



OF ANGELS LOST

JJ GILES

Scanning, uploading and/or distribution of this book via the Internet, print, audio recordings or any other means without the permission of the Publisher is illegal and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, places, events and characters are fictitious in every regard. Any similarities to actual events or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

**Of Angels Lost
Copyright©2006 JJ Giles
Tales Of The Slave Girl Edition
Cover art and design by Tom Brown**

All rights reserved. Except for review purposes, the reproduction of this book in whole or part, electronically or mechanically, constitutes a copyright violation.



**Published by
loveyoudivine 2005
Find us on the
World Wide Web at
www.loveyoudivine.com**

A decorative border featuring a symmetrical arrangement of stylized flowers and leaves, with a central floral motif and two small circular ornaments at the bottom corners.

Of Angels Lost *by JJ Giles*

*U*nfurling ribbons of high cirrus filtered the summer sun as they floated carelessly, oblivious to the man at the base of the mountain. Deer nibbled the succulent shoots and raised their heads in syncopated rhythm, listening to the rushing water and peering at him, to perhaps wonder why he stared up. What could possibly be up there that he cared about? Even the bees on their daily sojourn darted around him, unwilling to disturb his stately stance. It was as if he belonged here; as if he was one of them.

His vision swept up the side of the mountain, through timber reaching into the sky for sustenance. The richness of evergreens reminded him of something velvety soft, something elegantly arrayed as if God cared more in creating this place and all in it, than anywhere else on earth. An imperceptible throb, as if the Blood of the Universe flowed through the veins of the mountains, stirred him a little. His eyes traversed the slope, the shape itself that of a soft, simmering breast filled with absolution. Silently, it beckoned him.

Ah, what could possibly be up there that isn't down here? he asked himself. The climb was steep, the path crooked, but the day was new. A cool mountain breeze swept through a pine grove to lend its trembling voice to the seduction. He felt a nudge from behind and turned quickly believing that he was alone on this journey. It was a deer, wandering aimlessly, but now scampering away. And

yet it was a sign.

What is salvation? he wondered as he planted a leather boot in the shale of the flood plain before him. He had never asked for salvation. Had never thought about salvation or required such a thing. But now he prayed for salvation as he grasped at a pair of black leather gloves and slipped them on. Onward he moved toward the forest, into the trees sparsely arranged at this altitude, his heart beating with both desire and fear.

He could almost feel it, something was there, but what would he find? Certainly a vantage to view all of Creation as did the eagles soaring above. Perhaps it was absolution, a total forgiveness of his sins. He looked up, a quarter of the way to the summit and adjusted his dark glasses for a better view. It seemed the trail broke off ahead and the sheer rock face of a cliff was the road to happiness. With a deep breath, he grabbed at another tree and rose higher.

Even in this cool clime, a sweat broke out on his brow. Carelessly, he swept it away. And if he cared to think about it, he might have been hungry with the sun, now overhead, indicating the middle of the day. Beyond the trees, he came upon a flat shelf, teeming with luxuriant meadow grasses dancing to an undulating rhythm. He peered down to see how far he had come and gasped. The ground fell away from him as if the roots of the tree had been the rungs of a ladder. The stream seemed merely a ribbon of blue cascading through outcroppings of granite. And the lush trees merely twigs.

Heavily, he sat to ponder this journey. As delicate flowers tickled his arms, he looked around. This was beautiful. Exquisite even, as his vision narrowed in the distance at the rise and fall of the earth. The sky was a tempting blue, as if the sun shone through Heaven's tarn and painted the floor to become the roof of his mortal existence.

Very nice, he thought, admiring both the art and the artiste. Yet there was something barren about it, too. Something yet undone, yet to be created.

The summit lay before him, rising perilously into the clouds. "What could possibly be up there?" He breathed deeply, as he studied the route taken by men before him. Men who had left their mark in the chiselled handholds that stair-stepped up the face and then ended well before the top.

He shook his head slightly. Certainly they had perished in their quest. *But even to rise to this height is surely a victory*, he thought to console himself, to convince himself that this was at the top of the world. And should he follow them into another...? *No*, he decided. *This is enough*.

He laid back in the thick grass to rest a moment before returning to the mundane existence of everyday life. Closing his eyes, he felt the breeze collect on his skin like a silken scarf. As the cry of an eagle pierced this small oasis of tranquillity, he looked up into the blazing sun and saw it circling the summit as if something more beautiful than this was up there.

What could it be? stabbed into his chest with an unrelenting grip. He tugged on the gloves to tighten them around his thick fingers and then stood motionless. Without his knowledge, his hands flexed to gather his inner strength into themselves. Energized with uncompromising fortitude, he ran to the base of the summit.

Those other men lay strewn about in no particular order, their flesh carried away, to return to the earth. Had he thought about it, he might have stacked them up and climbed the ribs like a ladder. With this nearness, something inside throbbed with holy passion and closed his throat, but there was no need for air. The only need, the overwhelming satisfaction was yet above him.

He circled the perfectly round rock, a pinpoint above the mountain, which sustained it. Even the color was different than all else

below it, shimmering in the sun, glowing with a soft deep rose, flushed with the hue of blood. Ah, but it was a perfect sphere, another two hundred feet into the clouds.

Nothing propelled him, yet nothing resisted him. His eyes closed and his hand reached to meet the rock. It seemed to give way, as if he could lay his foot upon it. It appeared to melt into a malleable substance to which he could cling.

Higher, higher he rose without any awareness. The breeze drifted around him to cool his flushed body and feed his lungs. The sun burned a little hotter, as if to radiate his soul for the final thrust.

With his eyes still closed he felt the flat of the summit under his hand. He pulled in a deep breath, the only desire now to arrive. With a force of will, the thick muscles in his arm convulsed, and heaved him upward. Elbow dug in, he stopped to rest a moment, to hang perilously over the edge. But there was no return, no avenue of escape, though his body ached with the strain of the quest.

Once more, he prayed. As if someone handled him, the other elbow met the smooth flatness. His wide shoulders contracted to pull his long body over the edge.

Breathing deep the aroma of what was certainly the gods, he lay splattered in no particular order to rest. He peered out over the expanse to see the hills rolling away as if a sheet of velvet had been dropped from the heavens to arrange in soft folds. But with his ear to the rock, he heard it still. The quiet pulse, a measured meter, yet it was louder now. Its insistence was overwhelming.

He crawled away from the edge to perch on his hands and knees. What is that sound? The breeze mingled with it to create a thudding of incomprehensible rapidity as if the heart that propelled it might burst. And then suddenly, he heard in his head, *Come to me.*

Like a madman, he jerked. His eyes widened at the sight before him, but it wasn't enough. Unless the high altitude and the thin air had created a mirage, he saw perched behind a small rise on the shelf, the bent knee of an angel.

Stunned, he stared wantonly, mystified as he rose and inched forward. What could it be, a phantom, surely? But such a lovely knee, the shade of delectable caramel. Quickly, he moved toward it, this new compliment to the landscape more than he could have imagined.

As if she were just birthed by the mountain itself, this woman stretched long in the heated sun, warmed by the heated rock. The triangle of down between her long legs was a rich sable reminding him of the soft fur of mink. He drank down the vision of her, a body fully fleshed yet lean in the depression between her feminine hips which swept up to swell into soft pillows of dense breasts. Even the nipples were blessed with a richer shade of mocha, and he lingered there, salivating for the sustenance he wanted desperately to be his.

She stirred a little, but only to arrange her sturdy arms. Her head fell over the edge of the bower exposing her throat, which led to a softly rounded chin. The breeze twisted through her hair, the richness twined by strands of gold. Ravenous, he moved to look upon her face.

Her deep-set eyes fringed in black, were accentuated by the soft curve of her brow, a mere calligraphic slash from God's brush. Her long nose, a little broad at the base to draw in gales of wind, divided widened cheekbones. A shadow dallied in the hollow there, but it was the lips. A perfect symmetry as if crafted according to the Golden Mean seemed to smile a little.

Who are you? The question didn't issue from his lips. It was only a query from his heart, a heart now fallen into a rhythm with hers. The reply was the simple movement of her arm as it reached

toward him. The touch of her fingers at his belt caused it to open and let his jeans fall away.

Stunned, he peered down at eyes that refused to open on him. But the caress of her delicate fingers between his thighs distracted him. His vision travelled the length of her arm to see the soft pads of her fingertips delicately stroking. They swept up his abdomen, this foray into his flesh continuing as if she were blind and only the most elusive touch could produce a vision of him.

He ached to see the breasts swell with blood, the nipples engorge with a pulse of their own. Starved to the point weakness, he bent to receive that pleasure.

The delicate fingers that strolled up his body to pinch a nipple suddenly wrapped around his aching cock with an indelicate fierceness. With the strength of a Titan, she pulled it to her as if only it mattered. He lurched forward and somehow stepped out of his boots to feel the heated rock under his bare feet. To succumb to her hunger, he planted his knees beside her head.

Heavily, he sighed as her moist tongue tickled over his engorged glans. Ticklish little circles teased, even as she held him in her fist. But the body before him stretched long and then divided. Without hesitancy, he bent to feed.

Her scent rose like the smoke of a signal fire into his senses to burn all thought out of his mind. The idea that this was a test of his self-control evaporated as he drove his nose into the soft fat of her mound, to drink down a fragrance so maddeningly natural, offering a distant satisfaction.

Her lips tightened around the first inch of his cock to drink down the first drop of his essence. His cheek swept over her bunny-soft fur. But he wasn't to be restrained now, not by her beauty or his own sense of decorum. His heavy arms locked around her thighs and his leather-clad fingers grasped at the soft fat between them. Hungrily, he pulled them apart.

The full measure of her boiling cunt appeared as the sweet icing on a slice of red velvet cake. Anxiously, his tongue swept over it, enlivened by the thick texture, every bit as sweet as he expected it to be. With the hint of something profoundly more filling, his tongue drove deep.

The woman's hips lurched as if to swallow him, but he held her tightly. The tightness enveloped his tongue as he stabbed deeper, more determined now. He withdrew only to swallow, to caress the enflamed satin with his tongue. His lips gnawed at the flesh as if he could devour it and digest it. But his tongue forced itself against her swollen clit.

Her body trembled in his grasp and her mouth opened to take more. His legs widened to allow her that pleasure, to feed her as she fed him.

His eyes still closed against the sunlight, he smiled a little. This was certainly an unforeseen perquisite of that miserable climb. Her cunt flowed, unimpeded like the river down below, with the nectar of the gods, an Epicurean reward for a life well-lived.

"C'mere, Baby," he murmured. He strained against the suction in her mouth, her desire to maintain that connection as if she starved. But he had to have her cunt; his own need demanded it now. Forcefully, he pulled away from her.

A cry of anguish rose around him, and seemed to echo from the earth into the clouds and back again to convey her own desperation. The sound waves poured through his body, shaking him internally, but it didn't slow him. Uninhibited, he turned, his passion roiling like the tides of the ocean.

Ah, such sweet soft flesh under him now. His cock, mindful of its own need, dallied in the flowing moisture. It rubbed against that soft satin flaming like the purifying fires beyond the Elysian Fields, redoubling its girth. Filled with a fortitude created by her, he gently slid in. Cradled in the enduring warmth of liquid fire,

he wrapped around her body, crushing it to his.

Her breasts melted to his touch; her nipples swelled like ripened cherries into his chest. Her body contracted around his cock to caress it, to plead with it, to beg it to be hers.

She didn't have to beg; she had only to breathe. Every sinew in his muscular legs moved in concert to her request. There seemed no end to her generosity, no limitation of her love. She wanted him deep, to swallow all of him and her legs rose to wrap tightly around his hips.

But he forced them back down and rolled higher. He wanted the feel of her clit rubbing against him, that beautiful little bud of pure pleasure driven into his cock with each animated thrust. With the friction he created, it swelled like a flower to the morning sun, gathering to itself his momentum.

With his fingers wrapped around her head, her face to his shoulder, her arms constricted around him to hold him tightly. He felt the moisture flowing from her now, the first beautiful tears embed in the fur on his chest. She found his rhythm and rocked with him, pulling him deeper and deeper still into her warmth.

He wanted to cry out, to do anything to prevent the inevitable finish because she was more generous than ever he knew a woman to be. Her cunt gripped his cock with an unbreakable hold. It closed around him like the tightening of a vise to complete his gratification. As if she willed it, his own fluids pooled in his body, bubbled and churned as if stirred in a cauldron. His balls caught fire and contracted into tight orbs of flame. He exploded like Krakatoa.

Driven to his formidable length, he held still to revel in the ecstasy, his muscles throbbing to give to her all that he had to offer. Under him she writhed to drain him, her starvation only partially cured.

Only slowly, could he retreat, her desire still to feed from him.

Tenderly, he rolled to her side and gathered her up, her back to his chest. His arm slid under her head to soften the rock upon which they rested. Her tears dried on the gentle breeze as his lips washed over her face. But her breasts still throbbed, swollen with desire and he grasped the firmness to overflow from his hand.

Sweet Baby, came to his mind as he felt a convulsion of frustration shake her body in his arms. His tongue caressed her throat to take it from her, to soothe her but she wouldn't be stilled. Her arm stretched long, her nails dug into his thighs to urge him closer. But it was only when her hand slipped between them and wrapped like a boa around his cock that he noticed it. When it should have retreated to its usual useless state, it still ached for her.

It was heavy and thick, long and uncompromising, seemingly filled with lead. Her grip, equally uncompromising, she pulled it toward her again. But the only avenue into her body lay between the firm muscles behind her hips. The first contact with that elastic orifice sent a shudder through him. Even as her fingers dug into his hip to force him into her, his hand flattened on her abdomen to steady her.

Carefully, as if he opened an ancient and priceless reliquary, he pushed through, aiming at the palm of his hand. As if she were filled with a warm, wet quicksand she pulled him into her, devouring him, stroking him, her malleable heat gnawing with insistence.

She writhed in his arms, her voice the sound of a wildcat crying in the wilderness of desperation. Her breasts heaved with every gasping breath, every shudder of uninhibited pleasure. Driven to his entire length, he pressed on her intestines, stroking gently as she contracted around him. As if he wrestled a baby bear, he held tightly, refusing to dismiss her. His fingers crushed a flaming nipple with relentless desire as his other hand slipped between her legs.

Of their own volition, they parted wide. Her scent rose into his nostrils to remind him of his own pleasure mounting steadily aside hers. His fingers slipped into her softness, wetted by incomprehensible famine and he opened the flesh to expose her entirely. Tight, tiny circles drove into her clit with abandon.

Carelessly, she writhed, her breasts captured, her clit tortured, her body impaled. The friction he created sparked and caught fire and she screamed, her body shuddering in his grasp, his penis driven deep. Her flailing arms caught hold in his hair to urge him into his own ecstasy and he pumped all the harder, harder still feeling the rhythmic contractions wash through her like a riptide.

Her sustained orgasm took on the pulse of a metronome gone mad. His balls shivered with each rasping vibration, his cock boiling with the fire inside of her. His fluid collected and sizzled like hot oil. Like a rupture from the center of the earth, it shot through him, unabated, continuing as if she willed it. As if drawn from a bottomless pit, it pumped with unforgiving force into her until he felt it wash over his cock. Tensed to the point of shattering, his fingers crushed her breast, her entire body to soak up every murmuring shudder, every fading vibration.

She collapsed against him, her flush still warm as her head draped over his arm. His lips closed her eyes; his tongue opened her mouth to offer his gratitude. Easily she rolled to him, their combined sweat making the surface of the rock slippery soft, and buried her nose to his chest.

She seemed to sleep a little, her measured breath still warm on his chest. His fingers threaded through her hair, the strands of gold glinting in the sunlight like something far more precious than anything he'd previously known.

As the sun began to approach the horizon, he held to her tightly, utterly spent. His tongue travelled over the curve of her ear as her fingers gathered his balls to roll them gently.

"You must be Salvation," he whispered.

Her lips broke into a broad smile and finally she opened her eyes. Dark, simmering eyes bored directly into him. "It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance," she murmured.

The pads of his fingers stroked tenderly over her cheek plumped with levity. "You think maybe we ought to get off of this rock before nightfall?"

"No need for that. Behold," her voice trembling with adoration.

His eyes travelled the length of her arm into the sky melting with soft pastels. He watched, stricken, as the thin clouds gathered into a soft mass of brilliance, almost blinding in its purity. Immediately, he pulled away from her and stood upright on shaky legs. Yet he watched, spellbound by the formation, solidifying into spiralling stair-steps rising forever higher.

Quickly, he turned back to see her sitting casually, one leg folded demurely over the other. "What is this?" he gasped.

"This is Heaven."

For a long moment, he stared into her dark smiling eyes reticent to ask the obvious question. "Am I dead?"

She shrugged. "Do you feel dead?"

He shook a little. Anxiously, he flexed his fingers and then stretched out his arms feeling every sensation as easily as always. He peered down to see his feet, but it was his cock he studied now. As long and straight as ever before, yet curiously swelled to its beautiful best, even after a day of wanton lust.

A slow grin spread into a smile. He thought of the skeletons at the base of the summit, their flesh shredded by vermin. Incredulously, his arm rose to point in their direction.

"They didn't make the cut," she said with a wink.

Heavily, he sighed as he tore away from her gaze. He turned toward the clouds to see the stairway defined into rises and runs leading to a sprawling cloud of whipped cream. He could almost

feel the cool enveloping cream on his skin, a vivid contrast to the fire still burning within him. The sound of feminine voices traversed the expanse to beckon him.

"You are an angel," he gasped.

"I am," she whispered with a seductive arch of her brows.

"And this is Heaven," he mused. Yet he sat beside of her and gathered her up into his embrace. His lips pressed to her forehead as his own tears flowed freely now. "Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you for this."

She shook her head a little. "The pleasure was mine. And trust me when I tell you that it's been awhile," she said capriciously as she tossed her head toward the edge of her rock.

With repressed laughter, he asked, "If they don't feel a need to pleasure you, you just chuck them over the side?"

"Exactly."

With a fervent kiss to her cheek, he arose. "I hope you don't have to wait long again," he said with the intonation of a prayer.

Her shoulders shrugged as she smirked. "I can assure you I do, but you don't," as she nodded toward the clouds.

He smiled and nodded. He planted a foot on the whipped cream, feeling something indescribably soft. Higher and higher he moved toward the scintillating aroma of feminine flesh. The distant speckles of black and white, blonde and bronze solidified into visions of beauty nestled in cream.

"Ladies," he whispered as he descended amongst them and opened his mouth to lick the cream from a nipple.

The End