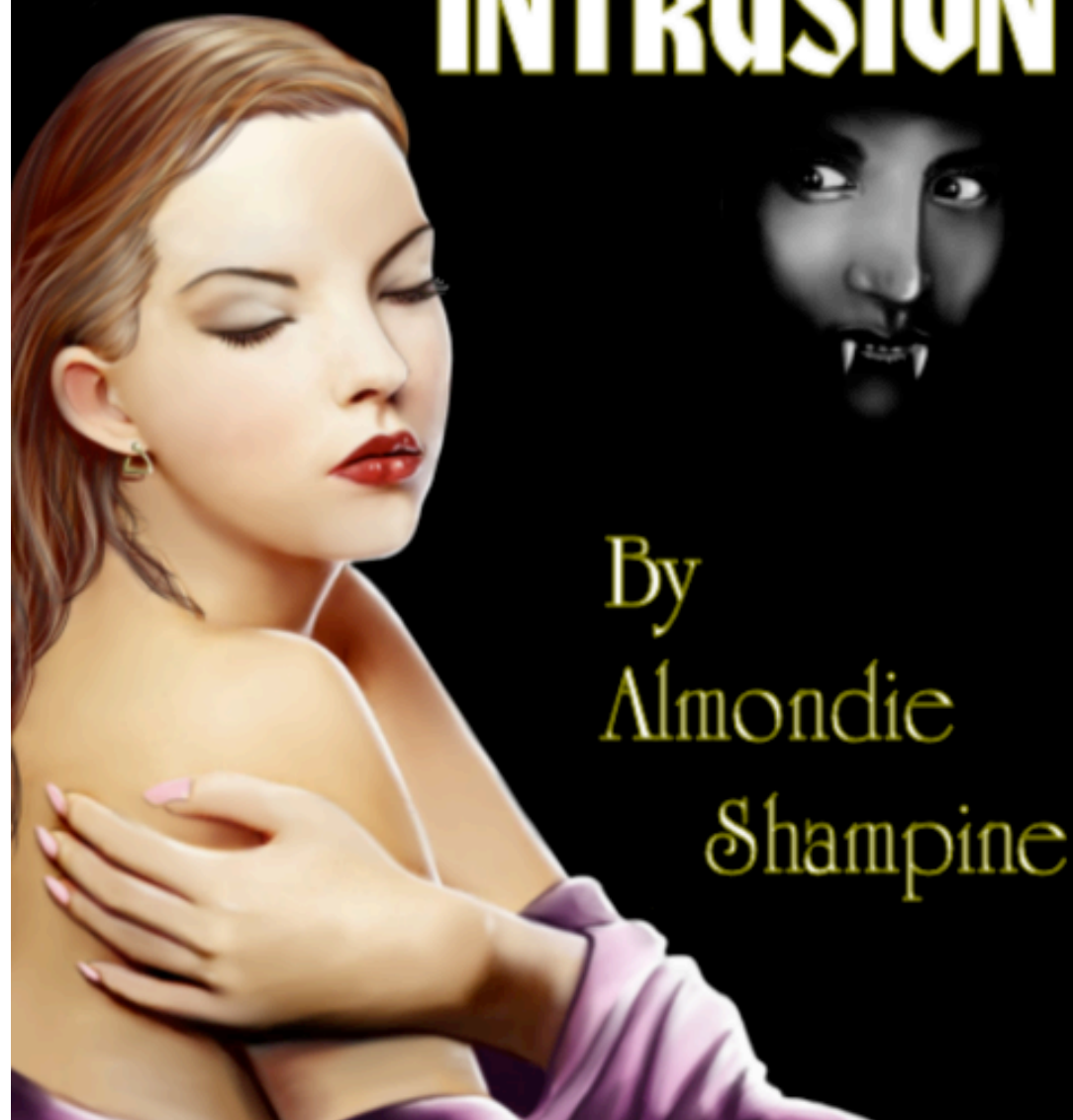


* *Lady Aibell Press* *

INTRUSION



By
Almondie
Champagne



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by

Almondie Shampine

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Intrusion

There was no denying it, no distorting it. My children, my work, my daily household chores; chocolate, fast-food, soda, and beer—nothing could sate the craving. It was a dull ache during the day amidst my chores, hardly noticeable, yet irritating. At night when I laid down counting Mississippi's, kicking my feet, tossing and turning, it was agonizing. There were times I would cry. There were many times I would not sleep. I would stare out into the dismal darkness and fantasize, creativity having always been one of my strong points. Shamefully, my fantasies were never about love. You'd think being a single mother of two kids with two different deadbeat fathers, at least for my children's sake, I'd want love, marriage, the things people want in life. Only if work can be considered life, do I have a life at all. All I do is work...and crave...but, no, not for love. Too many scars, and the scar tissue is too tough and inflexible to penetrate.

Hmm, penetrate!

So then the fantasies consisted of sex? Wrong. I mean, sometimes they did, but sex is really nothing to fantasize about. If it were sex I craved, I could have easily found it. There's only one thing that enters a man's skull when he sees a woman alone with two kids dragging along behind her: She must put out! Maybe I should give myself a little credit, too. The only effect that two pregnancies had on my body was bigger boobs. Stretch marks too, but a tan disguises those. I'm still wearing 3's, thanks to my premature birth making me quite petite. After a little Tae Bo I got my abs back within two months, and when I was a child, my mother told me that there were boob men, butt men, and leg men; I would attract the butt men. I don't see what's so attractive about a deformed spine and a bad back. Mom gave me blonde hair and someone else gave me red highlights. When I was 15, wearing glasses, and flat as a board, I considered my hair my womanhood, so allowed it to grow out until little curls swept my derriere.

I won't tell you how good nudity feels with thick, silky hair sweeping my skin. It's no wonder that cats are constantly purring.

Then there's the least significant feature in the typical male's eyes (aside from vocal cords and intelligence): The face. Sometimes I like to think that I carry Angelina Jolie's most prominent feature: those big, luscious, pouty lips. My eyes are slanted with lengthy eyelashes, and a blue that changes but is always unique; sometimes cerulean, sometimes cerulean green, sometimes sapphire. I look at my eyes often, trying to decipher who is in the reflection that stares back at me. It most certainly is not me! I'm a mother, a work-a-holic, a morally-induced woman, an introvert. The reflection is a seductress on the hunt—wanting, alluring, and needing. Those eyes are hungry, teasing, playfully destructive, like a cat tormenting his prey. Even I am seduced

by this reflection, and it turns me on so to see her touch herself, to smell her sweat and sex, to hear her purr like a pussy cat.

No, leave it to me to fantasize about something that no human could possibly create. I once thought I could find these kinds of feelings amidst love, through making love, but it is true what they say about high expectations leading to grand disappointments. In ten minutes a child was created—that's including foreplay. When asked when the child may have been conceived, I wondered if I'd been sleeping when it happened, because I sure as hell didn't remember. You'd think you could have at least a little euphoric episode if that one experience is going to make you a mother for the rest of your life.

No, no human could possibly give the kind of feelings I longed for, so my fantasies involved nonhumans. No, not animals, God no. Well, god's yes, and ghosts, or any kind of extraordinary being that could create supernatural feelings. I would fantasize for hours, usually based around a similar theme—a rescuer from my prosthetic life, an intruder in the silent darkness, a savior of excitement to my cyclical days and weeks, months and years. Unexpected, of course. Sometimes I would start with being asleep. Other times I'd already be engaged in myself. Of course I would feign fright. Any woman not frightened by an unexpected stranger in the darkness is not sane, so being a very detail-oriented person, I would gasp and pull myself upright. In the depth of fright I would forget about my nudity and be fully revealed in the eyes of this stranger. Only when he took a formidable step toward me would I remember and grasp the sheet tightly in my quivering hand against my breast, my nipples hard from the arousal that comes with fear.

"Who are you?" I would cry. "What do you want?"

My stranger wouldn't say a word. He would take another step toward me, and the moonlight would do nothing to illuminate his face. It would remain in the shadows the whole time. The reason for that is simple. I would not want to face the *thing* that brought about my animalistic tendencies. If I had to face him, I would feel ashamed. Any other sane person would be reaching for the phone or considering his intrusion on her body a violation. In the light I would have fought the bastard that dared to come into my house unwelcomed. I would have used my Tae Bo moves. In the darkness, I didn't have to face how truly insane I was. I could simply call it a fantasy, and normal. This was the reflection, of course. Not really me. I'd grown up with God, with no sex before marriage. So shamed by guilt I was forced to find comfort in only having sex with the person I love. Now that he is long gone, I have to do right by God and maintain celibacy until I can be blessed with another love. Unfortunately, God does not feel the initiative to do so, but again, it is not love I crave.

My stranger's eyes would be luminous and engaging, strengthening my arousal to eliminate my fear. While shame would still be present, just beneath his gaze I would start to throb and contract and expand and tighten. With each pulsation I would feel my heated wetness growing ever more abundant until there would be no more room left inside and it could only brim over my lips and dribble down into the crevice between my ample cheeks.

Only then would I hear a sound from him. A low growl, a rumbling of slight amusement, the slight sound of satisfaction that comes from the deepest part of his diaphragm.

In the fantasies where I would already be engaged in myself, he would tell me to continue beneath his penetrating gaze. What was just recently normal masturbation would suddenly be filled with pleasure-seeking, overly sensitive, and sensuous nerves, in addition to my excitement over this complete stranger encompassed in darkness watching me.

In the fantasies where I would first be asleep, he would initiate these same feelings simply with his gaze and his breath.

For the first hour, his hands wouldn't come within a centimeter of my skin, but the aura, the sex, emanating off of him would provoke my skin. He would find me beautiful, sexy. He would see me for my human weaknesses rather than my usual business-like, cold, unapproachable, and unsociable manner. He would bring my very soul out to play. He would love me without knowing anything of me...and I would love him without ever having even seen his face or knowing his name. My mind would be completely absent. Saying that proves that it is not really me, because it is only my brain and mind that I run on.

The rest of the time would be the bliss that comes from years of aching and an hour of a world between heaven and hell, struggling, moaning, crying, agonizing, craving, longing, needing...needing...needing. That's not to say the second hour wouldn't have its conflict. The conflict would remain at fighting orgasm and reaching for it, pushing myself away from it, and drowning from it, begging for the intensity to stop, pleading for it never to end.

Would I orgasm in the reality? No, that remained in the fantasy as well, and this estranged inability to do so is what would steal that beautiful fantasy away from me, so abruptly that the devastating tears would come immediately, and so hard that I would choke and shudder in despair, in furious need for release.

So it's no wonder I was becoming more bitter by the day; more engaged in my work, more irritable and frustrated, discouraged and feeling helpless with life in general. I prayed every night for more patience with my children—and sometimes I prayed for orgasm and argued with the Holy Father that if I was to be celibate for his cause, then he could at least allow me my own initiated orgasms.

Is it only right for one to want to maintain at least one living quality? For the rest I was basically dead. I went about my chores of the day unfeeling, emotionless. I got into the habit of drinking heavily at night so that the depressant effects would numb my mind, my ache, and push me toward sleep. I became depressed, even settling in my mind that maybe love wouldn't be so bad. You see, I could reveal to the world, or at least anyone who would listen, that I was lonely, but I would be judged a freak if I told them that I needed relief from this constant, aching pain; relief that I could not bring myself; relief that would only come upon being with a male I had declared my love to because of my structured morals. Could no one love me? No one at all?

Then one night while I was fretting for sleep, despite the 12 pack in my system, despite a full 17 hours of work—I'd given up fantasizing and masturbating long ago; fruitless efforts—I felt a strange presence in the room. It was nothing like my fantasy, that's for sure. The fright was always fabricated then. My first thought was that it was some rapist, murderer, burglar-type guy with a gun and gigantic muscles and my stupid little Tae Bo kicks and jabs would be mere flies landing on his skin. In the flight of panic, I thought it best that I just pretend I was asleep so that maybe the rape and murder could be skipped and he could just go for the gold. Unfortunately, in my kind of poverty, the only jewel I had to treasure was attached to me. If at all possible, I would have just detached my parts and thrown them at him. For so long I'd been hoping for some kind of unexpected death, and now suddenly I was all about the preservation of life, even if miserable and pointless and loveless. I might have been able to rationalize it later as my insanity, but he whispered my name.

"Salina-ahhhhh!"

My fear dissipated as the voice that whispered my name was inviting, beckoning me to open my eyes.

"Don't!" said the voice, but it was not harsh, just lulling. He could have told me he would kill me and still I wouldn't have been frightened because of the intriguing nature of his low,

gentle voice, a rolling yet resonant sound. I felt pressure ever so lightly on my eyelids. It didn't even seem a touch, but a cool breeze moseying along my lids. This coolness on the surface brought astounding warmth to circulate through my veins and a mild touch of savory bliss to entice my hormones. I felt sleep clutching at me, go figure. I tried desperately to remain alert, but the breeze was...so sensual, so reassuring in its dally.

* * * *

I awoke to a light peacefulness in my chest and a renewed vibrancy in my organs. I felt as though I'd fallen in love overnight, but what could have caused this glorious change to a life that had taken on nothing but sadness? It seemed as though something significant had taken place in my life, a change I could not define.

I was not the only one to notice this. Everyone took note of my barely contained smiles.

"Has Salina finally found love once again?" my mother interrogated.

"Looks like someone got lucky last night," my employees assumed.

"Well, look who's stopped drowning herself in self-pity." That was my father.

"I met someone," I told them. I could not help myself, but for details they would have to wait. What details didn't sound completely insane? Someone or *thing* came to me last night and renewed the fantasies my reflection once elaborated? It really hadn't renewed old habits, but rather deemed them so minute in comparison to the real thing. But what exactly had taken place?

I did not drink alcohol the next night, thinking alcohol may have been partially responsible. I was still trying to deceive myself into believing that it hadn't happened, or I'd simply dreamed it. I turned off the lights and sat amidst the dark in anticipation. When that darkness faded to navy blue I let my anxious shoulders fall in the realization that I was just so desperate for excitement that my mind would go far enough to play games. I wasn't going to cry. That would be stupid. The whole thing was stupid; was yet another premise to question my sanity.

Too late to go to sleep because of my foolishness, I pulled myself from the *dry* couch, though I'd been lazily touching myself for hours. What was I preparing myself for? Even if a stranger had come into my house last night, I shouldn't be hoping for his return, and I sure as hell shouldn't be touching myself in anticipation of his arrival. For god's sake, he's a stranger!

I brewed up my life's fuel, threw off my robe, and stared at my feline reflection. I wished I could be her, so sexy, so carefree, so open, rather than stuck in this cold, hard, everything-has-a-logical-explanation shell. I watched her dance, a small, playful smile on her lips. Her hips undulated to a silent rhythm, her hair swaying feather-like touches across her naked skin, her abs rippling with the movement, her arms grazing her nipples as her fingers moved up through her hair... I closed my eyes, glorying in her dance when a strong essence of air permeated my senses.

The air had never had such a distinct smell before, unless polluted with smoke, garbage, lingering perfume, or wavering fast-food odors. Like one can smell the air of winter before it has come or the air of spring when the last snows are melting. Spring, yes, that was the smell of the air. Not the season of spring, but an ever-moving stream that could never know pollution but only give off the essence of purity and innocence. I allowed the prevailing smell to fog my rational thoughts, to find comfort in the natural elements of happiness so long ago sacrificed for a 'better standard of life.' I did not yet question where the smell had come from or why my skin prickled in animated alertness. I did not speculate my suddenly rapidly beating heart, or my uneven breaths, or the intricate sensations evolving in my body. I only knew how alive I felt. I

felt the warm breeze across my neck, the breath of life. Only when I felt myself tilting backwards did I open my eyes and try to gain my balance. The beautiful reflection leaned back, as though in the arms of embrace, but there was nothing there behind her, supporting her from tipping over. I felt the arousing grazing along my neck, and could not help my startled yet excited moan when I watched the reflection's lengthy hair slowly pulled away, tickling her nipple, as it was moved along her shoulder to her back.

Having always been deceived by the mirror, I made ready to turn around, when I was pulled in by his voice once again. The same command was spoken.

"Don't!"

Suddenly I felt embraced, sheathed all around me, and the air was sexually intoxicating. I became faint and weak and I could not hold my own weight. I trusted him.

"Why?" I murmured, feeling the same sleep as the night before clutching at me.

The feelings were stronger this time, more intense, the breeze or his touch having more confidence. What had been dry by my lonesome was suddenly warm and moist. I craved so much more touch, but my mind was trying to refute the whole thing, telling me that I was dreaming.

"Because you're not yet ready?"

"Ready for what?" I asked eagerly, hesitantly moving toward his touch, stopping, then swooning once again.

"For all I can give you, for all I have to show you. You need to learn how to open your mind to all possibilities, to let go."

"I am talking to an invisible presence. I am naked yet am not covering myself up. I am trusting you. I am wanting your touch, your caress, your kiss. Yet you insist that I have not let go."

"I will show you, Salina"

Sultry pleasures I'd only before fantasized about started from the tender spot on my neck and spiraled rapidly downward to where such hunger, such wild thirst originated. I screamed in exhilaration, but at that same moment my body tightened, and the orgasm simmered away, leaving the same agonizing hurt.

"Why?" I cried, tears burning in my eyes. I turned to face him, but there was nothing there, like in the reflection, but the air was stagnant from mildew-covered bathroom walls with only the mildest essence of sex; his sex.

* * * *

Night came again as it has a tendency to do, but in a very different way than the past two years. I was anticipating night, anxious to know all the possibilities. If with a breezy touch he could almost bring me to climax, I couldn't possibly comprehend what his real touch would be capable of doing. Was I frightened? Of course. I wouldn't be sane if I didn't feel those things, but with my mind already slipping away from me due to forgotten happiness, forgotten touch, I could care less if I was hallucinating the whole thing. It let me escape my torment for a little while. It made me feel alive once again beneath this skin, inside this body.

I was feeling woman again where so long ago I'd forgotten what it meant to be a woman, rather than merely a mother struggling to support her kids. I did not sleep at all the night previous, so staying awake was impossible. I reluctantly dropped off to sleep. He was quick to join me in my dreams; how he'd gotten there I didn't know. I was not dreaming about him. He

found my dreams and entered them. I saw nothing to observe with my eyes that he was there, but I was acutely aware of his feel and smell. I could feel his heat, his whispery touch; I could smell his air, his primal essence. The sweet wind glided over my face and body. I knew that I was soaring, flying, through the open night sky.

I filled with a euphoric happiness, suddenly feeling my belonging. He was teasing me, gliding down beneath me, above me, beside me, flaunting his powers, his prowess. I thought to myself how extraordinary it would be to make love like this, with the gushing wind, the silent world, with freedom. I searched for him with my awareness of his body heat. My laughter was free-flowing, moving off into the distant way beyond the edge of the earth. He was quicker than I and only his laughter told me where he'd been and where he was going; his resounding laughter filled me with the wildest glee. He moved over the top of me once again and this time maneuvered himself so that he was gliding on my back, his touch so delicate, yet powerful in its effect. He carried me up and he carried me down, and I wanted more. I wanted more! With ease I turned my body so that I faced him, our bodies meshed together. I nuzzled my face into his course fur and purred. With my nails I clutched him. He was solid form, but still I could not see him, just a blurry, black visage that could have simply been night. I pressed my body further to his, and felt the heat radiating from all that made him man and beast. With the cover of darkness he engulfed me, my every being.

"You love me, Salina," he said.

"Yes," I murmured.

His laughter was soft, vibrating along every surface of my skin, causing every little hair to arouse and sensitize me.

"Yet you don't know what I look like. You don't know my name. You know so little about me."

"Yes."

"Then you will love us all."

"Us?" I questioned.

He snapped his fingers, and the dream was gone. My eyes fluttered open, and disappointment set in.

Why did he continue to tease and torment me? Why did he come and go as he pleased? Why did he make me long so much for all he had to offer, and then leave me? In that moment, engulfed in his darkness, his self wrapped around me, his fiery length pressed against me, our souls united, I was willing to give it all up for the ecstasy of forever being with him.

Suddenly I heard fluttering of wind. There were sounds of intruders on my porch. I peered out through the blinds, but was met by a dank darkness that wouldn't allow me sight of the unknown. I heard giggling and laughter.

"Let us in, Salina," female voices sang provocatively.

"Yeah, let us in," male voices lured.

A bat flew in the open window. I did not scream, because I was calmed, because I knew.

As ungraceful as a bat is, he made up for that grace in his change when the wings of the bat closed in around his face and then slowly moved away to descend to the ground in a long black cape, glowing as if basked in disguised moonlight. Slowly, he spread open the cape and revealed his profound beauty. Contrast to the black were silver, golden curls to his shoulders, his face so defined in masculinity he could only be inhuman; the harsh juts and curves of an animal molded into a powerful, yet genteel face. His eyes calmed from a deep, beady black to a mesmerizing crystal blue. There was no clothing beneath the cloak, and he shone beautifully, like a Greek god.

He was compelling in his description, flexing sleek muscle from jaw to calf, veins protruding, seeming to pulsate. That same silver golden hair lined his chest down and over his stomach. He was not ashamed, but rather proud and confident in his arousal. And he had reason to be. Moisture spotted the graceful tip and I grew hungry. A low growling began in my lower abdomen and moved to my throat.

“Do you want me, Salina?”

“Yes, yes I do,” I whimpered. He took a step toward me, and I saw the shimmer of his fangs. “But...” my hand came up.

“But what? I have not taken you out on a proper date? I have not let you meet my parents? We do not know each other’s names? But, I have not told you that I loved you?”

“Do you?”

“I love you all. Let them in, Salina, let them show you.”

“But are they like you or are they like me?”

“What? Vampires? Deprived humans? They are both, but no longer deprived. They are happy now.”

“Why do they not enter as you do?”

“Because they have not been invited. You have been calling me from your fantasies for years, but you were not yet ready to believe that what begins as fantasy can become true.”

“Then you came to me,” I murmured, staring hungrily at his form.

“And you loved me.”

“What will happen to me?” I cried desperately, fearful.

“Everything you’ve ever fantasized of and more. Shh, no more questions, my innocent Salina, let them in and let them show you.”

There were tortured sounds of my own anguished thirst riding in through the open window, wolfish howls and catlike mewling.

He moved his fingertip from my chest to my ankle and my clothes shed around me. His crystal eyes danced and I was enamored of the sublime creature, infatuated.

Anything. I’d do anything. “Yes,” my breath gushed.

I reached for him, but he moved away.

“Where are you going?” I cried.

The door opened slowly, as if not from a hand but from a forceful wind. I grabbed at the shreds of clothing, trying to cover myself.

Bats, five, ten of them flew into the house.

“Do not be frightened, Salina,” I heard him say.

I trusted him.

They came to me as if I were their mother, and settled around me and on top of me. They perched on my stomach, on my breasts, on my fingertips, on my lips. They clutched at my legs and separated them, and two or three came to rest against my pulsing womanhood. Then, simultaneously, they covered their faces with their wings and out draped all kinds of divine specimens, men and woman, their eyes a calmer crystal than his, but glowing and playful. The women purred and the men growled. They came in all colors and body types, their hair of various textures and length. But they were all so magnificent, all seducers and seductresses, all craving me.

I felt the nails of the women and the calloused fingertips of the men grazing every inch of my skin. Some touches were like the breeze and caused tingling affection, whereas others were more vehement in their want. I felt warmth envelop my toes, but could not see whose mouth was

on them. I felt nails bite into the flesh of my calves, my thighs. My body hummed with need. A hot tongue dove into the depths of my bellybutton. The deep red lips of a woman with dark auburn hair and rounded breasts suckled on my nipple as my other tit was being teased with the head of a pink cock being slowly rubbed from shaft to tip with a beautiful contrast of a deep brown hand. I followed this hand up to his shoulder and his face was hidden between two legs of porcelain white skin. I tried to see the woman's face to watch her pleasure, but a tongue was thrust inside my mouth. I sucked on the fat bottom lip of a capacious woman with gigantic bosoms. I reached for them, wanting to touch them, wanting to squeeze them, but before I could get to them my fingers were engulfed in another's mouth. I felt a little prick from one of the fangs and then watched the sandy-brown haired man settle to the floor and close his eyes, seeming completely content to be softly sucking on my finger, like a newborn sucking on its mother's tit for milk. My body was momentarily lifted from the couch and a rugged Italian found his way beneath me before settling me back down on his rippled chest and ridged torso. Coarse, black hair delightedly scratched at my back and bottom. I turned my head and opened my mouth to his, making vulnerable my tender neck, but before I could close the gap two or three mouths lunged at me.

Fear surged within me but was interrupted by an invigorating penetration into my lower depths. I cried out and reacted with a harsh curving of my body, nearly toppling the others off of me. As my mouth opened to this cry, I targeted a large cock, the head shiny and dripping wetness, and muffled my cry with the closing of my lips around it. Wet, hungry heat buried itself between my legs, and a flirting tongue dashed across my throbbing clit. I screamed in elation and sucked at the cock in my mouth viciously. I reached and found the fleshy tit of the large woman, circled the parameters until her nipple pulsed. I heard the moans of the man I was taking out all these years of aggression on and saw that another penis was thrusting in and out of him from the backside. I looked to revel in the beauty of this other man and saw that the contorted face of ecstasy was a woman's, her head thrown back, and her neck being savagely violated with the fiery-haired woman's teeth. That same small prick I felt on my finger, which was still inside the contented mouth of the sandy-brown haired man, I felt between my legs. A mouth enveloped me and sucked hard on my swelling clit, and at the same time the Italian man beneath me opened my cheeks with his hands and gently glided his thick erection inside, bringing me so much exquisite pleasure that I clenched my teeth with the cock still in my mouth. I heard a cry, and tasted blood; his manliness convulsed and my mouth was filled with his hot, succulent juices. I pushed him away from me and another man, turned on by the smell of blood, viciously took up where I left off, lashing the penis with his tongue and sucking it deep into his mouth. I hooked my nails into the cheeks of a petite woman with short brown hair and small perky tits and nuzzled my face between her legs.

With the hot cum still in my mouth, I used my tongue to rub it into her own scent between her fragile lips. I opened her with my fingers and pushed them inside her wet crotch. I knew there would be no stopping my orgasm this time. It was building and building as the fat dick thrust in and out of my ass, as the mouth sucked madly on my clit, as the fingers aggressively fondled my insides, as the black man's cock moved rapidly along the cleavage between my tits, as the mouths suckled on my nipples, on my fingers, on my toes, on my neck, as the woman I was pleasing was having her own convulsions. No, it would not be long, not be long at...

"Enough!" His voice bellowed, and I remembered where I was.

I heard whines and complaints as they moved away from me. I was too infuriated to once again have my release stolen from me to say anything at all. I glared at him.

“You did not forget about me, did you, Salina?” he grinned. “The one whom you’ve loved since you were a sixteen year-old virgin.”

Suddenly I felt ashamed.

“Did you enjoy my gifts, Salina?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“But you want more?”

“I’m sorry,” I cried.

Men and women and a mixture of both, big and little, black and white and brown and yellow, long hair, wavy hair, curly hair, and spiked gathered around him, touching him, needing his attention, his love. Such beautiful creatures but he paid no mind to them. It was I he wanted, only I.

“Leave us,” he said.

“Salina, you will join us, won’t you? You will become one of us?” The perky pink-fleshed woman crooned, boldly threading her fingers in and out of her milky opening.

“I...”

He did not walk, but glided over to me, his crystal luminescent eyes taking me in with satisfaction.

I felt less inhibited and reached to touch his golden erection.

“You can have this, Salina, you can have all of this. You can have me.”

“Please.”

He smiled, revealing his pearly fangs.

“Wait! My children,” I remembered.

“You can have them too, we are a nocturnal species. We all carry out our human lives during the day.”

“What about you?”

“My existence in life terminated long ago. My human form became infected with disease and deteriorated. I am now an emaciated skeleton beneath the soil. Humans die, but we are immortal.”

“What happens to you during the day?”

“I go back to my grave and rest. From the time of your acceptance your soul will forever remain immortal. At night you will always be beautiful, and your hair strawberry blonde, your luscious breasts will defy gravity, and your skin will remain firm. And you will know happiness, Salina.”

With one swift motion, he dropped his black cape, and there he was, his naked form, awe inspiring, causing my body to react needily. He ran his finger deliberately slowly along my sleek torso, trailing a bloody line.

“How many of you are there?” I gasped.

“Millions.”

He followed this trail with his long snakish tongue, then exposed my nether lips, and dove inside my quaking wanting. I writhed frenziedly beneath him, trying to escape the intensity.

“How is it then that you are still only believed to be a myth?”

“Because we only come at night and are particular in our choosing, and we do not reveal ourselves until we are sure. We only take blood if given permission. Salina.” He grasped my hand. “Will you forever love me?”

He nibbled on my swollen labia.

“Yes,” I cried.

His tongue and teeth traveled north and he lavished my inflamed nipple, his hot breath swarming madness in my flesh.

“Then let me release you from your pain.”

“Yes,” I moaned.

He slid his powerful hand into my hair, guiding my mouth to his in a searing kiss.

“You will let me glorify in the sweet, hot, liquid in your veins?”

Every muscle throbbed, every hair reached, every nerve shook with such ravenous need. I felt wild, my mind abandoned, and I knew; there was no going back. I couldn’t be tamed. My very soul was his for the taking, eternal surrender to bliss.

He palmed my voluptuous ass and urged me toward his mounting edifice.

“Yes.” I squealed in starved yearning.

Like a snake, his hot erection slithered between my legs.

“Yes, yes,” we hissed in each other’s ears.

Sweet Temptation....

Like a bull charging the red carpet, he impaled me with his golden rod.

Final Penetration....

I screamed rapture from his reaching so far into the depths of my dewy sod.

Glorious Consummation....

His gleaming fangs pierced into my throbbing, vulnerable vein.

Delirious Sensation.

Like a dam weakened by years and years of erosion, in gushes I came.

Sopping Saturation....

I entwined my body around his, feeling such gratitude for my fortune, my fame.

Contented Relaxation....

Before sleep took me I murmured, “Tell me, what is your name?”

He looked up at me and grinned wickedly. “My name? Condemnation”

THE END

About the Author

Almondie Shampine

Almondie Shampine, named after the infamous Almond Joy bar, lives in NY with her 2 darling children with a 3rd on the way. She is in the process of obtaining her degree in Psychology and English. This is her 2nd story published, the first a children's book in Beyond Time and Place. Eventually she would love to make writing her full time career and profession as it is her passion. She also thoroughly enjoys singing and has this great weakness to want to know everything there is to know.

Visit her website at www.AlmondieShampine.co.nr and join her mailing list where she will personally update you on new releases or just say hello at: AlmondieShampine@hotmail.com

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