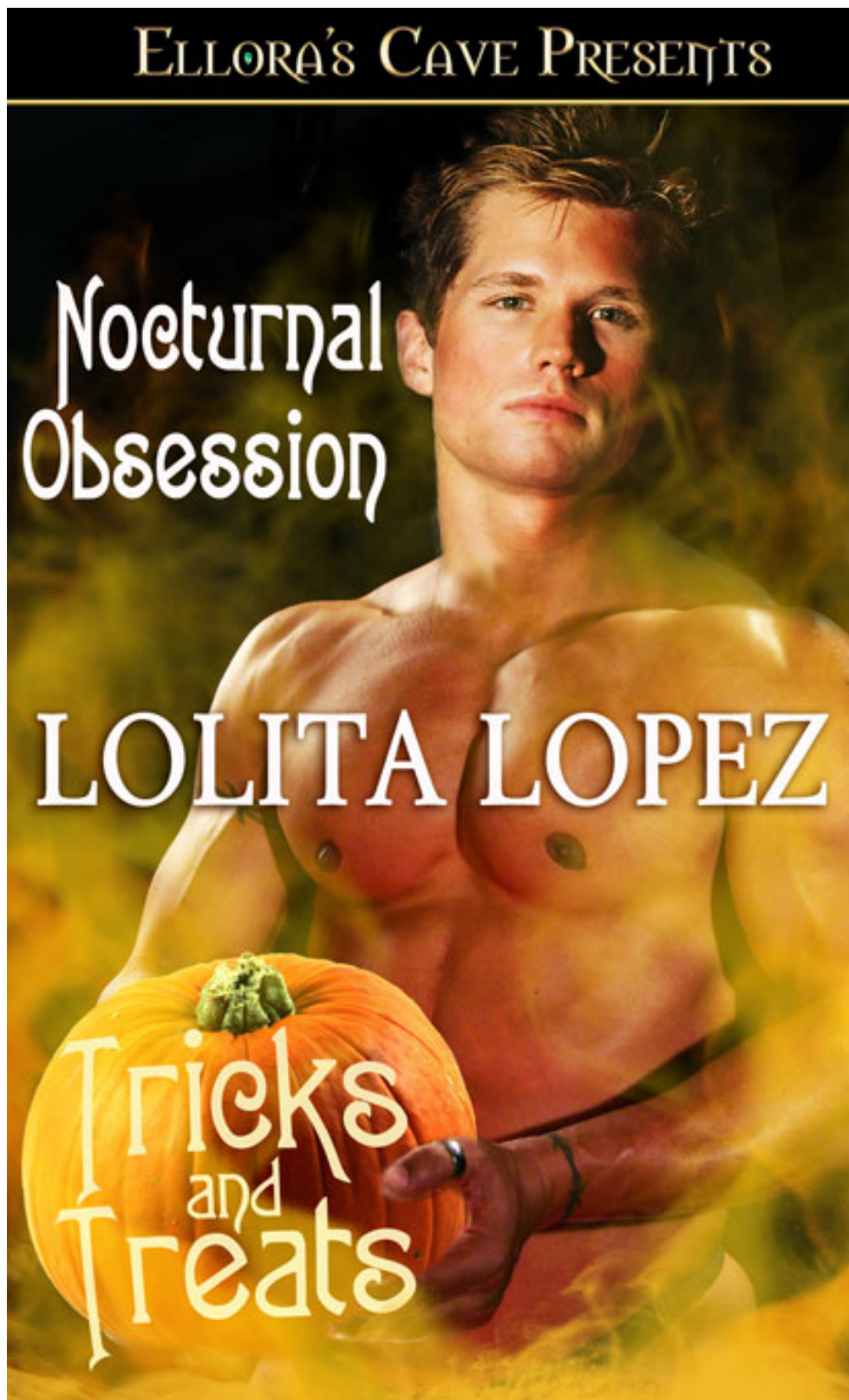


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Nocturnal  
Obsession

LOLITA LOPEZ

Tricks  
and  
Treats



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Nocturnal Obsession

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# ***NOCTURNAL OBSESSION***

**Lolita Lopez**

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## Chapter One

With her pale blue nightgown fluttering above her knees, her bare feet padded across the soft Persian carpet as she entered a room that was a veritable den of iniquity. The space was decorated in the style of a harem, yards of overlapping saffron silk draping the walls while contrasting panels of gauzy crimson curtained off an area directly across the room. Heady scents of jasmine, sandalwood and frankincense permeated the heavy night air. Lowering her eyelids, she breathed deeply, infusing her lungs with the aromatic aphrodisiacs. Smiling lazily, she opened her eyes and welcomed the rich colors and dim lighting. They encouraged relaxation, and instantly her stressful burdens began to diminish, fading away from her thoughts as she focused on enjoying the present.

Perusing the room, she approached a pair of short, square benches with tufted chartreuse cushions. Silver trays of chocolate delicacies and chilled champagne sat upon the cushions, and she obliged her sweet tooth by nibbling a square of chocolate and swallowing a tippie of the cold champagne. As she enjoyed the epicurean delights, she surveyed the room with a closer eye. To her left stood a plush sofa upholstered in stripes of orange and yellow chenille. A mosaic table in front of the sofa bore a crystal *hookah*, already assembled with a vase full of water, the *shisha* carefully packed into the bowl. On one side of the *hookah* were wooden boxes of charcoal, matches and assorted *shishas* for replenishing; on the other sat a bottle of absinthe, glasses, a bowl of sugar cubes and a carafe of ice water, everything required to mix up a perfect complement to the smoking experience.

Her champagne flute empty, she returned it to the silver tray. She crossed the room with a purpose, curious to see what lay behind the red gossamer curtains. Grasping the edges, she drew back the thin curtains and discovered a long, wide mattress resting

directly on the floor. It was covered in glossy chartreuse sheets with dozens of satin pillows in various colors scattered across it. She tested the firmness of the mattress with her toes. It gave just enough that she was seized by an urge to fall back onto it, spread eagle, but she resisted.

It was odd really, but she couldn't quite remember how she came to be in this room or why she had come here in the first place. It almost seemed familiar but, well...wasn't. It was all very confusing, and as she tried to work it out, her forehead wrinkled and she pensively bit her lower lip.

Suddenly, she was aware of another presence in the room. Innately sensitive, she listened for the telltale sounds of footsteps and extended her protective aura in a defensive gesture. She felt no danger as she slowly searched the room with her gaze and slightly relaxed her tense muscles. And then she saw him stepping out from behind an intricately carved wooden screen.

He brazenly presented his nude form, confidently striding slowly toward her. Eyes widening, she raked a surprised albeit appreciative glance across his naked body. To say that he was a genuine Adonis seemed an understatement. He radiated raw sexuality with his bronzed and toned body, angular jaw and aquiline nose. Piercing azure eyes and tousled straw-colored hair added to his captivating nature, but it was something else that captured her attention—a sizeable erection jutting forth from a tuft of blond hair.

And what a cock it was! Thick, turgid and the head already scarlet with arousal. Instinctually, her tongue stole out to lick her lips as thoughts of taking that proud cock into her mouth rushed through her mind. She imagined the feel of his hot skin against her lips, her tongue caressing the tip, his hands in her hair, gripping her face...

Her cheeks flamed with embarrassment as she realized that she was staring, and she swallowed, suddenly self conscious. Seemingly amused, he boldly met her gaze and daringly crossed the remaining space between them. Her breath hitched in her throat as he stopped a foot short of her.

"Good evening, Desi," he said, his voice a smooth rumble, his accent distinctly affluent British.

"D-Dr. Cuvos," Desi stammered, overwhelmed by the woodsy, spicy scent of his skin.

"Ian," he gently corrected. His fingertips trailed the curve of her cheek and he tilted her chin up with his fingers. "I thought we had worked that out last night. When we're here, together like this, I'm just Ian."

"Yes," Desi murmured, her heart stuttering as his fingers followed the turn of her throat and traced the outline of her collarbone.

"How was your champagne?" Ian idly toyed with the strap of her nightgown as he slowly paced around her.

"Fine," she whispered, cautiously watching as he circled her. She shuddered nervously as he stopped behind her, snaking his arm around her waist, drawing her buttocks against him. She gasped at the feel of his cock stabbing the cleft of her ass and he chuckled with amusement.

"I think I've had enough of the pleasantries," Ian said, his lips against her ear. His tongue licked the sensitive area just below her earlobe and her knees buckled slightly. He turned her chin until their eyes met over her shoulder. "I say we skip the boring bits and get right to the fun parts. What do you think, darling?"

Desi thought that sounded divine but could only manage a mute nod. She was entirely focused on the sight of his descending mouth and moistened her lips in anticipation of a kiss. Ian's lips touched hers, lightly at first, but the pressure increased as the kiss deepened. His tongue swept the small space between her lips, gently prodding its way between them. She groaned at the sensation of his tongue invading her mouth and twisted in his arms until her breasts were pressing against his naked chest. His hands drifted south from the curves of her waist, and he grabbed two handfuls of her luscious ass, squeezing and kneading through the thin fabric of her nightgown.

Moaning, Desi arched against him, her thighs clenching as hot fluid started to coat the inner lips of her pussy. Desire consumed her thoughts and she wanted nothing more than to lie naked on the bed with Ian, to have his hands roaming her body, his mouth tasting her skin. As their tongues danced, Ian worked the hem of her nightgown up over her ample hips and broke their sensual kiss just long enough to draw it past her mouth before carelessly flinging it aside and claiming her mouth once again.

In one seamless motion he grasped the backs of her thighs and lifted her from the ground. She wound her legs tightly around his waist as he carried her toward the bed. With the utmost gentility, he lowered her back to the mattress and lay down beside her, keeping one hand planted on her body as he continued to make love to her mouth. Sighing, she broke away from his lips, her eyes closed as she reveled in the feeling of his hands caressing her breasts. His tweaked a nipple with his right hand, teasing it before he placed it between his lips and swirled his tongue around the hardening tip.

Groaning, Desi bucked beneath him. The fingers of his left hand slipped between her teeth and she lightly bit them, rolling her head back in ecstasy. He shifted his position until he was leaning over her and she clutched at his ribs, running her fingernails up and down his sides. As she panted and moaned beneath him, he sucked and nipped her heaving breasts. Every time his tongue darted across a nipple, the sensation went straight to her stiffening clit as it clamored for his touch.

As if reading her mind, he flattened his palm, slowly sliding it down her front and tracing the outline of her navel before letting it settle on the fleshy mons. She inhaled sharply with anticipation as he petted her newly waxed lips. Desi lifted her hips in hopes of coaxing his fingers to touch her burning clit, but to no avail. He seemed to thrive on the teasing and moved his hand farther away from her pussy to stroke the insides of her thighs. He pressed soft kisses down her stomach, following the path his hand had taken until he was kneeling before her. He slowly parted her knees and whistled with appreciation as he trained his gaze on her glistening pussy lips.

"I can't wait to get my tongue on your clit," Ian said, his gaze locked with hers.



Desi's slick passage contracted as he spoke and her body ached for satisfaction, for his intimate touch. He situated himself between her thighs, and his hot breath fanned the delicate exposed skin. He placed feathery kisses along the sensitive insides of her thighs, delaying the inevitable and ratcheting up her anticipation for that first contact.

"Your pussy smells so good," he murmured as he inhaled the musky scent of her sex.

"Ian," she groaned, embarrassed but highly aroused by his frank statement. Desi watched in fascination as he tenderly parted the folds and revealed the shiny pink flesh. Her body tensed as she awaited that first touch of his tongue, but instead, he leisurely ran a finger up and down her slippery slit. Throwing her head back, she fought to breathe as he circled her clit and dragged his finger down to the small opening, playing at the entrance but never penetrating.

"Ian!" she desperately implored.

His icy blue eyes met hers over the gentle curve of her tummy, and he chuckled at the needy expression coloring her face.

"Say it," he instructed. "Tell me what you want."

"Please, Ian," Desi begged, her cheeks flaming at the thought of asking.

Smiling devilishly, he shook his head. "I know what you want, Desi, but I won't give it to you until you ask."

To prove his point, he started to back away from her. Slightly panicked by the thought of his ceasing, she gathered her courage. "Suck my pussy, Ian!"

"Yes, ma'am," Ian replied, leering triumphantly. By the slowest of degrees, he extended his tongue and swiped the broad plank against the firm nub hidden beneath its pink hood. She bucked and groaned with pent-up need, encouraging his attention. He swirled his tongue around her clit before sucking it between his lips and wagging his head from side to side. Writhing and fisting the sheets, Desi thought she might pass out. Her stomach knotted, her calves tightened and her toes dug into the mattress as Ian

continued his expert ministrations. The wet sounds of Ian slurping her pussy echoed in the room and she closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of his tongue against her clit.

As she lost herself in the perfection of the moment, her mind wandered. Perfect as this was, she couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like if this were truly a harem, if there were a handful of men just as dedicated to her pleasure as Ian seemed to be. What would it feel like to have multiple hands and mouths on her body?

While she shuddered violently at the thought of such an encounter, she became vaguely aware of a strengthening scent in the air. Cloves, she realized. Desi thought she heard a sound from somewhere off to her right, but as she lifted her head in curiosity, Ian renewed his suckling in earnest. She quickly lost interest in the sound and returned her attention to the pleasure at hand. He slipped a finger into her pussy and she instinctively squeezed it. He made a guttural sound of approval and began moving the finger in and out while he lapped at her throbbing clit. Eyes clamped shut, she panted as an orgasm built. She was close, so very, very close...

The tingling sensation of fingernails lightly scraping her arms caused her eyes to shoot open, and she stiffened at the sight of two strange men surrounding her. They were athletic Chippendale types in black leather collars who shamelessly displayed their nakedness. The one with wavy brown hair had a distinctive Mediterranean look about him while the redheaded man looked very Midwestern with his bulky shoulders and tight abs. As if to ease her anxiety, the men smiled at her, their ethereal copper eyes shining, but it did little to lessen her fright. Desi tried to bolt upright, but it was almost as if invisible ropes were restraining her to the mattress. Who were these men, and where the hell had they come from?

"Friends of mine," Ian said, halting his licking and suckling to answer a question that hadn't been asked. "Red and Nicco," he explained as he pointed them out. His expression suddenly matched Desi's frown. "Isn't this what you wanted?" he carefully asked, his eyebrows furrowed with uncertainty.

What she wanted? How was he doing that? Was he reading her mind? And how had he fabricated men from thin air?

“Later, my love,” Ian said, smiling with amusement. “Soon it will all make sense, but for now, lie back and let us give you what you desire.”

Desi wanted to argue, but Ian returned his mouth to her inflamed clit and suddenly, none of the details mattered. She was consumed by sexual need and it clouded her judgment. Later, when her passions had been sated, she would seek answers, but for now she was determined to enjoy this for what it was—a chance of a lifetime.

Nicco, the dark-haired slave, began massaging her foot while Red lay down beside her. Surrendering to desire, Desi reached for Red and drew his mouth closer, sensually brushing her lips against his. Lost in Red’s erotic kisses, Desi gave little thought to the cool, smooth sensations wrapping around her thighs and arms. It wasn’t until Ian stopped licking and she felt that first gentle tug on her limbs that she broke away from Red’s kiss.

Sitting back on his heels, Ian watched his friends work with efficiency. Desi’s pulse quickened at the sight of the white silk ropes that the collared men were looping around her extremities and waist. Five long, braided ropes suspended from ceiling hooks wound around her thighs and waist to hold her body horizontal, while loops attached to her upper arms kept them immobile and perpendicular to her trunk. At present, the slaves were bending her legs gently until her heels touched the backs of her thighs before using a series of loops and knots to secure her legs in place. Nicco pulled a length of rope from behind a pillow and began winding it around Desi’s breasts, creating a halter-style bra of sorts.

Desi gulped, slightly terrified but mostly thrilled by the prospect of bondage. She had seen pictures of women bound in Japanese erotic bondage but never had she dared to dream that it might happen to her someday. While the ropes could be used in a

variety of increasingly restrictive and painful ways, these loops and knots were a simple introduction to the erotic art form.

When the men had finished securing the ropes around Desi's body, Ian tossed aside a pillow and pressed a button hidden in the floor. Very slowly, the ropes dangling from the ceiling began to tighten, and as the slack left them, Desi was gently hoisted from the mattress. The pressure along her arms and thighs increased, but it was far from painful. The intricate coils around her waist bore most of the weight of suspension, and she found the horizontal position freeing and highly sensitizing.

Ian stopped the hoist when she was suspended a few feet above the mattress. Almost immediately, Nicco and Red descended upon her. There were tongues on her toes and fingers, and hands massaged her ass. With fiery possession burning his gaze, Ian approached Desi with an opal nipple chain hanging from his hand and halted next to her dangling head. Her breasts were already tender and heavy from being constricted by the crisscrossing ropes, and she hesitantly eyed the clamps. Wordlessly, Ian palmed her left breast, gently at first, but increasing the pressure of his squeezing as she acclimated to the feeling of his hand on her overly sensitive skin. He licked his fingers and used his saliva as a buffer as he tweaked her engorged nipple. Her pussy pulsed as he rolled the nipple between his fingers and when he finally attached the first nipple clamp, the mixture of pain and pleasure was so intense she almost came. He just smiled and repeated the same process on her right breast.

Stepping even closer to her head, he stroked the length of his raging hard-on. Desi hungrily stared at it and Ian decided to capitalize on the ravenous look. He nudged her mouth with the tip of his cock and she willingly accepted it, widening her lips as it passed over her tongue. He pressed it halfway into her mouth before withdrawing. She licked the head and tasted the salty hint of pre-come. Even though she was technically the helpless one, he was just as turned on as she was and at this moment, completely at her mercy. A wicked smile curled her lips.

It quickly vanished as Ian tugged on the nipple chain. The pain was fleeting but it served its purpose, reminding Desi who was in charge. Still, she boldly met his gaze, almost daring him to pull the chain again. He obliged and she bucked with pleasure.

Ian abandoned the chain and placed his hand on the back of her head. He guided Desi's mouth over his cock, this time plunging it almost to the hilt. Her jaw tightened in slight panic, but one tug on the nipple chain and she was forcing her jaw to relax, to accept his cock deep into the alcove at the back of her throat. Satisfied with her response, he withdrew his cock and thrust it into her mouth again. There was no malice in his action, no desire to demean her, so Desi allowed him to fuck her face with increasing speed.

By now, Desi was so aroused that she could feel her pussy juices dripping from her thighs. Even though there were two talented tongues on her body, her clit was feeling particularly neglected, and had she been able to move her arms, she would have rubbed herself to aid in reaching the release she wantonly craved. Ian seemed to sense her desperation and as he continued to thrust in and out of her mouth, he made a gesture in Red's direction. Red nodded dutifully and assumed a position between Desi's thighs. Nicco remained by Desi's feet and continued suckling her toes and kneading her arches with his thumbs.

Desi whimpered pitifully as Red probed the folds of her pussy with his pointed tongue, licking around the hood of her clitoris before circling the bud with more direct pressure. The competing sensations of Nicco's suckling and Red's insistent licks caused tiny quakes in her lower belly, and she bucked when Red buried a pair of fingers up to the knuckles in her swollen pussy. Moaning wildly around Ian's cock, she felt her pussy clenching in rhythm with Ian's thrusts.

Quivering and shaking, she was overwhelmed by pleasure. Each suckled toe was bested by a tongue lapping her clit or fingers pounding her pussy. Her mouth was stretched by Ian's cock and the ropes constricting her body heightened the pleasure of each touch. It was almost too much bear. Heat bubbled in her lower tummy and her clit

became so sensitive she wanted to scream. A few more licks and she would tumble over the edge.

Red devoured Desi's pussy like a starving man. Desi's toes curled, her calves tightening, and her tummy shook. She panted and sucked air each time Ian's cock left her throat. Suddenly, she was gripped by that split-second wave of panic prior to orgasm. She unleashed a torrent of ecstasy, coming so violently that she couldn't breathe or scream. As Desi shook and clenched, Red continued licking her clit and Ian kept shoving his cock into her throat while he tightened and slackened the nipple chain.

Just as the first wave of orgasm swept through her body, Desi felt another building. She inhaled a ragged breath and cried out as Red's fingers and tongue brought her to another peak. It was absolute insanity, but Desi sacrificed herself to it, riding wave after wave of orgasmic bliss. Ian's breaths were quick and shallow now. She could tell he was close and locked eyes with him. She wanted to taste his come in her mouth, to swallow him as he pumped his seed down her throat. She wanted to milk his cock for every last drop and as she gazed into his eyes, she knew he was desperate for the same. His chest reddened with exertion and his jaw twitched. He was close. She could sense it.

"Come in my mouth," Desi begged, her pussy still quivering as Red's tongue swiped her juicy folds.

Ian growled and Desi shivered with anticipation. He was coming. He was almost—

"Desi! Wake up! It's happening again! Wake up!"

Unexpectedly, Desi was gripped by a pair of hands that began to shake her. In another confusing second, she was cruelly ripped away from Ian's cock, from the devoted attention of Nicco and Red and out of the ropes. Ian's distorted voice bellowed for her return, but it was useless. Desi was free falling, and in the next second she landed with a heavy thud. She blinked quickly, bewildered by the sudden turn of events.

"Are you okay?" Lauren asked, her forehead creased with concern. Swatches of foaming cleanser clung to Desi's roommate's forehead and cheeks, and her early

morning bed-head had been tamed with a headband. "I was washing my face when I heard you howling and screaming again. I ran in here and I swear to god, you were clawing at the walls, Desi. Are you okay?"

"I think so," Desi eventually replied, still panting and covered in sweat. Her pussy ached and her nipples throbbed, but other than that she felt fine. Horny, but fine. "What time is it?"

"A little after seven," Lauren said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I got up early to head into the library to work on my research paper." She regarded her friend with a worried eye. "You sure you're okay?"

"Yeah," Desi said, nodding weakly.

"It was another Dr. Ian dream, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Desi grudgingly admitted.

"Was it the same one as the other night? The one where he has you bent over his desk and he's paddling you while he gives it to you?" Lauren didn't even try to mask her interest in Desi's erotic dreams.

"Not exactly."

"Well, from the looks of what I saw when I came in here, whatever you dreamed about was pretty dirty. You gonna tell me?" Lauren's eyes widened and she smiled expectantly.

Desi flushed with embarrassment. She and Lauren had been friends and roommates since their freshman year of college, five years ago now, but this last encounter was a bit too intimate for her to share. "Suffice to say, it was a little out there."

Lauren pouted and huffed. "I can't believe you're holding out on me! It's already unfair that you're having all these sexy dreams. I haven't had a decent hookup in, like, six weeks, but you've fucked Dr. Ian almost every night for the past four."

"We're not actually having sex, Lauren," Desi refuted testily. "It just seems real because I'm so much more in touch with my dreams."

"If you're trying *not* to make me jealous by pointing out your witchiness, it's not working," Lauren grumpily retorted.

"Oh yes, because being a witch has made my life so incredibly fascinating and easy," Desi sarcastically replied. "You've seen what a constant burden it's been, Lauren. Balancing my college education with my witch duties hasn't been easy, and believe me, this dream thing may seem exciting to you but it's actually rather annoying. Dreams are a place for us to process the stress and uncertainties of daily life, but instead of me processing stress, I've got Dr. Ian running me through an Anaïs Nin play-by-play."

"Better Anaïs Nin than the Marquis de Sade," Lauren teased, dampening the conflict between them.

Desi rolled her eyes but agreed. "True, but still..." She sighed and shook her head. "I wish I'd never taken that stupid Concepts of Love seminar."

"How were you supposed to know that going to a few weeks of evening seminars would cause this much trouble? Besides," Lauren shrugged, "it was a good class. We learned a lot and Dr. Ian is an amazing philosophy professor."

Unable to argue Lauren's points, Desi shrugged her shoulders instead.

"Maybe this is just your mind's way of telling you that it's time to branch out, find you a man and try new things," Lauren suggested. "Like you said, our dreams are where we work through things, and with you being a super-stressed grad student *and* witch, you tend to overlook the romance department. It probably doesn't help that today is Halloween. You're probably tapping into some kind of cosmic short-circuit."

"Maybe," Desi reluctantly agreed. It was true that she was prone to wacky experiences and power surges near and on magical days like Halloween. These dreams could be some kind of subconscious message about tending to her love life. It sort of made sense that her mind would pluck a philosophy professor who specializes in love and lust from her cache of memories to influence her dreams and actions.

Lauren rose from the bed. "You know what I think?"

"What?"



"I think you need to get laid. I mean a seriously spontaneous, dirty fuck. We've got the Moonlight Masque tonight out at the Sigma Phi Epsilon compound. You don't need a crystal ball or tarot cards to tell you that you're guaranteed to find someone."

"I don't know," Desi wavered. "Aren't we a little old for frat parties?"

"You're not even twenty-four yet! And I'm still seven months away from turning twenty-five. We wouldn't have received an invitation if we weren't invited, and anyway, we've already bought our costumes. We're going. End of story."

"Fine," Desi sighed, recognizing the folly of arguing with Lauren. Once her mind was set, there was little chance of changing it.

"Good. Well, I'm going to get dressed and head out. I'll be back around six or so. When do you get off work?"

"I have class until three and work until seven."

"We don't have to be out there until nine," Lauren said. "That's plenty of time for us to grab something to eat and get into our costumes. So I'll see you later then?"

"Yeah. Later."

Lauren nodded and strode from the room, shutting the door behind her. Desi unwillingly hauled herself from bed and walked toward the bathroom attached to her room. With every step, her thighs slid together, rubbing in the sticky cream leaking from her core, and while her clit felt inflamed, the overwhelming urge of desire was slowly fading.

Desi reached into the shower, adjusted the water temperature and then stripped. Standing in front of the full-length mirror, she took a moment to consider her reflection. She saw skin the color of toasted almonds, green eyes with honey flecks, full lips, high cheekbones and loosely curled mahogany hair that hung to the middle of her back. While not thin like Lauren, Desi hardly considered herself fat. Sure, she filled out a size twenty nicely, but as far as she was concerned, she carried the weight well on her medium frame. Others might disagree and point out the dimpling of cellulite along her thighs and the pudginess around her tummy, but Desi wasn't about to waste precious time

obsessing over the roll of flesh padding her midsection. Besides, there were women out there who would pay good money for a rack like hers. Not every woman could have 44Ds or a rounded ass that just begged to be grabbed and swatted.

Turning sideways, she admired the way her tattoos accentuated every curve. A vivid tangerine tiger lily and a flamboyantly pink stargazer overlapped one another on her right calf, a Sanskrit protection poem spanned most of her back, and she wore the All-Seeing Eye on her nape. A solid purple triquetra on her left wrist symbolized the bond she shared with her grandmother and mother. The interwoven triple points also exemplified the natural progression of a witch through the maiden, mother and crone stages.

As she faced the mirror again, Desi saw tiny marks on her nipples that had escaped her earlier notice. Curious, she drew closer to the mirror and almost fainted. It was undeniable. They were clamp marks, impressions matching the ones the clamps in her dream would have left. And was it just her imagination or were there faded lines crisscrossing her thighs, arms and stomach?

Rope marks!

*But that's not possible*, her mind screamed. It was just a dream. Or was it? If her magical upbringing had taught her anything, it was that nothing was simple when it concerned a witch.

## Chapter Two

Still seething with frustration, Ian stepped out of a frigid shower and yanked a clean towel from the nearby rack. Damn that meddling roommate! She'd thwarted his nocturnal advances four times in the last two weeks, and it was becoming most taxing. He glanced in the slightly fogged mirror and noticed the dark circles beneath his eyes, the sallow pallor of his face. He shook his head in frustration. Being an incubus was already hard work without having to deal with interrupted liaisons where his astral self was robbed of the chance to spill his seed. That exchange of fluid with his prey formed the psychic link that allowed him to feed, and without feeding, he was expending large amounts of energy with no return.

And it was draining him more than he cared to admit. Normally he would have moved on to another woman, someone without an interfering roommate. Hell, he had never fed off one woman for more than two consecutive nights in his entire existence as an incubus, but when it came to Desi, he simply couldn't stop. She was addictive, and quite frankly, he wasn't ready to give her up.

Desideria de Soto. In his opinion no other woman had been more aptly named. Desideria. *Desire*. She definitely lived up to her name.

Towel secured around his waist, he ambled to the bar and poured himself a scotch, neat, and downed it in a single gulp. He exhaled roughly as the fiery liquid rushed into his empty stomach. He refilled the glass and slumped into the nearest chair. Leaning his head back, he closed his eyes and immediately his thoughts were invaded by visions of Desi. Heat rolled through his stomach as he remembered the feeling of her hot, moist mouth wrapped around his cock, and the enticingly musky scent of her pussy filling his nostrils.

Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined that he would find his mate in Texas. Of all the places he had traveled and searched – Europe, Asia, South America, Oceania – he had never once met another quite like Desi.

Teaching philosophy at a college level was the perfect cover for an incubus. He got paid for doing something he enjoyed and, let's be quite honest, his packed classrooms were literally a smorgasbord of delicious, nubile young things ripe for the plucking – or fucking, as it happened.

In his thirteen months at the university he'd already sampled hundreds of Texas' best tarts, but he'd had a craving for something a little different. He knew that evening seminars on love would attract a different crowd than those who attended his lower-level courses. The payoff had been even better than he'd anticipated.

He'd been watching the small lecture hall fill up when she'd walked into the room that first evening of class. Sun-kissed skin, red tank top, wrinkled tan skirt with little bead embellishments and gold flip-flops. Her brown hair had been pulled up in a high ponytail with curls bouncing against her back, and the golden bangles encircling her wrist had jingled rhythmically as she walked. She had bubbled with vibrancy and had attracted the attention of just about everyone in the class that night. With every smile, Desi had enthralled him, too.

After class she'd introduced herself and as soon as their hands had touched, a jolt had coursed through him. He had been certain that she'd recognized him as an incubus just as easily as he had identified her as a witch, but she hadn't. For whatever reason, it had escaped her. That had surprised him, too.

He'd visited her dreams that night, not to seduce her, but just to watch and probe her mind for information. She had been an open book of information and he'd quickly learned that she wasn't by any means a magical novice. She'd been instructed in the Craft from birth by her doting grandmother and widowed mother and had acquired a great deal of skill in potions, divination and hexing. When her mother had later fallen in love with a New Age holistic healer, Desi had benefited from the vast store of practical

knowledge imparted by her stepmother and had shown promise as a healer. He had seen that Desi planned to found a holistic healing and pagan supply center someday. He supposed that was why she had chosen to pursue a bachelor's degree in agribusiness and a Ph.D in horticulture.

He had started seducing her in her dreams shortly after that first dream visit. Her mind contained a plethora of erotic scenarios that she secretly wanted to act out—he was merely providing the conduit for experiencing those fantasies. And of course, with every sexual tryst, he had been able to recharge his batteries. Well, at least when he was able to finish their copulations without interruption.

That was another thing that had surprised him about Desi. Usually women visited by incubi felt physically and emotionally drained the mornings following their encounters. It was an unfortunate side effect of the dream mating and yet another reason Ian frequently switched partners. Less considerate incubi often fed on women until they were killed or driven to the point of madness before flinging them aside and seeking another.

But Desi seemed to be thriving on his visits. He'd been watching her for weeks now and she was far from wilting. He couldn't explain why she was able to withstand his erotic assaults but thought that her maternal bloodline might hold the key. She was such a powerful witch that she barely missed the little bits of energy he drained from her. Until now, he'd never tasted a woman who could match his carnal desires.

He was almost too frightened to even hope that he'd finally found The One, a mortal woman who could live as his mate. Having been born of hellfire after The Fall, Ian had known only how to torment and had made the mistake of a lifetime when he seduced and ruined the daughter of an ancient Sumerian conjurer. The conjurer's punishment had been swift and of a sort that could be considered a mixed blessing.

When that primordial conjurer had drawn him forth from the pits of Hell all those centuries ago, Ian's black soul had been implanted into a human body. With his new human form, Ian had retained his incubus powers but had gained free will that would

always be tethered by the rapacious hunger for female psychic energy. From his southerly vantage point, Ian had always viewed humans as weak and simpering, but while living among them, he had become envious of all that was humanity.

Wanting Ian to suffer just as his daughter had, the ancient conjurer had included a single clause in his creation spell that would torment Ian for centuries with the promise of something he could never have.

*During the full moon's void, free of malice or duress, claim Hecate's daughter in the flesh, obtain Cupid's pledge, and forever shall you be bound like Hades to Persephone, and only then shall you escape your unnatural hunger for innocents.*

The clause was simple enough. As a witch, Desi fulfilled the role of Hecate's daughter, and if he could just convince Desi to sleep with him and declare that she loved him, Ian would finally be free. Desi was intelligent, witty and never ceased to amuse or amaze him. She was, in short, the perfect mate.

So he'd been testing the waters, visiting her dreams, giving her pleasure and teaching her to trust him. Tonight, the full moon, the Blood Moon, coincided with the moon's Void of Course—the time period between the moon's exit from one astrological sign, Aries in this case, and entrance into another, Taurus, tonight. Hardly an expert at astrology, Ian had consulted his online astrologer who assured him that the conjurer's prescribed lunar alignments occurring tonight would not happen again for another seven decades. Ian took it as an incredibly good omen that tonight was also Halloween. Surely he would find success.

He had one chance to get this right, to make love to Desi free of duress or malice and coax her to say those three little words sometime during a five-hour span that began just before one a.m. In the great scheme of things that was an incredibly short window of time. But a normal life—a loving wife, kids, a house, a dog, even a picket fence—were within his grasp, and he was about to claim them.

\* \* \* \* \*

When he arrived at the sprawling Sigma Phi Epsilon compound later that evening, the party was in full swing. The lavish ten-acre estate was crawling with thousands of co-eds, including hundreds of barely legal delicacies in tantalizing costumes. It was hard to differentiate the faces behind their costumes. For his own part, Ian had chosen to rely on an old staple—black silk pajama bottoms, burgundy smoking jacket with black shawl collar and platinum toggle fasteners, and his favorite pair of claret leather Tod's. It was a comfortable ensemble, perfect for what he had in mind this evening.

Scouring the crowd for Desi, Ian had to admit that college students were incredibly creative. There were dozens of the requisite sexy nurses, trampy witches, abs-baring firemen and velvet-draped vampires, but Ian also spotted a milk carton, a calculator, a Rubik's Cube and even a voodoo doll. It was entertaining to say the least.

Navigating through the bustling crowd on the massive flagstone patio was tricky. If revelers weren't bumping and grinding against one another to the rhythm of booming hip-hop, they were chugging plastic cups of keg beer or nursing colorful cocktails. A small, brave group had taken the plunge into the heated pool where they were doing things he hadn't seen since the days of Caligula. Curious onlookers stood along the edges of the pool to indulge their voyeuristic penchants, some of them so aroused they pawed their partners with the same insistency as those gyrating in the pool.

He shook free from the lust-induced stupor that overwhelmed him. Environments like this tested his control over his demonic side. If he wasn't diligent he might accidentally out himself as an otherworldly predator, and that just would not do. Especially not tonight, not when he was on a mission to find Desi, make love to her in corporeal form and persuade her to accept him as a mate. He glanced at his watch. It was almost midnight and he had yet to locate her. The Void of Course would begin soon, along with his five-hour window. He had to get moving.

Pressed for time, he abandoned his current method and activated his keenly perceptive senses. His second sight, a sort of infrared, scanned the teeming crowd for her. He continued walking and craning his neck as he swept the party, quickly jumping

from one aura to the next in search of hers. Less than ten minutes into his search, he found her. Through his second sight, she was a curvy black silhouette surrounded by vibrant, pulsing rainbow rings. The pure power that reverberated through Desi's aura was quite a thing to behold, but as soon as he switched back to his normal vision, he was completely floored by a most seductive sight.

Dressed like a naughty beer wench, Desi wore a miniature version of a German peasant's frock, red with black and green embroidery, over a white ruffled, short-sleeved top. A frilly white petticoat hung a fraction of a centimeter lower than the skirt of the dress, which barely skimmed mid-thigh. The corseted dress braced her midsection, lifting her breasts and displaying them over the daringly low white top. Braids, sexy white thigh-highs and a pair of black patent-leather Mary Janes completed the flirtatious ensemble.

He watched as she threw back her head and laughed gaily at some remark made by her friends. The gentle arch of her neck and back presented the heaving crests of her breasts, and he inhaled a sharp breath. His cock leapt and he consciously quelled the rush of need that coursed through him. He was overwhelmed by the need to bury his face between her breasts, to palm a cheek, to stab his cock into her tight channel.

More importantly, Ian suddenly realized that he wasn't the only one beguiled. He jealously eyed the group of men surrounding her and almost came unglued when one of them dared to reach out and sweep one of the braids off her chest, touching her bare arm in the process. As far as he was concerned, she belonged to him—and he wasn't one to share what was rightfully his.

He used his powers of persuasion to mentally push the mixed group of guys and girls to leave Desi's side. Most of them scuttled off within seconds of the time he implanted the thoughts in their weak minds, but Lauren, the roommate, was a tougher sell. Before he met Desi, Lauren was exactly the kind of girl he would have preyed upon, and in that Little Bo Peep outfit—complete with itsy-bitsy pink dress, pink fishnets and white hooker platforms—she was quite a visual delight. And yet, he gave



her very little thought beyond wanting to shoo her away from Desi. Eventually, she too succumbed to his mental will, and soon, Desi was left standing by herself. Self-assured, she didn't seem the least bit bothered by her solo status and happily sipped her drink.

He carefully considered his plan of attack. In any other situation, he would have relied heavily upon his incubus powers and simply planted a suggestion in her mind, but not tonight. He needed her to choose him of her own volition, without coercion. Sure, he could coax her with gentle words and soft caresses, but ultimately, she had to choose to make love to him. He could only hope that the many nights of pleasure had influenced her trust in him. Right now that was his only advantage.

He sucked in a long, cleansing breath and strode toward her. It was now or never.

## Chapter Three

Desi tipped her glass and finished the final few drops of her Texas Sunrise. Since she had lost the coin toss for designated driver, the nonalcoholic version was the closest she would come to tasting a Tequila Sunrise tonight. She was just about to head to the bar for another when she thought she heard her name over the din of laughter and music. Forehead wrinkled, she tilted her head and listened but didn't hear anything other than the normal sounds of a crazed co-ed party.

"Fraulein Desi?"

Startled by the sound of that oh-so familiar British voice behind her, she tensed and her heart jumped into the back of her throat. *No fucking way*, she thought. This was not happening! She was not standing there in some slutty beer wench costume while Dr. Ian, the ringmaster of her filthiest dreams, stood right behind her.

"Desi?" His warm fingers touched the naked skin of her shoulder and electricity jolted through her.

Gulping nervously, she twirled to face him. *Oh god*, she thought, knees weak. He looked positively sinful in that Hugh Hefner getup. The paper lanterns strung overhead cast their light upon the opening of his smoking jacket, highlighting the rippled ridges of his incredible abs. She wanted to trail her fingers down that washboard tummy, play with the blond happy trail that she imagined lay beneath the folds of the jacket and follow it straight down to his rock-hard –

*Focus, Desi!* she harshly reminded herself. *Words. Now.*

"Dr. Cuvos," Desi said, recovering quickly.

"Ian," he smoothly replied. "I'm not your professor any longer. You should call me Ian."

"Right. Sorry," she muttered.

He idly waved his hand, dismissing her apology. He gave her an appraising glance and smiled approvingly. "I love the costume, Desi. It definitely highlights your best assets," he said, eyes lingering on the swelling crests of her breasts.

She blushed beneath his scrutinizing glance. Was he seriously checking her out? She wanted to pinch herself to prove that she hadn't just nodded off and this wasn't simply another one of her erotic fantasies. Calm down. He was probably just being friendly. Best to play it cool.

"Thanks," she managed finally. "I like the smoking jacket. It suits you."

"I'm glad you approve," Ian purred, his sapphire irises locking with hers. "Do you come to costume parties often?"

"More often than you'd think," Desi laughed, loosening up around him. "You?"

"I seem to get quite a few invites to these kinds of things," he said wryly.

"Because the frat boys idolize you," Desi said without thinking. Her cheeks flushed as she realized her *faux pas*, but Ian laughed heartily, clearly amused by her candor.

"Is that so?" Ian asked, still laughing. "Care to explain?"

She considered playing coy, but that just wasn't her style. "Come on, Ian, you know that you're *the* epitome of a playboy. These guys see the way the girls drool over you. They want to be just like you. They want girls crawling all over them. And let's be honest here, you're the perfect bait for luring girls to these parties. They hear you're going to be here and bam!" She snapped her fingers for emphasis. "They're determined to make it here. The guys like that because it ups the odds that they'll score."

"Is that why you came here?" Ian squarely asked. "Because you knew I'd be here?"

"Hardly," Desi laughed, rolling her eyes.

"Then why?"

Mulling her options, Desi met his unwavering gaze. She could lie, but there was almost a daring quality to Ian's look. The hell with it, she decided. They were both adults. He could handle the truth if she could dish it out.

"I came here to get laid," Desi calmly, boldly explained.

"That's quite a coincidence," Ian replied without missing a beat, "because I came over here with the intention of seducing you."

It took every fiber of her being to keep her jaw from hitting the patio. Did he just say that? Did he just admit to wanting to sleep with her? She thought about the implications of his admission. She could have sex with him, *real* sex. She was almost reduced to jelly at the thought.

"So what you do say, Desi?" He was still talking. He tipped her chin with a crooked finger and ran his thumb across her pout. "Stand here for another hour making small talk or skip right to the best parts?"

Her stomach somersaulted, but before committing herself, she gauged the sincerity of his statement. There wasn't a hint of duplicity in his eyes. He was serious, she realized. He wanted her. They were surrounded by literally hundreds of horny, promiscuous girls, but he had approached her, chosen *her*. That realization thrilled her. Her mind was made up.

"Skip to the best parts," Desi stated, her voice surprisingly strong, considering the apprehension quaking in her stomach.

"Excellent choice," Ian said, grinning boyishly. He extended his hand and as soon as her palm rested upon his, he curled his fingers around it. Without a word, he turned toward the grand limestone frat house like a man on a mission. She trailed closely behind, unable to hear anything but the deafening thud of her blood pumping past her eardrums.

As they walked, she noticed curious stares in their direction. Unwilling to be fodder for the campus rumor mill, she raised her hand, whispered a quick incantation for a veiling glamour and made an inconspicuous gesture to trigger the magic. The faintest buzz of energy ensued and Ian unexpectedly cast a glance over his shoulder, his gaze confused. Desi held her breath, hoping he hadn't sensed her magic, and a second later he was facing forward again. Revealing her witch identity had always been a problem

in the past, and she didn't want to end this relationship before it had begun because of something beyond her control.

Once they entered the frat house, Ian hooked a sharp right. They walked through a sitting room, a den and a massive dining hall before reaching the industrial kitchen. In every room there were at least three, but sometimes five or more couples engaging in heavy petting and, in one case, full-on sex. The kitchen was packed with stacked kegs and pallets of bulk snack foods. Ian led her around the obstacles in their way, his body language transmitting determination. They passed a closed door, but Ian suddenly halted and retreated. He tried the door, finding it unlocked. He peered inside the room and Desi tried to see over his shoulder but couldn't. He tugged on her hand, half dragging her into the presumably empty room.

It was a spacious laundry room with ten washers on one wall and ten dryers on the other. Multiple shelves holding laundry supplies sat along the far wall and long, stainless steel tables lined the center of the room. Miscellaneous towels, mismatched socks and a pair of green boxers were scattered across their surfaces, the remnants of careless frat boys.

She heard the door lock behind her and a moment later, Ian was embracing her, his smoking jacket already discarded. It was so bizarre, but he smelled exactly as he had in her dreams. The arms clenched around her body felt exactly as they had last night. His hands felt incredibly warm against her skin, almost unnaturally hot, but she chalked it up to his highly aroused state. His tongue insistently prodded her mouth and she welcomed it into her own, groaning as it swirled around hers. His cock strained against the flimsy silk fabric of his pajama bottoms and stabbed her soft belly.

"I want to fuck you so badly," Ian growled, sucking on the curve of her throat.

"Oh god," Desi moaned, overcome with lust. He sounded absolutely voracious, and she wanted him to ravish her. "*I want you to fuck me, Ian. For real...*"

Ian spun her around and applied pressure to her back, bending her over the nearest table. Her breasts rested atop the surface and she breathed raggedly as he groped her

ass, grabbing two handfuls of her girly lace bloomers. One hand left her bloomers, snaking up to settle on her neck, and his lightly stubbled cheek rubbed against hers as he kissed the edge of her mouth. She panted loudly as his hand slipped inside her bloomers and followed the rounded globes of her ass. He tickled the cleft and she bucked. Her bloomers were damp and in a few seconds he would know just how hot she was for him. His fingers gripped the tops of her bloomers and he yanked them down around her thighs. Cold air met her blazing-hot ass cheeks. She lifted her feet as he pulled the bloomers down.

“Open your legs,” he instructed, his voice thick.

She complied. Her pussy contracted as she awaited that first touch of his fingers, but it didn’t come. She jumped when she felt his soft, wet tongue probing the folds of her pussy. She convulsed as slippery fluid gushed down the walls of her sex. No one had ever licked her from that angle, and it felt deliciously naughty. He dragged his tongue from the tip of her erect clit to the sopping wet hole and gently prodded it.

“Oh. My. God.” Her staccato cries filled the room.

“Not quite,” Ian said, a smile filling his voice as he paused his lapping to reply.

A split second later he was back at it again, licking and suckling the supple lips. Clutched by instinct, Desi wiggled her ass in an effort to guide his tongue right where she wanted it. Her legs shook as pleasure knotted low in her tummy and she gripped the edge of the table to keep from crumpling to the ground in a heap of quivering ecstasy. Ian’s hands grasped her ample hips as he gave her pussy the licking of a lifetime. She was on the cusp of exploding when he abruptly stopped. His lack of action wrangled a tortured cry from her throat, but his only answer to her rasping plea was a flat-palmed slap across the fleshiest portion of her ass.

Squirming with need, she fought to breathe as his fingers nimbly flew through the lace back of the frock’s corset closure. When the last lace had been pulled free, he spun her around and, grasping the front of the dress, pulled it down. Her breasts spilled forth, the areolas dark, the nipples tight and stiff. As he toyed with her nipples, his

mouth met hers. Tasting her pussy on his lips was an odd but welcome sensation. It joined them in a deeply erotic manner, and she swiped her tongue across his lips for more.

Consumed by the need to give him pleasure, she pressed on his chest, turning him until his back was against the table. She squatted in front of him and freed his erection. It was fully engorged, dark red and quivering. A few glistening drops shined on the head and she swiped her tongue across them. Palming his balls, she took his cock into her mouth, taking him fully on the first plunge. His hand was immediately on her head, caressing her face as she used her other hand to stroke the shaft in the opposite direction of her mouth. She lavished his cock with a combination of her hands and mouth until he was tense and panting.

“Stop. Please,” he begged, gently grasping her head.

She relented and he clutched the tops of her arms, lifting her to her feet, kissing her deeply and lifting her onto the table. She gasped as the chilly metal made contact with her blazing-hot skin, but the slight discomfort was quickly forgotten as soon as Ian’s fingers began tracing the inner lips of her pussy. He slipped one finger into her, working her slick flesh until it was ready for another. With two fingers deep in her pussy, he used his thumb to rub slow circles around her clit until it was stiff and pulsing.

“Ian,” she hungrily implored. “Please fuck me. I want your cock. I want it now.”

Growling excitedly, he shoved his cock right into her, letting the slippery wet passage swallow him. She loved the way he stretched her, filled her so tightly that her entire pussy was awakened. She felt his cock stroking places that she’d never known existed and swore that with each stroke he was rubbing against that elusive G-spot. He fucked her slowly at first, but began picking up the pace as she clutched at his forearms frenziedly. He took her right hand, brought it to his mouth and sucked on the fingers before placing it against her clit.

“Rub your pussy,” he ordered.

Her eyes widened at the unbelievably frank instruction but she did exactly as he asked. Her clit burned and it felt incredibly good to play with it. Her intimate muscles clenched his cock as it slid in and out of her. She was gasping with need, chasing her orgasm. While he thrust like a madman, Ian squeezed her swollen breasts and lightly swatted her nipples. She gasped as the stinging sensation spread through the sensitive flesh.

They were both so very close. Ian saw the way her skin was flushed pink and she noticed the rhythmic clenching of his jaw. Her toes curled around his ribs as she brought her knees closer to her chest, deepening each penetration. Fiery waves crashed through her stomach and suddenly, she was gripped by an intense orgasm. She arched off the table, screaming his name, begging him to continue fucking her. Holding his own release in check, Ian obliged.

The power of her orgasm was unbelievable and it felt like an hour had passed before she was able to relax her constricted muscles. Ian continued to pump her pussy, each thrust accompanied by clicking suction. She held onto his shoulders, locking eyes with him as he approached his orgasm. As he began to stiffen in anticipation of coming, panic clouded his gaze, but a second later it was gone.

And then something strange happened. Just as she felt hot semen spurting inside her, she watched in horror as his brilliantly blue eyes went completely black, both sclera and iris. Her heart seized in her chest as she realized what was happening.

Ian wasn't a human at all. He was an incubus.



## **Chapter Four**

"Get off of me!" Desi screamed as she placed the heels of her Mary Janes against Ian's bare chest and shoved. In a most unladylike fashion, she scrambled away from him, rolling across the table and hopping down to the floor. With the table between them, she lifted her hands in a defensive motion, gathering energy along her fingertips, ready to strike.

"Please, Desi, you have to listen to me!" Ian hastily tied the waistband of his pajama bottoms, concealing his shrinking erection. "It's not what you think."

"It's exactly what I think," Desi angrily retorted. "You're a fucking demon! You're a murderer!"

Ian balked at her assertion. "I most certainly am not a murderer! In all my centuries on this plane, I've never once drained a woman to the point of death. I'm not some cold-blooded, psychotic killer. But, yes," he said quietly. "I am an incubus. But you have to know that I wasn't trying to hurt you. I know that you're a witch, and I don't care."

"You're crazy!" Desi yanked her skirt into place with one hand and desperately tried to refasten the laces lining the back of her dress. It was impossible to do so she just left it.

"No, I'm not crazy, Desi. I fell in love with you the moment you walked into my lecture hall. We're meant for one another, Desi. I know you can feel it."

"You lied to me, and you used me, Ian! You've been invading my dreams, haven't you?"

"Yes, but it wasn't like that," Ian said, shaking his head. "I was just trying to establish trust with you, to show you the pleasure I can give you, to teach you —"

"I don't want to hear your twisted excuses," Desi shouted, cutting him off. "I'm leaving this room right now, and I swear on the souls of every de Soto witch who's

passed before me, if you take one step closer I will curse you back into the seventh level of Hell!"

Ian gulped audibly and Desi received a perverse sense of satisfaction at seeing his obvious fear. She meant what she said. A few words, a flick of her wrist and he would be right back in the sulfurous hellfire where he had been spawned. Not wasting another moment, Desi scurried to the door but paused to look over her left shoulder at him. She was shocked by what she saw in his eyes. Not fear but sadness, extreme sadness, colored his face. For the tiniest of moments, she was gripped by the need to rush into his arms, to comfort him, but then she realized that this was just another one of his tricks.

"Don't follow me," Desi said firmly. She spit over her left shoulder, completing an ancient spell for holding a demon at bay. Instantly, an invisible wall of energy sprang up between them. She grabbed the door and rushed into the hallway. She fumbled in the hidden pocket along the right side of her skirt for her key ring. Selecting the key to her childhood home, one that she rarely used, she shoved it into the lock. With a little effort she was able to break it off inside the lock, ensuring that no other person would accidentally enter the room and become Ian's next victim.

She ran from the frat house. She could only imagine how disheveled she must have looked. Her dress was untied, the skirt and petticoat wrinkled, her braids were coming loose and she had left her bloomers on the floor of the laundry room. Desi looked everywhere for Lauren until a friend of a friend assured her that Lauren had left with Roger, an old flame. Certain that Lauren was relatively safe, she rushed to her silver Civic Hybrid, frantically clicking the button on her remote lock as she approached. As soon as she was inside the car, she locked the doors, hastily buckled her seatbelt and squealed out of the parking lot.

She reached the house she shared with Lauren in record time. The second she stepped through the door, she punched the alarm keypad, but she knew that wasn't enough to keep Ian out of the house. Dashing into her bedroom, she grabbed the box of

polished agate stones that her grandmother had given her years earlier and began running around the house, placing them in every corner, whispering the proper protection spell. When the final stone was set into place, energy zipped through the air and Desi could feel a protective blanket humming around the house.

Her frantic heartbeat began to slow. The need to bathe overwhelmed her and she jumped into a scalding shower, scrubbing until her skin tingled. She wrapped herself in a bathrobe, emptied a can of salt in a circle around her bed and climbed under the covers. Her back resting against a mound of pillows, she silently cursed her stupidity.

How had she missed the blatant signs? The vivid dreams were the biggest clues, and she had simply brushed them off as simple fantasy. And come on! Dr. Ian Cuvos! Incubus. Sweet Persephone, he wasn't even trying that hard to hide his identity. She remembered their first meeting, the moment their hands had touched and that spark of power that had vibrated through her arm. Because she often accidentally discharged energy, she had just chalked it up to coincidence. What a fool she had been! She deserved everything that had happened to her.

And yet, even as she lay there, shivering and upset, there was a small part of her that was secretly excited by the prospect of being an incubus's lover. It was quite possible that he'd been lying when he told her that he loved her, but for some reason, she was inclined to believe him. That look on his face when she was leaving—that wasn't acting. Within her very core, she recognized that truth. However skewed his reasons and wrong his actions, Ian did love her. Out of millions of women, she was the one who had captivated him.

But it was pointless. Demons and witches only had a chance in stories and myths. This was the real world, and by rights, Desi should hunt Ian down and banish him. Just not tonight, she decided. She was so incredibly tired and so unbelievably heartbroken. Sleep. She just needed some sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Well, I royally fucked that one up*, Ian thought. Frustrated and growling, he tried to teleport out of the room but it was no use. And he couldn't even get close enough to the door to try to open it. Desi had hermetically sealed the room. He was a prisoner until she came back to let him out—or kill him. After seeing the blazing fury in her eyes, he wouldn't be at all surprised by the latter.

He had to admit that he had seriously underestimated Desi's abilities. He had known she was proficient, but not *that* powerful. He'd seriously miscalculated and now it was entirely likely that he'd soon find himself tossed back into the pits that he'd escaped thousands of years earlier. And for what?

For a chance at love, for something more organic, something longer lasting than unadulterated lust—that's why he'd gone through all this trouble.

He glanced at his watch. He'd wasted precious hours trying to break out of the room, but there was still time to fix this, to convince her to admit that she loved him, if he could just get out of this fucking room! It was fairly evident that she'd placed some kind of binding on the place when she'd spit over her shoulder. It was an old trick, but she'd played it well. He could only hope that the binding was purely physical and didn't involve the parallel astral planes. That was his only chance.

He hopped onto the nearest table and lay flat on his back. Closing his eyes, he inhaled measured breaths, calming his mind as he prepared to enter a trance. In mere seconds, his astral form was lifting away from his body and cautiously approaching the door. Steeled for the worst, he extended a hand, and to his immense relief, it passed right through Desi's spell and the door. He was a free man!

*At least until sunrise*, he thought glumly. Just like most spirits, he was incredibly vulnerable to sunlight when in his astral form. He had to be back in his body before dawn, but the most pressing deadline, the moon leaving her void, was even closer than that, less than an hour away. He had to hurry.

Confident in the land of Morpheus, Ian transcended time and space, using his astral form to move through the dream world on his quest to find Desi. She had easily

withstood his dream advances in the past, but she had expended quite a bit of sexual and magical energy in that laundry room. She'd have a hard time staying awake tonight.

Soon he was standing outside Desi's house. While the protective blanket was invisible in the real world, here in dreamland, the house was wrapped in orange light. Ian stopped short of touching the orange barrier, terrified that it might vaporize him. He studied the protective wall for a moment before deciding that he had no choice but to breach the barrier. He was certain Desi wasn't foolish enough to activate a deadly barrier that would kill anything that dared cross the threshold. She would have included some kind of failsafe. He was willing to bet that only malicious persons would be kept out by the barrier, and as he bore her no ill will, he felt relatively confident that he could make it through without being snuffed.

Summoning all his courage and visions of love and security to the forefront of his mind, he poked the toes of his left foot against the orange light. If he was wrong, he could live without toes much more easily than any other appendage. Just as he had suspected, he was able to freely penetrate the barrier. Once on the other side, he discovered that he was no longer standing on a well-manicured lawn, but on the outskirts of a fully blooming English garden. By the looks of the plant life it was early summer and the skies were slightly overcast, providing just enough shade to temper the summer heat. Neatly trimmed hedges formed a small square around the garden, and a pale stone path wound past antique roses, forget-me-nots, foxglove and beds of fragrant herbs.

This heavenly patch of Earth was her safe place, a dream where she sought refuge when life was particularly stressful or frightening. He moved slowly down the stone path, his bare feet making no sound. He rounded a curve in the path—and there she was, sitting on a wooden bench beneath a white arbor covered in climbing clematis. A hummingbird darted above Desi's head as she lazily turned the pages of a book, her head resting against a pink canvas pillow sandwiched between her temple and the

inner edge of the arbor. Her feet dangled from the bench, wet grass clinging to her naked toes, while the short hem of her pale yellow sundress flapped in the light breeze.

Unable to move, he stared at the angelic vision before him. Unfortunately the moment wasn't meant to last because Desi visibly stiffened, as though sensing his presence.

"You arrogant bastard!" Desi bolted from her seat and hurled the book at his head, but he blocked it with his forearm. "How dare you invade my dream! Get out!"

"Desi, please calm down," Ian pleaded, raising his hands. "I'm not here to hurt you. You must know that. I wouldn't have been able to enter the protective field if I had bad intentions, would I?"

She frowned, thrown by the question. Unwilling to admit he was right, she crossed her arms over her chest and huffed loudly. "You're a demon. You're a skillful liar. You could have fudged your way through the barrier."

"No, I couldn't," Ian refuted, taking a step closer. "I was able to pass through because I love you, Desi."

"Don't say that! You don't love me! If you loved me, you wouldn't have betrayed me, Ian."

"Look, Desi, I made a mistake and I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. You're just so beautiful and I had to have you. I wanted you so badly and visiting your dreams was the only way. I was afraid that you'd realize I was an incubus, and then you'd never give me a chance. I'm not a bad person. I needed to prove to you that you could trust me."

"You picked a really screwed up way of doing it, Ian," Desi replied angrily. "And being a good person has no bearing on this situation, either. You're a demon!"

"And you're a witch!" Ian gruffly retorted, moving closer, his anger propelling him forward.

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?"

"A few hundred years ago they were rounding up your kind, tossing you in lakes and burning you in bonfires. Sure, a handful of witches were really nasty, but they gave the entire population a bad name. It's the same thing with us," Ian explained. "People fear what they don't understand."

"Don't you dare compare my family to your...brood or whatever! We're nothing alike. You're a bunch of leeches—"

"I am not a leech!" Ian bellowed. He exhaled roughly and lowered his voice. "Yes, I feed off the psychic energy of my lovers, but I also give them immense pleasure in return. It's a fair trade, Desi."

Shaking her head, Desi covered her face with her hands. When she looked up tears shimmered in her green eyes and Ian's stomach clenched as he understood the emotional grief she was enduring.

"Why me, Ian?" she asked, sobbing softly. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because you're the only one for me," Ian confessed, his voice impaired by the lump blocking his throat. "In centuries of searching, you're the first who's ever matched me. You've been able to withstand my feedings. You're invigorated by them. I can be with you without the fear of killing you." He took a careful step toward her and met her tearful gaze. "You're my only chance, Desi."

"Only chance? For what?"

"A normal life."

"Normal life?" Her forehead wrinkled as her shoulders hunched questioningly. "What does that mean, Ian?"

"It means that I can be freed from this uncontrollable urge to feed. I can have a wife, a family, kids, the suburban American dream. I want to share all of that with you—if you'll have me, of course," he added gently.

"Ian, you're asking for forever and I'm...I'm not ready for that," Desi admitted, dashing his hopes. Guilt-ridden, she chewed her lower lip. "Maybe someday I might be

able to give you forever, but not now. We barely know one another. There's no rush, Ian."

"Funny thing," Ian bitterly laughed. "There is a rush."

"How so?" Desi asked nervously.

"I was summoned into existence by a conjurer. The only way for me to be set free from his curse is for you to have sex with me, free of malice or duress, and then tell me you love me—all during a full moon's Void of Course. And I don't think just telling me you love me would work. I think we're going to have to make love again first. I'm pretty sure lying to you about my true identity was against the rules. You know, that whole 'without malice or duress' bit." He anxiously checked his watch. "But we have to hurry. This is the last intersection of a Void and full moon for the next seventy years, and the window is closing in about half an hour so you need to make a decision and—"

He abruptly stopped talking as peals of laughter met his ears. Nose toward the sky, Desi giggled madly.

"What?" Ian asked, clearly annoyed. "What's so goddamn funny?"

"You are," Desi laughed, hugging her sides as she drew near him.

"I'm glad you find my pain and suffering so hilarious," Ian sarcastically snapped.

"Calm down," Desi giggled, patting his bare arm. "Who told you that full moons and Voids of Course intersected only once every seventy years?"

"My astrologer," Ian replied defensively.

"I hope you didn't pay much for the services," Desi said, still smiling. "These intersections happen quite a bit. There have been two already this year. There's no rush, Ian."

Humiliation reddened Ian's cheeks and he cast his eyes downward. That was the last time he'd use an online astrologer! "You must think I'm a bloody fool."

"No." Desi reached out and touched his stubbled chin. "I don't think you're a fool, but it's pretty clear that you're not very thorough."



"I was pretty thorough in chasing you around all evening. I can't believe I put us both through this for nothing!"

"Not for nothing," Desi disagreed. Her lips parted and closed quickly. She searched for the right words. "Ian, I like you—a lot, actually. I'm flattered by the attention, and obviously the sex is fabulous, but I just...I don't love you, yet."

"Yet?" Ian's eyebrows arched. "Does that mean you might eventually?"

"There's no 'might' to it, Ian. I'm positive that I'm going to fall in love with you. It's just a matter of time."

"Then let's do this now! We'll make love. You can tell me you love me." He placed his fingers against Desi's lips as she began to protest. "It doesn't matter that you don't love me right now. You said it yourself. You will one day."

Desi laughed and shook her head. "You're really incorrigible, you know that? Patience is a virtue, Ian. It's time to practice that. Besides," she shrugged lightly, "you need to prove yourself to me. I need to know that I can really trust you. I need to know that you're truly committed to me, that you're not going to be tempted to run off and feed on some unsuspecting woman the first time we have a fight. You need to show me that you're serious about us."

"I can do that," Ian vehemently promised. "I can be a one-woman incubus, *your* incubus."

"Good." Desi smiled encouragingly and intertwined her fingers with his. Her lavender scent filled the air as they embraced, her cheek pressed against his bare chest. As they shared a steamy kiss, Ian's hands followed the natural curve of her back before settling on the fleshy mounds hidden beneath a fine layer of yellow linen. Giggling, Desi broke free from the kiss. "You know, Ian, relationships are about substance. It can't always be about the sex."

"You're right," Ian agreed, grinning slyly. "What about a ninety-ten split? I think I can control myself ten percent of the time."

"You're hopeless."

Ian didn't argue. He planted a long, loving kiss on her mouth, enjoying the softness of her form molded against his. He could stay like this forever, holding her, loving her...

Except that he couldn't. Not if he didn't want to be dust at sunrise.

"Desi," Ian said between kisses.

"Yes?"

"Do you think you could maybe undo the binding on the laundry room back at the frat house? I'd like to continue this, but I've got to hop back into my body before sunrise. Otherwise, it's going to be poof! No more Ian."

Desi closed her eyes for a moment and Ian felt the electric vibrations her body radiated. "It's done," she said, opening her eyes.

"Thank you," Ian said, kissing her again. "I'll be right back..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Desi stumbled forward slightly as Ian disappeared in the middle of their kiss. She felt a strange tug behind her navel and then she was tumbling out of her dream. Her eyelids fluttered open and she saw only the light blue walls of her bedroom. Pale orange early morning sunlight filtered through the curtains, and she was seized by panic at the thought of Ian not making it back to his body in time.

Before she could sit up, a toned, bronze arm landed across her waist. She glanced over her shoulder and there he was, affectionately spooning her. Smiling happily, Desi snuggled her buttocks against his pelvis, wiggling her hips as she settled under the covers. She felt the first stirrings of an erection and reached between them to play with his morning wood.

"If you don't stop that I'm going to have to start chiseling away at my ninety-percent quota," Ian sleepily said, his lips brushing her ear.

Desi smiled wickedly and continued stroking the length of his shaft, encouraging it to spring to life. Behind her, Ian growled.

"I warned you."

The next second, she was on her back and her squeals of delight filled the room. Desi ran her fingertips along Ian's ribs and abdomen as he lay over her. He was solid beneath her touch. As Ian kissed her, Desi's hand drifted lower. She glued her gaze to his and used her fingers to encircle the tip of his penis before moving her hand down the shaft, deliberately slowly. He was as hard as steel and seared her palm as she deftly stroked the length of his cock. Her tongue stole out to lick his lower lip.

"Let me ride you," Desi huskily requested.

"Absolutely," Ian agreed as he grinned sexily. Wrapping his arms around Desi's waist, he flipped them over so that Desi was straddling his knees and he was reclining against the pillows with his magnificent cock standing at attention.

Desi moaned, overcome with the need to ravish him. Smirking impishly, she lifted her right knee and almost instantly, Ian groaned at the feeling of her wet labia smashed against his thighs. She rose up on his lap and with her nimble fingers wrapped around the base of his cock, Desi lowered herself onto him at a torturously leisurely pace.

"Ah..." Desi moaned as her scorching flesh swallowed him inch by inch.

Gritting his teeth, Ian fought to maintain control over his body. He was in the most enviable position a man could possibly occupy. There was a gorgeous woman astride his lap and as her hips swayed back and forth, her bountiful breasts danced only inches from his face. Ian grasped Desi's hips, guiding her belly dancer movements and reveling in the sight of her body in motion.

Bracing herself with a hand on Ian's abdomen, Desi ground her enflamed clitoris against his pubic bone, sentient of her body's needs. Feeling the telltale tightening in her lower belly, Desi hastened her rocking, alternating her up and down strokes with circles. Ian's hands moved north, squeezing the full globes of her breasts as she rode him with greater fervor.

Realizing that she was being a bit selfish, Desi decided to include Ian in her journey to orgasm and grabbed his hand. Still bouncing on his rigid cock, Desi captured his gaze and brought the fingers to her mouth, running her tongue across them.

“Desi!” Ian growled at the sight of the erotic gesture. His thighs tensed as he battled the sudden surge of excitement.

With a naughty grin, Desi guided his hand down to her clit and, as she leaned back, placed her palms on his thighs to give him better access. Taking the hint, Ian placed his thumb against the hardened nub and rubbed side to side. He could feel her pussy clenching his cock as she approached the precipice of orgasm, and her fingers bit into his hamstrings as she climaxed, throwing her head back and screaming with ecstasy.

She was still shaking from the power of orgasm when Ian clutched her waist and spun her around, desire burning low and hard in him. All he could think about was ravaging her. Addicted to the submissive nature of being claimed from behind, Desi eagerly spread her legs and rested her elbows on the mattress as Ian moved behind her. His cock nudged the dusky pink slit, and without a thought for finesse, he sank into her, burying his penis to the hilt.

Jarring with the force of their primal mating, Desi fisted the sheets as she grunted with need. Her pussy was still throbbing from release and within moments, she was once again on the verge of climax. The squeak of the bed paired with the sounds of Ian’s cock slamming into her reduced Desi to a quivering mass, and she pleaded for salvation from the torment.

“I want to feel you come again,” Ian pleaded. He knew exactly what she needed and reached around to her front, sliding his hand between her legs. It took only a few flicks of his fingertips and she was jolting with ferocity, howling into the comforter. The sound of Desi’s enraptured wailing catapulted Ian over the brink, and he roared as he came, jerking five times as his seed spilled into her.

Suddenly, torrents of blazing purple energy exploded from their bodies as they consummated their relationship. The walls shook, windows rattled in their frames and

pictures flew off the walls as the radiating waves of energy pulsed through the room. Lamps jiggled across tabletops and the TV balanced precariously on its stand. As ceiling dust trickled down, they collapsed onto the comforter in a tangle of sweaty, trembling limbs, with Desi's hair sticking to Ian's damp forehead and cheeks.

"What just happened?" Desi asked incredulously.

"The conjurer's spell, I think," Ian panted, his cock still nestled in the warm cushion of her sex. He peered at the alarm clock now dangling off the edge of a bedside table. Technically, the Void of Course had ended almost nineteen minutes ago, but somehow, for whatever reason, their mating had triggered the conjurer's clause.

Desi glanced over her shoulder at him, her eyebrows furrowed in question. "Does that mean that we're, you know, bound?"

"I honestly don't know," Ian musingly admitted before he started to pull away from her. Desi moaned and her buttocks tensed as he withdrew. He snuggled up to her back, curling his knees beneath her buttocks and winding his arm about her waist. He planted a noisy kiss on her shoulder blade before pensively asking, "Does it matter, Desi?"

She hardly considered his question before the answer was on her tongue. "No. No it doesn't."

"Does that mean that you love me?" he tentatively asked.

"I think it does," she said. "Yes. Yes it does." She turned her head until their lips met in a short, sweet kiss. "I love you, Ian. I really do."

"I love you, Desi."

Blissfully happy, Desi grinned and burrowed against Ian's warmth. Last night definitely hadn't disappointed as far as usual Halloween wackiness was concerned—but she was going to have one hell of a story for Lauren!

## About the Author

Lolita has been writing naughty tales to entertain friends for years because, seriously, how else was she supposed to fuel her co-ed procrastination? Study organic chemistry or pen a quick story for her girlfriends? No surprise that she's on a sabbatical from college, eh?

A newlywed, Lolita lives in Texas with her paramedic husband. If not snuggling on the couch with her husband while tapping away at her laptop, Lolita can be found roaming her local bookstores, sipping cocktails with her closest friends, or carrying on conversations with her favorite plants.

Lolita welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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