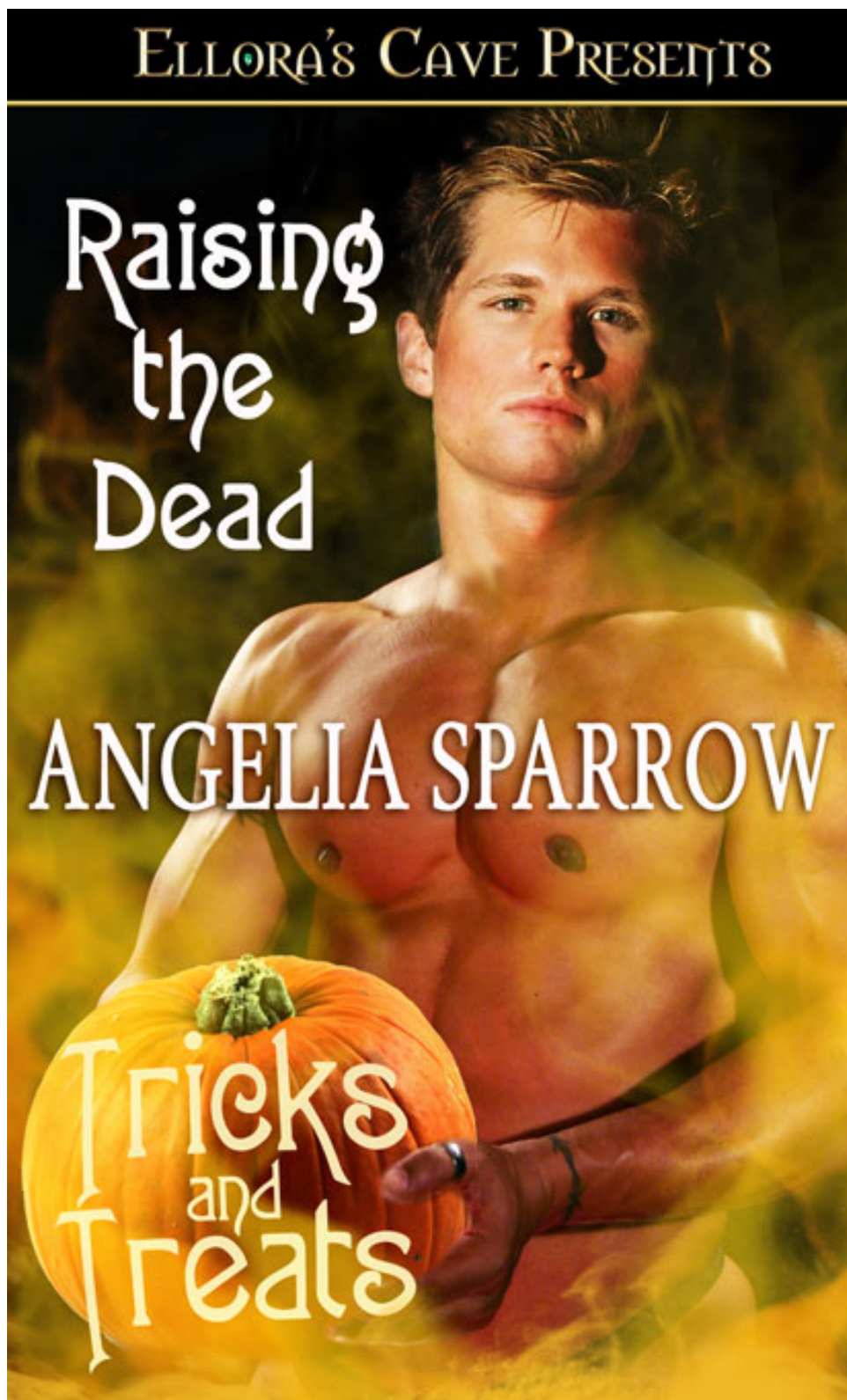


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

# Raising the Dead

ANGELIA SPARROW

Tricks  
and  
Treats



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Raising the Dead

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# ***RAISING THE DEAD***

**Angelia Sparrow**

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### *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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Ford: Ford Motor Company

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The Great Pumpkin: United Features Syndicate

Tinkertoys: Hasbro, Inc.

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## Chapter One

*Fresno Blue paused at the door of the closet, sniffing deeply and very loudly. He could smell the girl's fear: the adrenaline in her sweat and the piss in her pretty little pink panties. Fuck, he really hoped they were pink.*

*In a high sing-song voice, he started a grotesque parody of a nursery rhyme, ignoring the cooling blood that dripped down his arms to puddle on the hardwood floor. More, plenty more, soiled his flannel shirt.*

*"I love little pussy,  
her cunt is so warm  
If I vivisect her,  
she'll do me no harm  
So I'll fuck her tail  
and rip her tits away.  
Then pussy and I  
very redly will play."*

*He sniffed again and licked her rich daddy's blood off the blade of the straight razor. "One two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve," he sang. "Ready or not, here I come, princess."*

*Fresno opened the closet door*

Shane Davis saved the chapter and closed his word processor. He stretched, rubbing his hands behind his neck to work out the kink and then around to massage his jaw, which ached from hours of being set in Fresno Blue's trademark killing leer. It was

a bad writing habit he couldn't shake, just like talking to himself in Fresno's voice when stuck on his dialogue.

He'd done ten pages this morning, which wasn't bad, especially for a Saturday. It wasn't great, not his usual fifteen-page count, but given how sick he was of writing Fresno, it wasn't bad at all. There were days—more and more days recently—when he couldn't face opening the files and forcing himself back into the head of his psychopathic sex-spree killer, whose only goal in life seemed to be the single-handed depopulation the United States, one raped torture victim at a time. On those days, he wrote very fluffy gay romance as S. W. Davis, or edited for pay.

Fresno Blue was very popular. He'd bought Shane the late-model Ford sedan, the Victorian house in the historic district and a secure old age. His depredations had filled the house with nice antiques, comfortable furniture, lots of books and real art. In contrast, while Shane's lover, Victor, wrote the occasional book under the "publish or perish" dictum that governed his tenure, he seldom sold more than a few thousand copies, all to college libraries. Victor's teaching paid the utilities and bought groceries, as well as keeping Victor's ancient Volvo running.

Shane realized he missed Victor, who had spent the whole of the university fall break puttering around in preparation for Halloween. Shane indulged his lover, paying for all that he needed, amused at all the work he was putting in for such a minor holiday. Victor spent days preparing the pathway back to the garden shed, and more time cleaning the shed itself.

Papier-mâché pillars now lined the shed and contact-paper-covered obelisks marked the path from the drive to the shed. A hieroglyph-encrusted Styrofoam archway at the driveway pointed trick-or-treaters back that way. A second arch, this one with great statues of pharaohs, altered the shed into an Egyptian tomb straight out of the Valley of the Kings.

The musty, spider-ridden interior of the shed had become an immaculate, elaborate burial chamber filled with cardboard grave-goods and painted hieroglyphics, smelling

of cassia, hyssop and incense. Sconces lit the painted walls, highlighting the picture-writing, and even Shane had to admit he was impressed with it. Victor had a fine artistic flair when he wanted it.

A wooden sarcophagus, now covered in yet more carved and painted foam and foil to look like stone and gold, stood waiting in the center of the shed. Shane didn't look forward to spending Halloween lying flat on his back inside it. But for Victor he would.

He stood and stretched, only to smile as Victor came in. He watched his lover, enjoying the sight of Victor's slim, elegant body, still carrying the musty air of tweed and old books of the Williams' Boston Brahman heritage, even in the deceptive warmth of October far below the Mason-Dixon line.

When Victor came close, Shane drew him in for a kiss. It was long and slow and sweet, he tasted Victor, greeting him for the first time since they grumbled about chore lists over morning coffee. "All done for the day. Fresno talked for a good while." He nuzzled into Victor's hair, enjoying the clean smell of his lover.

Victor smiled. "That's always good, love. I've gotten the grocerying finished, and—" Victor caught his breath as Shane nibbled at his neck and earlobe.

"And I got the trash out and ran the laundry. As well as the writing." Shane chuckled when Victor gasped. "Out of words, doc?" he teased.

Victor pressed a little closer. "Never. But at the moment, I need your assistance."

"Anything you want, Vic."

"I need to cast the lid of the mummy case."

Shane nodded. "Where?"

Following Victor's directions, he lay down on the dining room table. Victor molded the chicken wire around him very carefully. The sharp ends were all taped so he didn't get cut.

"This is going to be amazing, lover," Victor insisted. "We'll use it again next year."

“Oh? Are you sure next year you won’t be doing a castle facade and making me rise from a coffin wearing fangs?”

“You would look very sexy in fangs. And good dental prosthetics, meaning you could actually bite...” Victor caught his breath at the idea, and Shane saw him flush a little.

Shane lay quietly, his eyes closed, his arms crossed on his chest as Victor finished the molding. When he felt Victor touch the wire to lift it off, he opened his eyes suddenly and hissed “I want to suck your blood,” in a thick, fake Hungarian accent.

Victor laughed as he lifted the wire frame off Shane. He bent in, brushing his soft lips over Shane’s narrow ones. Shane pulled him down, shoving his tongue hard into Victor’s mouth. He smiled a little as Victor moaned and then gagged a little from the depth. After a moment, he relented.

“Busy little whore. You’ve worked all week and not let me at your ass,” he hissed, deliberately hitting Victor’s verbal abuse kink. He seized his lover’s graying fair hair and kissed him again, just as brutally and holding his tongue deep for far too long. Victor just whimpered and went breathless. When Shane let him go, he wouldn’t look up.

Shane sat up on the table, not letting go of Victor. He pulled him in closer by his hair and gripped his ass hard, knowing Victor loved the roughness. “Professor Williams, all so proper. What would your students say if they could see you like this, whimpering and begging to be fucked like bitch in heat?” He bit Victor’s neck, just above the collar of his polo shirt. “Over the table. Anything not off when I’m ready, I cut off.” He let go and slid to his feet.

There were condoms in the drawer of his computer desk and a bottle of lubricant. Shane took his time getting them. Victor stripped fast, folding his clothes onto a chair, and then bent naked over the table, slim hips in the air, feet spread.

Shane just watched as he found the equipment by feel. Victor’s perfect, flat ass, set off by a long, deep crack, teased him, as did the lightly furred balls that dangled, almost



begging to be mouthed or fondled or slapped. The usual redness of Victor's ass had faded to pink and the last crop-welts were gone. Shane loved being on top, loved the control and loved Victor for giving him that gift. Victor always seemed more than willing to give it these days.

They'd mostly switched until last year, when Victor had been named head of the history department. The additional stress and control from his job seemed to translate into a direct need to give up control at home. Gradually, he'd stopped topping, and Shane couldn't remember the last time Victor had been inside him. He missed that a lot. Victor had revealed a verbal abuse kink and a taste for spankings that left Shane breathless and aching to do more. The first night Shane used a riding crop had been a revelation for both of them.

The day afterward, Victor had come home early from the university immediately after classes, pleading a sick headache as an excuse to cancel his office hours. He had stripped at once, revealing the welts under his staid suit. Between the blowjob, the up-against-the-wall fuck and a bare-hand spanking, he had told Shane how he'd spent all day feeling his clothing rubbing the welts and been unable to concentrate.

Shane wasn't sure Victor's ass had been its usual color since. It didn't matter. Shane loved it pink and he loved it blazing red. He even liked the occasional purple welts across it. And a whole semester of students noticed that Dr. Williams never sat down. He approached the table where Victor waited.

"You've been off since last Saturday, fuck-hole. In that time, you've only given me two blowjobs. Why hasn't it been fourteen? One every morning to wake me, one at night to help me sleep and then a fuck in the middle of the day? You're shirking. And for that, I'm going to have to punish you."

Victor whimpered again where he lay across the table, gripping the far edge. His ass flexed and Shane swallowed hard. With a beautiful target like that, it was criminal not to spank it. He opened the hall closet and brought out the paddle he'd bought earlier in the week.

He'd seen it in the window of the campus supply shop. Four feet long and slender, the paddle was intended for fraternity pledges, who added letters and insignia to it. He'd considered drilling holes in it, but had finally decided to add some letters. The Times-Roman font had deliciously sharp edges. He'd deliberately glued the letters on backward.

Victor yelped at the first blow that Shane brought crashing down. It left a wide crimson band on his upper thighs. Deeper purple letters in the band spelled "Shane's slut". A second swat followed, to a deep groan. After the third, Shane flipped it over to use the polished flat side. Seven more blows were sufficient to bring the deep rose color back to Victor's ass and Shane laid one swat, lighter than the rest, across his balls. Victor yelled at that and gagged. The legend "Shane's slut" was imprinted three times on his ass in varying degrees of redness.

Shane went and got a couple of mirrors. He gave Victor one and held up the other to show him the marks.

"And what I tell you three times is true," Shane quoted. He bent in and kissed the darkest of the "slut" bruises.

"Oh, my darling. That is ingenious." Victor looked very pleased at the result of the spanking.

"You look so sexy like this. Let's see how it feels." Shane set the mirror on the table, sparing a caress for the small of Victor's back, and rolled a condom onto his cock. He slicked himself, but not Victor, and shoved in, deep and slow. Victor whined under the onslaught but recovered quickly. Once inside, Shane just let the warm glow of the outside of Victor's well-beaten ass rest against his groin. It felt almost as good as the tightness inside Victor's ass that was gripping his cock.

Finally he moved, still taking it slowly, wanting to enjoy this. Victor's breathing grew fast now, and every so often he'd press back, fucking himself on Shane's cock. Each time he did, Shane swatted him hard across the darkest of the imprinted words.

"Mine, slut. And I'll have you just the way I want you." He eased the harshness of the words with a kiss between Victor's shoulder blades. "I love you," he whispered, kissing Victor's neck and feeling Victor shudder beneath him. "I love you so much."

"And I you, my Shane."

"Mmm." Shane nibbled and then nipped his neck. "You got your possessives wrong again. I guess that's why I'm the writer and you only publish when you have to." He bit again, deliberately leaving a mark.

Victor pulsed around him, tightening down in the way Shane liked best. Shane rose off the table, grasped Victor's hips and started fucking in earnest. He dragged his thumbs over the paddle-marks and the words, loving the way it made Victor gasp and wail. He slammed home again and again, striking as hard with his words as with his hands. He finally came with a shudder and a cry of "fucking whore."

Victor trembled beneath him. "Please, my love. Please, may I come?"

Shane looked him over and pulled out. "No. A shirking little come-dump like you doesn't deserve the pleasure. Keep pleasing me and I'll reconsider." He threw the condom away and zipped up. Shane pulled Victor up off the table to take him in his arms and kiss him. "You're okay with that?" he asked. His hand hovered at Victor's waist, ready to stroke him to completion. "Asking permission implies allowing me to refuse it."

Victor kissed him, wrapping his arms around Shane's neck. "I'm fine." He kissed Shane's mouth and then all over his whole face. "Maybe we should get me one of those chastity devices I see online. If you plan to deny me release often, that is."

Shane gave a wicked smile. He swatted Victor's brick-red ass hard. "Be a very good boy and maybe Santa will leave one in your stocking," he teased.

Victor rolled his eyes, disentangled himself and started dressing. "And Christmas is over two months away."

Shane chuckled and zipped his own jeans. "Be very sincere and maybe the Great Pumpkin will bring you one."

Victor laughed at that. Still shirtless, he closed the small distance between them and kissed Shane again. Shane could feel how hard he still was. The thin khakis hid nothing. "I can think of much better things to suck than my thumb."

"Don't push me, slut," Shane hissed, slamming him back into the wall and shoving a rough hand down his pants to twist and jerk. Victor moaned from the harsh treatment, but his cock felt like pure steel and was leaking from desire. "I'll buy you one of those cages and make you wear it and no underwear, in those worn-out jeans you use to paint."

Victor groaned again, and the wetness in Shane's hand increased. "Yeah," Shane continued, still wringing Victor's cock like a washcloth, "lock your cock in the little bitty plastic cage, and fasten the cuff behind your balls so you can't slip it. If you're really troublesome, I'll get the kind that has pointy little teeth on the cuff. Then I'll make you put on those old, old jeans, the ones with that real thin place over the crotch. Make you wear those and go out shopping, maybe with a remote-control plug in your ass that I control."

Victor actively shoved into his hands at that and Shane twisted hard as he felt the orgasm start. "And any man who sees and wants you can have you, bent over the backseat of the car." Victor came with a moan as Shane made that last threat.

Shane wiped his hands on Victor's khakis and then pressed him closer to the wall for more kisses. "Love you so much, doc. You take it all so pretty." Victor trembled in his arms, and he held on, comforting and stroking, bringing Victor up from subspace.

Victor said nothing, just kissed him back and clung tightly. Shane didn't like getting this intense. It roused something black and frightening within him, and he feared he might one day hurt Victor for real.

They stayed that way for a long time, clinging together and finding reassurance in the warmth of each other's skin. At last, Shane moved away. "Let's go out for pizza—what do you say?"

They got the pizza to go. Victor had taken one look at the hard wooden benches of their favorite pizza place, and announced his ass would not stand up to such punishment. The pizza was still hot when they got home, thick with cheese and mushrooms. They ate on the couch, watching the old Universal *Mummy* with Boris Karloff as Imhotep.

Victor started working with newspaper and glue, applying it over the chicken wire while Shane made notes for a book he was plotting. The quiet, comfortable October night settled around the house.

After the movie, Victor stretched and winced as his knees and back creaked and popped. He went to shower and brush his teeth while Shane locked up and turned out the lights. He stood naked by the bed when Shane came in. Shane stripped out of his jeans and T-shirt and caught the light switch as he crawled into bed. Victor joined him.

With no hesitation at all, Victor slid down under the covers to suck Shane's cock. There were no words, no preliminaries. Shane lifted the blankets and looked down.

"What do you think you're doing?" He was confused. Ordinarily Victor's blowjobs involved a long, sexy tease before he got anywhere near the cock.

"Exactly what you demanded of me," Victor said, before swallowing Shane's cock and sucking with great proficiency but no apparent enthusiasm.

Shane groaned a little, finding Victor's tongue as irresistible as always. With great effort, he pulled away and urged Victor up for a kiss. "Lover, no. I don't want it if you don't want to do it."

"You gave me a very brutal beating today for my failures." Shane did not like the broken look on Victor's face as he said this. "I don't want another. And you want my mouth so you should have it."

"Whoa, wait, hold on." Shane sat up and turned on the bedside lamp. He looked at Victor's set, expressionless face for a moment and then kissed it anyway. "Vic, look, I love you. I do the Dom thing because you always wanted it before now. It seemed to

make your life easier and it turned you on like crazy. If something's changed, if you're not liking it, let me know."

Victor said nothing, just closed his eyes. "You want my mouth and you should have it," he repeated.

"You're not a fucking slave. Talk to me! What is going on in your head, Vic? I didn't think one little spanking would push you like this." He softened a little. "Babe, is it work that's getting to you?"

Vic gave a slight nod.

"Talk to me, dammit! If you want to be a slave, then it's an order. If you're just my lover, then treat me like one."

"I've been asked to lead the history department for five more years. It's not an interim position like I thought." Victor's voice was still and quiet.

"Oh, doc. Can you say no?"

Victor shook his head. "Afraid not. And I'm afraid of everything in my life, it seems. I'm afraid of the position. I'm terrified of the way I need more and more of your control and pain. This afternoon...it left me quite bruised. And I loved it. I hated it but I loved it too and wanted to beg for more. Darling Shane, I came very near asking you to go lifestyle."

Shane shook his head. "No, I can't."

Victor stroked his cheekbone. "I know, love. That's why I didn't ask. I am in an untenable position in many ways. I cannot refuse a position I do not want. I am the only one with tenure at the moment, between Gunter dying so suddenly last spring, Orr not getting his tenure and Smith retiring after that heart attack. The new teachers are all so...young." He sighed. "I swear I smelled acne cream as I passed Jenkins' office. I feel out of control and overwhelmed at work, yet paradoxically, I am in charge of everything. I would like some control somewhere in my life."

"So why aren't you topping me?"

"As if you'd allow it." Victor smiled for the first time that evening. "You've been so good about topping for me, I hated to ask more of you. So I thought to please you with the blowjobs you requested and the midday seductions."

Shane kissed him. "Only if you want to."

Victor smiled again and pressed hard against his thigh. "I certainly do. I would not mind if you returned the favor either."

Shane nodded. "Now that I can go for. Unless you want to sixty-nine?" He raised his eyebrows, looking hopeful.

"On our sides, please. I do dislike being choked with too much of you." Victor scooted and turned, presenting his crotch. "Usually," he added.

He flicked his tongue over the taut underside of Shane's cock. "There are, however, times when I wish you would shove me to my knees, slam my head into your groin and fuck my face until I gag on you."

Shane moaned around Victor's cock. He loved it when the ever-so-proper professor gave way to the sensualist. He drew off to suck at Victor's balls. "Yeah, I'll do that sometime. You just keep sucking." He returned to his own oral pleasuring. He tuned out Victor's work as much as he could and tried to remember the last time he'd done this for his lover. Slowly, he figured out it had been August since his last taste of Victor's cock. He hadn't been fucked since May.

That stopped tonight, Shane decided. He sucked Victor in, going deep and hard with lots of tongue work, the way Victor loved it best. He could feel his lover's thighs trembling, and the soft little moans around his own cock were making him crazy. He sucked Victor in as deeply as he could. The clean musk smell of Victor's balls surrounded him. He cradled Victor's cock on his tongue, pressing it to the roof of his mouth in the way that Victor liked best.

Victor came, shaking a little, and Shane held it for a moment before swallowing. It had been too long. Now he moved for his own climax but never too roughly. He'd save that for another night. Victor swallowed around him and he felt all his tension escape,

pouring out of his shoulders and thighs, down into his balls and out his cock. Victor always swallowed and for the first time in weeks, Shane felt like it was something more than pure duty.

He turned around, getting comfortable on his pillow and kissing Victor over and over. "I love you. Oh, Vic."

Victor just clung to him, his arms tight around Shane's neck. "Shane. My love. My heart. Shane." His voice was a mere whisper and he punctuated his words with kisses.

Shane squirmed around and folded Victor in his arms. He met the kisses aimed for his face and added more of his own to Victor's hair, face and neck. "Vic." After a few minutes, he breathed, "You scared me. Scared me with your response, scared me for even wanting you to continue." He ran a very light hand over the topmost of the bruised words. "This was too much. I'm sorry. I won't use the paddle again."

"Don't be ridiculous, Shane. I loved it. I came into the carpet, I fear."

Shane laughed. "You really are a filthy little slut sometimes."

Victor nodded. "Will you freshen them up before school starts back? I have this appalling fantasy of being intruded upon in the restroom."

"And someone seeing the words?" Shane shook his head when Victor nodded. "No, it'll kill your career."

"At this stage, I don't give a tinker's damn about my career. I'm burned out, wiped out and coerced until I scream."

"Give it time, lover." Shane kissed him. "What's that Russian proverb you always quote at me? Morning is wiser than evening?"

Victor nodded. "Indeed. And I am tired and sore and not thinking straight."

Shane chuckled and nipped his neck. "Doc, you couldn't think straight if Angelina Jolie was naked in the bedroom."

Victor grinned and cuddled closer, with a pleased, drowsy sigh. Shane stroked his hair until he was sure Victor slept. "Love you too much, doc," he whispered.



He reached over and turned off the bedside lamp. He settled back into position and didn't let go of Victor until the morning sun woke them.

## Chapter Two

Shane watched the way Victor moved as they shopped the next day. His lover stooped carefully to get bags of candy. Victor walked cautiously so as not to hurt himself on uneven surfaces. He refused an offer of lunch at the mall food court, even when Shane tempted him with spanakopita.

"Might we go to Papachristiou's instead, please?" Victor asked.

Shane smiled. The Greek place had the most comfortable booths in town, as well as the best moussaka and souvlaki.

"Of course."

Victor was chatty over lunch. "You're not going to be a rotted-out mummy. I'm thinking we'll just make you look all Egyptian and bandage you some. Much more *Night at the Museum*, all makeup, linen and jewelry, and much less the shriveled, stretched skin and visible bones of *The Mummy*."

"Aww, you don't get to sink your fingers into my half-flesh, half-corpse face as we kiss?" Shane teased. "It's fine, really. Can we rig the DVD player so I can watch something between kids?"

"Of course, although I expect a steady stream. I'm torn between having you hold the candy while lying in the sarcophagus or just setting the candy atop the sarcophagus and having you chase the little grave robbers. There's an exit that looks like a removed pyramid block."

"After the Frankenstein setup last year, you better have about twenty pounds of candy, Vic. We're going to get inundated."

"I have fifteen. If we run low, I can always dash to the corner store for more." He took a thoughtful bite of the diplo and leaned in, the honey and cinnamon of the pastry strong on his breath. "Were we that impressive?"

"Every kid in the neighborhood recognized me until Christmas. Most of them still do. You do an amazing Gene Wilder impersonation."

Victor laughed. "Hearts and lungs are Tinkertoys!" he quoted. "I only hope I do so well with the priest routine."

Shane shot him a sly grin. "Priest or archaeologist?" he teased.

Victor snorted tea through his nose at the thought. "Oh, do not tempt me! Like every boy my age, I dreamed of a fedora and bullwhip."

Shane nodded and leaned in even closer, his voice seductive with the barest hint of a French accent. "Exactly. And I could use that on you later...doctor."

Victor shuddered, a look of pure desire on his face. "No, no, a priest is much safer, dearest."

Victor spent the rest of Sunday painting. Even Shane had to admit that the mummy case looked amazing. He helped Victor move it to the shed and position it. Once Victor was satisfied with the placement, Shane wrapped his arms around him and then pressed him against the hieroglyphed wall.

"So an Egyptian prince and his beloved priest who is bringing him back from the dead?" Victor nodded and Shane kissed him. "I like it. I mean, I thought it was dumb at first, but seeing this? It's going to be incredible."

Shane nibbled at Victor's neck. "You are so talented." Victor gave a soft moan at the stimulation. "Handsome." Shane started opening his shirt. Victor rose to meet his touch. "Brilliant." Shane felt Victor tremble as his fingers found the newly bared skin of Victor's chest. He hoped that since the verbal abuse aroused Victor, the praise and sweet words might be able to do the same.

Shane kept his kisses light, gentle and his hands moved just as lightly over Victor's chest. He bent and licked along Victor's collarbone and then sent searching fingers into the graying gingery chest-hair, the same shade as Victor's whiskers when he let them grow, teasing Victor's nipples. The soft skin crinkled and turned to hard points under his touch. Victor shivered.

"Please, lover. So sweet," Victor gasped. "You're too sweet." He pressed his crotch against Shane's hip, letting him feel the hardness under the chinos. "It's not enough. More. Please, more."

Shane kissed him, licking at his lips, playing with his mouth. "You'll have more, lover. More and better. You deserve more. And I'm going to give you better." He ignored the small shake of Victor's head. "The prince would have one last night with his beloved before the embalming process begins. Here, love. In the shed. In my tomb." He kissed Victor again. "Make love to me and let me die happy. And then on Halloween, you can raise me from the dead."

Victor looked stricken and Shane felt his erection fade where it pressed against his hip. "I'm not sure I can, Shane." He shook his head and looked at the floor. "It's been too long." He looked up, his face imploring and Shane wanted to grant him anything he needed. "Please. You know what I need." He ground against Shane in an apparent effort to arouse himself and then slammed his bruised ass against the shed wall with a low groan.

"Victor, you're scaring me again," Shane warned. His hands stayed gentle as he eased them to the floor of the shed. "You can do this." He kissed Victor's neck. "I want you inside me," he whispered. Then, he opened Victor's pants. Victor's cock was only half hard, but Shane knew how to fix that. He kissed each nipple and then licked a line down Victor's body. "Where're your skivvies, doc?"

"Not wearing any anymore." Victor caught his breath sharply as Shane's mouth kissed his cock lightly. "Easier for you to have me when you want."

Shane made an abortive movement at swallowing Victor's cock but pulled off. "Victor, I don't want a slave or a dog. I want the brilliant, creative man I love." He moved up and kissed Victor again, slow and deep, making his lover sigh. "He's in here somewhere." Shane lay atop him, kissing and stroking with relentless gentleness. "Maybe that's the corpse I should be trying to raise."

Victor shuddered and turned away from the kisses. "Please," he begged. "Please just take me."

Shane gave a soft laugh, the sound mirthless and dangerous. He recognized it as the voice he used to work out Fresno's dialogue in his novels. He straddled Victor's hips and stripped away his own clothes, taking his time. He felt the ugly sneer on his face.

"Is this what you want, then?" he whispered, before slapping Victor hard enough to slam his head to one side. He jerked Victor's face back by the chin and kissed him hard. He bit Victor's lips bloody and nipped his tongue hard enough to draw a whimper from him. Victor thrust up wildly against him, hard once more and more aroused than Shane had seen him all day. Shane had suspected as much. They'd gone too far and Victor's next words confirmed it.

"Use me. Fuck me," Victor begged, blood on his bitten mouth, his crotch rubbing frantically at Shane's.

Shane sighed in defeat. He rose and started dressing. "I love you, Victor. But it is damned difficult to love someone who is trying to be nothing." He left the shed, got in his car and drove. He didn't know or care where—he just drove.

This mess with Victor was supposed to be temporary, a mere circumstantial personality quirk that would resolve itself when the situation did. Or so Shane had tried convincing himself for the last six months. But now the situation looked more and more permanent, as did the submissive masochism that made him crazy. It turned him on but he hated it. He hated the vicious violent streak that it brought out in him. Most of all, he hated the way Victor never said no to him, not ever. He shuddered and parked in the empty lot of an abandoned factory, images and ideas he didn't want flooding his mind.

There were hazards to being a mid-list horror and thriller author, and one of them was having an imagination that made gore-meister Tom Savini look subtle and Jack the Ripper look like a piker. He saw himself sitting on Victor's chest, smoking. He didn't smoke, of course, but the mental image was strong. As the cigarette grew short, he

stubbed it out on Victor's nipple. Numerous circular scars around both attested to the frequency of the habit.

He imagined running a knife over Victor's balls and ass, shaving him and whispering threats to geld him, or even null him entirely, taking cock and balls both so that Victor would have no pleasure ever again. He saw Victor's back striped with bleeding welts and his hand laying more on it. He dreamed of pressing Victor's head to the letters in the paddle until "Shane's slut" was emblazoned on his forehead for all to see, the general public, his secretary and his students.

Shane sat and shook. He didn't want those things. But he could see himself doing all of them. He didn't want to hurt or terrify his lover. He didn't mind dominating or spanking Victor sometimes. But abuse, and constant abuse on top of it, was making him a monster.

Shane sat until he could rein in his thoughts. His hands still shook as he wiped away the cold sweat. He needed to lock himself away and write unicorn-riding elves having ethereal sex amid fields of flowers. Or sexy space cadets in zero-g. Or hedonistic computer warriors doing it in cyberspace. Anything but violence or horror or his usual work.

If he kept on with Fresno, he would end up hurting Victor. He knew that much. And worse, he knew Victor would take it, come from it and beg for it again and again.

Shane had the awful vision of Victor baring his chest and offering a knife, saying "My heart is yours. I want you to devour it so I can prove how much I love you and be a part of you forever." He shuddered.

It wouldn't come to that. It couldn't come to that. This was the real world, not one of his books. There were no toys that came to life or cannibalistic sideshow artists or vampires or werewolves or ghouls or sex-spree killers. Lovers didn't eat each others' hearts as part of a love pact. He breathed slowly, calming down.

He loved Victor. He would find his lover and bring him back. Then the epiphany hit him, leaving him staring in the rearview mirror with a goofy grin. He knew exactly

how to do this now. It might even sell. Until then, he could dominate Victor as much as necessary. But, he promised himself, there would be no more blood and no more bruises. In that direction, lay madness and wearing Victor's beautiful eyes as cufflinks.

He shuddered again and started the car, already outlining the research in his head. He had work to do, a great deal of it in a very short time, and keeping Victor on a short leash was only a part of it. He ignored the ugly part of his mind that had perked up and whispered, *A choke leash, maybe?*

Victor was painting again when he got home, finishing the last detail-work on the sarcophagus. He had closed his pants but not put his shirt back on. Shane slipped up behind him. As Victor rinsed his brush, Shane swatted him.

"In ancient Egypt, slaves went naked," he said, using Fresno's voice, letting the low harshness of it grate over Victor's skin. "I think you'd just better strip down before you make another brush stroke."

Victor jumped at the swat but did not turn. He set his paints and brushes aside and shed his pants and shoes at once, without a word. Shane snaked one hand up around Victor's throat and felt him tremble.

"I did some thinking, bitch," Shane started, hating the taste of the words. "And you're going to get everything you deserve, you nasty faker. You know you didn't deserve the fucking BA after your name, let alone the god-damned PhD And for a twisty little fuck like you to be department head, it's just laughable." Shane let out Fresno's darkest laugh, the one that only escaped in the interlude between penetrating the victim with his cock and penetrating with his razor.

Victor shook in his arms and he tightened his grip, then slid down to feel how hard Victor's cock had gotten. It was not only hard but damp at the head, and although Shane wanted nothing more than to kiss it and suck it, telling Victor how gorgeous he was and how loved, he just gave it a rough twist. "So I'm going to remind you how worthless you are, all the fucking time." Shane knew his lover's inner monologue well enough to voice it. A tear splashed on his arm.

In that instant, he wanted to turn Victor in his arms, kiss him and comfort him. He wanted to lavish his lover with fine words about his brilliance and skill. He wanted to remind Victor of his pioneering work on ancient Persia and that seminal book on hieroglyphics. But for now, the scene wasn't about what he wanted, but rather what Victor needed.

Shane shifted his grip to the back of Victor's neck and shoved him toward the house. "We need to get a few things all nice and crystal clear, cocksucker."

Victor balked at the shed door. "Shane, lover, please. I'm naked."

Shane smacked his ass, hard on the bruises. "Yeah, you are. Is that a problem, slave?" He swatted Victor again.

"No, Master," came Victor's very soft answer and he walked across the fenced back yard.

"Some night I'm going to leave you out here naked all night long," Shane threatened. "And when old man Marsh next door comes out to take his morning piss on his wife's begonias, you're going to offer to blow him." Once in the house, Shane made Victor kneel in the corner with his hands behind his neck and his legs far enough apart that his cock pressed against the wall.

The ease with which Victor took the position sent Shane to the kitchen for a glass of water and a pep-talk to his reflection in the darkened window.

"Oh, doc, what have I started?" he whispered to the tiny reflection of Victor's back. "He needs it, Shane. You know he does. He hates it and wants it too. You have to give him this, get him through this stage." Shane shot his reflection Fresno's darkest smile. "You can do this, bucko and no one else." For good measure, he added in Fresno Blue's happy laugh, the one that usually only occurred when the big man was elbow deep in blood. It was going to be a very long couple of weeks.



## Chapter Three

Suitably braced, Shane went back to the dining room and sat down. "Crawl to me and kneel between my feet," he said, his tone gentler. Victor obeyed at once.

"All right, slave, I'm going to talk and you're going to obey. First of all, no more clothes for you from the time you step in that front door until the time you step out of it. And I'll decide what you wear. You're mine and you should look good, whether you're naked or dressed. Second, you eat what I give you. If I decide to give you anything. You'll cook for us both, but only set one plate. If I let you eat, it's going to be from my hand or from a bowl on the floor. If I don't have anything for you to do, you will be kneeling in the corner, just like I taught you. If you are out of the corner, and on your knees, I want your hands on the back of your neck." Victor put them there at once.

Shane went on, "You will get no praise for what you do right. You will take all the crap I want to dish out. This is what you need and we both know it." Shane patted his face. "And what I said about blowjobs last week, goes. One in the morning to start the day, and if I don't fuck you at bedtime, I expect one at night. I'll add other things as we go. Do you understand all this?"

"Yes, Master." Victor seemed relaxed, almost calm in the situation. He actually looked pleased at the idea. He bent forward and kissed Shane's sneakers in a show of gratitude. "Thank you for taking good care of me, Master."

"No, no, no." Shane slapped him with each word. "There is no more you. You don't use the pronouns for yourself anymore. Refer to yourself only in relation to me."

"Your slave understands, Master," Victor amended hastily.

"Bedtime. It's late. You sleep on the floor."

Shane was pleased when Victor awakened him with a lavish blowjob the next morning. Just watching his lover cook naked aroused him enough for a quick fuck against the shower wall. He laid out Victor's clothes and sent him to work.

Shane was waiting when Victor came home. He'd done twenty pages: six on the latest Fresno novel his fans were clamoring for, and fourteen on the new project. This left him very pleased, since he'd spent a fair chunk of the morning doing research for the new story and his lunch break shopping.

Victor shut the door and stripped out of his clothes. He folded each piece neatly, coiled his tie and belt, and tucked his laces inside his brown oxfords. He knelt on the little rag rug Shane indicated and offered his clothes to Shane.

"So you can do something right." Shane took the clothes and resisted the urge to praise his lover. He dropped a ring gag on the mat. "Put it on." He took the clothes to their room and picked up the results of his shopping trip. His lip curled but he hid his disgust. At least it was only for a while, ten days if all went according to plan. Then he'd have Victor back.

He returned to where Victor waited. His lover was a pretty sight, with his blue eyes downcast and his wavy hair catching the end of the October sunshine, going as golden as it once had been. The gag held his soft lips and white teeth apart and Shane wanted to fuck his face. Not a sexy sweet blow, like Victor had awakened him with, but a rough claiming, one his slave could do nothing but take. That was for later.

"You have a nice neck, bitch, but it's bare." Shane smacked Victor's hands to his sides then pulled a metal strap from the bag and fitted it to Victor's neck, hooking the hasp of the padlock through a D ring in the back to secure it. He dangled the key in front of Victor. "Mine. And you'll do and be what I say until I say otherwise. If you ever ask to get out of that collar, I swear I will swallow the key and make you grub through my shit for a week to find it. Are we clear?"

Victor swallowed against the collar and put his hands back into place before nodding.

“Good. You can wear it under a shirt unnoticed. You still have to work, after all. And if anyone finds out, anyone at all, we’re through. Totally. Completely. Your things will be on the doorstep and the locks changed when you come home. That level of through.”

Victor shuddered and bent to kiss Shane’s boots. He’d put on some old pirate boots from a long-ago Halloween, thinking they seemed more appropriate to the situation than sneakers. He knew Victor imagined licking them.

Shane finally smiled down at him. It wasn’t a kind one. He pinched Victor’s nipples. “These are bare too.” Shane opened the snake-bite kit, pulling the two larger cylinders off of the smaller one. He set that one, with the cord tourniquet and the ampule of anti-venom aside. He squeezed one of the halves flat and settled the open end over Victor’s nipple. When he released it, the suction drew the sensitive flesh into the cup and Victor hissed in surprise. The little suction cups would grow more and more unpleasant over time. He checked the clock to make sure he didn’t leave them on too long. They could raise blisters. He wrung Victor’s hard cock and watched a droplet of pre-cum pearl up in the slit. “This gets decorated too.” He held up the chastity device. “It won’t fit if you’re hard, asshole. Jerk off, right here. I want to watch. Then this goes on and you lick your filthy jizz off my nice clean floor.”

Victor simply nodded and kept his eyes down. His right hand stayed behind his head, and he stroked his cock with his left. Shane smiled, a real one, but he caught himself and turned it into a smirk. Victor never looked up to see either expression. He was a lovely sight, open and naked and vulnerable, masturbating on command.

Shane circled Victor as he stroked, watching, correcting his position with taps of the crop, encouraging him to spread his knees wider, move his elbow back. Sometimes Shane just struck his lover for the pleasure of it.

Victor came very rapidly and in response, Shane laid a stripe across his balls. Victor’s cock deflated almost immediately and Shane was pleased to see his left hand went straight behind his neck to lock fingers with his right.

"You're mine now, completely." Shane closed the plastic cage around Victor's cock and hooked the anchor cuff closed behind his balls. He set a plastic zip-strip on it, sliding one end through the closure of the cuff, then threading it through the square end that held it in place. "Only I can cut you out." The internet had taught him many uses for ordinary household objects and that was much more fun than simply using the strip to hold bundles of electrical cords.

Victor only spread his knees wider until Shane saw the tendons in his thighs straining, the better to display his caged genitals. Shane knocked the snakebite kit off with the crop, eliciting gasps of pain as Victor's slightly swollen nipples were released.

"Proud of it, aren't you? Pleased to be owned, to show me how much I control you? Maybe I should get you a chastity piercing."

Victor cocked his head quizzically and looked puzzled. Shane loved that look, how his eyebrows furrowed over his nose and his mouth twisted all sideways. The latter looked most unusual with the gag.

"Hmm," Shane pretended to contemplate the idea a little more. He would never make Victor get anything pierced. He might encourage the idea later because the doc would look very sexy with a few strategically placed rings. But he would never force the notion.

"Should it be a Prince Albert locked to a guiche? Or should I just go for a deep pierce?" Victor's confused look did not vanish. Shane picked up a pen and tapped it through the bars of the cage, explaining the piercings.

"A Prince Albert goes in your slit and out the bottom." He poked the bottom of Victor's constrained cock, making it twitch. He reached under and pinched the proper spot on Victor's perineum. "And a guiche goes here." He pinched it again and saw Victor's tongue flick and heard his sharp intake of breath. "A deep pierce is a PA that comes out in the guiche spot." He pinched it very hard. "I hear it hurts a lot. Yeah, I think nice and deep for you. And then we'll see if I can get a threaded end to it so I can

twist a securement ball down tight tight tight squashing your cock like the little worm it is."

Victor simply put his forehead to the tops of Shane's boots. After a moment, he slipped his tongue out and licked at the leather. Shane stepped away, his pleasure at the show of submission warring with his revulsion.

"Go cook. I might feel generous enough to feed you tonight."

Victor rose carefully. Shane heard Victor's knees creak, reminding him that his lover was not a young man anymore. Victor walked to the kitchen slowly, his steps too hesitant. Shane laid the crop across his shoulders.

"Your master gave you an order, yet you slump and shuffle instead of leaping to carry it out. Move, slut." He watched as Victor moved more rapidly and then went to edit on Fresno until time to eat.

He caught two typos and a continuity error—there was no good reason to cut the snotty college boy's throat twice during the blowjob—but actually spent most of the time with his face buried in one hand, tapping his boot with the crop.

They had to stop. They would stop. But he would wean Victor away from this first. He should make these first three days unbearable. Then he could ease up a little. Eventually, Victor would be his collared lover, submissive but not a slave. On Halloween, he would let Victor out of the cage and collar both. And if all went according to plan, he was going to get laid for the first time in months.

He had just saved his work when Victor came and knelt between his feet, pressing one strap of the gag to his calf. Shane stroked his hair for a second and watched as Victor met his touch, glomming onto the small display of affection. He knotted his fingers in Victor's hair and rose, pulling hard.

He dragged Victor into the kitchen by his hair, and slung him toward the wall. Victor caught himself on his hands and crawled to his usual waiting corner.

Shane ate alone, barely tasting the excellent shrimp fettuccine, staring at Victor's back. He debated whether he should feed Victor tonight. The general tone of the

evening seemed to say no. He really should starve Victor tonight. Maybe tomorrow he could put Victor's food through the blender and make him lap the slurry from a dog dish. But Shane couldn't do any of those tonight, especially not the starving part.

Victor didn't eat enough as it was, not for a man of his constant activity. Breakfast was toast and tea, on days he bothered. If Shane cooked eggs or pancakes, Victor would eat three bites and fly out the door. Shane knew he usually skipped lunch to work at grading or just to read.

Shane helped himself to a second plate of the pasta. No, he wouldn't starve Victor, but nothing precluded him having some fun. This would satisfy them both.

"Come here, slave," he barked, spreading his own knees. Victor crawled to him at once. "Suck me." Shane unzipped his pants and drew out his cock so Victor could do so.

Victor stuck his tongue out through the ring and licked Shane's cock. Tempted though he was to face-fuck Victor right there, Shane kept his mind on the business at hand. He unbuckled the gag so Victor could close his mouth. When Victor pulled up to lap at the head, Shane wrapped some fettuccine around the base. "All the way down, slut. Swallow my dick."

Victor obliged quickly. Shane stifled a giggle as the noodles unwound. He tucked two shrimp atop his balls and added more when Victor went to get them. Unable to resist, Shane stroked Victor's hair and face. He'd always loved touching Victor during blowjobs. He could always beat his lover later.

The next night, he made Victor lick pureed steak and potatoes—a foul-looking mess with lettuce leaves floating atop it—out of a dog bowl. After dinner, he beat Victor until tears rolled down his face, and then fucked him long and hard until Victor begged to be freed from the cage.

For that impertinence, Shane made him sleep with his hands cuffed behind his back and his legs chained to the foot of the bed. The itching powder on Victor's cock was just the *coup de grace*.

The following morning, he freshened up the words on Victor's ass and sent him to work with the promise of a fisting when he got home. That night he made Victor eat bread and water. The fisting, although Shane was careful, left Victor a sobbing mess. Shane kicked him and made him sleep on the floor again.

By Thursday, Shane had become thoroughly sick of the whole game and breathed a silent sigh of relief to be moving into gentler treatment. Victor still stayed on his knees and naked, still ate from a bowl on the floor, but Shane let him sleep in the bed.

Thursday night, Shane sat in the living room, Victor between his feet, touching and stroking his lover. He loved the feel of him and more, he loved the way Victor met his hands and arched into his touch. After a kiss atop Victor's head, he sent Victor to finish the work in the shed and let him finish sewing the costumes too.

"Such a good pet." Shane smiled as Victor went to his knees in the hall and stripped off his work clothes on Friday. For the first time in days, he bent to kiss Victor's mouth.

The effect astonished Shane. Victor not only met and returned his kiss, moaning at the taste of him, but his arms went around Shane's neck, holding him very close.

Shane just laughed, delighted by the response. "Impertinent." He swatted Victor playfully and kissed him again. "We'll eat later. You've been so good. Such a good slave." He kissed Victor again, unable to get enough of his mouth.

Victor pressed as close as he could, almost clinging to Shane. His hands teased at Shane's hair and neck. Shane saw his words had emboldened Victor when the professor's hands slipped over his ass and then down his pants.

"Feeling frisky, slut?" Shane grinned.

Victor nodded and kissed his neck. "Yes, Master. Your slave is very frisky. Please, may I serve you?"

Shane saw that being too kind too soon would only reinforce Victor's taste for the game. He yanked Victor's head back by his hair, eliciting a startled yelp. He slapped Victor, forehand and backhand until a small cry escaped him. Shane slung Victor into the wall and flipped him around to face it.

Without mercy, he brought his hand down in a rain of blows on Victor's bruised ass, and then jammed two fingers, dry, into Victor, forcing him open.

Victor yelled in pain and Shane cringed to hear it. He kept pumping his fingers, loosening Victor.

"Just when I thought I could ease up. When I thought you might be more than a pain toy and a fuck hole. Did I really hear a pronoun out of your ass-licking mouth, whore?"

Victor sobbed against the wall. "Forgive your toy, Master. Nothing was meant by it." He hitched and yelled again as Shane crammed a third finger in, still without benefit of lubrication. "Please, Master, punish your stupid slave." He tipped his face back and entreated Shane with his eyes. "Master's undeserved kindness made a nasty fuck toy get above itself." Shane twisted his fingers, but Victor just shuddered. Another tear escaped him. "Thank you, Master."

Shane jerked Victor's head back and bit his neck hard enough to leave a mark. "For what, slave?"

"For the kindness, which your cocksucking slave did not deserve." Victor pressed his head back to Shane's shoulder. "And for the punishment, to remind your fuck toy of what it does deserve."

Shane kissed Victor's ear, his heart breaking. Victor had taken it all wrong. Things were going to be worse than ever, and no Egyptian magic would make it better. "What is it you think you deserve?" he asked, following it with a gentle nip of Victor's ear. "Tell your master and spare no details."

The stream of filth that poured out of Victor's mouth horrified Shane. The running theme was pain and humiliation, leading to complete eradication of Victor as an independent entity, leaving behind only Shane's toy. Shane wanted to silence the flow and knew he could do it with a single word. But he let Victor continue pouring out nightmares and emotional abuse. Victor cataloged acts of perversion and sexual



depravity that even Fresno Blue, who had once kept a mixed-sex pair of teen-aged twins as sex toys, wouldn't do.

During the onslaught, Shane slipped his fingers out carefully, and let Victor finish with only his body weight holding him to the wall. He kissed Victor's neck and then went to scrub. Victor hadn't moved when he returned.

Shane laid the key he carried down, turned Victor and tried to ignore the look of terrified desire when Victor saw the paring knife. He cut the lock off the cage, opened the device and set it aside. Then he unlocked the collar. "Get dressed. This ends now."

Victor trembled as he dressed, and Shane reached for a tissue to wipe away the new tears that had joined the old. Victor wouldn't meet Shane's eyes. "I understand, Mr. Davis. I'll just go pack some clothes, shall I? When I get a new place, I'll send for the rest of my things."

Shane swept Victor into his arms and wiped his face. "You always get all your exercise jumping to conclusions, doc? The abuse ends. I'm sorry I didn't bring you up from sub-space more gently, but I couldn't. It had to stop then. We go on. But if you call me Mr. Davis again, I swear I will fucking mummify you in plastic wrap and make you spend Halloween in that damned sarcophagus."

He kissed Victor, holding him very tightly. "I missed you, lover. I'm not good with house pets."

Victor smiled for the first time in days. Something in Shane lit up to see it. "It has been amazing, intense." He looked a bit ashamed. "Addictive."

Shane nodded. "I was trying to make it so bad you'd hate it."

Victor laid his head on Shane's shoulder. "I did but the horrid part is that the awfulness felt right. There are parts I will miss."

Shane laughed quietly, his own laugh, not Fresno's. "Like what? Were there any good parts?"

“When you collared me, I imagined you kissing a line along my neck above the metal. When you made me eat while sucking you.” Victor smiled more broadly. “I quite enjoyed that. You shall have to return the favor. I had hoped you would feed me by hand. It sounded very sensual.”

Shane looked glum. “That was planned for tonight. But I think we’ll just call for a pizza instead.” He relished the closeness of Victor’s body for a while. “We can sit on the floor and feed each other. You can finish your Halloween stuff. I have a deadline to make anyway. I’m almost there.”

Victor nodded and kissed his neck, the first voluntary touch of Shane’s skin in a week. “Yes. That will be nice.”

Shane kissed his ear and whispered, “I want you to read the latest piece. It’s all your fault anyway.”

Victor looked a bit surprised. Shane never asked him to read stories. He ordinarily preferred his fiction to be celluloid. Victor often referred to history as the study of convenient political fictions, and said that since he read enough of that for work, he disliked reading more fiction for pleasure. Shane let him go and stole a kiss before going to call for pizza.

## Chapter Four

Halloween was as big a success as they could have hoped. Victor had loved the story about the wise and warlike Prince Hu-ni-mer-en-ra, and his devoted temple priest, kept apart by their duties in life until they stole time from gods and politics to love, and promised each other they would be together forever in the next life.

On Halloween, a beautifully mild night, Victor told the children of the prince and his wars—judiciously leaving out the priest, Ra-ho-tep—and announced “Enter the tomb of Prince Hu-ni-mer-en-ra, the smiter beloved of Ra, if your dare,” before sending them into the shed in groups of four children and their parents. A few smaller ones were frightened enough by the man in the loincloth, bald-cap and necklace, and refused to go. Victor gave them candy himself.

Shane sat up for each group and after the jump effect had passed, handed out candy. He had dressed in the height of Old Kingdom splendor, his eyes painted and a few bandages on his torso and arms. Fifteen pounds of candy wasn’t enough. Victor had to make two runs to the corner store before eleven. The costumes had been less colorful and the kids got too old by then. A few teens Shane knew from the local theater group had come through twice, oohing and ahing at the work.

Finally, Victor turned out the torches and shut the gate. He locked the shed door behind him. Shane had gotten comfortable and was watching the newer *Mummy* on their portable DVD player. He nibbled on a miniature candy bar.

“Mmm, lovely.” Victor kissed Shane’s neck and watched over his shoulder for a minute. “You know those Arabic tattoos read ‘look at me, I’m the hottest thing in this flick,’ right?”

Shane barely turned his head. “Of course.”

"Why do you not sleep, my beautiful Hu-ni-mer-en-ra? I expected you to be quite cold."

"So you can raise me from the dead?" Shane shut off the movie and moved the sarcophagus lid before stretching out on the table.

Victor looked him over and kissed his lips. Shane closed his eyes. "Yes, my resurrection skills should be just equal to the task."

Shane shuddered as Victor ran gentle hands over his chest, accompanying them with soft, faux Egyptian chanting, some of which came directly from the movies.

Shane rolled onto his stomach when Victor turned him, fighting to keep from smiling, from having a facial expression. Victor whispered "Za-pa-ta-ne-ha! Za-pa-ta-ne-ha!" over his back, along with soft words of Osiris and Ra. Victor followed these with light breaths over each of the seven chakra points, beginning at the base of the spine.

Shane rolled back over obligingly, at urgings from Victor's hands. He lay still, his eyes closed and almost sunken-looking in the dim light of the shed. Victor breathed over the crown chakra and then kissed his whole face, whispering of the breath of life.

Shane's eyes flew open when Victor kissed him deep and hard. The kiss was closer to CPR, Victor breathing for both of them as Shane moaned under his mouth.

When Victor settled down to sit on his hips again, Shane let his tongue flicker out, playing over Victor's lips and teeth.

"Are you again among the living, my beautiful one? My own Nefertiti? The beautiful one is Come? Zapataneha, the gods speak and he lives?"

Shane lifted his hips in response, almost smirking. Victor gave a soft laugh and followed it with more faux Egyptian as he stroked Shane's cock. "I see one good quality of death remains."

Shane swore softly, but gave a louder moan.

"Seven openings of the body," Victor said. "Each needs its proper attention to return you to me."

"Yes."

Victor kissed each of Shane's ears. He whispered in each, "Sexy sensual boy. Return for my pleasure," accompanied by a string of Egyptian words. Shane tipped his head each time, inviting the words, and the small breaths that accompanied them.

Shane chuckled when Victor kissed the tip of his nose then blew gently into each nostril. The chuckles turned to moans at another of those deep, wet kisses where Victor breathed into him. He wrapped his arms around his lover.

"Drag you down into a little death with me," he whispered, biting at Victor's ear.

"Yes... The re-animator must share the death to return the life." Victor kissed him again and disengaged from his teeth. "Shhh, two more to go, sweetness. Two more to return you to me." He stripped away the hip rags from Shane, who was already hard and leaking.

Shane cried out as Victor pushed his legs back to his chest and began rimming him enthusiastically. He fought to stay quiet, knowing he was supposed to be still dead, but a few rude words escaped.

Victor laughed softly at his squirming and muffled vulgarities and licked the length of his cock. "The last gate between the dead and the living. I will open it and return you to me, then a final infusion of life and you will be mine."

Shane hissed, and his hips bucked just once as Victor sucked him in. He controlled himself, reminding himself he was dead and had to lie still. That was a true challenge as Victor sucked him deep and hard, playing a great deal with the slit and head. Shane sweated, moaning vulgarities like a prayer of his own.

"Come back to me, lover." Victor chanted a brief sentence then returned to sucking him.

Shane came with a wild cry, his hips leaving the table entirely. Victor swallowed and licked until he went soft.

"One last step, my own life flowing into you." Victor returned to rimming him, slick fingers from an unseen tube of lubricant aiding in his work. Shane hissed again, his eyes closing as Victor entered. He moved slowly and steadily. "Do you feel me?"

Shane felt the thick cock sliding all the way in, opening him for the first time in months. "Yes...fucking hell yes..." He would never give this up again if he had anything to say about it.

"Good." Victor kissed him. "Come back to me." He breathed into Shane's mouth as he came, filling his lungs. "Filled with my very essence, I summon you."

Shane let his hips buck wildly as Victor kissed him again and withdrew. He came again with a howl, to lie breathless and limp as Victor licked him clean.

Later, costumes gone, makeup showered away, they lay together in the big bed, Shane nuzzling close in Victor's arms. He ran his fingers through Victor's hair. "Next year, we'll plan even better, doc."

## Epilogue

Shane came in to the living room after popping yesterday's carved pumpkins into the oven to roast, and found Victor sitting in the gray November light, reading the printout of the story again. "Jack needs about forty minutes before I turn him into freezer glop." Victor didn't look up. Shane slipped in closer, and said temptingly, "Pumpkin pie. Pumpkin muffins. Pumpkin raisin bread."

Victor smiled up and turned to the last page of the printout. "This is just lovely, darling. Tell me your romance publisher snapped it right up."

Shane gave a half-smile and sat down on the love seat with him. "They acknowledged receiving it." His smile went full-face when Victor snuggled into him and flipped to the end of the story.

"I love this part," Victor said and cleared his throat to read. "And so, Hu-ni-mer-en-ra stepped forth from the dark of the tomb and into the light of Ra. His beloved Ra-hotep walked beside him, no longer his inferior, a slave of the gods and the pharaoh, but a living man in love."

Shane kissed Victor's bare neck. He'd locked the collar away with the rest of the toys that morning. "And are you?"

Victor leaned back into his arms. "Indeed I am. Ra's beloved smiter finally comes to the peace of Ra." He used the literal translations of the names.

Shane chuckled and kissed him. "Knew all that history would come in handy some day, doc." He leaned closer. "The smiter would take that peace into himself."

Victor nibbled at his chin. "Let the peace enter and suffuse you, darling one." He stood up and offered a hand back. Shane took it and rose, letting Victor lead him to the bedroom.

The sun finally peeked through the thick clouds, as if Ra himself were blessing them.



## About the Author

Angelia Sparrow has been telling stories for almost forty years, and writing for almost that long. She traded a library paraprofessional position for ten in the wind and the hum of the highway. She drives a semi and writes during her loading and unloading times.

Her home time is spent refereeing four kids, two cats and a husband. She crochets and knits to get past writer's block.

She has been publishing professionally since 2004, mostly paranormal romance, and has been nominated for several awards.

Angelia 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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