



Shadowed Passion

The Tome of
Unnatural Desires

Skylar Sinclair

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THE TOME OF
UNNATURAL DESIRES

BOOK 2

SHADOWED PASSION

BY

SKYLAR SINCLAIR

SHADOWED PASSION

As he leisurely strolled around the different yard sales that lined up and down Hudson Street Klein Tilmar hadn't seen anything that he just couldn't live without, as of yet.

It was still early Saturday morning; darkness recently chased away by the fingering rays of the sun now shinning from above, slowly revealing the treasures spread out amongst the different lawns and curbs, creating mazes of uncharted spoils.

He'd only been looking for about half an hour and hadn't even reached the middle of the first block. This was Klein's one true passion, yard sales, garage sales and swap meets. If it was someone else's discarded junk, he could spot the beauty of it, turning it into something special and unique.

Klein's last boyfriend teased him that he could get a hard-on just from the sight of a yard sale sign tacked up on a light pole and he was right.

Towards the end of his last relationship it was the only thing that gave him a hard-on. Steven lingered painfully into boring and dullsville. He had become a back entrance boy and nothing else. The man couldn't find an erogenous zone if it was marked with an X.

Klein loved to be caressed, sucked and fondled all over his body, not just fucked in the ass. He knew there was much more to a wonderfully loving relationship, just not with Steven anymore. He started feeling like a piece of meat

rather than someone loved or someone's lover. Everyone needed sex, yes, but intimacy is an important part of a relationship, especially to him. Klein also liked his sex rough, sometimes, and Steven couldn't get into that at all. He was neither kinky nor inventive when it came to action in the bedroom. When Klein talked about bringing toys into their sexual play, Steven turned his pug nose up at the idea. That pretty much ended their relationship and it was the straw that broke the camel's back.

He desired a lover who ruled with fire and passion, creating an unbelievable attraction that neither partner could deny or resist. Nothing felt as delicious as a firm handed man and a bricked-up cock to wrap his lips around or have the ass plowing of a lifetime. Damn, just thinking about passion of that magnitude gave him a pant-full.

So here he was again, without a lover, browsing Hudson Street, enjoying the crisp morning air that smelled of blossoming flowers, trees renewed with life and fresh cut green grass, with a touch of regal junk piled all around him.

About halfway through the next block, Klein was sorting through a box of old books and at the very bottom was a leather bound volume that looked very old and valuable. He didn't even bother to open it, going straight to the person that seemed to be in charge. "How much for this old smelly book?" He held it between two fingers as if it was something nasty and unclean. He knew how the game was played and he played it to the hilt. "It will make a great door stop." A look of disgust was firmly in place on his face.

The old man with an apron tied around his waist, rubbed his scruffy jaw in contemplation. His belly was so big, Klein bet he had not seen his pecker in decades, not that it would have done him any good if he had. It drooped over the top of his pants like a spare tire gone flat. "I'll give ya a good price, Sunny. How about five dollars?"

Klein abruptly turned on his heels and headed back toward the box to put the book back. "Sorry, that is too rich for my blood."

“Okay. How about two dollars?”

A knowing smile broke across Klein’s face—*got’cha!*—that he immediately covered up with a bored expression before turning back around to face the old man. He made a big production, letting out a deep sigh before he replied, “I think I might have that much, not sure.” He dug deep into the front pocket of his pants and caressed along side his hard cock while he did it. His real cash reserve was belted tightly around his waist, hidden from view. Yep, he was a sneaky bastard and he knew it. He jingled the spare change around for a second and finally pulled out eight quarters. “Well, we’re in luck. I happen to have the exact amount.” The hunt was almost as good as finding a treasure in the rubble of someone else’s useless shit.

With the book in hand and the man paid, Klein didn’t even finish going through the last few yards left to explore. He just knew he had found something out of the ordinary.

He could feel it as the goose bumps that lined his skin and his stomach fluttered and fluttered with the thrill of a big discovery. He had this feeling before, but not as intense as now. God, he was excited! His cock was even excited about this one. This book must be something very special!

Klein wanted to dance back to his car parked around the block, yet he needed to keep his cool for just a while longer. Once inside the car he screamed his joy. “Yippee! Damn I love the adrenalin high of uncovering something great for just about nothing.” To him, it was like finding a pirate’s buried treasure.

Sitting in his car, his hands trembling as he ran his fingertips along the slightly scuffed exterior of the leather binding. From the moment he’d spotted the leather book, he knew it was exceptional. The edges of the pages were trimmed in gold leaf, made of some type of cloth material, not paper, which would account for the condition of the interior of the book. But the exterior, he could have sworn, did not look so new when he first picked it up out of the box at the yard sale.

As he opened the front board and turned to the first page, it was blank and the color of fresh snow. The bindings squeaked with a sound of newness, which didn't seem right to Klein. It even had the smell of newly cured leather. He could've sworn the book was faded and scuffed. His eyes must be playing tricks on him.

Closing it without really looking at the first page, he set it on the passenger seat, letting the mystery of this unusual leather book drift amid his always thinking mind.

Another vanity must be faced. Time for a pair of bifocals if this were any indication of his eyesight failing. It seemed logical—he had turned forty years old six months ago and since then, his body had been going to pot. First, his hair started to thin and slowly recede along his hairline. His body wasn't quite as toned as it once was. Now his eyesight just went south. Christ, what next?

Klein needed some TLC. His ego was deflating fast and an ego booster was assuredly in order. Like maybe a warm bubble bath filled with jasmine wafting through steamy air and a pedicure to cheer him up. Hey! Maybe even some hair color to cover those pesky gray hairs seeming to have sprouted up overnight. Then, he could sit down calmly and in the comfort of his home and look over his newest find. *Yep, that's exactly what I'll do*, he smiled at his self-indulgent thoughts. It had been some time since he pampered himself. *What better time than right now?*

* * * *

In a misty realm of darkness lurk the fears of all mankind. It is not the dark that is feared but what resides within its murky dark veils. Locked away for his travesty to the Gods, resides the essence of Shadow. His crime was falling in love with one of the God's sons, but it wasn't a sin to him. It was the ultimate finding of one's soulmate. Loving someone beyond himself.

Shadow loved Tasparden with his very soul. They were truly in love with one another, but Tasparden's death by his own father's hands ended the life of his greatest love. He could've injected his dark magic into Tasparden, never knowing if his love was for him alone or created by the dark arts of Shadow's soul. Because of

his deep love and respect for the man, he never would've thought of using his magic to change the outcome of Tasparden's feelings for him. With Tasparden's death, Shadow was cursed to live a life alone, without a body, only a form of shaded essences. It was like a death sentence to someone like him. Someone used to living by his own rules, loving in his own way. Someone used to being whole—solid in form.

He was captured for all times in The Tome of Unnatural Desires, never finding a way out of its unholy curse. Even after thousands of years, his love for Tasparden still burned a raging hole in his heart. But now, he wouldn't have to live his life alone in the world of seamless depths of darkness.

He'd been around since creation. Up until now, he'd roamed in his surreal prison alone, with only his own company to relieve loneliness. Without a true form, his thirsts for flesh, had been denied. He hadn't felt sexual pleasure in thousands upon thousands of years.

Warmth had finally replaced his chilly domain. He felt the ghosting of humanity taking root in his soul. Solidification had come to pass. His body hardened with arousal as spectral fingers glided along his firming flesh. Glory to the hellion below, his freedom was near. He licked his lips; lips he would now use to sexually devour his coming prey. The taste of human flesh, the nectar that would sustain him was almost palatable.

He loved nothing better than pulling his lips and tongue the length of a shaft veined and blood hardened. Running his wicked tongue beneath the blossomed hood of the plum-tinted head, his lips moist and glistening from the creamy seed that seeped from between them. A deep wicked laugh burst free to pierce the blatant abyss of darkness. "Come to me my sweet one. I hunger to sink my flesh within the heated confines of your body, feeling the contracting muscles quivering up close to my balls, swallowing my cock deeply with the burning heat that only your body can provide for me, suckling upon me."

The feel of warm soft flesh covered muscles giving beneath his fingertips, following the curve of the spine, down to the split globes that lay waste to a fire he knew burnt hot and tightly fisted. The sinful invasion of another's ass was his greatest and fondest craving. He could almost feel the muscled warmth closing in around his sex, swallowing it inch by thick inch and he growled.

"I can almost smell the musky tinge of your body excited and hot. The mixture is ripe upon my tongue, pure maleness and indecencies to roll about my mouth, savoring the taste that is distinctly yours. It has been too long for me, but I will feast and quench my lustfulness within your body. Taking and owning what is now mine and mine alone. Yes, the time grows near for my release! Come to me my sweet. Partake of passions I have to offer. Feast on the flesh I will provide."

* * * *

All snugly in his favorite scarlet red velour robe, Klein was comfortably relaxed and felt deliciously decadent after he had gotten through with all the pampering he'd done to himself. He made himself a tequila sunrise—heavy on the tequila—and settled into the wing chair in his bedroom.

The old leather book sat innocuously in his lap and his fingers tingled in excitement to explore his new treasure. Klein was surprised at his own self-restraint; not opening the book right away when he got home. He had the patience of a devil in a whorehouse. Wanting everything now!

Taking a nice big swallow from his drink, he placed it on the table next to his chair. "Well, what ya waiting for?" All of a sudden, Klein felt a hesitation as his hand reached to lift the cover of the book, exposing the pages to view. It was as if his body knew something his brain didn't seem to comprehend. "Oh, for heaven sake. It's just an old damn book, you big wuss." He told himself.

This time without hesitation pulling at his hand, he lifted the front board of the book. In amazingly and beautifully brilliant fancy script lettering were the words: *The Tome of Unnatural Desire: Caleb and Lana*, done in the same gold leaf like the edge of the pages.

On the very next page was a drawing of a striking man standing nude in all his glory, with long curly black hair, giving him an animalistic aura to his already cock-raising looks. A woman was seated at his feet, staring up at him as if he were a God. Hell he sure looked the part. It would've been more interesting to him if it were a man at his feet, but not everything can be perfect, he snickered to himself.

When Klein tried to turn turning the pages to another section of the book, they seemed stuck together and he couldn't get them apart. Maybe this book wasn't such a great find after all.

Disappointed, Klein reached for his drink. He felt he needed a little fortification before discovering what else was waiting. Again, he set his drink down and took a deep breath, for some ungodly reason out of nowhere, fear tickled down his spine. *Oh this is ridiculous, you have definitely been watching too many scary movies lately to be spooked like this.*

With uncertainty guiding his hand, he slowly lifted the corner of the pages that were loose and let them flutter and fall open. The air around him seemed to grow heavy with static electricity and he found it hard to breathe. It too, had gold lettering with the lettering: *The Tome of Unnatural Desires: Shadow.*

With avid anticipation, he turned the page. A brilliant and lifelike drawing of the man called Shadow looked like nothing he'd ever laid eyes on before. The drawing took what breath he had left in his lungs away. To say this man was beautiful would be a gross understatement. Just staring at his image caused Klein's insides to tingle and tighten. Infusing every desire and erotic thought he'd ever had to accumulate right down to his cock. His sex flowed and filled with desire. Raw energy seemed to radiate off the pages and into his fingertips as they reverently skimmed the outlined sketch of this magnificently godlike creature of a man.

His heavily muscled physique bunched and bulged with pure male power, packaged tightly, sinfully. Creating the most perfect dark canvas of carnality Klein had ever seen. A darkly burnished skin tone flowed over his taunt frame as if he was dipped in rich decadent milk chocolate, smooth and creamy.

Klein couldn't stop his tongue from sliding out from between his lips, letting it rim his bottom lip at the thought of swirling his tongue along the lines of that dark scrumptious man. A deep groan of sexual arousal shattered the dead calm of his bedroom.

Thick ruffles of black hair, highlighted from above cast different shades of blue, green, red and orange throughout the strands that layered about his wide shoulders and down his back. Flames of life lit his eyes from behind, giving them a hellish gleam of predatory yellow. The color of those eyes was animalistic and entrancing the more he stared straight into them, it was as if they could actual see him from the page they were drawn upon. The erotically perfect image burned a direct path to Klein's rock hard cock that burst from his robe.

He outlined the groin area of the exquisite drawing, imagining it hardening under his fingertip. It was flaccid, yet it hung long, thick and proud from a nest of tightly curled dark hairs. Large, fully rounded balls, were prominently displayed on either side, dangling from behind like glorious trophies of manhood.

"What a delicious piece of artistry you are Shadow, so beautiful and manly. Even your feet are elegant and perfectly formed." Klein whispered hoarsely under his breath. His heart rate had accelerated, kicking up his thirst for air, taking deep breaths through his nose, trying to calm his cravings for the carnal provoking drawing.

He brought the book close to his nose, deeply breathing in the scent of the page, as if the smell of sex might linger somewhere on the page. Pulling the book higher, Klein kissed the drawing of Shadow, it was all he could do not to lick down the form of this dark Adonis.

As he started to set the book back into his cock-tented lap, a sexual euphoria surrounded him. A trickle of black smoke-like tendrils wafted up from the drawing, filling his mouth and nose. Klein panicked. The mysterious black smoke that now billowed thickly from the page was closing off his airway.

Wordless spasms racked his body as he flung the leather book to the floor, but it was too late, the Shadow had been freed of his shade form and now, Klein's soul was damned into the unholy pages with him!

* * * *

Shadow looked over his new possession. Sweet—he decided to call him that after getting a full view of his sweet ass—was bent over, held in place by an old fashioned wooden stock locked down over his head and hands at shoulder level. In his unconscious state, his head and hands dangled like a rag doll over the edge of the stock.

His feet were spread eagle lashed down to the floor. A floor misted with white spectral-like fog, leaving what was truly beneath it a mystery. It gave the impression of ethereal—heavenly, nevertheless this was not even close to heaven. It parted, yet flowed around Shadow's ankles, caressing him as he strode around examining Sweet.

Sweet's body was slight, slender with graceful lines and small hands and feet. His blond hair was stylishly short in the back and longer in the front, as it draped over his hanging head. The rest of his body was hairless except for the soft tawny curls that sheltered his groin and sprinkled down around his fleshy balls.

With a gentle hand, he brushed back the hair that curtained around Sweet's forehead and face, shielding him from Shadow's intense gaze. He reminded Shadow of a blond angel, all sunshine and soft edges. *That image will soon be shattered.* A heated chuckle broke from his lips.

What surprised Shadow was the largeness of his cock. For such a small sized man, he was hung like a horse. A lewd smile cracked his dark skin of his face, revealing big strong white teeth, teeth that he couldn't wait to sink into Sweet's ass, leaving his mark on this man. His prey. His possession.

Shadow could almost feel the texture of Sweet's cock as it slid along his lips and across his tongue. He was sure his seed would be tangy and thick as it flowed down

his throat. He smacked his lips just thinking about sucking Sweet's cock dry, having grown soft in the interior of his warm mouth.

He moved behind him staring at the lush vision of his ass. Sweet's peaches and cream behind was deeply seamed and ready to be split in half like a ripe peach with his cock locked between the slick tightness of the rimmed out crease. That lascivious thought caused his oak size erection to twitch and jump in acknowledgment.

Bending down behind Sweet, he leaned forward and gently ran of tip of his nose softly down Sweet's crack, breathing in nice and deep, taking in his scent down to his lungs, memorizing ever nuance of his distinctive male scent. His eyes dilated and his nostrils flared in and out, taking in the scent of Sweet's luscious, spicy smelling ass. It wafted up to his nostrils and Sweet's heat singed him. Pulling apart his cheeks, Sweet's anus bloomed and stretched like newly opened petals of a flower, ruffled with muscles, pink and plush.

The tip of his tongue, wet and warm, slipped from between his lips and skimmed from the bottom cleft of Sweet's crack up to his anus, and then burrowed and stretched the muscled entrance of his ass. Heat and musk filled his senses and scalded his tongue. A groan, from the depth of his dark soul, erupted loud and clear from his mouth, devastating the stillness of his murky domain. All the emotions and passions he once felt came back in a rush of carnal torment like a thunder, unable to stop the onslaught from coming. The assault to his senses was almost too much to bear and yet, it pushed him on to dig his tongue even deeper into Sweet's tight channel.

His moans and groans were muffled well into the crevasse of Sweet's flesh. He couldn't get enough of the tangy taste and hedonistic feel, as the muscles formed around his thrusting tongue. Gripping with both his hands, digging into Sweet's fleshy cheeks, he savored and ate at the male dish before him. Sweet's ass was divinely edible, and Shadow growled through his stabbing and devouring tongue and lips.

Reaching around, he single fisted Sweet's hard cock. Letting his thumb brush across the head on an upbeat stroke, it felt like satin over honed steel. The cock in his large capable hand filled and flowed to blooded life till Shadow had trouble keeping his fist locked around it, pleasuring it beat after tightly squeezed beat.

* * * *

Klein woke to a pounding headache. When he tried to run his hand over his forehead, his hands wouldn't budge. Fear clogged his throat, as his past memory of choking flashed back through his mind and yet, all that paled to the lapping tongue working away at his asshole, digging and worrying his muscled entrance. A firm hand was fisted about his cock, his hips swayed and swung to a carnal rhythm he'd no control over. All thought centered and pinpointed to his sex and anus. The pleasure was overpowering, and he couldn't resist the amorous advances of that sinful tongue that worked him like a finely tune instrument. Fuck, it felt freaking fantastic!

He couldn't deny the tongue and hand hard at work, pushing him toward the sexual abyss edging closer with each deep wet lick and suck that wicked mouth did so very well. His breathing was harsh and shallow; the fear of the unknown had jacked up his senses creating shockwaves starting at his toes, like a lit firecracker, building up heat as it went. Obscene emotions and sexual aggression was undeniable to Klein.

He ground his ass back onto the stranger's face, deepening the sensations of the wicked tongue as it almost reach his special soft sensitive place that he wanted touched and tongue fucked. His desires took over his logical thinking and his base instinct roar to the forefront, demanding satisfaction. Klein wanted to be ass fucked hard and deep and would ask question afterward.

He growled out, "Fuck me, and fuck me now!"

The tongue working hard at pleasuring him abruptly stopped and he could see the silhouette growing and expanding as the person stood up over his back.

The hands that had been grasping his ass slinked up his spine, in spidery steps, until they reached his neck, wrapping around in a light embrace. A big heavy body with an even bigger cock nestled in the crease of his ass, leaned over his back. Heat and sexual excitement clouded the air around Klein. The slippery, oil slicked cock felt like a piece of timber wedged into the crack of his ass. Hard and unyielding, just the way he loved his men.

“Ahhh...my Sweet has awakened. I can smell your growing desire from here.”

To emphasize the fact, he drew in air through his nose. This caused Klein’s body to tighten-up into a ball of wanton flesh, quiver in his need and thirst for sexual domination—his need to be taken body and soul. “What do you desire my Sweet? Do you want my hard hot width so far up you that it won’t see the light of day for a week? Or do you want it slipped in inch by thick inch in very slow increments?”

A wet tongue slithered down his spine toward the dimples at his lower back. Klein couldn’t stop his ass from wiggling, signaling his desires.

He raised his head as best he could, taking in his surroundings through passion-veiled eyes. It was dark, but not. There seemed to be a dim light shining down from above, giving off an eerie red tint. Billowing black shears of material hung and rustled about the ground, but Klein couldn’t see the ground for the ghostly grayish-white mist that slithered and undulated upon the ground. He wasn’t sure if he was in a room or maybe he’d died and gone to Hell, but if this was Hell, who was he to complain? Not with the tongue bath he’d gotten and the very stiff cock that was positioned at the opening of his asshole, ready to break wide open his puckered entrance.

The mere thought of a cock splitting his ass and worming its way straight toward his prostate would’ve buckled his knees, if it weren’t for the wooden stock and his legs held solidly to the floor, which kept him upright.

A warm breath whispered past Klein’s right ear and drifted to his nose. It smelled like wild honey. “I need to sink my cock into that tight hole of yours and

nestle my balls against your warm and cushiony ass, so tell me my Sweet how do you want me to fuck you?"

Klein was unable to reply as his throat locked up as the intimate dirty talk seeped in the pores of his skin and the feel of the large cock head broached at the tight entry to his ass.

"Relax. Let me give you pleasure. Deep, dark, pleasure like nothing you've ever felt."

A quick and painful invasion made Klein cry out and pant as a—larger than he'd ever taken—cock pushed past his tight ring of muscle bordering the back door to his clenching channel. He could hear loud groins and moans coming from behind him.

The burning pain slowly recessed and blossomed into intense hedonistic ecstasy as the shallow thrusts tapped against his throbbing prostate gland. The feeling was like nothing he'd experienced before and he wasn't sure he would survive when it all came to a powerful, explosive ending, which he was positive was coming...literally!

Klein finally found his voice and wasn't afraid to ask for what he wanted. "Fuck me harder. I want to see stars when I come."

He got his wish and then some as the thrusts became deep to the point he could almost taste fresh cum in his throat. The delicious sensation of balls banging up against his butt cheeks was divinely decadent as they thumped against his rump. The erotic beat of flesh melding into flesh and the sloshing sound of cock leaving and entering his constricting anus broke into the male groans and moans of intense pleasure.

The smell of sweat and sex permeated his senses and sent him toward a rocketing orgasm of major proportions. An unnatural silence all around them accented more by their erratic and hedonistic wails of passion. It echoed back around them from visible walls, sounding fierce and completely carnal to the ear.

He saw more than stars as the Milky Way seemed to dominate his vision and then all went pitch black and dark silence overtook his soul.

* * * *

Shadow freed some of his dark essence, letting it flow from his body into Sweet's clinching and bucking channel. He didn't care if it altered his new lover's perceptions or his feelings toward him. He may never love another like he did Tasparden, but he would have a willing and malleable sexual partner that would do anything and everything for him in the name of love. This was one time he would not let his sentiment overrule his true nature, the nature of black magic and all that it encompassed. For Shadow was the offspring of a wizard father and a demon mother. Darkness, magic and mayhem had been his closest friends, that was, until he'd been cursed into the Tome of Unnatural Desires.

Shadow knew that in time, Sweet would've fallen in love with him, he just altered those feelings for sooner rather than later. He needed immediate sexual gratification without all the trouble it would take to get to that point down the road. It wasn't like he could go to Hell for it, his soul was already damned to live his immortal life trapped in the Tome. He was lucky that Sweet was his perfect match and broke part of the curse. At least he would never be alone or lonely again nor would he be a bodiless shade to never feel the warm touch of another man.

Shadow's hands had a death grip on Sweet's refined yet muscled hips. His balls were wedged tight up against Sweet's ass. With his head flung back, corded muscles bunched and rippled Shadow released his cry of completion for the first time in thousands of years.

His knees threatened to buckle under the weight of his flowing seed. Spasms rolled through his body like a stormy sea, taking and then taking again as it surged thorough him

He leaned his full weight onto Sweet's sweat drenched back. Kissing and licking it in reverence and the shear magnitude of being with his kind, buried balls

deep in the warmth of another like him—a man, flesh and warm-blooded. A person he could call his own and someone to quench his carnal cravings.

Warm, drizzling, milky white semen ran down between the crack of Sweet's ass and the backs of his thighs. Shadow rubbed it in, further marking his scent on him, his eternal lover and his immortal lover now.

His darkness for the first time in as long as he can remember was peaceful, not churning like the fires of Hell. A smile of contentment pierced his features and even reached his soulless eyes giving them a spark of life once again.

* * * *

A feisty nip to the soft and sensitive flesh between his neck and shoulder brought Klein out of his musing down memory lane.

A gruff whisper brought him even further back to reality. "Am I already boring you my Sweet?"

"Not hardly, and I mean...*Hard-ly*. No, I'd drifted off and was dreaming of how we'd first met." Reaching a hand down into the warm water swirling it around in the natural hot spring, he lovingly stroked his lover's powerful leg. Klein was sitting between Shadow's legs, his stiff cock rubbed along his spine and his balls were pressed up to his ass. Delicious thoughts of what that piece of timber could do gave him shivers.

This was the last bastion before the descent into Hell, yet when Klein had found this out later, he didn't care. He was safe with the man he desired above all else. The darkness to his light, the hungers to feasting flesh. He was immortal and treated like a princess by his prince.

In effect, this was like a dream come true for him, really. It was twisted and not your average relationship, but hell, what relationship is perfect? Klein had the most perfect lover and got fucked daily. What every man dreams of and he had it all.

Not another thought was allowed to interfere as he was lifted without preamble and his ass was filled to capacity by his lover's big juicy cock. A meow of pained pleasure slipped out his gapping mouth. Teeth bit into his neck as Shadow

pounded his cock over and over again into him. This was Klein's favorite position and Shadow knew it. His wicked chuckle broke through his fog-shrouded senses and heightened his arousal even further. Shadow had a dirty, deep laugh, which made goose bumps shade his skin. His channel fluttered around Shadow's cock, squeezing and releasing, milking him in suckling measures.

Shadow's dark beauty never ceased to amaze and fascinate, Klein. Wild outcropping of ever changing strands of long, lush dark hair flowed like a river over and down his back and stopping just short of his fine tight ass. Dark eyes hinted at the fire that burned hungry and bright behind them.

With savage intent, Klein grabbed the back of Shadow's head, binding their lips into a deep aggressive kiss. Their tongues met and battled for sexual and passionate domination, moisture and heat mingled and blending as one.

Klein pulled away from the kiss; he could not seem to catch his breath as Shadow's rhythmic thrust kept increasing. Quivers shot down to his toes and his balls tightened up close to his body as his orgasm nudged him to his limit. His hoarse shout echoed throughout the dim of their surreal realm.

Shadow was right behind him as his deep-pitched roar rang in Klein's ears and vibrated through their bodies hard pressed together. He could feel Shadow's scalding seed fill his ass, coating his walls in the true testament of his love and care he took unto himself whenever he possessed Klein body.

Yes, Shadow could be a mean fuck sometimes, but what a fuck he was. No relationship was perfect, but this one was just the right fit for Klein. He didn't miss the life he had left behind. He was now immortal, never had to worry about money, or anything else material again. What a relief. He had a man that adored him and gave him anything and everything he desired. What the hell was he to be unhappy about...nothing! So what if Hell could be just a short drop away for him now, so were taxes before in the human world. The two were both equal bitches. One took your soul and the other not only took your soul, but it also fucked you over without a kiss.

* * * *

Two of Klein's best friends had just finished packing away his personal possessions. Both men were saddened at the task. It was their final goodbye to their dear friend, a friend that had disappeared into thin air. It had been six months and not even a hint of his whereabouts had been found. Soon, Klein would be listed as deceased, case closed, another unresolved missing person's report. No longer a person, but a case file to be shuffled away in a box in a room filled to overflowing with other cases of missing persons never to be found.

The van was packed and ready to leave, heading for a swap meet in the next town set for the next day. Since they were the only persons mentioned in Klein's Will, it was left up to them to see to the disposal of his possessions. They didn't want the constant reminder of his mysterious disappearance, so they kept very little of his things, selling the rest was what they had mutually agreed upon. It wasn't an easy decision to come to. If only they knew what true evil they had packed away for the next unsuspecting buyer to be unleashed and unable to resist once it took possession of them, not the other way around...

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 will possess The Tome of Unnatural Desires? It is now packed away in a box filled with other items on their way to be sold at a swap meet.

What unholy entity of sexual proclivities will be waiting to be unleashed upon its next unsuspecting owner? Maybe the next one could be you?