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**Christopher Lee Carr**

*The  
Conjunction of  
Mary Moore*

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THE CONJURATION OF MARY MOORE  
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THE CONJURATION OF MARY MOORE  
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The Conjuraton of Mary Moore  
By  
Christopher Lee Carr

I gazed into the dancing flames while my awareness slowly heightens. This is all a part of my longing dream, one that will unite my sorrowful heart with my long departed beloved.

Here within my home I have consumed my inner coven with the goddess who adores all creation. She has led me here tonight to become more then a mere man, but a lover of dreams and her own maiden's kiss."

It was many years ago when the men of god stripped my passion away. My Mary Moore was a witch like no other, but those hypocrites burned her alive. I was sadly away, teaching the hidden society of pagans about the awakening of our kind, which was so near.

When I returned to our home, it had been returned to the dust from whence it came.

My heart shattered in the formation of a broken, stained glass window. Oh how I prayed a curse to bury them alive.

After all these years I have come to learn how to unlock the Underworld gates, and now it has become as one of my own. I raised my black handled dagger high into the air, only to show forth my loyalty unto our mother. All of the candles within my home burned no more. Indeed the fire before me inhaled the energies that I projected forth.

The fire became my eyes as it unlocked the hereafter. I cried out for my Mary Moore, simply praying to be with her once more. It wasn't long after my prayer that the burning flame settled down and from within came forth my one and only.

"Damien, your love still livens my soul. Oh how your long black hair reminds me of the time when our warm bodies became as one."

"Mary, you are as lovely as when I last laid my eyes upon your fragile body.

Please forgive me. If I had known what would have happened, then you know I would have died by your side."

"Damien, do not cry. Here where I wait for you to enter through these doors, I have always watched you, listing to those beautiful words that you use to sing with. Do me a favor. Will you sing that song? You know, the one about the two lovers gathering within the nocturnal hour."

Damien grabbed hold of a silver tone chalice. He drank from its bedding, and then laid it down upon the wooden floor. Next he took a few deep breaths as he took off his long sleeved, dark blue dress shirt. Damien's body wasn't anything that could impel a strong lust, but of course his hairy chest is what has always drove Mary towards her wild side.

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Do you believe in a world where religion shares each other's beauty like theses lovers do? She is a Christ like follower, while he bares love for the mother's glory. Beneath the sacred moon they share another heart warming romance with only one simple kiss."

Tragedy became their darkest hour, when her father held him high. With a noose wrapped around his youthful neck, she shed a tear like lovers do. He gazed into her soul and spoke these words, "Fear not my oncoming death, for I shall always remain within your heart. Remember me and I will always be with you".

And so she spoke unto him. "My love for you will carry me through as I embrace a quickening death."

Her eyes held a love that no man could bury in time, not when their love is so very true. He fell to his death, ending what should have been a memory to a waking life, until hatred possessed their weak and defiled minds. Within a couple of years she was no longer a girl, and now she was a woman, one that couldn't let go of her dear lover's name. After she climbed to the heavens, she sung this song and simply fell to her

death.

When she opened her sea blue eyes, there he was, holding a blood red rose. With one kiss, they became as one and never did they shed a tear, not when they are together like lovers.

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Mary passed through the fire while her spirit evolved into a human body. Her breasts were as an average woman's, not too small and not so big. Sweat ran down her thin smooth legs, and then her long red hair fell upon her shoulders.

Damien became overwhelmed by thrilling emotions. He hadn't seen his wife's beautiful body in so many of years.

She moved her face towards Damien's rough bearded cheeks and laid her warm hands upon his chest. Mary played with his chest hair, twirling them around her index finger. Next she slid her tongue into his mouth, slowly embracing each other and rousing vibrations until Damien no longer had any pants to cover his excitement.

"How can this be? You're a spirit. Mary, tell me what's going on?"

"Damien, when you sang our song, you used all of your soul's energy and embodied it with my spirit. By doing so you've revealed unto our mother that your love for me is stronger than the gods themselves," Mary whispered into his ear.

Damien let loose of his doubt and he gripped her buttocks with a soft, but rough touch. Mary let out a sigh when Damien guided her on top of his passion. The fireplace's flame grew higher with every embracing motion they created.

Mary's nipples were a dark toned pink that hardened with pleasure and beauty, and so she rose up to Damien's mouth, only to slide one of her cherries into his wet and hot mouth.

Damien Moore sucked on her breast, while Mary stroked his warmth, slowly and then quicker, but she made sure it wouldn't release, at least not until he was inside of her.

Their hearts weren't fully filled with lust, due to the reason that their love was very pure. Once they connected their body's sacredness, they fell into a dream within a dream. Their moans echoed throughout his small and poor home.

Damien had never been a man with wealth. With a heart such as his own, there was only need for hard work in his garden. The garden had been kept alive since the two of them molded it together.

Mary is able to sense everything that Damien has kept in his soul, things that always reminded him of her love. Now the time has come for their separation, a departing that will cause Damien to weep like the many years before.

When Mary transformed back into a spirit Damien tried his best to hold on to her, but nothing worked. She passed back through the fire after allowing him to know that she would always wait for him on the other side.

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After Mary entered into the Underworld, Damien's mind fell into a powerful rage. What Damien didn't know is that he had a bad heart, and as his blood pleasure rose too high, it was then that his heart gave out. Damien's soul awoke. He emerged in a world that was the most beautiful realm that he had ever seen.

It wasn't long until a soft, gentle hand turned him around. His lips became captured by another's, and when he opened his eyes, there was his oh so wonderful, Mary Moore.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Within the past five years, I haven't been able to touch an emotional and divine spark. Not being able to communicate with other people in a manner that doesn't separate me from the crowd has led me to become some what like an old hermit. By stepping into the world of romance, I have been able to raise those uniting feelings, which calls forth the days when life with another was ever so fulfilling.

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