."

"Water."

"Water. Too much water is like being submerged in some addictive drug. It sends my body into shock and it overwhelms everything that sustains me -- heart, lungs, brains... It all goes haywire until I shut down."

"It kills you."

"Apparently, giving your arcana to a human was a really fun pastime for some Dryads. They loved watching them scramble around trying to figure out what had gone wrong with their bodies. They had even more fun watching them racing into waterways and killing themselves."

"That is..." Johansen was appalled.

"That is just wrong?" Ash asked, raising one eyebrow. "But that was his revenge. He wanted to see me dead for leaving him. I guess his actions were evil, vile, and so very human?"

"Humans are worse." Johansen snorted, rising to his feet, giving her a perfect view of his sweet, dimpled ass as he turned his back on her, trying to digest this old yarn from her perspective. He had no liking for the conclusions he was drawing. "You plot against and kill your own kind."

"And the many wars between your people are just minor dust-ups?"

"There are several reasons we go to war."

"There are several reasons we go to war, as well."

"We don't torture our people."

"Need I say Red Caps?" She arched her eyebrow.

"They are necessary --"

"They eat the bodies of their victims when they are still alive!"

"Um..." Johansen narrowed his eyes at the vampire. "They are not the same and you know it."

"So you say." Ash arranged herself in a more attractive and sexually stimulating position, running her hands over the still rosy and swollen nipples.

"And I do." He rolled his eyes at the female sitting on the bed as he made his way to a closet, knowing from all his time spent here that there would be a robe waiting for him. And he was correct.

"You are such a hypocrite." Ash tossed the covers aside and rose to her feet. She felt a warm trickle between her thighs and glanced down to see silvery trails of his seed sliding down her legs. "And an overly horny hypocrite too. Been a while, Johansen?"

"Prince, if you please," he sneered back.

He didn't like the way she was turning his arguments back against him. He tried to deny the smallest bit of similarity he saw between humans and Fey creatures. The fact that she could even compare the two was absurd.

"Yes." Ash laughed, walking past him to the bathroom. "Everyone! Please bow low and make abeyance to the Prince of all Hypocrites!" She slammed the door shut, shaking her head and muttering about the stubbornness of royal Fey.

"That is not true!" Johansen stalked over to the bathroom and slung the door open, if only to make his point.

Ash was starting a shower, glaring at him over one slim mahogany shoulder. "Then why're you getting all defensive, Princey?" She snickered. "Did I manage to touch a nerve?"

"No," he snarled, storming into the small bathroom. A few more personal toiletries had been added. Her brands, he decided. "I'm just getting tired of you implying that humans are better than Fey."

"And when have those words crossed my lips?" she asked, turning a knob to make the shower rain down in the large porcelain tub.

"I... You... Well..."

"You only see what your eyes want to see, Prince." She stepped into the shower and let the warm water course over her body.

"I tried to keep an open mind when I was dealing with my forays into the human world." He dropped the robe and stepped to the edge of the open shower door. "May I?"

"You are the royal Fey prince." She snickered, turning around so that her wild mane of hair became sodden tendrils of tight curls dropping into her face. "Besides, we both are dirty."

"Humans..." Johansen sighed, stepping close enough to let the splatters of water soak his body.

"You're dirty, I'm dirty, and the whole damn world is dirty. And there's nothing you can do about it, sugar. That's how things operate. That's how the whole world runs."

"I don't see it that way."

"Because you're too stubborn to admit it." Ash chuckled, shaking her head and splattering him further.

"And yet you have no problems sleeping with this stubborn hypocritical prince?"

"Sugar," Ash purred, "we ain't been sleeping. And even though Mama taught me not to play with my food, she never said anything about seasoning it."

"So that's all I am? Lunch?" Johansen asked, stepping close enough to reach out and cup those tantalizing breasts in his hands, his thumbs tweaking her hard nipples.

"You --" She stepped closer to wrap her hands around his burgeoning erection. "-- you are a meal to go, fast food, hot to touch and good for what ails you."

"Hmm." He looked down, shuddering at the feel of those soft hands wrapped around him, knowing he would soon be invading her tight, hot body once more. "Have a bite."

"Gladly."

Ash sank to her knees, her eyes still staring directly into his. Carefully, she pulled back the foreskin that protected his cock. Johansen shuddered, finding it erotic to watch as her pointed pink tongue lapped up the water droplets and the pre-cum, lapping around the head of his cock.

"Watch me," she insisted, and Johansen was powerless to do anything but. She dipped her head, her tongue traveling up the underside of his thick shaft while her fingers dipped low to tease his balls, caressing and tugging them gently.

"Oh, Ash!" Her hand fisted him, then her mouth engulfed his head, her tongue flittering under the foreskin as she moaned in delight. Her fist began to slide up and down, pumping over him with the aid of the warm water, causing Johansen to give a small thrust with his hips.

"Mmm," she moaned. The vibrations sent shivers through his cock as she nodded encouragingly, her free hand going to his hips to force him to move. His hands dropped to her hair, playing in the delightfully springy texture. He began to slowly fuck her face, driving his cock in deeper and deeper until it slipped against the back of her throat.

"Damn!" He closed his eyes, the pleasure threatening to carry him away. Ash teased his cock, her tongue whipping around it as her cheeks hollowed with the suction. His vampire knew her way around a cock. "You keep this up," he managed between heavy panting, "and I'm going to blow."

He began to concentrate on his response, allowing the pleasure to run through his body, relaxing into the motions of sliding in and out of her slick, hot mouth. He felt his balls tingle and begin to draw up, and his fists tightened in her hair.

"Ash," he gasped, finally feeling his stomach muscles clench and the telltale burning at the base of his spine that signaled climax. "You've got to stop."

Ash pulled off long enough to say, "After I feed."

Johansen only had the chance to suck in one breath, and then he screamed out in ecstasy as her fangs pierced the flesh around the base of his cock.

She swallowed around him, the contractions of her throat making his knees weak. Scream after pleased scream erupted from his mouth. Ash fed from him, pulling him down and delivering the maximum amount of pleasure as she did so. His cock stiffened even more within her hungry maw, and his climax threatened to overwhelm him.

Even in the midst of his explosive need, he realized Ash was taking the time to ensure he enjoyed this feeding, that she was not greedily taking without giving something in return. It was something none of his own kind would do, and he definitely knew of no other species that would give the same consideration to their prey.

It seemed a very... human thing to do.

But all too soon, she pulled away and licked her lips. She bent low to lap at the two holes in his flesh, healing them as she cleaned the blue blood from around his cock. Finished, she stared up at him, big brown eyes sated and lazy as she rose to her feet. She turned and pressed both hands against the far shower wall.

“Take me,” she said.

And Johansen was on her in seconds, drawing strength from the water that flowed around them. His erection was still diamond hard. He positioned himself at her dripping portal. “Ash.” He slammed himself home.

Her scream was just as loud, just as intense, as she pushed herself backwards onto his thick shaft. The meeting of their flesh was even louder than the roaring of the water as he began to move into overdrive.

“Take it,” he growled. “Take it all.”

His fingers made small impressions on her hips as he adjusted her position, slamming his own groin into that voluptuous ass, riding her as hard as he could. Ash took everything he offered and demanded more.

“Harder!” she shrieked, and Johansen answered her call, grinding his hips, letting the head of his dick explore her sweet, tight heat. Soon, he felt Ash stiffen and knew it was okay to relax into his pleasure, okay to allow his release.

As her body convulsed around him, Johansen felt his balls draw up and then an almost painful pleasure erupted through his body. His nerve endings sizzled, and his knees grew weak. Hot seed shot from his body and he thrust again, diving in as deep as he could, calling out when he felt the heat of his own cum surround his shooting cock.

With a final shout, his knees gave way, sending his body crashing on top of Ash’s. But they did not take a painful fall. The water that flowed around them formed a cushion, gently holding them in its warm depths, vibrating gently with their raspy breathing.

“I almost feel reborn,” he sighed, holding tightly to the woman in his arms.

“Reborn,” Ash agreed. “Thank you for that.”

Johansen blinked. After that sex, she was thanking him?

"I know you could have stopped me, or simulated running water," she continued. "But instead you let me feed and then ensured my other hungers were satisfied. Thank you, Johansen. You are a true gentleman."

Johansen froze at her words. He could feel their sincerity. She was thanking him, not selfishly taking without giving, trusting him with her body. It wasn't at all like the people he had observed before.

Maybe it was time he reevaluated his opinions. Maybe all of humanity wasn't corroded. She was human before she'd become a vampire, and that humanity she'd learned in her formative years would never change. She was acting the part of the human being.

He had to think. He frowned, feeling his ideas shift. All because of this female.

He didn't know whether to kiss her or kill her.

Chapter Six

Johansen looked down at the sleeping woman beside him... and wanted to smash her face into mush.

She was too challenging to his ideals, too radical in her thinking, so at odds to what he was used to. How dare she draw similarities between his people and those dirty humans? Imagine, painting them both with the same brush.

But some of the things she had spoken of had merit.

He sighed, running a finger over her exposed shoulder, feeling the soft skin that remained cool to the touch, even after heated sex. She had once been human, and through a cruel trick, she was no more. She was no longer human, yet not quite Fey. She had seen so much during her years, had lived in both worlds, yet she could not see the difference between humans and Fey.

Experience counts, his traitorous thoughts seemed to shout at him. *She has done more and seen more than you.*

Yet his hard-won beliefs could not just be cast away. He had seen with his own eyes the atrocities humans created and reveled in. But... were they any different than the sly and often cruel pranks his people played on humans and other Fey alike?

It was a quandary.

And then there was the fact that his family had been tricked...

"Outsmarted," his mind corrected, but by humans, and he'd been left to pay the price. How much of his anger and disgust toward the human race was tainted by the knowledge that one of those lesser beings had gotten the better of his people?

He sighed and laid back on the bed, breathing in the tantalizing scent of sex and vampire and the blood he'd willingly shed for her. It was strange in a way, that this once-human was causing him to rethink the values he'd held dear to his heart since he

was a child. Was he being a hypocrite? Was he just being a coward and letting this human problem be the solution to running away from and avoiding facing his fears?

And what were his fears, anyway?

"Will you be quiet?" A soft voice intruded on his black thoughts. "You're thinking too loudly, and I'm trying to sleep."

"I have... things to contemplate." He watched her eyes slide open. She gazed at him through long eyelashes.

"Contemplating why you are here?" She snuggled closer into the blankets. "Your meaning in this vast universe and all that, sugar?"

"No. More like contemplating why I'm stuck here in this hotel room on this floor where there's only one door that opens and a lot that are locked."

"Easy, sugar," Ash chuckled. "You are here to be my dinner and a damn good lay." Her cool hand reached out and stroked his chest, teasing a pebble-hard nipple and drawing a shudder from his body.

"Maybe." He picked up her hand and pressed a kiss to her palm.

"So, what are you thinking about?" She curled her fingers around his large hand, adjusting her position on the bed so she could remain on her side, yet still look him straight in the eyes.

"Humans and Fey." He sighed, closing his eyes and slouching a bit.

"Hmm, and you have discovered...?"

"That there are more things that I need to look into."

"And let go of, like your prejudicial belief that Fey are so damn perfect."

"I never said we were perfect..."

"And you never admitted you have faults, either."

"We have faults," he hedged. "We do... questionable things."

"How very human of you." Ash chuckled, pulling her hand free and wrapping it around his waist. "Have you any idea why we are trapped in this room? Have you come to any conclusions, dear prince? We humble masses are dying to know."

"Well." He rolled her eyes at her mocking form of address. "That other female, the one who was here before you, she got out."

"And why do you suppose that is?"

"I don't know!" Johansen was honestly perplexed. "She stopped acting like a spoiled little bitch after I gave her the silent treatment."

"So she gained some humility?"

"And some self respect. Then she was gone."

"Hmm."

"What?"

"A theory. She learned her lesson and she left. So what lesson do you have to learn, Johansen?"

"Lesson?"

"And for that matter, what lesson do I have to learn? It's all so confusing."

Johansen sighed and snuggled back into the covers, closing his eyes in frustration. "I got trapped here, running from my people. Well, from my marriage to a human."

"Ohhh!" Ash purred. "A fiancée! My dinner has connections and attachments."

"Not funny," he snapped, reaching out and slapping her lightly on the ass. "Besides, I let you get away with a lot of stuff because you are a phenomenal fuck."

"And no care for the bride?"

"Hell, for all I know, she could be crying her eyes out over this."

"And you never bothered to check?"

That gave him pause. "No," he answered finally, pulling Ash's hand up to his lips. "And maybe I'm beginning to think I should have."

"Ohh, the prince is learning," Ash teased, then laughed as he slapped her ass again.

"So I can learn," he snickered. "Anyone can learn."

"About time you realized that."

"And why are you here, Lady Ash? What are you running from?"

"Myself..." Ash trailed off. She pulled away from Johansen and settled herself deeper in the covers.

"Yourself?"

"Sometimes, this monster I have within me, this arcana that doesn't belong to me? Sometimes I hate it."

"Hate... Are you trying to kill yourself?" Johansen asked, eyes growing wide in shock. "Do you hate yourself...?"

"I love myself, prince," Ash growled, eyes burning red in her anger. "It took me a long time and a lot of healing to realize that, and I am not going to let anyone take that away from me."

"So..."

"So... I wanna... I hate this thing that tries to control me. I hate this thing that dictates how I should live. I hate the monster I've become." She turned to look at him, serious as he had ever seen her during their short acquaintance, and it was a horrifying sight. "Sometimes I just want to kill each and every one of you fuckers," she hissed. "And then I realize that would make me no better than you, taking my anger out on all of you because I can't get at the one I despise most."

Johansen was at a loss for words. He stared at the vampire he had come to believe was nothing more than smart talk and hunger, an amusing distraction while he was stuck here, but again her words gave him pause. There was something about her... something...

"I need to use the bathroom," Ash sighed, blinking rapidly, allowing her red eyes to take on their normal brown tint. "I need you to move so I can get myself together."

Wordlessly, Johansen moved out of the bed and let Ash climb free of the covers. Maybe he was a hypocrite. Here he was complaining about being forced on a human when she had gone through so much more. No human, even a mate, had used arcana to hurt him. No human would hold sway over his life. In a few years, the human would

age and eventually die, despite the mate bond to an immortal. With no arcana to sustain them, aging always caught up. And then he would be free again.

But Ash... She was stuck this way for an eternity.

And the sad thing was that the Dryad who'd cursed her had to have known what he was doing, known that wild arcana would alter her in this manner. He'd ensured that she would never forget him and his lake, and he'd done it in the cruelest way possible.

The betrayal she'd felt must have been overwhelming.

He jumped when he heard the shower start again. He could go and join her, but no. He needed more time to reflect on what he was learning.

The Fey who had so betrayed her was one of his own kind. How many times had he turned a blind eye to what his own people had done, because it was mainly done to the humans? How many atrocities had he allowed and not spoken out against all because he felt the humans deserved it? What kind of ruler would he be?

"I wonder what my mate is like?" he finally asked himself. He got up and absently walked around the room, tugging on his robe and covering his naked body.

His mind began to wander to the plight of his people if he ran away. It was not an easy thing to be an oath breaker. Even if the oath had not been spoken by his lips, he would still bear the brunt of the burden of bringing shame and disgrace upon his family.

"I really hate my family sometimes," he grumbled, plopping back on the bed. Rolling onto his stomach, he buried his face in the pillow Ash had been lying on. He inhaled deeply, the scent of wild arcana, of near-human spice, and of his own blood.

Ash, as far as things that were human went, was not too bad. She managed to be intelligent without being a know-it-all. She was wise beyond her years, which probably made her older than him if the tales of her past were true. And she was blunt to the point of being brutal with her honesty.

Being infused with wild arcana would not have done anything to alter her basic personality. What she was, she was because of the things that she'd gone through. Her past had shaped her, the events that made up her life had made her the way she was.

He kind of liked her.

Maybe there were more like her. Maybe this human mate of his would be like this, as well. But he would never know unless he took a chance and went back.

"Damn, I hate it when I'm wrong," he growled, climbing to his feet and turning toward the shower. He was going to get him one more piece of Ash before he went back... if he could find a way out of this place.

Being a king demanded certain sacrifices, he decided. He would put up with his human mate for a time. And if she was anything like Ash, he would even mourn at the end of her short life span.

"Ash?" he called, stepping into the steamy bathroom. "Brace yourself, baby! I'm about to show you why Dryads are considered the Lords of the Water!"

Chapter Seven

Johansen clenched his fist, and instantly Ash was enveloped in the grip of steaming hot waters.

"Johansen!" She was bodily lifted from the ground, her legs spread even as she was held in a sitting position.

"I hope you've gotten yourself together." Tossing the robe from his body, he stalked into the bathroom. It seemed somehow bigger than it had been before.

"Johansen?" Ash's eyes went wide as she stared at the man before her. She seemed to realize he had come to some conclusions and wanted to celebrate.

But he spoke not a word. Instead, he opened his hands and the tingling waters spread Ash's legs even further, lifting her so that, as he approached, her pussy was just about at mouth level. His eyes were a deep, dark blue as he stepped even closer. He closed his eyes and inhaled her personal scent.

"Even through this water, I can smell you." His words were spoken in a deep bass. He opened his eyes, staring up at her through long lashes.

Before she could gather her wits enough to comment, he leaned forward, his fingers separating her labia, exposing her to a harder stream of water he directed with his arcana.

"I want you to feel everything," he purred. "And I want to watch."

Ash hissed, closing her eyes. He spread her wide and the stream of water teased her clit. She felt it swell under his gaze and the direct touch of the water, heard the whimpers that flowed from her throat.

"Beautiful." He directed a tendril of water to wrap around the base of his cock, a semi transparent, bubbly cock ring that held him hard and erect. He moved to hold her spread with one hand as the other trailed over her ass. "Have you ever played here?" he

wondered out loud. The delectable flesh of her ass had drawn him ever since she'd bent over when they first fucked. Now he wanted a piece of that for himself.

As she nodded frantically, a slow grin spread across his face. He felt his heart pound and his cock grew even harder in its confinement as he thought about spearing her with his hard flesh.

"Then we must play." He directed another tendril of water to rise between them. At his silent direction, the shaft of water began to spin, bubble and twirl while maintaining its form.

"Do you know where this is going?" he asked, and a shocked Ash could only shake her head no.

He chuckled, deep and dark, and ran one finger over the puckered entrance to her ass, feeling the tight muscles quiver beneath his touch. Ash moaned, throwing her head back as she reacted to his words. Her body grew full and wet, her juices running over her labia to join the water all around them.

"Have a toy," he whispered, then that twirling bubbling mass of water began to work its way into her pussy.

"Ahhh!" she screamed, her hips fighting to arch up against the warm, wet grip of the water. But there was no give at all. She was held tight as the shaft of water ravaged her hungry pussy. His fingers relaxed their hold on her folds but immediately traveled to her clit, pinching and tugging at the small, swollen nubbin.

"Johansen!" Ash shrieked, and he shuddered, trying to concentrate on getting her ready when all he wanted to do was slam as hard and as deep as he could inside her.

His other finger began to press harder against the opening of her ass, striking nerves rarely stimulated and causing her to bite her lips in anguished ecstasy. He leaned forward to lick away small droplets of blood that appeared as her fangs pierced the skin of her lip.

"Don't hold it in," he breathed. "I want to hear you moan." With another silent thought, a slim shaft of water appeared at her ass, slick water that coated his fingers and the muscles of her anal opening. "I love this." He pressed his finger inward.

She shrieked her pleasure, and Johansen felt his cock lurch in its suspending ring. Her insides were so hot, so soft, so tight and elastic. He couldn't wait to bury himself there. Slowly, moaning himself, he began to pump his finger inside her, moving it in time with the twirling shaft that filled her pussy to overflowing.

"Johansen!" she bellowed, tears forming in her eyes at the intensity of the feelings he created within her. She bit her lips, tossing her head from side to side, held suspended by the gently flowing waters. They seemed to caress every inch of her body while fucking her pussy to the same rhythm Johansen's finger fucked her ass. Her hands clenched and her body shook, and Johansen could not get enough.

"You are so beautiful this way," he groaned, fucking her a little faster with his finger, then slowly and carefully adding a second. "Soon, I'm going to take your ass, Ash. I'll fuck your ass with my cock as my waters dance within your pussy."

"Yes!" Ash managed, her voice high and needy. "Yes please! In my ass!"

Johansen grunted and added a third finger, cramming them carefully inside her, fantasizing about the tight velvet grip he would soon feel surrounding his cock. Suddenly, Ash stiffened as the first of what he hoped would be many climaxes rocked her body. He watched in rapture as her cunt struggled around the shaft of water, watched her convulse rhythmically and shudder with her release.

He felt a drop of pre-cum slip past his foreskin as it retracted farther back, exposing the glistening purple head.

"This is going to feel so good..." He pulled his fingers out of her ass, watched her anus gape open like a small hungry mouth. Determined to fill her, he pulled her down to his level, directing more of the slick water to coat his cock. "I'm going in, Ash," he breathed. "Come for me again." Johansen pressed against the outer muscles that guarded her inner treasures.

He wrapped his hands around her hips, the confining waters reclining backwards as he eased forward. The head of his dick popped through the first ring of muscle. Ash opened her mouth, threw her head back and panted while he groaned and shuddered.

"Slowly," he reminded himself out loud, easing in further. Her heat was amazing, unbelievable, and so tantalizing it almost brought a tear to his eyes. He felt the head being strangled by the tight, muscular grip before it suddenly gave way and he found himself sinking deeper. "Arcana, you are so hot, Ash." His spine tingled and his toes curled on the tile floor. "You are so perfect on my cock."

Ash shuddered. The shaft of water in her pussy began to move faster, keeping her on the edge of release as her ass was filled to capacity. Slowly, he forged onward until at last his balls slapped at the crease in her ass and his pubic curls meshed tightly with hers. "Perfection," he moaned.

Ash responded by screaming as another orgasm ripped through her body, sending her anal muscles spasming around his thick cock.

"Arcana, Ash!" Johansen bellowed, resting his forehead against her chest and trying not to lose control.

After a moment of her erotic groans and whimpers, he pulled out an inch and carefully eased back in. The pull on his cock was delicious, and he felt his balls draw up almost instantly. She was driving him over the edge without even trying. He carefully eased his way out and then back into her ass, the shaft of water in her pussy keeping time as the tendril of water teased her clit.

Ash was losing it, her eyes wide as intense pleasure stole her voice and her muscle control. She just grunted every time he bottomed out, her pussy and her ass convulsing around the objects filling her. The water ran over her body, stimulating her nipples, her sides, her neck and other places she'd never considered erogenous zones.

And Johansen savored each and every wiggle and sound.

"Hot and tight," he panted, leaning over to pull one erect nipple into his mouth, "Mmm."

He began to speed up his motions, Ash's body struggling to arch into the touch, demanding more with her silent, wonder-filled eyes. And Johansen was happy to deliver, running his hands over her body through his waters, moving his hips faster, grinding his cock in deep.

Time lost all meaning to him as he enjoyed his pound of flesh. And Ash responded wonderfully to him, climaxing over and over, giving so much of herself without restraint.

It was too good to last.

Soon the heat and her velvet tightness drove him over the edge.

"Ash... Ah! Ash!" he grunted, his hands tightening on her waist as he began to spiral into release. "Arcana, bless me!" he bellowed at last, the tingling in his balls reaching critical mass.

He closed his eyes. His muscles clenched, his thighs froze, and his hips drove him onward in uncontrollable spasms of ecstasy. Again and again he thrust, driving himself in as deep as he could as his cock shot wad after hot wad of come deep within her ass. Ash herself stiffened and found the energy to scream when one final climax tore through her body. Her eyes closed and her pussy and ass tightened down one last time before her consciousness fled.

Johansen groaned and gasped, fighting for breath, to draw in energy for the waters, because having sex with Ash was about to kill him. He felt his knees wobble and called upon the waters to cushion and support him. It was with the last of his energy that he recalled the shafts and tendrils that tormented her body.

His waters had done their job well.

It was a prince, replete in every way, that called the waters from their bodies and carried them back to the bed, depositing them there dry and clean once more. He cuddled Ash close and finally closed his eyes, his body demanding rest.

Chapter Eight

Johansen smiled down at the exhausted female currently snoring in his bed. He chuckled at the thought of the expression on her face when he had speared that tight little ass of hers.

Ash was the oddest female he had ever come across. It was sad that she would not be his mate. He didn't know much about her, in spite of the time they'd spent together, but he had a feeling discovering her hidden facets would be... interesting, to say the least.

He leaned down and placed one more kiss on her forehead, running his fingers through that wonderfully textured hair of hers. It was so different from what he was used to that he wished he could bag some and take it with him. But he didn't have that right.

He pulled away and began to dress in the clothing he had arrived in, a velvet tunic over a linen shirt and tight, black leather pants.

Something was urging him to dress, and it seemed he had no power to fight the call. Completing his toilet, he turned one last time to stare at her perfect yet imperfect human features and then he walked out the door... right into an elevator car.

He had time to gasp once and then the glass car moved swiftly downwards. It slid open with a hiss and suddenly he was faced with a team of porters dressed in livery.

"Mr. Blakeley," one said, grinning. "I see you are ready to check out. Very good, sir. I hope you enjoyed your visit here, and will return to us when you have a need."

Johansen blinked, as if acclimating himself to a new environment, then he nodded.

"It's time for me to make my way home." His words were spoken softly but with determination. "There are matters I have to see too."

"Very good, sir," the porter replied. "I wish you the best of luck in the future."

Nodding, Johansen made his way to the bank of glass doors that lead to the exit, determination in his steps and the vague memory of some dark-skinned female urging him on.

He couldn't quite remember her face or her name, but... his memories of her were decidedly... different.

Epilogue

Ash awoke to the strangest sounds. It sounded like a jungle had moved outside her doors. Curious, she looked around for the... um... the man...

There had been a man with her, right?

She shook her head, her memories fuzzy. Yes, there had been a man, only now... now she couldn't recall what he looked like! It was odd, but she knew she'd grown to like him, and that he'd been confused as hell.

Shrugging her shoulders, she rose to her feet, wincing when her body protested. She was sore in all the right places, but damn if she could remember the reasons. Inhaling deeply, she pulled on a robe that lay at the bottom of her bed and made her way to the door. The sounds were getting louder and her curiosity was growing.

She touched the door handle and paused. It felt warmer than any steel knob had the right to feel.

"What's going on?" How long had she been in here, anyway?

Hoping to find some answers on the other side of the door, she twisted the handle. Silently, the door slid open.

For a second she was blinded by a bright white light. The scent of new and old foliage filled her nostrils, and the sounds of wild birds screamed through the air.

Then she saw something moving.

She took a step forward, and her feet sank into lush grasses, soft and giving. There it was again! A flash of red and then...

She screamed, stumbling backwards as she threw her hands out in front of her.

"What the fu --"

The door slammed shut.

Stephanie Burke

Stephanie Burke, known to friends and readers as Flash, has a warped, twisted sense of humor, and she isn't afraid to let it show. From pregnant men to six-foot cockroaches, she's covered the gamut of the weird, the unusual, and the just plain strange. She has about five million books currently in publication with one house or another, all under the name of Stephanie Burke. She says she won't use a pen name -- she'd have to learn how to spell it. Too much like work. Visit her website at www.theflashcat.net and be sure to join Flash's "Flame Keeper" loop at Yahoo Groups - <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FlameKeeper/join>.