

ESCAPE



Gremlins

Isabelle Spurrier

Changeling Press

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Anna is stuck in a rut. Her work is all consuming, her life has fallen apart, and she prefers to be alone. Her only solace is her computer where she spends her time cruising through adult chat loops and reading erotica. Only online can she express the secret longings of her heart, because she is safely anonymous.

But what if she isn't? What if the man she's been chatting to has the ability to make all of her dreams come true? What if the friend she calls the "gremlin" knows more about her than she ever dreamed -- including how to bring her to heights of passion she never imagined?

Gremlins

Anna's life was dull. Since her divorce, her days were invariably the same. After working for eight to ten hours at the restaurant she managed, she went home, changed into her nightgown, poured a solitary glass of wine and sat down at the computer. She had no illusions about what she was doing; a very expensive psychologist had laid it out to her in no uncertain terms.

"You are substituting a fantasy world for the reality around you," he'd said, shaking his head. "You need to get out of the house, Anna, and learn to experience life again."

Yeah, right. That was the one thing she didn't want to experience. It was so much safer to sit at home and get a vicarious thrill out of the comforting anonymity of the web. Online, she could do anything.

She could chat with a restaurant owner in Paris, buy anything she wanted on eBay, or she could indulge in harmless chat with people who were only known by their nicknames. It was invigorating.

Safe.

She could also indulge in her own secret vice. In the months since she'd been alone in the apartment, she'd learned to wander the darker side of the web. She had always been a sucker for romantic novels, and the racier the better. She'd now discovered the allure of chat rooms and instant messaging, and the things one could do with such tools. Anna chuckled as she curled up on the bed with her laptop. Oh, yes, no one could say she wasn't having safe sex.

Her sex was imaginary. Well, if she were being honest, her sex was with herself and words on a computer screen. Once, she'd thought that cybersex was a disgusting substitute for the real thing. Now she thought differently. After the huge blow to her

ego when Cliff had cheated on her, she didn't dare try to date. She'd much rather stay at home, find someone to talk dirty to her, and get herself off. It was her daily ritual.

Even online, though, she was a one-man woman. She'd been flirting heavily with a fellow whose screen name was gremlin4U. She didn't want to know the reality of it. She had no intention of getting personal enough to discover that he was fifty, balding, fat, and a truck driver from Tucson. The image she'd created for him was so much more stimulating: tall, sleekly muscled, with dark, dark hair and ice-blue eyes.

Yum.

gremlin4U: You're late.

She grinned. He was already online.

Alonelyhart: No, I'm not. You're just impatient.

gremlin4U: True. Was work bad tonight?

Alonelyhart: It's always bad in the restaurant business. Tonight was no worse than any other night.

gremlin4U: You work too much. You need a vacation.

Alonelyhart: So why don't you come and take me away?

She'd typed in the sentence without really thinking about it. As soon as she'd done it, she lifted her glass to the screen in a silent, sarcastic salute.

gremlin4U: Why don't I?

She laughed. There was nothing quite as engaging as a smartass.

gremlin4U: Close your eyes.

Alonelyhart: If I close my eyes, I can't read the screen.

gremlin4U: Just trust me, Anna.

She was prepared to dismiss the peremptory command, but she felt suddenly drowsy. Without consciously thinking about it, she closed her eyes.

And felt warmth. Warmth baked into her skin, seeping into the bones that were permanently chilled by the cool air of the apartment trapped in the depths of a New England winter. She stretched lazily.

"See? That wasn't so bad."

Her eyes flew open. Leaning directly over her was a man, and what a man he was! Sleekly muscled, dark hair, blue eyes, a chiseled face, sculpted red sensuous lips...

"Wait a second. That isn't possible," she objected. "I imagined you. You're not real."

"Am I not?" He smiled secretively and floated his hand lightly over her stomach. "Are you certain?"

She felt the touch of his hand through the sheer fabric of her nightgown, felt the heat of his flesh against hers. She rose slightly and her eyes widened. They were lying side by side on a beach that stretched as far as she could see. Waves brushed lightly against the shore with a hypnotic, soothing rhythm, gilded by the ruddy rays of the setting sun.

And this man, this dream lover she'd conjured in the dark loneliness of her apartment, was gloriously, deliciously nude. "You work too hard," he repeated. "You need a break, Anna."

"How do you know my name?" she demanded, suddenly realizing that it wasn't the first time he'd called her by it.

"Oh, I know lots about you," he said mildly. "I know you're substituting work for the holes in your heart. I know you like to read naughty books. I know you send emails to your sister in Duluth every day. I know you're not ready for a relationship. I also know you're definitely ready to be seduced."

"Seduced?" she echoed, her voice rising in pitch.

"Oh, yes," he breathed, tracing her lips with a single finger. It was the most sensual thing she'd ever experienced. "Aren't you?"

He leaned in to kiss her. As soon as his mouth met hers, her lips opened beneath his. As his tongue teased her with a slow, twisting dance she felt a tickle in her belly, and then his smile at her response.

"Look at you," he said, pulling away while one big hand tugged the hem of her gown upwards. "Mortal women are so lovely, but you -- you are a treasure. You just don't believe it."

When his fingers brushed against the bare flesh of her thigh, she jumped. He rose to his knees, his broad shoulders glazed with light from the dying sun. He looked like a

primeval god. She stared up at him in wonder, her insides warming as he gently removed her gown. An indefinable look crossed his face and he murmured once more, "Yes. A treasure."

His hands moved over her naked body, running lightly along her shoulders, cupping her breasts, stroking over the slight curve of her abdomen. She felt her body heat beneath his touch, melting into pliancy against the sun-kissed sand. He touched her as if he believed what he said. He touched her as if she were precious.

"You are," he whispered, settling his body upon hers again. She welcomed the weight of him, twining her arms around his neck and surrendering her lips to his. Anna was no longer capable of sensible thought. This whole fantastic interlude was here and now, and she wanted nothing more than to experience it. She discarded any thoughts of sanity and gave herself up to the sensations.

His gentleness was wearing away. His hands curved around her ass, gripping it tightly and grinding her pelvis into his huge cock. She arched against him as it scraped her clit, wholly unprepared for the spurt of wetness between her legs at the feeling. It was like her entire body was hypersensitive, responding to his every move with eager anticipation.

When he released her mouth and bit the curve of her neck, she moaned. He nibbled his way to her breast, rolling the nipple between his teeth until it hardened to the point of pain. One of his hands moved between her legs, emulating the same treatment on her clitoris, pulling and twisting it until it was slick between his fingers.

When he inserted a finger into her pussy, she bucked against him. He laughed low in his throat and moved between her legs, spreading them wide around him. He knelt there, staring down at her while he worked her cunt with quick, teasing thrusts of his hand and she shuddered.

"Don't close your eyes," he instructed her, removing his finger. She watched helplessly as he lifted her hips. The head of his cock nudged between the swollen lips of her pussy. He smiled at her, a strangely sweet, innocent expression in his eyes.

Then he impaled her.

There was no mercy, no gentleness at all in his manner now. His fingers dug into her skin as he thrust deeply into her, his cock filling the whole of her with throbbing heat. She gasped when he pulled back, almost leaving her aching body. He plunged into her, even harder, and the sand gritted under her shoulders as he began a deep, quickening rhythm inside of her.

It was magical. There was no other word for it. She reached for his golden skin that was so tantalizingly close it beckoned her. She clenched the muscles of her vagina around him, and was rewarded by a tightening of his jaw and a new, feral blaze in his eyes.

"Say it."

"Say what?" she moaned.

"Tell me what you want, Anna."

"I -- I --"

His pace quickened even more and she couldn't speak. She'd never been in a situation like this before. What in the world was she doing on some foreign beach getting so thoroughly fucked by a stranger? No one had ever -- ever -- fucked her like this! It was inhuman! No one could move that fast, could they?

He could.

He did.

Her back arched as the pleasure swelled within her body. She wanted to be touched. She wanted to be kissed. Even this sex wasn't enough. She wanted more.

"In time, Anna. Now tell me! For once, speak up and tell someone what you want!"

She threw her head back as the ecstasy rose beyond what she'd ever thought possible. "I want to come!" she screamed, uncaring of how porn queen it sounded. "I want you to fuck me harder!"

"Yes, my sweet."

Unbelievably, he obeyed. His pubis pounded against her, his balls slapping her ass as the primal drive of wild, unrestrained sex overtook them both. One finger moved

to her clit, stroking it in tiny circles with the same swift intensity he used as he plunged ever deeper and ever harder into her willing body. She felt the orgasm building within her. She couldn't breathe, couldn't speak, couldn't even see for the flashes sparkling before her eyes.

And then the pressure exploded in a hot, dizzying spiral of pleasure. She screamed again, her hips thrusting toward his in a paroxysm of sexual greed. Instantly, he withdrew his cock from her and she whimpered. With a strength she didn't believe possible, he lifted her with ease, settling her onto her hands and knees. Before she could say a word, he was inside her again. His cock seemed even bigger, scraping against the walls of her vagina with slow deliberation.

Now he could reach around her body, taking her breasts in his hands. As he fondled her, teasing her body into greater pleasure, she pushed back against his hips eagerly.

"Oh no, my sweet. Not yet. Slow and steady this time."

"I don't want slow and steady," she grated. He laughed, moving one of his hands to press against her ass. He held her back with insistent pressure, not allowing her to move with him. Instead, he drove his cock into her with a careful, almost gentle, movement.

"That's not fair," she complained.

"Fair doesn't concern me," he admitted. "This is how I want it."

It was driving her mad. After the thorough fucking she'd just received, this was almost too much to deal with. She felt so full, so satisfied yet craving more. He released her breast and she sighed in disappointment.

Then his fingers moved into her hair, twisting into it with enough force to pull her head back. The swift darts of pain only added to the pleasure building inside her. Once again, his fingers pressed hard into the tender flesh of her ass. She cried out as he suddenly slammed into her and stopped.

The sand ground into her knees. She remained perfectly still, immobilized by his strength and his rock-hard rigidity. His cock swelled to an awe-inspiring size inside her

cunt and her body trembled in response. He didn't move, didn't say a word; he simply remained still until her flesh was screaming for something -- anything -- to happen.

"You are about to have the greatest orgasm of your life," he said quietly. "You won't be able to help it. You won't be able to control it. In the future, when you look back at this night, I want you to remember that you are important. In the future, Anna, I want you to take what you want."

And he began to move.

He thrust slowly at first, his dick probing every inch of her pussy, the hard bones of his hips stabbing into her ass. Then, gradually, his tempo increased. When she tried to move with him, he twisted her hair harder, forcing her to stay still.

She could do nothing but stare, sobbing, at the red tips of the waves moving in front of the dying sun. He slammed into her with sudden violence. When she tightened her muscles around him, he growled and released her hair.

His hands moved to clutch her hips and she was free at last to move with him, driving backward to meet his urgent thrust with a savage greed of her own. And then, finally, he came, shouting out his pleasure to the darkening sky. She shrieked and collapsed on the cooling sand, her own orgasm sending her into a bright place of oblivion she'd never found before.

* * *

"How was your latest foray into the world of humans, Serus?"

Serus smiled lazily. He knew that the rest of his kin were invariably curious about his repeated absences from the hive. "It was quite enjoyable, Leron."

Leron settled onto the neighboring chair, folding his wings around him. "I don't understand," he confessed, staring at his friend's smug expression. "I know you frequent the thing they call 'the web.' What is that? Is it like a spider web?"

"In a lot of ways," Serus agreed. "It's an electronic form of communication. You can find out all sorts of interesting things about them."

"Like what?"

"Like what they want, or what they need. Humans are quite fascinating."

Leron shook his head. "I've never found them all that interesting. They don't even know we exist."

Serus smiled again. "They don't need to. They speak of gremlins as imaginary creatures who interfere with their technology. They don't need to know that their technology creates an environment for our people. They don't need to know that we use their own inventions as tools with which to study them."

"And what do you study about humans?"

Serus' thoughts were far away as he answered. "I study their dreams, Leron. I study the secret places they hide within their souls. I study their pain and their pleasures."

Leron snorted. "You're infatuated with them," he accused.

Serus could still smell the pretty, human female. Her light, musky fragrance lingered in his nostrils and intoxicated him. "Only a few of them. After all, we gremlins are supposed to focus in upon specific subjects for study. I select mine very carefully. Once I know their secret desires, I give them what they want. Then I can watch to see what they do next."

"It sounds like a waste of time to me."

Serus didn't answer. In his mind's eye, he saw Anna curled on her bed with the satisfied expression of a thoroughly content woman. In the morning, he knew, she'd think this had all been a strange dream. He'd flit around her online for a while, tracking the changes she made in her life. Then he'd move on to another subject.

One thing he was not going to do, however, was share his particular field of study with any other gremlin. All the other gremlins were able to do on the Internet was to make websites crash or interrupt the flow of chats. That would interfere with his special area of expertise.

"It probably is," Serus said finally. As Leron laughed and reached for the bottle of Fae wine, he never saw the smirk cross his friend's face.

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Isabelle Spurrier lives in the lovely hills of southeastern Ohio. Writing since the age of seven, she won numerous awards for writing, history, and the classics throughout her education which culminated at the University of Tennessee. After college, she did a ten-year stint in professional theatre, then returned to her first love: writing. Isabelle is married, has two teenaged daughters, and way too many cats. You can find out more about Isabelle at her website: www.mythoserotica.bravehost.com.