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Amelia June



The Jason Factor

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BY

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Amelia June

Dedication:

To and for my Jason.
And special thanks to the NaNos. Spam and teabags!

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Chapter One

“Jen, I finished chapter six. Is there any way you could take a look?”

Looking up from her work, Jen saw Katya’s pleading expression and nodded. Katya was desperate for feedback.

“All right, I need a break anyway.” Jen, slaving away on her grant proposal, had no trouble taking a break for more interesting reading.

She grabbed the pile of papers Katya held and began to read.

Marla looked around. Her nerves were rapid firing. Every sound and smell was amplified. To her left she heard water dripping a slow heartbeat. She heard each drop fall from the metal and splish into a small puddle on the concrete. Somewhere, in one of the apartments above, a grill gave off the savory aroma of rosemary chicken.

On high alert, she froze, pressed up against the bricks. She felt the cold seeping into her, each rough patch tearing into her flesh. Being Jarkanian had its advantages in sensory perception, but for every advantage she gained, she also bore every irritation as a massive, full body experience.

An unexpected sound caused Marla to whip her head around, only to see an alley cat making his way through a pile of garbage. Every crinkle, every rustle sounded like an explosion to her ears. She relaxed a bit, took a deep breath to steady her nerves. Perhaps, at last, she lost him. She scanned the alley, looking, listening, even smelling for any hint of the bounty hunter after her. She would not return to the prison world she had escaped from seven months ago. She would rather die. If she could outrun this Jason Bell, fine. If not, she would have to kill him.

Moments stretched into hours. At last, Marla let out a sigh, convinced she had lost him in the city. There was no way he could have tracked her—the human bounty hunter was no match for her Jarkanian wits and skill. She smiled, stepped out of her hiding place, and felt the edge of a knife touch her throat.

“Thought you could get away, kitten?” Bell appeared from nowhere, speaking with a smarmy, self-important tone. “No one escapes me. No one.”

Fighting panic, Marla moved her hand slowly downward, reaching for the blaster she kept strapped to her hip.

“Ah, ah, kitten. If you’re looking for this, you might as well forget it.”

In the hand that wasn’t holding a knife to her throat, he dangled her blaster teasingly, a triumphant smile on his disgusting human face. Rage ran through her. How did he do that? There was no way for a human to sneak up on a Jarkanian, goddammit. Bell’s smile grew wider, looking pleased to have caught her off guard.

“Now, kitten, what will I do with you? I could return you to Limus Five for my substantial reward money. On the other hand...I can think of more...fun things I could do with you. Things you have wanted me to do to you since we locked eyes the first time. I know you, kitten, I know how you desire my lips on your nipples, my hands in your hair, my cock--”

“FUCK!” Katya threw her pen across the room with a shout that shook the windows and caused her roommate to look up from her reading with a start.

“Are you okay, Katya?” Jen knew better than to interrupt Katya when she was writing. But even in her most stressed state Katya usually didn’t throw things across the room, so she decided to risk it.

“No goddammit I am not fucking okay!” Katya sat on the couch, slumped over with her chin on her chest, a look of pure hatred on her face. She was still for a moment, blue eyes flashing with rage, muttering incoherently. Jen watched, mystified. Slowly, Katya came back to herself and began to relax.

“I’m sorry, Jen. I didn’t mean to snap at you. I’m just so fed up with this writer’s block. I’ve got sixteen hours before *Marla’s Revenge* is due to my editor, and I absolutely cannot finish it.” Katya had one published novel, and worked now on the sequel, already accepted by her publisher.

“I thought you said you had it all planned out.” Jen looked at the writer sympathetically. She was working on a research grant, and had her own deadlines to meet.

“I did! I’ve done everything I planned—I got her off Limus Five, I revealed her true alien nature, I set her up to kill Bell and bam, here that perverted, idiotic man comes again, wanting to fuck.”

“Wait, wait. Bell? I thought you said you had him contained. You got him laid on that totally gratuitous all female planet you wrote in. He promised you he would behave. I was just getting to the part where you finally hook him up with Marla.”

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“Believe me, I know what he promised. He and I went back and forth for ages over whether he was going to actually get in his ship and chase Marla. He was too busy ogling all the prison guards to even accept her folio. Augh! I can’t do this any more. I quit! You hear me Jason? I goddamn, mother fucking *quit*! How do you like that, you slut?” Katya leaned over and put her head in her hands, moaning. “Oh Jen, what am I going to do?”

Walking over to the couch, Jen sat down next to Katya, placing a hand on her shoulder. She thought briefly that they were quite the odd couple. Katya was tall, leggy and blonde in contrast to Jen’s more average looks. Jen tended to look the part of psychology grad student, while Katya’s appearance was more supermodel than writer. They made an interesting pair.

“What if you made him female? I still think that might work.”

“No good. There’s no market for lesbian erotic romance right now. Besides, Bell was in the first novel as a male. Writing hetero is such a pain in the ass. I guess I just don’t know men well enough to write about them.”

Jen laughed out loud at that. Men flocked around Katya like butterflies in a garden, amusing Jen to no end since Katya was a confirmed lesbian. From the outside, people often assumed that Jen was either in love with Katya or living some kind of hero worship fantasy with her.

Actually, Jen was quite satisfied with her life as a PhD student. She had no trouble finding men to date, though they were not the same kind of men who hit on Katya. Jen preferred geeky intellectual types, not muscle bound idiots used to getting any piece of tail they wanted. She did enjoy watching Katya throw those jerks over for a woman, though.

“I like Bell. I think he’s sexy. I realize he’s a dog, but that’s how you wrote him. I like that about him.” Jen loved the way Katya described Bell. His brown hair was wavy and thick, he kept it long overtop but sheared the underside short to prevent it from getting caught in his helmet clips. She liked the way he ran his hand through it and looked up from underneath it, a very sexy look. He had the most amazing green eyes she had ever imagined—a rich hazel green with little flecks of black and gold. His six foot, two frame held a substantial body—long muscular legs and strong torso for heavy lifting. He had no trouble slinging an escaping woman over his shoulder, which he did often in his job as bounty hunter. He favored tight black clothing to show off his curve and muscle, and you could eat his gorgeous ass with a spoon. At least, Jen imagined she could, given the opportunity.

“Jen, he’s a total dog. How am I supposed to write about Marla with him running around fucking everything that moves? Do you know what he wanted me to do with him just now? Tentacle sex! He actually wanted me to write him a scene with a Martian waitress and some kind of machine. Who thinks of that? The man is disgusting. He doesn’t give a crap about my plotlines. All he wants from me is ridiculously indulgent, totally graphic drivel.”

“Oh I know. I’ve read all about his conquests.”

Jen considered the previous exploits of Jason Bell with a bemused smile. She was amazed at Katya’s creativity in inventing new types of sex for Bell to have. Thinking back, she could remember—

Floating through the vacuum of space. Coincidentally, a female android had slipped from her mooring while making external repairs on her ship. Bell caught her and used his specially designed space suit to fuck her input cavity. He claimed boredom. Plus, she rescued him and returned him to his ship.

Swimming away from man-eating Nando fish on Tarkus Three. Coincidentally, a female of the Tarkanian water people species saw him fleeing for his life and pulled him into her underwater den. There, she insisted he fuck her as her reward for saving his life. When he could find no way for their genitals to combine, he simply offered up his cock for sucking, as she had pleasure receptors in her mouth. Her reward. His blowjob. Classic Bell.

Naked, wrestling the cacti people of Tucsonus. Coincidentally, Tucsonus’s other sentient plant species happens to be a water retaining plant without spines. When it witnessed the cactus battle, it jumped up from nowhere to wrap itself around Bell’s cock and balls as a protector. It also jerked him off.

Stranded on the island of Mandor, the island with no women at all. Coincidentally, someone had managed to slip Bell a gaypil, forcing him to become homosexual. This lasted until a ship inhabited entirely by female sex slaves headed for nearby Horndor rescued him, then promptly wore off.

Jen had to admit Jason Bell was a frustrating character. He refused to act as any normal character would, insisting on pulling out his dick in any situation. Katya had an overactive imagination, but Bell seemed a force and will that had nothing to do with her at all.

“Well?” asked Katya, snapping Jen out of her reverie, “What am I going to do about this? Can you help me?”

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“You’re right. You can’t go on this way. You almost didn’t finish *Mistake*, and *Revenge* was supposed to be just that. Look, Jason Bell is some part of you, some portion of your psyche you’re stuffing away. What’s going on with you that your inner Jason Bell is coming out to play so often?”

“Well I haven’t had sex in a long time, but during *Mistake* last year, my girlfriend and I were going at it constantly.”

“Oh yes, I remember Charlotte.” Jen had heard all the goings on through the thin walls of their apartment. “Do you think the ‘Jason Factor’ has increased or decreased with *Revenge*?”

“The Jason Factor. Hehe, I like it. I would say that the problem increased to unmanageable levels toward the end of *Mistake* and has remained consistently bad ever since. Even non-Marla projects are starting to feature Bell. I wrote three short stories in the last four months, and every one of them had some mention of Bell getting sucked or fucked. The man is a machine.”

“If it isn’t your lack of sex that’s the mitigating factor, maybe it’s the kind of sex you’re having. Are you hiding any deep, dark tentacle sex desires I need to know about?”

“No.” Katya said emphatically. “I’m not a prude. I’ve done my share of kinky things in the bedroom. Granted, they didn’t involve three-headed Caldonian Goddesses—one head in the normal place, one where a human pussy would be, and an extra one for triple fun—but I’ve done more than missionary.”

“Then I only have one more idea.”

“Tell me!” Katya slumped down even further, looking forlorn.

Jen wanted to help, and thought she might use psychology to do it. Jason Bell was nothing more than a part of Katya she could not access, a part that might be afraid of writing success or perhaps finishing the stories she’s dreamed of all her life.

All Jen needed to do was bypass Katya’s conscious mind and access whatever block was preventing her from writing further plot. A little misdirection exercise should do the trick just fine.

“A Ouija Board?” Katya snapped with an incredulous snort. “What are you planning to do with that?”

Jen set the board on the coffee table. “Here’s the thing. If you can’t figure out what is going on, we need to ask Bell himself. Since he doesn’t actually exist, I thought we might be able to talk to him this way.”

“With a Ouija Board. Really? Jen, I’m starting to feel a little schizophrenic here.”

“Actually, the mental illness you’re looking for is Dissociative Identity Disorder, but that’s splitting hairs. Look just play along with me for a while. You said you’d do anything.”

“Okay, okay. Do you want anything from the kitchen? I hear my tea whistling.”

“No thanks.”

As Katya left the room Jen began setting the mood. She wanted Katya to get in touch with that part of her that was Jason Bell. A Ouija Board might be campy, but she believed in the power of the human brain to convince itself of many things. Hopefully, Katya would use it to tap into her subconscious mind and break through her block.

Moving around the room, Jen dimmed lights, lit candles and closed the shades. She placed Katya’s journal on the table next to the board, careful not to invade Katya’s privacy by reading it. Lit incense and Enigma on the CD player added atmosphere. By the time Katya came back with a steaming mug of Chai in her hand, the room felt exactly like a gloomy fortune teller’s tent.

Katya looked startled at the changes, and skeptical. “Jen, this is ridiculous. Bell isn’t some spirit from beyond the grave; he’s a character in my books. I made him up! How are we supposed to get in touch with him using this game?”

“Who’s the psychologist here? I have a professor who did this with a client once. Just trust me, okay?” The more she could get Katya to believe in what they were doing, the closer they’d get to her inner dynamics.

“Here’s how this works. I want us to focus on contacting Jason Bell, your dashing dastardly bounty hunter who refuses to allow you to write your stories the way you want. Forget, at least for now, that he’s simply a product of your imagination. Let us think of him as a living, breathing bastard, existing in some alternate reality far away from the world we know.” Jen lowered her voice, almost whispering, adding to the creepy ambiance. “Now, tell me about Bell. What is he doing right this second?”

Katya shook her head, but complied. “Okay, I left him on board his ship with Marla in custody. He was taunting her, threatening to sleep with her before returning her to Limus Five.”

“He wants to rape her?” Jen asked.

“No, that isn’t Bell’s style. He never takes a lover without permission. However, he is charming, attractive and relentless when he wants something. Those that refuse him initially nearly always wind up caving in.”

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“Excellent. Now tell me more about him. What is he wearing, feeling? Give me details.”

Katya began to speak in a low voice, mimicking Jen. “He has his right arm around Marla’s wrists, walking her to the holding cell; his left hand is on her shoulder. His lips are up against her ear, whispering to her. He’s sporting a five o’clock shadow, brushing his whiskers up against her face. He’s wearing tan cargo pants, tight around the ass and full of pockets for his gear, which are tucked into black combat boots that are worn and scuffed. A skin-tight black T-shirt hugs his chest and back muscles. He’s got his own blaster slung low on his hip, and Marla can’t tell if she is feeling his blaster or his cock pressing into her.”

Jen let out her breath, feeling warm. She had always had a little crush on Jason Bell, despite his outrageous behavior. He was nothing like any man she would actually date, but she did have the occasional fantasy about the burly idiot appearing in her bedroom to ravish her. Katya had a way of describing Bell that made him almost real. Jen smiled inwardly at her foolishness, then placed her fingers lightly on the planchette that comes with the Ouija Board.

“Place your hands near mine, and focus on this image of Bell. He’s supposed to be bringing her back to Limus Five, but he’s decided to forgo your plans and fuck Marla instead. Focus on that, on his rebellion. I want you to ask him why he refuses your direction.” Jen watched Katya, who had her eyes closed, looking for signs she might be buying the whole act.

Katya nodded, still looking somewhat incredulous. She raised her voice slightly, as though speaking to someone across the room. “Jason Bell, why do you refuse to let me write Marla’s story? I’ve given you more sex than most heroes ever get. Why do you insist on more?”

At that moment the CD stopped playing, and total silence flooded the apartment. Time seemed to stand still as the roommates waited, hands resting on the planchette, for Jason Bell to answer. Just as Jen was considering pushing the planchette herself to jar Katya, the white plastic pointer moved. Jen was thrilled, but kept still to see what happened next. The planchette moved about aimlessly for a moment, then began to spell using the row of letters:

I-A-M-H-O-R-N-Y

“I am horny? That’s the best you can do?” Katya was looking at Jen with irritation. Jen looked back, confused.

“Wait, you think that I--” before she could finish the planchette came to life again. It hovered over the word YES for a moment, then moved back to the letters. Bell had more to say, apparently.

S-U-M-M-O-N-M-E

“What? Summon me? What does that mean?” Katya was directing her comments at Jen, but the planchette was still in motion so Jen couldn’t answer. Katya picked up a pen and began to write each letter in her journal as it appeared, keeping one hand on the planchette. Letter by letter, the strangest message began to take shape. When the planchette finally finished moving, both women felt a sense of exhaustion slip over them, and both sat back, removing their hands from the game piece.

They stared at each other for a moment, stunned.

“What on earth are you talking about, Jen? I don’t understand any of this.” Katya brushed the hair out of her face with a frustrated jerk of her arm.

“Katya, I tried to tell you. I was not pushing that thing around, you were. I felt the pull from your hands each time it moved. Are you saying you didn’t know you were pushing it?” Jen raised her eyebrows, fascinated by Katya’s angry reaction.

“I wasn’t pushing it! I felt you pulling at it. I know you’re trying to help me but this is too weird. I’m done.” Katya sat forward and started packing the Ouija Board back in the box. “I don’t see how spelling out some strange phrase is supposed to help me get rid of my writer’s block. All this is giving me the creeps, not helping me deal with Jason Bell.”

“Can I see what you wrote down?” Jen had caught the letters but lost track after several words that just didn’t make sense to her.

“Not like you don’t know what it says, but fine.” Katya flipped her journal around so Jen could read it before storming out of the room. Jen picked up the journal and began to read, enthralled. Katya really had no notion that she herself had been delivering the planchette’s message.

M-A-R-L-A-A-N-D-R-E-A-C-A-R-L-O-T-T-A-A-N-D-S-H-E-N-I-L-E

N-O-T-M-Y-K-I-N-D-O-F-W-O-M-E-N

W-H-E-N-M-I-D-N-I-G-H-T-S-T-R-I-K-E-S

W-R-I-T-E-M-Y-N-A-M-E-I-N-F-I-R-E

Y-O-U’-L-L-H-A-V-E-Y-O-U-R-F-O-N-D-E-S-T-W-I-S-H

Weird, thought Jen. What could possibly be going on in Katya’s subconscious? Why would she have conjured up such a strange message to herself? Jen was unsure, but

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felt confident that they should continue the experiment. Getting up, she followed the banging sounds to the kitchen.

“Katya, listen to me. I have no idea what went on in there. I’ve never heard of Shenile or the other women on that paper.” Katya paused, and turned to look at Jen.

“All those names are characters of women in my stories. I figure you must be snooping through my journal...” Katya stopped suddenly, staring into space.

“What?” Jen asked, still evaluating her friend’s reactions. Katya looked haunted, and Jen saw a hint of fear in her eyes.

“I just realized something. I never wrote down anything about Shenile. I’ve had her in mind for a new story, but I haven’t written it yet. There’s no way you could have pulled that name from something I wrote already.” Katya looked at Jen, her brows knitted in confusion.

“Well then, I think our experiment was a success!”

“What do you mean? What happened just now?”

“I think it is safe to say we may actually have gotten in touch with Jason Bell. Or, at least, that part of you that is blocking your ability to kill him off and move on with your story.”

“Huh. So you really think I was moving that thing out there? Because I am positive that I wasn’t. My hands weren’t moving at all except to follow the pointer.”

“Either way, I say we go forward. What have we got to lose, after all?” Jen wondered if she could get a research paper out of this. *It’s only totally unethical to do experiments on roommates. Oh well.*

“Go forward with what?” Katya stood at the counter, pouring chai into her mug. Adding honey, she cradled the cup in her hands. “All we got was some bizarre command to ‘summon me’. What are we supposed to do with that?”

“Let’s do it. He said to write his name in fire at midnight. Why don’t we just write his name on a piece of paper and burn it? Then maybe he’ll disappear or something. Like a ritual, for closure.”

“Closure. I like it. Let’s close that bastard once and for all.”

“We’ve got an hour; go relax—do *not* try to write. When it is five till midnight, we’ll come back out here and give it a shot.”

Katya nodded and wandered off to her bedroom, presumably dazed from the earlier events. Exiting the kitchen, Jen looked around the dimly lit common room. It certainly looked like a place ghosts might appear. She laughed and went back to the

computer, loading up her grant proposal. She tried to work but the letters on the screen all seemed to run together as she reviewed the Ouija Board incident in her mind.

Jen felt confident that going through the motions of a made up “closure ritual” would help Katya dispel her writer’s block and move forward.

Too bad really.

Losing Jason Bell made her feel a bit sad. Katya had been writing about Jason Bell for a long time now, and it was like losing a friend. A really hot friend.

Jen blushed a little, embarrassed to be lusting after a character in a book. There was just something about Jason Bell that attracted her. Jen thought it was probably his raw animal sexuality that drew her to him. In the past, Jen had always been with guys who were very respectful and gentle with her.

In fact, she was often more interested in sex than her lovers. She had to coax them to make love more than once a week, and found herself resorting to walking naked in front of the computer screen more often than not. She knew they all liked her, found her attractive, but her past lovers had all been brainy types. They were as interested in video games and computer codes as they were in her.

Something about Jason Bell’s all-out sexual hunger attracted her, and made her wish for a man like that in her life. She sat back in her chair and folded her arms across her chest. She would miss Katya’s stories of Bell and his outrageous behaviors, that much was certain.

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Chapter Two

An hour later, five minutes shy of midnight, both women made their way back to the coffee table in the common room. They looked at each other across the Ouija Board, and giggled nervously.

"I feel ridiculous." Katya pulled her long, pajama-clad legs underneath her on the couch. "On the other hand, I'll do anything to get rid of Bell. Besides, that was strange, what happened earlier. I kind of want to see what happens next."

"Me too. Let's do this."

Katya nodded once, then ripped a small piece of paper from her journal. She wrote "Jason Bell" on the torn bit, then watched impatiently as the clock ticked its way toward midnight.

Jen relit all the candles in the room, then placed one large red candle in the center of the Ouija Board for the "closure ritual", along with a small dish to hold the burning paper.

"Do you think this will really cancel out the 'Jason Factor' of my stories?" Katya was looking nervous.

"I don't know. I guess we'll just have to try it." Jen thought inwardly that she wouldn't mind a little 'Jason Factor' in her life, and a little shiver crept up her spine. She was thankful for the candlelight so she wouldn't have to explain her goose bumps to Katya.

When the long hand of the clock moved to midnight exactly, Katya took a deep breath and leaned over the table. She paused for a second and looked at Jen.

"Should I say something?"

"Whatever you like, but do it now before time runs out."

"All right," said Katya, raising her voice clearly, "Jason Bell, I want you out of my stories and out of my life for good. That is my fondest wish." She placed one end of the paper scrap in the candle flame, and held it until it was half gone. Then she placed it in the clear dish and watched as the name faded away into ashes.

As the last bit of paper disappeared, the room seemed suspended in time once again. Neither woman moved. Thirty seconds went by, and Jen realized she had been holding her breath in anticipation. Of what, she did not know.

She exhaled with a whoosh, and sat back in her chair. A full minute passed, and just as Jen was beginning to think nothing at all would happen, a cold breeze chilled the back of her neck. At first she thought she must have left the window open.

Suddenly Katya sat up ramrod straight, her eyes wide. She was staring at something over Jen's right shoulder, blood draining from her face. Jen whipped her head around to see a tall man directly behind her chair. She opened her mouth to scream, but the man moved fast, covering her mouth with a large, calloused hand.

Katya sat, frozen in shock, as the huge man maneuvered his way around the chair and pulled Jen to her feet. Jen went slack for a moment, but when he stood her up she began to fight back. She twisted her head to the right under his elbow, trying to get his hand off her mouth. At the same time she brought her left knee up to his groin, hard. He let out a strained "Fuuuck", but did not let go.

Instead, he moved into her, pinning her to him. He put his other hand on her hip and pulled, bringing her rear up against him and trapping her arm at her side. Something about him seemed familiar, but the *deja vu* was quickly replaced with fear and anger at being violated. The entire time they were struggling, Katya sat dumbfounded. Jen glared at her, hoping to snap her out of her daze, but to no avail.

"Now, missy, I am sorry for the rough treatment but I would rather not have law enforcement called thanks to the screams of a confused female. If you promise not to scream, I'll let go."

Jen thought he sounded awfully clichéd, then realized that if she agreed and he let go, she could scream anyway, just like in the cliché. She nodded at him, trying to look innocent.

"That's better, sweet cheeks. And if you do manage to scream once I let you go, I'll kill your friend here." He casually lifted a gun in Katya's direction.

The gun looked like a child's toy. It had lights blinking off and on, and looked more like plastic than metal. Still, she had to play it safe for Katya's sake, and kept her mouth shut even when the brute removed his hand from her mouth. She pulled away, and went to Katya's side. Only then did Jen realize that Katya still hadn't moved, hadn't made a sound or called for help. She swung her gaze around to her friend.

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“Katya, what is the matter with you? Why didn’t you do something when you had the chance?” Katya looked up at Jen, slack jawed, then back at the man in their apartment.

“She’s probably surprised to see me. After all, she’s been trying to kill me ever since we met.”

Katya pulled her eyes away from the burly man and looked at Jen. At first, her mouth worked but no sound came out. Eventually she managed, “That--that’s Bell.”

“What? That’s impossible.” Jen was still breathing heavily from fear and exertion.

“Ah ah, missy, nothing is impossible. Anyway, she’s right.” He drew up proudly, giving Jen a good look at his six foot two frame. She looked him over, noting that he was dressed just as Katya had described earlier—tan cargo pants and tight black T-shirt. Jen felt a little flutter in her chest as she examined his bulging pectorals, biceps and forearms. She even thought she could see his thigh muscles outlined by the tight pants. She had to admit he was everything she imagined Bell to be—tall, dark and handsome. He was pompous and self-important too, just like in Katya’s stories.

He thrust out his free hand and said, “Jason Bell, bounty hunter and skirt chaser at your service.”

Jen hesitated, then stepped forward and reached her hand out to shake. His hand was huge, enveloping hers in warmth. Instead of the handshake she expected, he lifted her hand to his lips and kissed her gently. She pulled her hand back, more startled than offended, but he didn’t seem to notice. He made his way closer to them, gun still leveled at Katya’s head. As he approached, Katya shrank into the couch, terrified.

“Now, what are you so scared of, minx? Perhaps you are afraid I know how much you loathe me, how many situations you’ve contrived to kill me off. Perhaps you are afraid I am here, summoned across time and space, to get my revenge.”

Jason paused for emphasis, and Jen realized everything he said was somewhat contrived, as if he was a storybook character, not a real person.

Unexpectedly, he dropped onto one knee, pushing the coffee table out of the way. He reached out and grasped Katya’s hand and put it on his chest.

“Well, oh Goddess, oh Creator, you are wrong! I am not here to garner my revenge on you, for how does one get revenge on the very force that moves them? No, I am here merely to beg, a humble servant of the story pleading for his life. I thought if you saw me, perhaps even experienced my unique abilities in the bedroom, you might have mercy on my soul.”

Jen burst out laughing. She couldn't help herself. This gigantic, gorgeous idiot was offering sexual favors to Katya in return for his life. What an egotistical dolt! Classic Bell, as Katya would say. Bell ignored her laughter and went on.

"My Mistress, please allow me to continue to exist. There are so many worlds in your universe left unexplored. So many female criminals to be caught and dealt with. I exist only to serve your plotlines, so why, why would you sacrifice me?"

Finally, Katya came to life. Jen saw fire flash in her eyes as she sat up straight, pulling her hand from Bell's grasp. "You exist for what? Are you trying to tell me that you dutifully go where I want and do what I want to further my stories? That is a lie. You can't fool me with your good looks and charm, jackass. For one thing, you have ruined my stories and left me with little ability to write at all. For another thing, I'm a lesbian. God, you are an imbecile."

"Um, Katya," Jen interrupted, "he's got a gun pointed at us. Pissing him off is not really advisable right now."

"Oh, whatever. That is no gun, that is a blaster, and I wrote it based on a toy I saw at the grocery store. I doubt it even works. Look at it--it's plastic for God's sake."

Bell, still on his knees before Katya, pointed the blaster at a houseplant and fired. The leafy fern disintegrated into a pile of ash. Jen raised an eyebrow at Katya, who looked properly mollified.

"All right, Bell. You want to live, but you don't like the stories I write for you. I am at a standstill, because I can't write anything else. What do you propose we do about this?"

"All I want, all I've ever wanted, is to have fun in life. You insist on trying to settle me down and be all respectable. None of the women you've written interest me in the least. They are headstrong, fiery, probably lesbians like yourself. They have no interest in my appetites, and I have no interest in their prudish ways.

"I'm a bounty hunter! I'm dashing, I'm daring, you wrote me this way and now you try to steal my thunder with a woman. I will not have it! I would rather die by Marla's mannish hand than be rendered impotent beside her. But I do not want to die, so I am here to beseech you. Let me live the life you created me to live. Perhaps you just cannot understand the requirements of a man like me. Or any man, for that matter."

Katya stiffened, her eyes flashing in anger, "How dare you accuse me of--" but before she could finish, Jen spoke up.

"Wait, wait, Katya just calm down." She didn't want Katya to anger Bell while he still held that blaster. "He hasn't said anything you haven't expressed to me before. He's

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a brute, no class and no style, but that's how you wrote him." Jen glanced at Bell who was busy ogling Katya's chest. Typical. She gestured at him, the perfect illustration of her point. "You can hardly blame him for being who you created him to be. Besides, he's not asking for much.

"But," she turned toward Bell, "I'm not sure how she can help you with that. She gets writer's block when you try to live your, um, lifestyle."

Jason turned his attention from the author to Jen. He remained on his knee but looked up at her. Jen felt a shiver work through her body as his piercing green eyes roamed up and down her length. She managed to regain her wits enough to say, "Hey, don't turn your charm on me now. I'm not a sucker any more than Katya is."

Bell stood up with more grace than she expected, and moved to stand in front of her. He stopped moving a half-inch closer to her than was comfortable, and she stepped backwards, giving away her unease. She cursed herself mentally as she watched a slow, wicked smile grow on the bounty hunter's face.

"Ah, pretty girl, you give yourself away. Do you think that I, the greatest lover in the galaxy, would miss the flush in your apple cheeks? The heaviness of your sweet breath? Why, I believe I can hear your heart beating faster, simply having me near you. If I can't impress my Creator, maybe I can please her friend to win favor."

He looked like the cat that caught the canary as he reached a hand out and caressed her cheek. Jen felt her knees go weak at his touch, and her skin burned where his fingers had been. He really was charming, and dashing. He was everything she had fantasized about, everything her usual lovers were not. He was the perfect man, as long as she didn't want a relationship with him. She found herself wishing she could have him for herself.

"Jeeze you two, get a room," Katya snorted.

"Good idea," Jason said, and without another word, he scooped up Jen in his arms and carried her toward the first room he saw.

Jen began to struggle as he carried her off, protesting weakly at his demanding behavior. Bell smacked her once, hard on the ass, and she yelped. She did not expect Bell to sweep her off her feet literally. How dare he assume she wanted to be with him? Whatever happened to common courtesy? Manners? Respect? She kicked and fought as he tossed her onto her bed and laid his blaster on her desk.

She could see every rippled muscle bulging with the strain of carrying her, and felt heat rush to her cheeks. The rugged man had a thin veneer of sweat that glistened in

the light coming from the small lamp on her headboard. The room was encased in shadow, light and dark worked together to give him a demanding, sexy look. She had read enough of Katya's work to know that what Bell wanted, Bell got. She looked up at him from her place on the bed, where he had tossed her like a sack of potatoes.

She jumped, realizing she had begun thinking in cliches. She wondered what would come next—heaving bosoms? Pooling wetness? The very thought of being the star of a humdrum, been done sex scene was enough to get her moving off the bed. Bell wasn't expecting her to fight, so she managed to grab the blaster off the desk. She blew a stray hair out of her eyes, clumsily held the blaster in both hands and pointed it at Bell's chest.

“What are you going to do now?” she asked, feeling bold.

Jason raised his hands just like any person would when a gun was pointed at them. Everything he did seemed scripted. Jen searched her mind for a way to change things, to turn the tables before she became some quivering woman who acquiesced to him. She would not play the submissive heroine to his hero. Still, he did kind of make her quiver with arousal, the bastard.

“I think the question, pretty girl, is what are you going to do? You're the one holding the blaster.” Jen nodded, then an idea came to her. She gestured with the weapon for Bell to get on the bed. “Lay down,” she commanded, sounding tougher than she felt.

Reaching into her climbing gear, she came across a few lengths of nylon rope, and proceeded to secure Jason's arms and legs to the bed, spread eagle. *I guess rock climbing has advantages*, thought Jen as she tied each knot one-handed. He pulled against the restraints, then raised an eyebrow at her.

“Well, well, here's a woman I can relate to. Kinky. I like it.” He grinned and she could not help but smile back. She was melting despite her best efforts to remain aloof. He looked a bit taken aback for all his bold talk, though. She stood there, blaster pointed at the prone man. Jen considered calling Katya in to deal with Bell, but she decided against it. He was sexy all tied up like that, and how often does one get an opportunity to meet the man of her fantasies?

“Usually, now is when we get naked.” As Jason dropped a lascivious wink at her, she felt adrenaline rush up her spine. *Why not*, she thought, *after all, he's tied up. What can he possibly do?* Nodding once, she untied one hand and both ankles, pointing the gun directly at his crotch.

“Take off your pants.” She loved watching men undress.

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Jason removed his combat boots and socks, then slid his pants off. Underneath he had on a pair of skin hugging briefs in black. "I didn't know they had briefs in Katya's stories," Jen's head swam as the situation became increasingly strange.

"Well, she usually writes me either clothed or naked, so I decided what kind of underwear I wore. For a while I walked around with nothing under the pants, but that caused chafing." He settled back against the headboard and looked at her. He wanted to know what to do next. She took a deep breath to steady her nerves and growing arousal, but before she could do anything he was on her. Somehow he had wormed out of her last tie.

She stepped backward, but he put one arm around her waist, firmly holding her in place. The other hand neatly took the blaster she held and put it down on the desk again. Then he took her face in the same hand and leaned down to kiss her on the mouth. She struggled for a moment, more with consternation than any lack of desire. She felt his lips firmly planted on hers, then his tongue begin to probe her mouth. She parted her lips to allow passage, and for a few minutes their tongues played together.

Jen felt heat rise and fall in her body, flushing her cheeks and spreading throughout her lower body. When her toes began to tingle, she parted the kiss. She looked Jason in the eye, still determined not to allow him the upper hand. She put her hands square on his chest and pushed him back down on the bed. He did not resist her, and grinned wickedly when she climbed atop him.

"You feel that, kitten? That's my secret weapon." Jen shook her head at him in mock frustration and rolled her eyes. She sat on her knees, pinning him, and felt his impressive cock beneath her.

"That's not much of a weapon, you know. You should check out my...twin cannons." She had to laugh at Jason, who eagerly pushed her shirt up with his hands, running them gently over her soft belly. She felt every rough patch as he drew his hands toward her breasts. She removed her shirt and bra quickly, wanting to feel his strong hands on her chest. He cupped her breasts, running his thumbs over her hardened nipples and making her gasp. She looked into his eyes and saw lust, and something more. He almost looked confused. Reading the look in her eye perfectly, he spoke.

"I have not been with a woman so forward before. Katya always sets me up with girls I have to convince, almost cajole. A woman has never mounted me, never helped me undress her. They all want me, but they want me to be in charge. I'm not sure what to do with you." Silence spun out between them as they contemplated each other.

“I’ll tell you what,” said Jen, surprised at her own boldness, “I’m sick and tired of nice guys who always want missionary sex without any kink at all. I want a man who is willing to do more with me, to--to play.” She trembled slightly, nervous but committed to her request.

Jason reflected for a moment, then shrugged. “What game would you like to play tonight, then?”

Jen looked around the room, buying time as she considered her options. She had always wanted to play dominatrix, but felt that might be a little much for a one night stand. Ass play? Maybe if she trusted him more. Wax play? Too hot and messy. All her fantasies ran through her mind, nearly paralyzing her with choices. She began to worry she wouldn’t think of anything now that the opportunity had presented itself, then it hit her.

Jen had always enjoyed the look of Japanese *shibari*, though she had only practiced on herself. The intricate knots, the rope wrapped round flesh, even the feel of being bound was erotic to her. She had never met a man willing to bind her, though, despite her reassurance that the binding was aesthetic, not necessarily for restraint—though the thought of restraint held appeal as well.

“Stand up, and take off the rest of those clothes.” Jen hopped off the bounty hunter and watched. Bell complied immediately, standing and shucking his t-shirt and underwear. He certainly was the ideal man, all chiseled flesh and square shoulders. His chest was hairy across the pectorals, then smoothed out until his waist. There the hair, a dark brown, picked up again and trailed directly to his genitals. Jen drank him in, and as she stared his cock hardened into a curved exclamation point.

Jen was surprised. Usually in novels, the hero’s cock sticks straight out like some kind of weird spear. Jason Bell’s cock looked shockingly normal, if a bit oversized.

Again, as though he could read her thoughts, Jason wiggled his hips to show off. “She never really described it, only the size. So I decided it would look like this. More comfortable in tight pants to have a hard-on that points up. I call it the Bell curve.” Jen’s laughter rang out in the quiet room, and soon Jason was cracking up with her.

“What next, pretty girl?”

Jen responded by unknotting the rope from the bed and winding it into a neat coil around one arm. She regarded him, one hand under her chin, thinking. “Face me, legs shoulder width apart.”

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When he obeyed, she began to wrap the rope around him in a kind of corset she had practiced before on herself. The rope wrapped around his strong chest multiple times, and at one point she pulled her red rope out of her pack to add aesthetic value.

As she wrapped she saw his eyes glaze over with pleasure. She finished the tie by binding his cock and balls, tightly but not so tight as to cause damage. Then she looped the rope back through, creating a harness. One more square knot, and she had a beautiful, bound man before her. She stepped forward and kissed him on the lips, intoxicated by his submission to her desires. He looked down at her, coming back to himself.

"This is nice." He brushed the rope with his palms, then raised his eyes to her again. "Now what?"

"Now, you do me."

Jen handed him the rope. She instructed him on how to tie her into a *kikkou*, a pattern that bound her breasts and belly, as well as looping between her legs to frame her pussy. Soon he was on his knees before her.

"You're dripping, pretty girl." Gooseflesh rose as the rope slid over her tender skin.

Jason gently dipped a finger inside her. He brought the finger to his lips and sucked, and a low hum sounded from the back of his throat. Jen shuddered and moaned in response.

When Jen was fully bound, they gazed at each other. "Now," Jason said, "I'm going to fuck you. I know you're ready for me. How do you want me?" No foreplay outside of the rope, yet Jen was more than ready for him to fill her, to fuck her. She was glad he wasn't totally submissive to her. She liked a man with backbone, as long as he did what she told him to.

She sat on the bed, then turned over and got up on hands and knees. Looking over her shoulder she said, "I want you like this. I want you to take me, and take me hard." She heard a growl issue from Jason's chest as he climbed on to the bed behind her. He grabbed her hips roughly, then slid the tip of his cock through her wetness.

"I want you to pleasure yourself, pretty girl, touch yourself while I fuck you. Do you understand me?" Jen nodded mutely, too excited to speak coherently, and reached between her legs to tease her clit with two fingers.

As she did, he slid inside her. The first stroke was gentle, all the way in and all the way out in a slow movement. She breathed in sharply as he withdrew almost all the way, then he slid back in, faster. He began to fuck her, moving in and out of her tentatively. She turned her head again and made eye contact with him.

“Jason, I said fuck me. Now fuck me.” His grin was wicked, as he responded by slamming his full length into her, then pulling out, then slamming into her again and again. The bed rocked with the force of his thrusts and she began to moan and yelp in response. No man had ever been this rough with her, despite her desire for it.

As he fucked her she could feel the rope pulling against her breasts and his balls slapping the hand she was using to touch herself. It was all too much, and before long she was coming, hard, yelling into a pillow in a vain attempt to muffle the noise. She heard him roaring in her ear, and felt him pull out of her, splashing semen all over her ass and thighs.

They both collapsed, panting and heaving.

For a while, Jen drifted on waves of pleasure. Bit by bit, she came back to herself, realizing she had just acted out a fantasy with a character from a book. The impossibility of her situation began to dawn on her, and she wondered if it had all been some kind of dream. She could feel the weight of the man beside her, hear him snoring lightly.

Typical, she smirked, then grinned wider as she realized this was no dream. When the banging began on her door, she half expected Bell to vanish, but he remained passed out beside her.

“Jen, are you okay?” Katya continued her incessant pounding, pulling Jen out of bed. She grabbed her bathrobe, covering the intricate rope design as well as her naked body.

“What?” Jen asked.

“Well, I heard so much noise, than nothing at all. I started to worry maybe he did something to you...” Katya trailed off, staring at Bell’s prone form with the rope corset still in place. “What the hell happened in here? I knew he was seducing you, but what’s with the rope?”

“None of your business.” Jen pointedly pulled the door shut as she stepped into the hall.

“Um, okay. Look, while you were...occupied, I had an idea. Come out here.” Jen padded barefoot behind Katya into the living room. They sat down opposite each other, on either side of the Ouija Board still on the table.

“What if you wrote his stories?” asked Katya, barely containing her excitement.

“What?” Jen was still on an endorphin high.

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“I mean, think of it. You obviously find his sexuality to be an asset. If you wrote his stories, he could leave me and my characters alone. He would still exist, only in your universe, not mine.” Katya looked charged, even hopeful for the first time that night. “While you guys were in there doing whatever, I managed to write Marla out of her predicament with Bell and furthered my story along. I’m nearly done. If he comes back into the story now, he’d ruin everything!”

Jen considered her options. If she wrote about Jason, she would get to explore all her fantasies without risk of being hurt. Jason Bell might be a sexual animal, but he was not the marrying kind. He could be like her own personal plaything on paper.

Delicious scenes began to stream through her mind. Jason cuffed and collared trailing behind her on a leash. Jason performing oral services on her for hours on end. Jason blindfolding her and using various objects to tickle and tantalize her...the list went on and on. She began to feel the familiar rush of heat to her loins, and realized another thing. Any time she wanted, she could simply write his name on a piece of paper and poof, fantasy would become reality.

“I love it. It’s a great idea, Katya. Go finish your book. I’ll take care of Jason Bell.” Katya jumped off the couch and gave her friend a quick hug before hurrying back to work. Jen sat down at the computer, opened a new file and began to type.

Jason Bell looked around, shocked. A few moments ago he was snug and warm in his woman’s bed. Now he was chained to a wall in some kind of dungeon.

What the hell happened...?

Amelia June

About the Author

Amelia June writes steamy erotic stories and novels. She favors stories that leave little to the imagination and never uses words like “flower” or “manhood”. She has been writing since the age of five when she self-published her first novel “The Scary Ghost”.

Amelia lives in the desert southwest with seven--yes seven--male creatures including two children, one husband, and an array of critters. She is a student of humanity, loves eavesdropping, and prefers chocolate to just about anything.