

SWEET SEDUCTRESS

An erotic romance novella by

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ADVANCE REVIEW COPY



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Chapter One

The gilded cuffs were tight upon Kaelyn's wrists, but did not cut into her flesh. Still, the link of chain from the bracelets to the stakes held her hands high over her head, and the manacles around her ankles kept her legs spread far apart, almost to an ache. It was necessary for her to be spread-eagled over the grassy, sandy flooring of the large cavern, with her mons exposed to the cold night. The firmness and reality of the chains would keep her focused on the sex ritual that would soon send powers into her body.

Light flickered here and there from the glowing moss hanging along sporadic sections of the stone and rock walls. Only a faint, unearthly, silvery-yellow light from the night moon crept into the opening of the cave. Kaelyn bit her bottom lip, closed her eyes and took a deep breath of the cool, musty air.

She knew she was capable of following his directive of sending him into a blissful oblivion. Her worry was that this ritual would take away his physical life. She resolved her emotions, knowing she had to watch as his body dwindled into nothingness. It was the only way her own body could receive the powers he would send into her form.

"Can you accept my last desires, Kaelyn, and the sex rituals that must come about before the powers shall fully be yours?"

Kaelyn looked up at the older man whom she'd known so well for over a decade. Zator had been her tutor, her mentor, and her friend for many years, even after his wife passed into the

other realm.

She took a deep breath and again bit her bottom lip. It was now or never. Either Zator sent the magics into her or they would be forever lost. Kaelyn vowed to use them for the benefit of other Krithnarans. She was ready to accept what needed to be done in order to become the great sorceress-healer he and Thaala believed that she would one day become.

"I am ready, my mentor, my friend."

"Then so be it, my dear Kaelyn."

Zator, she knew, would be as gentle as he could, but the transference of sexually-induced earth-magics, or magics of any kind really, were dangerous and highly emotionally involving for the participant. She had to keep her wits about her, but also let the flow of the devolution take over naturally. Otherwise, they both might die.

Then Zator would be denied his natural last-rite to cross over into the realm of *Second-Life* to be with his beloved life-mate Thaala. They had been good to her, and Kaelyn could not allow him to lose this chance at eternal bliss, so Kaelyn intended that the two lovers should be together forever. She could give them that, and deal with the consequences later.

This ritual now would help him slowly dissolve into that otherworldly plane of existence, and give him the chance to be with his wife forever. She had helped him send Thaala to the echelon of the *Second-Life* and watched the ritual being done. Now to dissolve into that spectrum of otherworldliness, she had to sexually drain the life essence from her long-time friend, as he had once done to his beloved wife Thaala.

"You have sucked slowly on the Chacao chips?" he asked.

"Yes, Zator, I have."

She knew what the dark brown colored chips could do to her should she swallow them too fast or take too many at once.

They could drive her to an insane death by sexual frenzy should she eat too many, or even a small amount too quickly. However, they were necessary to soothe her body into taking in the sex magics, and to heal her inwardly should the ritual harm her in any form. She licked her lips and tasted the chocolaty flavoring of the aromatic, teardrop-shaped herbal chip that grew on the rare Chacao bushes. She'd learned over a decade ago what herbs and plants were used in sex magic rituals and healings, as well as their other functions and uses. Now, she was glad that she had prepared for the ordeal to come.

For over a fortnight they planned this coming together. They kept their place for the transference a secret from other magical beings, lest the word leaked out and the despicable wizard Vylдор discover them. He would stop at nothing to obtain Zator's powers, Kaelyn's own natural magics, and her body. She took every precaution to make sure that their whereabouts tonight of all nights were not known. Vylдор would not win.

"Some day, my young mage," Zator said as he approached her, "some man will be very lucky to have you as his life-mate." He lowered to the cave flooring. "I appreciate the rite of passage you bestow upon me. Take my gifts of magic and send me into the *Second Life*."

"So be it," she said and closed her eyes as he disrobed.

She felt him kneel between her legs, but remained still as he shifted and touched her mons. He caressed her, examined her, and read all her physical and extrasensory perceptions. She bit her bottom lip again. Even though he wasn't her choice for a lover she remembered that they were doing this for the transmittal procedure, and to drain him of his life essence. It was the only way.

He leaned closer towards her and began licking her pussy

with long, slow, deliberate strokes. He alternated between the lengthy touches and sucking hard on her tiny bud of pleasure. Her body responded with its own basic needs, things she had not felt in some months. As he licked her, he slipped one finger at first into her vagina, testing for her readiness. After a few intense strokes, he thrust two fingers deeper into her, wetting her more. Though she felt her body respond naturally, mentally she stayed as detached as possible. She felt his cock harden against her leg as he moved upwards, licking her body, making his way to her large breasts.

She looked up at him as he moved slightly away. He took a tiny handful of the Chacao chips and gulped them whole. In moments he would be in a frenzy of lust and his body would shake with desire and death. He leaned his head over her and suckled her breast, just before he pressed his engorged shaft to her opening. With one swift movement he impaled her. She did not scream out at his hard onslaught, but relished the initiation into the magic realm of powers to come.

Zator reached above her and clasped his hands to hers. The power surged through him as he thrust harder into her. She bucked beneath him and felt the shimmer of bio-kinetic energy rushing into her body through their hands. Kaelyn opened her eyes and saw him looking down at her like he always had, his love for Thaala shining. Kaelyn psychically and magically knew and felt that he thought of his late wife as he fucked her with magic and might. A swirl of red and gold light twisted from his hands, into hers and then a burst of intense yellow light exploded between their bodies and encompassed him. He cried out and locked his hands with hers. They both shook fiercely as the powers raged through her. He came powerfully above her. With his last breath he flicked the tiny openings on the outside of the bracelets so that the chains connected to the bracelet-cuffs were

no longer in place.

She cried out for her loss as her own climax came and Zator's old powers rushed into her. His body dissolved ominously until nothing of him remained. His life was now gone, and Kaelyn had all Zator's and Thaala's old powers. She shook with the endurance and wonderment of it all. As she closed her eyes, weariness overwhelmed her and she fell unconscious.

Chapter Two

Kaelyn sat up slowly on the earthen floor and glanced around groggily, trying to get her bearings. It struck her that daylight peeped into the cavern. She looked from the cavern entrance to the pile of clothing next to her manacled left leg. Those had been Zator's robes. With his dying breaths he freed her hands and had given the power of his magics and the magical ownership of the bracelets to her. Then he had dissolved into nothingness. His legacy and powers would now live on within her. But all that power was not quite yet hers to command. Soon, she would have to go through the first phase of the three-part sex ritual, which would allow her to keep the powers.

She needed to find someone to join with and use part of his life force in order to restore her own personal magics. Within days of the transference with Zator, the first part of the ritual had to be fulfilled. The first one, Zator had told her weeks ago as they prepared for the transference, would be caused by her. He said she would know, inherently, when the time came, if the fates allowed her to keep the powers. The second time, she would be taken as she did unto another. And the third, he mentioned, would be a surprise by the heart of her destiny. She had not understood these last words, but was sure they would eventually make sense to her soon enough.

Kaelyn unlocked the manacles around her ankles, then rubbed them to put feeling back into her legs. Glancing down at her lower arms, she was aware that the bracelets remained on her

wrists. She let out a tired sigh. She would remove them later.

She only hoped Zator's words were true, and that the right person would come to help her instigate the first part of the sexual rite. And, she had to make sure that she stayed far away from Vylдор's darkly enchanted forest and fortress. She was still susceptible to having him find a way of stealing her newly developing powers, and the ones she already had.

She tentatively got to her feet and headed for the small pool of water towards the back wall of the cavern. Near the pool lay her pack. She bent down, opened it and removed a large cloth and a vial of hygienic cleanser. After washing herself off completely in the cool water, she dried her hair and body with the cloth. Kaelyn took a deep breath, and then moved back towards the bedding where the sex transference had taken place.

She took another deep breath, before picking up the mid-robe that had been Zator's. The red-gold of it shimmered in the morning light. It was almost the color of her hair. She smiled and was thankful that she was not but a few inches shorter than Zator. His mid-robe would fit her perfectly and keep her warm and avert suspicion should she pass anyone in her journeys to other lands.

For that is what she intended to do once she completed the other three parts of the ritual. Explore other lands and heal and help those that needed it, just as Zator and Thaala had wanted her to. She would be doing it for them, and for her own self-fulfillment.

Though still tired from the transference, she started gathering up what belongings she needed for her journey. She knew that she could probably do with at least one night of rest before she continued on towards her journey of fulfillment. She had just put most of the belongings in two knapsacks, when she heard a loud, mechanical screech outside the cavern. Kaelyn ran

quickly towards the opening. She peered out, but saw nothing. She waved her hand towards the opening, so that the magical closure was slightly parted. As she left the cave, the noise she'd heard earlier became louder. This time it came from above her, high in the air. As she tilted her head back, her mouth fell agape at the sight that greeted her eyes. A strange, unidentifiable flying creature...no object, hovered menacingly above her. Kaelyn stood dumbfounded as her eyes and mind took in more of what the thing really was.

Kaelyn had seen wingless chariots before, but this unidentifiable flying object was something totally beyond her knowledge. It resembled a two-layered saucer, yet it was something mechanical and not some unholy flesh-eating creature. Further to her surprise, there was also a being inside the rounded, flying device.

Kaelyn shivered with trepidation. It wasn't the kind of dread she'd experienced before when she came across some vile person or creature, it was a totally new feeling of confusion. Something that scared her much more than facing Vylдор on her own could have caused.

She ran quickly back into the cave and gathered up the remaining articles she needed and stuffed them into her knapsacks. Kaelyn started back for the entrance and came to a dead standstill. A dark shadow fell over the opening. She had not set the spell back in place!

The moss from the rocks glowed slightly, almost eerily. The loud roaring from the strange flying object had stopped. A deadly quiet filled the cavern, then so too did a large shadow.

A tall, darkly tanned man entered the cave. And Kaelyn had the uneasy feeling that her next sex rite was nigh upon her. She shivered with the sudden knowledge that the aftermath was not what she was going to expect either. The man stopped in his

tracks for a moment, surveying her as she did him, taking assessment of her and their surroundings.

His long dark hair, the same color of the Chacao chips, was tied behind his noble head with a dark green band. The exact shade of green as the main color of the long, gold trimmed tunic shirt and pants he wore. His body was large and muscled, almost unnervingly so, and she again felt that she was about to lose control of her fate. She shook her head to ward off the phenomenon, and backed away from the man.

"Wait!" He put up a large hand to stay her movements. "I mean you no harm. My name is Yarron. Please, do you understand me?"

Kaelyn could make out his words, his dialect being only slightly different from that of her birth-locality. He was probably from one of the more modern upper-north provinces that sported new-fangled cultural notions and contrivances. She was born in the lower northern states. She recalled now Zator and Thaala telling her that a province in the northern countries had unearthed findings from the ancients who'd come to Krithnar from the stars and populated this planet eons ago. Was this beautiful man what Thaala had called an archeological engineer, or some being like that?

Or was he an ancient demon god come down from the stars to wreak havoc on her lusting body? He vibrated with sexual energies as yet untapped, and she wanted to lose herself wickedly in his powerfully attractive body. She jolted to a sudden realization that she had to keep away from this man, or she could possibly harm him with her sex magic. Especially so, she realized, if he was not receptive to her *charisma*.

"Do not come closer to me," she warned him, and was grateful that he did not advance any further. "What is it you desire from me?"

She quickly regretted her choice of words when he scrutinized her with that "oh so male" look of his. It was hard for her to deny his physical charms, especially when part of her was still reeling from the ordeal she'd just undergone less than twenty-four hours ago. And to top that off, the effects of the Chacao chips were still in her system.

She just wished he would go away before she ravished him. Oh *damn-hell!* She muttered beneath her breath. Her cunt itched with sudden desire. He would have to be the one. A male who did not look the type to be easily ravished. From a modern province perhaps, but definitely of the old beliefs of long-term bedmates.

"I saw you from above. You ran back in here. I did not mean to scare you. My flykar is not what people from this low-north province are used to, I know, but it is not a demon, as some have liked to believe." He tucked a stray lock of sable brown hair behind one ear. Kaelyn wanted to touch the tips of his ears with her tongue, and taste the saltiness of them. "I am looking for a healer called Zator. The town down in the valley below said that he was last seen heading towards these mountains. Do you know of him?"

Kaelyn felt anger rise within her. How could it have leaked out that Zator and she were here? They had stopped in Torquay two nights before and stayed at a cheap, rough looking inn, where those four burly, rough-looking men had tried to get into her pants. Zator and she had used their magics on at least three of them. Had one of them followed them to the edge of the mountains to let his chums know where they were in order to get revenge?

She had thought she felt another's presence, but the night winds also made her *feel* the presence of other creatures and objects. Zator and she had hidden their auras and tracks with an

erasing spell, and the fake closing to the cavern would have warded off their presence from others, magical or mortal. So the person who most likely followed them would not have known where they were headed or were staying, just that they were headed to the mountain region.

She knew this stranger was not one of those men, so it would do no good to take her frustrations out on him. She let out a sigh of regret. She missed her mentor already. Did this person know him from some time ago? He must have been a young boy then, for he could not be much younger or older than Kaelyn herself.

"Zator is dead these past twenty-four hours hence."

She watched as his face lost all expression and he slumped to the ground in dejection. "I have come so far from the upper north to find him. I was told he still lived. This is a contingency we had not expected."

Slowly she moved towards him, knowing somehow, that this man would not harm her in any way. "Why did you come searching for Zator?"

He sighed, brushing back the stray lock again. "My town has fairly good medics, but my sister is in a coma and slowly dying from something the doctors could not identify. A wise woman on our town council knew of Zator and thought he could help to bring my sister out of her comatose state. She is with child. Now there is no hope, unless I can find another healer soon."

Kaelyn knew what medics were; there had been one in the village she grew up in, one who had accused her of being a heretic with her witchy ways. The town medic had been jealous, just because Kaelyn and her kin had been natural healers, and were more capable of healing than the medic ever would be. That was when she and her family had headed to the lower mid-

north states to live. They had become fast friends with Thaala and Zator during those years. Zator and Thaala were not ones to turn down someone who really needed their help, no matter the situation.

She realized she could not turn this man away. Deep within her, she knew that Zator and Thaala would want her to help him. She knelt beside him and he looked up at her in wonderment and confusion. The lock fell forward and this time she did not hesitate to reach up and softly tuck it behind his ear for him. She inhaled his earthy male scent, but had to control her inner shakings. So strong were her feelings, she was certain with a prophetic sense, this man would not only be her next lover, but also that he had something intangible to do in her life. What that something entailed still remained unknown to her; but something very vital to her life, she was sure.

She had to help him. Yet, she could not allow the feelings to overwhelm her. She still had a personal agenda to fulfill. It was as before, she just somehow *knew* when a person needed her help. This was all it had to be. That, and his body was just too appealing to her feminine libido.

For a brief second, she allowed her fingertip to touch the bottom part of his left earlobe. His gold-flecked, chocolaty colored eyes looked beseechingly at her, and she had the oddest feeling that he was more than just normally interested in her. She could *sense* his physical awareness of her, and smelled his arousal. His legs tightened together of their own accord at her continued nearness.

She smiled, a woman's knowing smile, of when she had a man hooked and ready for her ministrations. Yet he needed a few moments to get used to her. Kaelyn moved away and sat back on her haunches. "I do know of another healer, but the price of this healer's service might be more than you are willing to give."

His head snapped up. "Who and where? What would his price be? I am not without some means or bargaining power. Please tell me and I will be in your debt forever."

Kaelyn backed further away. She knew without a doubt now, that this man was the first of her three sexual encounters to come. He would help to initiate the acceptance of the transference, so that she could start using the powers Zator had bequeathed into her body. Her mind was troubled with the thought. It had to be him and she needed those powers to help rapidly heal his sister and townspeople.

"I would require that you spend one night alone with me."

Chapter Three

Less than a week ago, he could hardly wait to thrust his cock into Tynia's lithe golden body, but he'd stopped in time, so that they both would not loose their *honor-blood* before their wedding nuptials. He remembered it well, because it was only moments after their heated foreplay and exploration of each other that his brother-in-law, Convair, had come searching for him. Tynia and he barely had time to gather their wits and clothes about them, before Convair found them near the Nenana River at the edge of their city, Quintahla.

Yarron learned his sister had taken on a sudden fever and was rushed to the medic-house. Within another day, she became more ill and went into a comatose state. The advanced medical men and women said there was no treatment that could take care of this strange occurrence, but the fetus growing inside her was safe, at least for a short while. But they were certain of one thing, if his sister Morayla was not healed soon, or her fever reduced, both she and the baby would die.

Yarron could not allow that. His mother's friend, Veta, the wisest and oldest woman on the city's council of medics and officials, had told him that the old healing magics of ancient Krithnar might help. Veta said that she had known such a strong healer and mage from her younger days. She told Yarron that Zator would be found in one of the lower, mid-north provinces. Yarron had found out all he could about Zator, and where the mage-healer was last known to be. He had even gotten the Guild

of Engineers to allow him to use one of the few flykars in existence, so that he could speed up his journey. And the fact that a few others had come down with the mysterious ailment, helped his cause also.

Now, it seemed that Zator was dead, and this unique and gorgeous creature in front of him was saying she was a healer. That's if he heard her right. From the moment he caught her unawares, something almost bioelectric had shot through him. But tales about mating rituals, of the old, mythical home-world Aldairia, where Krithnarans partly heralded from, did not happen here on Krithnar, because they were not pure Aldairans. Instead, bracelets and mind-sensing and natural feelings were the ways Krithnarans found their mate. That, and most male and female Krithnarans stayed untouched until their wedding night.

Now here was this strangely erotic woman asking him to spend the evening with her. And he had had to hide his stiffening cock from her prying eyes. If Tynia knew what his lustful thoughts were, she would denounce their engagement. And yet, all the time he had been in this beauty's presence, he had not once really thought about his fiancée.

She was not small and golden like Tynia, rather long and ample, like a Trohan warrior goddess. Her skin looked smooth and warm, like an appealing cup of his favorite morning mochaya drink—hot and darkly creamy, and succulent to his palate. This amber and russet goddess had eyes as stormy green as the aqua-jade colored lakes of the Trohan province, his place of birth. He felt her spell of seduction encompassing him even now. And *damn-hell*, it was hard not noticing her breasts, which were high, with thick nipples poking out teasingly, even from the thick material of the russet and gold robe she wore. Her dark red hair, nearly the same color as the robe, was braided in a thick plait that snuggled nicely over her left breast. He wondered what

that enticing fiery braid would look like unfurling beneath his touch.

He grimaced as he realized where his thoughts were leading him. Did she really expect him to spend the night as compensation for her services? And just what kind of expenditures must he render as that payment? He would give up his *honor-blood* to save his sister and her unborn child's lives, but was that what this strange woman wanted? He realized that he did not even know her name, or if she truly was a healer.

"I could force you to come with me, or beg you to do it out of decency if you would prefer."

"Somehow, I do not think you would do either." Her voice was like a magnet that attracted him more to her, sultry and enticing.

She was right of course, and he could see it in her strong facial features, that he would have a hard time forcing her to do something she did not wish to do, or that his begging would not make her change her mind if he did not accept her price. Whatever she required for payment he would do it to save his sister and the others that came down with the ailment.

However, there was something he had to find out from her first, before he made any decision. "I require your name, and proof that you are a healer, before I make any kind of bargain."

She moved away from him, motioning for him to follow her. "I am called Kaelyn. Gaze beyond the cave opening and watch."

He looked outside the entrance to where his landed vehicle had burned a rounded space in the ground. There was nothing but mountains and greenery from where he stood, showing in the distance, other than far off, some ominous-looking forest at the end of the trail of mountains. The air was silent, except for the sound of their deep breathing. He shivered and looked deep into

her all-knowing sea green eyes.

She glanced from him and pointed to his craft. Making a slow circular movement, he saw his flykar disappear and the grass beneath it was once more a vibrant green, whereas his landing the flykar had burnt that part of the land. He jerked his head around to her, his mouth agape in wonderment.

"What did you do to my flykar?" He started to go outside but a sudden strong force pushed his body back towards the cavern. He pulled himself off the floor and noticed that she staggered herself.

She backed away from him. "Your flying thing is just hidden from the view of prying eyes now, as is the opening to this cavern. And I can heal nature, as well as people. But this has taken some energy from me and I must rest one more night before I can travel. Stay with me tonight and watch over me as my companion. Do not be afraid of what I may utter or do, and just accept whatever may come, without question. That is the price for my going with you. If you accept those terms, we shall start our journey in the morning."

Yarron realized her words were strange indeed, but she had not asked much. He could watch over her. The wise woman had said mages and healers were a strange lot, and to be cautious but not scared. He would not ask her what she meant then if that was the price to save his sister.

"I accept your terms."

She motioned to one of her packs and some old blankets lying near a dying fire ring. "We shall sleep over there tonight. There is food and water in my pack and a fire-stick that will keep us warm through the night. Prepare us comfort for the evening, while I check my other bag for herbs I will need for your sister's healing. While we eat you must tell me her symptoms, so that I might have an idea what I am up against."

So far, Yarron thought, she had not asked much of him. He began to relax, and let her do what she needed to do. In the morning they would be well on their way back to his home province, and a cure would be found for his sister. He was sure of that, and of the fact that it was going to be one very long night in her presence. He had to keep as far away as physically possible from this magically seductive healer!

Chapter Four

"I did not have my brother-in-law journey with me here so that he could send word to me should Morayla's condition change." Yarron held up a small device to her, which was rounded and had two tiny knobs on it. "There is not much power left in this distance-speaker. He will only contact me on it should her condition worsen, or if he has found another healer, or the medics have found a way to cure her and the others."

"Your devices are intriguing as you are, Yarron." Kaelyn smiled sweetly at him, putting him more at ease. "I've heard rumors about the unearthing of our ancestors' technology, but part of me felt that those were myths. It is amazing that our ancestors came from the stars. Are you a historical engineer or something like that?"

He was pleased with her quick insight. "Yes. I work with the lead national antiquities center in the province of Trohan. Our town is built on the site where some of our ancestors crash-landed.

He handed a small plate of food to her. "Thank you. When I have cured your sister, you must show me this historical house of yours."

"It belongs to all of Krithnarans. Those bracelets you wear, for instance, I have seen their kind in some of our ancient history documents, but none have been excavated yet."

She crossed her long legs and knew he watched every movement she made. The shoulder of her robe slid down, baring

one slender shoulder. Kaelyn ate slowly so she did not have to speak at first. She lifted the fork and made a moue with her full lips. Slowly she sucked the delicious tidbits of vegetables and meat into her mouth, chewing softly and licking her fingers clean of the sweet and tangy morsels. She was pleased to see his eyes widen and his mouth let out rasping breathes of air.

"Yes," she finally said after putting her plate down, "these bracelets are very ancient. My mentor Zator bequeathed these and his magics to me when he died. These were his and his wife Thaala's wedding cuffs, but they have other uses. Perhaps one day I will tell you about them. Tell me more of your province and that strange thing you call a flykar."

Kaelyn deliberately used her seductive powers to look lovely and enticing hoping to mesmerize him as she sat there, casually letting her robe slip off her shoulders; and hoped he would do as she requested. "Trohan is a very large province. I hail from its capital city Quintahla. It is one of the largest cities of cultural and historical heritage in the far northern provinces."

She listened to him fondly tell of his home and family and his work. He had a good life and was proud of it and of his family members. It was when he talked about having a fiancée that she started feeling a bit guilty about what she had to do. But if she did not seduce him, then she would not be able to cure his sister.

"You have a fiancée? Have you been engaged long? What does she look like? Is she not upset that you are away from her?"

She watched his face closely and a slight shadow fell over it as if it hurt him to talk about his intended. "Tynia's parents and she did not like it that I was leaving just a week before the wedding, but they understood that my sister's health came first."

"Yet that bothers you about this Tynia. I would have given my blessing had I been engaged to you."

Yarron shrugged his shoulder. "She and I were sort of promised at our births. We have neither found anyone else we have wanted and are fairly suited. I care for her deeply."

She seemed to have an uncanny knack for knowing whether he was being honest or not. She was only guessing that things were not right between him and Tynia. Although the two had touched, he and his fiancée had had several arguments and she had threatened several times to end it. Yet, the situation had not come to that. Yarron, in Kaelyn's presence, was thinking how it might be best if he finally did end it with Tynia. But that was something he had no wish to discuss right now.

He put his own plate down and turned from her for a moment to compose himself. "You have still not told me how Zator died and how you intend to heal my sister."

"Zator drifted into the next realm of existence as was his wish, and you must tell me more of what brought on her condition before I can explain the ways I can best help."

Yarron moved both their deep tin plates to one side and sidled closer to her before he spoke again. "My brother-in-law and the medics told me, just before she went into a comatose state, that my sister had been eating. They examined her food and found out that some type of brown herb with red tinges must have somehow gotten in the meal she had been eating. There were traces of it on her lips and in her plate, when later they investigated to see what might have caused the occurrence. Medical examiners looked at it with the most sophisticated equipment we have, but this plant is beyond even our best herbalist's knowledge."

"And the feverishness and the comatose state are all the symptoms she has for now?"

He nodded. "I have not been contacted otherwise. They do not believe she will last much longer since the fever has been

steadily rising. What do you think you can do for her?"

She smiled reassuringly at his worried look and tried to physically send him vibrations that his sister would be fine. "The plant sounds familiar, one that I think is indigenous to the southern region. Has there been a wind change lately, a freeze perhaps that came from the direction of the middle southern provinces?"

"Yes. The previous week, we had an unusual windy, cold spell and then there were strange bulbs growing sporadically around the outskirts of town. What does that mean to you?"

She put a long finger to her full lower lip and thought for a moment. "In the mid-southern regions, where I was born, there was a plant that had maroon and green bulbs that were like pieces of tree bark. If they were eaten, they caused fever, sometimes hallucinations, and occasionally a person went into a coma. They usually blow towards the mid-northwestern areas once a year when the seasons are starting to change and the winds shift. It is sort of a migration sequence that happens with these plants. However, I believe it might have been an unusual wind shift that made them blow into your region."

"But is there a cure for this ailment?"

She nodded her head slowly, and her braid slightly loosened. "Years ago, Zator, Thaala and myself took care of another event like your town is going through. I believe I can help your sister and give the remedy to your medics in case it happens again. Cease your worry, the fever will go down on its own and her baby will be safe. I will make sure of that, Yarron."

He looked down into her deep sea green eyes and felt as if he were about to lose his soul and his sanity. It was hard as hell not to pull her into his arms right now and kiss her delectable lips.

He leaned back on one elbow to look up at her wicked

loveliness. She was unlike any other woman he had met before, and knew that if he were not engaged, he would be hellishly tempted to take her right here and now. His cock was hardening just thinking about undressing her and having her squirm beneath his ministrations. He knew there were many things she could probably tempt him into with that luscious body of hers.

* * *

A smile of satisfaction tilted one corner of Kaelyn's lips upwards. He was thinking about her, and this time he was not hiding his arousal. She unsnapped the golden and sapphire cuff from her right wrist. She twirled it around for a few seconds before handing it to him. He reached out for the bracelet. When their hands touched something almost bioelectric passed between them, just as it had between her and Zator. Only this time, with Yarron, it felt more intimate than the unemotional mechanics of the ritual she went through with Zator. He grasped the bracelet, quickly pulling his hand away.

She did the same and hurriedly spoke up to cover up their awkward moment. "Look how intricately they are made. These bracelets are indigenous to Krithnar, not the historical world of Aldairia or the other world, Gehenn, some of our ancestors are said to have come from."

"These are amazingly beautiful," he said breathlessly, fingering the sparkling cuff he'd put on his right wrist. "I've never seen such workmanship."

"I often read and explored when I could in my youth, and my father and Zator regaled me with tales of the myths of Krithnar. These bracelets are as old as any fairy tale this planet has been hiding. They were originally, and in some places still are, used for wedding bands and magic rituals."

"Do they help you to heal your patients?" He looked back up at her.

She caught her breath at the glance of physical interest he showed towards her. "Y-yes, in a sense." She wanted to reach over and put her hands on his face and kiss him senseless. It was not going to be easy to ravish him if he kept showing such unabashed interest!

She took a deep breath to calm herself before she answered. "With them, one can always keep an eye on her intended, or the patient for awhile. As I said before, the bracelets have several uses, but some of their mysteries must remain just that, a mystery."

He smiled at her in that seductively tempting manor. "I can deal with that, Kaelyn."

The way he said her name made her want him even more. She knew now was the time to prepare him for her needs. She reached down into the pack nearest her and pulled out a Chacao chip and held it out to him. "It is a sweet herb I take sometimes after dinner, like a desert. It can bring pleasant effects, but must be taken only in small, slow doses. Try it, one will not hurt you."

No, she thought. It will just make you want a few more, especially if you have never had them before. This one will definitely loosen you up. Tonight I must have my rejuvenation ritual. Forgive me, Yarron, but this is the only way to hold onto the powers Zator gave to me.

Even though only the tips of their fingers met, the two felt wonderful, tingling sensations of extreme awareness. He looked the dark Chacao chip over before slowly running his tongue over the tip of the edible, teardrop object.

"Mmm. I like this. Sweet and delectable." *Like you*, she mentally heard his thoughts, what he wanted to say to her but still did not have the courage. As he took more of it slowly into his mouth, savoring each aromatic tiny morsel, she was pleased that he wanted to taste her body. And it pleasantly surprised her

how much he wished right now he could bury his face in between her thighs.

Kaelyn's smile deepened at what she'd just read in his mind, but even more so, those thoughts were showing visibly upon his face. He wanted her even without the chocolaty flavored chip. But it was going to take at least one, maybe two more of them to get him to do what she wished. She held one more out to him, and then put the others back in the pack, before moving the knapsack away from him.

"Enjoy this last one. I have only a few left and will need them later in my healings. Tell me, Yarron, what are you feeling now?"

She saw the gulp catch in his throat, and he started to cough. She moved closer to him and reached beside him to get a flask that was near the ebbing campfire.

"Here, drink this. It will soothe your nerves." She put an arm around his shoulders to help him sit upright. "Just a few sips. It is potent taken with those Chacao chips, but will relieve your tension."

"Thank you," he murmured slowly. "I will be fine."

"You should not be afraid of wanting me, Yarron." Though she removed her arm, she did not move back from him, but steadily watched his face for any signs of an adverse reaction to the Chacao chips, or her.

She was pleased that he had none so far. Her ravishment of him would go easier. He shifted until he was in a kneeling position, facing her, yet she still did not reach out and touch him. She could perceptively sense his wanting of her. But it did not take her psychic understanding, just her heightened senses, to smell his lust rising. Soon, she would take him and make him hers, and feel her energies increasing to new heights through their sexual joining.

His eyes had a misty faraway look in them as he glanced down at her. "Kaelyn, you are the most erotic woman I have ever known or wanted. I will not regret having my *honor blood* broken by you. I don't know what strange spell you have cast over me, but yes, I do want you!"

Kaelyn, caught up in his scent and the bulge in his pants, did not quite understand what some of his words meant. His dialect and speech patterns were still a bit different from her own, but she did not let that distract her right now. They understood each other enough verbally to know what the other wanted. It was his fiancée's loss that she had not seen to his needs. This night Kaelyn intended have him, if only this once, and make it a night, neither would ever forget.

"Kiss me, Yarron," she said breathlessly, opening her arms to him.

He leaned over, engulfing her with his large, inviting arms. "Whatever your healer's heart desires. Command me to do as you will, my sweet seductress."

* * *

Warm skin shivered slightly beneath his slow, thorough touches. Hot sweet lips trembled beneath his full mouth. He slowly worked his mouth to her ear, first nibbling on her right lobe, then after hearing her intake of breath, ran soft teasing kisses down to the base of her neck.

A small gasp escaped his lips as she sucked at his bottom lip and he let his tongue slip along the length of her top lip, exploring and suckling, before he examined her bottom lip just as intently.

Pain and pleasure mingled throughout his mind and body. He could feel his hardening shaft wanting to burst from just the pleasure of her teasing tongue circling over his earlobes and neck.

He groaned, unable to talk, but wanted to just lie there and let her do as she willed. He thirsted for her kisses, wanted her to touch that sensitive spot beneath his earlobe, and to twist and tease her hot tongue down the length of his throat, to his bare shoulder and even lower.

He shivered almost uncontrollably with what he saw in her sex-glazed eyes. Part of him was aware that the flask of wine and those sweet dark chips had eased him into wanting her, to doing as she bid of him, but he did not think that he would ever forget any of her devilishly delightful touches. His body was getting hotter, and his shaft harder. He knew he could not wait much longer for her to give him the release his mind and body both craved.

* * *

When he tried to rise up to meet her, she pushed down on his shoulders then raised herself on her elbows to look down into his desire darkened eyes. "You like what I'm doing to you, don't you, Yarron?"

Her hands pulled away his tunic, baring his chest to her devouring, lust-filled eyes. She helped him pull off his boots and pants, all the while marveling at the hard, erotically beautiful contours of his handsome physique. She quickly let him help her off with her robe.

"You are as gorgeous as I first imagined you would be. I could devour that luscious body of yours with just my eyes and be completely satisfied.

"Ah, but it's so much more fun doing it physically, Yarron.

"I cannot wait to touch you, to feel you sheathed around me. I want to bury myself as deeply into you as I can get, right now."

She put a hand to his lips. "Shhh, Yarron. Soon, you'll have every chance to touch my body, but first, let me take my time in pleasuring you. I have much in mind for you this night. I'll take

you in many ways tonight and you'll be made love to as you've never been before."

"I haven't," he whispered beneath heavy, heated breaths. She either ignored him, or had not heard him. Yet he did not care. All he wanted was those wonderful hands of hers to keep on touching him, to show him more pleasure and desire than he had ever, or would ever know.

She pushed him flat onto the rugs, marveling at his wide chest and thickly matted hair. It felt as dark and downy as his long tresses. She would delight in running her hands and tongue through that massive chest of raging curls. She'd make sure that he thoroughly enjoyed it also. She may have taken control, and she may have been using him to rejuvenate her powers, but he would have the best orgasms he'd ever known, and come out even healthier in the morning.

She needed his sexual work up, and the energy that flowed from the long fuck she intended to give him. He would not be displeased or cheated of anything. She was already so wet her cunt couldn't wait to receive him. Yet, she intended to draw the night out, because she wanted to enjoy him as much as she possibly could, and feel what deep and high lengths she could bring his sexual energies to.

She softly stroked the inner length of his thigh with her left knee, and felt his manhood start to harden more. His penis grew rigid and thick with the desire he was feeling for her. Her rosy nipples became hard and taut just knowing she had done this to him. She secretly hoped that no other woman had made him jut his cock so full and long just by small caresses and hot kisses. She could literally see that he wanted her just as powerfully as she desired him.

She'd make sure that his pleasures were great, and that he would never forget her touch. She felt his hands go up to her

shoulders and quickly release her braid. His eyes glassed over as her long tresses fell down over his chest. He brought his hands to either side of her face and brought her lips to meet his own hungry mouth.

She groaned, knowing that the student would soon become the master of making love. She had to regain control of the situation. From her mouth, she dipped her tongue in between his lips and unfurled one last bit of chip onto his tongue. She dipped her hot tongue slightly down his throat, making the chip slide down further. After she felt him swallow it, she kissed him deeply, and then grasped hold of his wrists quickly thrusting them above his head. Within seconds, she had clasped the other bracelet to his right wrist. Moving deftly before he realized what she was doing, she fastened the chains to the tiny openings in the bracelets, so that his hands were secured high above his head.

He was startled for only a moment. "Shhh, my sweet. This is for your pleasure, trust me." A bit groggy, but still knowing and liking what she did, he complied. She re-started her lustful exploration of his body. Her hair followed her head downward, as she reined kisses on his chest. Unhurriedly she sucked first on one dark nipple, deliberately using slow teasing circles with the tip of her tongue, and then fast sucking jabs on his whole nipple. She felt her juices flow faster as uncontrollable shivers of extreme pleasure wracked his magnificent body.

"No woman has ever made me feel as you do, Kaelyn. Please me more. I can't wait to feel your hot breath on my shaft. Show me more of your wanton magic!"

"Oh, so much more, Yarron. I'm going to suck you and ride you until you pass out with the greatest ecstasy you've ever felt!"

Kaelyn kept to her word as her tongue continued to explore downwards to his abdomen and below. She pushed his legs further apart so that she could ease down on him much better.

His cock shot straight upward, nearly assaulting her face. She reached down and slowly grasped his large balls in her palms and gently squeezed. Watching his face, she was pleased to see him gasp, as if he had never felt such pleasure before. She lowered her head, and tentatively touched the tip of his shaft with the tip of her tongue. He cried out in guttural moans of ecstasy. She mouthed his shaft from side to side, her tongue darting here and there to wet his cock more. Then she lowered her mouth over his cock head and felt him jerk almost sporadically beneath her. He would not wait much longer.

She shot warmth of magic, gently, quietly from her hand into his crotch. He would hold his seed now, until she undid the spell with the magic of her cunt. She held his balls tighter, making sure he would not ejaculate too soon. Her mouth opened wider and she sucked him in, inch by hardening inch. He tasted so hot, so male. His musky, woodsy scent was doing much to make her feminine libido boil maddeningly. She sucked him in several deep long strokes, then moved off of him and shifted her stance.

He cried out for her to return and was at full attention when she did return. She pushed his legs closer together, and then straddled him. "I am going to take that big cock and fill my cunt with it, sweet Yarron. Would you like that?"

"Yes, I would. Now!"

Slowly she eased over the swelling head of his cock. Then in one swift motion she thrust herself down on his full hard length. She gasped as she reeled with both his and her own emotions. She could feel the energies flowing through him as she pumped up and down on his hard penis like she was a wild fire going rampant in a dry virgin forest. Her movements became more frenzied as he shivered beneath her and she cried out like a madwoman getting her rutting need of cock.

She moved over him firm and fast, not letting him find his release, until she was close to her own. Then she pumped him harder and harder, several last times and let him burst forth into her. She screamed out her own release, and collapsed against his sweaty chest. She lay panting with him for a long time, knowing she had given him, as much as she had taken. Shortly, she would give him even more, and further recharge her sexual magics. It was going to be one long and leisurely night of hard lovemaking and heated passions. It was promising to be one of the best nights she had ever spent with a man.

She shivered suddenly, but not from heat or cold or passion, but from that same uncanny feeling that overcame her when she first saw him. She still could not pinpoint what was going on, but decided it could wait. His devastating body, however, and her need to feel those powers churning within her, could not. She began her ministrations again, taking control of the situation and their pleasures once more.

"The first time, she thought within her mind, I opened his sexual energies to receive and give more. Now, as I've felt his forces starting to flow through me, I can take in more of his sensual-aurea energies. I've felt them in him, more than in any other man. Strange, but not unpleasant."

Kaelyn moved above him once more, and gently cleansed him with a cloth she'd dampened in the cavern pool. He moaned with soft pleasure as she ministered to him. After cleansing herself, she sat between his thighs, her legs tucked behind her hips. Ever so slowly and softly, she began to massage his chest and nipples.

His eyes opened and she could see that the dark orbs were still glazed from the chips. Yet somehow, she knew that he was totally aware of what she was doing to his body. His manhood grew more receptive with each caress. Her pussy became wet

from feeling the effects of his manly responses to her sensual massage.

She moved her hands from his chest, leisurely down his abdomen and then to his thighs. "Breathe deeply, Yarron. Let yourself relax into my touch. I will bring you the energy to enjoy as much pleasure as you could ever wish for."

Somehow, she knew her words were spoken truly to him, and not from just her own personal magical wants. She really wanted to share some of her energies with him, without them overpowering his novice form.

Her hands moved to massage his cock; this time varying in the way she kneaded his swelling shaft. First, slow teasing strokes, then fast strokes as her tongue darted out to lick the tip of his penis. She sucked on the delicious orb with aplomb, liking the taste of his silken manhood in her mouth. He moved against his restraints, but she made the feasting on his body last for quite some time without him being released.

His body worked up a sweat, and she knew neither one of them would be able to hold out much longer. But this time, she used her magic slightly to aid in heightening their senses, making their bodies wait for that blissful end to come. She could psychically sense his amazing energies churning and flowing through his lean male body. It amazed her at his responses, as if he too had felt that strange and wonderful tingling at their first meeting. Again she did not let that nagging feeling bother her, but gave herself up to receiving his energies and pleasure.

She straddled him once more, this time opening her pussy only a bit to his erection. She moved slowly, rhythmically up and over his cockhead, just enough to tease him, working him up to a more receptive frenzy without pushing him too far. His energies vibrated within his shaft, letting her know it would not be much longer before she could feast on his sexual drives. But oh, what a

pleasurable, mind-boggling feast it would be!

Kaelyn felt his energies building fast. She waited until just the right second, and then plunged herself down over his cock. He cried out with loud moans of need and gratification when she impaled herself over his shaft. Their bodies shook in unison as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss engulfed them. Breathing hard along with him, Kaelyn rolled half off him, content to spend the rest of the night sleeping beside his magnificent body.

Chapter Five

Much later, he awoke to soft glowing embers of light, and found himself lying beneath a pile of warm rugs and blankets. To his consternation, he was naked beneath those covers. What the hell had happened to him last night? What spell indeed had the bewitching healer cast over him? Had they made love? His mind was groggy and he tried to bring to mind all that had happened between them. He recalled their kissing deeply, and at that thought he groaned loudly and his shaft raised a heavy notch. He had fucked the witch-healer last night!

His head came up as a flood of memories hit him. No, he had not just fucked her; she had ravished his manhood for her own reasons. Still those reasons were foggy, but she had chained him down last night and he had succumbed to whatever sexual ministrations she had dealt him. Those chocolaty-tasting chips and the flask of liquid she'd poured down his throat must have had something to do with their sexual frenzy.

Although, in the beginning, he could not deny that her magnetic beauty drew him to her as no woman had ever before, he felt that she had used him somehow. No, taken advantage of him with sexual magic and his own weaknesses. He had trusted her somehow, yet now, he knew something was wrong. He had felt this strange awareness of her. It was not like the attraction he had felt at one point for Tynia, but something he could not quite define. It was almost as if the two of them were fated to be together.

Although he knew that he had agreed to whatever she wanted for prices of her services, he thought that they had come to a trustful understanding. He would have done anything she asked, had she but voiced her desires without the force of magic and herbs. But instead, she did not trust him enough to ask him to have that mind-boggling sex with her. It would have felt more wondrous had she done just that.

He sat up; thankful she had not left the handcuffs and chains on him. Odd, he realized that a bracelet, minus any chains, was still on his right wrist. For some reason, it did not bother him, yet it was still a reminder that she had wronged him by not trusting in his capacity to choose a positive response to her demands. When she came back from wherever she was, he intended to let her know just how much she had misused his trust in her.

And as more of their night came flooding back to his conscious memory, he swelled with anger and desire, both warring for dominance. How could she have not allowed him to touch her, to reciprocate in their united desires? Such heated passion should have been a unanimously equal sharing. He would somehow, exact a well-deserved revenge upon her soon.

His first thoughts though were how to get her safely to Quinthala. His sister's well being was more important than his sexual desires and need for revenge. He got up quickly, and went to clean up. He saw her herb pack still open, and a few of those Chocoa chips were on the ground. He picked them up and put them in his pocket. Afterwards, he packed what stuff he saw lying around, that they would or might need, for the journey. He didn't want to stay in this forsaken place another night.

Chapter Six

"I did not mean to be gone when you awoke this morning," she said as they left the cavern. She had been surprised to find that all the things in the cavern were packed and ready to go, along with him refreshed and dressed. I thought but to replenish my supply of herbs that I would need from this region. I also found some pearan fruit. It will keep us refreshed and alert for the trip."

"It is just as well you found some fruit for the trip, I am low on supplies of food right now. Let us get going. We will only fly for a few hours at a time, before the engines will need a cool-down period."

Yarron made sure he let her know that the engines would overheat if they did not rest them for a few hours. Even though this was true, it would give him enough time to exact the retribution he needed to on her. He would take from her, as she had taken from him. Even by flykars, it would be a few more days before they reached Quinthala in the Trohan province.

"We will not have to stay down for long, will we, Yarron?"

"No, just a couple of hours," he answered, feeling that her jitteriness was due to her first time flying in the flykar.

She glanced up at him, and he hoped she would explain. "This trip is not without risk. I mean coming along with me."

"How so, Kaelyn?" Even though he hid his own inner frustrations from her, he could somehow feel she was being honest and worried for him this time. "Why do you look so

glum?"

"There is an evil wizard named Vyldor that has been after Zator's powers these last few years. I am in a susceptible state right now and if he were to get near me, I might not have the power to stop him."

"I will be here to help protect you. I believe you are more powerful than you let on. Last night was incredible, even for the lustiest of males."

She blushed and bit her bottom lip. "I am glad you were not disappointed. You are incredible."

"Thank you. Now let me concentrate on driving the flykar." He needed to put distance from her nearness and the cavern area. Even frustrated with her, she was too distracting and desirable.

Several hours later in the late afternoon, Yarron landed the flykar near the edge of a dense forest, where a small winding creek ran alongside.

He helped her out of the flykar, and pulled their packs out. They found a spot not far from the vehicle, near a large shady tree. Yarron threw several blanket rugs down for them to sit on. He closely kept an eye on her so that she would have no idea that he was doing something besides laying out the rugs. He would have his bit of revenge soon.

This time she prepared a small meal for them with cheeses and fruits and cups of red liquid. "Once we are in Quinthala, I shall expect a more luxurious meal from you, Yarron."

He quickly ate before answering. He had other things in mind besides food. His cock ached to be sheathed inside her, but first she was going to feel some payback kisses. She would not be the only one that could control the physical situation between them. And by her keen interest, she still had unsettled desires for him.

He again had the oddest feeling that something else besides

her magical and sexual interest passed between them, and on more than just a physical level. He felt so much more aware of her body and emotional nuances, than he ever had of any person's needs before. He felt it was more than just the sex-magic she had used on him the previous night.

Yarron watched as she moved to clean up the remains of their meal, before settling more comfortably down on the big, soft rugs. "What would you like to do or talk about while we wait for the engines to cool down?"

He raked her over from head to toe and was pleased to see that the color in her cheeks tinged just a bit red. He could tell that she hoped he would ask. So this time she was allowing him to have a choice? He would soon see just how much his bewitching seductress could handle once he was in charge. He smiled inwardly, keeping his thoughts guarded, because he had the feeling she had read his mind last night. He did not need that right now if he was going to come out on top this time.

He moved closer to her and put his hands on either side of her face. Bringing his face down closer to her own, he said, "There is a lot that I think that we could do right now, if you are willing."

"Anything that you would like, Yarron."

Her words almost infuriated him. He quickly put his arms around her and brought his lips down over hers. His kiss was hard and thorough, sweet punishment for her ravishment of him. His hands roamed over her luscious body, kneading, devouring her with his heated caresses. He pushed open her robes, and explored her silky body even more heatedly. She arched up against his touches, whimpering with giddy bliss.

She was pliant against him, and just where he wanted her. "Close your eyes, Kaelyn, there is something sweet and hot I wish to do to you."

Closing her eyes, she nodded and lay still within the circle of his arms. With deftness, he quickly brought her hands up above her and snapped the other bracelet around her. Just as swiftly he pulled out the hidden chains and whipped them around a thick tree stem protruding out from the ground. Her eyes abruptly opened, and he quickly moved away from her.

However, he did not stop with just chaining her wrists down. When he had put the rugs down earlier for them he had been sly in putting the ankle manacles at the edge of the blankets, hoping she would not notice them hidden beneath the rugs. He was lucky, perhaps, due to her being sexually blinded by her lust. He swiftly grabbed first one slender ankle, snapped a manacle around it and then brought out the other.

Coming to her senses she tried to jerk out of his hold. "What in hellation are you doing, Yarron?"

"Giving you your just desserts, Kaelyn." He stopped her kicking protests quite effectively and had both manacles on her. "You are going to get a taste of what you did to me last night. I won't listen to your witchy lies so don't argue with me!"

Her sudden dumbfounded surprise gave him the opportunity to move quickly and stake each of her ankles further apart. Other than barely being able to shift her arms just a tiny bit, she was basically spread-eagle in front of him. After opening her robes further, he sat back on his haunches to grin down at her, pleased with his handy work.

"Let me go, Yarron, you've no idea what you are doing."

"Yes, Kaelyn, I do. You have no choice but to enjoy or put up with my ravishment of you. How does it feel to be on the other end of being taken against your own agreement?"

Kaelyn became quiet. He had a feeling that his words struck home with her. She bit her bottom lip, closed her eyes and leaned her head back. "Do what you must to seek your revenge, Yarron."

I will not fight you, but nor will I be receptive to your touch."

"Your cunt glistens even now for my touch, Kaelyn. I think you'll be squirming and begging me to give you release soon enough."

He ignored her harsh glares and leaned over to place his hands on her breasts. Slowly he kneaded the high peaks, feeling her flinch beneath his ministrations. He leaned his head down, running his tongue over first one hardening pink nipple, then the other. Oh, she was not so immune to his touch, as her sudden stillness was done in effect to make him think otherwise.

Yarron explored her supple body even more. His tongue trailed kisses down to her stomach and towards her fleshy mons. His fingers caressed the dark red curls on either side of her labia. A small moan of desire told him that she was more than desirous of him. Gently, he parted her cunt lips and lowered his head. He slowly ran his tongue from her clit down the length of her silky, wet pussy. How he loved feeling her juices cream against his tongue and mouth. It was she who first made him feel the heat of being a man. Now, he would make her feel the same powerfully erotic sensations that she had lavished on him that first glorious time.

She pushed her hips against his exploring tongue. He breathed out a sigh of satisfaction. She did want him, just for himself. Yarron slid one long finger into her wet entrance slowly. She cried out with unexpected pleasure, but did not orgasm. He could feel his own erection pushing hard against his pants. He needed to be inside of her soon.

"Tell me now that you do not want me, Kaelyn. Shall I fuck you or stop?"

"Fuck me, Yarron. Damn you. I want you to put that wonderful cock of yours inside me!"

Yarron slid another finger inside of her, moving both

fingers more swiftly in and out of her. "How bad do you want my cock, Kaelyn? Tell me!"

"I need you so badly I ache horribly from not having you inside me."

"Will you ever ravish a man against his will again?"

"No, oh, no. I've wanted you from the first, even without magic. Take me now, Yarron. I need to feel complete with you."

Yarron pulled back from her, divesting himself of his clothing. He lay back over her feeling her with his hand once more. He thrust his fingers in and out of her wetness with vigor as he reined hot kisses over her mouth and then down her neck. He sucked on her nipples again; first one, then the other, feeling the nubs go turgid beneath his onslaught. Yarron could feel his needs rising to an aching crescendo. He guided his cock to her wet opening, then, in one swift movement entered her wet center.

Their bodies were sweaty, burning with such heated passion it could have set the forest behind them on fire. He thrust into her hard, furiously, wanting to be as deep inside her as possible. She bucked wildly beneath him, trying to thrust up against him as much as she could. He could feel her orgasm working its way from inside her. He too could hardly wait much longer. With several more deep thrusts, he brought them both to an earth-shattering climax, his seed spewing deeply into her awaiting pussy. She screamed out his name and shook uncontrollably below him. He shoved one last time against her, then collapsed against her in deep satisfaction.

Chapter Seven

When she awoke, she felt the heaviness of him above her. Although he had just brought her to a wondrous orgasm, she knew that he had been angry with her. But had he not just done to her, what he accused her of doing to him? Even though he had not used the chips on her, he had learned all too quickly what the power of the chips could do by both sexual and healing means.

She was glad that he had figured out why she had seduced him. At least she thought he knew. If not, she had to be honest with him why she had ravished him. Perhaps he had tricked her in the same way that she had tricked him, but she did not begrudge him the small bit of revenge. She had come to care about him in just the short time they had known each other. She glanced at him as he stirred beside her. Would he blame all his need for revenge on her? Somehow, she did not think so.

Although he had been in control of their lovemaking, she was aware of the vague feeling of fate taking control and having had something to do with their lovemaking. It hit her then, also, that this was the second sex ritual. She would have to let him know why she truly ravished him. And more.

His eyes opened and she knew he was getting his bearings. Then he took in her helpless form, chained to the tree, with her legs staked outwards. Emotions of anxiety and frustration warred for control across his face. She knew it was hard for him to be going through revenge, regret and desire all at the same time.

She felt his anguish both emotionally and mentally. Kaelyn

bit her bottom lip, this time causing a trickle of blood to ooze out. *"I wish you could know how really sorry I am, Yarron."* She inwardly talked to her psyche. *"I never meant to harm you. If I could take back what I did to you, I would. I would give up all powers I have after I've healed your sister and the others, if you could just forgive me."*

His eyes widened and his mouth opened in surprise. "You really do have regret, Kaelyn?"

This time it was she whose eyes widened in shock. "You read my mind just then!" Elation and amazement etched fleetingly across her tanned face.

He grinned sheepishly and moved over to her. He cupped her face and brushed her hair out of her eyes with the other. "I suppose now I can read your mind as easily as you've read mine since the beginning."

"It was only your emotions, my..." She sucked in her bottom lip, and did not finish her words. "Then you believe me?"

He undid the chains from the bracelets and released the manacles from her ankles. However, he took one of the bracelets off her wrist and put it on his right one. It adjusted to his larger wrist. "Yes."

"The bracelets, during our initial lovemaking, I believe, transferred the ability for you to mind-speak and hear, perhaps with just me though. They are often a conductor in sexual rites. To keep one on, you'll always be able to track where I am, just as I've told you about them."

"I was hoping you'd explain why I had this sudden urge to put one on." He raked a hand through his hair. "Please, Kaelyn, I want there to be no more hidden agendas. You will tell me truthfully why you ravished me."

She moved slightly, and reached for the robe near her. He stalled her. "Go to the stream and wash quickly, I will clean up

here and then we can talk. Move."

She did as he bid and quickly went to the stream to refresh in the cool waters. She did not take long, but felt better afterwards. She put on her soft yellow robes and tan sandals, the ones he had picked out of the packs for her. When she got back to the encampment, he had everything cleaned up, including the chains and manacles put away. She sat tentatively on the log beside him.

He handed her a flask of water and a piece of bread and sweetmeat. "Here, eat this, and then we shall talk."

She nodded and finished the tiny meal quickly. "Whatever you ask, Yarron, I will answer honestly. I cannot tell you enough how sorry I am that I deceived you. I hope you can truly forgive me. I never meant to hurt you."

Yarron could feel her inner remorse and the truthful emotions in her voice. Somehow, her sex magic had seeped into him and caused him to share some small part of her magic, at least the mental-speak part, and the ability to know for certain if she lied or not.

"Then tell me why you chose to ravish me."

She nodded and explained as best she could how the transference of the ritual she went through with Zator would not be complete until she went through the three acts of sexual rejuvenation which would enable her to be able to handle and keep all the powers that Zator bequeathed unto her.

"I knew when I first laid eyes on you, that somehow you were the one that would initiate the start of it all. When you forced me to succumb to you earlier, I did not know that would be the second, until just moments after I'd awakened. I do not know when the third and last will take its toll upon me. I do not even know if it will be with you. But there is more you need to know about my powers and me."

"Tell me that shortly, but there is something else I need to know first. Tell me I wasn't wrong, and that your needing sexual rejuvenation wasn't the total reason that you desired me?"

Somehow, she knew that the answer to his question was very important to him. "Truthfully, Yarron, I felt something for you even before the fates made me realize that you were the one to help energize me. I desired you so fiercely from the onslaught that it took me by surprise."

"Then you also felt that *sudden awareness* between us. It was not just my imagination that you had this rush of desire and...more?"

"I felt it also. Yet, like I sense you are not ready to explore that further, perhaps we could talk about that unusual emotional experience another time."

"But as far as the great sex between us, I hope you know that I've never desired another woman as I have you. Tell me you felt the same."

"I've never desired another woman as you have me."

He chuckled at her barb. "Twit. You know you were my first."

Again her eyes widened. "That's what you meant by *honor-blood*?"

He blushed, nodding. "Does that make a difference?"

She softly caressed his cheek. "Not a bit, my sweet."

"Then you still would like to make love with me even if I will not be you next energy giver."

Her lips turned up into a sweetly wicked grin to match his own sinfully delicious-looking leer. "Not a bit. We can fuck to our hearts' content."

He reached over and touched her face gently with the palm of his left hand. "I suppose all the times we have, uhm, screwed then, have been our own honest desires, even though the Chacoa

chips heightened some of our emotions?"

She nodded but still did not touch him. She needed him to make the next move. "Yes. I honestly meant it when I said I desired you even before I knew that you were the one to initiate my sex-magic rejuvenation."

He made a whooping sound and suddenly pulled her up onto his lap. "Then what the hell are we doing just sitting here? You've got a lot to make up to me wench, while the flykar's engines are still cooling."

She giggled like a young girl as he stood with her in his arms, and carried her down towards the bank of the streams. For the next several hours, he showed her just how much she had to make up to him.

Chapter Eight

As they lay against the stream banks, he felt as if her mind were faraway and perturbed about something. They had talked at long length as they lay recuperating from their bouts of lovemaking. He needed to know what else was on her mind.

"What troubles you, my sweet seductress?"

"I told you about my worries moments ago. I just have this nagging unease that something is going to break up our closeness."

"I will not let that happen." He reached over and kissed her quickly. "But I think the engines are cooled down enough that we can fly for a few more hours. Let us ready ourselves."

They washed up, dressed quickly, and headed back for the encampment. There they gathered everything and put it into the flykar's storage compartments, except for two flasks that Kaelyn held onto.

"I'll give the engines a quick check over before we leave."

"While you are doing that, let me take these flasks and fill them up with water. They seem a bit low."

While he went to take care of the vehicle, she promised to return after she filled up the water flasks and procured them some fresh fruit for the trip from the nearby banaya bushes. She blushed to think how he had teased her with one of the long pieces of yellow-gold fruit.

She quickly finished her task and made to run back to where Yarron and the flykar were. She suddenly realized that she was

feeling more for him than her heart and mind were letting on. No, she had tried to fight these rising emotions for him. Perhaps after she healed his sister and he still wanted her around, they could discuss their growing emotional attraction for each other.

Kaelyn was so preoccupied with her lustful thoughts of him she did not see the strange shadow that flew above her, until it was too late. She screamed as Vylдор swooped down on her. His talon-like fingers clamped down on her shoulders and he jerked her up in his arms, and carried her away with him towards the darkened forest and his lair.

She tried to zap him with her magics, but he jerked her so fiercely as they flew in the air, she could not get a good shot at him. She glanced down, seeing the ground become smaller to her eyes. Biting her bottom lip, she briefly saw the tiny image of the flykar and Yarron in the distance.

She cursed herself for not being more alert. This was the nagging feeling she had been having for several hours. She should have known these dark woods were where Vylдор's lair was located. The half beast, half wizard would stop at nothing to gain more power. She only hoped that Yarron got her mental images and words, before Vylдор carried her too far away. Yarron was still not used to mind speaking with her, though he had taken to it pretty quickly, and they had used it down by the stream.

Then she remembered the bracelets. She would somehow use them to help him find her. Although she intended to fight Vylдор, like she told Yarron earlier, she was still susceptible to outside influences and magic. She had to find a way to keep Vylдор from getting Zator's old powers. Just seemingly inherently evil, Vylдор had always envied Zator's might, which is why she supposed he had always wanted the earthen powers. The demonic wizard would be too powerful if he transferred

them from Kaelyn's body into his own. She could not allow that, yet she was precariously in no position to stop him at this unfortunate moment.

Wind blew savagely against her face as he zoomed them higher into the darkening skies. She shivered with cold and dread. She hoped the fates would not allow harm to come to her beloved. She gasped as she realized in that awful moment of her predicament, that she was in love with Yarron.

* * *

Yarron had just pulled his head out from the hood of the engines when he realized something was wrong. He heard Kaelyn scream. Dropping what he was holding, he made to run towards the stream. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw four stout men standing in his way.

He recognized them as the men from the tavern he'd stopped at the other day to ask directions. They must have been following his trail somehow. Did these bastards work for that evil wizard Vylдор that Kaelyn had told him about hours ago when they had talked deeply and openly about why she had ravished him? Was it Vylдор who had taken Kaelyn?

Before he could react, the four closed in on him and hit him from all sides, with war clubs swinging. If he had not been so preoccupied with thoughts of Kaelyn and returning home, they would never have been able to jump him as they just did.

He swung around at one man, his fist hitting him hard upside his fleshy jaw. Yarron ducked one blow, before jumping up and trying to grab a club from a man in a brown tunic and pants. The swarthiest of the four men jumped him from behind. He brought his club down hard on Yarron's back.

The others closed in on him. The last blow thrown at him effectively hit him upside the head. He fell to the ground, hoping the Heavens would give him another chance to save the woman

he had come to care for deeply.

When he awoke, nearly broken, his one good eye saw that the bastards had damaged the flykar, taken his supplies and left him for dead. Perhaps it had been a blessing that he had taken one of the chips earlier, just to have some fun with Kaelyn. Surely it had helped him live through the beating he had just taken? He tried to move but fell flat on his face. He groaned and realized his lips touched something. His good eye glance upon the ground, and realized that it was a Chacoa chip. He sucked it in. Hopefully the chips would soon heal him and give him the strength he needed to go find his beloved Kaelyn.

Hours seemed to pass by as his body felt crushed from the blows and numb to all else. Then he heard her voice from everywhere and nowhere. "Yarron, awake, my love."

"Kaelyn?" He heard her sultry, weak voice calling to him as if from a great distance. "Where are you, my love? Talk to me. Send me your magics. Help me to heal so that I may find you."

"Follow my mind-voice, Yarron. I am in Vylдор's lair. These are his woods. The bracelet shall help you find me. I cannot talk long. He comes."

"No, Kaelyn, do not leave me." He groped weakly to a sitting position. "Ah, my love, I will find you somehow."

Chapter Nine

"Open to me, Kaelyn. I will have your powers." His mind tried to force its way into hers.

He had her in his torture dungeon, strapped down to an altar-table of some kind. It had been hours since she had been kidnapped and with her mind she had tried to probe for Yarron. It was as if her whole being had become void of life. She felt the true meaning of emptiness without Yarron there with her. It shocked her, the reality of it, and she realized that she had come to care deeply for the man.

To love him. He was hurt. She called out to him again. His mind was there, briefly. She sent what energy she could to him. Her battle upon arrival with Vydor had cost her a lot of magic. She had used too much too quickly. It was the reason Vydor's last magical blow had made her weaken. He had used it to his advantage and put these spell-cast tethers to her wrists.

She had to get out of Vydor's clutches and find Yarron. Groaning inwardly, she realized that there was only one way to do that. She had to pretend that she was under Vydor's spell and allow him to have his nefarious way with her. Perhaps she could have a chance to dissolve his life once he released at least one of her hands. Although she had some mind-powers, her hand movements were most often how she brought forth her healing and sex magic powers.

Vydor felt triumphant as she moved favorably towards his touches. "Yes, lovely witch let me fuck you. You'll enjoy this."

"Suck on my cunt, Vyldor. It would make me more horny."

So sure of his power, he leaned down and pressed his face roughly into her pussy. She had to admit that though he was a bastard, he licked cunt quite well. Not as wildly and deliciously as Yarron could, but it made the ordeal a bit more bearable. His forked tongue probed deeply into her, and then he took two fingers and forced them deep into her wetness.

"Yes. I knew you'd want me."

"Suck me deeper, Vyldor."

Suddenly, something lifted within her whole being. She felt someone entering her mind, but it wasn't Vyldor. "Shhh, my love, keep him busy. I am near."

She felt Vyldor's ravishment deepen, and at the same time knew that Yarron was there. Moments of dread filled her, but she pretended she was enjoying Vyldor's ravishments, as she mind-felt and saw Yarron stumbling, sneaking into the evil demon-wizard's lair.

"Oh, by the fates," she cried out, hoping Vyldor fell for her ruse. "You have found my weakness. Stop, Vyldor, you cannot have my powers." She knew that sounded lame even to her ears, but hoped it would get to this foolish arrogant demon.

She heard his gurgles of satisfaction and Vyldor deepened his vigorous attempts at lathing her wet center with his thick, long tongue. She writhed beneath him, hating the base part of her body that was susceptible to it, but glad that she was keeping him from magically sensing that her beloved was around.

His hands roved roughly over her body. "Soon you'll desire me fiercely, then I'll take you and suck your powers out of you, witch. You are under my spell and you will tell me how to drain you now."

"No, oh, oh, you demon. I want to be sucked so hard. It is weakening me. No, don't finger me there, that would make me

too susceptible to a good fucking from you."

Greedily, she felt the demon-sorcerer thrust several fingers into her vagina, rapidly moving them in and out of her. She could psychically sense he was pleased that she was bucking beneath him so wildly. She knew he would impale her soon and take her magics for his own.

"Oh, yes, you make me want you. Free my hand and let me ride your fingers better, Vylдор. I'll come good for you."

He seemed to be taken in, for he moved one hand over hers and released one restraint with a magic movement. She grasped his wrist and bucked up and down on his fingers. She saw the crazed, fanatic desire in the demon's red eyes and realized that his dark desires were a weakness that was keeping him from detecting Yarron's presence.

Suddenly she was aware of Yarron in the room. She could feel him just inches away. She tightened her grip on the demon's wrist and pumped harder on his fingers, hoping she kept him in her own sex spell. The demon readied himself to mount her, but something stopped him. He turned his head around quickly and that was when she saw Yarron's club come down upon the side of Vylдор's head. The demon, this time, was not quick enough. She quickly summoned up what powers she could feel within her as she kept her grip on the wizard. Though weak, she knew, Yarron brought the club down upon the beast man again.

Then, with all her might, she used what magic was available to her and blasted his hide with all her might. An eerie yellow-orange light encompassed the demon-wizard. He screeched out, backing away from Yarron and Kaelyn. She shot him again. This time the demon shrieked as if all hell broke loose. He exploded into nothingness.

It shook her forcefully, Vylдор's explosive dissolve into

thin air. She had never been able to use her sex magic so powerfully before without the aid of both hands. She glanced up to see Yarron's bruised body ambling towards her. Bless the fates and his love for her. His face was swollen and his body torn and caked with dried blood, but he had come to rescue her.

"Ah, my wondrous love. Free my hand so that I may heal you more."

"I took some of the chips." He grinned half-heartedly before freeing her other hand. She was thankful the bands only kept her from magically freeing herself, but not from someone untying her.

Her hands went up to his face, touching him there and other places, and letting her magic work quickly on restoring him to normal. She could feel her energies mingling with his, could feel his body soaking in the nourishment of her healing and love. She became even more startled, as she realized just then and there, at *how deeply she really was in love* with Yarron. That explained the reason she could not shake off that feeling of strange dread. Only now she did not dread that unusual, comfortable feeling.

She hugged him tightly. "It is so wonderful to be in your arms again, Yarron."

He rained kisses all over her face and shoulders as he enveloped her further into the embrace of his arms. "I was worried I would not get to you in time. But your voice and your inner strength cried out to me. I followed your essence here. Has he harmed you, my sweet?"

"Nothing I could not deal with until you rescued me. Shall we get out of here now?"

He chuckled. "In a moment. I think I need some more healing. And only your sex powers can probably do that."

She looked around them and chuckled softly. "Looks like no one is around. I'm so horny, but it's you I've desired, Yarron."

Fuck me now. I'm so wet and in need of your cock inside me, but only if you feel up to it. I would not want to tire you out more. You have been through so much, my love."

He pressed her back down on the altar. "Ah, sweet witch, your fires will consume my cock and my love always. I can't get enough of you, even half-beaten and trying to heal. Rub my shaft hard, let your magic, your lust, and your love seep through, my sweet seductress."

She took his cock into her hands, gently and swiftly massaging it. Perhaps it was their mutual desire, or even the unusual place to make out, but he hardened swiftly under her touches. His cock throbbed with wanting.

He mounted her and pressed his shaft to her opening. He felt for her wetness, pleased when she shivered with desire at his touch. He thrust fiercely into her, pumping her like a madman, his need so intense. His engorged cock ached for the need to release himself inside her. They were both near their orgasmic needs. She opened her legs further for him, and locked them around his backside.

He groaned and began to thrust wildly above her. He wanted to drive as hard and deep as he could into her. The two shivered uncontrollably. Kaelyn felt the heat welling up within her.

"Now, Yarron, now!"

"Yes, my love. Now!" He exploded within her then, feeling her body wrack with its own orgasm.

Sometime later, he helped her off the altar. "Let's wipe off and get the hell out of here."

"Are you better now?"

He nodded. "Your sex magic worked wonderfully in restoring my own energies to normal. I am tired but healing. Let's get out of this dismal place. I think I can fix the flykar.

Come."

At her questioning look, he explained as they left the dead wizard's lair, about how the men who jumped him damaged the flykar. The two discussed how to fix it as they exited the empty, ancient building and headed through the forest. At the edge of the trees, they were thankful to find the flykar still there. With his guidance and know-how, she was able to use her magical gifts to help him repair the engines and get the flykar into operating shape. They were airborne within an hour. Yarron's hands flew over the control console, and he programmed the machine to take them to Quintahla.

Less than half a day later, they had to stop to cool the engines again. This time they did not make fierce love, but were content to bask in their newly found love. They ate, they rested, and they held each other tightly. For now, with them so close to Quintahla, and healing his sister foremost in both their minds, they were content to just talk and explore each other's hearts and minds. Within another day, the antiquated flying machine finally got them to their destination.

Chapter Ten

"Give her this every four hours and use the berry juice mix I gave to you to keep her fever from rising again," Kaelyn instructed the medics in the patient's room. "Keep her and the others that have recently come down with this, as comfortable as possible. Within a week, they should all return to normal, after a few days of the medication and treatment I prescribed. I will leave them in your more than capable hands now."

She exited the room, to let the medics finish tending to Yarron's sister. Kaelyn had done all she could and promised to do since Yarron had brought her to this large city. As soon as they landed near the hospital house, he had shown her to his sister's room. There she had gone over the symptoms, problems and cure with the wisest of the medics. The two lovers had also found out that others had come down with the ailment. Her methods would cure the people, and she had used only her natural healing aptitudes and knowledge to find a cure.

Tired, she went to the waiting rooms where Yarron had said people waited to hear news of loved ones in the hospital when they were being taken a look at by the medics during some kind of emergency. She was exhausted from the travel, but knew the lagging would ease off soon. Right now she wished for a long hot bath, and some of Yarron's intense lovemaking.

"Especially the lovemaking?" She heard a deep chuckle and looked up to see Yarron entering the room.

She had thought he would go off to his fiancée now that

they were back in his home city. "Oh, Yarron, it is becoming too easy for you to ready my mind now. You should take care. I do not think that your fiancée would like that."

He felt the impact of her dejected tone. "You've hardly said a word to me since we arrived. Did you really think that the first thing I'd do is go running back to Tynia's? Surely, since we have come to care so deeply for each other, you believed otherwise?"

She shifted in her seat. "I want to Yarron, but you are still engaged to her."

"No, I'm not."

Her head came up. "What! Yarron, I am so sorry..."

He sat beside her, taking her hands in his. "Shhh. It was a mutual choice between Tynia and me. I went to see my brother to let him know that we came straight to the hospital. Tynia and her family were there. It seems while I was gone, that Tynia did fall in love with someone else. She begged me to release her from our vows. I did."

"I am so...glad."

His arms tightened around her. "Is that all? Just glad? I thought you'd be more than ecstatic to have your husband back."

"We never married."

He laughed. "My dear, sweet seductress, when you exchanged those bands with me that made us legally married. While I was gone, my brother spent some time at the historical house. He found an old pamphlet about the bracelets and their ancient legal use. It stated that if two lovers exchange the bands and then wear them in public, even without a formal ceremony, they were considered legally married. It's referred to as common-wedlock."

She pulled away from him. "I love you, but would not force you to stay married to me if you did not wish that."

"I am deeply in love with the woman I want to spend eternity with, my bewitching healer. The bracelets stay."

"It must have been the sex magic or that odd feeling or..."

He chuckled and pulled her back in his arms. "You know this euphoric feeling that we are experiencing is natural, not supernatural."

She did not struggle. "I really care for you, but I don't want you to think that it is because of all the sexual energies we have been sharing."

"Would you love me even if you had to give up your sex magics, Kaelyn?"

"I love you no matter what I would have to give up." She threw her arms around him. "I really, truly love you with all my heart and soul, Yarron. Is that how you feel for me?"

"Your heart should already know that, my sweet seductress." He lowered his head and nibbled on her ear, pleased when she shivered with desire. "I will always love only you. I don't need magic to tell me that. However, the sex would be hard to live without."

Chuckling, Kaelyn snuggled closer into the warmth of his arms. "Ah, Yarron, you'll never have to do without that."

"Good. Come, let me take you to my dwellings. There is a decent bath at the family abode."

Much later, after a wondrous bath and some rest in his rooms, Kaelyn rolled closer to him; ready to show him, without magic interference, just how much she desired and loved him. "Let me love on you, Yarron, the way a man should be adored."

Yarron looked deeply into her eyes, and knew that this time he could not deny her, and wanted her to be in control. However, this time he knew that she would not use the bracelets or the chips on him. It would be wonderful and perfect, just like she was for him.

"I will always put your pleasure first, my love."

"No," he mind-spoke back to her. "We will share in that together. Always we will give and return pleasures and desires with equal fervor. It is best shared that way, no matter who becomes the dominating partner at the coupling. I will adore and love and desire you always, Kaelyn. However, I will not allow any other man to refurbish your sex magic energies. The third ritual might not come about. Will that bother you?"

She reached up and kissed him quickly. "No. You are all the powerful magic I need. I think I am blessed just having you. Nothing is more important than being with you."

"Good. No man could ever want a more alluring and wonderful wife."

"Nor could any woman have the warm and generous and devilishly desirable man that I have for a husband. I could of course give up my regular sex magics if they bother you."

He chuckled. "Not on my life or yours. Sex between us is fantastic, but that added charm of yours doesn't hurt in using it to enhance our bedroom magic. Besides, I liked that thing you did when you first held my balls. Now, perhaps you can show me more of those magical, sexy things you can do to my body. I am so hot for your delectable body, Kaelyn."

"I do believe I've created a kinky sex magic aficionado." She laughed freely. "And I can't resist your scorching touches, my love."

"The only thing I'm devoted to, Kaelyn" he said, gathering her up in his big arms to hold her tight and close, "is your delectable, witchy wiles, and your love. Now let's get to making love, my sweet seductress!"

Kaelyn had no problem letting him show her just how much he wanted to be with her. The man had indeed become more of the master and teacher. He was learning to use those sex magics

she'd transferred into his body quite naturally and wonderfully. But she wouldn't tell him about that until much, much later.

She had known when they had made love this last time; somehow, she had already gone through the third ritual with Yarron. Now she fully understood Zator's words. Each time she renewed her energies, it actually had to be from her life-mate; just as Zator had learned to renew his energies and powers from Thaala.

Thaala had always told her that love magic went exceptionally well with sex magic. She knew that the power she had sensed days ago within Yarron was the kind of natural love magic that Thaala possessed in her lifetime. It was no wonder why Thaala and Zator were so powerful together. Later she would tell him what she had discovered within their union.

However, he would need her tutelage in this area of their sharings. But as far as the lovemaking, she was learning quite a bit from him. Tonight, though, his pleased surprises were going to make for one long and enchanted evening. Thankfully, they had many more magical times to come for the rest of their lives, together.

About the Author

As a teen, Mae Powers wrote tales about Earth heroines having torrid love affairs with space aliens or magical hunks. She ventured out into the realms of science fiction and fantasy years ago, but none of her vessels found a port to land in until the 21st century. After stumbling into the cyber-worlds of mixed genres, she had several short stories and an erotic SFR novella published. SWEET SEDUCTRESS, originally written for the Phaze One challenge, is the first contest she has won with a major publisher. Currently she is working on other projects for Phaze and other publishers. She enjoys time with her own personal hunk and hubby, and lives in the southwest with him and two kids and two cats.

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